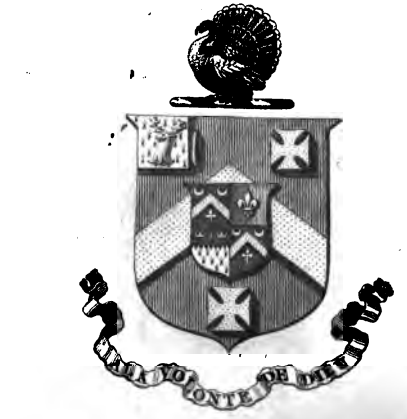
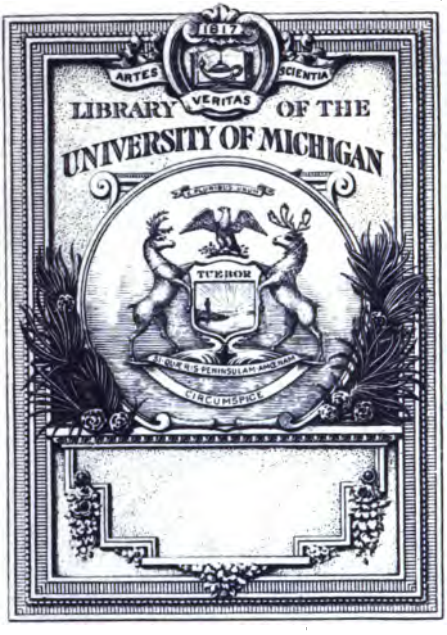


Walter Strickland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LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

Translated into *English* Verse

By *NICHOLAS ROWE*, Esq;
Servant to His MAJESTY.

——*Ne tanta animis assuescite Bella,*
Neu Patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires. Virg.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

The SECOND EDITION.

London: Printed for *J. Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head* in the *Strand*. MDCCXXII.

it, by the Honour which he propoſed to himſelf of Dedicating it to Your Sacred MAJESTY. This Deſign, which had given him ſo much Pleaſure for ſome Years, out-laſted his Abilities to put it in Execution: for when his Life was deſpaired of, and this Part of the Book remained unfiniſhed, he expreſſed to me his Deſire, that this Tranſlation ſhould be laid at Your

MA-

MAJESTY's Feet, as a Mark of that Zeal and Veneration which he had always entertained for Your MAJESTY's Royal Perſon and Virtues. Had he lived to have made his own Addreſs to Your MAJESTY upon this Occaſion, he would have been able in ſome meaſure to have done Juſtice to that Exalted Character, which it becomes ſuch as I am to admire in Silence:

being incapable of representing my Dear Husband in any thing, but in that profound Humility and Respect, with which I am,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY'S

most Dutiful and

most Obedient Servant,

ANNE ROWE.

THE PREFACE.

Giving some ACCOUNT of

LUCAN *and his* WORKS, *and of Mr.* ROWE.

By JAMES WELWOOD, *M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians*, London.

I Could not resist Mr. *Rowe's* Request in his last Sickness, nor the Importunities of his Friends since, to introduce into the World this his Posthumous Translation of *Lucan*, with something by way of Preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my Sphere, and that I want both Leasure, and Ma-

terials, to do Justice to the Author, or to the Memory of the Translator. The Works of both will best plead for them, the one having already out-liv'd Seventeen Ages, and both one and t'other like to endure as long, as there is any Taste of Liberty or Polite Learning left in the World. Hard has been the Fate of many a Great Genius, that while they have conferr'd Immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some Friend, to Embalm their Names to Posterity. This has been the Fate of *Lucan*, and perhaps may be that of Mr. *Rowe*.

All the Accounts we have handed down to us of the first, are but very lame, and scatter'd in Fragments of Ancient Authors. I am of Opinion, That one Reason why his Life is not to be found at any length, in the Writings of his Contemporaries, is the fear they were in of *Nero*'s Resentment, who could not bear to have the Life of a Man set in a true light, whom, together with his Uncle *Seneca*, he had Sacrific'd to his Revenge. Notwithstanding this, we have some Hints in Writers who liv'd near his time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the Life and Works of this extraordinary Young Man.

Marcus

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an Equestrian Family of *Rome*, Born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, about the Year of our Saviour 39, in the Reign of *Caligula*. His Family had been transplanted from *Italy* to *Spain* a considerable time before, and were invested with several Dignities and Employments, in that remote Province of the *Roman* Empire. His Father was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, or *Mella*, a Man of a distinguish'd Merit and Interest in his Country, and not the less in Esteem, for being the Brother of the Great Philosopher *Seneca*. His Mother was *Acilia* the Daughter of *Acilius Lucanus*, one of the most Eminent Orators of his time: And it was from this Grandfather that he took the Name of *Lucan*. The Story that is told of *Hesiod* and *Homer*, of a Swarm of Bees hovering about them in their Cradle, is likewise told of *Lucan*, and probably with Equal Truth: But whether true or not, it's a Proof of the high Esteem paid to him by the Ancients, as a Poet.

He was hardly Eight Months Old when he was brought from his Native Country to *Rome*, that he might take the first Impression of the *Latin* Tongue, in the City, where it was spoke in the greatest Purity. I wonder then to find some Criticks detract

tract from his Language, as if it took a Tincture from the Place of his Birth, nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the Language he writes in, is as pure *Roman*, as any that was writ in *Nero*'s time. As he grew up, his Parents educated him with a Care that became a promising Genius, and the Rank of his Family. His Masters were *Rhemnius Polemon* the Grammarian, then *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician, and lastly *Cornutus* the Stoick Philosopher, to which Sect he ever after addicted himself.

It was in the Course of these Studies, he contracted an intimate Friendship with *Aulus Persius* the Satyrist. It's no wonder that two Men whose Genius's were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; For if we consider *Lucan* critically, we shall find in him a strong Bent towards Satyr. His Manner, it's true, is more declamatory and diffuse than *Persius*: But Satyr is still in his View, and the whole *Pharsalia* appears to me a continued Invective against Ambition and unbounded Power.

The Progress he made in all Parts of Learning must needs have been very great, considering the Pregnancy of his Genius, and the nice Care that was taken in cultivating

tivating it, by a suitable Education: Nor is it to be questioned, but besides the Masters I have nam'd, he had likewise the Example and Instructions of his Uncle *Seneca*, the most conspicuous Man then of *Rome* for Learning, Wit and Morals. Thus he set out in the World, with the greatest Advantages possible, a Noble Birth, an Opulent Fortune, Great Relations, and withal, the Friendship and Protection of an Uncle, who, besides his other Preferments in the Empire, was Favourite, as well as Tutor, to the Emperor. But Rhetorick seems to have been the Art he excell'd most in, and valu'd himself most upon; For all Writers agree, he declaim'd in publick when but Fourteen Years Old, both in *Greek* and *Latin*, with universal Applause. To this Purpose it's observable, that he has interspers'd a great many Orations in the *Pharsalia*, and these are acknowledged by all, to be very shining Parts of the Poem. Whence it is that *Quintilian*, the best Judge in these Matters, reckons him among the Rhetoricians, rather than the Poets, tho' he was certainly Master of both these Arts in a high Degree.

His Uncle *Seneca* being then in great Favour with *Nero*, and having the Care of

of that Prince's Education committed to him, it's probable he introduc'd his Nephew to the Court and Acquaintance of the Emperor. And it appears from an old Fragment of his Life, that he sent for him from *Athens*, where he was at his Studies, to *Rome* for that purpose. Every one knows, that *Nero*, for the first five Years of his Reign, either really was, or pretended to be, Endow'd with all the amiable Qualities that became an Emperor, and a Philosopher. It must have been in this Stage of *Nero*'s Life, that *Lucan* has offer'd up to him that *Poetical Incense* we find in the First Book of the *Pharsalia*: For it is not to be imagin'd, that a Man of *Lucan*'s Temper would flatter *Nero* in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the Mask of Virtue, and appear'd in such bloody Colours as he afterwards did. No! *Lucan*'s Soul seems to have been cast in another Mold: And he that durst, throughout the whole *Pharsalia*, espouse the Party of *Pompey*, and the Cause of *Rome* against *Cæsar*, could never have stoop'd so vilely low, as to celebrate a Tyrant and a Monster, in such an open manner. I know some Commentators have judg'd that Compliment to *Nero* to be meant Ironically; but it seems to me plain to be in the greatest earnest; And it's more

more than probable, that if *Nero* had been as Wicked at that time, as he became afterwards, *Lucan*'s Life had paid for his Irony. Now it's agreed on by all Writers, that he continued for some time in the highest Favour and Friendship with *Nero*, and it was to that Favour, as well as his Merit, that he ow'd his being made *Quæstor*, and admitted into the *College* of *Augurs*, before he attain'd the Age requir'd for these Offices: In the first of which Posts he exhibited to the People of *Rome* a Show of Gladiators at a vast Expence. It was in this Sun-shine of Life, *Lucan* marry'd *Polla Argentaria*, the Daughter of *Pollius Argentarius* a *Roman* Senator; a Lady of Noble Birth, great Fortune, and fam'd Beauty; who, to add to her other Excellencies, was accomplish'd in all parts of Learning, insomuch that the Three first Books of the *Pharsalia* are said to have been Revis'd and Corrected by her, in his Life-time.

How he came to decline in *Nero*'s Favour, we have no Account, that I know of, in History; and it's agreed by all, that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter Aversion. No doubt *Lucan*'s Virtue, and his Principles of Liberty, must make him hated by a Man of *Nero*'s Temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of

of Envy in the case, blended with his other Prejudices against him, upon the Account of his Poetry.

Tho' the Spirit and Height of the *Roman* Poetry was somewhat declin'd, from what it had been, in the time of *Augustus*; yet it was still an Art belov'd and cultivated. *Nero* himself was not only fond of it, to the highest Degree, but, as most bad Poets are, was vain and conceited of his Performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his Skill in that Art, and in Musick, than on the Purple he wore; and bore it better, to be thought a bad Emperor, than a bad Poet or Musician. Now *Lucan*, tho' then in Favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the Bombast Stuff, that *Nero* was every day repeating in publick. *Lucan* appears to have been much of the Temper of *Philoxenus* the Philosopher, who for not approving the Verses of *Dionysius* the Tyrant of *Syracuse*, was by his Order condemn'd to the *Mines*. Upon the Promise of Amendment, the Philosopher was set at Liberty; but *Dionysius* repeating to him some of his wretched Performances, in full expectation of having them approv'd, *Enough*, cries out *Philoxenus*, *carry me back to the Mines*. But *Lucan* carry'd this point farther, and had the Imprudence to dispute the

the Prize of Eloquence with *Nero*, in a ſolemn publick Aſſembly. The Judges in that Tryal were ſo juſt and bold, as to adjudge the Reward to *Lucan*, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*, but in Return he loſt for ever the Favour of his Competitor. He ſoon felt the Effects of the Emperor's Reſentment, for the next Day he had an Order ſent him, never more to plead at the Bar, nor repeat any of his Performances in publick, as all the Eminent Orators and Poets were us'd to do. It's no wonder that a Young Man, an admirable Poet, and one conſcious enough of a Superior Genius, ſhould be ſtung to the quick by this barbarous Treatment. In Revenge, he omitted no Occaſion to treat *Nero*'s Verſes with the utmoſt Contempt, and expoſe them and their Author to Ridicule.

In this Behaviour towards *Nero*, he was ſeconded by his Friend *Perſius*; and no doubt, they diverted themſelves often alone, at the Emperor's Expence. *Perſius* went ſo far, that he dar'd to Attack openly ſome of *Nero*'s Verſes in his firſt Satyr, where he brings in his Friend and himſelf repeating them. I believe a Sample of them, may not be unacceptable to the Reader, as Tranſlated thus by Mr. *Dryden*.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

But to raw Numbers and unfinish'd Verse,
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terse.
'Tis tagg'd with Rhime like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid part Chimes with Art that never flat is.
" *The* Dolphin *brave,*
" *That cut the liquid Wave,*
" *Or he who in his Line,*
" *Can chime the long-rib'd* Appenine.

PERSIUS.

All this is Dogrel Stuff.

FRIEND.

What if I bring
A nobler Verse? Arms and the Man I sing.

PERSIUS.

Why name you Virgil *with such Fops as these?*
He's truly great, and must for ever please.
Not fierce, but awful in his manly Page,
Bold in his Strength, but sober in his Rage.

FRIEND.

What Poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing Regards, and bending Head?

PERSIUS.

" *Their crooked Horns the* Mimallonian *Crew*
" *With Blasts inspir'd; and* Bassaris *who slew*

" *The*

" *The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,*
" *Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.*
" *And* Mæcnas *when with Joy Bridles bound*
" *She led the spotted* Lynx, *then* Evion *rung around;*
" Evion *from Woods and Floods repairing Echoes Sound.*

The Verses mark'd with the Comma's are *Nero*'s, and it's no wonder that Men of so delicate a Taste as *Lucan* and *Persius* could not digest them, tho' made by an Emperor.

About this time the World was grown weary of *Nero*, for a thousand monstrous Cruelties of his Life, and the continued Abuse of the Imperial Power. *Rome* had groan'd long under the Weight of them, till at length several of the first Rank, headed by *Piso*, form'd a Conspiracy to rid the World of that abandon'd Wretch. *Lucan* hated him upon a double score, as his Country's Enemy, and his own, and went heartily in to the Design. When it was just ripe for Execution, it came to be discover'd by some of the Accomplices, and *Lucan* was found among the first of the Conspirators. They were condemn'd to dye, and *Lucan* had the Choice of the Manner of his Death. Upon this Occasion some Authors have tax'd him with an Action, which, if true, had been an Eternal Stain upon his Name, that to save

his

his Life, he inform'd against his Mother. This Story seems to me to be a meer Calumny, and invented only to detract from his Fame. It's certainly the most unlikely thing in the World, considering the whole Conduct of his Life, and that Noble Scheme of Philosophy, and Morals, he had imbib'd from his Infancy, and which shines in every Page of his *Pharsalia*. It's probable, *Nero* himself, or some of his Flatterers, might invent the Story to blacken his Rival to Posterity, and some unwary Authors have afterwards taken it up on Trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several Fragments of his Life, where this Particular is not to be found; and, which makes it still the more improbable to me, the Writers that mention it, have tack'd to it another Calumny yet more improbable, That he accus'd her unjustly. As this Accusation contradicts the whole Tenor of his Life, so it does the Manner of his Death. It's universally agreed, that having chose to have the Arteries of his Arms and Legs open'd in a hot Bath, he Supp'd chearfully with his Friends, and then taking leave of them with the greatest Tranquillity of Mind, and the highest Contempt of Death, went into the Bath, and submitted to the Operation. When he found the Extremities of

of his Body growing cold, and Death's last Alarm in every Part, he call'd to mind a Passage of his own in the 9th Book of the *Pharsalia*, which he repeated to the Standers-by, with the same Grace and Accent, with which he us'd to declaim in Publick, and immediately expir'd, in the 27th Year of his Age, and Tenth of *Nero*. The Passage was that, where he describes a Soldier of *Cato*'s dying much after the same manner, being bit by a *Serpent*, and is thus Translated by Mr. *Rowe*

" *So the Warm Blood at once from every Pore*
" *Run purple Poison down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.*
" *Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face*
" *The ruddy Drops their tainted Passage trace.*
" *Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a Way,*
" *There Streams of Blood, there Crimson Rivers stray.*
" *His Mouth and gushing Nostrils pour a Blood,*
" *And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood;*
" *In the Red Deluge, all the Parts lye drown'd,*
" *And the whole Body seems one bleeding Wound.*

He was buried in his Garden at *Rome*, and there was lately to be seen in the Church of Sto. *Paulo*, an Ancient Marble with the following Inscription.

Marco Annæo Lucano, Cordubensi Poetæ, Beneficio Neronis, Famæ Servatæ.

This Inscription, if done by *Nero*'s Order, shows, that even in spite of himself, he

he paid a secret Homage to *Lucan*'s Genius and Virtue, and would have atton'd in some measure for the Injuries, and the Death he gave him. But he needed no Marble or Inscription to perpetuate his Memory; His *Pharsalia* will out-live all these.

Lucan wrote several Books that have perish'd by the Injury of Time, and of which nothing remains but the Titles. The first we are told, he wrote, was a *Poem on the Combat between* Achilles *and* Hector, *and* Priam's *redeeming his Son's Body*, which, it's said, he wrote before he had attained Eleven Years of Age. The rest were, *The Descent of* Orpheus *into Hell*; *The burning of* Rome, in which he is said not to have spar'd *Nero* that set it on Fire; and a *Poem in Praise of his Wife* Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewise several Books of *Saturnalia*, Ten Books of *Sylvæ*, an imperfect *Tragedy of* Medea, a *Poem upon the burning of* Troy, *and the Fate of* Priam, to which some have added the *Panegyrick to Calphurnius Piso*, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later Age. But the Book he stak'd his Fame on, was his *Pharsalia*, the only one that now remains, and which *Nero*'s Cruelty has left us Imperfect, in respect

respect of what it would have been, if he had liv'd to finish it.

Statius in his *Silvæ* gives us the Catalogue of *Lucan*'s Works in an Elegant manner, introducing the Muse *Calliope* accosting him to this purpose. *When thou art scarce past the Age of Childhood* (says *Calliope* to *Lucan*) *thou shalt play with the Valour of* Achilles, *and* Hector's *Skill in driving of a Chariot. Thou shalt draw* Priam *at the Feet of his unrelenting Conqueror, begging the dead Body of his darling Son. Thou shalt set open the Gates of Hell for* Eurydice, *and thy* Orpheus *shall have the Preference in a full Theater, in spite of* Nero's *Envy*; alluding to the Dispute for the Prize between him and *Nero*, where the Piece exhibited by *Lucan*, was *Orpheus*'s Descent into Hell. *Thou shalt relate* (continues *Calliope*) *that Flame which the Execrable Tyrant kindled, to lay in Ashes the Mistress of the World; nor shalt thou be silent in the Praises that are justly due to thy beloved Wife; and when thou hast attained to riper Years, thou shalt sing in a lofty Strain, the fatal Fields of* Philippi, *white with* Roman *Bones, the dreadful Battel of* Pharsalia, *and the Thundring Wars of that Great Captain, who by the Renown of his Arms merited to be inroll'd among the Gods. In that Work,* (continues *Calliope*) *thou shalt*

shalt paint, in never-fading Colours, the Austere Virtues of Cato, *who scorn'd to out-live the Liberties of his Country, and the Fate of* Pompey, *once the Darling of* Rome. *Thou shalt, like a true* Roman, *weep over the Crime of the young Tyrant* Ptolemy; *and shalt raise to* Pompey, *by the Power of thy Eloquence, a higher Monument than the* Egyptian *Pyramids. The Poetry of* Ennius, (adds *Calliope*) *and the learn'd Fire of* Lucretius, *the one that conducted the* Argonauts *through such vast Seas to the Conquest of the Golden Fleece, the other that could strike an infinite Number of Forms from the first Atoms of Matter, both of them shall give place to thee, without the least Envy, and even the divine* Æneid *shall pay thee a just Respect.*

Thus far *Statius* concerning *Lucan*'s Work; and even *Lucan* in two places of the *Pharsalia* has promis'd himself Immortality to his Poem. The first is in the 7th Book, which I beg leave to give in Prose, tho' Mr. *Rowe* has done it a thousand times better in Verse. *One day*, says he, *when those Wars shall be spoken of in Ages yet to come, and among Nations far remote from this Clime, whether from the Voice of Fame alone, or the real Value I have given them by this my History, those that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the great Events*

Events therein contain'd. In vain, continues he, *shall they offer up their Vows for the Righteous Cause, and stand Thunder-struck at so many various turns of Fortune; nor shall they read them as things that are already past, but with that Concern as if they were yet to come, and shall range themselves,* O Pompey, *on thy side.*

The other Passage, which is in the 9th Book, may be Translated thus: *Oh!* Cæsar, *profane thou not through Envy the Funeral Monuments of these Great Patriots, that fell here Sacrifices to thy Ambition. If there may be allow'd any Renown to a* Roman *Muse, while* Homer's *Verses shall be thought worthy of Praise, they that shall live after us, shall read his and mine together: My* Pharsalia *shall live, and no Time nor Age shall consign it to Oblivion.*

This is all that I can trace from the Ancients, or himself, concerning *Lucan*'s Life and Writings; and indeed there is scarce any one Author, either Ancient or Modern, that mentions him but with the greatest Respect and the highest Encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more Instances.

I design not to enter into any Criticism on the *Pharsalia*, tho' I had ever so much Leisure or Ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain Sett of Men, that read the An-

cients only to find Fault with them, and ſeem to live only on the Excrements of Authors. I beg leave to tell theſe Gentlemen, that *Lucan* is not to be try'd by thoſe Rules of an Epick Poem, which they have drawn from the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; for if they allow him not the Honour to be on the ſame Foot with *Homer* or *Virgil*, they muſt do him the Juſtice at leaſt, as not to try him by Laws founded on their Model. The *Pharſalia* is properly an Hiſtorical Heroick Poem, becauſe the Subject is a known true Story. Now with our late Criticks, Truth is an unneceſſary Trifle for an Epick Poem, and ought to be thrown aſide as a Curb to Invention. To have every Part a meer Web of their own Brain, is with them a diſtinguiſhing Mark of a mighty Genius in the Epick Way. Hence it is, theſe Criticks obſerve, that their Favourite Poems of that kind do always produce in the Mind of the Reader the higheſt Wonder and Surprize, and the more improbable the Story is, ſtill the more wonderful and ſurprizing. Much good may this Notion of theirs do them; but to my Taſte, a Fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with ſurpriſing Circumſtances, big with the higheſt Events, and conducted with all the Arts of the moſt con-

ſummate

ſummate Wiſdom, does not ſtrike the leſs ſtrong, but leaves a more laſting Impreſſion on my Mind, for being true.

If *Lucan* therefore wants theſe Ornaments, he might have borrowed from *Helicon*, or his own Invention; he has made us more than ample Amends by the Great and True Events that fall within the Compaſs of his Story. I am of Opinion, that in his firſt Deſign of Writing this Poem of the Civil Wars, he reſolv'd to treat the Subject fairly and plainly, and that Fable and Invention were to have had no ſhare in the Work: But the force of Cuſtom, and the deſign he had to induce the generality of Readers to fall in Love with Liberty, and abhor Slavery, the principal deſign of the Poem, induc'd him to imbelliſh it with ſome Fables, that without them his Books would not be ſo univerſally read: So much was Fable the delight of the *Roman* People.

If any ſhall object to his Privilege of being Examin'd and Try'd as an Hiſtorian, that he has given in to the Poetical Province of Invention, and Fiction in the 6th Book, where *Sixtus* enquires of the *Theſſalian* Witch *Erictho* the Event of the Civil War, and the Fate of *Rome*; It may be anſwer'd, that perhaps the Story was true, or at leaſt it was commonly believ'd

to be so, in his time, which is a sufficient Excuse for *Lucan* to have inserted it. It's true, no other Author mentions it. But it's usual to find some one Passage in one Historian, that is not mention'd in any other, tho' they treat of the same Subject. For tho' I am fully persuaded that all these *Oracles* and *Responses*, so famous in the Pagan World, were the meer Cheats of Priests, yet the Belief of them, and of Magick, and Witchcraft, was universally receiv'd at that time. Therefore *Lucan* may very well be excus'd for falling in with a popular Error, whether he himself believ'd it or no, especially when it serv'd to enliven and embellish his Story. If it be an Error, it's an Error all the Ancients have fallen into, both *Greek* and *Roman*: And *Livy*, the Prince of the *Latin* Historians, abounds in such Relations. That it is not below the Dignity and Veracity of an Historian to mention such things, we have a late Instance in a Noble Author of our time, who has likewise wrote the Civil Wars of his Country, and intermixt in it the Story of the Ghost of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Father.

In general, all the Actions that *Lucan* relates in the Course of his History are true; nor is it any Impeachment of his Veracity, that sometimes he differs in Place,

Place, Manner, or Circumstances of Action, from other Writers, any more than it is an Imputation on them, that they differ from him. We our selves have seen in the Course of the late two Famous Wars, how differently almost every Battel and Siege has been represented, and sometimes by those of the same Side, when at the same time there be a Thousand living Witnesses, ready to contradict any Falsehood, that Partiality should impose upon the World. This I may affirm, The most important Events, and the whole Thread of Action in *Lucan* are agreeable to the universal Consent of all Authors, that have treated of the Civil Wars of *Rome*. If now and then he differs from them in lesser Incidents or Circumstances, let the Criticks in History decide the Question: For my part, I am willing to take them for *Anecdots* first discover'd and publish'd by *Lucan*, which may at least conciliate to him the Favour of our late Admirers of *Secret History*.

After all I have said on this Head, I cannot but in some measure call in Question some Parts of *Cæsar*'s Character, as drawn by *Lucan*; which seem to me not altogether agreeable to Truth, nor to the universal Consent of History. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his Personal Repre-

ſentations of Men, and *Cæſar* in particular, as I can do in the Narration of the principal Events and Series of his Story. He is not content only to deliver him down to Poſterity, as the Subverter of the Laws and Liberties of his Country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater Infamy can poſſibly be caſt upon any Name; But he deſcribes him as purſuing that abominable End, by the moſt execrable Methods, and ſome that were not in *Cæſar*'s Nature to be guilty of. *Cæſar* was certainly a Man far from Revenge, or delight in Blood, and he made appear in the Exerciſe of the Supream Power, a noble and generous Inclination to Clemency upon all Occaſions: Even *Lucan*, tho' never ſo much his Enemy, has not omitted his generous Uſage of *Domitius* at *Corfinium*, or of *Affranius* and *Petreius*, when they were his Priſoners in *Spain*. What can be then ſaid in Excuſe for *Lucan*, when he repreſents him riding in Triumph over the Field of *Pharſalia*, the Day after the Battel, taking Delight in that horrid Landſcape of *Slaughter* and *Blood*, and forbidding the Bodies of ſo many brave *Romans* to be either Buried or Burnt? Not any one Paſſage of *Cæſar*'s Life gives Countenance to a Story like this: and how commendable ſoever the Zeal of a Writer may be,

be, against the Oppressor of his Country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of Malevolence, as to paint the most merciful Conqueror that ever was, in Colours proper only for the most Savage Natures. But the Effects of Prejudice and Partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of Life, in which even the best of Men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many Instances have we in History of the best Princes treated as the worst of Men, by the Pens of Authors that were highly prejudic'd against them?

Shall we wonder then, that the *Roman* People, smarting under the Lashes of *Nero*'s Tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest Terms against the Memory of *Julius Cæsar*, since it was from him that *Nero* deriv'd that Power to use Mankind as he did? Those that liv'd in *Lucan*'s Time, did not consider so much what *Cæsar* was in his own Person, or Temper, as what he was the Occasion of, to them. It's very probable, there were a great many dreadful Stories of him handed about by Tradition among the Multitude, and even Men of Sense might give Credit to them so far as to forget his Clemency, and remember his Ambition, to which they imputed all the Cruelties and Devastations commit-

ted by his Succeſſors. Reſentments of this kind in the Soul of a Man, fond of the Ancient Conſtitution of the Common-wealth, ſuch as *Lucan* was, might betray him to believe, upon too ſlight Grounds, whatever was to the Diſadvantage of one, he look'd upon as the Subverter of that Conſtitution. It was in that Quality, and for that Crime alone, that *Brutus* afterwards ſtabb'd him; For Perſonal Prejudice againſt him he had none, and had been highly oblig'd by him: And it was upon that Account alone, that *Cato* ſcorn'd to owe his Life to him, tho' he well knew, *Cæſar* would have eſteemed it one of the greateſt Felicities of his, to have had it in his Power to Pardon him. I would not be thought to make an Apology for *Lucan*'s thus traducing the Memory of *Cæſar*; but would only beg the ſame Indulgence to his Partiality, that we are willing to allow to moſt other Authors; for I cannot help believing all Hiſtorians are more or leſs guilty of it.

I beg leave to obſerve one thing further on this Head, That it's odd, *Lucan* ſhould thus miſtake this Part of *Cæſar*'s Character, and yet do him ſo much Juſtice in the reſt. His Greatneſs of Mind, his intrepid Courage, his indefatigable Activity, his Magnanimity, his Generoſity, his conſummate

Knowledge

Knowledge in the Art of War, and the Power and Grace of his Eloquence, are all set forth in the best light, upon every proper Occasion. He never makes him speak, but it's with all the Strength of Argument, and all the Flowers of Rhetorick. It were tedious to enumerate every Instance of this, and I shall only mention the Speech to his Army before the Battel of *Pharsalia*, which in my Opinion surpasses all I ever read, for the easy Nobleness of Expression, the proper Topicks to animate his Soldiers, and the force of an Inimitable Eloquence.

Among *Lucan*'s few Mistakes in matters of Fact, may be added those of Geography and Astronomy; but finding Mr. *Rowe* has taken some notice of them in his Notes, I shall say nothing of them. *Lucan* had neither Time nor Opportunity to visit the Scenes where the Actions he describes were done, as some other Historians both *Greek* and *Romans* had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit some minute Errors in these Matters. As to Astronomy, The Schemes of that noble Science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduc'd to that Mathematical Certainty they have been since.

The Method and Disposition of a Work of this kind, must be much the same with

thoſe obſerv'd by other Hiſtorians, with one difference only, which I ſubmit to better Judgments: An Hiſtorian who like *Lucan* has choſen to write in Verſe, tho' he is oblig'd to have ſtrict regard to Truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not oblig'd to mention all Facts, as other Hiſtorians are. He is not ty'd down to relate every minute Paſſage, or Circumſtance, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to the main Story; eſpecially if they are ſuch as would appear Heavy and Flat, and conſequently incumber his Genius, or his Verſe. All theſe trifling Parts of Action would take off from the Pleaſure and Entertainment, which is the main Scope of that manner of Writing. Thus the Particulars of an Army's March, the Journal of a Siege, or the Situation of a Camp, where they are not ſubſervient to the Relation of ſome Great and Important Event, had better be ſpar'd than inſerted in a Work of that kind. In a Proſe Writer, theſe perhaps ought, or at leaſt may be properly and agreeably enough mention'd; of which we have innumerable Inſtances in moſt Ancient Hiſtorians, and particularly in *Thucydides* and *Livy*.

There is a Fault in *Lucan* againſt this Rule, and that is his long and unneceſſary Enumeration of the ſeveral Parts of *Gaul*, whence

whence *Cæsar*'s Army was drawn together, in the *First Book*. It is enliven'd, it's true, with some Beautiful Verses he throws in, about the Ancient *Bards* and *Druids*; but still in the main it's dry, and but of little Consequence to the Story it self. The many different People and Cities there mention'd were not *Cæsar*'s Confederates, as those in the Third Book were *Pompey*'s, and these last are particularly nam'd, to express how many Nations espous'd the Side of *Pompey*. Those reckon'd up in *Gaul* were only the Places where *Cæsar*'s Troops had been Quarter'd, and *Lucan* might with as great Propriety, have mention'd the different Routs by which they march'd, as the Garrisons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my Opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the Digression of *Thessaly*, and an Account of its first Inhabitants, is too Prolix, and not of any great Consequence to his Purpose. I am sure it signifies but little to the Civil War in general, or the Battel of *Pharsalia* in particular, to know how many Rivers there are in *Thessaly*, or which of its Mountains lies *East* or *West*.

But if these be Faults in *Lucan*, they are such as will be found in the most admir'd Poets, nay, and thought Excellencies in them;

them; and besides, he has made us most ample Amends in the many extraordinary Beauties of his Poem. The Story it self is *Noble* and *Great*; for what can there be in History more worthy of our Knowledge and Attention, than a War of the highest Importance to Mankind, carried on between the two greatest *Leaders* that ever were, and by a People the most renown'd for Arts and Arms, and who were at that time Masters of the World? What a poor Subject is that of the *Æneid*, when compar'd with this of the *Pharsalia*? and what a despicable Figure does *Agamemnon*, *Homer*'s *King of Kings*, make, when compar'd with *Chiefs*, who by saying only, *Be thou a King*, made far greater Kings than him? The Scene of the *Iliad* contain'd but *Greece*, some Islands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian* Seas, with a very little Part of the lesser *Asia*: This of the Civil War of *Rome* drew after it, almost all the Nations of the then known World. *Troy* was but a little Town, of the little Kingdom of *Phrygia*; whereas *Rome* was then Mistress of an Empire, that reach'd from the Streights of *Hercules*, and the *Atlantick* Ocean, to the *Euphrates*, and from the Bottom of the *Euxine* and the *Caspian* Seas, to *Æthiopia* and Mount *Atlas*. The Inimitable *Virgil* is yet more straitned in his

Subject

Subject. *Æneas*, a Poor Fugitive from *Troy*, with a handful of Followers, settles at last in *Italy*, and all the Empire that Immortal Pen could give him, is but a few Miles upon the Banks of the *Tyber*. So vast a Disproportion there is between the Importance of the Subject of the *Æneid*, and that of the *Pharsalia*, that we find one single *Roman*, *Crassus*, Master of more Slaves on his Estate, than *Virgil*'s Hero had *Subjects*. In fine, it may be said, Nothing can excuse him for his Choice, but that he design'd his Hero for the Ancestor of *Rome*, and the *Julian* Race.

I cannot leave this Parallel, without taking Notice, to what a height of Power the *Roman* Empire was then arriv'd, in an Instance of *Cæsar* himself, when but Pro-Consul of *Gaul*, and before it's thought he ever dream'd of being what he afterwards attained to: It's in one of *Cicero*'s Letters to him, wherein he repeats the Words of *Cæsar*'s Letters to him some time before. The Words are these; *As to what concerns* Marcus Furius, *whom you recommended to me, I will, if you please, make him King of* Gaul; *but if you would have me advance any other Friend of yours, send him to me.* It was no new thing for Citizens of *Rome*, such as *Cæsar* was, to dispose of Kingdoms as they pleas'd, and *Cæsar* himself

ſelf had taken away *Deiotarus*'s Kingdom from him, and given it to a private Gentleman of *Pergamum*. But there is one ſurprizing Inſtance more, of the prodigious Greatneſs of the *Roman* Power, in the Affair of King *Antiochus*, and that long before the height it arriv'd to, at the breaking forth of the Civil War. That Prince was Maſter of all *Egypt*, and marching to the Conqueſt of *Phœnicia*, *Cyprus*, and the other Appendixes of that Empire, *Popilius* overtakes him in his full March, with Letters from the Senate, and refuſes to give him his Hand, till he had read them. *Antiochus*, ſtartled at the Command that was contain'd in them, to ſtop the Progreſs of his Victories, ask'd a ſhort time to conſider of it. *Popilius* makes a Circle about him with a Stick he had in his Hand, *Return me an Anſwer*, ſaid he, *before thou ſtirr'ſt out of this Circle, or the* Roman *People are no more thy Friends.* *Antiochus*, after a ſhort Pauſe, told him with the loweſt Submiſſion, he would obey the Senate's Commands. Upon which *Popilius* gives him his Hand and ſalutes him a Friend of *Rome*. After *Antiochus* had given up ſo great a Monarchy, and ſuch a Torrent of Succeſs, upon receiving only a few Words in Writing, he had indeed Reaſon to ſend Word to the Senate,

as

as he did by his Ambassadors, that he had obey'd their Commands, with the same Submission, as if they had been sent him from the Immortal Gods.

To leave this Digression. It were the height of Arrogance to detract ever so little from *Homer* or *Virgil*, who have kept Possession of the first Places, among the Poets of *Greece* and *Rome*, for so many Ages: Yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I say there are several Passages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the Dignity, that shines almost in every Page of *Lucan*. It were to take both the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in pieces, to prove this: But I shall only take Notice of one Instance, and that is, the different Colouring of *Virgil's* Hero, and *Lucan's Cæsar*, in a *Storm*. *Æneas* is drawn weeping, and in the greatest Confusion and Despair, tho' he had Assurance from the Gods that he should one Day settle and raise a New Empire in *Italy*. *Cæsar*, on the contrary, is represented perfectly Sedate, and free from Fear. His Courage and Magnanimity brighten up as much upon this Occasion, as afterwards they did at the Battels of *Pharsalia* and *Munda*. Courage would have cost *Virgil* nothing, to have bestow'd it on his Hero, and he might as easily have thrown him upon the Coast of *Carthage* in a calm

Temper

Temper of Mind, as in a Panick Fear.

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

Extemplò Æneæ solvantur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

Seiz'd as he is, says St. *Evremont, with this Chillness through all his Limbs, the first Sign of Life we find in him, is his Groaning; then he lifts up his Hands to Heaven, and in all Appearance, would implore its Succour, if the Condition wherein the Good Hero finds himself, would afford him Strength enough to raise his Mind to the Gods, and pray with Attention. His Soul, which could not apply it self to any thing else, abandons it self to Lamentations; and like those desolate Widows, who upon the first Trouble they meet with, wish they were in the Grave with their dear Husbands, the poor Æneas bewails his not having perish'd before* Troy *with* Hector, *and esteems them very happy who left their Bones in the Bosom of so Sweet and Dear a Country. Some People,* adds he, *may perhaps believe he says so, because he envies their Happiness; but I am persuaded,* says St. *Evremont, it's for Fear of the Danger that*

that threatens him. The same Author, after he has expos'd his want of Courage, adds, *The good Æneas hardly ever concerns himself in any Important or Glorious Design: It's enough for him that he discharges his Conscience in the Office of a Pious, Tender, and Compassionate Man. He carries his Father on his Shoulders, he conjugally Laments his Dear* Creüsa, *he causes his Nurse to be interr'd, and makes a Funeral Pile for his Trusty Pilot* Palinurus, *for whom he sheds a Thousand Tears. Here is* (says he) *a sorry Hero in Paganism, who would have made an admirable Saint among some Christians.* In short, it's St. *Evremont*'s Opinion, *he was fitter to make a Founder of an Order than a State.*

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. *Evremont*: I beg leave to take Notice, that the Storm in *Lucan* is drawn in stronger Colours, and strikes the Mind with greater Horror, than that in *Virgil*; notwithstanding the first has no Supernatural Cause assign'd for it, and the latter is rais'd by a God, at the Instigation of a Goddess, that was both Wife and Sister of *Jupiter*.

In the *Pharsalia*, most of the Transactions and Events, that compose the Relation, are Wonderful and Surprising, tho' True, as well as Instructive, and Entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the

the Work it self, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most Remarkable. With what Dignity, and Justness of Character, are the two Great Rivals, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, introduc'd in the First Book; and how Beautifully, and with what a Masterly Art, are they oppos'd to one another? Add to this, the justest Similitudes by which their different Characters are Illustrated in the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but admire the Figure that *Cato*'s Virtue makes, in more Places than one? And I perswade my self, if *Lucan* had liv'd to finish his Design, the Death of that Illustrious *Roman* had made one of the most Moving, as well as one of the most Sublime Episodes of his Poem. In the Third Book, *Pompey*'s Dream, *Cæsar*'s breaking open the Temple of *Saturn*, the Siege of *Marseilles*, the Sea Fight, and the Sacred Grove, have each of them their particular Excellence, that in my Opinion come very little short of any thing we find in *Homer* or *Virgil*.

In the Fourth Book, there are a great many charming Incidents, and among the rest, that of the Soldiers running out of their Camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable Story of *Vulteius*. The Fifth Book affords us a fine Account of the Oracle of *Delphos*, its Origin, the manner

manner of its delivering Anſwers, and the Reaſon of its then Silence. Then upon the Occaſion of a Mutiny in *Cæſar*'s Camp near *Placentia*, in his manner of paſſing the *Adriatick* in a ſmall Boat, amidſt the Storm I hinted at, he has given us the Nobleſt and the beſt Image of that Great Man. But what affects me above all, is the Parting of *Pompey* and *Cornelia*, in the End of the Book. It has ſomething in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagin'd.

In the Deſcription of the Witch *Erictho*, in the Sixth Book, we have a Beautiful Picture of Horror; for even Works of that kind have their Beauties in Poetry, as well as in Painting. The Seventh Book is moſt taken up with what relates to the Famous Battel of *Pharſalia*, which decided the Fate of *Rome*. It is ſo related, that the Reader may rather think himſelf a Spectator of, or even engaged in, the Battel, than ſo remote from the Age in which it was Fought. There is, towards the End of this Book, a Noble Majeſtick Deſcription of the General *Conflagration*, and of that laſt *Cataſtrophe*, which muſt put an end to this Frame of Heaven and Earth. To this is added, in the moſt Elevated Stile, his Sentiments of the *Immortality of the Soul*, and of Rewards and Puniſhments

nishments after this Life. All these are touch'd with the nicest Delicacy of Expression and Thought, especially that about the Universal *Conflagration*; and agrees with what we find of it in *Holy Writ*. In so much that I am willing to believe *Lucan* might have convers'd with St. *Peter* at *Rome*, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have seen that *Epistle* of his, wherein he gives us the very same Idea of it.

In the Eighth Book our Passions are again touch'd with the Misfortunes of *Cornelia* and *Pompey*; but especially with the Death, and unworthy Funeral, of the latter. In this Book is likewise drawn, with the greatest Art, the Character of young *Ptolemy* and his Ministers; particularly that of the Villain *Photinus* is exquisitely expos'd in his own Speech in Council.

In the Ninth Book, after the Apotheosis of *Pompey*, *Cato* is introduc'd as the fittest Man after him to head the Cause of Liberty and *Rome*. This Book is the longest, and, in my Opinion, the most Entertaining in the whole Poem. The March of *Cato* through the Desarts of *Libya*, affords a noble and agreeable Variety of Matter; and the Virtue of his Hero, amidst these Distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve

those

those Raptures of Praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the artful Descriptions of the various Poisons with which these Desarts abounded, and their different Effects upon Human Bodies, than which nothing can be more Moving or Poetical.

But *Cato*'s Answer to *Labienus* in this Book, upon his desiring him to consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* about the Event of the Civil War, and the Fortune of *Rome*, is a Master-Piece not to be equall'd. All the Attributes of God, such as his Omnipotence, his Prescience, his Justice, his Goodness, and his unsearchable Decrees, are Painted in the most awful, and the strongest Colours, and such as may make Christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their Writings upon that Subject. I know not but St. *Evremont* has carry'd the Matter too far, when in mentioning this Passage, he concludes, *If all the Ancient Poets had spoke as worthily of the Oracles of their Gods, he should make no scruple to prefer them to the Divines and Philosophers of our time. We may see*, says he, *in the Concourse of so many People, that came to consult the Oracle of* Hammon, *what effect a Publick Opinion can produce, where Zeal and Superstition mingle together. We may see in* Labienus, *a Pious sensible Man, who to his Respect*

for

for the Gods, joyns that Consideration and Esteem we ought to preserve for Virtue in Good Men. Cato *is a Religious severe Philosopher, wean'd from all Vulgar Opinions, who entertains those lofty Thoughts of the Gods, which pure undebauch'd Reason, and a true elevated Knowledge can give us of them; Every thing here,* says St. *Evremont, is Poetical, every thing is Consonant to Truth and Reason. It is not Poetical upon the score of any ridiculous Fiction, or for some extravagant Hyperbole, but for the daring Greatness and Majesty of the Language, and for the noble Elevation of the Discourse. It's thus,* adds he, *that Poetry is the Language of the Gods, and that Poets are Wise; and it's so much the greater Wonder to find it in* Lucan, says he, *because it's neither to be met with in* Homer *nor* Virgil. I remember *Montaigne,* who is allow'd by all to have been an admirable Judge in these Matters, prefers *Lucan*'s Character of *Cato* to *Virgil,* or any other of the Ancient Poets. He thinks all of them Flat and Languishing, but *Lucan*'s much more Strong, tho' overthrown by the Extravagancy of his own Force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the *Ægyptian* Magnificence, with a curious Account of the then receiv'd Opinions of

of the Increase and Decrease of the River *Nile*. From the Variety of the Story, and many other Particulars I need not mention in this short Account, it may easily appear, that a true History may be as a Romance or Fiction, when the Author makes choice of a Subject that affords so many, and so surprizing Incidents.

Among the Faults that have been laid to *Lucan*'s Charge, the most justly imputed are those of his *Stile*; and indeed how could it be otherwise? Let us but remember the imperfect State, in which his sudden and Immature Death left the *Pharsalia*, the Design it self being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all, revis'd. We are told, it's true, he either Corrected the Three First Books himself, or his Wife did it for him, in his own Life-time. Be it so; but what are the Corrections of a Lady, or a young Man of Six and Twenty, to those he might have made at Forty, or a more advanc'd Age? *Virgil*, the most Correct and Judicious Poet that ever was, continued Correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a Series of Years together, as *Lucan* liv'd, and yet dy'd with a strong Opinion, that it was Imperfect still. If *Lucan* had liv'd to his Age, the *Pharsalia* without doubt would have made another kind

kind of Figure, than it now does, notwithstanding the difference to be found in the *Roman* Language, between the Times of *Nero* and *Augustus*.

It must be own'd he is in many Places obscure, and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, and comes short of the Purity, Sweetness and delicate Propriety of *Virgil*. Yet it's still universally agreed among both Ancients and Moderns, that his Genius was wonderfully Great, but at the same time too haughty and Headstrong to be govern'd by Art; and that his Stile was like his Genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too Tragical and Bluftering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharsalia* to the *Æneid*, but I must say with St. *Evremont*, that for what purely regards the Elevation of Thought, *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Cato*, and *Labienus* shine much more in *Lucan*, than *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Juno*, or *Venus* do in *Virgil*. The Idea's which *Lucan* has given us of these Great Men are truly Greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which *Virgil* has given us of his Deities: The latter has clouth'd his Gods with Human Infirmities, to adapt them to the Capacity of Men: The other has rais'd his Heroes so, as to bring them into Competition with the Gods themselves. In a Word, the Gods are not so valuable in

Virgil, as the Hero's: In *Lucan*, the Hero's equal the Gods. After all, it must be allow'd, that most things throughout the whole *Pharsalia* are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the Language and Expression: But the Sentiments are every where so Beautiful and Elevated, that they appear, as he describes *Cæsar* in *Amyclus*'s Cottage in the Fifth Book, Noble and Magnificent in any Dress. It's in this Elevation of Thought that *Lucan* justly excels: This is his *Fort*, and what raises him up to an Equality with the greatest of the Ancient *Poets*.

I cannot omit here the delicate Character of *Lucan*'s Genius, as mention'd by *Strada* in the Emblematick Way. It's commonly known that Pope *Leo* the Tenth was not only Learned himself, but a great Patron of Learning, and us'd to be present at the Conversations and Performances of all the Polite Writers of his time. The Wits of *Rome* entertain'd him one Day at his *Villa* on the Banks of the *Tyber*, with an Interlude in the Nature of a *Poetical Masquerade*. They had their *Parnassus*, their *Pegasus*, their *Helicon*, and every one of the Ancient Poets in their several Characters, where each Acted the Part that was suitable to his Manner of Writing, and among the rest one that Acted *Lucan*.

There was none, says he, *that was plac'd in a higher Station, or had a greater Prospect under him than* Lucan. *He Vaulted upon* Pegasus *with all the Heat and Intrepidity of Youth, and seem'd desirous of mounting into the Clouds upon the Back of him. But as the hinder Feet of the Horse stuck to the Mountain, while the Body rear'd up in the Air, the Poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off, insomuch that the Spectators often gave him for gone, and cry'd out now and then, he was tumbling.* Thus *Strada.*

I shall sum up all I have time to say of *Lucan*, with another Character, as it is given by one of the most Polite Men of the Age he liv'd in, and who under the Protection of the same Pope *Leo* X. was one of the first Restorers of Learning in the latter End of the Fifteenth and the beginning of the Sixteenth *Century*. I mean *Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus*, who with the assistance of *Beroaldus*, *Badius*, and some others of the First *Form* in the Republick of Letters, publish'd *Lucan* with Notes at *Rome* in the Year 1514, being the first Impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. *Poetry* and *Painting*, with the Knowledge of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small Compass of Years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declin'd

ever

ever since. *Verulanus* in his Dedication to Cardinal *Palavicini*, prefix'd to that Edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious Criticism on his *Pharsalia*, but a Beautiful Judicious Comparison between him and *Virgil*, and that in a Stile which in my Opinion comes but little short of *Salust*, or the Writers of the *Augustan* Age. It is to the following Purpose in *English*, and it may not be unacceptable to the Reader, that I have put the *Latin* in the Margin.

I come now to the Author I have Commented upon, says *Sulpitius Verulanus*, and shall endeavour to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great Poet *Virgil*. *Lucan*, in the Opinion of *Fabius*, is no less a Pattern for Orators than for Poets; and always adhering strictly to Truth, he seems to have as fair a Pretence to the Character of an Historian; for he equally performs each of these Offices. His Expression is Bold and Lively; his Sentiments are

Nunc ad vatem quem enarravimus me convertam: qualisque sit, & in quo a Virgilio poeta summo differat explicabo. Lucanus non minus oratoribus quam poetis Fabii judicio imitandus, cum puram historiæ fidem sequatur, etiam historici sustinere personam videtur: singulorum enim pariter officio fungitur. Quippe ardens, concitatus, sententiis clarissimus, modesta figmenta & concinnas habet evagationes: estque in concionibus artificiosus, abundans, virilis, & cultus. In cæteris vero gravis, copiosus, amplus, tersus, mira eruditione & rerum varietate perfusus. Tantaque car-

minis majestate, consilia, rationes, gestaque explicat, ut hæc ipsa non legere sed cernere videaris. Bella vero & conflictus non narrari sed geri: urbes trepidare: acies concurrere: & militum ardorem, terroremque putes aspicere. Cumque sit in descriptionibus frequens & locuples: in rerum perscrutanda natura, exprimendisque affectibus perspicax: in moribus judicandis argutus: atque in omni ostentanda doctrina versatilis: quem Cosmographum, quem Astrologum, aut Mathematicum, aut Philosophum, dum eum legimus, desideramus? Quis enim de rebus in quas incidit, aut affectat: subtilius & accuratius disserit? Magnus profecto est Maro, magnus Lucanus: adeoque prope par: ut uter sit major possis ambigere. Summis enim uterque est laudibus eloquentiæ cumulatus. Dives & magnificus Maro: hic sumptuosus & splendidus. Ille maturus sublimis abundans: hic vehemens canorus effusus. Ille venerabilius ponti-

Clear, his Fictions within Compass of Probability, and his Digressions proper: His Orations Artful, Correct, Manly, and full of Matter. In the other Parts of his Work, he is Grave, Fluent, Copious, and Elegant; abounding with great Variety, and wonderful Erudition. And in unriddling the Intricacy of Contrivances, Designs and Actions, his Stile is so Masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those Transactions. But as for Enterprizes and Battels, you imagine them not Related but Acted: Towns alarm'd, Armies engag'd, the Eagerness and Terror of the several Soldiers, seem present to your View. As our Author is frequent and fertile in Descriptions; and none more skilful in discovering the Secret Springs of Action, and their Rise in Human Passions; as he is an acute Searcher

Searcher into the Manners of Men, and most dextrous in applying all Sorts of Learning to his Subject: What other Cosmographer, Astrologer, Philosopher or Mathematician do we stand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judiciously handled, or treated with more Delicacy, whatever Topics his Fancy has led him to, or have casually fall'n in his Way: *Maro* is without doubt, a great Poet; so is *Lucan*. In so apparent an Equality, 'tis hard to decide which Excells: For Both have justly obtained the highest Commendations. *Maro* is Rich and Magnificent; *Lucan* Sumptuous and Splendid: The first is Discreet, Inventive, and Sublime; the latter Free, Harmonious, and full of Spirit. *Virgil* seems to move with the Devout Solemnity of a Reverend Prelate: *Lucan* to March with the Noble Haughtiness of a Victorious General. One owes most to Labour and Application; the other to Nature and Practice:

ficio more quadam cum religione videtur incedere: hic cum terrore concitatius imperatorio. Ille cura & diligentia cultus: hic natura & studio perpolitus. Ille suavitate & dulcedine animos capit: hic ardore & spiritu complet. Vergilius nitidus, beatus, compositus. Lucanus varius floridus aptus. Ille fortioribus telis pugnare videtur: hic pluribus. Ille plus roboris habere: hic plus terroris & acrimoniæ. Illum grandi tuba uti & horrisona dixeris: hunc fere pari sed clariori. Tanta denique est huic cum illo affinitas & in diversitate præstantia: ut cum ad illam Maronis divinitatem accesserit nemo: tamen nisi ille priorem locum apud nos occupasset, hic possideret.

Practice: One lulls the Soul with the Sweetness and Music of his Verse; the other raises it by his Fire and Rapture. *Virgil* is Sedate, Happy in his Conceptions, free from Faults; *Lucan* Quick, Various and Florid: *He* seems to Fight with stronger Weapons, *This* with more: The first surpasses all in solid Strength; the latter excells in Vigour and Poynancy. You would think that the one Sounds rather a larger and deeper ton'd Trumpet; the other a less indeed, but Clearer. In short, so great is the Affinity, and the struggle for Precedence between them, that tho' no Body be allow'd to come up to that *Divinity* in *Maro*; yet had *He* not been possess'd of the chief Seat on *Parnassus*, our Author's Claim to it had been indisputable.

Thus much for *Lucan*; And it may be expected I should give some Account of Mr. *Rowe*, who has obliged the World with the following Translation of him in *English* Verse. Never Man had it more in his Nature than he, to Love and Oblige his Friends living, or celebrate their Memory when Dead; What Pity is it then, that for want of Information, there cannot be paid to his Name that just Encomium he ev'ry way deserv'd?

He was born at *Little Berkford* in *Bedfordshire*, at the House of *Jasper Edwards*, Esq; his Mother's

Mother's Father, in the Year 1673, of an Ancient Family in *Devonshire*, that for many Ages had made a handsome Figure in their Country, and was known by the Name of *Rowes* of *Lamberteun*. He could trace his Ancestors, in a direct Line, up to the Times of the *Holy War*, where one of them so distinguish'd himself in the *Holy Land*, that at his return, he had the Coat of Arms given him, which they bore ever since, that being in those Days all the Reward of Military Virtue, or of Blood spilt in those Expeditions. From that time downward to Mr. *Rowe*'s Father, The Family kept themselves to the Frugal Management of a Private Fortune, and the Innocent Pleasures of a Country Life. Having a Handsome Seat, and a Competent Estate, they liv'd beyond the Fear of Want, or Reach of Envy. In all the Changes of Governments, they are said to have ever lean'd towards the side of Publick Liberty, and in that retir'd Situation of Life to have beheld with Grief and Concern the many Incroachments that have been made upon it from time to time.

His Father was *John Rowe*, and the first of the Family, as his Son has told me, that chang'd a Country Life for a Liberal Profession. After he had past the Schools at home, he was brought up to *London*, and entered a Student of the Law in the *Mid-*

dle Temple, where ſome time after he was call'd to the Bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He was a Gentleman in great Eſteem for many engaging Qualities, of very conſiderable Practice at the Bar, and ſtood fair for the firſt Vacancy on the Bench, when he died the 30th of *April*, 1692, and was buried in the *Temple* Church the 7th of *May* following. Let it be mention'd to the Honour of this Gentleman, that when he publiſh'd Serjeant *Benloe* and Judge *Daliſon's Reports*, he had the Honeſty and Boldneſs to obſerve in the Preface, how moderate theſe two great Lawyers had been in their Opinions concerning the Extent of the Royal Prerogative; and that he durſt do this in the late King *James's* Reign, at a time when a *Diſpenſing Power* was ſet up, as inherent in the Crown. From ſuch worthy Anceſtors *Nicholas Rowe* was Deſcended, who, together with the Ancient Paternal Seat of the Family, Inherited their Probity and good Nature, Contentment of Mind, and an unbyaſs'd Love to their Country.

His Father took all the Care poſſible of his Education, and when he was fit for it, ſent him to *Weſtminſter* School, under the Famous Dr. *Busby*. He made an extraordinary Progreſs in all the Parts of Learning taught in that School, and about the

Age

Age of Twelve Years was chosen one of the King's Scholars. He became in a little time Master to a great Perfection of all the Classical Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and made a tolerable Proficiency in the *Hebrew*; but Poetry was his early Bent, and his darling Study. He compos'd at that time several Copies of Verses upon different Subjects both in *Greek* and *Latin*, and some in *English*, which were much admir'd, and the more that they cost him very little Pains, and seem'd to flow from his Imagination, almost as fast as his Pen.

His Father designing him for his own Profession, took him from that School when he was about Sixteen Years of Age, and enter'd him a Student in the *Middle Temple*, whereof he himself was a Member, that he might have him under his immediate Care and Instruction. Being capable of any part of Knowledge he apply'd his Mind to, he made very remarkable Advances in the Study of the Law; and was not content, as he told me, to know it as a Collection of *Statutes* or *Customs* only, but as a *System* founded upon right Reason, and calculated for the Good of Mankind. Being afterwards call'd to the Bar, he appear'd in as promising a way to make a Figure in that Profession, as any of his Contemporaries, if the Love of the

Belles Lettres, and that of Poetry in particular, had not stop'd him in his Career. He had the Advantage of the Friendship and Protection of one of the finest Gentlemen, as well as one of the greatest Lawyers of that Time, Sir *George Treby*, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was fond of him to a great Degree, and had it both in his Power and Inclination to promote his Interest.

But the *Muses* had stoln away his Heart from his Infancy, and his Passion for them rendred the Study of the *Law* dry and tasteless to his Palate. He struggled for some time against the natural Bent of his Mind, but in vain; for *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* had infinitely more Charms with him, then the best Authors that had writ of the Law of *England*. He now and then could not refrain from making some Copies of Verses on Subjects that fell in his Way, which being approv'd of by his Intimate Friends, to whom only he show'd them, that Approbation prov'd his Snare, so that from that time he began to give way to the Natural Biass of his Mind, and would needs try what he could do in Tragedy.

The first he wrote was *The Ambitious Step-Mother*; which meeting with universal Applause, as it well deserv'd, he laid aside

aside all Thoughts of rising in the Law, and turn'd them ever after, in their main Channel, towards Poetry. This his first Tragedy he writ when Twenty Five Years of Age, and as a Tryal only of his Genius that way. The Purity of the *English* Language, the Justness of his Characters, the Noble Elevation of the Sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the Plan of the Play. His Talent lay in *Heroick Poetry*, and consequently in *Tragedy*: For Comedy, he once try'd it, but found his Genius did not lean that way. He writ several Tragedies afterwards, which are in every Body's Hands, and all of them highly approv'd of by Men of Taste, upon the Account of the Loftiness of Thought, and the delicate Propriety of the Language; in which last I may venture to say, no one has ever out-done him, few equall'd him.

The Tragedy he valu'd himself most upon, and which was most valu'd, was his *Tamerlane*; and never Author, in my Opinion, did more Justice to his Hero, than he to that excellent Prince: For *Tamerlane* was the very Man that Mr. *Rowe* has Painted him. In that Play he aim'd at a Parallel between the late King *William* of immortal Memory and *Tamerlane*; as also between *Bajazet*, and a Monarch who is since

ſince Dead. That Glorious Ambition and Noble Ardour in *Tamerlane*, to break the Chains of enſlav'd Nations, and ſet Mankind free from the Incroachments of Lawleſs Power, are Painted in the moſt lively, as well as the moſt amiable Colours: On the other ſide, his manner of Introducing on the Stage a Prince that thinks Mankind is made but for him, and whoſe chief Aim is to perpetuate his Name to Poſterity, by that Havock and Ruin he ſcatters through the World, are all drawn with that Pomp of Horror and Deteſtation which ſuch monſtrous Actions do deſerve. And ſince nothing could be more Calculated for raiſing in the Minds of the Audience, a true Paſſion for Liberty, and a juſt Abhorrence for Slavery; how this Play came to be diſcouraged, next to a Prohibition, in the latter End of a late Reign, I leave it to others to give a Reaſon.

I ſhall ſay nothing of any of the reſt of Mr. *Rowe*'s Plays in particular; but it may be juſtly ſaid of them all, that never Poet painted *Virtue* or *Religion* in a more charming Dreſs on the Stage, nor were ever *Vice* and *Impiety* better expos'd to Contempt and Hatred. There runs through every one of them an Air of Religion and Virtue, attended with all the Social Duties of Life, and a conſtant untainted Love

to

to his Country. The ſame Principles of Liberty he had early imbib'd himſelf, and ſeem'd a Part of his Conſtitution, appear'd in every thing he wrote, and he took all Occaſions that fell in his Way, to make the Stage ſubſervient to them. His Muſe was ſo religiouſly Chaſt, that I do not remember one Word in any of his Plays or Writings that might admit but of a *double Entendre* in point of *Decency* or *Morals*. There is nothing to be found in them to humour the deprav'd Taſte of the Age, by nibbling at *Scripture*, or depreciating Things in themſelves *Sacred*; and it was the leſs wonder, that he obſerv'd this Rule in his Dramatick Performances, ſince in his ordinary Converſation, and when his Mirth and Humour enliven'd the whole Company, he us'd to expreſs his Diſſatisfaction, in the ſevereſt Manner, with any thing that look'd that way. Being much Converſant in the *Holy Scriptures*, it's obſervable that to raiſe the higheſt Ideas of Virtue, he has with great Art in ſeveral of his Tragedies made uſe of thoſe Expreſſions and Metaphors in them, that taſte moſt of the *Sublime*.

Beſides his Plays, Mr. *Rowe* wrote a great many Copies of Verſes on different Subjects, which it's hop'd his Friends may ſome time or other publiſh together, and whereof

whereof many have been already Printed apart. Being a great Admirer of *Shakespear*, he oblig'd the Publick with a new Edition of his Works, and prefix'd to it a short Account of his Life. In that Account he lay under the same Misfortune that I have done in this Account of Mr. *Rowe*; He wanted Information, to do Justice to *Shakespear*. He took all Occasions to express the vast Esteem he had for that Wonderful Man, and endeavour'd in some of his Pieces to imitate his manner of Writing, particularly in the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*. He has given him the Character he well deserv'd in the Prologue to that Play in the following Verses, which I am the more willing to insert here, because I believe there is no Man of Taste but pays to *Shakespear*'s Memory the Homage that's due to one of the greatest Genius's that ever appear'd in Dramatick Poetry. The Lines are these,

In such an Age, Immortal Shakespear *wrote,*
By no quaint Rules, nor humpering Criticks taught;
With rough, majestick Force, he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength and Nature made Amends for Art.
Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;
And in these Scenes has made it more his Care
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.

But Mr. *Rowe*'s last, and perhaps his best Poem, is this his Translation of *Lucan*, which

which he just liv'd to finish. He had entertain'd an early Inclination for that Author, and I believe it was the darling Passion he had for the Liberty and Constitution of his Country, that first inclin'd him to think of Translating him. He thought it was a Pity, that a Work in which the Cause of Liberty was set in such a Shining Light, should be preserv'd only in the Dead Language wherein it was Written; and therefore thought it well worth his Pains to put it in an *English* Dress, for the Benefit of his Countrymen. As this is the happiest Nation of the World in its Constitution, and happy even in spite of our selves, he judg'd that all who are in Love with it, must needs be fond of an Author, who not only wrote for the Ancient Constitution of his own Country, but fell a Sacrifice for endeavouring to support it.

As to the Translation it self, I perswade my self it will meet with a kind Reception in the World. I dare be bold to say the Language is Pure, and the Versification both Musical and adapted to the Subject. I have no Reason to doubt but the true Meaning of the Original is faithfully preserv'd through the whole Work, and if I may venture to Judge, the Translation comes up to the Spirit of the Original, as far as the

the Difference between the *Roman* and *English* Languages will allow of.

I am afraid I have gone out of my Depth, in giving my Opinion of a Piece of this kind, being no Poet my ſelf; ſo I leave this Tranſlation of *Lucan* to make its way by its own Merit. I know *May* has Tranſlated it near an Age ago, and I confeſs it is many Years ſince I read it. But it muſt be own'd, that it's but a lame Performance, and does not reach the Spirit or Senſe of *Lucan*. The Language and Verſification are yet worſe, and fall infinitely ſhort of the lofty Numbers and Propriety of Expreſſion in which Mr. *Rowe* excels. I know of no other Tranſlation of *Lucan* in any of the living Languages, in Verſe, except that of *Brebeuf* in *French*. I have a very great Value for it, and the Author, if it were for no other Reaſon, but that he had the honeſt Boldneſs to publiſh ſuch a Work in his Native Language, that was Diametrically oppoſite to the Maxims of Government purſued by the Prince then Reigning. His Courage in this matter deſerves yet the more to be applauded, that when all the other *Claſſicks* were publiſh'd for the Uſe of the *Dauphin*, *Lucan* alone was Prohibited. It's obſervable, he has carry'd in ſome Places in the *French* Language the Heat of *Lucan*, farther than *Lu-*

can

can himself in the *Latin*, and that by attempting the Fire of his Author, he has, if I may be allow'd the Expression, fir'd himself much more. This is what happens to him frequently: But again at other times he flags, and when *Lucan* happily hits on the true Beauty of a Thought, *Brebeuf* falls infinitely below him, through an Affectation of appearing Easy and Natural, when he ought to exert all his Force. I might give a great many Instances of this last, but shall confine my self to one, which will set in a true Light the Difference between the two Translations of *Lucan* by *Brebeuf* and Mr. *Rowe*. That strong celebrated Line in *Lucan*,

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni,

is with the whole Period, thus done by Mr. *Rowe*, tho' none of the brightest Lines in his Translation.

Justly to name the better Cause were hard,
While Greatest Names for either Side declar'd.
Victorious Cæsar *by the Gods was Crown'd,*
The vanquish'd Party was by Cato *own'd.*

When *Brebeuf* comes to Translate this Passage, he does it after this manner,

De si hauts partisans s'arment pour chacun d'eux,
Qu'on ne scait qui defendre, ou qui blamer de deux,
Qui des deux a tire plus justement l'epée,
Les dieux servent Cesar, & Caton suit Pompée.

What

What can be poorer than this last? It does not answer the Nobleness of the *Latin*, and besides it maims the Sense of the Author. For *Lucan*, who had his Imagination full of the Virtue of *Cato*, intended to raise him above, or at least equal him to, the Gods, as to the Merit of the Cause, that occasion'd the Opposition: But *Brebeuf*, instead of raising him to a Competition with the Gods, makes him only a Retainer of *Pompey*'s. This puts me in mind of an Observation I have frequently made upon most of our *English* Translations. Whenever there happens an Expression or Period of a distinguish'd Beauty, there they fall often not only short of the Original, but mistake intirely the Sense. I shall give but one Instance in *Dryden*'s *Virgil*. There is not in all the Inimitable *Æneid* a more Beautiful Period than that in the Sixth Book concerning *Marcellus*, which *Virgil* sums up in this *Hemistichon*,

Tu Marcellus eris:

Dryden turns it thus,

O! could'st thou break through Fate's severe Decree,
A new Marcellus *shall arise in thee.*

which is altogether wide from the Meaning of *Virgil*, and sinks infinitely below the Dignity of his Verse.

I might take notice here of several Passages of *Lucan* left out in *Brebeuf*, which well

well deserv'd a Place in his Translation. I shall only mention one in the Sixth Book concerning the Witch *Erictho*, which in my Opinion is a very Beautiful Picture of Horror. *Brebeuf* cuts it short, and in its Place gives us a Love Story of his own Invention between *Burrhus* and *Octavia*, which is nothing to the Purpose, and falls infinitely short of the Spirit of *Lucan*. Yet after all it cannot be deny'd, but *Brebeuf*'s Performance is in the main admirably well done, and in many Places he appears animated with the same Fire we find in *Lucan*. I cannot omit one Instance of this in that Passage of the Third Book concerning the Origine of Letters, which is one of the finest in *Lucan*, and excellently done into *French* by *Brebeuf*. *Lucan* has it thus,

Phœnices primi, fama si creditur, ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

Brebeuf turns it after this manner,

C'est de luy que nous vient cet art ingenieux,
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux,
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées,
Donner de la Couleur, & du Corps aux pensées.

The Translation of this Passage by *Brebeuf* is excellently Imitated in *English* by a *young Lady* * that I had the Honour to be acquainted with, which if I mistake not, transcends

* *A Daughter of the Viscount* Molesworth.

transcends *Brebeuf*, or even *Lucan* himself. It's thus,

The Noble Art from Cadmus *took its Rise*
Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes.
He first in Wondrous Magick Fetters bound
The airy Voice, and stop'd the flying Sound.
The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
Gave Colour, and a Body to the Thought.

To return to Mr. *Rowe*: He just liv'd to put an end to this Translation of *Lucan*'s *Pharsalia*, and if he had but liv'd a little longer, it's probable he had prefix'd to it another kind of Preface than this, with a thorough Criticism on the whole Work. I shall say nothing further of him in the Quality of a Poet, since this Translation, and his other Works, will sufficiently justifie his Title to it. As to his Person, it was Graceful and well made, his Face regular and of a Manly Beauty. As his Soul was well lodg'd, so its Rational and Animal Faculties excell'd in a high Degree. He had a quick and fruitful Invention, a deep Penetration, and a large Compass of Thought, with a singular Dexterity, and Easiness in making his Thoughts to be understood. He was Master of most Parts of Polite Learning, especially the Classical Authors both *Greek* and *Latin*, understood the *French*,

French, *Italian* and *Spanish* Languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well.

He had likewise read most of the *Greek* and *Roman* Histories in their Original Languages, and most that are writ in *English*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*. He had a good Taste in Philosophy, and having a firm Impression of Religion upon his Mind, he took great delight in Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, in both which he made great Advances in the times he retir'd into the Country, which were frequent. He expreſt on all Occasions his full Persuasion of the Truth of Reveal'd Religion, and being a sincere Member of the Establish'd Church himself, he pitied, but Condemn'd not, those that dissented from it. He abhor'd the Principle of Persecuting Men upon the Account of their Opinions in Religion; and being strict in his own, he took it not upon him to Censure those of another Persuasion. His Conversation was Pleasant, Witty, and Learn'd, without the least Tincture of Affectation or Pedantry, and his inimitable Manner of Diverting and Enlivening the Company, made it impossible for any one to be out of Humour when he was in it. Envy and Detraction seem'd to be entirely Foreign to his Constitution: And whatever Provocations he met with

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at any time, he past them over without the least Thought of Resentment or Revenge. As *Homer* had a *Zoilus*, so Mr. *Rowe* had sometimes his: For there were not wanting Malevolent People, and Pretenders to Poetry too, that would now and then Bark at his best Performances; but he was so much conscious of his own Genius, and had so much Good-nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be Tempted to return them an Answer.

The Love of Learning and Poetry made him not the less fit for Business, and no Body apply'd himself closer to it, when it requir'd his Attendance. The late Duke of *Queensbury*, when he was Secretary of State, made him his Secretary for Publick Affairs; and when that truly Great Man came to know him well, he was never so pleas'd as when Mr. *Rowe* was in his Company. After the Duke's Death, all Avenues were stop'd to his Preferment; and during the rest of that Reign, he past his time with the Muses and his Books, and sometimes the Conversation of his Friends.

Upon the King's Accession to the Throne, his Merit was taken Notice of. The King gave him a *Lucrative* Place in the Customs, and made him *Poet Laureat*; the Prince of *Wales* conferr'd on him the Place of *Clerk* of his *Council*; and the Lord

Parker

Parker, Lord Chancellor, made him his *Secretary* for the *Presentations*, the very Day he receiv'd the *Seals*, and without his asking it. He was much lov'd and cherish'd by the latter: And it was no wonder that one of his Endowments was in Favour with that *Noble Person*, who, together with a profound Knowledge in the *Law*, worthy of his High Station, has adorn'd his Mind with all the other more Polite Parts of *Learning*. When he had just got to be easy in his Fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, Death swept him away, and in him depriv'd the World of one of the best Men, as well as one of the best Genius's of the Age. He dy'd like a *Christian* and a *Philosopher*, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an absolute Resignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the last, and took leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his last Agony, with the same Tranquillity of Mind, and the same Indifference for Life, as tho' he had been upon taking but a short Journey. He was twice Married, first to a Daughter of the Deceas'd Mr. *Persons*, one of the Auditors of the Revenue, and afterwards to a Daughter of Mr. *Devenish* of a good Family in *Dorsetshire*: By the first he had a Son, and by the Second a Daughter, both yet living.

ving. He died the Sixth of *December* 1718, in the 45th Year of his Age, and was Buried the Nineteenth of the ſame Month in *Weſtminſter Abby*, in the Iſle where many of our *Engliſh* Poets are Interr'd, over-againſt *Chaucer*, his Body being attended by a Select Number of his Friends, and the *Dean* and *Choir* Officiating at the Funeral.

Feb. 26. 1719.

THE

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

In the First Book, after a Propositions of his Subject, a short View of the Ruins occasion'd by the Civil Wars in Italy, *and a Compliment to* Nero, Lucan *gives the Principal Causes of the Civil War, together with the Characters of* Cæsar *and* Pompey: *After that, the Story properly begins with* Cæsar's *passing the* Rubicon, *which was the Bound of his Province towards* Rome, *and his March to* Ariminum. *Thither the Tribunes, and* Curio *who had been driv'n out of the City by the opposite Party, come to him, and demand his Protection. Then follows his Speech to his Army, and a particular Mention of the several Parts of* Gaul *from which his Troops were drawn together to his Assistance. From* Cæsar, *the Poet turns to describe the general Consternation at* Rome, *and the Flight of great Part of the Senate and People at the News of his March. From hence he takes Occasion to relate the foregoing Prodigies, which were partly an Occasion of those pannick Terrors, and likewise the Ceremonies that were us'd by the Priests for purifying the City, and averting the Anger of the Gods; and then ends this Book with the Inspiration and Prophecy of a* Roman *Matron, in which she enumerates the principal Events which were to happen in the Course of the Civil War.*


OCEANUS
DEUCALIDONIUS
OCEANUS
Sinus Fl.
VERGINIUS
Notium
OCEANUS Promont.
Cassiterides I.
MARE
OCEANUS BRITANNICUS
GALLIA
AQUITANICUS
Ligeris
OCEANUS
ATLANTICUM
Garumna
OCEANUS Burdigalis
CANTABRICUS
Asturia
Durius
Vectonis
Celtiberia
HISPANIA
Balearides
ARMENIA
Olysipo
Tagus
Lusitania
Tolletum
Tagum
Baetica
Pityusæ I.
Cordubæ
Hispalis
Elibaris
Carthago nova
Gades
Fretum Herculeum
Tingis
Tingitana
MAURITIANA
Atlas Major Mons
ARABIA FELIX
G. Hulet Sculp.t

LUCAN's
PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

Mathian Plains with Slaughter cover'd o'er,
And Rage unknown to Civil Wars before,
Establish'd Violence, and lawless Might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the Name of Right;
A Race Renown'd, the World's victorious Lords, 5
Turn'd on themselves with their own hostile Swords;

Verse 1. Emathian *Plains.*] This First Period contains a Proposition of the whole Work, the Civil War; and I would only observe once for all, that as the Readers, who compare it with the Original, may see that I have transpos'd the Order of it in the Translation, and that on purpose, I have taken the same Liberty in many other Places

Piles against Piles oppos'd in Impious Fight,
And Eagles against Eagles bending Flight;
Of Blood by Friends, by Kindred, Parents, spilt,
One common Horror and promiscuous Guilt, 10
A shatter'd World in wild Disorder tost,
Leagues, Laws, and Empire in Confusion lost;
Of all the Woes which Civil Discords bring,
And *Rome* o'ercome by *Roman* Arms, I sing.
What blind, detested Madness could afford 15
Such horrid Licence to the murd'ring Sword?
Say, *Romans*, whence so dire a Fury rose,
To glut with *Latian* Blood your barb'rous Foes?
Could you in Wars like these provoke your Fate?
Wars, where no Triumphs on the Victor wait! 20
While *Babylon*'s proud Spires yet rise so high,
And rich in *Roman* Spoils invade the Sky;

of this Work; especially where I thought such Transposition wou'd give an Emphasis and a Strength to the latter End of the Period.——— *Emathia* was a Province properly of *Macedonia*, and adjoining to *Thessalia*, but is most commonly used by this Author for *Thessalia*.

Ver. 7. *Piles against Piles.*] I have chosen to translate the *Latin* Word *Pilum* thus nearly, or indeed rather to keep it, and make it *English*; because it was a Weapon, as Eagles were the Ensigns, peculiar to the *Romans*, and made use of here by *Lucan* purposely to denote the War made amongst themselves. This *Pilum* was a sort of Javelin which they darted at the Enemies; the Description of it may be found in *Polybius*, *Vegetius*, or in our own Dr. *Kennet's Roman Antiquities*.

Ver. 21. *While* Babylon's *proud Spires.*] *Lucan* here means both

While yet no Vengeance is to *Crassus* paid,
But unatton'd repines the wand'ring Shade!
What Tracts of Land, what Realms unknown before, 25
What Seas wide-stretching to the distant Shore,
What Crowns, what Empires might that Blood have gain'd,
With which *Emathia*'s fatal Fields were stain'd!
Where *Seres* in their silken Woods reside,
Where swift *Araxes* rolls his rapid Tide: 30
Where-e'er (if such a Nation can be found)
Nile's secret Fountain springing cleaves the Ground;
Where Southern Suns with double Ardour rise,
Flame o'er the Land, and scorch the Mid-day Skies;
Where Winter's Hand the *Scythian* Seas constrains, 35
And binds the frozen Floods in Chrystal Chains;
Where-e'er the shady Night and Day-spring come,
All had submitted to the Yoak of *Rome*.

both the *Persian* and *Parthian* Empire, which he very often joins and confounds together, taking very often one Name for both. The Death of *Crassus*, and his Defeat by the *Parthians*, is a Story too well known to need a Note. See it at large in *Plutarch*.

Ver. 29. *Where Seres.*] In ancient Geographers we find Two Nations of this Name, one in *Æthiopia*, and the other between *India* and *Scythia*; the latter, which are here meant, according to the Learned *Cellarius*, answer to the Northern Parts of *China* or *Cathay*.

Ver. 30. *Araxes.*] Of this Name were several Rivers in *Asia*; the Chief, and that which is here mention'd, seems to be that in *Armenia*; it runs into the *Caspian* Sea.

Oh *Rome*! if Slaughter be thy only Care,
If ſuch thy fond Deſire of impious War; 40
Turn from thy ſelf, at leaſt, the deſtin'd Wound,
'Till thou art Miſtreſs of the World around,
And none to Conquer but thy ſelf be found.
Thy Foes as yet a juſter War afford,
And barb'rous Blood remains to glut thy Sword. 45
But ſee! her Hands on her own Vitals ſeize,
And no Deſtruction but her own can pleaſe.
Behold her Fields unknowing of the Plow!
Behold her Palaces and Towr's laid low!
See where o'erthrown the maſſy Column lyes, 50
While Weeds obſcene above the Corniſh riſe.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd Walls remain,
There mould'ring Pillars nodding Roofs ſuſtain.
The Landskip once in various Beauty ſpread,
With yellow Harveſts and the flowry Mead, 55
Diſplays a wild uncultivated Face,
Which buſhy Brakes and Brambles vile diſgrace:
No human Footſtep prints th' untrodden Green,
No chearful Maid nor Villager is ſeen.
Ev'n in her Cities famous once and great, 60
Where thouſands crowded in the noiſie Street,
No Sound is heard of human Voices now,
But whiſtling Winds thro' empty Dwellings blow;
While paſſing Strangers wonder, if they ſpy
One ſingle melancholy Face go by. 65

Nor

Nor *Pyrrhus'* Sword, nor *Canna's* fatal Field,
Such universal Desolation yield:
Her impious Sons have her worst Foes surpass'd,
And *Roman* Hands have laid *Hesperia* waste.
But if our Fates severely have decreed
No way but this for *Nero* to succeed;
If only thus our Heroes can be Gods,
And Earth must pay for their divine Abodes;
If Heav'n could not the Thunderer obtain,
Till Gyants Wars made Room for *Jove* to reign,
Tis just, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain:
Oppreſt with Death tho' dire *Pharsalia* groan,
Tho' *Latian* Blood the *Punick* Ghosts attone;
Tho' *Pompey's* hapless Sons renew the War,
And *Munda* view the slaughter'd Heaps from far;

Ver. 64. *Nor* Pyrrhus.] *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, a terrible and famous Enemy of the *Romans*. See his Life in *Plutarch*. *Hannibal's* Victory at *Canna* is well known.

Ver. 69. *Hesperia*.] The ancient Name of *Italy*; and likewise of *Spain*.

Ver. 77. *Oppress'd with Death*.] Upon this Occasion *Lucan* enumerates the principal Actions not only in this Civil War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, but the others between the Sons of *Pompey*, *Octavius Cæsar*, and *Antony*. *Pharsalia* were Fields so call'd from *Pharsalus*, a Town in *Thessaly*, where the famous Battel between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* was fought.

Ver. 8. *Munda*] A Town in *Spain*, where *Pompey's* Sons fought a Battel with *Cæsar* after their Father's Death, and where *Cneius* the Eldest was kill'd. It is suppos'd not to have been above Six Leagues from the present *Malaga*.

Tho' meagre Famine in *Perusia* reign,
Tho' *Mutina* with Battles fill the Plain;
Tho' *Leuca*'s Isle, and wide *Ambracia*'s Bay,
Record the Rage of *Actium*'s fatal Day;
Tho' servile Hands are arm'd to Man the Fleet, 85
And on *Sicilian* Seas the Navies meet;
All Crimes, all Horrours, we with Joy regard,
Since thou, O *Cæsar*, art the great Reward.
Vast are the Thanks thy grateful *Rome* should pay
To Wars, which usher in thy sacred Sway. 90
When, the great Business of the World atchiev'd,
Late by the willing Stars thou art receiv'd,
Thro' all the blissful Seats the News shall roll,
And Heav'n resound with Joy from Pole to Pole.
Whether great *Jove* resign supreme Command, 95
And trust his Scepter to thy abler Hand;
Or if thou chuse the Empire of the Day,
And make the Sun's unwilling Steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming Team,
While Earth rejoices in thy gentler Beam; 100

Ver. 81. *Perusia*] A Town in *Umbria* in *Italy*, where *L. Antonius* was besieg'd by *Oct. Cæsar*, and reduc'd by Famine.

Ver. 82. *Mutina*] (the present *Modena*) *D. Brutus* was there besieg'd by *M. Antony*; but the Siege was rais'd by *Augustus*, and both the Consuls, *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, kill'd.

The two last Actions mention'd, are the famous Battle of *Actium*, between *Anthony* and *Augustus*; and another Sea-Fight, between *Augustus* and *Sextus Pompeius*, near *Sicily*, where the latter had mann'd his Fleet with Slaves.

Where-e'er

Where-e'er thou reign, with one consenting Voice,
The Gods and Nature shall approve thy Choice.
But oh! whatever be thy Godhead great,
Fix not in Regions too remote thy Seat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen Bear to shine, 105
Nor where the sultry Southern Stars decline;
Less kindly thence thy Influence shall come,
And thy blest Rays obliquely visit *Rome*.
Press not too much on any part the Sphear:
Hard were the Task thy Weight divine to bear; 110
Soon wou'd the *Axis* feel th' unusual Load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent God:
O'er the mid Orb more equal shalt thou rise,
And with a juster Ballance fix the Skies. 115
Serene for ever be that mure Space,
No black'ning Clouds the purer Heav'n disgrace,
Nor hide from *Rome* her *Cæsar's* radiant Face.
Then shall Mankind consent in sweet Accord,
And warring Nations sheath the wrathful Sword;
Peace shall the World in friendly Leagues compose, 120
And *Janus'* dreadful Gates for ever close.
To me thy present Godhead stands confest,
Oh let thy sacred Fury fire my Breast;
So thou vouchsafe to hear, let *Phœbus* dwell
Still uninvok'd in *Cyrrha's* mystick Cell; 125

Ver. 125. Cyrrha's *Mystick*] Was a Town near *Delphos* and here taken it self for the Residence of the Oracle.

By me uncall'd, let sprightly *Bacchus* reign,
And lead the Dance on *Indian Nysa's* Plain.
To thee, O *Cæsar*, all my Vows belong,
Do thou alone inspire the *Roman* Song.
And now the mighty Task demands our Care, 130
The fatal Source of Discord to declare;
What Cause accurst produc'd the dire Event,
Why Rage so dire the madding Nations rent,
And Peace was driv'n away by one Consent.
But thus the Malice of our Fate commands, 135
And nothing great to long Duration stands;
Aspiring *Rome* had ris'n too much in Height,
And sunk beneath her own unwieldy Weight.
So shall one Hour, at last, this Globe controul,
Break up the vast Machine, dissolve the Whole,
And Time no more thro' measur'd Ages roll.
Then *Chaos* hoar shall seize his former Right,
And reign with Anarchy and eldest Night;
The starry Lamps shall combate in the Sky,
And lost and blended in each other dye; 145
Quench'd in the Deep the heav'nly Fires shall fall,
And Ocean cast abroad o'er-spread the Ball:
The Moon no more her well-known Course shall run,
But rise from Western Waves, and meet the Sun;

Ver. 127. *Indian Nysa's.*] There were many Towns of this Name sacred to *Bacchus*, especially one in *India* near the River *Cophes*.

Ungovern'd

Ungovern'd shall she quit her antient Way, 150
Her self ambitious to supply the Day:
Confusion wild shall all around be hurl'd,
And Discord and Disorder tear the World.
Thus Pow'r and Greatness to Destruction haste,
Thus Bounds to human Happiness are plac'd,
And *Jove* forbids Prosperity to last.
Yet Fortune, when she meant to wreak her Hate,
From foreign Foes preserv'd the *Roman* State,
Nor suffer'd barb'rous Hands to give the Blow,
That laid the Queen of Earth and Ocean low; 160
To *Rome* her self for Enemies she sought,
And *Rome* her self her own Destruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly Heads before,
First fell by fatal Partnership of Pow'r.
What blind Ambition bids your Force combine? 165
What means this frantick League in which you join?
Mistaken Men! who hope to share the Spoil,
And hold the World within one common Toil!
While Earth the Seas shall in her Bosom bear,
While Earth her self shall hang in ambient Air; 170
While *Phœbus* shall his constant Task renew;
While thro' the Zodiaque Night shall Day pursue;

Ver. 163. *Three Lordly Heads.*] The first Triumvirate or Combination between *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus* to share the Power of *Rome* between 'em.

No

No Faith, no Truth, no Friendship, shall be known
Among the jealous Partners of a Throne;
But he who Reigns, shall strive to Reign alone.
Nor seek for foreign Tales to make this good;
Were not our Walls first built in Brother's Blood?
Nor did the Feud for wide Dominion rise,
Nor was the World their impious Fury's prize;
Divided Power Contention still affords,
And for a Village shows the petty Lords.
The fierce Triumvirate combin'd in Peace,
Preserv'd the Bond, but for a little Space,
Still with an awkward disagreeing Grace.
'Twas not a League by Inclination made,
But bare Agreement, such as Friends persuade.
Desire of War in either Chief was seen,
Tho' interposing *Crassus* stood between.
Such in the midst the parting *Isthmus* lies,
While swelling Seas on either Side arise;
The solid Boundaries of Earth restrain
The fierce *Ionian* and *Ægean* Main;
But if the Mound gives way, strait roaring loud
In at the Breach the rushing Torrents croud,
Raging they meet, the dashing Waves run high,
And work their foamy Waters to the Sky.

Ver. 177. *Brother's Blood.*] *Remus* kill'd by his Brother *Romulus*, at the Founding of *Rome* by the latter.
Ver. 189. *Isthmus.*] By *Corinth.*

So

So when unhappy *Crassus* sadly slain,
Dy'd with his Blood *Assyrian Carrhæ* Plain,
Sudden the feeming Friends in Arms engage,
The *Parthian* Sword let loose the *Latian* Rage.
Ye fierce *Arsacidæ!* ye Foes of *Rome*,
Now Triumph; you have more than overcome:
The Vanquish'd fal; your Victory seems far,
And from that Field recoil'd their Civil War.
The Sword is now the Umpire to decide,
And part what Friendship knew not to divide.
'Twas hard, an Empire of so vast *Size*
Could not for two ambitious Minds suffice;
The peopled Earth, and wide extended Main,
Could furnish Room for only one to reign.
When dying *Julia* first forsook the Light,
And *Hymen*'s Tapers sunk in endless Night,
The tender Ties of Kindred dare were torn,
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her Urn.

Ver. 201. *Arsacidæ.*] The Kings of *Parthia*, call'd so from *Arsaces*, a great Prince, or perhaps the Founder of that Royal Family.

Ver. 211. *When dying* Julia.] *Julia* was the Daughter of *Julius Cæsar*, and marry'd to *Pompey*. The Manner of her Death is said to have been thus: A Servant of *Domitius* happening to be kill'd in a Tumult at *Rome*, *Pompey*, who was near him, by Accident was dawb'd with the Blood; and thereupon sending his Gown home, his Wife, who was then with Child, saw it, and imagining her Husband to be kill'd, fell into Labour with the Fright, miscarry'd and died of the Illness she had contracted on that Occasion.

Oh!

Oh! if her Death had haply been delay'd, 215
How might the Daughter and the Wife persuade!
Like the fam'd Sabine Dames she had been seen
To stay the meeting War, and stand between:
On either Hand had woo'd 'em to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce Father, and her furious Lord;
To join in Peace, and sheath the ruthless Sword.
But this the fatal Sisters Doom deny'd; 222
The Friends were sever'd, when the Matron dy'd.
The rival Leaders mortal War proclaim,
Rage fires their Souls with Jealousie of Fame,
And Emulation fans the rising Flame.

Thee *Pompey* thy past Deeds by turns infest,
And jealous Glory burns within thy Breast;
Thy fam'd Pyratick Laurel seems to fade,
Beneath successful *Cæsar's* rising Shade; 230
His *Gallick* Wreaths thou view'st with anxious Eyes
Above thy Naval Crowns triumphant rise.

Ver. 217. Sabine *Dames.*] The *Sabine* Virgins, who were taken away by force, and marry'd to *Romulus* and the first *Romans*, made Peace between their Husbands and their Fathers.

Ver. 227. *Thee* Pompey.] *Pompey* had triumph'd over several Nations, especially over the *Cilician* Pirates, whom tho' they had great Fleets, and were Masters of the Seas, he oblig'd to surrender themselves and their Ships within Forty Days.

Ver. 231. *His* Gallick *Wreaths.*] *Cæsar* had subdu'd *Gaul.*

Thee

Thee *Cæsar* thy long Labours past incite,
Thy Use of War, and Custom of the Fight;
While bold Ambition prompts thee in the Race, 235
And bids thy Courage scorn a second Place.
Superior Pow'r, fierce Faction's dearest Care,
One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
Justly to name the better Cause were hard,
While greatest Names for either Side declar'd: 240
Victorious *Cæsar* by the Gods was crown'd,
The vanquish'd Party was by Cato crown'd.
Nor came the Rivals equal to the Field;
One to increasing Years began to yield,
Old Age came creeping in the peaceful Gown, 245
And civil Functions weigh'd the Soldier down;
Disus'd to Arms, he turn'd him to the Laws,
And plea's'd himself with popular Applause;
With Gifts, and lib'ral Bounty sought for Fame,
And lov'd to hear the Vulgar shout his Name; 250
In his own Theatre rejoic'd to sit,
Amidst the noisie Praises of the Pit.
Careless of future Ills that might betide,
No Aid he sought to prop his failing Side,
But on his former Fortune much rely'd.
Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his Place; 256
But stood the Shadow of what once he was.

So in the Field with Care' Bounty spread;
Uprears some antient Oak his aw'ned Head;
Chaplets and sacred Gifts his Boughs adorn; 260
And Spoils of War by mighty Heroes worn.
But the first Vigour of his Root now gone,
He stands Dependant on his Weight alone;
All bare his naked Branches are display'd,
And with his leafless Trunk he forms a Shade; 265
Yet tho' the Winds his Ruin daily threat,
As ev'ry Blast wou'd hence him from his Seat;
Tho' thousand fairer Trees the Field supplies,
That rich in youthful Verdure round him rise;
Fix'd in his antient State he yields to none, 270
And wears the Honours of the Grove alone.
But *Cæsar*'s Greatness, and his Strength, was more
Than past Renown and antiquated Pow'r;
'Twas not the Fame of what he once had been,
Or Tales in old Records and Annals seen; 275
But 'twas a Valour, restless, unconfin'd,
Which no Success could sate, nor Limits bind;
'Twas Shame, a Soldier's Shame untaught to yield,
That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought Field;
Fierce in his Hopes he was, nor knew to stay, 280
Where Vengeance or Ambition led the Way;
Still prodigal of War whene'er withstood,
Nor spar'd to stain the guilty Sword with Blood;

Urging

Urging Advantage he improv'd all Odds,
And made the most of Fortune and the Gods;
Pleas'd to o'return whate'er with-hold his Prize,
And saw the Ruin with rejoicing Eyes.
Such while Earth trembles, and Heav'n thunders loud,
Darts the swift Lightning from the rending Cloud;
Fierce thro' the Day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful Blast confounds the Gazer's Sight;
Resistless in its Course delights to rove,
And clears the Temples of its Mafsive Grove.
Alike where-e'er it passes or returns,
With equal Rage the fell Destroyer burns;
Then with a Whirl full in its Strength retires,
And recollects the Force of all its scatter'd Fires.
Motives like these the leading Chiefs inspir'd;
But other Thoughts the meaner Vulgar fir'd.
Those fatal Seeds luxurious Vices sow,
Which ever lay a mighty People low.
To *Rome* the vanquish'd Earth her Tribute paid,
And deadly Treasures to her View display'd:
Then Truth and simple Manners left the Place,
While Riot rear'd her lewd dishonest Face;
Virtue to full Prosperity gave way,
And fled from Rapine, and the Lust of Prey.
On ev'ry Side proud Palaces arise,
And lavish Gold each common Use supplies.

Their

Their Fathers frugal Tables stand abhorr'd,
And *Asia* now, and *Africk* are explor'd,
For high-prie'd Dainties, and the Citron Board.
In silken Robes the minion Men appear,
Which Maids and youthful Brides shew'd blush to wear.
That Age by honest Poverty adorn'd, 315
Which brought the manly *Romans* forth, is scorn'd;
Where-ever ought Pernicious does abound,
For Luxury all Lands are sansack'd round,
And dear-bought Deaths the fishing Seas confound.
The *Curii's* and *Camilli's* little Field, 320
To vast extended Territories yield;
And foreign Tenants reap the Harvest now,
Where once the great Dictator held the Plow.
Rome, ever fond of War, was tir'd with Ease;
Ev'n Liberty had lost the Pow'r to please: 325
Hence Rage and Wrath their ready Minds invade,
And Want could ev'ry Wickedness persuade:
Hence impious Pow'r was first esteem'd a Good,
Worth being sought with Arms, and bought with Blood:

Ver. 312. *Citron Board.*] This is not here taken for the Lemon-tree, but for a Tree something resembling the Wild-Cypress, and growing chiefly in *Africk*. It is very famous among the *Roman* Authors, and was used by their great People for Beds and Tables at Entertainments. The Spots and Crispness of the Wood were its great Excellence. Hence they were call'd *Mensa Tygrina & Pantherina*.

Ver. 320. *The* Curii's *and* Camilli's.] Old frugal *Romans*, who thought Seven Acres an Estate large enough for any honest Man.

With

With Glory, Tyrants did their Country awe, 330
And Violence prescrib'd the Rule to Law.
Hence plyant servile Voices were constrain'd,
And Force in popular Assemblies reign'd;
Consuls and Tribunes, with opposing Might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the Right: 335
Hence shameful Magistrates were made for Gold,
And a base People by themselves were sold:
Hence Slaughter in the venal Field returns,
And *Rome* her yearly Competitions mourns:
Hence Debt unthrifty, careless to repay, 340
And Usury still watching for its Day:
Hence Perjuries in ev'ry wrangling Court;
And War, the needy Bankrupt's last Resort.

Now *Cæsar*, marching swift with winged Haste,
The Summits of the frozen *Alps* had past; 345
With vast Events and Enterprises fraught,
And future Wars revolving in his Thought.
Now near the Banks of *Rubicon* he stood;
When lo! as he survey'd the narrow Flood,

Ver. 338. *The Venal Field.*] The *Campus Martius*, or Field of *Mars*, where the yearly Magistrates were chosen.

Ver. 348. *The Banks of* Rubicon.] This River divided the *Cisalpine Gaul* from *Italy*, and was the utmost Bounds of *Cæsar*'s Province that way. It is said, that on the Banks towards *Italy* a Pillar was placed by Decree of the Senate, with an Inscription importing, that whatever General Of-

—ficer

Amidſt the dusky Horrors of the Night, 350
A wondrous Viſion ſtood confeſt to Sight.
Her awful Head *Rome*'s rev'rend Image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the Matron Form appear'd;
A tow'ry Crown her hoary Temples bound,
And her torn Treſſes rudely hung around: 355
Her naked Arms uplifted e'er ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful Silence broke.
Preſumptuous Men! oh whither do you run?
Oh whither bear you theſe my Enſigns on?
If Friends to Right, if Citizens of *Rome*, 360
Here to your utmoſt Barrier are you come.
She ſaid; and ſunk within the cloſing Shade:
Aſtoniſhment and Dread the Chief invade;
Stiff roſe his ſtarting Hair, he ſtood diſmay'd,
And on the Bank his ſlacking Steps were ſtay'd. 365
Oh thou (at length he cry'd) whoſe Hand controuls
The forky Fire, and ratling Thunder rolls;
Who from thy Capitol's exalted Height,
Doſt o'er the wide-ſpread City caſt thy Sight!
Ye *Phrygian* Gods who guard the *Julian* Line! 370
Ye Myſteries of *Romulus* divine!

ficer or Soldier ſtould preſume to paſs over this River arm'd, (it muſt be underſtood from *Gaul*) ſhould be deem'd a Rebel, and an Enemy to his Country.

Ver. 370. *Ye* Phrygian *Gods*.] *Cæſar* pretended to be deſcended from *Iulus* or *Aſcanius*, the Son of *Æneas*; and the

Thou *Jove!* to whom from young *Ascanius* came
Thy *Alban* Temple, and thy *Latial* Name:
And thou Immortal Sacred Vestal Flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou majestick *Rome!*
My first, my great Divinity, to whom
Thy still successful *Cæsar* am I come;
Nor do thou fear the Sword's destructive Rage,
With thee my Arms no impious War shall wage.
On him thy Hate, on him thy Curse bestow, 380
Who would persuade thee *Cæsar* is thy Foe;
And since to thee I consecrate my Toil,
Oh favour thou my Cause, and on thy Soldier smile.
He said; and strait, impatient of Delay,
Across the swelling Flood, pursu'd his Way. 385
So when on sultry *Libya*'s desart Sand
The Lion spies the Hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the Earth the doubtful Salvage lyes,
And waits awhile till all his Fury rise;
His lashing Tail provokes his swelling Sides, 390
And high upon his Neck, his Mane with Horror rides:

the Gods he invokes here are the Houshold-Gods of *Æneas*, which he brought from *Troy*. *Jupiter* had a Temple built on the Mountain of *Alba* to him by *Ascanius*, by the Name of *Jupiter Latialis*; and the holy Fire, sacred to *Vesta*, was first preserv'd there by Virgins, 'till it was translated from *Alba* to *Rome* by *Numa*.

That *Romulus* was worshipp'd as a God, under the Name of *Quirinus*, is very well known.

Then

Then if at length the flying Dart infest,
Or the broad Spear invade his ample Breast,
Scorning the Wound he yawns a dreadful Roar,
And flies like Lightning on the hostile Moor. 395
While with hot Skies the fervent Summer glows,
The *Rubicon* an humble River flows;
Thro' lowly Vales he cuts his winding Way,
And rolls his ruddy Waters to the Sea.
His Bank on either Side a Limit stands, 400
Between the *Gallic* and *Ausonian* Lands.
But stronger now the wintry Torrent grows,
The wetting Winds had thaw'd the *Alpine* Snows,
And *Cynthia* rising with a blunted Beam
In the third Circle, drove her wat'ry Team,
A Signal sure to raise the swelling Stream.
For this, to stem the rapid Water's Course,
First plung'd amidst the Flood the bolder Horse; 408
With Strength oppos'd against the Stream they lead,
While to the smoother Ford, the Foot with ease proceed.
The Leader now had pass'd the Torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair *Italy's* forbidden Shore:
Then rearing on the Hostile Bank his Head,
Here farewel Peace, and injur'd Laws, (he said.) 414
Since Faith is broke, and Leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou Goddess *Fortune* art my Guide;
Let Fate and War the great Event decide.

He

He spoke; and on the dreadful Task intent,
Speedy to near *Ariminum* he bent;
To him the *Balearic* Sling is slow, 420
And the Shaft loiters from the *Parthian* Bow.
With eager Marches swift he reach'd the Town,
As the Shades fled, the sinking Stars were gone,
And *Lucifer* the last was left alone.
At length the Morn, the dreadful Morn arose, 425
Whose Beams the first tumultuous Rage disclose:
Whether the stormy South prolong'd the Night,
Or the good Gods abhorr'd the impious Sight,
The Clouds awhile with-held the mournful Light.
To the mid *Forum* on the Soldier pass'd, 430
There halted, and his Victor Ensigns plac'd:
With dire Alarms from Band to Band around,
The Fife, hoarse Horn, and rattling Trumpets sound.
The starting Citizens uprear their Heads;
The lustier Youth at once forsake their Beds; 435
Hasty they snatch the Weapons, which among
Their Houshold-Gods in Peace had rested long;
Old Bucklers of th: cov'ring Hides bereft,
The mould'ring Frames disjoin'd and barely left;

Ver. 419. *Ariminum.*] A City near the *Rubicon.* It is now call'd *Rimini*, and lyes not far from *Ancona* in the Pope's Territories.

Ver. 420. *Balearic.*] The Inhabitants of the *Baleares*, at present *Majorca* and *Minorca*, were famous for their Slings.

Swords

Swords with foul Rust indented deep they take, 440
And useless Spears with Points inverted shake.
Soon as their Crests the *Roman* Eagles rear'd,
And *Cæsar* high above the rest appear'd;
Each trembling Heart with secret Horror shook,
And silent thus within themselves they spoke. 445
Oh haplesS City! oh ill-fated Walls!
Rear'd for a Curse so near the neighb'ring *Gauls*!
By us Destruction ever takes its Way,
We first become each bold Invader's Prey!
Oh that by Fate we rather had been plac'd 450
Upon the Confines of the utmost East!
The frozen North much better might we know,
Mountains of Ice, and everlasting Snow.
Better with wand'ring *Scythians* choose to roam,
Than fix in fruitful *Italy* our Home,
And guard these dreadful Passages to *Rome*.
Thro' these the *Cimbrians* laid *Hesperia* waste;
Thro' these the swarthy *Carthaginian* pass'd;
Whenever Fortune threats the *Latian* States,
War, Death, and Ruin enter at these Gates. 460
In secret Murmurs thus they sought Relief,
While no bold Voice proclaim'd aloud their Grief.

Ver. 457. *Cimbrians.*] A barbarous People about the Northern Parts of *Germany* (now *Denmark*) who about 652 Years after the Building of *Rome* over-ran and ravaged *Italy*, and were at length vanquished by *C. Marius*.

O'er

O'er all, one deep, one horrid Silence reigns;
As when the Rigour of the Winter's Chains,
All Nature, Heav'n, and Earth at once constrains;
The tuneful feather'd Kind forget their Lays, 465
And shiv'ring tremble on the naked Sprays;
Ev'n the rude Seas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing Billows stiffen on the Shoar.
The colder Shades of Night forsook the Sky, 470
When, lo! *Bellona* lifts her Torch on high:
And if the Chief, by Doubt or Shame detain'd,
Awhile from Battel and from Blood abstain'd;
Fortune and Fate, impatient of Delay,
Force ev'ry soft relenting Thought away. 475
A lucky Chance a fair Pretence supplies,
And Justice in his Favour seems to rise.
New Accidents new Stings to Rage suggest,
And fiercer Fires inflame the Warrior's Breast.
The Senate threat'ning high, and haughty grown, 480
Had driv'n the wrangling Tribunes from the Town;

Ver. 480. *The Senate threatning.*] *Cæsar* had on this Occasion very favourable Appearances of Reason and Equity on his Side: He proffer'd to lay down his Command, if *Pompey* would do the same; but the Violence of the Consuls and *Pompey*'s Party was so great against him, that they would hear of no Proposals for an Accommodation, tho' never so reasonable: and forced the Tribunes who appear'd for him to fly out of the City disguis'd like Slaves, for the immediate Safety of their Lives; so that when these came for Protection to *Cæsar*'s Camp, it seem'd as if he had

 march'd

In Scorn of Law, had chas'd 'em thro' the Gate,
And urg'd 'em with the factious *Gracchi's* Fate.
With these, as for Redress their Course they sped
To *Cæsar's* Camp, the busie *Curio* fled; 485
Curio, a Speaker, turbulent and bold,
Of venal Eloquence, that serv'd for Gold,
And Principles that might be bought and sold.
A Tribune once himself, in loud Debate,
He strove for Publick Freedom and the State; 490
Essay'd to make the warring Nobles bow,
And bring the Potent Party-Leaders low.
To *Cæsar* thus, while thousand Cares infest,
Revolving round, the Warrior's anxious Breast,
His Speech the ready Orator addrest.
While yet my Voice was useful to my Friend; 496
While 'twas allow'd me, *Cæsar* to defend,
While yet the pleading Bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain *Rome* to thee;

march'd towards *Rome* for no other Reason than the Preservation of the Privileges of so sacred a Magistracy as the Tribunes were, and the Support of the Laws of his Country

Ver. 485. *Curio.*] *Curio* formerly had been a bitter Enemy of *Cæsar*; but was afterwards bought off by him, and died in his Quarrel in *Africk*. The *Gracchi*, whose Fate the Senate now threaten'd him with, were two factious Leaders, who were kill'd in popular Tumults. See their Lives in *Plutarch*.

In

In vain their Force the moody Fathers join'd, 500
In vain to rob thee of thy Pow'r combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the Date of thy Command,
And fix'd thy conqu'ring Sword within thy Hand.
But since the vanquish'd Laws in War are dumb,
To thee, behold, an Exil'd Band we come; 505
For thee, with Joy our Banishment we take,
For thee, our Houshold Hearths and Gods forsake;
Nor hope to see our native City more,
Till Victory and Thou the Loss restore.
Th' unready Faction, yet confus'd with Fear, 510
Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd appear;
Haste then thy tow'ring Eagles on their Way:
When fair Occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five Years the stubborn *Gaul* with-held,
And set thee hard in many a well-fought Field; 515
A nobler Labour now before thee lyes,
The Hazard less, yet greater far the Prize:
A Province that, and Portion of the whole;
This the vast Head that does Mankind controul.
Success shall sure attend thee, boldly go, 520
And win the World at one successful Blow.
No Triumph now attends thee at the Gate;
No Temples for thy sacred Lawrel wait:
But blasting Envy hangs upon thy Name,
Denies thee Right, and robs thee of thy Fame; 525

Imputes as Crimes, the Nations overcome,
And makes it Treason to have fought for *Rome*:
Ev'n he who took thy *Julia*'s plighted Hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy just Command.
Since *Pompey* then, and those upon his Side, 530
Forbid thee, the World's Empire to divide;
Assume that Sway which best Mankind may bear,
And rule Alone what they disdain to Share.
He said; his Words the list'ning Chief engage,
And fire his Breast, already prone to Rage. 535
Not Peals of loud Applause with greater Force,
At *Grecian Elis*, rouze the fiery Horse;
When eager for the Course each Nerve he strains,
Hangs on the Bit, and tugs the stubborn Reins,
At ev'ry Shout erects his quiv'ring Ears, 540
And his broad Breast upon the Barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the Troops draw out, and straight
The thronging Legions round their Ensigns wait:
Then thus, the Croud composing with a Look,
And with his Hand commanding Silence, spoke. 545
Fellows in Arms, who chose with me to bear
The Toils and Dangers of a tedious War,
And conquer to this tenth revolving Year;
See what Reward the grateful Senate yield,
For the lost Blood which stains yon Northern Field; 550
For Wounds, for Winter Camps, for *Alpine* Snow,
And all the Deaths the Brave can undergo.

See!

See! the tumultuous City is alarm'd,
As if another *Hannibal* were arm'd:
The lusty Youth are cull'd to fill the Bands, 555
And each tall Grove falls by the Shipwright's Hands;
Fleets are equipp'd, the Field with Armies spread,
And All demand devoted *Cæsar's* Head.
If thus, while Fortune yields us her Applause,
While the Gods call us on and own our Cause, 560
If thus returning Conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from Defeat;
If fickle Chance of War had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce *Gauls* pursu'd us from behind? 564
But let their boasted Heroe leave his Home,
Let him, dissolv'd with lazy Leisure, come,
With ev'ry noisie talking Tongue in *Rome*:
Let loud *Mibrellus* Troops of Gown-men head,
And their great *Cato* peaceful Burghers lead.
Shall his base Followers, a venal Train, 570
For Ages, bid their Idol *Pompey* Reign?
Shall his Ambition still be thought no Crime,
His Breach of Laws, and Triumph e'er the Time?
Still shall he gather Honours and Command,
And grasp all Rule in his rapacious Hand? 575

Ver. 570. *Shall his base.*] *Pompey* had for a long while almost monopoliz'd and engross'd all Power in *Rome*. By the Laws, no Man could pretend to a Triumph 'till he was Thirty Years old, and *Pompey* had triumph'd over *Hiarbas* and the *Numidians* at Twenty Four.

What need I name the violated Laws,
And Famine made the Servant of his Cause?
Who knows not, how the trembling Judge beheld
The peaceful Court with armed Legions fill'd?
When the bold Soldier, Justice to defie, 580
In the mid *Forum* rear'd his Ensigns high:
When glitt'ring Swords the pale Assembly scar'd,
When all for Death and Slaughter stood prepar'd,
And *Pompey*'s Arms were guilty *Milo*'s Guard?
And now, disdaining Peace and needful Ease, 585
Nothing but Rule and Government can please.
Aspiring still, as ever, to be Great,
He robs his Age of Rest to vex the State:
On War intent, to that he bends his Cares,
And for the Field for Battel now prepares. 590

Ver. 577. *And Famine made,*] *Cicero* in his Epistles to *Atticus*, and *Plutarch* in the Life of *Pompey*, inform us, that by a Law the whole Power of importing Corn was intrusted with *Pompey* for Five Years; and *Plutarch* particularly mentions it as a malicious Charge of *Clodius*, *That the Law was not made because of the Dearth or Scarcity of Corn; but the Dearth or Scarcity of Corn was made, that they might make a Law to invest* Pompey *with so great a Power as that necessarily would be.*

Ver. 578. *Who knows not, how the trembling Judge.*] *Milo* was accused of the Death of *Clodius*, and defended by that famous Oration of *Cicero*'s *pro Milone*. *Pompey* was then sole Consul, and to prevent the Tumults that were threaten'd by the Friends of *Clodius*, drew a strong Guard into the *Forum*; but *Cæsar* insinuates here, that it was to over-awe the Judges and Witnesses in favour of *Milo*.

He

He copies from his Master *Sylla* well,
And wou'd the dire Example far excel.
Hircanian Tygers Fierceness thus retain,
Whom in the Woods their horrid Mothers train,
To chace the Herds, and surfeit on the Slain.
Such, *Pompey*, still has been thy greedy Thirst, 596
In early Love of impious Slaughter nurst;
Since first thy Infant Cruelty essay'd
To lick the curst Dictator's reeking Blade.
None ever give the salvage Nature o'er, 600
Whose Jaws have once been drench'd in Floods of Gore.
But whither wou'd a Pow'r so wide extend?
Where will thy long Ambition find an End?
Remember him who taught thee to be Great;
Let him who chose to quit the Sovereign Seat,
Let thy own *Sylla* warn thee to Retreat.
Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,
Nor yield my conqu'ring Eagles on Command;
Since the *Cilician* Pirate strikes his Sail,
Since o'er the *Pontick* King thy Arms prevail; 610
Since the poor Prince, a weary Life o'er-past,
By Thee and Poison is subdu'd at last;

Ver. 591. *His Master* Sylla.] *Pompey* was a kind of Disciple of *Sylla*, and like him espoused the *Patrician* Party; and about a dozen Verses lower *Cæsar* advises him to imitate his Example, in the Resignation of his Power.

Ver. 611. *Since the poor Prince.*] *Mithridates*, after about Forty Years War with the *Romans*, being shut up in a Ca-

Perhaps, one lateſt Province yet remains,
And vanquiſh'd *Cæſar* muſt receive thy Chains.
But tho' my Labours loſe their juſt Reward, 615
Yet let the Senate theſe my Friends regard;
Whate'er my Lot, my brave victorious Bands
Deſerve to Triumph, whoſoe'er Commands.
Where ſhall my weary Veteran reſt? Oh where
Shall Virtue worn with Years and Arms repair? 620
What Town is for his late Repoſe aſſign'd?
Where are the promis'd Lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his Plow, a Country Village Seat,
Some little comfortable ſafe Retreat;
Where failing Age at length from Toil may ceaſe, 625
And waſte the poor Remains of Life in Peace?
But March! Your long victorious Enſigns rear,
Let Valour in its own juſt Cauſe appear.
When for Redreſs intreating Armies call,
They who deny juſt Things, permit 'em All. 630
The righteous Gods ſhall ſurely own the Cauſe,
Which ſeeks not Spoil, nor Empire, but the Laws.
Proud Lords and Tyrants to depoſe we come,
And ſave from Slavery ſubmiſſive *Rome*.

ſtle by his Son *Pharnaces*, would have poiſon'd himſelf; but had taken ſo many Antidotes formerly, that it was ſaid the Poiſon cou'd not take place, ſo that he was forced to have Recourſe to his Sword to make an End of himſelf.

Ver. 614. *And vanquiſh'd* Cæſar.] This is a ſtrong Irony, a Figure which the Satyrical Genius of this Author makes frequent uſe of.

He

He said; a doubtful sullen murm'ring Sound 635
Ran thro' the unresolving Vulgar round;
The Seeds of Piety their Rage restrain'd,
And somewhat of their Country's Love remain'd;
These the rude Passions of their Souls withstood,
Elate with Conquest, and inur'd to Blood: 640
But soon the momentary Virtue fail'd,
And War and Dread of *Cæsar*'s Frown prevail'd.
Strait *Lelius* from amidst the rest stood forth,
An old Centurion of distinguish'd Worth;
The oaken Wreath his hardy Temples wore, 645
Mark of a Citizen preserv'd he bore.
If against thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
Thou greatest Leader of the *Roman* Name:
If Truth for injur'd Honour may be bold,
What lingring Patience does thy Arms with-hold? 650
Can'st thou distrust our Faith so often try'd,
In thy long Wars not shrinking from thy Side?
While in my Veins this vital Torrent flows,
This heaving Breath within my Bosom blows,

Ver. 643. *Strait* Lelius.] This Officer seems to have been of that Degree which the *Romans* call'd *Primipilus*, *Primipilarius*, or *Primus Centurio*, which answers to our Lieutenant-Colonel, or it may be to a Colonel, since he was the supreme Officer in the Legion, except the Tribune. The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine-tree, which he bore, was a Badge not only of his, but of every other Centurion's Office.

The Oaken Crown was an honorary Reward given to him who had sav'd the Life of a Citizen.

While yet these Arms sufficient Vigour yield 655
To dart the Javelin, and to lift the Shield,
While these remain, my Gen'ral, wo't thou own
The vile Dominion of the lazy Gown?
Wo't thou the lordly Senate chuse to bear,
Rather than conquer in a Civil War? 660
With thee the *Scythian* Wilds we'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning *Libyan* Sands explore,
And tread the *Syrt*'s Inhospitable Shore.
Behold! this Hand, to nobler Labours train'd,
For thee the servile Oar has not disdain'd, 665
For thee the swelling Seas was taught to plow,
Thro' the *Rhine*'s whirling Stream to force thy Prow,
That all the vanquish'd World to thee might bow.
Each Faculty, each Pow'r thy Will obey,
And Inclination ever leads the way. 670
No Friend, no Fellow-Citizen I know,
Whom *Cæsar*'s Trumpet once proclaims a Foe.
By the long Labours of thy Sword, I swear,
By all thy Fame acquir'd in ten Years War,
By thy past Triumphs, and by those to come, 675
(No matter where the Vanquish'd be, nor whom)
Bid me to strike my dearest Brother dead,
To bring my aged Father's hoary Head,
Or stab the pregnant Partner of my Bed;
Tho' Nature plead, and stop my trembling Hand, 680
I swear to execute thy dread Command.

Dost

Doſt thou delight to ſpoil the wealthy Gods,
And ſcatter Flames thro' all their proud Abodes?
See thro' thy Camp our ready Torches burn,
Moneta ſoon her ſinking Fane ſhall mourn. 685
Wo't thou yon haughty factious Senate brave,
And awe the *Tuſcan* River's yellow Wave?
On *Tiber*'s Bank thy Enſigns ſhall be plac'd,
And thy bold Soldier lay *Heſperia* waſte.
Do'ſt thou devote ſome Hoſtile City's Walls? 690
Beneath our thund'ring Rams the Ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n tho' thy wrathful Sentence doom
The World's Imperial Miſtreſs, mighty *Rome*.
He ſaid; the ready Legions vow to join
Their Chief belov'd, in ev'ry bold Deſign; 695
All lift their well-approving Hands on high,
And rend with Peals of loud Applauſe the Sky.
Such is the Sound, when *Thracian Boreas* ſpreads
His weighty Wing o'er *Oſſa*'s piney Heads:
At once the noiſie Groves are all inclin'd, 700
And bending, roar beneath the ſweeping Wind;
At once their rattling Branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy Clamour thro' the Air.

Ver. 685. Moneta *ſoon.*] There was a Temple in *Rome* dedicated to *Juno* under the Name of *Moneta*, or the Monitor, a Voice having been heard out of one of her Temples, directing the *Romans* how they ſhould pacify the Anger of the Gods after an Earthquake.

Ceſar

Cæsar with Joy the ready Bands beheld,
Urg'd on by Fate, and eager for the Field; 705
Swift Orders straight the scatter'd Warriors call
From ev'ry Part of wide-extended *Gaul*;
And least his Fortune languish by Delay,
To *Rome* the moving Ensigns speed their Way.
Some, at the bidding of the Chief, forsake 710
Their fix'd Encampment near the *Leman* Lake:
Some from *Vogesus'* lofty Rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on those Heights the *Lingones* to Awe;
The *Lingones* still frequent in Alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted Arms. 715
Others from *Isara*'s low Torrent came,
Who winding keeps thro' many a Mead his Name;
But seeks the Sea with Waters not his own,
Lost and confounded in the nobler *Rhone*.
Their Garrison the *Ruthen* City send, 720
Whose Youth's long Locks in yellow Rings depend.
No more the *Varus* and the *Atax* foel
The lordly Burthen of the *Lasian* Keel.

Ver. 711. Leman *Lake*.] The Lake of *Geneva*.

Ver. 712. *Vogesus*.] A Mountain in *Lorain*, from whence the *Mosa* or *Maëse* takes its Original.

Ver. 713. *Lingones*.] A People of the *Belgick Gaul*, the *Pais de Langres* in *Champagne*.

Ver. 716. *Isara*.] *L'Isère* in *France*: It falls into the *Rhone*.

Ver. 720. Ruthen *City*.] A Town in the *Pais de Rouvergne*.

Ver. 722. Varus *and* Atax.] The Rivers *Var* in *Provence*, and *Aude* in *Languedoc*.

Ver.

Alcides' Fane the Troops commanded leave,
Where winding Rocks the peaceful Flood receive;
Nor *Corus* there, nor *Zephyrus* resort,
Nor roll rude Surges in the *Sacred Port*;
Circius' loud Blast alone is heard to roar,
And vex the Safety of *Monœcbus'* Shore.
The Legions move from *Gallia's* farthest Side,
Wash'd by the restless Ocean's various Tide;
Now o'er the Land flows in the pouring Main,
Now rears the Land its rising Head again,
And Seas and Earth alternate Rule maintain.
If driv'n by Winds from the far distant Pole,
This way and that, the Floods revolving roll;
Or if compell'd by *Cynthia's* Silver Beam,
Obedient *Tethys* heaves the swelling Stream;
Or if by Heat attracted to the Sky,
Old Ocean lifts his heapy Waves on high,
And briny Deeps the wasting Sun supply;

Ver. 724. Alcides' *Fane.*] *Monaco.*

Ver. 728. *Circius.*] This Wind is generally reckon'd a National one, and ascrib'd by the Ancients to *Gallia Narbonensis.* Some call it a Southern, tho' in a Scheme of Winds in the Learned *Cellarius* it is placed rather as a Nore-west or Nore-nore-west. According to the same Author, *Corus* is West-nore-west. At the same time his Maps lay down the Port of *Monœcbus* as opening to the South-west, and according to that Situation cannot be expos'd to any Northerly Wind.

What

What Cause soe'er the wond'rous Motion guide,
And press the Ebb, or raise the flowing Tide;
Be that your Task, ye Sages, to explore,
Who search the secret Springs of Nature's Pow'r: 745
To me, for so the wiser Gods ordain,
Untrac'd the Mystery shall still remain.
From fair *Nemossus* moves a warlike Band,
From *Atur*'s Banks, and the *Turbellian* Strand,
Where winding round the Coast pursues its way, 750
And folds the Sea within a gentle Bay.
The *Santones* are now with Joy releast
From Hostile Inmates, and their *Roman* Guest.
Now the *Bituriges* forget their Fears,
And *Suessons* nimble with unwieldy Spears; 755
Exult the *Leuci*, and the *Remi* now,
Expert in Javelins, and the bending Bow.
The *Belga* taught on cover'd Wains to ride,
The *Sequani* the wheeling Horse to guide;

Ver. 748. *From fair* Nemossus.] *Nemossus*, the Metropolis of the *Averni*, in the Eastern Part of *Gallia Aquitanica*.

Ver. 749. *From* Atur's *Banks*.] *Atur*, at present *Dour* or *Ador*, ran thro' the Country of the *Turbelli*, at the Foot of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, into the Gulph of *Bayonne*.

Ver. 752. *The* Santones.] People of *Xantoign*.

Ver. 754. *Bituriges*.] People near *Bourdeaux*.

Ver. 755. *Suessons*.] People of *Soissons*.

Ver. 756. Leuci *and* Remi.] The former near *Toul*, the latter near *Rheims*.

Ver. 759. *Sequani*.] Inhabitants of *Burgundy*.

The

The bold *Averni* who from *Ilium* come,
And boast an ancient Brotherhood with *Rome*;
The *Nervii* oft rebelling, oft subdu'd,
Whose Hands in *Cotta*'s Slaughter were embrew'd;
Vangiones, like loose *Sarmatians* dreft,
Who with rough Hides their brawny Thighs invest;
Batavians fierce, whom brazen Trumps delight,
And with hoarse Rattlings animate to Fight;
The Nations where the *Cinga*'s Waters flow,
And *Pyrenean* Mountains stand in Snow;
Those where slow *Arar* meets the rapid *Rhone*,
And with his stronger Stream is hurry'd down;
Those o'er the Mountains lofty Summit spread,
Where high *Gebenna* lifts her hoary Head;

Ver. 760. *Averni.*] It should be *Arverni*, People of *Auvergne*.

Ver. 762. *Nervii.*] A very barbarous and fierce People, who inhabited whereabouts *Tournay* now stands. They surpriz'd *Tetutius Sabinus* and *Cotta* in their Winter-Quarters, and cut 'em off, with Five Cohorts under their Command, at the time that *Cæsar* was in *Britain*.

Ver. 764. *Vangiones.*] A People of *Germany* about *Wormes*.

Ver. 768. *Cinga.*] A River rising out of the *Pyrenees*.

Ver. 770. *Arar.*] The River *Saone*.

Ver. 773. *Gebenna.*] This is by some taken for the City of *Geneva*, but falsly. *Cellarius* places it more truly between the *Arverni* and the *Helvii*; perhaps the *Sevennes*.

In this Place, in all the modern Editions of *Lucan*, are five more Verses; but, as the Learned *Grotius* observes, they are wanting in most of the ancient Manuscripts, and from thence he conjectures they are spurious.

With these the *Trevir*, and *Ligurian* shorn,
Whose Brow no more long falling Locks adorn; 775
Tho' Chief amongst the *Gauls* he wont to deck,
With Ringlets comely spread, his graceful Neck:
And you where *Hesus* horrid Altar stands,
Where dire *Teutates* human Blood demands;
Where *Taranis* by Wretches is obey'd, 780
And vies in Slaughter with the *Scythian* Maid:
All see with Joy the War's departing Rage
Seek distant Lands, and other Foes engage.
You too, ye Bards! whom sacred Raptures fire,
To Chaunt your Heroes to your Country's Lyre; 785

spurious. I have omitted 'em in the Translation, especially since I think this dry Recapitulation of so many Places is not the most useful nor entertaining Part of *Lucan*, if it be at all of him.

Ver. 774. *Trevir.*] People near *Treves*. *Ligurians.*] Those near *Genoa*.

Ver. 778. *And you where* Hesus.] These three ancient Gods of the *Gauls* were thought, *Hesus* to be the same with *Mars*, *Teutates* with *Mercury*, and *Taranis* with *Jupiter*. The Poet very justly puts a Mark of Horrour upon 'em, since they were all Three worshipp'd with Human Sacrifices, as the *Diana Taurica* was.

Ver. 784. *You too, ye Bards.*] These were the ancient Poets among the *Gauls*: And the Commentators upon this Place observe, that the Word in the old *Gaulish* Language signifies a Singer. Of the *Druids*, their Religion, their Worshipping under Trees, *&c.* so much has been said by so many others, that an explanatory Note would not be very necessary here.

Who

Who consecrate, in your immortal Strain,
Brave Patriot Souls in righteous Battel slain;
Securely now the tuneful Task renew,
And noblest Themes in deathless Songs pursue.
The *Druids* now, while Arms are heard no more, 790
Old Mysteries and barb'rous Rites restore:
A Tribe who singular Religion love,
And haunt the lonely Coverts of the Grove.
To these, and these of all Mankind alone,
The Gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown. 795
If dying Mortals Dooms they sing aright,
No Ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful Night;
No parting Souls to grisly *Pluto* go,
Nor seek the dreary silent Shades below:
But forth they fly Immortal in their Kind, 800
And other Bodies in new Worlds they find.
Thus Life for ever runs its endless Race,
And like a Line, Death but divides the Space,
A Stop which can but for a Moment last,
A Point between the Future and the Past. 805
Thrice happy they beneath their Northern Skies,
Who that worst Fear, the fear of Death, despise;
Hence they no Cares for this frail Being feel,
But rush undaunted on the poiated Steel;
Provoke approaching Fate, and bravely scorn 810
To spare that Life which must so soon return.

You

You too, tow'rds *Rome* advance, ye warlike Band,
That wont the shaggy *Cauci* to withstand;
Whom once a better Order did assign,
To guard the Passes of the *German Rhine*; 815
Now from the fenceless Banks you march away,
And leave the World the fierce Barbarians Prey.
While thus the num'rous Troops, from ev'ry Part
Assembling, raise their daring Leader's Heart; 819
O'er *Italy* he takes his warlike Way,
The neighb'ring Towns his Summons straight obey,
And on their Walls his Ensigns high display.
Mean-while the busie Messenger of Ill,
Officious Fame, supplies new Terror still:
A thousand Slaughters, and ten thousand Fears, 825
She whispers in the trembling Vulgars Ears.
Now comes a frighted Messenger, to tell
Of Ruins which the Country round befel;
The Foe to fair *Mevania*'s Walls is past,
And lays *Clitumnus*' fruitful Pastures waste; 830
Where *Nar*'s white Waves with *Tiber* mingling fall,
Range the rough *German* and the rapid *Gaul*.

Ver. 813. *The shaggy* Cauci,] *Chauci*, or *Caijci*, for they are written these three Ways, were a People of *Germany* near the *Rhine*.

Ver. 829. *Mevania*.] This was a City in that Part of *Umbria* nearest to *Rome*: The River *Clitumnus* ran by it, and its Pastures were famous for their Fruitfulness.

Ver. 831. *Where* Nar's *white Waves*.] *Virgil* gives the Reason

But when himself, when *Cæsar* they would paint,
The stronger Image makes Description faint;
No Tongue can speak with what amazing Dread 835
Wild Thought presents him at his Army's Head;
Unlike the Man familiar to their Eyes,
Horrid he seems, and of Gigantick Size:
Unnumber'd Eagles rise amidst his Train,
And Millions seem to hide the crowded Plain. 840
Around him all the various Nations join,
Between the snowy *Alps* and distant *Rhine*.
He draws the fierce Barbarians from their Home,
With Rage surpassing theirs he seems to come,
And urge them on to spoil devoted *Rome*.
Thus Fear does half the Work of lying Fame, 846
And Cowards thus their own Misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning Fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath those Ills themselves have made.
Nor these Alarms the Croud alone infest, 850
But ran alike thro' ev'ry beating Breast;
With equal Dread the grave Patricians shook,
Their Seats abandon'd, and the Court forsook.
The scatt'ring Fathers quit the publick Care,
And bid the Consuls for the War prepare. 855

Reason for this Epithet, when he calls it

Sulphureis Nar albus Aquis.
Nar with sulphureous Waters white.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd on Flight, yet still unknowing where
To fly from Danger, or for Aid repair.
Hasty and headlong diff'ring Paths they tread,
As blind Impulse and wild Distraction lead;
The Croud, a hurrying, heartless Train, succeed.
Who that the lamentable Sight beheld,
The wretched Fugitives that bid the Field,
Wou'd not have thought the Flames, with rapid haste
Destroying wide, had laid their City waste;
Or groaning Earth had shook beneath their Feet,
While threatning Fabricks nodded o'er the Street.
By such unthinking Rashness were they led;
Such was the Madness which their Fears had bred,
As if, of ev'ry other Hope bereft,
To fly from *Rome* were all the Safety left.
So when the stormy South is heard to roar,
And rolls huge Billows from the *Libyan* Shore;
When rending Sails flit with the driving Blast,
And with a Crash down comes the lofty Mast;
Some Coward Master leaps from off the Deck,
And hasty to Despair prevents the Wreck;
And tho' the Bark unbroken hold her Way,
His trembling Crew all plunge into the Sea.
From Doubtful thus they run to Certain Harms,
And flying from the City rush to Arms.
Then Sons forsook their Sires un-nerv'd and old,
Nor weeping Wives their Husbands could with-hold;

Each

Each left his Guardian *Lares* unador'd,
Nor with one parting Pray'r their Aid implor'd:
None stop'd, or sighing turn'd for one last View,
Or bid the City of his Birth Adieu.
The headlong Croud regardless urge their Way,
Tho' ev'n their Gods and Country ask their Stay,
And pleading Nature beg 'em to delay.
What means, ye Gods! this changing in your Doom?
Freely you grant, but quickly you resume.
Vain is the short-liv'd Sov'reignty you lend;
The Pile you raise you deign not to defend.
See where, forsaken by her native Bands,
All desolate the once great City stands!
She whom her swarming Citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquish'd Nations wont to croud,
Within the Circuit of whose ample Space
Mankind might meet at once, and find a Place;
A wide defenceless Desart now she lies,
And yields her self the Victor's easie Prize.
The Camp intrench'd securest Slumbers yields,
Tho' Hostile Arms beset the neighb'ring Fields;

Ver. 883. *Guardian* Lares.] The *Lares* were the Domestick or Family-Gods, placed on or near the Hearth. They were said to be the Children of *Mercury* and the Nymph *Lara*. The Reverence the *Romans* had for 'em was very great, and the Hearth for their sakes was held sacred. There were two Sorts of these Gods, the *Domestici* and *Compitales*; the former had the Care of Families, and the latter of High-ways.

Rude

Rude Banks of Earth the hasty Soldier rears,
And in the turfy Wall forgets his Fears: 905
While, *Rome*, thy Sons all tremble from afar,
And scatter at the very Name of War;
Nor on thy Tow'rs depend, nor Rampart's Height,
Nor trust their Safety with thee for a Night.
Yet one Excuse absolv'd the pannick Dread; 910
The Vulgar justly fear'd when *Pompey* fled.
And least sweet Hope might mitigate their Woes,
And Expectation better Times disclose,
On ev'ry Breast presaging Terror sate,
And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal Fate. 915
The Gods declare their Menaces around,
Earth, Air, and Seas in Prodigies abound;
Then Stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign Flames about the Pole to turn;
Unusual Fires by Night were seen to fly, 920
And dart obliquely through the gloomy Sky.
Then horrid Comets shook their fatal Hair,
And bad proud Royalty for Change prepare:
Now dart swift Lightnings thro' the Azure clear,
And Meteors now in various Forms appear: 925
Some like the Javelin shoot extended long,
While some like spreading Lamps in Heav'n are hung.

Ver. 905. *The turfy Wall.*] The Fortifications of the *Roman* Camps consisted only of a Ditch, a Bank rais'd behind that, of the Earth dug out of it, and pallisado'd.

And

And tho' no gathering Clouds the Day controul,
Thro' Skies serene portentous Thunders roll;
Fierce blasting Bolts from Northern Regions come, 930
And aim their Vengeance at Imperial *Rome.*
The Stars that twinkled in the lonely Night,
Now lift their bolder Head in Day's broad Light.
The Moon, in all her Brother's Beams array'd,
Was blotted by the Earth's approaching Shade: 935
The Sun himself, in his Meridian Race,
In sable Darkness veil'd his brighter Face;
The trembling World beheld his fading Ray,
And mourn'd despairing for the Loss of Day.
Such was he seen, when backward to the East 940
He fled, abhorring dire *Thyestes'* Feast.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While *Mulciber* let loose his fiery Store;
Nor rose the Flames, but with a downward Tide
Tow'rds *Italy* their burning Torrent guide. 945
Charybdis' Dogs howl doleful o'er the Flood,
And all her whirling Waves run red with Blood;
The Vestal Fire upon the Altar dy'd,
And o'er the Sacrifice the Flames divide;
The parting Points with double Streams ascend, 950
To shew the *Latian* Festivals must end:

Ver. 950. *The parting Points.*] These *Feria Latina*, or Latin Festivals, were perform'd by Night to *Jupiter* at *Alba*. As I shall be always very ready to acknowledge any

Such from the *Theban* Brethren's Pile arose,
Signal of impious and immortal Foes.
With Op'nings vast the gaping Earth gave way,
And in her inmost Womb receiv'd the Day. 955
The swelling Seas o'er lofty Mountains flow,
And nodding *Alps* shook off their ancient Snow:
Then wept the Demi-Gods of mortal Birth,
And sweating *Lares* trembled on the Hearth.
In Temples then, recording Stories tell, 960
Untouch'd the sacred Gifts and Garlands fell.
Then Birds obscene with inauspicious Flight,
And Screamings dire, profaned the hallow'd Light.
The salvage Kind forsook the desart Wood,
And in the Streets disclos'd their horrid Brood. 965
Then speaking Beasts with human Sounds were heard,
And monstrous Births the teeming Mothers fear'd.
Among the Crowd, religious Fears dispersé
The Saws of *Sibylls*, and foreboding Verse.
Bellona's Priests, a barb'rous frantick Train, 970
Whose mangled Arms a thousand Wounds distain,
Toss their wild Locks, and with a dismal Yell,
The wrathful Gods, and coming Woes, foretel.

any Mistake, so I believe in this Place I ought rather to have translated these Verses thus;

The parting Points with double Streams ascend,
And Alba's Latian *Rites portentous end.*

But I was led into the Error by not considering enough the true Meaning of the *Latin* Expression, *Confectas Latinas.*

Lamenting

Lamenting Ghosts amidst their Ashes mourn,
And Groanings eccho from the Marble Urn. 975
The rattling Clank of Arms is heard around,
And Voices loud in lonely Woods resound.
Grim Spectres ev'ry where affright the Eye,
Approaching glare, and pass with Horror by.
A Fury fierce about the City walks, 980
Hell-born, and horrible of Size, she stalks:
A flaming Pine she brandishes in Air,
And hissing loud up rise her snaky Hair:
Where-e'er her Round accurst the Monster takes,
The pale Inhabitant his House forsakes. 985
Such to *Lycurgus* was the Fantome seen;
Such the dire Visions of the *Theban* Queen;
Such, at his cruel Stepmother's Command,
Before *Alcides*, did *Megæra* stand:
With Dread, 'till then unknown, the Heroe shook, 990
Tho' he had dar'd on Hell's grim King to look.
Amid the deepest Silence of the Night,
Shrill-sounding Clarions animate the Fight;
The Shouts of meeting Armies seem to rise,
And the loud Battel shakes the gloomy Skies. 995

Ver. 986. *Such to* Lycurgus.] *Lycurgus* King of *Thrace*, and *Agave* Queen of *Thebes*, were both pursu'd by Furies, for their Contempt of *Bacchus*.

Ver. 988. *Such, at his cruel Step-mother.*] *Hercules* at his Descent into Hell saw *Pluto* first, and the Furies afterwards.

Dead *Sylla* in the *Martian* Field ascends,
And Mischiefs mighty as his own portends.
Near *Anio*'s Stream old *Marius* rears his Head;
The Hinds beheld his grisly Form, and fled.
The State thus threaten'd, by old Custom taught, 1000
For Counsel to the *Tuscan* Prophets sought:
Of these the Chief for Learning fam'd, and Age,
Arnus by Name, a venerable Sage,
At *Luna* liv'd; none better could descry
What bodes the Lightning's Journey thro' the Sky; 1005
Presaging Veins and Fibres well he knew,
And Omens read aright, from every Wing that flew.
First he commands to burn the monstrous Breed,
Sprung from mix'd Species, and discordant Seed;
Forbidden and accursed Births, which come 1010
Where Nature's Laws design'd a barren Womb.
Next, the remaining trembling Tribes he calls,
To pass with solemn Rites about their Walls,
In holy March to visit all around,
And with Lustrations purge the utmost Bound. 1015

Ver. 1001. *The* Tuscan *Prophets.*] The *Romans* receiv'd their Augurs and Aruspices, with the Arts of Divining by the Flight of Birds and by Sacrifices, from *Hetruria*, or *Tuscany*; and upon any remarkable Occasion, such as this might well be suppos'd, they sent for Soothsayers from that Country, as not depending, in the last and greatest Emergencies, upon their own.

The

The Sovereign Priestess the long Procession lead,
Inferior Orders in the Train succeed,
Array'd all duly in the *Gabine* Weed:
There the chaste Head of *Vesta's* Chain appears,
A sacred Fillet binds her rev'rend Hairs; 1020
To her, in sole Prehominence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful Shrine to view.
Next *the Fifteen* in Order pass along,
Who guard the fatal *Sibyls* secret Song;
To *Almon's* Stream *Cybele's* Form they bear, 1025
And wash the Goddess each returning Year.
The *Titian* Brotherhood, the *Augurs* Band,
Observing Flights on the Left lucky Hand;

Ver. 1018. *The* Gabine *Weed.*] This was not so much the Habit itself as the Manner of wearing it, tuck'd up and short. I don't remember it as used by the Priests in any other ancient Author. It was proper only to the Consuls or Generals upon some extraordinary Occasions, as the denouncing War, burning the Spoils of the Enemy, devoting themselves to Death for the Safety of their Army, or the like.

Ver. 1019. Vesta's *Choir.*] The Business of these Maids was chiefly to attend upon and preserve a holy Fire. By *Vesta* some meant the Element or Principle of Fire, others that of Earth; and *Polydore Virgil* that natural Heat inclos'd in the Earth, by which all things are produced. They had the Custody likewise of the *Palladium*, or Image of *Pallas*, brought from *Troy* by *Æneas*.

Ver. 1023. *The Fifteen.*] These Religious Men were first Two, then Ten, and by *Sylla* encreas'd to Fifteen.

Ver. 1025. Almon's *Stream.*] A little River that falls into the *Tyber*.

Ver. 1027.] *The* Tityan *Brotherhood.*] There were several of these Sodalities in *Rome*. These particularly were

The *Sev'n* ordain'd *Jove's* holy Feast to deck;
The *Salii* blithe, with Bucklers on the Neck; 1030
All marching in their Order just appear:
And last the generous *Flamens* close the Rear.
While these, thro' Ways uncouth, and tiresome Ground,
Patient perform their long laborious Round, 1034
Arms collects the Marks of Heav'n's dread Flame,
In Earth he hides 'em with religious Hand,
Murmurs a Pray'r, then gives the Place a Name,
And bids the fix'd *Bidental* hallow'd stand.
Next from the Herd a chosen Male is sought,
And soon before the ready Altar brought. 1040

instituted to supervise the Solemnities in Memory of *Tatius* the *Sabine* King.

Ver. 1029. *The Seven.*] These were called likewise *Epulones*, as well as *Septemviri*. At their first Creation they were but Three, but soon encreas'd to Seven. 'Tis thought they were at last encreas'd to Ten, tho' they still kept their Name of *Septemviri*. They had their Name *Epulones* from a Custom among the *Romans* in Times of publick Danger, of making a sumptuous Feast in their Temples, to which they did, as it were, invite the Gods themselves; for their Statues were brought on rich Beds and Pillows, and placed at the honourable Part of the Table as the principal Guests. These Solemnities were call'd *Lectisternia*.

Ver. 1030. *The* Salii.] These were Priests of *Mars*, who made a sort of dancing Processions along the Streets with the sacred *Ancylia* or Bucklers about their Necks.

Ver. 1032. *The generous* Flamens.] Of these there were Three principal, appropriated to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Quirinus*, who were always chosen out of the Nobility.

Ver. 1038. *The Fix'd* Bidental.] What Person, Thing, or Place soever had been struck by Lightning, the *Romans* look'd

And now the Seer the Sacrifice began,
The pouring Wine upon the Victim ran;
The mingled Meal upon his Brow was plac'd;
The crooked Knife the destin'd Line had trac'd;
When with reluctant Rage th' impatient Beast 1045
The Rites unpleasing to the God confest.
At length compell'd his stubborn Head to bow,
Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal Blow;
The gushing Veins no chearful Crimson pour,
But stain with pois'nous Black the sacred Floor. 1050
The paler Prophet stood with Horror struck;
Then with a hasty Hand the Entrails took,
And sought the angry Gods again; but there
Prognosticks worse, and sadder Signs appear;
The pallid Guts with Spots were marbled o'er, 1055
With thin cold Serum stain'd, and livid Gore;
The Liver wet with putrid Streams he spy'd,
And Veins that threaten'd on the Hostile Side;

look'd upon as peculiarly sacred to the Gods. Whatever it was, it was immediately encompass'd in by a Wall, Palisadoes, or at least by a Ropes; sometimes it was cover'd up in the Earth, and accounted Holy. It was call'd *Bidental* from *Bidens*, a Sheep about two Years old, with two Teeth longer than the rest, that was always sacrificed on these Occasions.

Ver. 1058. *The Hostile Side.*] In divining by the Entrails, especially the Liver, the Priests were wont to divide 'em into two Parts, one to prognosticate for themselves, and the other for their Enemies. And of all bad Omens nothing had a worse Signification than a Dupli-

Part of the heaving Lungs is no where found,
And thinner Films the fever'd Entrails bound; 1060
No usual Motion stirs the panting Heart;
The chinky Vessels ouze on ev'ry Part;
The Cawl, where wrapt the close Intestines lye,
Betrays its dark Recesses to the Eye.
One Prodigy superior threaten'd Ill, 1065
The never-failing Harbinger of Ill:
Lo! by the fibrous Liver's rising Head,
A second Rival Prominence is spread;
All sunk and poor the friendly Part appears,
And a pale, sickly, withering Visage wears; 1070
While high and full the adverse Vessels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple Tide.
Amaz'd, the Sage foresaw th' impending Fate,
Ye Gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What Woes on this devoted People wait.
Nor dost thou, *Jove*, in these our Rites partake, 1075
Nor smile propitious on the Pray'r we make;
The dreadful *Stygian* Gods this Victim claim,
And to our Sacrifice the Furies came.
The Ills we fear command us to be dumb, 1080
Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.

cate, or any superfluous Part. All the Conditions and Appearances indeed of this Sacrifice were of the worst kind that could be.

But

But may the Gods be gracious from on high,
Some better prosperous Event supply,
Fibres may err, and Augury may lie;
Arts may be false, by which our Sires divin'd,
And *Tages* taught 'em, to deceive Mankind.
Thus darkly he the Prophecy express,
And Riddling sung the Double-dealing Priest.
But *Figulus* exclaims (to Science bred,
And in the Gods mysterious Secrets read;
Whom nor *Egyptian Memphis'* Sons excell'd,
Nor with more Skill the rolling Orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the Labours of the Sphere,
And calculate the just revolving Year.)
The Stars (he cries) are in Confusion hurl'd,
And wand'ring Error quite misguides the World,
Or if the Laws of Nature yet remain,
Some swift Destruction now the Fates ordain.
Shall Earth's wide-op'ning Jaws for Ruin call,
And sinking Cities to the Center fall?
Shall raging Drought infest the fair'ry Sky?
Shall faithless Earth the promis'd Crop deny?

Ver. 1086. *And* Tages.] This was a miraculous Prophet, who rose out of the Ground in *Etruria* or *Etruria*, and first taught the Rites of Divination.

Ver. 1089. *But* Figulus.] *Cicero* and *Aulus Gellius* make mention of *Nigidius Figulus*, a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, who was likewise eminent for his Skill in Astrology.

Shall pois'nous Vapours o'er the Waters brood,
And taint the limpid Spring and silver Flood?
Ye Gods! What Ruin does your Wrath prepare? 1105
Comes it from Heav'n, from Earth, from Seas, or Air?
The Lives of many to a Period haste,
And Thousands shall together breathe their last.
If *Saturn*'s sullen Beams were lifted high,
And baleful reign'd Ascendant o'er the Sky, 1110
Then moist *Aquarius* Deluges might rain,
And Earth once more lie sunk beneath the Main:
Or did thy glowing Beams, O *Phœbus*, shine
Malignant in the *Lion*'s scorching Sign,
Wide o'er the World consuming Fires might roll, 1115
And Heav'n be seen to flame from Pole to Pole:
Thro' peaceful Orbits these unangry glide.
But, God of Battels! what dost thou provide!
Who in the threat'ning *Scorpion* dost preside?
With potent Wrath around thy Influence streams, 1120
And the whole Monster kindles at thy Beams;
While *Jupiter*'s more gentle Rays decline,
And *Mercury* with *Venus* faintly shine;
The wand'ring Lights are darken'd all and gone,
And *Mars* now lords it o'er the Heav'ns alone. 1125
Orion's starry Faulchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful Side.
War comes, and Salvage Slaughter must abound,
The Sword of Violence shall Right confound:

The

The blackest Crimes fair Virtue's Name shall wear,
And impious Fury rage for many a Year. 1131
Yet ask not thou an end of Arms, O *Rome*,
Thy Peace must with a Lordly Master come.
Protract Destruction, and defer thy Chain,
The Sword alone prevents the Tyrant's Reign,
And Civil Wars thy Liberty maintain.
The heartless Vulgar to the Sage give head,
New rising Fears his Words foreboding breed.
When lo! more dreadful Wonders strike their Eyes,
Forth thro' the Streets a *Roman* Matron flies, 1140
Mad as the *Thracian* Dames that bound along,
And chant *Lyaus* in their frantick Song:
Enthusiastick Heavings swell'd her Breast,
And thus her Voice the *Delphick* God confest.
Where dost thou snatch me, *Paan!* wherefore bear 1145
Thro' cloudy Heights and Tracts of pathless Air?
I see *Pangaan* Mountains white with Snow,
Æmus and wide *Philippi*'s Fields below.

Ver. 1147. *I see* Pangæan.] *Pangæus* was a Mountain in *Thrace*, and as is plain from a Passage in *Dion Cassius*, at the Foot of it stood *Philippi*, the City near which the Battle between *Antony* and *Octavius* on one Side, and *Brutus* and *Cassius* on the other, was fought. *Æmus* or *Hæmus* was likewise a Mountain in *Thrace* to the North of *Pangæus*.

It is pretty strange that so many great Names of Antiquity, as *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petronius*, and *Lucan* should be guilty of such a Blunder in Geography, as to confound

Say, *Phœbus*, wherefore does this Fury rise?
What mean these Spears and Shields before my Eyes? 1150
I see the *Romans* Battels croud the Plain!
I see the War, but seek the Foe in vain.
Again I fly, I seek the rising Day,
Where *Nile's Ægyptian* Waters take their way:
I see, I know upon the guilty Shore, 1155
The Hero's headless Trunk besmear'd with Gore.
The *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands beneath me lye,
Thither *Emathia's* scatter'd Relicks fly.
Now o'er the cloudy *Alps* I stretch my Flight,
And soar above *Pyrene's* airy Height: 1160

found the Field of Battle between *J. Cæsar* and *Pompey* with that between *Oct. Cæsar* and *Brutus*, when it was very plain one was in the Middle of *Thessaly*, and the other in *Thrace*, a great part of *Macedonia* lying between. *Sulpitius* indeed, one of the Commentators upon *Lucan*, says, there was a Town call'd *Philippi*, in whose Neighbourhood the Battle between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* was fought; but upon what Authority I know not: But supposing that, it is undeniable that these two Battles were fought in two different Countries. I must own, it seems to me to be the Fault originally of *Virgil* (upon what Occasion so correct a Writer could commit so great an Error is not easy to Imagine) and that the rest took it very easily from him, without making any farther Enquiry.

Ver. 1152. *I see the War, but seek the Foe in vain.*] Because they were all *Romans*; or their Subjects and Confederates; and should have been all on the same Side.

To

To *Rome*, my native *Rome*, I turn again,
And ſee the Senate reeking with the Slain.
Again the moving Chiefs their Arms prepare;
Again, I follow thro' the World the War. 1164
Oh give me, *Phœbus*! give me to explore,
Some Region new, ſome undiſcover'd Shore;
I ſaw *Philippi*'s fatal Fields before.
She ſaid: the weary Rage began to ceaſe,
And left the fainting Propheteſs in Peace.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

The ARGUMENT.

Amidst the general Consternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the Poet introduces an old Man giving an Account of the Miseries that attended on that of Marius *and* Sylla; *and comparing their present Circumstances to those in which the Commonwealth was when the former War broke out.* Brutus *consults with* Cato, *whether it were the Duty of a private Man to concern himself in the publick Troubles; to which* Cato *replies in the Affirmative: Then follows his receiving* Marcia *again from the Tomb of* Hortensius. *While* Pompey *goes to* Capua, Cæsar *makes himself Master of the greatest part of* Italy, *and among the rest of* Corfinium, *where* Domitius, *the Governor for* Pompey, *is seiz'd by his Garrison, and deliver'd to* Cæsar, *who pardons and dismisses him.*

Pompey *in an Oration to his Army makes a Tryal of their Disposition to a general Battel, but not finding it to answer his Expectation, he sends his Son to sollicit the Assistance of his Friends and Allies; then marches himself to* Brundusium, *where he is like to be shut up by* Cæsar, *and escapes at length with much Difficulty.*

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

NOW manifest the Wrath Divine appear'd,
And Nature thro' the World the War declar'd;
Teeming with Monsters, sacred Law she broke,
And dire Events in all her Works bespoke.
Thou *Jove*, who do'st in Heav'n supreamly reign,
Why does thy Providence these Signs ordain,
And give us Prescience to increase our Pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread inflicting Doom,
And feel our Miseries before they come.

Whether

Whether the great creating Parent Soul, 10
When first from Chaos rode he form'd the Whole,
Dispos'd Futurity with certain Hand,
And bad the necessary Causes stand;
Made one Decree for ever to remain,
And bound himself in Fate's eternal Chain; 15
Or whether fickle Fortune leads the Dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all Things come by Chance;
Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling Pow'r,
Unknown and sudden be the dreadful Hour:
Let Mortals to their future Fate be blind, 20
And Hope relieve the miserable Mind.

While thus the wretched Citizens behold
What certain Ills the faithful Gods foretold;
Justice suspends her Course in mournful *Rome*,
And all the noisie Courts at once are dumb: 25

Ver. 10. *Whether the great.*] That is, whether, according to the *Stoicks*, all Things were by Necessity, or, according to the *Epicureans*, by Chance.

Ver. 19. *Unknown.*] This Prayer of the Poet's, That we may not foreknow our Misfortunes before they happen, is a very natural Consequence from the Distractions under which the *Romans* labour'd, by reason of the Prodigies related in the last Book; which they look'd upon as so many certain Denunciations of some terrible Affliction that was suddenly to fall upon 'em from the Gods.

Ver. 24. *Justice suspends.*] This terrible kind of Vacation in the Courts of Justice was never observ'd at *Rome* but in the greatest publick Calamities.

No

No Honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd Weed,
Nor Rods the purple Magiſtrate precede:
A diſmal ſilent Sorrow ſpreads around,
No Groan is heard, nor one complaining Sound.
So when ſome gen'rous Youth reſigns his Breath, 30
And parting ſinks in the laſt Pangs of Death;
With ghaſtly Eyes, and many a lift-up Hand,
Around his Bed the ſtill Attendants ſtand;
No Tongue as yet preſumes his Fate to tell,
Nor ſpeaks aloud the ſolemn laſt Farewel; 35
As yet the Mother by her Darling lies,
Nor breaks lamenting into frantick Cries;
And tho' he ſtiffens in her fond Embrace,
His Eyes are ſet, and livid pale his Face;
Horror a while prevents the ſwelling Tear, 40
Nor is her Paſſion Grief, as yet, but Fear;

Ver. 35. *The ſolemn laſt Farewel.*] A Valediction to the Dead, was a Ceremony perform'd to all Perſons at their Funerals. So *Æneas* takes his Leave of *Pallas* in *Virgil.*

Salve mihi maxime Palla.

But this Expreſſion of *Lucan*, in this Place, refers more immediately to what the *Romans* call'd *Conclamatio*; which was a repeated and loud Outcry of thoſe that waited for that purpoſe round the Bed of the dying Perſon, probably to try if they could retain the departing Soul a little longer; and when that was in vain, and the Bodies found to be quite dead, they were ſaid to be *Corpora Conclamata*, or paſt Call.

In

In one fix'd Posture motionless she keeps,
And wonders at her Woe before she weeps.
The Matrons sad their rich Attire lay by,
And to the Temples madly crowding fly: 45
Some on the Shrines their gushing Sorrows pour,
Some dash their Breasts against the marble Floor;
Some on the sacred Thresholds rend their Hair,
And howling seek the Gods with horrid Pray'r.
Nor *Jove* receiv'd the wailing Suppliants all, 50
In various Fanes on various Pow'rs they call.
No Altar then, no God was left alone,
Unvex'd by some impatient Parent's Moan.
Of these, one Wretch her Grief, above the rest,
With Visage torn, and mangled Arms confest. 55
Ye Mothers! beat (she cry'd) your Bosoms now,
Now tear the curling Honours from your Brow;
The present Hour ev'n all your Tears demands,
While doubtful Fortune yet suspends her hands.
When one shall conquer, then for Joy prepare, 60
The Victor Chief, at least, shall end the War.
Thus from renew'd Complaints they seek Relief,
And only find fresh Causes out for Grief.
The Men too, into different Camps they go,
Join their sad Voices to the publick Woe; 65
Impatient to the Gods they raise their Cry,
And thus expostulate with Those on high.

Oh

Oh haplefs Times! oh that we had been Born,
When *Carthage* made our vanquish'd Country mourn!
Well had we then been number'd with the Slain
On *Trebia*'s Banks, or *Canna*'s fatal Plain.
Nor ask we Peace, ye Pow'rs, nor soft Repose;
Give us new Wars, and Multitudes of Foes;
Let ev'ry potent City arm for Fight,
And all the Neighbour Nations round unite;
From *Median Seas* let the *Parthians* come,
And *Massagetes* beyond their *Ister* roam:
Let *Elbe* and *Rhine's* unconquer'd Springs send forth
The yellow *Suevi* from the farthest North:
Let the conspiring World in Arms engage,
And save us only from Domestick Rage.
Here let the Hostile *Dacian* Inroads make,
And there his Way the *Gete* Invader take.

Ver. 71. *Trebia.*] A River in *Italy* that falls into the *Po* near *Placentia*, where *Ex. Sempronius* was routed by *Hannibal* with a very great Slaughter.

Ver. 77. Massagetes *beyond their* Ister.] The *Massagetæ* were properly those *Asiatick Scythians* (or *Tartars*) who were situate beyond the *Caspian* Sea, near the Head of the River *Oxus*, and of Consequence very far from the *Ister* or *Danube*; but these Geographical Liberties are often taken by our Author; and here he seems to take 'em for the *European* and *Asiatick Scythians* in general.

Ver. 79. *Suevi.*] A People of *Germany* about the Dutchy of *Mechlenberg* and *Pomerania*.

Ver. 81. *Gete.*] *European Tartars*.

Let *Cæsar* in *Iberia* tame the Foe;
Let *Pompey* break the deadly Eastern Bow,
And *Rome* no Hand unarm'd for Battel know.
But if *Hesperia* stand condemn'd by Fate,
And Ruin on our Name and Nation wait;
Now dart thy Thunder, dread Almighty Sire,
Let all thy flaming Heav'ns descend in Fire; 90
On Chiefs and Parties hurl thy Bolts alike,
And, e'er their Crimes have made 'em Guilty, strike.
Is it a Cause so worthy of our Care,
That Pow'r may fall to this, or that Man's Share?
Do we for this the Gods and Conscience brave, 95
That one may Rule, and make the rest a Slave?
When thus, ev'n Liberty we scarce should buy,
But think a Civil War a Price too high.
Thus groan they at approaching dire Events,
And thus expiring Piety laments. 100
Mean-while the hoary Sire his Years deplores,
And Age that former Miseries restores:
He hates his weary Life prolong'd for Woe,
Worse Days to see, more impious Rage to know.
Then fetching old Examples from afar, 105
'Twas thus (he cries) Fate usher'd in the War:

Ver. 84. *Iberia.*] *Spain.*

Ver. 101. *Mean-while some hoary Sire.*] The Poet here, to express the Calamities attending on a Civil War, introduces some one particular old Man, recapitulating the Miseries of that between *Marius* and *Sylla.*

When

When *Cimbrians* fierce, and *Libya's* swarthy Lord,
Had fall'n before Triumphant *Marius'* Sword:
Yet to *Minturna's* Marsh the Victor fled,
And hid in oozy Flags his exil'd Head. 110
The faithless Soil the hunted Chief reliev'd,
And sedgy Waters Fortune's Pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a Dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where Gyves and rankling Fetters eat their way,
And noisome Vapours on his Vitals prey.
Ordain'd at Ease to die in wretched *Rome*, 115
He suffer'd then, for Wickedness to come.
In vain his Foes had arm'd the *Cimbrian's* Hand,
Death will not always wait upon Command;
About to strike, the Slave with Horror shook, 120
The useless Steel his loos'ning Gripe forsook;

Ver. 107. Libya's *swarthy Lord.*] *Jugurtha.*

Ver. 109. Minturnæ's *Marsh.*] *Minturna* was a City of *Latium*, now in Ruins, near the River *Garillan*, in or near the Territory of *Trajetta*. Hither, when *Marius* was driven out of *Rome* by *Sylla*, and declar'd a publick Enemy by the Senate, he fled and hid himself among some Reeds and Sedges; but being found out, and committed to the publick Goal, he was condemn'd to die. But the Slave who was order'd to execute him (a *Cimbrian*, according to *Lucan*) being affrighted at somewhat terrible that he saw in him, and fancying he heard a Voice saying, *Dar'st thou kill* Caius Marius? drop'd his Sword, ran out of the Prison, and told the People the whole Story: Who being mov'd partly by this, and partly by Compassion for a Man who had once sav'd *Italy*, dismiss'd him. See all the Particulars here mention'd by *Lucan*, more at large in *Plutarch's* Life of *Marius*.

Thick

Thick flashing Flames a Light unusual gave,
And sudden shone around the gloomy Cave;
Dreadful the Gods of Guilt before him stood,
And *Marius* terrible in future Blood; 125
When thus a Voice began: Rash Man forbear,
Nor touch that Head which Fate resolves to spare;
Thousands are doom'd beneath his Arm to bleed,
And countless Deaths before his own decreed;
Thy Wrath and Purpose to destroy is vain: 130
Would'st thou avenge thee for thy Nation slain?
Preserve this Man; and in some coming Day
The *Cimbrian* Slaughter well he shall repay.
No pitying God, no Pow'r to Mortals good,
Could save a salvage Wretch who joy'd in Blood: 135
But Fate reserv'd him to perform its Doom,
And be the Minister of Wrath to *Rome*.
By swelling Seas too favourably toss,
Safely he reach'd *Numidia*'s Hostile Coast;
There, driv'n from Man, to Wilds he took his way, 140
And on the Earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;
There in the lone unpeopled desart Field,
Proud *Carthage* in her Ruins he beheld;
Amidst her Ashes pleas'd he sate him down,
And joy'd in the Destruction of the Town. 145

Ver. 140. *Driv'n from Man,*] By *Sextilius*, then Prætor of *Africk*.

The

The Genius of the Place, with mutual Hate,
Rear'd its sad Head, and smil'd at *Marius'* Fate;
Each with Delight survey'd their fallen Foe,
And each forgave the Gods, that laid the other low.
There with new Fury was his Soul possest, 150
And *Libyan* Rage collected in his Breast.
Soon as returning Fortune own'd his Cause,
Troops of revolting Bond-men forth he draws;
Cut-throats and Slaves resort to his Command,
And Arms were giv'n to ev'ry baser Hand. 155
None worthily the Leader's Standard bore,
Unstain'd with Blood or blackest Crimes before:
Villains of Fame, to fill his Bands, were sought,
And to his Camp Increase of Crimes they brought.
Who can relate the Horrors of that Day, 160
When first these Walls became the Victor's Prey!
With what a Stride devouring Slaughter past,
And swept promiscuous Orders in her haste!
O'er Noble and Plebeian rang'd the Sword;
Nor Pity or Remorse one Pause afford. 165
The sliding Streets with Blood were clotted o'er,
And sacred Temples stood in Pools of Gore.
The ruthless Steel, impatient of Delay,
Forbad the Sire to linger out his Day:
It struck the bending Father to the Earth, 170
And cropt the wailing Infant at his Birth.

(Can

(Can Innocents the Rage of Parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a Foe!)
Age is no Plea, and Childhood no Defence,
To kill is all the Murderer's Pretence. 175
Rage ſtays not to enquire who ought to die,
Numbers muſt fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his Hand a grieſly Viſage bears,
And as the Trophy of his Virtue wears.
Who wants a Prize, ſtrait ruſhes thro' the Streets, 180
And undiſtinguiſh'd mows the firſt he meets;
The trembling Crowd with Fear officious ſtrive,
And thoſe who kiſs the Tyrant's Hand ſurvive.
Oh could you fall ſo low, degenerate Race!
And purchaſe Safety at a Price ſo baſe! 185
What tho' the Sword was Maſter of your Doom,
Tho' *Marius* could have giv'n you Years to come,
Can *Romans* live by Infamy ſo mean?
But ſoon your changing Fortune ſhifts the Scene;
Short is your Date; you only live to mourn 190
Your Hopes deceiv'd, and *Sylla*'s ſwift return.
The Vulgar falls, and none laments his Fate,
Sorrow has hardly leiſure for the Great.
What Tears could *Babius*' haſty Death deplore!
A Thouſand Hands his mangled Carcaſs tore; 195

Ver. 183. *Who kiſs the Tyrant's Hand.*] *Marius* had given it as a Signal to his Soldiers, that they ſhould kill all whom he did not reſolute, and offer his Hand to kiſs.

His

His scatter'd Intrails round the Streets were toss'd,
And in a Moment all the Man was lost,
Who wept, *Antonius'* Murder to behold,
Whose moving Tongue the Mischief oft foretold?
Spite of his Age and Eloquence he bled; 200
The barbarous Soldier snatch'd his hoary Head;
Dropping he bore it to his joyful Lord,
And while he feasted plac'd it on the Board.
The *Crassi* both by *Fimbria's* Hand were slain,
And bleeding Magistrates the Pulpit stain. 205
Then did the Doom of that neglecting Hand
Thy Fate, O holy *Scævola*, command;
In vain for Succour to the Gods he flies,
The Priest before the *Vestal* Altar dies:
A feeble Stream pour'd forth th' exhausted Sire, 210
And spar'd to quench the everliving Fire.

Ver. 198. Antonius' Murder.] *M. Antonius* was a Man of Consular Dignity, and an excellent Orator. The Soldiers who were sent to kill him, were so mov'd by his Eloquence, that they were inclin'd to spare him: At last he was murder'd by *Annius* the Tribune, who brought his Head to *Marius* while he was at Table. After he had handled it for some Time with much Scorn and Insolence, he commanded it to be fix'd upon the *Rostrum*, or publick Pulpit.

Ver. 204. The Graffi.] Father and Son kill'd together.

Ver. 207. *Scævola.*] He was the *Pontifex Maximus*, or Chief-Priest.

The Seventh returning *Fasces* now appear,
And bring stern *Marius'* latest destin'd Year:
Thus the long Toils of changing Life o'erpast,
Hoary and full of Days he breath'd his last. 215
While Fortune frown'd, her fiercest Wrath he bore,
And while she smil'd enjoy'd her amplest Pow'r:
All various Turns of Good and Bad he knew,
And prov'd the most that Chance or Fate cou'd do.
What heaps of Slain the *Colline* Gate did yield! 220
What Bodies strow'd the *Sacriportan* Field,
When Empire was ordain'd to change her Seat,
To leave her *Rome*, and make *Praneste* great!
When the proud *Samnites* Troops the State defy'd,
In Terms beyond their *Caudine* Treaty's Pride. 225

Ver. 212. *Fasces.*] They were Rods carried before the Magistrates as Ensigns of their Authority.

Ver. 220. Colline *Gate.*] *Porta Collina*, call'd likewise *Porta Salina*, was one of the Gates of *Rome*. At *Sacriportus*, not far from *Praneste*, *Sylla* overthrew the younger *Marius*, who fled to *Praneste*, and was there besieged by *Lucius Ofella*, *Sylla*'s Lieutenant. And when *Lamponius* and *Telesinus*, two Leaders of the *Samnites*, came to raise the Siege, they were likewise beaten by *Sylla*, about ten Furlongs from the *Porta Collina*. In these two Battles he is said to have kill'd Seventy Thousand Men.

Ver. 225. Caudine *Treaty.*] The *Furcæ Caudinæ* were a Pass with Woods on each Side near the Town of *Caudium*, in the Territories of the ancient *Samnites*: where, when those People had the *Roman* Consuls and their Army at a very great Disadvantage, they obliged 'em to submit to very hard Conditions; one Article being, That eve-

ry

Nor *Sylla* with less Cruelty returns,
With equal Rage the fierce Avenger burns:
What Blood the feeble City yet retain'd,
With too severe a healing Hand he drain'd:
Too deeply was the searching Steel employ'd, 230
What Maladies had hurt the Leach destroy'd.
The Guilty only were of Life bereft:
Alas! the Guilty only then were left.
Dissembled Hate and Rancour rang'd at Will,
All as they pleas'd took Liberty to kill; 235
And while Revenge no longer fear'd the Laws,
Each private Murder was the publick Cause.
The Leader bad destroy; and at the Word,
The Master fell beneath the Servant's Sword.
Brothers on Brothers were for Gifts bestow'd, 240
And Sons contended for their Fathers' Blood.
For Refuge some to Caves and Forests fled;
Some to the lonely Mansions of the Dead;
Some, to prevent the cruel Victor, die;
These strangled hang from fatal Beams on high; 245
While Those, from Tops of lofty Turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the dashing Pavement down.

ry Soldier should pass unarm'd under a kind of Gallows. Hence the Expression *Pax Caudina*, for an ignominious Peace.

Marius had promised the *Samnites*, who were of his Side, to translate the Seat of the Empire from *Rome* to them.

Some for their Funerals the Wood prepare,
And build the sacred Pile with hasty Care:
Then bleeding to the kindling Flames they press, 250
And *Roman* Rites, while yet they may, possess.
Pale Heads of *Marian* Chiefs are born on high,
And heap'd together in the *Forum* lie;
There join the meeting Slaughters of the Town,
There each performing Villain's Deeds are known. 255
No Sight like this the *Thracian* Stables knew,
Anteus' *Libyan* Spoils to these were few:
Nor *Greece* beheld so many Suitors fall,
To grace the *Pisan* Tyrant's horrid Hall.
At length, when putrid Gore, with foul Disgrace, 260
Hid the distinguish'd Features of the Face,
By Night the miserable Parents came,
And bore their Sons to some forbidden Flame.
Well I remember in that woeful Reign,
How I my Brother sought amongst the Slain; 265
Hopeful by Stealth his poor Remains to burn,
And close his Ashes in a peaceful Urn;

Ver. 256. *No Sight like this.*] *Diomedes*, King of *Thrace*, fed his Horses with Human Flesh. Of *Anteus* see hereafter in the Fourth Book. *Oenomaus*, King of *Elis*, reign'd at *Pisa*; his Daughter *Hippodamia* was very beautiful; he propos'd to her Suitors, that whoever could vanquish him in a Chariot-Race should marry her; but those that were beaten should be put to Death. This last Misfortune happen'd to several; at last her Father breaking his Neck by the Treachery of his Charioteer, she was won by *Pelops*.

His

His Visage in my trembling Hand I bore,
And turn'd pacifick *Sylla*'s Trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled Trunk I ry'd, to see
Which Carcass with the Head wou'd best agree;
Why shou'd my Grief to *Catulus* return,
And tell the Victim offer'd at his Urn;
When struck with Horror, the relenting Shade
Beheld his Wrongs too cruelly repay'd!
I saw where *Marius*' hapless Brother stood,
With Limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with Blood;
A Thousand gaping Wounds increas'd his Pain,
While weary Life a Passage sought in vain:
That Mercy still his ruthless Foes denay,
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
This from the Wrist the suppliant Hands divides,
That hews his Arms from off his naked Sides;
One crops his breathing Nostrils, one his Ears,
While from the Roots his Tongue another tears;
Panting awhile upon the Earth it lies,
And with mute Motion trembles ere it dies.

Ver. 269. *Pacifick* Sylla.] A strong Irony.

Ver. 272. *To* Catulus.] *Quintus Luctatius Catulus*, hearing *C. Marius* had resolv'd to put him to Death, kill'd himself. In Revenge of this, his Brother *Catulus* obtain'd of *Sylla*, that *Marius*, the Brother of *C. Marius*, might be deliver'd into his Hands, who sacrificed him, in the barbarous manner here describ'd, at his Brother's Tomb.

Last, from the Sacred Caverns where they lay,
The bleeding Orbs of Sight are rent away. 289
Can late Posterity believe, whene'er
This Tale of *Marius* and his Foes they hear,
They could inflict so much, or he cou'd bear?
Such is the broken Carcass seen to lie,
Crush'd by some tumbling Turret from on high;
Such to the Shore the shipwrackt Coarse is born, 295
By rending Rocks and greedy Monsters torn.
Mistaken Rage! thus mangling to disgrace,
And blot the Lines of *Marius*' hated Face!
What Joy can *Sylla* take? Unless he know
And mark the Features of his dying Foe? 300
Fortune beheld, from her *Praeneste* Fane,
Her helpless Worshippers around her slain;
One Hour of Fate was common to 'em all,
And like one Man she saw a People fall.
Then dy'd the lusty Youth in manly Bloom, 305
Hesperia's Flow'r, and Hope for Times to come;
Their Blood, *Rome*'s only Strength, distains the Fold,
Ordain'd th' assembling Centuries to hold.

Ver. 301. *Fortune beheld.*] The Goddess *Fortune* had a famous Temple at *Praeneste*. After the Town was taken by *Lucr. Offella*, and many of all Ranks slain; *Sylla* commanded 5000, who had laid down their Arms, to be kill'd in cold Blood.

Ver. 307. *Distains the Fold.*] The *Septa* or *Ovilia* of *Rome* were certain Inclosures in or near the *Campus Martius*,

Numbers have oft been known, on Sea and Land,
To sink of Old by Death's destructive Hand; 310
Battels with Multitudes have strown the Plain,
And many perish on the stormy Main:
Earthquakes destroy, malignant Vapours blast,
And Plagues and Famines lay whole Nations waste:
But Justice, sure, was never seen, 'till now, 315
To massacre her Thousands at a Blow.
Satiety of Death the Victors prove,
And slowly thro' th' incumb'ring Ruin move:
So many fall, there scarce is Room for more,
The Dying nod on those who fell before; 320
Crouding in Heaps their Murderers they aid,
And, by the Dead, the Living are o'erlaid.
Mean while the stern Dictator, from on high,
Beholds the Slaughter with a fearless Eye;
Nor sighs, to think his dread Commands ordain 325
So many Thousand Wretches to be slain.
Amidst the *Tiber's* Waves the Load is thrown,
The Torrent rowls the guilty Burthen down;
Till rising Mounds obstruct his wat'ry Way,
And Carcasses the gliding Vessels stay. 330

tius, where the People us'd to be poll'd, and give their Votes in Elections of Magistrates, according to the *Centuria* or Companies of which their Tribes were compos'd. In this Place *Sylla* commanded four whole Legions to be cut to Pieces at once.

But soon another Stream to aid him, rose,
Swift o'er the Fields a Crimson Deluge flows:
The *Tuscan* River swells above his Shores,
And floating Bodies to the Land restores:
Struggling at length he drives his rushing Flood, 335
And dyes the *Tyrrhene* Ocean round with Blood:
Could Deeds like these the glorious Stile demand
Of Prosperous, and Saviour of the Land?
Could this Renown, cou'd these Atchievements build
A Tomb for *Sylla* in the *Martian* Field? 340
Again, behold the circling Woes return,
Again the Curse of Civil Wars we mourn;
Battels, and Blood, and Vengeance shall succeed,
And *Rome* once more by *Roman* Hands shall bleed.
Or if, for hourly thus our Fears presage, 345
With Wrath more fierce the present Chiefs shall rage,
Mankind shall some unheard-of Plagues deplore,
And groan for Miseries unknown before.
Marius an End of Exile only sought;
Sylla to crush a hated Faction fought; 350
A larger Recompence these Leaders claim,
And higher is their vast Ambition's Aim:
Cou'd these be satisfy'd with *Sylla*'s Pow'r;
Nor, all he had Possessing, ask for more;

Ver. 338. *Of Prosperous.*] These were Titles *Sylla* gave himself: He call'd his Son likewise *Faustus*, and his Daughter *Fausta*.

Neither

Neither had Force and impious Arms employ'd, 352
Or fought for that which guiltless Each enjoy'd.
Thus wept lamenting Age o'er hapless *Rome*,
Rememb'ring Evils past, and dreading those to come.
But *Brutus'* Temper fail'd not with the rest,
Nor with the common Weakness was oppress'd;
Safe and in Peace he kept his manly Breast.
'Twas when the solemn Dead of Night came on,
When bright *Callisto* with her shining Son,
Now half their Circle round the Pole had run;
When *Brutus*, on the busie Times intent, 365
To virtuous *Cato's* humble Dwelling went:
Waking he found him, careful for the State,
Grieving and Fearing for his Country's Fate;
For *Rome*, and wretched *Rome*, alone he fear'd;
Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd. 370
To him thus *Brutus* spoke. O Thou, to whom
Forsaken Virtue flies, as to her Home,
Driv'n out, and by an impious Age oppress'd,
She finds no room on Earth but *Cato's* Breast:
There, in her one good Man, she reigns secure, 375
Fearless of Vice, or Fortune's hostile Row'r.
Then teach my Soul, to Doubt and Error prone,
Teach me a Resolution like thy own.

Ver. 363. *Bright* Callisto.] The greater Bear.

Let partial Favour, Hopes or Int'rest guide,
By various Motives, all the World beside,
To *Pompey*'s or ambitious *Cæsar*'s Side;
Thou *Cato* art my Leader. Whether Peace 380
And calm Repose amidst these Storms shall please:
Or whether War thy Ardor shall ingage,
To gratifie the Madness of this Age,
Herd with the factious Chiefs, and urge the Peoples Rage.
The Ruffian, Bankrupt, loose Adulterer,
All who the Pow'r of Laws and Justice fear,
From Guilt learn specious Reasons for the War.
By starving Want and Wickedness prepar'd, 390
Wisely they arm for Safety and Reward.
But oh! What Cause, what Reason canst thou find?
Art thou to Arms for Love of Arms inclin'd?
Hast thou the Manners of this Age withstood,
And for so many Years been singly Good,
To be repay'd with Civil Wars and Blood?
Let those to Vice inur'd for Arms prepare,
In thee 'twill be Impiety to dare;
Preserve at least, ye Gods, these Hands from War.
Nor do thou meanly with the Rabble join, 400
Nor grace their Cause with such an Arm as thine.
To thee, the Fortune of the fatal Field
Inclining, unauspicious Fame shall yield;
Each to thy Sword shall press, and wish to be
Imputed as thy Crime, and charg'd on Thee. 405

Happy

Happy thou wert, if with Retirement bless,
Which Noise and Faction never should molest,
Nor break the sacred Quiet of thy Breast;
Where Harmony and Order ne'er should cease,
But ev'ry Day should take its Turn in Peace. 410
So, in eternal steddy Motion, roll
The radiant Spheres around the starry Pole:
Fierce Lightnings, Meteors, and the Winter's Storm,
Earth and the Face of lower Heav'n deform,
Whilst all by Nature's Laws is calm above; 415
No Tempest rages in the Court of *Jove*.
Light Particles, and idle Atoms fly,
Toss'd by the Winds, and scatter'd round the Sky;
While the more solid Parts the Force resist,
And fix'd and stable on the Center rest. 420
Cæsar shall hear with Joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting Factions, to disturb Mankind;
Tho' sworn his Foe, he shall applaud thy Choice,
And think his wicked War approv'd by *Cato's* Voice.
See! how to swell their mighty Leader's State, 425
The Consuls and the servile Senate wait:
Ev'n *Cato's* self to *Pompey's* Yoak must bow,
And all Mankind are Slaves but *Cæsar* now.
If War, however, be at last our Doom,
If we must Arm for Liberty and *Rome*: 430
While undecided yet their Fate depends,
Cæsar and *Pompey* are alike my Friends;

Which

Which Party I shall chuse is yet to know,
That let the War decide; who conquers is my Foe.
Thus spoke the Youth. When *Cato* thus expreſt 435
The ſacred Counſels of his inmoſt Breaſt.
Brutus! with thee, I own the Crime is great;
With thee, this impious Civil War I hate;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.
Anſwer your ſelves, ye Gods, and ſet me free; 440
If I am guilty, 'tis by your Decree.
If on fair Lamps above ſhou'd loſe their Light,
And leave the wretched World in endleſs Night;
If *Chaos* ſhou'd in Heav'n and Earth prevail,
And univerſal Nature's Frame ſhou'd fail: 445
What *Stoick* wou'd not the Misfortune ſhare,
And think that Deſolation worth his Care?
Princes and Nations whom wide Seas divide,
Where other Stars the diſtant Heav'ns do guide,
Have brought their Enſigns to the *Roman* ſide.
Forbid it Gods! when barbarous *Scythians* come
Upon their cold North, to ruine declining *Rome*,
That I ſhould ſee her Fall, and ſe ſecure at Home.
As ſome unhappy Sire by Death undone,
Robb'd of his Age's Hope, his only Son, 455
Attends the Funeral with pious Care,
To pay his laſt Paternal Office there;
Takes a ſad Pleaſure in the Crowd to go,
And be himſelf Part of the pompous Woe;

Then

Then waits till ev'ry Ceremony pass,
His own fond Hand may light the Flame to us.
So fix'd, so faithful to thy Cause, O *Rome*,
With such a Constancy and Love I come;
Resolv'd for thee and Liberty to mourn,
And never, never from your Side be torn;
Resolv'd to follow till your common Fate,
And on your very Names, and let Remains to wait.
Thus let it be, since thus the Gods ordain;
Since Hecatombs of *Romans* must be slain,
Mix the Sacrifice with ev'ry Hand,
And give 'em all the Slaughter they demand.
Oh were the Gods contented with my Fall,
If *Cato's* Life could answer for you all,
Like the devoted *Decius* would I go,
To force from either Side the mortal Blow,
And for my Country's Sake, with to be thought her Foe.
To me, ye *Romans*, all your Rage confine,
To me, ye Traitors from the barbarous *Rhine*;
Let all the Wounds this War shall make be mine.
Open my vital Streams, and let 'em run,
Oh let the purple Sacrifice atone
For all the Ills offending *Rome* has done.
If Slavery be all the Faction's End,
If Chains the Prize for which the Fools contend,

To

To me convert the Wars, let me be slain:
Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,
Their useless Laws and Freedom to maintain:
So may the Tyrant safely mount his Throne,
And rule his Slaves in Peace, when I am gone.
Howe'er, since free as yet from his Command,
For *Pompey* and the Commonwealth we stand.
Nor he, if Fortune now'd attend his Arms,
Is Proof against Ambition's fatal Charms;
But urg'd with Greatness, and desire of Sway,
May dare to make the vanquish'd World his Prey.
Then, least the Hopes of Empire swell his Pride,
Let him remember I was on his Side;
Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,
To make the Harvest of the War his own,
Where half the Toil was ours. So spoke the Sage.
His Words the list'ning eager Youth engage
Too much to love of Arms, and heat of Civil Rage.
Now 'gan the Sun to lift his dawning Light,
Before him fled the colder Shades of Night;
When lo! the sounding Doors are heard to turn,
Chaste *Martia* comes from dead *Hortensius'* Urn,
Once to a better Husband's happier Bed,
With Bridal Rites, a Virgin was she led:
When ev'ry Debt of Love and Duty paid,
And thrice a Parent by *Lucina* made;

The

The teeming Matron, at her Lord's Command,
To glad *Hortensius* gave her plighted Hand;
With a fair Stock his barren House to grace,
And mingle by the Mother's Side the Race.
At length this Husband in his Ashes laid, 515
And ev'ry Rite of Due Religion paid,
Forth from his Monument the mournful Dame,
With beaten Breasts, and Locks dishevel'd, came;
Then with a pale dejected rueful Look,
Thus pleasing, to her former Lord she spoke. 520
While Nature yet with Vigour fed my Veins,
And made me equal to a Mother's Pains,
To thee Obedient, I thy House forsook,
And to my Arms another Husband took:
My Pow'rs at length with genial Labours worn, 525
Weary to thee, and wasted I return.
At length a barren Wedlock let me prove,
Give me the Name, without the Joys of Love;
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
That *Cato's Wife* may live upon my Tomb. 530
So shall my Truth to latest Times be read,
And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,
Or thy Command estrang'd me from thy Bed.

Ver. 520. *Thus pleasing.*] As her melancholy Condition and Habit was most agreeable to that Time of publick Calamity. See this Story in *Plutarch*.

Nor

Nor ask I now thy Happiness to share,
I seek thy Days of Toil, thy Nights of Care: 535
Give me, with thee, to meet my Country's Foe,
Thy weary Marches and thy Camps to know;
Nor let Posterity with Shame record,
Cornelia follow'd, *Martia* left her Lord.
She said: The Heroe's manly Heart was mov'd, 540
And the chaft Matron's virtuous Suit approv'd.
And tho' the Times far diff'ring Thoughts demand,
The' War dissents from *Hymen*'s Holy Band;
In plain unsolemn wise his Faith he plights,
And calls the Gods to view the lonely Rites. 545
No Garlands gay the chearful Portal crown'd,
Nor woolly Fillets wove the Posts around;
No Genial Bed, with rich Embroidery grac'd,
On Iv'ry Steps in lofty State was plac'd; 549

Ver. 539. *Cornelia.*] This Lady was the Daughter of *Lucius Scipio*, descended from and ally'd to the *Cornelii* and *Metelli*, and Widow of *Pub. Crassus*, who with his Father *M. Crassus* was kill'd by the *Parthians*. *Pompey* marry'd her soon after the Death of *Cæsar*'s Daughter *Julia*.

Ver. 546. *No Garlands.*] The Poet here enumerates most of the Ceremonies usually observ'd at the *Roman* Marriages, by saying what was wanting at this of *Cato* and *Martia*; so in the Eighth Book he gives an Account of the Magnificence of the *Roman* Funerals, by deploring the Misery and Wretchedness of *Pompey*'s.

No Hymeneal Torch preceding shone,
No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on;
Nor bad her Feet the sacred Threshold shun.
No yellow Veil was loosely thrown, to hide
The rising Blushes of the trembling Bride;
No glitt'ring Zone her flowing Garments bound,
Nor sparkling Gems her Neck encompass'd round;
No silken Scarf, not decent winding Lawn,
Was o'er her naked Arms and Shoulders drawn:
But, as she was, in Funeral Attire,
With all the Sadness Sorrow could inspire;
With Eyes dejected, with a joyless Face,
She met her Husband's, like a Son's Embrace.
No *Sabine* Mirth provokes the Bridegroom's Ears,
Nor sprightly Wit the glad Assembly chears.

Ver. 551. *No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on.*] This Passage is diversly interpreted. I have taken that which I thought most probable: The Bride was always crown'd with Flowers, and admonish'd not to touch the Threshold by the *Pronuba* or Matron that attended her, in Honour of *Vesta* the Goddess of Chastity, to whom the Threshold was sacred. The Crown mention'd here seems to be like that given to the Goddess *Cybele*; and so it is interpreted by *Sulpitius* upon this Place. Perhaps it was worn in Honour of that Goddess.

Ver. 557. *Decent winding Lawn.*] The Word *Supparum* here likewise has various Significations given to it. *Supparum* is commonly a Shift, and sometimes a sort of Veil or Scarf; in which latter Sense, as it plainly meant here an upper Garment, I have taken it.

Ver. 563. *No Sabine Mirth.*] It was an old Custom taken from the *Sabines* to repeat smutty Verses (the *Versus Fescennini*)

No Friends, nor ev'n their Children grace the Feast, 565
Brutus attends, their only Nuptial Guest:
He stands a Witness of the silent Rite,
And sees the melancholy Pair unite.
Nor he, the Chief his sacred Visage chear'd,
Nor smooth'd his matted Locks, or horrid Beard; 570
Nor daigns his Heart one Thought of Joy to know,
But met his *Martia* with the same stern Brow.
(For when he saw the fatal Factions arm,
The coming War, and *Rome*'s impending Harm;
Regardless quite of ev'ry other Care, 575
Unshorn he left his loose neglected Hair;
Rude hung the hoary Honours of his Head,
And a foul Growth his mournful Cheeks o'erspread.
No Stings of private Hate his Peace infest,
Nor partial Favour grew upon his Breast; 580
But safe from Prejudice, he kept his Mind
Free, and at Leisure to lament Mankind.)
Nor could his former Love's returning Fire,
The warmth of one Connubial Wish inspire,
But strongly he withstood the just Desire.
These were the stricter Manners of the Man, 586
And this the stubborn Course in which they ran;
The golden Mean unchanging to pursue,
Constant to keep the purpos'd End in view;

Fescennini) and Jests of the same sort at Weddings. This was the Province of the younger People.

Religiously

Religiously to follow Nature's Laws,
And die with Pleasure in his Country's Cause;
To think he was not for himself design'd,
But born to be of Use to all Mankind.
To him 'twas Feasting, Hunger to repress;
And home-spun Garments were his costly Dress:
No Marble Pillars rear'd his Roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the Winter Sky:
He sought no End of Marriage, but Increase,
Nor wish'd a Pleasure, but his Country's Peace:
That took up all the tend'rest Parts of Life,
His Country was his Children and his Wife.
From Justice' righteous Lore he never swerv'd,
But rigidly his Honesty preserv'd.
On universal Good his Thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what Gain, or Self-affection meant;
And while his Benefits the Publick share,
Cato was always last in *Cato's* Care.

Mean time, the trembling Troops, by *Pompey* led,
Hasty to *Phrygian Capus* were fled.
Resolving here to fix the moving War,
He calls his scatter'd Legions from afar;
Here he decrees the daring Foe to wait,
And prove at once the great Event of Fate;
Where *Appenine's* delightful Shades arise,
And lift *Hesperia* lofty to the Skies.

Bitinous

Between the higher and inferior Sea,
The long extended Mountain takes his way;
Pisa and *Ancon* bound his sloping Sides,
Wash'd by the *Tyrrhene* and *Dalmatick* Tides; 610
Rich in the Treasure of his watry Stores,
A thousand living Springs and Streams he pours,
And seeks the diff'rent Seas by diff'rent Shores.
From his Left falls *Crustumium's* rapid Flood,
And swift *Metaurus* red with *Punick* Blood;
There gentle *Sapis* with *Isaurus* joins, 625
And *Sena* there the *Senones* confines;
Rough *Ausidus* the meeting Ocean braves,
And lashes on the lazy *Adria's* Waves;
Hence vast *Eridanus* with motchless Force,
Prince of the Streams, directs his Regal Course; 630
Bound with the Spoils of Fields and Woods he flows,
And drains *Hesperia's* Rivers as he goes.
His sacred Banks, in ancient Tales renown'd,
First by the spreading Poplar's Shade were crown'd;
When the Sun's fiery Steeds forsook their way, 635
And downward drew to Earth the burning Day:
When ev'ry Flood and ample Lake was dry,
The *Po* alone his Channel could supply.
Hither rash *Phaet* urges headlong driv'n,
And in these Waters quench'd the Flames of Heav'n. 640
Nor wealthy *Nile* a fuller Stream contains,
Tho' wide he spreads o'er *Ægypt's* flatter Plains;

Nor

Nor *Ister* rolls a larger Torrent down,
Sought he the Sea with Waters all his own;
But meeting Floods to him their Homage pay, 645
And heave the blended River on his way.
These from the Left; while from the Right, there come
The *Rutuba* and *Tybet* dear to *Rome*;
Thence slides *Vulturnus* swift descending Flood,
And *Sarnus* hid beneath his misty Cloud; 650
Thence *Lyris*, whom the *Vestin* Fountains aid,
Winds to the Sea thro' close *Marica*'s Shade;
Thence *Siler* thro' *Salernian* Pastures falls,
And shallow *Macra* creeps by *Luna*'s Walls.
Bord'ring on *Gaul* the lofty'st Ridges rise, 655
And the low *Alps* from cloudy Heights despise;
Thence his long Back the fruitful Mountain bows,
Beneath the *Umbrian* and the *Sabine* Plows;
The Race Primæval, Natives all of Old,
His woody Rocks within their Circuit hold; 660
Far as *Hesperia*'s utmost Limits pass,
The hilly Father runs his mighty Mass;
Where *Juno* rears her high *Lacinian* Fane,
And *Scylla*'s raging Dogs molest the Main.
Once, farther yet ('tis said) his way he took, 665
'Till thro' his Side the Seas conspiring broke;
And still we see on fair *Sicilia*'s Sands
Where, Part of *Appenine*, *Pelorus* stands.

But

But *Cæsar* for Destruction eager burns,
Free Passages and bloodless Ways he scorns; 670
In fierce conflicting Fields his Arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his Might,
Resistless thro' the widening Breach to go,
To burst the Gate, to lay the Bulwark low,
To burn the Villages, to waste the Plains, 675
And massacre the poor laborious Swains.
Abhorring Law, he chuses to offend,
And blushes to be thought his Country's Friend.
The *Latian* Cities now, with busie Care,
As various they inclin'd, for Arms prepare. 680
Tho' doom'd before the War's first Rage to yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd Walls rebuild;
Huge Stones and Darts their lofty Tow'rs supply,
And guarded Bulwarks menace from on high.
To *Pompey's* Part the proner People lean, 685
Tho' *Cæsar's* stronger Terrors stand between.
So when the Blasts of sounding *Auster* blow,
The Waves obedient to his Empire flow;
And tho' the stormy God fierce *Eurus* frees,
And sends him rushing cross the swelling Seas; 690
Spight of his Force, the Billows yet retain
Their former Course, and that way roll the Main;
The lighter Clouds with *Eurus* driving sweep,
While *Auster* still commands the watry Deep.

Still

Still Fear too sure o'er vulgar Minds prevails, 695
And Faith before successful Fortune fails.
Etruria vainly trusts in *Libo's* Aid,
And *Umbria* by *Thermus* is betray'd;
Sylla, unmindful of his Father's Fame,
Fled at the dreadful Sound of *Cæsar's* Name. 700
Soon as the Horse near *Auximon* appear,
Retreating *Varus* owns his abject Fear,
And with a Coward's Haste neglects his Rear;
On Flight alone intent, without delay,
Thro' Rocks and devious Woods he wings his way. 705
Th' *Esculean* Fortress *Lentulus* forsakes,
A swift Pursuit the speedy Victor makes;
All Arts of Threats and Promises apply'd,
He wins the faithless Cohorts to his Side.

Ver. 697. Libo's *Aid.*] At the Fame of *Cæsar's* Approach the Governours thro' *Italy* all fled, not daring to withstand him, or maintain any Forts against him: Many of those are here named. *Scribonius Libo* leaves his Charge in *Hetruria*, and *Thermus* forsakes *Umbria*; *Faustus Sylla*, the Son of the Dictator *Sylla*, wanting his Father's Spirit and Fortune in Civil War, fled at the very Name of *Cæsar*.

Ver. 701. *Near* Auximon.] Now *Osimo* in the *Marca d' Ancona*. *Atius Varus*, when he perceiv'd the Citizens of *Auximon* favour'd *Cæsar*, withdrew his Garrison and fled.

Ver. 706. *Th'* Esculean *Fortress.*] *Lentulus Spinther*, with ten Cohorts, kept the Town of *Asculum*, now *Ascoli*, in the *Marca d' Ancona*: Hearing of *Cæsar's* advancing, he fled away, thinking to have drawn his Troops along with him, but was deserted by most of his Soldiers.

The

The Leader with his Fugitives fled alone, 710
To *Cæsar* fell the Soldiers, and the Town.
Thou *Scipio* too do'st for Retreat prepare,
Thou leav'st *Luceria*, trusted to thy Care;
Tho' Troops well try'd attend on thy Command,
(The *Roman* Pow'rs can boast no better Band) 715
By wily Arts of old from *Cæsar* rent,
Against the hardy *Parthians* were they sent;
But their first Chief the Legion now obeys,
And *Pompey* thus the *Gallic* Loss repays;
Aid to his Foe too freely he affords, 720
And lends his hostile Father *Roman* Swords.
But in *Corfinium* bold *Domitius* lies,
And from his Walls th' advancing Pow'r defies;

Ver. 712. *Thou* Scipio.] *L. Scipio*, Father-in-Law to *Pompey*, fled from *Luceria*, tho' he had two strong Legions.

Marcellus, to weaken *Cæsar*, counsell'd the Senate to make a Decree that *Cæsar* should deliver one Legion, and *Pompey* another, to *Bibulus*, whom they pretended to send to the *Parthian* War. *Cæsar*, according to the Senate's Decree, deliver'd to him one Legion for himself, and another which he had borrow'd of *Pompey* for a present Supply, after the great Loss he had receiv'd under his Prætors *Titurius* and *Cotta*. These Legions were now both in *Scipio*'s Camp.

Ver. 722. *But in* Corfinium.] A City now call'd *Pagnolo* in the *Abruzzo*. In this Place lay *L. Domitius* with twenty Cohorts. He had with him those Soldiers of *Pompey* who had enclos'd the *Forum*, when *Milo* was arraign'd for the Death of *Clodius*. He sent a Detachment to break down a Bridge three Miles from the Town; but they were beaten back by *Cæsar*'s advanc'd Guard.

Secure

Secure of Heart, for all Events prepar'd,
He heads the Troops once bloody *Mille's* Guard. 725
Soon as he sees the cloudy Dust arise,
And glitt'ring Arms reflect the sunny Skies:
Away, Companions of my Arms! he cry'd,
And haste to guard the River's sedgy side:
Break down the Bridge. And thou that dwell'st below,
Thou watry God, let all thy Fountains go,
And rushing bid thy foamy Torrent flow;
Swell to the utmost Brink thy rapid Stream, 733
Bear down the Planks, and ev'ry floating Beam;
Upon thy Banks the lingring War delay,
Here let the headlong Chief be taught to stay;
'Tis Victory to stop the Victor's way.
He ceas'd; and shooting swiftly cross the Plain,
Drew down the Soldier to the Flood in vain.
For *Cæsar* early from the neighb'ring Field, 740
The Purpose to obstruct his March beheld;
Kindling to Wrath, Oh hafest Fear! (he cries)
To whom nor Tow'rs, nor shelt'ring Walls suffice.
Are these your coward Stratagems of War?
Hope you with Brooks my conqu'ring Arms to bar? 745
Tho' *Nile* and *Ister* should my way controul,
Tho' swelling *Ganges* should to guard you roll,
What Streams, what Floods soe'er athwart me fall,
Who past the *Rubicon* shall pass 'em all.

Haste to the Passage then, my Friends. He said; 750
Swift as a Storm the nimble Horse obey'd;
Across the Stream their deadly Darts they throw,
And from their Station drive the yielding Foe:
The Victors at their ease the Ford explore,
And pass the undefended River o'er. 755
The Vanquish'd to *Corfinium*'s Strength retreat,
Where warlike Engines round the Ramparts threat.
Close to the Wall the creeping *Vinea* lies,
And mighty Tow'rs in dread Approaches rise.
But see the Stain of War! the Soldier's Shame! 760
And vile Dishonour of the *Latian* Name!
The faithless Garrison betray the Town,
And Captive drag their valiant Leader down.
The noble *Roman*, fearless, tho' in Bands,
Before his haughty Fellow-Subject stands, 765
With Looks erect, and with a daring Brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal Blow:
But *Cæsar*'s Arts his inmost Thoughts descry,
His fear of Pardon, and desire to Die.

Ver. 758. *The creeping* Vinea.] The *Vinea* was an Engine made use of by the *Romans* in Sieges. It was compos'd of Wicker-Hurdles laid for a Roof on the Top of Posts, which the Soldiers, who went under it for Shelter, bore up with their Hands. Some will have them to have been contriv'd with a double Roof, the uppermost of Hurdles, and the next of Planks. In the Third Book, at the Siege of *Massilia*, *Lucan* mentions the Miners making their Approaches to the Walls under Covert of these Engines.

From

From me thy forfeit Life (he said) receive, 770
And tho' repining, by my Bounty live;
That all, by thy Example taught, may know,
How *Cæsar*'s Mercy treats a vanquish'd Foe:
Still arm against me, keep thy Hatred still,
And if thou conquer'st, use thy Conquest, kill. 775
Returns of Love, or Favour, seek I none;
Nor give thy Life to bargain for my own.
So saying, on the instant he commands
To loose the galling Fetters from his Hands.
Oh Fortune! better were it, he had dy'd, 780
And spar'd the *Roman* Shame, and *Cæsar*'s Pride.
What greater Grief can on a *Roman* seize,
Than to be forc'd to live on Terms like these!
To be forgiven, fighting for the Laws,
And need a Pardon in his Country's Cause! 785
Struggling with Rage, undaunted he repreſt
The swelling Passions in his lab'ring Breast;
Thus murm'ring to himself: Wo't thou to *Rome*,
Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy Home?
To War, to Battel, to Destruction fly, 790
And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die;
Provoke the worst Effects of deadly Strife,
And rid thee of this *Cæsar*'s Gift, this Life.
Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd Chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his Relief. 795

He means the scatt'ring Forces to unite,
And with Increase of Strength expect the Fight.
Resolving with the fall'ring Sun to move,
First he decrees the Soldier's Heart to prove:
Then into Words like these, reverʼd he broke, 300
The silent Legions listʼning while he spoke.

Ye brave Avengers of your Country's Wrongs,
You who to *Rome* and Liberty belongs;
Whose Breasts our Father's Virtue truly warms,
Whose Hands the Senate's sacred Order arms; 305
With chearful Ardor meet the coming Fight,
And pray the Gods to smile upon the Right.
Behold the mournful View *Hesperia* yields,
Her flaming Villages and wasted Fields!
See where the *Gauls* a dreadful Deluge flow, 310
And scorn the Boundaries of *Alpine* Snow.
Already *Cæsar's* Sword is stainʼd in Blood,
Be that, ye Gods, to us an Omen Good;
That Glory still be his peculiar Care,
Let him begin, while we sustain the War. 315
Yet call it not a War to which we go;
We seek a Malefactor, not a Foe:
Rome's awful injurʼd Majesty demands
The Punishment of Traytors at our Hands.
If this be War, then War was wagʼd of Old, 320
By curst *Cethegus*, *Catiline* the bold.

By

By ev'ry Villain's Hand who dar'st conspire
In Murder, Robbery, or Midnight Fire:
Oh wretched Rage! Thee, *Cassius*, Fate disign'd,
To rank amongst the Patrons of Mankind; 815
With brave *Camillus* to enroll thy Fame,
And mix thee with the great *Marcelli's* Name:
While to the *Cinna's* thy fierce Soul inclines,
And with the Slaughter-loving *Marii* joins.
Since then thy Crimes, like theirs, for Justice call, 820
Beneath our Axe's Vengeance shalt thou fall:
Thee Rebel *Carbo's* Sentence, thee the Fate
Of *Lepidus* and bold *Sertorius* wait.
Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd);
My Heart is at the Task unpleasing griev'd: 825
I mourn to think that *Pompey's* Hand was chose,
His *Julia's* hostile Father to oppose,
And mark thee down amongst the *Roman* Foes.
Oh that return'd in Safety from the East,
This Province Victor *Crassus* had possest; 830

Ver. 828. *To the* Cinna's.] *Cinna* join'd with and brought *Marius* back to *Rome*.

Ver. 832. *Rebel* Carbo.] *Cn. Papirius Carbo* was a Collegue and Confederate of *C. Marius*. He was put to Death in *Sicily* by *Pompey*.

Lepidus attempting to set aside what had been done by *Sylla's* Authority, was overthrown by his Collegue *Catulus* in the *Campus Martius*, fled into *Sardinia*, and died there.

See the Life of *Sertorius* in *Plutarch*: He can hardly be said to have been conquer'd by *Pompey*.

New Honours to his Name thou might'st afford,
And die like *Spartacus* beneath his Sword;
Like him have fall'n a Victim to the Laws,
The same th' Avenger, and the same the Cause.
But since the Gods do otherwise decree, 845
And give thee, as my latest Palm, to me;
Again my Veins confess the fervent Juice,
Nor has my Hand forgot the Javelin's use.
And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know
To Peace and just Authority to bow, 850
Can, when their Country's Cause demands their Care,
Resume their Ardor, and return to War.
But let him think my former Vigour fled;
Distrust not, you, your General's hoary Head;
The Marks of Age and long declining Years, 855
Which I your Leader, his whole Army wears:
Age still is fit to Counsel, or Command,
But falters in an unperforming Hand.
Whate'er superior Pow'r a People free
Could to their Fellow-Citizen decree, 860
All lawful Glories, have my Fortunes known,
And reach'd all heights of Greatness but a Crown;

Ver. 842. *Like* Spartacus.] He was a *Thracian* Slave, a Gladiator, who fled with Seventy of his Companions from the Games given by *Lentulus* at *Capua*. He gather'd other Slaves to his Party, and arming them, made up an Army of 70000 Men. With these he overcame several Prætors and Consuls, and was at last vanquish'd by *M. Crassus*.

Who

Who to be more, than *Pompey* was, desires,
To kingly Rule, and Tyranny aspires.
Amidst my Ranks, a venerable Band, 865
The Conscript Fathers and the Consuls stand.
And shall the Senate and the vanquish'd State
Upon victorious *Cæsar*'s Triumph wait?
Forbid it Gods in Honour of Mankind!
Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind. 870
What Fame atchiev'd, what unexampled Praise,
To these high Hopes the daring Hero raise?
Is it his Age of War, for Trophies calls
His two whole Years spent on the Rebel *Gauls*?
Is it the hostile *Rhine* forsook with haste? 875
Is it the shoaly Channel which he past,
That Ocean huge he talks of? Does he boast
His Flight on *Britain*'s new discover'd Coast?
Perhaps abandon'd *Rome* new Pride supplies,
He views the naked Town with joyful Eyes,
While from his Rage an armed People flies.
But know, vain Man, no *Roman* fled from thee;
They left their Walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to follow me.
Me, who e're twice the Moon her Orb renew'd,
The Pyrates formidable Fleet subdu'd: 885
Soon as the Sea my shining Ensigns bore,
Vanquish'd they fled, and sought the safer Shore;
Humbly content their forfeit Lives to save,
And take the narrow Lot my Bounty gave.

By me the mighty *Mithridates* chac'd, 890
Thro' all the Windings of his *Pontus* pass'd.
He who the Fate of *Rome* delay'd so long,
While in Suspence uncertain Empire hung;
He who to *Sylla*'s Fortune scorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing Arms resign'd the Field: 895
Driv'n out at length, and press'd where-e'er he fled,
He sought a Grave to hide his vanquish'd Head.
O'er the wide World may various Trophies rise,
Beneath the vast Extent of distant Skies;
Me the Cold Bear, the Northern Climates know, 900
And *Phasis*' Waters thro' my Conquests flow;
My Deeds in *Egypt* and *Syene* live,
Where high Meridian Suns no Shadow give.
Hesperian Batis my Commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to seek the Western Seas. 905
By me the Captive *Arabs* Hands were bound,
And *Colchians* for their ravish'd Fleece renown'd;
O'er *Asia* wide my conqu'ring Ensigns spread,
Armenia me, and lofty *Taurus* dread;
To me submit *Cilicia's* warlike Pow'rs, 910
And proud *Sophene* veils her wealthy Tow'rs:

Ver. 903. *Meridian Suns no Shadow.*] That is, when the Sun is in *Cancer*, under which Sign *Syene* lyes.

Ver. 904. *Hesperian Batis.*] *Spain* was more properly call'd *Hesperia* than *Italy*, as being the Westermost Province of *Europe*: But the Name was at times given to both. *Batis* was a River in *Spain*; it runs by *Corduba* and *Sevil*.

Ver. 911. *Sophene.*] A City in *Armenia*.

The

The *Jews* I tam'd, who with Religion bow
To some mysterious Name, which none beside 'em know.
Is there a Land, to turn up all at last,
Thro' which my Arms with Conquest have not past?
The World, by me, the World is overcome, 915
And *Cæsar* finds no Enemy but *Rome*.
He said. The Croud in dull Suspension hung;
Nor with applauding Acclamations rung;
No chearful Ardor waves the lifted Hand, 920
Nor military Cries the Fight demand.
The Chief perceiv'd the Soldier's Fire to fail,
And *Cæsar*'s Fame fore-running to prevail;
His Eagles he withdraws with timely Care,
Nor trusts *Rome*'s Fate to such uncertain War. 925
As when with Fury stung and jealous Rage,
Two mighty Bulls for Sov'raignty engage;
The vanquish'd far to Banishment removes,
To lonely Fields and unfrequented Groves;
There, for a while, with conscious Shame he burns, 930
And tries on every Tree his angry Horns:
But when his former Vigour stands confest,
And larger Muscles shake his ample Breast,
With better Chance he seeks the Fight again,
And drives his Rival bell'wing o'er the Plain; 935
Then uncontrol'd the Subject Herd he leads,
And reigns the Master of the fruitful Meads.

Unequal thus to *Cæsar*, *Pompey* yields
The fair Dominion of *Hesperia's* Fields:
Swift thro' *Apulia* march his flying Pow'rs, 940
And seek the Safety of *Brundusium's* Tow'rs.
This City a *Dictæan* People hold,
Here plac'd by tall *Athenian* Barks of Old;
When with false Omens from the *Cretan* Shore,
Their sable Sails victorious *Theseus* bore. 945
Here *Italy* a narrow Length extends,
And in a scanty Slip projected ends.
A crooked Mole around the Waves she winds,
And in her Folds the *Adriatick* binds. 949
Nor yet the bending Shores cou'd form a Bay,
Did not a Barrier Isle the Winds delay,
And break the Seas tempestuous in their way.
Huge Mounds of Rocks are plac'd by Nature's Hand,
To guard around the hospitable Strand;
To turn the Storm, repulse the rushing Tide, 955
And bid the anch'ring Bark securely ride.
Hence *Nereus* wide the liquid Main displays,
And spreads to various Ports his wat'ry Ways;

Ver. 942. *Dictæan.*] *Cretan* from *Dicte*, a City in that Island. *Lucan* tells us here upon what Occasion the Colony was planted here. *Brundusium* is now call'd *Brindisi*.

Ver. 944. *With false Omens.*] The Sails of *Theseus* ought to have been white, according to his Success: Being black, his Father fearing his Son was dead, threw himself into the Sea: But this is a very known Story.

Whether

Whether the Pilot for *Corcyra* ſtand,
Or for *Illyrian Epidamnus'* Strand. 960
Hither when all the *Adriatick* roars,
And thund'ring Billows vex the double Shores;
When ſable Clouds around the Welkin ſpread,
And frowning Storms involve *Ceraunia*'s Head;
When white with Froth *Calabrian Saſon* lies, 965
Hither the Tempeſt-beaten Veſſel flies.

Now *Pompey*, on *Heſperia*'s utmoſt Coaſt,
Sadly ſurvey'd how all behind was loſt;
Nor to *Iberia* cou'd he force his Way;
Long interpoſing *Alps* his Paſſage ſtay. 970
At length amongſt the Pledges of his Bed,
He choſe his Eldeſt-born; and thus he ſaid.

Haſte thee, my Son! to ev'ry diſtant Land,
And bid the Nations rouſe at my Command;
Where fam'd *Euphrates* flows, or where the *Nile* 975
With muddy Waves improves the fat'ning Soil;
Where-e'er diffus'd by Victory and Fame,
Thy Father's Arms have born the *Roman* Name.
Bid the *Cilician* quit the Shore again,
And ſtretch the ſwelling Canvaſs on the Main: 980

Ver. 959. *Corcyra.*] Now *Corfu.*

Ver. 960. *Epidamnus.*] Afterwards call'd *Dyrrachium*, and now *Durazzo*, on the Coaſt of *Albania* in the Gulf of *Venice.*

Ver. 965. *Saſon.*] The ancient Geographers differ about the Situation of this Iſle. Some (among whom is *Lucan*) place it among the *Italian*, others among the *Grecian* Iſles. Of the latter Opinion is *Cellarius*. *Ceraunia* were Mountains in *Epirus.*

Bid *Ptolemy* with my *Tigranes* come,
And bold *Pharnaces* lend his Aid to *Rome*.
Thro' each *Armenia* spread the loud Alarm,
And bid the cold *Ripheans* Mountains arm.
Pontus and *Scythia's* wand'ring Tribes explore, 985
The *Euxine* and *Mæotis'* icy Shore;
Where heavy-loaden Wains slow Journeys take,
And print with groaning Wheels the frozen Lake.
But wherefore should my Words delay thy Haste?
Scatter my Wars around thro' all the East. 990
Summon the vanquish'd World to share my Fate,
And let my Triumphs on my Ensigns wait.
But you whose Names the *Roman* Annals bear,
You who distinguish the revolving Year;
Ye Consuls! to *Epirus* strait repair, 995
With the first Northern Winds that wing the Air;

Ver. 981. *Bid* Ptolemy.] These Princes, *Ptolemy*, *Tigranes*, and *Pharnaces* the Son of *Mithridates*, were beholden to *Pompey* for their Kingdoms of *Egypt*, *Armenia*, and *Bosphorus*.

Ver. 986. *The* Euxine *and* Mæotis.] The *Euxine* is now call'd the *Black Sea*, it discharges itself by the *Hellespont* into the *Propontis*, or Sea of *Marmora*; as the *Palus Mæotis* does into the *Euxine*.

Ver. 994. *You who distinguish.*] Among the *Romans* there were annual Records kept of what happen'd most remarkable to the Publick every Year: These Books were called *Fasti*; and as the Consuls were chosen on the Calends (or First Day) of *January*, their Names were prefix'd to the Account of the ensuing Year.

From

From thence the Pow'rs of *Greece* united rise,
While yet the wint'ry Year the War delays.
So spoke the Chief, his Bidding All obey;
Their Ships forsake the Port without Delay,
And speed their Passage o'er the yielding Way.
But *Cæsar*, never patient long in Peace,
Nor trusting in his Fortune's precious Fees,
Chiefly pursues his flying Foe behind,
While yet his Fate contenu'd to be Mind. 1005
Such Towns, such Fortresses, such hostile Force,
Swept in the Torrent of one rapid Course;
Such Trains of long Success attending still,
And *Rome* her self abandon'd to his Will;
Rome, the contending Party's noblest Prize, 1010
To ev'ry Wish but *Cæsar's* might suffice.
But he with Empire fir'd and vast Desires,
To All, and nothing less than All, aspires;
He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or Mighty to be gain'd. 1015
Tho' *Italy* obey his wide Command,
Tho' *Pompey* linger on the farthest Strand,
He grieves to think they tread one common Land;
His Heart disdains to brook a Rival Pow'r,
Ev'n on that utmost Margin of the Shore; 1020
Nor wou'd he leave, or Earth, or Ocean free;
The Foe he drives from Land, he bars from Sea.

With

With Moles the op'ning Flood he wou'd restrain,
Wou'd block the Port, and intercept the Main; 1025
But deep devouring Seas his Toil deride,
The plunging Quarries sink beneath the Tide,
And yielding Sands the rocky Fragments hide.
Thus, if huge *Gaurus* headlong shou'd be thrown,
In fathomless *Avernus* deep to drown;
Or if from fair *Sicilia*'s distant Strand, 1030
Eryx uprooted by some Gyant Hand,
If pond'rous with his Rocks, the Mountain vast,
Amidst the wide *Ægean* shou'd be cast;
The rolling Waves o'er either Mass wou'd flow,
And each be lost within the Depths below. 1035
When no firm Basis for his Work he found,
But still it fail'd in Ocean's faithless Ground,
Huge Trees and Barks in massy Chains he bound.
For Planks and Beams he ravages the Wood,
And the tough Boom extends across the Flood. 1040
Such was the Road by haughty *Xerxes* made,
When o'er the *Hellespont* his Bridge he laid,
Vast was the Task, and daring the Design,
Europe and *Asia*'s distant Shores to join,
And make the World's divided Parts combine.

Ver. 1028. *Gaurus.*] Now called *Monte Barbaro*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. *Avernus* is a Lake now call'd *Averno* in the same Country.

Proud

Proudly he pass'd the Flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearless of Waves that beat, and Winds that roar:
Then spread his Sails, and bid the Land obey,
And thro' mid *Athos* find his Fleet a way.
Like him bold *Cæsar* yoak'd the swelling Tide, 1050
Like him the boist'rous Elements defy'd;
This floating Bank the strait'ning Entrance bound,
And rising Turrets trembled on the Mound.
But anxious Cares revolve in *Pompey*'s Breast,
The new surrounding Shores his Thoughts molest; 1055
Secret he meditates the Means, to free
And spread the War wide-ranging o'er the Sea.
Oft driving on the Work with well-fill'd Sails,
The Cordage stretching with the fresh'ning Gales,
Ships with a thund'ring Shock the Mole divide, 1060
And thro' the wat'ry Breach securely glide.
Huge Engines oft by Night their Vengeance pour,
And dreadful shoot from far a fiery Show'r;
Thro' the black Shade the darting Flame descends,
And kindling o'er the wooden Wall extends. 1065
At length arriv'd with the revolving Night,
The chosen Hour appointed for his Flight:
He bids his Friends prevent the Seaman's Roar,
And still the deaf'ning Clamours on the Shore;

Ver. 1049. *Thro' mid* Athos.] *Xerxes* cut a Channel between the Mountain *Athos* and the Continent of *Macedonia* for his Fleet to pass through.

No

Cæsar with Rage the lessening Sails descries,
And thinks the Conquest mean, that *Pompey* flies.
A narrow Pass the horned Mole divides,
Narrow as that where *Euripus* strong Tides
Beat on *Euboean Chalcis'* rocky Sides:
Here two tall Ships become the Victor's Prey;
Just in the Strait they stuck; the Foes belay;
The crooked Grappling's freely Hold they cast,
Then drag 'em to the hostile Shore with haste.
Here Civil Slaughter first the Sea prophanes,
And purple *Neptune* blush'd in guilty Stains.
The rest pursue their Course before the Wind;
These of the Rear-most only left behind.
So when the *Pagasæan Argo* bore
The *Grecian* Heroes, to the *Colchian* Shore;
Fortune her *Cyanean* Islands floating sent,
The bold Adventurers Passage to prevent.

Ver. 1096. *Euripus.*] The Channel between the Island of *Eubœa*, now *Negropont*, and *Greece*. It was very narrow near the City of *Chalcis*, (*Negropont*.

Ver. 1106. *The* Pagasæan Argo.] The Enterprize of *Jason* and the *Argonauts* for the Golden-Fleece is well known: They set out from *Pagasæ*, a Part of *Thessaly*. When they came near the *Cyanea Insula*, or *Symplegades*, now call'd the *Parvonares*, two Islands at the Entrance into the *Euxine* Sea, which were then believ'd to move, they were like to be crush'd between 'em; but as the Ship escap'd, and the malicious Islands were disappointed, it is said they grew fulkest, and never mov'd since.

But the ſam'd Bark a Fragment only loſt, 1110
While ſwiftly o'er the dangerous Gulf ſhe croſt:
Thund'ring the Mountains met and ſhook the Main,
But move no more, ſince that Attempt was vain.
Now thro' Night's Shade the early Dawning broke,
And changing Skies the coming Sun beſpoke; 1115
As yet the Morn was dreſt in dusky White,
Nor purpled o'er the Eaſt with ruddy Light;
At length the *Pleiads* fading Beams gave way,
And dull *Boötes* languiſh'd into Day;
Each larger Star withdrew his fainting Head, 1120
And *Lucifer* from ſtronger *Phœbus* fled;
When *Pompey*, from *Heſperia*'s hoſtile Shore
Eſcaping, for the Azure *Oſſus* bore.
O Hero, happy once, once Ill'd the Great!
What Turns prevail in thy uncertain Fate! 1125
How art thou chang'd ſince Sov'reign of the Main,
Thy Navies cover'd o'er the liquid Plain!
When the fierce Pyrates fled before thy Prow,
Where-ever Waves could waſt, or Winds could blow!
But Fortune is grown weary of Thee now.
With Thee, thy Sons, and tender Wife, prepare
The Toils of War and Baniſhment to bear;
And holy Houſhold-Gods thy Sorrows ſhare.
And yet a mighty Exile ſhalt thou go,
While Nations follow to partake thy Woe. 1135

Far

Far lies the Land in which thou art decreed,
Unjuſtly, by a Villain's Hand to bleed.
Nor think the Gods a Death ſo diſtant doom,
To rob thy Aſhes of an Urn in *Rome*;
But Fortune fav'rably remov'd the Crime, 1140
And forc'd the Guilt on *Egypt's* curſed Clime;
The pitying Pow'rs to *Italy* were good,
And ſav'd her from the Stain of *Pompey's* Blood.

THE

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

The Third Book begins with the Relation of Pompey's *Dream in his Voyage from* Italy. Cæsar, *who had driven him from thence, after sending* Curio *to provide Corn in* Sicily, *returns to* Rome: *There disdaining the single Opposition of* L. Metellus, *then Tribune of the People, he breaks open the Temple of* Saturn, *and seises on the publick Treasure. Then follows an Account of the several different Nations that took part with* Pompey. *From* Rome Cæsar *passes into* Gaul; *where the* Massilians, *who were inclinable to* Pompey, *send an Embassy to propose a Neutrality; this* Cæsar *refuses, and besieges the Town. But meeting with more Difficulties than he expected; he leaves* C. Trebonius *his Lieutenant before* Massilia, *and marches himself into* Spain, *appointing at the same time* D. Brutus *Admiral of a Navy which he had built and fitted out with great Expedition. The* Massilians *likewise send out their Fleet, but are engag'd and beaten at Sea by* Brutus.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK III.

THRO' the mid Ocean now the Navy ſails,
Their yielding Canvaſs ſtretch'd by Southern Gales.
Each to the vaſt *Ionian* turns his Eye,
Where Seas and Skies the Proſpect wide ſupply:
But *Pompey* backward ever bent his Look,
Nor to the laſt his Native Coaſt forſook.
His wat'ry Eyes the leſs'ning Objects mourn,
And parting Shores that never ſhall return;
Still the lov'd Land attentive they purſue,
'Till the tall Hills are veil'd in cloudy Blue,
'Till all is loſt in Air, and vaniſh'd from his View.

At

At length the weary Chieftain sunk to Rest,
And creeping Slumbers sooth'd his anxious Breast:
When, lo! in that short Moment of Repose,
His *Julia*'s Shade a dreadful Vision rose; 15
Thro' gaping Earth her ghastly Head she rear'd,
And by the Light of livid Flames appear'd.
Thy impious Arms (she cry'd) my Peace infest,
And drive me from the Mansions of the Blest:
No more *Elysium*'s happy Fields I know, 20
Dragg'd to the guilty *Stygian* Shades below:
I saw the Fury's horrid Hands prepare
New Rage, new Flames to kindle up thy War.
The Sire no longer trusts his single Boat,
But Navies on the joyless River float. 25
Capacious Hell complains for want of Room,
And seeks new Plagues for Multitudes to come.
Her nimble Hands each fatal Sister plies,
The Sisters scarcely to the Task suffice,
When thou wert mine, what Laurels crown'd thy Head!
Now thou hast chang'd thy Fortune with thy Bed. 30
In an ill Hour thy second Choice was made,
To Slaughter thou, like *Crassus*, art betray'd.
Death is the Dow'r *Cornelia*'s Love affords,
Ruin still waits upon her potent Lords: 35

Ver. 24. *The Sire.*] *Charon.*
Ver. 29. *The Sisters.*] The Destinies.

While

While yet my Ashes glow'd, she took my Place,
And came a Harlot to thy loose Embrace.
But let her Partner of thy Warfare go,
Let her by Land and Sea thy Labours know;
In all thy broken Sleeps I will be near, 40
In all thy Dreams sad *Julia* shall appear.
Your Loves shall find no Moment for Delight,
The Day shall all be *Cæsar's*, mine the Night.
Not the dull Stream, where long Oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my Husband, from my Soul. 45
The Pow'rs beneath my Constancy approve,
And bid me follow wherefoe'er you rove.
Amidst the joining Battels will I stand,
And still remind thee of thy plighted Hand. 49
Nor think, those sacred Ties no more remain;
The Sword of War divides the Knot in vain,
That very War shall make thee mine again.

The Phantom spoke, and gliding from the Place,
Deluded her astonish'd Lord's Embrace.
But he, tho' Gods forewarn him of his Fate, 55
And Furies with Destruction threatning wait,
With new Resolves his constant Bosom warms,
And fuze of Ruin, rushes on to Arms.
What mean these Terrors of the Night? he cries;
Why dance these Visions vain before our Eyes? 60
Or endless Apathy succeeds to Death,
And Sense is lost with our expiring Breath;

Or if the Soul ſome future Life ſhall know,
To better Worlds Immortal ſhall ſhe go:
Whate'er Event the doubtful Queſtion clears, 65
Death muſt be ſtill unworthy of our Fears.
Now headlong to the Weſt the Sun was fled,
And half in Seas obſcur'd his beamy Head;
Such ſeems the Moon, while, growing yet, ſhe ſhines,
Or waining from her fuller Orb declines: 70
When hoſpitable Shores appear at hand,
Where fair *Dyrrachium* ſpreads her friendly Strand.
The Seamen furl the Canvaſs, ſtrike the Maſt,
Then dip their nimble Oars, and landward haſte.
Thus while they fled, and leſs'ning by degrees 75
The Navy ſeem'd to hide beneath the Seas;
Cæſar, tho' left the Maſter of the Field,
With Eyes unpleas'd the Foes Eſcape beheld:
With fierce Impatience Victory he ſcorns,
And viewing *Pompey*'s Flight, his Safety mourns. 80
To vanquiſh ſeems unworthy of his Care,
Unleſs the Blow decides the ling'ring War.
No Bounds his headlong vaſt Ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, tho' Fortune all beſtows.
At length his Thoughts from Arms and Vengeance ceaſe,
And for awhile revolve the Arts of Peace; 86
Careful to purchaſe popular Applauſe,
And gain the lazy Vulgar to his Cauſe,

He

He knew the conſtant Practice of the Great,
That thoſe who court the Vulgar, bid 'em eat. 90
When pinch'd with Want all Rev'rence they withdraw;
For hungry Multitudes obey no Law:
Thus therefore Factions make their Parties good,
And buy Authority and Pow'r with Food.
The Murmurs of the many to prevent, 95
Curio to fruitful *Sicily* is ſent.
Of old the ſwelling Sea's impetuous Tide
Tore the fair Iſland from *Heſperia*'s Side:
Still foamy Wars the jealous Waves maintain,
For fear the neighb'ring Lands ſhou'd join again. 100
Sardinia too renown'd for yellow Fields,
With *Sicily* her bounteous Tribute yields;
No Lands a Glebe of richer Tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more Plenty to the *Roman* Coaſt:
Not *Libya* more abounds in wealthy Grain, 105
Nor with a fuller Harveſt ſpreads the Plain;
Tho' Northern Winds their cloudy Treaſures bear,
To temper well the Soil and ſult'ry Air,
And fatt'ning Rains increaſe the proſp'rous Year.
This done, to *Rome* his way the Leader took: 110
His Train the rougher ſhews of War forſook;
No Force, no Fears their Hands unarmed bear,
But Looks of Peace and Gentleneſs they wear.
Oh! had he now his Country's Friend return'd,
Had none but barb'rous Foes his Conqueſt mourn'd; 115

What swarming Crouds had issu'd at the Gate,
On the glad Triumph's length'ning Train to wait!
How might his Wars in various Glories shine,
The Ocean vanquish'd, and in Bonds the *Rhine!*
How wou'd his lofty Chariot roll along, 120
Thro' loud Applauses of the joyful Throng!
How might he view from high his Captive Thralls,
The beauteous *Britons*, and the noble *Gauls!*
But oh! what fatal Honours has he won!
How is his Fame by Victory undone! 125
No cheerful Citizens the Victor meet,
But hush'd with awful Dread his Passage greet.
He too the Horrors of the Croud approv'd,
Joy'd in their Fears, and wish'd not to be lov'd.
Now steepy *Anxur* past, and the moist Way, 130
Which o'er the faithless *Pomtine* Marshes lay;
Thro' *Scythian Dian's Aricinian* Grove,
Cesar approach'd the Fane of *Alban Jove.*

Ver. 130. *Anxur,*] Now called *Terracina*, a City sixty Miles West of *Rome*, in the Way between that City and *Naples*.

Ver. 131. Pomtine *Marshes.*] These are in the Pope's Territories, along the Coast of the *Tuscan* Sea from *Nettuno* to the West of *Terracina*.

Ver. 132. *Thro'* Scythian Dian's Aricinian.] *Aricia* was a City of *Latium*, now a Town and Castle in the *Campagna di Roma* on the *Appian* Way. In a Grove near this Place was worshipp'd an Image of *Diana*, said to be brought thither by *Orestes* from *Taurica*.

Thither

Thither with yearly Rites the Consuls come,
And thence the Chief survey'd his Native *Rome:* 135
Wond'ring awhile he view'd her from afar,
Long from his Eyes with-held by distant War.
Fled they from thee, Thou Seat of Gods! (he cry'd)
E're yet the Fortune of the Fight was try'd?
If thou art left, what Prize can Earth afford, 140
Worth the Contention of the Warrior's Sword?
Well for thy Safety now the Gods provide,
Since *Parthian* Inroads spare thy naked Side:
Since yet no *Scythians* and *Pannonians* join,
Nor warlike *Daci* with the *Getes* combine; 145
No Foreign Armies are against thee led,
While thou art curst with such a Coward Head.
A gentler Fate the heav'nly Pow'rs bestow,
A Civil War, and *Cæsar* for thy Foe. 149

He said; and strait the frighted City sought:
The City with Confusion wild was fraught,
And lab'ring shook with ev'ry dreadful Thought.
They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn;
Religion, Gods, and Temples to o'erturn.
Their Fears suggest him willing to pursue 155
Whatever Ills unbounded Pow'r can do.
Their Hearts by one low Passion only move,
Nor dare shew Hate, nor can dissemble Love.
The lurking Fathers, a dishearten'd Band, 159
Drawn from their Houses forth, by proud Command,

In *Palatine Apollo*'s Temple meet,
And sadly view the Consuls empty Seat;
No Rods, no Chairs Curule adorn the Place,
Nor purple Magistrates th' Assembly grace.
Cæsar is all things in himself alone, 165
The silent Court is but a Looker on;
With humble Votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty Subject shall Decree:
Whether as King, or God, he will be fear'd,
If Royal Thrones, or Altars, shall be rear'd. 170
Ready for Death, or Banishment, they stand,
And wait their Doom from his disposing Hand.
But he, by secret Shame's Reproaches staid,
Blush'd to Command, what *Rome* wou'd have Obey'd.
Yet Liberty thus slighted and betray'd, 175
One last Effort with Indignation made:
One Man she chose to try th' unequal Fight,
And prove the Pow'r of Justice against Might.

Ver. 161. *In* Palatine Apollo's *Temple*.] Several Historians tell us, that *Cæsar* coming to *Rome* after *Pompey* had left *Italy*, call'd the Senate together in the Temple of *Apollo* on the *Palatine* Hill. In a Speech to 'em there, he excus'd the War he had undertaken, as a Thing he was compell'd to for his own Defence against the Injuries and Envy of a few; and at the same time desir'd they wou'd send Messengers to *Pompey* and the Consuls to propose a Treaty for accommodating the present Differences. *Lucan* in this, as in many other Places, puts *Cæsar*'s Actions in an invidious Light; and the Senate, according to him, make but a very mean Figure upon this Occasion.

While

While with rude Uproar armed Hands essay
To make old *Saturn's* treas'ring Fane their Prey; 180
The bold *Metellus*, careless of his Fate,
Rush'd thro', and stood to guard the Holy Gate.
So daring is the sordid Love of Gold!
So fearless Death and Dangers can behold!
Without a Blow defenceless fell the Laws; 185
While Wealth, the basest, most inglorious Cause,
Against oppressing Tyranny makes head,
Finds Hands to fight, and Eloquence to plead.
The bustling Tribune, struggling in the Croud,
Thus warns the Victor of the Wrong aloud. 190
Thro' me, thou Robber! force thy horrid way,
My sacred Blood shall stain thy impious Prey.
But there are Gods, to urge thy guilty Fate;
Sure Vengeance on thy Sacrilege shall wait.
Remember, by the Tribunes Curse pursu'd, 195
Crassus, too late, the Violation ru'd.
Pierce then my Breast, nor shall the Crime displease,
This Croud is us'd to Spectacles like these.

Ver. 180. *Old* Saturn's *treas'ring Fane.*] The Temple of *Saturn* was the Place where the publick Treasure was kept.

Ver. 181. *The bold* Metellus.] He was then the Tribune of the People, an Office accounted so sacred, that the Cause of *M. Crassus*'s great Overthrow and Death in *Parthia*, was look'd upon as the Effect of his being curs'd by *Atreius* the Tribune as he left *Rome*.

In a forsaken City are we left,
Of Virtue with her noblest Sons bereft. 205
Why seek'st thou Ours? Is there not foreign Gold?
Towns to be sack'd, and People to be sold?
With those reward the Ruffian Soldier's Toil;
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd Country's Spoil.
Hast thou not War? Let War thy Wants provide. 209
He spoke. The Victor high in Wrath, reply'd.
Sooth not thy Soul with hopes of Death so vain,
No Blood of thine my conqu'ring Sword shall stain.
Thy Titles and thy popular Command,
Can never make thee worthy *Cæsar's* Hand. 210
Art thou thy Country's sole Defender! Thou!
Can Liberty and *Rome* be fall'n so low!
Nor Time, nor Chance bred such Confusions yet;
Nor are the Mean so rais'd, nor sunk the Great;
But Laws themselves would rather chuse to be 215
Suppress'd by *Cæsar*, than preserv'd by thee.
He said. The stubborn Tribune kept his Place,
While Anger redden'd on the Warrior's Face;
His wrathful Hand descending grasp'd his Blade,
And half forgot the peaceful Part he play'd. 220
When *Cotta* to prevent the kindling Fire,
Thus sooth'd the rash *Metellus* to retire.
Where Kings prevail, all Liberty is lost,
And none but he who Reigns can Freedom boast;

Some

Some Shadow of the Bliss thou shalt retain,
Chusing to do what Sov'reign Pow'rs ordain: 225
Vanquish'd and long accustom'd to submit,
With Patience underneath our Loads we sit;
Our Chains alone our slavish Fears excuse,
While we bear Ill, we know not to refuse. 230
Far hence the fatal Treasures let him bear,
The Seeds of Mischief, and the Cause of War.
Free States might well a Loss like this deplore;
In Servitude none miss the publick Store,
And 'tis the Curse of Kings for Subjects to be poor.
The Tribune with unwilling Steps withdrew; 235
While impious Hands the rude Assault renew:
The brazen Gates with thund'ring Strokes resound,
And the *Tarpeian* Mountain rings around.
At length the sacred Store-house, open laid, 240
The hoarded Wealth of Ages past display'd;
There might be seen the Sums proud *Carthage* sent,
Her long impending Ruin to prevent.
There heap'd the *Macedonian* Treasures shone,
What great *Flaminius* and *Æmilius* won
From vanquish'd *Philip*, and his hapless Son.

Ver. 242. Carthage *sent.*] At the End of the first *Punick* War the *Carthaginians* were obliged to pay 1200 Talents, at the second 10000. Every Talent was worth 187 *l.* 10 *s.* of our Money.

Ver. 245. *What great* Flaminius.] *Philip* King of *Macedonia* was vanquish'd by *T. Q. Flaminius*, and his Son *Perses* by *Paulus Æmilius*. *Perses* was led in Triumph.

There lay, what flying *Pyrrhus* loſt, the Gold
Scorn'd by the Patriot's Honeſty of old:
Whate'er our parſimonious Sires cou'd ſave,
What Tributary Gifts rich *Syria* gave; 250
The hundred *Cretan* Cities ample Spoil;
What *Cato* gather'd from the *Cyprian* Iſle,
Riches of Captive Kings by *Pompey* born,
In happier Days his Triumph to adorn,
From utmoſt *India* and the riſing Morn;
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious Day, 256
Became the needy Soldiers lawleſs Prey:
And wretched *Rome*, by Robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the Bankrupt *Cæſar* now:
Meanwhile the World, by *Pompey*'s Fate alarm'd, 260
Nations ordain'd to ſhare his Fall had arm'd.
Greece firſt with Troops the neighb'ring War ſupply'd,
And ſent the Youth of *Phocis* to his Side;

See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Paulus Æmilius*, where the Magnificence of that Triumph, and the miſerable Condition of *Perſes*, are deſcrib'd at large.

Ver. 248. *Scorn'd by the Patriot's Honeſty.*] The Money offer'd by *Pyrrhus* to *Fabricius*, and refus'd by him.

Ver. 250. *Rich* Syria,] Pay'd by *Antiochus*, beſide what was given by *Attalus* King of *Pergamus*.

Ver. 251. Cretan *Cities.*] *Crete*, now *Candia*, was vanquiſh'd and plunder'd by *Q. Metellus*. The elder *Cato* brought 7000 Talents from *Cyprus*.

Ver. 259. *Bankrupt* Cæſar.] *Cæſar*, by the great Sums of Money which he had laviſhly expended in promoting his Intereſt, had run himſelf prodigiouſly in Debt.

Ver. 263. *Phocis*,] A Country of *Achaia* in *Greece* between

From *Cyrrha* and *Amphisa*'s Tow'rs they mov'd,
And high *Parnassus* by the Muse belov'd; 265
Cephissus' sacred Flood Assistance lends,
And *Dirce*'s Spring her *Theban* Leaders sends.
Alpheus too affords his *Pisa*'s Aid;
By *Pisa*'s Walls the Stream is first convey'd,
Then seeks thro' Seas the lov'd *Sicilian* Maid.
From *Manalus Arcadian* Shepherds swarm, 271
And Warriors in *Herculean Trachyn* arm;
The *Dryopes Chaonia*'s Hills forsook,
And *Sella* left *Dodona*'s silent Oak.

tween *Ætolia* and *Bœotia*, in which were the Mountains *Parnassus* and *Helicon*, the Fountain *Hippocrene*, the City of *Delphos*, *Cyrrha* and *Amphisia*, now *Salona*. 'Tis at this time part of a Province call'd *Livadia*.

Ver. 266. *Cephissus*,] Now *Cefisso*, a River of *Greece* that falls into the Gulf of *Negropont*. It rises in the Mountains of *Phocis*, and is called sacred from the Neighbourhood of its Springs to the *Delphick* Oracle.

Ver. 267. *Dirce*,] A Fountain near *Thebes*.

Ver. 267. *Alpheus*.] A River of *Arcadia*, famous for his Love to *Arethusa* the Water-Nymph in *Sicily*, and passing thro' the Sea from *Greece* to *Sicily* without mixing his Waters for her sake. See *Ovid. Metam.*

Ver. 271. *Manalus*,] A Hill in *Arcadia*.

Ver. 272. *Trachinia*,] A little Territory of *Phthiotis* in *Greece*, on the Coast of the *Maliacan* Gulf, where the City *Heraclea*, thence call'd also *Trachin*, stands.

Ver. 273. *Dryopes*.] Inhabitants of *Chaonia* (now *la Canina*) part of *Epirus*.

Ver. 274. *Sella*,] People of the same Country. *Jupiter*'s Oraculous Oak or Grove at *Dodona* was then silent, and had been so for some time.

The'

Tho' *Athens* now had drain'd her Naval Store, 275
And the *Phœbean* Arsenal was poor,
Three Ships of *Salamis* to *Pompey* came,
To vindicate their Isle's contested Name,
And justifie the ancient *Attick* Claim.
Jove's *Cretan* People hastening to the War, 280
The *Gnossian* Quiver and the Shaft prepare;
The bending Bow they draw with deadly Art,
And rival ev'n the flying *Parthian*'s Dart.

Ver. 276. Phœbean *Arsenal.*] The *Athenians* had, not improperly, dedicated their Arsenal to *Phœbus*, since his Oracle had first advis'd 'em to defend their City with wooden Walls, (that is) with Ships.

The latter part of this Passage is very obscure, and the Commentators are a good deal puzzled about it. *Beroaldus* fancies it relates to an old Dispute between the *Megarenses* and *Athenians* concerning the Propriety of *Salamis*, in which the former were cast, and the Island adjudged to the latter upon the Evidence of a Verse in *Homer*. The other Interpretation is, that this Passage alludes to another *Salamis* in *Cyprus*, according to that of *Horace*.

Ambiguam tellure Novam Salamina futuram.

As it it were to confirm the Opinion of this *Athenian Salamis*, being the first and true one. In the Translation, I have endeavour'd to take in both these Senses.

Ver. 280. Jove's Cretan *People.*] *Crete* was famous for the Birth, and even for the Burial of *Jupiter*. *Gnossus* was one of the Hundred Cities in that Island.

Wild

Wild *Athamans* who in the Woods delight,
With *Dardan Oricenians* unite;
With these th' *Enchelia* who the Name partake,
Since *Theban Cadmus* first became a Snake:
The *Colchians* planted on *Illyrian* Shores,
Where rushing down *Absyrtos* foamy roars;
With those where *Peneus* runs, and hardy Swains,
Whose Ploughs divide *Ioleos'* fruitful Plains.
From thence, e'er yet the Seaman's Art was taught,
Rude *Argo* thro' the Deep a Passage fought;
She first explor'd the distant foreign Land,
And shew'd her Strangers to the wond'ring Strand:
Then Nations Nations knew, in Leagues were join'd,
And universal Commerce mix'd Mankind.
By her made bold, the daring Race defy'd
The Winds tempestuous, and the swelling Tide:

Ver. 284. *Athamans,*] People of the Mountains in *Epirus*.

Ver. 286. *Dardan Oricenians.*] *Oricum*, or *Orieon*, a Town of *Epirus* call'd *Dardan*, from being formely subject to *Helenus* and *Andromache*.

Ver. 285. *Enchelia,*] People of *Illyria*, where *Cadmus* and *Hermione* were said to be turn'd into Snakes; the Word Ἔγχελυς signifies a kind of Serpent in *Greek*.

Ver. 289. *Absyrtos,*] Is said to be a River and Island of the same Name on the Coast of *Illyria*, where *Absyrtos* the Brother of *Medea* was cut to Pieces. *Cellarius* mentions only the Islands *Absyrtides*.

Ver. 290. *Peneus,*] Was a River, and *Ioleos* a Sea-port Town in *Thessaly*, from whence the *Argonauts* set forth with *Jason*.

Much

Much she enlarg'd Destruction's ample Pow'r, 300
And open'd ways to Death unknown before.
Then *Pholoe*'s Heights, that fabled *Centaurs* boast,
And *Thracian Hæmus* then his Warriors lost.
Then *Strymon* was forsook, whose wint'ry Flood
Commits to warmer *Nile* his feather'd Brood; 305
Then Bands from *Cone* and from *Peuce* came,
Where *Ister* loses his divided Stream;
From *Idalis* where cold *Caïcus* flows,
And where *Arisbe*, thin, her sandy Surface strows;
From *Pytane*, and sad *Celænæ*'s Walls, 310
Where now in Streams the vanquish'd *Marsyas* falls:

Ver. 302. *Pholoe*,] A Mountain in *Arcadia*, inhabited by *Centaurs*.

Ver. 303. *Hæmus*,] Or *Æmus*, a Mountain in *Thrace*.

Ver. 304. *Strymon*,] A River of *Thrace*, whose Banks abounded with Cranes, now called *Ischar*, in the *European Turkey*.

Ver. 306. *Cone* and *Peuce*.] The latter of these was an Island amongst the Mouths of the *Ister* or *Danube*; the former was likewise thereabouts.

Ver. 308. *From* Idalis.] The Commentators explain the *Tellus Idalis* in this Place to be the Territory about Mount *Ida*, which must be a great Mistake in Geography; for *Caicus* is a River in *Mysia major*, a great way distant from *Ida*. It seems rather to have been a Town; and *Pliny* actually mentions one of that Name in this Part of *Asia*.

Ver. 309. *Arisbe*,] A Town in *Troas*.

Ver. 310. *From* Pytane *and sad* Celenæ.] *Pytane* was a Town not far from the Mouth of the River *Caicus*. *Celenæ* was a City near the Head of the River *Marsyas*, the fabulous Story of which is; That he found the Pipes *Pallas* had in Disdain thrown away, and pragmatically set up for

Still his lamenting Progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful Gift, and *Phœbus*' Pow'r;
While thro' steep Banks his Torrent swift he leads,
And with *Maander* winds among the Meads. 315
Proud *Lydia*'s Plains send forth her wealthy Sons,
Pactolus there, and golden *Hermus* runs:
From Earth's dark Womb hid Treasures they convey,
Aud rich in yellow Waters rise to Day.
From *Ilium* too ill-omen'd Ensigns move, 320
Again ordain'd their former Fate to prove;
Their Arms they rang'd on *Pompey*'s hapless Side,
Nor sought a Chief to *Dardan* Kings ally'd:
Tho' Tales of *Troy* proud *Cæsar*'s Lineage grace,
With great *Æneas* and the *Julian* Race. 325
The *Syrians* swift *Orontes*' Banks forsake,
And from *Idume*'s Palms their Journey take;
Damascus obvious to the driving Wind,
With *Ninos*', and with *Gaza*'s Force is join'd.

for as good a Musician as *Apollo*; by whom he was first vanquish'd, and then flea'd. But some compassionate Nymphs, who had so good a Taste as to like the Performance of *Marsyas* better than that of *Apollo*, turn'd him into a River which falls into the *Maander*.

Ver. 327. *Idume*,] The same that is call'd in the Holy Scriptures *Edom*.

Ver. 329. *Ninos*,] A City of *Assyria* built by *Ninus*, the Husband of *Semiramis*. Some take it to be the same with *Ninive*.

Unstable

Unstable *Tyre* now knit to firmer Ground, 330
With *Sidon* for her purple Shells renown'd,
Safe in the *Cynosure*, their glitt'ring Guide,
With well-directed Navies stem the Tide.
Phœnicians first, if ancient Fame be true,
The sacred Mystery of Letters knew; 335
They first by Sound in various Lines design'd,
Exprest the Meaning of the thinking Mind;
The Pow'r of Words by Figures rude convey'd,
And useful Science everlasting made.
Then *Memphis*, e'er the reedy Leaf was known, 340
Engrav'd her Precepts and her Arts in Stone;
While Animals in various Order plac'd,
The learned Hieroglyphick Column grac'd.

Ver. 330. Tyre *and* Sidon,] Two celebrated Maritime Towns on the Coast of *Phœnicia*, famous for the making of Purple, and their other Commerce and Navigation. *Tyre* was formerly an Island, but was join'd to the Continent by *Alexander* the Great. According to *Lucan* in this Place, they used to make their Observations, and direct their Course at Sea, by the *Cynosure* or Lesser Bear.

Ver. 334. Phœnicians *first*.] *Cadmus* is said to be the first who brought the Use and Knowledge of Letters from amongst the *Phœnicians* into *Greece*. Himself perhaps was the Inventer of 'em: 'till then, the *Ægyptians*, among whom the earliest Dawnings of Learning began, deliver'd their Knowledge down to Posterity by Hieroglyphicks, or Figures carv'd upon Stone Pillars. Afterwards, when Letters were found out, they were the first who made Paper of a certain Flag or Reed growing in the Marshes of the *Nile*, call'd *Biblos* and *Papyrus*.

Then

Then left they, lofty *Taurus'* spreading Grove,
And *Tarsos*, built by *Perseus*, born of *Jove*; 345
Then *Mallian*, and *Corycian* Tow'rs they leave,
Where mould'ring Rocks disclose a gaping Cave.
The bold *Cilicians*, Pyrates now no more,
Unfurl a juster Sail, and ply the Oar;
To *Ega's* Port they gather all around, 350
The Shores with shouting Mariners resound.
Far in the East War spreads the loud Alarm,
Where Worshippers of distant *Ganges* arm;
Right to the breaking Day his Waters run,
The only Stream that braves the rising Sun. 355
By this strong Flood, and by the Ocean bound,
Proud *Alexander's Arms* a Limit found;
Vain in his Hopes the Youth had grasp'd at all,
And his vast Thought took in the vanquish'd Ball.
But own'd, when force'd from *Ganges* to retreat; 360
The World too mighty, and the Task too great.

Ver. 344. *Taurus*,] A famous Mountain in *Asia*, most properly the Part which divides *Cilicia* and *Pamphylia* from *Armenia*.

Ver. 345. *Tarsos*,] A City of *Cilicia*, famous among Christians for the Birth of St. *Paul*.

Ver. 346. *Then* Mallian.] *Mallos*, *Æga* and *Coricium* were Sea-ports of *Cilicia*, at the latter of these was a remarkable Cave. *Lucan* observes very well here, that the *Cilicians* were engaged in a just Cause now, and not upon the same Foot as when they were famous for their Piracies, and vanquish'd by *Pompey*.

Then

Then on the Banks of *Indus* Nations rose,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd *Hydaspes* flows:
In Numbers vast they coast the rapid Flood,
Strange in their Habit, Manners, and their Food. 365
With Saffron Dyes their dangling Locks they stain,
With glitt'ring Gems their flowing Robes constrain,
And quaff rich Juices from the luscious Cane.
On their own Funerals and Death they smile,
And living leap amidst the burning Pile; 370
Heroick Minds! that can ev'n Fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal Hand;
Who full of Life forsake it as a Feast,
Take what they like, and give the Gods the rest.
Descending then fierce *Cappadocian* Swains, 375
From rude *Amanus'* Mountains sought the Plains.
Armenians from *Niphates'* rolling Stream,
And from their lofty Woods *Coastrians* came.

Ver. 363. *Hydaspes*,] A River that rises in the Northermost Part of *India*, toward the Mountain *Imaus*, and falls into the *Indus*.

Ver. 368. *And quaff rich Juices*.] These were Sugar-Canes undoubtedly, tho' the *Saccharum*, or Sugar, of the Ancients was not like ours, but only the Juice squeez'd out and mingled with their Drink.

Ver. 369. *On their own Funerals*.] These are still the Manners of the *Brachmans* in *India*.

Ver. 376. *Amanus*,] A Mountain in *Cilicia*.

Ver. 378. *Coastrians*.] These People *Grotius*, from *Pliny*, makes Neighbours to the *Palus Mœotis*, perhaps the *Choraxi*

Then wond'ring, *Arabs* from the sult'ry Line
For ever Northward saw the Shade incline. 380
Then did the Madness of the *Roman* Rage
Carmanian and *Olostrian* Chiefs engage:
Beneath far distant Southern Heav'ns they lie,
Where half the setting *Bear* forsakes the Sky,
And swift our slow *Boötes* seems to fly.
These Furies to the Sun-burn'd *Æthiops* spread, 386
And reach the great *Euphrates'* rising Head.
One Spring the *Tigris* and *Euphrates* know,
And join'd awhile the kindred Rivers flow;
Scarce cou'd we judge between the doubtful Claim,
If *Tigris*, or *Euphrates*, give the Name: 391

raxi mentioned thereabouts by *Cellarius*. Others call 'em *Coatra*, and assign them to the Mountains between *Assyria* and *Media*.

Ver. 380. *For ever Northward.*] The People of *Arabia Fœlix*, who lye between the Tropicks, while they were at home were used to see the Shadow fall sometimes to the North, and sometimes to the South, as the Sun was on this or that Side of 'em; but when they came without the Tropick of *Cancer*, they might very easily be surpriz'd to see the Sun always South, and the Shadow of Consequence always falling to the North.

Ver. 382. Carmanian *and* Olostrian.] The first were People between *Persia* and *India*, the latter about the Mouths of the River *Indus*.

Ver. 384. *The setting Bear.*] The Elevation of the North Pole is so very small in those Countries, that those Constellations, which never set with us, appear very little above the Horizon there.

But

But soon *Euphrates'* parting Waves divide,
Cov'ring like fruitful *Nile* the Country wide;
While *Tigris* sinking from the sight of Day,
Thro' Subterranean Channels cuts his Way; 395
Then from a second Fountain springs again,
Shoots swiftly on, and rushing seeks the Main.
The *Parthian* Pow'r, to neither Chief a Friend,
The doubtful Issue in Suspence attend;
With neutral Ease they view the Strife from far, 400
And only lend Occasion to the War.
Not so the *Scythians* where cold *Bactros* flows,
Or where *Hircania*'s wilder Forrest grows,
Their baneful Shafts they dip, and string their deadly Bows.
Th' *Heniochi* of *Sparta*'s valiant Breed, 405
Skilful to press, and rein the fiery Steed.
Sarmatians with the fiercer *Moschi* join'd,
And *Colchians* rich where *Phasis'* Waters wind,
To *Pompey*'s Side their Aid assembling bring, 410
With *Halys*, fatal to the *Lydian* King;

Ver. 401. *Lend Occasion to the War.*] The Death of *Crassus*. See the First Book, Ver. 209.

Ver. 405. *Heniochi,*] People near the *Euxine* Sea, planted there by *Amphytus* and *Telechius*, the Charioteers (so the Word *Heniochi* signifies in *Greek*) of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

Ver. 407. Sarmatians *and* Moschi,] *Tartars* and *Russians*.

Ver. 408. *Colchis,*] famous for the Golden Fleece. The River *Phasis* runs thro' that Country into the *Euxine*.

Ver. 410. *With* Halys, *fatal.*] *Halys* was a River that serv'd as a Boundary between *Lydia* and *Media*. It was famous

With *Tanais* falling from *Rhiphæan* Snows,
Who forms the World's Division as he goes:
With noblest Names his rising Banks are crown'd,
This stands for *Europe's*, that for *Asia's* Bound;
While, as they wind, his Waves with full Command,
Diminish, or enlarge th' adjacent Land. 415
Then arm'd the Nations on *Cimmerian* Shores,
Where thro' the *Bosphorus Mæotis* roars,
And her full Lake amidst the *Euxine* pours.
This Strait, like that of *Hercules*, supplies 420
The Midland Seas, and bids th' *Ægean* rise.
Sithonians fierce, and *Arimaspians* bold,
Who bind their plaited Hair in shining Gold,
The *Gelon* nimble, and *Areian* strong,
March with the hardy *Massagete* along: 425
The *Massagete*, who at his salvage Feast
Feeds on the generous Steed which once he prest.
Not *Cyrus* when he spread his Eastern Reign,
And hid with Multitudes the *Lydian* Plain;
Not haughty *Xerxes*, when, his Pow'r to boast, 430
By Shafts he counted all his mighty Host;

famous for the quibbling Oracle given to *Crœsus*, that *Passing over* Halys *he should subvert a mighty Empire*; which he took to be that of the *Medes*, and the Oracle meant his own.

Ver. 411. *Tanais*,] The *Don* among the *Tartars*.

Ver. 422. *Sithonians*,] with the other Names here mention'd, were *Scythians* or *Tartars*.

Ver. 431. *By Shafts he counted*.] *Herodotus* tells us, that *Xerxes* in a Review of that prodigious Army with which he

Not he who drew the *Grecian* Chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd Brother's Wrong;
Or with such Navies plow'd the foamy Main,
Or led so many Kings, amongst their warlike Train.
Sure in one Cause such Numbers never yet, 436
Various in Countries, Speech, and Manners, met;
But Fortune gather'd, o'er the spacious Ball,
These Spoils, to grace her once-lov'd Fav'rite's Fall.
Nor then the *Libyan Moor* with-held his Aid, 440
Where sacred *Ammon* lifts his horned Head:
All *Africk*, from the Western Ocean's Bound,
To Eastern *Nile*, the Cause of *Pompey* owu'd.
Mankind assembled for *Pharsalia*'s Day,
To make the World at once the Victor's Prey. 445

Now, trembling *Rome* forsook, with swiftest haste,
Cæsar the cloudy *Alpine* Hills had past.
But while the Nations, with Subjection tame,
Yield to the Terrors of his mighty Name;
With Faith uncommon to the changing *Greeks*,
What Duty bids, *Massilia* bravely seeks; 450

he invaded *Greece*, commanded every Soldier as he pass'd by to shoot an Arrow, by counting which he might have an exact Account of the whole Number of his Forces.

Ver. 432. *Not he who drew the* Grecian *Chiefs.*] *Agamemnon.*

Ver. 451. *Massilia,*] A City of *France*, now famous by the Name of *Marseilles*. It is said to have been first built by the *Macedonians*, and afterwards decaying, to have been rebuilt by the Inhabitants of *Phocæa* in *Asia Minor*, who were

And true to Oaths, their Liberty and Laws,
To ſtronger Fate prefer the juſter Cauſe.
But firſt to move his haughty Soul they try,
Intreaties and Perſuaſion ſoft apply; 455
Their Brows *Minerva*'s peaceful Branches wear,
And thus in gentleſt Terms they greet his Ear.
When foreign Wars moleſt the *Roman* State,
With ready Arms our glad *Maſſilians* wait,
To ſhare your Dangers, and partake your Fate.
This our unſhaken Friendſhip vouches well, 461
And your recording Annals beſt can tell.
Ev'n now we yield our ſtill devoted Hands,
On foreign Foes to wreak your dread Commands:
Wou'd you to Worlds unknown your Triumphs ſpread?
Behold! we follow wereſoe'er you lead. 466
But if you rouſe at Diſcord's baleful Call,
If *Romans* fatally on *Romans* fall;

were driven out of their Country by the Power of *Cyrus*. They are very often miſtaken for, and ſuppos'd to be deſcended from, the Inhabitants of *Phocis* in *Greece*, eſpecially by *Lucan*, who in this Story of the Siege frequently calls 'em *Greeks*.

When *Cæſar* underſtood that *Domitius*, whom he had lately taken Priſoner, and releas'd at *Corſinium*, had put himſelf into this City, that favour'd *Pompey*, he ſent for Fifteen of the principal Men out of the Town, and adviſ'd 'em not to draw a War upon themſelves, by their Partiality and blind Obedience to one Man. They had ſhut their Gates againſt him, and beſought him with the ſofteſt Terms of Civility to go on, and leave them in what they call'd a Neutrality; but *Cæſar* ſaw thro' their Artifice, and laid a cloſe Siege to the Town.

All

All we can offer, is, a paying Tear,
And constant Refuge for the Wretched here.
Sacred to us you are: Oh may no Stain
Of *Latian* Blood our Innocence prophane!
Should Heav'n it self be rent with civil Rage,
Shou'd Giants once more with the Gods engage;
Officious Piety wou'd hardly dare
To proffer *Jove* Assistance in the War.
Man unconcern'd and humble shou'd remain,
Nor seek to know whose Arms the Conquest gain,
Jove's Thunder will convince 'em of his Reign.
Nor can your horrid Discords want our Swords,
The wicked World its Multitudes affords;
Too many Nations at the Call will come,
And gladly join to urge the Fate of *Rome*.
Oh had the rest like us their Aid deny'd,
Your selves must then the guilty Strife decide;
Then, who, but shou'd with-hold his lifted Hand
When for his Foe he saw his Father stand?
Brothers their Rage had mutually represt,
Nor driv[illegible] Jav'lins on a Broth[illegible]
Your [illegible]
Had [illegible]
W[illegible]

Like brave *Saguntum* daring to be free,
Whate'er they suffer'd, we'll expect from Thee.
Babes, ravish'd from the fainting Mother's Breast,
Shall headlong in the burning Pile be cast. 525
Matrons shall bare their Bosoms to their Lords,
And beg Destruction from their pitying Swords;
The Brother's Hand the Brother's Heart shall wound,
And universal Slaughter rage around.
If Civil Wars must waste this haplesS Town, 530
No Hands shall bring that Ruin but our own.
Thus said the *Grecian* Messengers. When lo!
A gath'ring Cloud involv'd the *Roman*'s Brow;
Much Grief, much Wrath his troubled Visage spoke,
Then into these disdainful Words he broke. 535
This trusting in our speedy March to *Spain*,
These Hopes, this *Grecian* Confidence is vain;
Whate'er we purpose, Leisure will be found
To lay *Massilia* level with the Ground:
This bears, my valiant Friends, a sound of Joy; 540
Our useless Arms, at length, shall find Employ.
Winds lose their Force, that unresisted fly,
And Flames unfed by Fuel, sink and die.

Ver. 522. *Like brave* Saguntum,] Now call'd *Morviedro*, in the Kingdom of *Valencia* in *Spain*. It was famous for the Siege it sustain'd against *Hannibal*. The Inhabitants, after Eight or Nine Months Resistance, and suffering the last Extremities, chose rather to burn themselves and every thing that was dear or precious to them, than surrender to him.

Our

Our Courage thus would soften in Repose,
But Fortune, and Rebellion yield us Foes. 545
Yet, mark! what Love their friendly Speech expresses!
Unarm'd and single *Cæsar* is their Guest.
Thus, first they dare to stop me on my Way,
Then seek with fawning Treason to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil Rage may cease; 550
But War shall scourge 'em for those hopes of Peace;
And make 'em know the present Times afford,
At least while *Cæsar* lives, no Safety like the Sword.
He said; and to the City bent his way:
The City, fearless all, before him lay, 555
With armed Hands her Battlements were crown'd,
And lusty Youth the Bulwarks mann'd around.
Near to the Walls, a rising Mountain's Head
Flat with a little level Plain is spread:
Upon this Height the wary Chief designs 560
His Camp to strengthen with surrounding Lines.
Lofty alike, and with a warlike Mien,
Massilia's neighb'ring Cittadel is seen;
An humble Valley fills the Space between.
Strait he decrees the middle Vale to fill, 565
And run a Mole athwart from Hill to Hill.
But first a lengthning Work extends its way,
Where open to the Land the City lay,
And from the Camp projecting joins the Sea.

Low sinks the Ditch, the turphy Breast-works rise, 570
And cut the captive Town from all Supplies.
While gazing from their Tow'rs, the *Greeks* bemoan
The Meads, the Fields, and Fountains once their own.
Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest Name,
And consecrated these their Walls to Fame. 575
Fearless of *Cæsar*, and his Arms they stood,
Nor drove before the headlong rushing Flood:
And while he swept whole Nations in a Day,
Massilia bad th' impatient Victor stay,
And clog'd his rapid Conquest with Delay.
Fortune a Master for the World prepar'd, 581
And these th' approaching Slavery retard.
Ye Times to come record the Warriors' Praise,
Who lengthen'd out expiring Freedom's Days.
Now while with Toil unweary'd rose the Mound, 585
The sounding Ax invades the Groves around;
Light Earth and Shrubs the middle Banks supply'd,
But firmer Beams must fortifie the Side;
Least when the Tow'rs advance their pond'rous Height,
The mould'ring Mass should yield beneath the Weight. 590
Not far away for Ages past had stood
An old inviolated sacred Wood;

Ver. 592. *Unviolated sacred Wood.*] I cannot but think *Tasso* took the Hint of his inchanted Wood, in the Thirteenth Book of his *Gierusalemme Liberata*, from this of *Lucan*.

Whose

Whose gloomy Boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly chearless everlasting Shade:
There, nor the rustick Gods, nor Satyrs sport, 595
Nor Fawns and Sylvans with the Nymphs resort:
But barb'rous Priests some dreadful Pow'r adore,
And lustrate ev'ry Tree with human Gore.
If Mysteries in Times of Old receiv'd,
And pious Ancientry be yet believ'd, 600
There nor the feather'd Songster builds her Nest,
Nor lonely Dens conceal the savage Beast:
There no tempestuous Winds presume to fly,
Ev'n Lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.
No wanton Breezes toss the dancing Leaves, 605
But shiv'ring Horror in the Branches heaves.
Black Springs with pitchy Streams divide the Ground,
And bubling tumble with a sullen Sound.
Old Images of Forms mis-shapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the Artist's Hand; 610
With hoary Filth begrim'd, each ghastly Head
Strikes the astonish'd Gazer's Soul with Dread.
No Gods, who long in common Shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with such religious Awe rever'd:
But zealous Crouds in Ignorance adore, 615
And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as Fame tells) the Earth in Sounds of Woe
Is heard to groan from hollow Depths below;

The baleful Yew, tho' dead, has oft been seen
To rise from Earth, and spring with dusky Green; 620
With sparkling Flames the Trees unburning shine,
And round their Boles prodigious Serpents twine.
The pious Worshippers approach not near,
But shun their Gods, and kneel with distant Fear:
The Priest himself, when, or the Day, or Night, 625
Howling have reach'd their full Meridian Height,
Refrains the gloomy Paths with wary Feet,
Dreading the *Daemon* of the Grove to meet;
Who, terrible to Sight, at that fix'd Hour,
Still treads the Round about his dreary Bow'r. 630
This Wood near neighb'ring to th' encompass'd Town,
Untouch'd by former Wars remain'd alone;
And since the Country round is naked stands,
From hence the *Latian* Chief Supplies demands.
But lo! the bolder Hands, that should have struck, 635
With some unusual Horror trembling shook;
With silent Dread and Rev'rence they survey'd,
The Gloom Majestick of the sacred Shade:
None dares with impious Steel the Bark to rend,
Least on himself the destin'd Stroke descend. 640
Cæsar perceiv'd the spreading Fear to grow,
Then, eager, caught an Ax, and aim'd a Blow.
Deep sunk within a violated Oak
The wounding Edge, and thus the Warrior spoke.

Now,

Now, let no doubting Hand the Task decline; 645
Cut you the Wood, and let the Guilt be mine.
The trembling Bands unwillingly obey'd;
Two various Ills were in the Ballance laid,
And *Cæsar's* Wrath against the Gods was weigh'd.
Then *Jove's Dodonian* Tree was forc'd to bow; 650
The lofty Ash and knotty Holm lay low;
The floating Alder by the Current borne,
The Cypress by the noble Mourner worn,
Veil their Aerial Summits, and display
Their dark Recesses to the golden Day; 655
Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy Piles arise.
With Grief, and Fear, the groaning *Gauls* beheld
Their holy Grove by impious Soldiers fell'd;
While the *Massilians*, from th' encompass'd Wall, 660
Rejoyc'd to see the Sylvan Honours fall:
They hope such Pow'r can never prosper long,
Nor think the patient Gods will bear the Wrong;
But Ah! too oft Success to Guilt is giv'n,
And Wretches only stand the Mark of Heav'n. 665
With Timber largely from the Wood supply'd,
For Wains the Legions search the Country wide;

Ver. 650. Jove's Dodonian Tree.] At *Dodona* in *Epirus* *Jupiter* was said to give Oracles out of an Oak.

Then from the crooked Plow unyoak the Steer,
And leave the Swain to mourn the fruitless Year. 669

Meanwhile, impatient of the lingring War,
The Chieftain to *Iberia* bends afar,
And gives the Leaguer to *Trebonius'* Care.
With diligence the destin'd Task he plies;
Huge Works of Earth with strength'ning Beams arise:
High tott'ring Tow'rs, by no fix'd Basis bound, 675
Roll nodding on along the stable Mound.

Ver. 672. *To* Trebonius' *Care.*] *Cæsar* had sent *Caius Fabius* with three Legions into *Spain*, to dislodge *Afranius*, a Lieutenant of *Pompey*'s in the *Pyrenean* Straights; and now himself leaving *C. Trebonius* to besiege *Massilia* by Land, and *Decius Brutus* to shut it up by Sea, goes with 900 Horse into *Spain* to join *Fabius*.

Ver. 675. *High tott'ring Tow'rs.*] The *Turres Mobiles*, or moveable Turrets, made use of by the *Romans* in Sieges, were of two Sorts, the Lesser and the Greater: The lesser Sort were about 60 Cubits high, and the square Sides 17 Cubits broad. They had Five or Six, and sometimes Ten Stories or Divisions, every Division being made open on all Sides. The great Turret was 120 Cubits high, and 23 Cubits square, containing sometimes 15, sometimes 20 Divisions. They were of very great Use in making Approaches to the Walls, the Divisions being capable of carrying Soldiers with Engines, Ladders, Casting-Bridges, and other Necessaries. The Wheels on which they went were contriv'd to be within the Planks, to defend them from the Enemy; and the Men who were to drive 'em forward stood behind where they were most secure. The Soldiers in the Inside were protected by Raw-Hides; which were thrown over the Turret in such Places as were most expos'd.

The

The *Greeks* with Wonder on the Movement look,
And fancy Earth's Foundations deep are shook;
Fierce Winds they think the Beldame's Entrails tear,
And anxious for their Walls and City fear: 680
The *Roman* from the lofty Top looks down,
And rains a winged War upon the Town.
Nor with less active Rage the *Grecians* burn,
But larger Ruin on their Foes return;
Nor Hands alone the missile Deaths supply, 685
From nervous Cross-Bows whistling Arrows fly;
The steely Corslet and the Bone they break,
Thro' Multitudes their fatal Journeys take;
Nor wait the ling'ring *Parcæ*'s slow delay,
But wound, and to new Slaughter wing their way. 690
Now by some vast Machine a pond'rous Stone,
Pernicious, from the hostile Wall is thrown;
At once, on many, swift the Shock descends,
And the crush'd Carcasses confounding blends. 694
So rolls some falling Rock by Age long worn,
Loose from its Root by raging Whirlwinds torn,
And thund'ring down the Precipice is born,
O'er crushing Woods the Mass is seen to ride,
To grind its Way, and plain the Mountain's side.

Ver. 691. *Now by some vast Machine.*] The Machine here mention'd is what the *Romans* call'd *Balista*. Throwing of Stones was the proper Use of it; as the *Catapulta* was for large Darts and Spears, and the *Scorpio* for lesser Darts or Arrows. *Dr.* Kennet's *Roman Antiquities.*

Gall'd with the Shot from far, the Legions join, 700
Their Bucklers in the warlike Shell combine;
Compact and close the brazen Roof they bear,
And in just Order to the Town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unweary'd Pain
The wrathful Engines waste their Stores in vain; 705
High o'er their Heads the distin'd Deaths are tost,
And far behind in vacant Earth are lost;
Nor sudden cou'd they change their erring Aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumb'rous Frame.

This seen, the *Greeks* their brawny Arms employ, 710
And hurl a stony Tempest from on high:
The clatt'ring Show'r the sounding Fence assails,
But vain, as when the stormy Winter hails,
Nor on the solid Marble Roof prevails:
'Till tir'd at length the Warriors fall their Shields; 715
And, spent with Toil, the broken *Phalanx* yields.
Now other Stratagems the War supplies,
Beneath the *Vines* close th'Assailant lies;

Ver. 701. *The Warlike Shell.*] The *Testudo* or Shell was a Figure the *Roman* Infantry threw themselves into, with their Shields over their Heads to protect 'em.

Ver. 716. *Phalanx*] This properly signifies a square Body of Infantry used by the *Macedonians*, but is taken here at large for any Body of Foot.

For the *Vines*, see before, *Book* II.

The Ram is describ'd in *Josephus*, and is not unknown to most Readers. Of this likewise see Dr. *Kennet* in *B.* IV. *Cap.* 19.

The

The strong Machine, with Planks and Turf bespread,
Moves to the Walls its well-defended Head; 720
Within the Covert safe the Miners lurk,
And to the deep Foundation urge their Work.
Now justly pois'd the thund'ring Ram they sling,
And drive him forceful with a launching Spring;
Happ'ly to loose some yielding Part at length, 725
And shake the firm cemented Bulwark's Strength.
But from the Town the *Gresian* Youth prepare
With hardy Vigour to repel the War:
Crouding they gather on the Rampart's height, 729
And with tough Staves and Spears maintain the Fight;
Darts, Fragments of the Rock, and Flames they throw,
And tear the planky Shelter fix'd below;
Around by all the warring Tempest beat,
The baffled *Romans* sullenly retreat.
Now by Success the brave *Massilians* fir'd, 735
To Fame of higher Enterprize aspir'd;
Nor longer with their Walls Defence content,
In daring Sallies they the Foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with Swords, nor pointed Spears they go,
Nor aim the Shaft, nor bend the deadly Bow: 740
Fierce *Mulciber* supplies the bold Design,
And for their Weapons kindling Torches shine.
Silent they issue thro' the gloomy Night,
And with broad Shields restrain the beamy Light:

Sudden-

Sudden the Blaze on ev'ry side began, 745
And o'er the *Latian* Works resistless ran;
Catching, and driving with the Wind it grows,
Fierce thro' the Shade the burning Deluge glows;
Nor Earth, nor greener Planks its Force delay,
Swift o'er the hissing Beams it rolls away: 750
Embrown'd with Smoke the wavy Flames ascend,
Shiver'd with Heat the crackling Quarries rend;
Till with a Roar at last, the mighty Mound,
Tow'rs, Engines, all, come thund'ring to the Ground:
Wide-spread the discontinuous Ruins lie, 755
And vast Confusion fills the Gazer's Eye.
Vanquish'd by Land, the *Romans* seek the Main,
And prove the Fortune of the wat'ry Plain;
Their Navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haste,
Down thro' the rapid *Rhone* descending past. 760
No golden Gods protect the shining Prow;
Nor silken Streamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in stable Floorings lies the Wood,
As in the native Forrest once it stood.
Rearing above the rest her tow'ry Head, 765
Brutus' tall Ship the floating Squadron led.
To Sea soon wafted by the hasty Tide,
Right to the *Stœchades* their Course they guide.

Ver. 768. *Stœchades.*] The Isles of *Hieres*, not far from *Toulon*, on the Coast of *Provence*.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to urge their Fate, with equal Cares,
Massilia for the naval War prepares; 770
All Hands the City for the Task requires,
And arms her Striplings young, and hoary Sires,
Vessels of ev'ry sort and size she fits,
And speedy to the briny Deep commits. 774
The crazy Hulk, that, worn with Winds and Tides,
Safe in the Dock, and long neglected, rides,
She planks anew, and Calks her leaky Sides.

Now rose the Morning, and the golden Sun
With Beams refracted on the Ocean shone;
Clear was the Sky, the Waves from Murmur cease, 780
And ev'ry ruder Wind was hush'd in Peace;
Smooth lay the glassy Surface of the Main,
And offer'd to the War its ample Plain:
When to the destin'd Stations all repair;
Here *Cæsar*'s Pow'rs, the Youth of *Phocis* there. 785
Their brawny Arms are bar'd, their Oars they dip,
Swift o'er the Water glides the nimble Ship;
Feels the strong Blow the well compacted Oak,
And trembling springs at each repeated Stroke.
Crooked in Front the *Latian* Navy stood, 790
And wound a bending Crescent o'er the Flood.
With four full Banks of Oars advancing high,
On either Wing the larger Vessels ply,
While in the Center safe the lesser Galliots lie.

Brutus

Brutus the first, with eminent Command, 795
In the tall Admiral is seen to stand;
Six Rows of length'ning Pines the Billows sweep,
And heave the Burthen o'er the groaning Deep.
New Prow to Prow advance each hostile Fleet,
And want but one concurring Stroke to meet, 800
When Peals of Shouts and mingling Clamours roar,
And drown the brazen Trump, and plunging Oar.
The brushing Pine the frothy Surface plies,
While on their Banks the lusty Rowers rise:
Each brings the Stroke back on his ample Chest, 805
Then firm upon his Seat he lights repreſt.
With clashing Beaks the launching Vessels meet,
And from the mutual Shock alike retreat.
Thick Clouds of flying Shafts the Welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating strow the Ocean wide. 810
At length the stretching Wings their Order leave,
And in the Line the mingling Foe receive:
Then might be seen, how, dash'd from side to side,
Before the stemming Vessels drove the Tide;
Still as each Keel her foamy Furrow plows, 815
Now back, now forth, the Surge obedient flows.
Thus warring Winds alternate Rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding Main.
Massilia's Navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With best Advantage seek or shun the Fight; 820

With

With ready Ease all unfeer to Command,
Obey the Helm, and feel the Pilot's Hand.
Not so the *Romans*; numb'rous Hulks they lay,
And slow and heavy hung upon the Sea;
Yet strong, and for the closer Combat good,
They yield firm footing on th' unstable Flood.
This *Brutus* saw, and to the Master cries,
(The Master in the lofty Poop he spies,
Where streaming the *Pratorian* Ensign flies,)
Still wo't thou bear away, still shift thy Place,
And turn the Battel to a wanton Chace?
Is this a time to play so mean a Part,
To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling Art?
Bring to. The War shall Hand to Hand be try'd;
Oppose thou to the Foe our ample side,
And let us meet like Men. The Chieftain said;
The ready Master the Command obey'd,
And side-long to the Foe the Ship was laid.
Upon his Waste fierce fall the thund'ring *Greeks*,
Fast in his Timber stick their brazen Beaks;
Some lie by Chains and Grapplings strong compell'd,
While others by the tangling Oars are held:
The Seas are hid beneath the closing Wat,
Nor need they cast the Jav'lin now from far;
With hardy Strokes the Combatants engage,
And with keen Pauchions deal their deadly Rage:

Man

Man against, Man, and Board by Board they lie,
And on those Decks their Arms defended die.
The rolling Surge is stain'd around with Blood,
And foamy Purple swells the rising Flood; 850
The floating Carcasses the Ships delay,
Hang on each Keel, and intercept her Way;
Helpless beneath the Deep the dying sink,
And Gore, with briny Ocean mingling, drink.
Some, while amidst the tumbling Waves they strive,
And struggling with Destruction float alive, 855
Or by some pond'rous Beam are beaten down,
Or sink transfix'd by Darts at random thrown.
That fatal Day no Jav'lin flies in vain,
Missing their Mark, they wound upon the Main. 860
It chanc'd, a warrior Ship on *Cæsar's* side,
By two *Massilian* Foes was warmly ply'd;
But with divided Force she meets th' Attack,
And bravely drives the bold Assailants back:
When from the lofty Poop, where fierce he fought, 865
Tagus to seize the *Grecian* Ancient sought,
But double Death his daring Hand repress'd;
One Spear transfix'd his Back, and one his Breast,
And deadly met within his heaving Chest.
Doubtful awhile the Flood was seen to stay, 870
At length the steely Shafts at once gave way;
Then fleeting Life a twofold Passage found,
And ran divided from each streaming Wound.

Hither

Hither his Fate unhappy *Telon* led,
To naval Arts from early Childhood bred; 875
No Hand the Helm more skilfully cou'd guide,
Or ſtem the Fury of the boiſt'rous Tide:
He knew what Winds ſhou'd on the Morrow blow,
And how the Sails for Safety to beſtow; 879
Celeſtial Signals well he cou'd deſcry,
Cou'd judge the radiant Lights that ſhine on high,
And read the coming Tempeſt of the Sky.
Full on a *Latian* Bark his Beak he drives,
The brazen Beak the ſhiv'ring Alder rives;
When from ſome hoſtile Hand, a *Roman* Dart, 885
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting Heart:
Yet ſtill his careful Hand its Task ſupplies,
And turns the guiding Rudder as he dies.
To fill his Place bold *Gyareus* eſſay'd,
But paſſing from a neighb'ring Ship was ſtay'd: 890
Swift thro' his Loins a flying Jav'lin ſtruck,
And nail'd him to the Veſſel he forſook.
Friendlike, and ſide by ſide, two Brethren fought,
Whom, at a Birth, their fruitful Mother brought:
So like the Lines of each reſembling Face, 895
The ſame the Features, and the ſame the Grace,
That fondly erring oft' their Parents look,
And each, for each, alternately miſtook:
But Death, too ſoon, a dire Diſtinction makes,
While one, untimely ſnatch'd, the Light forſakes. 900

Hie

His Brother's Form the ſad Survivor wears,
And ſtill renews his hapleſs Parents Tears:
Too ſure they ſee their ſingle Hope remain,
And while they bleſs the Living, mourn the Slain.
He, the bold Youth, as Board and Board they ſtand, 905
Fix'd on a *Roman* Ship his daring Hand;
Full on his Arm a mighty Blow deſcends,
And the torn Limb from off the Shoulder rends;
The rigid Nerves are cramp'd with ſtiff'ning Cold,
Convulſive graſp, and ſtill retain their Hold. 910
Nor ſunk his Valour by the Pain dopreſt,
But nobler Rage inflam'd his mangled Breaſt:
His Left remaining Hand the Combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the Right he flies,
The ſame hard Deſtiny the Left demands, 915
And now a naked helpleſs Trunk he ſtands.
Nor daigns he, tho' defenceleſs to the Foe,
To ſeek the Safety of the Hold below;

Ver. 905. *He, the bold Youth.*] The Elder of the two, ſuppoſe. This Place is in Imitation of *Virgil*, Æn. 10.

Daucia Larida Thimberque ſimillima Proles
Indiſcreta ſuis gratamque, &c.

And after him the Daucian *Twins were ſlain,*
Laris *and* Timbrus, *on the* Latian *Plain;*
So wondrous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,
As caus'd an Error in their Parent's Eyes.
Grateful Miſtake! but ſoon the Sword decides
The nice Diſtinction, and their Fate divides.
Mr. Dryden.

For

For ev'ry coming Jav'lin's Point prepar'd,
He steps between, and stands his Brother's Guard; 920
'Till fix'd, and horrid with a Wood of Spears,
A thousand Deaths at others aim'd he wears.
Resolv'd at length his utmost Force t'exert,
His Spirits gather'd to his fainting Heart,
And the last Vigour rous'd in ev'ry Part;
Then nimble from the *Grecism* Deck he rose, 926
And with a Leap sprung fierce amidst his Foes:
And when his Hands no more cou'd wreak his Hate,
His Sword no more cou'd minister to Fate,
Dying he prest 'em with his hostile Weight.
O'er-charg'd the Ship with Carcasses and Blood, 931
Drunk fast at many a Leak the briny Flood;
Yielding at length the Waters wide give way,
And fold her in the Bosome of the Sea;
Then o'er her Head returning rolls the Tide, 935
And cov'ring Waves the sinking Hatches hide.
That fatal Day was Slaughter seen to reign,
In Wonders various, on the liquid Plain.
On *Lycidas* a steely Grappling struck;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious Hook, 940
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy Wave,
But that his Fellows strove their Mate to save;
Clung to his Legs, they clasp him all they can,
The Grappling tugs, asunder flies the Man.

No

No single Wound the gaping Rupture seems, 945
Where trickling Crimson wells in slender Streams;
But from an Op'ning horrible and wide,
A thousand Vessels pour the bursting Tide:
At once the winding Channel's Course was broke,
Where wand'ring Life her mazy Journey took: 950
At once the Currents all forgot their way,
And lost their Purple in the Azure Sea.
Soon from the lower Parts the Spirits fled,
And motionless th' exhausted Limbs lay dead;
Not so the nobler Regions, where the Heart, 955
And heaving Lungs their vital Pow'rs exert;
There ling'ring late, and long conflicting, Life
Rose against Fate, and still maintain'd the Strife:
Driv'n out at length, unwillingly and slow,
She left her mortal House, and sought the Shades below.
While eager for the Fight, an hardy Crew 961
To one sole Side their Force united drew,
The Bark, unapt th' unequal Poise to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest Keel in Air:
In vain his active Arms the Swimmer tries, 965
No Aid the Swimmer's useless Art supplies;
The Cov'ring vast o'erwhelming shuts 'em down,
And helpless in the hollow Hold they drown.
One Slaughter terrible above the rest,
The fatal Horror of the Fight exprest. 970

As o'er the crouded Surface of the Flood
A youthful Swimmer swift his Way pursu'd;
Two meeting Ships, by equal Fury prest,
With hostile Prows transfix'd his ample Breast:
Suspended by the dreadful Shock he hung, 925
The brazen Beaks within his Bosom rung;
Blood, Bones, and Entrails, mashing with the Blow,
From his pale Lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing Oars the Fight restrain,
The lifeless Body drops amidst the Main; 930
Soon enter at the Breach the rushing Waves,
And the salt Stream the mangled Carcass laves.
Around the wat'ry Champain wide dispread,
The living Shipwracks float amidst the Dead;
With active Arms the liquid Deep they ply, 935
And panting to their Mates for Succour cry:
Now to some social Vessel press they near,
Their Fellows pale the crouding Numbers fear;
With ruthless Hearts their well known Friends withstand,
And with keen Faulchions lop each grasping Hand; 940
The dying Fingers cling and clench the Wood,
The heavy Trunk sinks helpless in the Flood.
Now spent was all the Warriors steely Store,
New Darts they seek, and other Arms explore,
This wields a Flag-staff, that a pond'rous Oar.
Wrath's ready Hands are never at a loss; 946
The Fragments of the shatter'd Ship they toss.

The

The uselesſ Rower from his Seat is caſt,
Then fly the Benches, and the broken Maſt.
Some ſeizing, as it ſinks, the breathleſs Coarſe, 1000
From the cold Graſp the Blood-ſtain'd Weapon force.
Some from their own freſh bleeding Boſoms take,
And at the Foe the dropping Jav'lin ſhake:
The left Hand ſtays the Blood, and ſooths the Pain,
The right ſends back the reeking Spear again. 1005

Now Gods of various Elements conſpire,
To *Nereus*, *Vulcan* joins his hoſtile Fire;
With Oils, and living Sulphur, Darts they frame,
Prepar'd to ſpread afar the kindling Flame;
Around, the catching Miſchiefs ſwift ſucceed, 1010
The floating Hulks their own Deſtruction feed;
The ſmeary Wax the bright'ning Blaze ſupplies,
And wavy Fires from pitchy Planks ariſe:
Amidſt the Flood the ruddy Torrent ſtrays,
And fierce upon the ſcatt'ring Shipwrecks preys, 1015
Here one with haſte a flaming Veſſel leaves;
Another, ſpent and beaten by the Waves,
As eager to the burning Ruin cleaves.

Ver. 1008. *With Oils.*] This was a Compoſition like our Wildfire. The Ancients had a ſort of Darts, which they call'd *Phalaricæ*, which were dawb'd or wound about with combuſtible Matter: Their Uſe was to be ſhot into a Ship, Wooden Tower, or any thing that was to be ſet on Fire.

Amidſt

Amidst the various ways of Death to kill,
Whether by Seas, by Fires, or wounding Steel,
The dreadfullest is that, whose present Force we feel.
Nor Valour less her fatal Rage maintains,
In daring Breasts that swim the liquid Plains:
Some gather up the Darts that floating lie,
And to the Combatants new Deaths supply. 1015
Some struggling in the Deep the War provoke,
Rise o'er the Surge, and aim a languid Stroke.
Some with strong Grasp the Foe conflicting join,
Mix Limbs with Limbs, and hostile Wreathings twine,
'Till plunging, pressing to the Bottom down, 1020
Vanquish'd, and Vanquishers, alike they drown.
One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by Fame,
For wat'ry Fight, and *Phoceus* was his Name:
The heaving Breath of Life he knew to keep,
While long he dwelt within the lowest Deep; 1025
Full many a Fathom down he had explor'd,
For Treasures lost, old Ocean's oozy Hoard;
Oft' when the flooky Anchor stuck below,
He sunk, and bad the captive Vessel go.
A Foe he seiz'd close cleaving to his Breast, 1030
And underneath the tumbling Billows prest:
But when the skillful Victor wou'd repair,
To upper Seas, and sought the freer Air;
Hapless beneath the crouding Keels he rose,
The crouding Keels his wonted way oppose; 1035

Back

Back beaten, and astonish'd with the Blow,
He sinks, to bide for ever now below.
Some hang upon the Oars with weighty Force,
To intercept the hostile Vessel's Course;
Some to the last the Cause they love defend, 1050
And valiant Lives by useful Deaths wou'd end;
With Breasts oppos'd the thund'ring Beaks they brave,
And what they fought for living, dying save.
As *Tyrrhen*, from a *Roman* Poop on high,
Ran o'er the various Combat with his Eye; 1055
Sure aiming, from his *Balearic* Thong,
Bold *Ligdamus* a pond'rous Bullet slung;
Thro' liquid Air the Ball shrill whistling flies,
And cuts its way thro' hapless *Tyrrhen*'s Eyes.
Th' astonish'd Youth stands struck with sudden Night,
While bursting start the bleeding Orbs of Sight. 1061
At first he took the Darkness to be Death,
And thought himself amidst the Shades beneath;
But soon recov'ring from the stunning Sound,
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found. 1065
Vigour at length, and wonted Force returns,
And with new Rage his valiant Bosome burns:
To me, my Friends, (he cry'd) your Aid supply,
Nor useless let your Fellow-Soldier die;
Give me, oppos'd against the Foe, to stand, 1070
While like some Engine you direct my Hand.

And

And thou, my poor remaining Life, prepare
To meet each Hazard of the various War;
At least, my mangled Carcass shall pretend
To interpose, and shield some valiant Friend: 1075
Plac'd like a Mark their Darts I may sustain,
And, to preserve some better Man, be slain.
Thus said, unaiming he a Jav'lin threw,
The Jav'lin wing'd, with sure Destruction flew;
In *Argus* the descending Steel takes place, 1080
Argus, a *Grecian*, of illustrious Race.
Deep sinks the piercing Point, where to the Loins
Above the Navel high the Belly joins;
The stagg'ring Youth falls forward on his Fate,
And helps the goring Weapon with his Weight. 1085
It chanc'd, to ruthless Destiny design'd,
To the same Ship his aged Sire was join'd:
While young, for high Atchievements was he known,
The first in fair *Massilia* for Renown;
Now an Example meerly, and a Name,
Willing to rouse the younger Sort he came,
And fire their Souls to emulate his Fame.
When from the Prow, where distant far he stood,
He saw his Son lie welt'ring in his Blood;
Soon to the Poop, oft stumbling in his haste, 1095
With falt'ring Steps the feeble Father past.
No falling Tears his wrinkled Cheeks bedew,
But stiff'ning Cold and motionless he grew:

Deep Night and deadly Shades of Darkness rise,
And hide his much-lov'd *Argus* from his Eyes. 1100
As to the dizzy Youth the Sire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy Head he rears;
With lifted Eyes he cast a mournful Look,
His pale Lips mov'd, and fain he wou'd have spoke;
But unexpress'd th' imperfect Accent hung, 1105
Lost in his falling Jaws and murm'ring Tongue:
Yet in his speechless Visage seems exprest,
What, had he Words, wou'd be his last Request:
That aged Hand to seal his closing Eye,
And in his Father's fond Embrace to die. 1110
But he, when Grief with keenest Sense revives,
With Nature's strongest Pangs conflicting strives;
Let me not lose this Hour of Death, he cries,
Which my indulgent Destiny supplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my Son, 1115
If thy dear Lips, and last Embrace I shun.
Warm from thy Wound the purple Current flows,
And vital Breath yet heaving comes and goes:
Yet my sad Eyes behold thee, yet alive,
And thou shalt, yet, thy wretched Sire survive. 1120
He said, and fierce, by frantick Sorrow prest,
Plung'd his sharp Sword amidst his aged Breast:
And tho' Life's gushing Streams the Weapon stain,
Headlong he leaps amidst the greedy Main;

While

While this laſt Wiſh ran ever in his Mind, 1125
To die, and leave his darling Son behind;
Eager to part, his Soul diſdain'd to wait,
And truſt uncertain to a ſingle Fate.

And now *Maſſilia*'s vanquiſh'd Force gives way,
And *Caſar*'s Fortune claims the doubtful Day. 1130
The *Grecian* Fleet is all diſpers'd around,
Some in the Bottom of the Deep lie drown'd;
Some, Captives made, their haughty Victors bore,
While ſome, but thoſe a few, fled timely to the Shore.
But oh! what Verſe, what Numbers can expreſs, 1135
The mournful City, and her ſore Diſtreſs!
Upon the Beach lamenting Matrons ſtand,
And Wailings eccho o'er the lengthning Strand:
Their Eyes are fix'd upon the Waters wide,
And watch the Bodies driving with the Tide. 1140
Here a fond Wife, with pious Error, preſt
Some hoſtile *Roman* to her throbbing Breaſt;
There to a mangled Trunk two Mothers run,
Each graſps, and each would claim it for her Son;
Each, what her boding Heart perſwades, believes, 1145
And for the laſt ſad Office fondly ſtrives.

But *Brutus* now victorious on the Main,
To *Caſar* vindicates the wat'ry Plain;
Firſt to his Brow he binds the Naval Crown,
And bids the ſpacious Deep the mighty Maſter own. 1150

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

Cæsar *having join'd* Fabius, *whom he had sent before him into* Spain, *encamps upon a rising Ground near* Ilerda, *and not far from the River* Sicoris: *There, the Waters being swollen by great Rains endanger his Camp; but the Weather turning fair, and the Floods abating,* Pompey's *Lieutenants,* Afranius *and* Petreius, *who lay over-against him, decamp suddenly.* Cæsar *follows, and encamps so as to cut off their Passage, or any Use of the River* Iberus. *As both Armies lay now very near to each other, the Soldiers on both sides knew, and saluted one another; and forgetting the opposite Interest and Factions they were engag'd in, ran out from their several Camps, and embrac'd one another with great Tenderness. Many of* Cæsar's *Soldiers were invited into the Enemy's Camp, and feasted by their Friends and Relations. But* Petreius *apprehending this Familiarity might be of ill Consequence to his Party, commanded 'em all (tho' against the Rules of Humanity and Hospitality) to be kill'd. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards* Ilerda; *but is prevented, and inclos'd by* Cæsar; *to whom, both himself and* Afranius, *after their Army had suffer'd extreamly for want of Water and other Necessaries, are compell'd to surrender, without asking any other Conditions than that they might not be compell'd to take on in his Army: This* Cæsar, *with great Generosity, grants, and dismisses 'em. In the meanwhile,* C. Antonius, *who commanded for* Cæsar *near* Salonæ, *on the Coast of* Dalmatia, *being shut up by* Octavius, Pompey's *Admiral, and destitute of Provisions, had attempted by help of some Vessels, or floating Machines of a new Invention, to pass thro'* Pompey's *Fleet: Two of 'em by advantage of the Tide found means to escape, but the third, which carried a thousand* Opitergians *commanded by* Vulteius, *was intercepted by a Boom laid under the Water. These when they found it impossible to get off, at the Persuasion, and by the Example of their Leader, ran upon one another's Swords and dy'd. In* Africa *the Poet introduces* Curio *enquiring after the Story of* Hercules *and* Antæus, *which is recounted to him by one of the Natives, and afterwards relates the Particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and kill'd by* Juba.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

BUT *Cæsar* in *Iberian* Fields afar,
Ev'n to the Western Ocean spreads the War;
And tho' no Hills of Slaughter heap the Plain,
No Purple Deluge leaves a guilty Stain,
Vast is the Prize; and great the Victor's Gain.
For *Pompey*, with alternative Command,
The brave *Petreius*, and *Afranius* stand:

Ver. 5. *Vast is the Prize.*] The Reduction of *Afranius* and *Petreius*, *Pompey*'s Lieutenants in *Spain*, with so little Bloodshed, was of great Advantage to *Cæsar*, as it secur'd that Province to him upon which *Pompey* principally rely'd, and left him at Liberty to prosecute the War more powerfully in other Places.

The Chiefs in Friendship's just Conditions join,
And, cordial to the Common Cause, combine;
By Turns they quit, by Turns resume the Sway, 10
The Camp to guard, or Battle to array;
To these their Aid the nimble *Vettons* yield,
With those who till *Asturia*'s hilly Field;
Nor wanted then the *Celtiberians* bold, 14
Who draw their long Descent from *Celtick Gauls* of Old.
Where rising Grounds the fruitful Champain end,
And unperceiv'd by soft Degrees ascend;
An ancient Race their City chose to found,
And with *Ilerda*'s Walls the Summit crown'd.
The *Sicoris*, of no ignoble Name, 20
Fast by the Mountain pours his gentle Stream.
A stable Bridge runs cross from Side to Side,
Whose spacious Arch transmits the passing Tide,
And jutting Peers the wint'ry Floods abide.
Two neighb'ring Hills their Heads distinguish'd raise; 25
The first great *Pompey*'s Ensigns high displays;
Proud *Cæsar*'s Camp upon the next is seen;
The River interposing glides between.

Ver. 12. *The nimble* Vettons.] The *Vettones*, or *Vettones*, were a People of *Lusitania*, (*Portugal*) separated from *Asturia* by the River *Durius* (*Doura*.)

Ver. 14. *Celtiberians*,] People of *Arragon*.

Ver. 19. *Ilerda*.] The City of *Lerida* in *Catalonia*. *Sicoris* the River *Segre*, and *Cinga* the *Cinca*, which fall into the *Iberus* or *Ebro* in the same Country.

Wide

Wide spread beyond, an ample Plain extends,
Far as the piercing Eye its Prospect sends:
Upon the spacious Level's utmost Bound,
The *Cinga* rolls his rapid Waves around.
But soon in full *Iberus'* Channel lost,
His blended Waters seek *Iberia's* Coast;
He yields to the superior Torrent's Fame,
And with the Country takes his nobler Name.

Now 'gan the Lamp of Heav'n the Plains to gild,
When moving Legions hide th' embattled Field;
When Front to Front oppos'd in just Array,
The Chieftains each their hostile Pow'rs display:
But whether conscious Shame their Wrath represt,
And soft Reluctance rose in ev'ry Breast;
Or Virtue did a short-liv'd Rule resume,
And gain'd one Day for Liberty and *Rome*;
Suspended Rage yet linger'd for a Space,
And to the West declin'd the Sun in Peace.
Night rose, and blacking Shades involv'd the Sky,
When *Cæsar*, bent War's wily Arts to try,

Ver. 48. *When Cæsar bent War's wily.*] *Cæsar* perceiving the Enemy not dispos'd to an Engagement, kept two Lines of his Army (which he had drawn up into Three) under their Arms all Night, while the third threw up a Trench in the Rear for the Security of his Camp. The next Morning he endeavour'd to possess himself of a Height in order to cut off the Enemy's Communication with *Ilerda*, but was repuls'd with some Loss.

Thro' his extended Battle gives Command,
The foremost Lines in Order fix'd shall stand; 50
Meanwhile the last, low lurking from the Foe,
With secret Labour sink a Trench below:
Successful they the destin'd Task pursue,
While closing Files prevent the hostile View. 54

Soon as the Morn renew'd the dawning Grey,
He bids the Soldier urge his speedy way,
To seize a vacant Height that near *Ilerda* lay.

This saw the Foe, and wing'd with Fear and Shame,
Thro' secret Paths with swift Prevention came.
Now various Motives various Hopes afford, 60
To these the Place, to those the Conqu'ring Sword:
Oppress'd beneath their Armour's cumbrous Weight,
Th' Assailants lab'ring tempt the steepy Height;
Half bending back they mount with panting Pain,
The foll'wing Croud their foremost Mates sustain; 65
Against the shelving Precipice they toil,
And prop their Hands upon the steely Piles;
On Cliffs, and Shrubs, their Steps, some climbing stay,
With cutting Swords some clear the woody Way;
Nor Death, nor Wounds their Enemies annoy, 70
While other Uses now their Arms employ.
Their Chief the Danger from afar survey'd,
And bad the Horse fly timely to their Aid.

In

In Order just the ready Squadrons ride,
Then wheeling to the Right and Left divide,
To flank the Foot, and guard each naked Side.
Safe in the middle Space retire the Foot,
Make good the Rear, and scorn the Foes Pursuit;
Each Side retreat, tho' each disdain to yield,
And claim the Glory of the doubtful Field. 80

Thus far the Cause of *Rome* by Arms was try'd,
And human Rage alone the War supply'd;
But now the Elements new Wrath prepare,
And gath'ring Tempests vex the troubled Air.
Long had the Earth by wint'ry Frost been bound, 85
And the dry North had numb'd the lazy Ground.
No furrow'd Fields were drench'd with drisly Rain,
Snow hid the Hills, and hoary Ice the Plain.
All desolate the Western Climes were seen,
Keen were the Blasts, and sharp the Blue serene,
To parch the fading Herb, and nip the springing Green;
At length the genial Heat began to shine,
With stronger Beams in *Aries'* vernal Sign;
Again the golden Day resum'd its Right,
And rul'd in just Equation with the Night: 95

Ver. 91. *To parch.*] The *Latin* Word is here *Urebant*, and seems to me by no means unelegant, extream Cold and extream Heat appearing to have much the same Effects upon Grass or other Herbs.

Ver. 93. *In* Aries' *Vernal.*] In the Vernal Equinox, about the 10th of *March*.

The

The Moon her monthly Course had now begun,
And with increasing Horns forsook the Sun;
When *Boreas*, by Night's Silver Empress chas'd,
To softer Airs resign'd the Western Heav'n.
Then with warm Breezes gentler *Eurus* came,
Glowing with *India*'s, and *Arabia*'s Flame.
The sweeping Wind the gath'ring Vapours press,
From ev'ry Region of the farthest East;
Nor hang they heavy in the mid-way Sky,
But speedy to *Hesperia* driving fly;
To *Calpe*'s Hills the dusky Rains repair,
From North, and South, the Clouds assemble there,
And dark'ning Storms low'r in the sluggish Air.
Where Western Shiers the utmost Ocean bound,
The wat'ry Treasures heap the Welkin round;
Thither they croud, and swarm'd in the Space,
Scarce between Heav'n and Earth can find a Place.
Condens'd at length the spouting Torrents pour,
Earth smoaks, and rattles with the gushing Shower;
Jove's forky Fires we rarely seen to fly,
Extinguish'd in the Deluge soon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy *Iris* show
Such fady Colours, or so maim'd a Bow:

Ver. 198. *Boreas.*] The Weather altering with the New Moon.

Ver. 186. *Calpe.*] *Gibraltar*; where it is generally taken for *Spain*.

Unvary'd

Unvary'd by the Light's refracting Beam,
She stoop'd to drink from Ocean's briny Stream;
Then to the dropping Sky restor'd the Rain;
Again the falling Waters fought the Main.
Then first the cov'ring Snows began to flow
From off the *Pyrenean's* hoary Brow;
Huge Hills of Frost, a thousand Ages old,
O'er which the Summer Suns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, rush from ev'ry side amain,
Swell ev'ry Brook, and deluge all the Plain.
And now o'er *Cæsar's* Camp the Torrents sweep,
Bear down the Works, and fill the Trenches deep.
Here Men and Arms in mix'd Confusion swim,
And hollow Tents drive with th' impetuous Stream;
Loft in the spreading Flood the Land-marks lie,
Nor can the Forager his way descry.
No Beasts for Food the floating Pastures yield,
Nor Herbage rises in the wat'ry Field.
And now, to fill the Measure of their Fears,
Her baleful Visage meager Famine bears;

Ver. 120. *She stoop'd to drink.*] So *Virgil* in the First Georgick,

Et bibit ingens
Arcus.

At sitiens Horrens Rainbow drinks the Flood. Dryden.

As if they fancy'd the Rainbow drew up Water from the Sea or Rivers, and pour'd it down again in Showers of Rain.

Seldom

Seldom alone, she troops among the Fiends,
And still on War and Pestilence attends. 140
Unpress'd, untraiten'd by besieging Foes,
All Miseries of Want the Soldier knows.
Gladly he gives his little Wealth, to eat,
And buys a Morsel, with his whole Estate.
Curst Merchandize! where Life it self is sold, 145
And Avarice consents to starve for Gold!
No Rock, no rising Mountain rears his Head,
No single River winds along the Mead,
But one vast Lake o'er all the Land is spread.
No lofty Grove, no Forrest Haunt is found, 150
But in his Den deep lies the Salvage drown'd:
With headlong Rage resistless in its Course,
The rapid Torrent whirls the snorting Horse;
High o'er the Sea the foamy Freshes ride,
While backward *Tethys* turns her yielding Tide. 155
Mean-time continu'd Darkness veils the Skies,
And Suns with unavailing Ardor rise;
Nature no more her various Face can boast,
But Form is huddled up in Night, and lost.

Ver. 145. *Curs'd Merchandize.*] History has a remarkable Instance of this kind of Avarice, when during the Siege of *Praneste*, a Soldier, who was himself dying (and shortly after did die) for Hunger, sold a Mouse he had caught for 100 *Roman Denarii*; they were worth about Seven Pence Farthing of our Money apiece.

Such

Such are the Climes beneath the frozen Zone, 160
Where chearless Winter plants her dreary Throne;
No golden Stars their gloomy Heav'ns adorn,
Nor genial Seasons to their Earth return:
But everlasting Ice and Snows appear,
Bind up the Summer Signs, and curse the barren Year. 165
Almighty Sire! who dost supreamly Reign,
And thou great Ruler of the raging Main!
Ye gracious Gods! in Mercy give Command,
This Desolation may for ever stand.
Thou *Jove!* for ever cloud thy stormy Sky; 170
Thou *Neptune!* bid thy angry Waves run high:
Heave thy huge Trident for a mighty Blow,
Strike the strong Earth, and bid her Fountains flow;
Bid ev'ry River-God exhaust his Urn,
Nor let thy own alternate Tides return; 175
Wide let their blended Waters waste around,
These Regions, *Rhine*, and those the *Rhone* confound.
Melt, ye hoar Mountains of *Riphæan* Snow;
Brooks, Streams, and Lakes, let all your Sources go;
Your spreading Floods the Guilt of *Rome* shall spare, 180
And save the wretched World from Civil War.
But Fortune stay'd her short Displeasure here,
Nor urg'd her Minion with too long a Fear;

Ver. 160. *Such are the Climes.*] The Poet means here the Polar Regions. The Hyperbole, a Figure in which he is given to offend, is somewhat overstrain'd.

With

With large Increase her Favours full return'd,
As if the Gods themselves his Anger mourn'd;
As if his Name more terrible to Heav'n,
And Providence cou'd sue to be forgiv'n.
Now 'gan the Welkin clear to shine serene,
And *Phœbus* potent in his Rays was seen.
The scatt'ring Clouds disclos'd the piercing Light,
And hung the Firmament with fleecy Whites
The troublous Storm had spent his wrathful Stone,
And clatt'ring Rains were heard to rush no more.
Again the Woods their leafy Honours raise,
And Herds upon the rising Mountains graze.
Day's genial Heat upon the Damps prevails,
And ripens into Earth the slimy Vales.
Bright glitt'ring Stars adorn Night's spangled Air,
And ruddy Ev'ning Skies foretel the Morning fair.
Soon as the falling storm begun
A peaceful Stream within his Banks to run,
The bending Willow into Barks they twine,
Then line the Work with Spoils of slaughter'd Kine:
Such are the Floats *Venetian* Fishers know,
Where in dull Marshes floods the settling Ba;
On such to neighbring *Gaul*, allur'd by Gain,
The bolder *Britons* cross the swelling Main;

Ver. 202. *The bending Willow.*] *Cæsar*, as appears by his own Commentaries, had learn'd to make these sort of Boats from the *Britons*.

Like

Like these, when fruitful *Ægypt* lies afloat,
The *Memphian* Artist builds his reedy Boat.
On these embarking bold with eager haste, 210
Across the Stream his Legions *Cæsar* past:
Strait the tall Woods with sounding Strokes are fell'd,
And with strong Piles a beamy Bridge they build;
Then mindful of the Flood so lately spread,
They stretch the length'ning Arches o'er the Mead. 215
And least his bolder Waters rise again,
With num'rous Dykes they Canton out the Plain,
And by a thousand Streams the suff'ring River drain.
Petreius now a Fine superior saw,
While Elements obey proud *Cæsar's* Law; 220
Then strait *Ilerda's* lofty Walls forsook,
And to the farthest West his Arms betook;
The nearer Regions faithless all around,
And basely to the Victor bent, he found.

Ver. 221. Ilerda's *lofty Walls.*] There were many Reasons for *Afranius* and *Petreius* to decamp at this time, and endeavour to transfer the Seat of the War into *Celtiberia*; and it was not one of the least that that Part of *Spain* was extreamly well affected to *Pompey*, as having receiv'd several Benefits from him in the War with *Sertorius*. They dislodged therefore in the Night, and march'd towards the River *Iberus*: But *Cæsar*, upon the first Notice of their Motion, used so much Diligence, that he got before 'em, made himself Master of a Pass they intended to seize upon, and cut off their Communication with the River they intended to pass.

When

When with just Rage and Indignation fir'd, 225
He to the *Celtiberians* fierce retir'd;
There sought, amidst the World's extremest Parts,
Still daring Hands, and still unconquer'd Hearts.
Soon as he view'd the neighb'ring Mountain's Head
No longer by the hostile Camp o'erspread, 230
Cæsar commands to Arm. Without delay
The Soldier to the River bends his way;
None then with cautious Care the Bridge explor'd,
Or sought the Shallows of the safer Ford;
Arm'd at all Points, they plunge amidst the Flood, 235
And with strong Sinews make the Passage good:
Dangers they scorn that might the Bold affright,
And stop ev'n panting Cowards in their Flight.
At length the farther Bank attaining safe,
Chill'd by the Stream, their dripping Limbs they chafe:
Then with fresh Vigour urge the Foes Pursuit, 240
And in the sprightly Chace, the Pow'rs of Life recruit.
Thus they; 'till half the Course of Light was run,
And less'ning Shadows own'd the Noon-day Sun;
The Fliers now a doubtful Fight maintain, 245
While the fleet Horse in Squadrons scour the Plain;
The Stragglers scatt'ring round they force to yield,
And gather up the Gleanings of the Field.
'Midst a wide Plain two lofty Rocks arise,
Between the Cliffs an humble Valley lies; 250

Long

Long Rows of ridgy Mountains run behind,
Where Ways obscure and secret Passes wind.
But *Cæsar*, deep within his Thought, foresees
The Foes Attempt the Covert strong to seize:
So may their Troops at leisure range afar, 255
And to the *Celtiberians* lead the War.
Be quick (he cries) nor minding just Array,
Swift, to the Combate, wing your speedy Way.
See! where yon Cowards to the Fastness haste,
But let your Terrors in their Way be plac'd: 260
Pierce not the fearful Backs of those that fly,
But on your meeting Jav'lins let 'em die.
He said. The ready Legions took the Word,
And hastily obey their eager Lord;
With Diligence the coming Foe prevent, 265
And stay their Marches, to the Mountains bent.
Near neighb'ring now the Camps intrench'd are seen,
With scarce a narrow Interval between.
Soon as their Eyes o'ershoot the middle Space,
From either Host, Sires, Sons, and Brothers trace
The well-known Features of some kindred Face.
Then first their Hearts with Tenderness were struck,
First with Remorse for Civil Rage they shook;
Stiff'ning with Horror cold, and dire Amaze,
Awhile in silent Interviews they gaze: 275
Anon with speechless Signs their Swords salute,
While Thoughts conflicting keep their Masters mute.

At length, disdaining still to be represt,
Prevailing Passion rose in ev'ry Breast,
And the vain Rules of guilty War transgress'd.
As at a Signal, both their Trenches quit, 285
And spreading Arms in close Embraces knit:
Now Friendship runs o'er all her ancient Claims,
Guest and Companion are their only Names;
Old Neighbourhood they fondly call to Mind, 289
And how their boyish Years in Leagues were join'd.
With Grief each other mutually they know,
And find a Friend in ev'ry *Roman* Foe.
Their falling Tears their finely Arms bedew,
While interrupting Sighs each Kiss pursue; 290
And tho' their Hands are yet unstain'd by Guilt,
They tremble for the Blood they might have spilt.
But speak, unhappy *Roman!* speak thy Pain,
Say for what Woes thy streaming Eyes complain?
Why dost thou groan? Why beat thy sounding Breast? 295
Why is this wild fantastick Grief expreſt?
Is it, that yet thy Country claims thy Care?
Hast thou the Crimes of War unwilling share?
Ah! whither art thou by thy Fears betray'd?
How canst thou dread that Pow'r thy self hast made? 300
Do *Cæsar's* Trumpets call thee? Scorn the Sound.
Does he bid, March? Dare thou to keep thy Ground.

Ver. 293, *Speak, unhappy* Roman.] If this Civil War be such an Affliction to you, why will you follow *Cæsar?*

So

So Rage and Slaughter shall to Justice yield,
And fierce *Erinnys* quit the fatal Field:
Cæsar in Peace a private State shall know, 305
And *Pompey* be no longer call'd his Foe.
Appear, thou heav'nly Concord! blest appear!
And shed thy better Influences here.
Thou who the warring Elements dost bind,
Life of the World, and Safety of Mankind,
Infuse thy sov'reign Balm, and heal the wrathful Mind.
But if the same dire Fury rages yet,
Too well they know what Foes their Swords shall meet;
No blind Pretence of Ignorance remains,
The Blood they shed must flow from *Roman* Veins. 315
Oh! fatal Truce! the Brand of guilty *Rome!*
From thee worse Wars and redder Slaughters come.
See! with what free and unsuspecting Love,
From Camp to Camp the jocund Warriors rove;
Each to his turphy Table bids his Guest, 320
And *Bacchus* crowns the hospitable Feast.
The grassy Fires refulgent lend their Light,
While Conversation sleepless wastes the Night:
Of early Feats of Arms, by turns they tell,
Of Fortunes that in various Fields befel, 325

Ver. 313. *Too well they know.*] After a Fondness and Reconciliation of this kind, certainly the Butcheries that they were guilty of afterwards appear'd the more horrible.

With

With well-becoming Pride their Deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length their unauſpicious Hands are join'd,
And ſacred Leagues with Faith renew'd they bind. 329
But oh! what worſe could cruel Fate afford!
The Furies ſmil'd upon the curſt Accord,
And dy'd with deeper Stains the *Roman* Sword.
By buſie Fame *Petreius* ſoon is told,
His Camp, himſelf, to *Cæſar* all are ſold;
When ſtrait the Chief indignant calls to Arm, 335
And bids the Trumpet ſpread the loud Alarm.
With War encompaſs'd round he takes his Way,
And breaks the ſhort-liv'd Truce with fierce Affray;
He drives th' unarm'd and unſuſpecting Gueſt,
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfiniſh'd Feaſt; 340
With horrid Steel he cuts each fond Embrace,
And violates with Blood the new-made Peace.
And leaſt the fainting Flames of Wrath expire,
With Words like theſe he fanns the deadly Fire.
Ye Herd! unknowing of the *Roman* Worth, 345
And loſt to that great Cauſe which led you forth;

Ver. 333. Petreius *ſoon is told.*] This Jealouſy of *Petreius* was certainly unworthy of a Man who had the beſt Cauſe; and even the Poet himſelf cannot forbear running out in Praiſe of *Cæſar* on this Occaſion; the Baſeneſs and Cruelty of *Petreius* were inexcuſable.

Tho'

Tho' Victory and Captive *Cæsar*, were
Honours too glorious for your Swords to share;
Yet something, abject as you are, from you,
Something to Virtue and the Laws is due: 350
A second Praise ev'n yet you may partake;
Fight, and be vanquish'd for your Country's sake.
Can you, while Fate as yet suspends our Doom,
While you have Blood and Lives to lose for *Rome*,
Can you with tame Submission seek a Lord; 355
And own a Cause by Men and Gods abhorr'd?
Will you in lowly wise his Mercy crave?
Can Soldiers beg to wear the Name of Slave?
Wou'd you for us your Suit to *Cæsar* move?
Know we disdain his pard'ning Pow'r to prove: 360
No private Bargain shall redeem this Head;
For *Rome*, and not for us, the War was made.
Tho' Peace a specious poor Pretence afford,
Baseness and Bondage lurk beneath the Word.
In vain the Workmen search the steely Mine 365
To arm the Field, and bid the Battle shine;
In vain the Fortress lifts her tow'ry Height;
In vain the warlike Steed provokes the Fight;
In vain our Oars the foamy Ocean sweep;
In vain our floating Castles hide the Deep; 370
In vain by Land, in vain by Sea we fought,
If Peace shall e'er with Liberty be bought.

See!

See! with what Constancy, what gallant Pride,
Our stedfast Foes defend an impious Side!
Bound by their Oaths, tho' Enemies to Good. 375
They scorn to change from what they once have vow'd.
While each vain Breath your slack'ning Faith withdraws,
Yours! who pretend to arm for *Rome* and Laws,
Who find no Fault, but Justice in your Cause.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er, 380
A brave Repentance still is in your Pow'r:
While *Pompey* calls the utmost East from far,
And leads the *Indian* Monarchs on to War,
Shall we (oh Shame!) prevent his great Success,
And bind his Hands by our inglorious Peace? 385
He spoke; and civil Rage at once returns,
Each Breast the fonder Thoughts of Pity scorns,
And ruthless with redoubled Fury burns.
So when the Tyger, or the spotted Pard,
Long from the Woods, and Savage Haunts debarr'd 390
From their first Fierceness for a while are won,
And seem to put a gentler Nature on;
Patient their Prison, and Mankind they bear,
Fawn on their Lords, and Looks less horrid wear:
But let the Taste of Slaughter be renew'd, 395
And their fell Jaws again with Gore embrew'd;
Then dreadfully their wak'ning Furies rise,
And glaring Fires rekindle in their Eyes;

With

With wrathful Roar their ecchoing Dens they tear,
And hardly, ev'n the well-known Keeper ſpare;
The ſhudd'ring Keeper ſhakes, and ſtands aloof for Fear.
From Friendſhip freed, and conſcious Nature's Tie,
To undiſtinguiſh'd Slaughters looſe they fly;
With Guilt avow'd their daring Crimes advance,
And ſcorn th' Excuſe of Ignorance and Chance. 405
Thoſe whom ſo late their fond Embraces preſt,
The Boſom's Partner, and the welcome Gueſt;
Now at the Board unhoſpitable bleed,
While Streams of Blood the flowing Bowl ſucceed.
With Groans at firſt, each draws the glitt'ring Brand, 410
And lingring Death ſtops in th' unwilling Hand:
'Till urg'd at length returning Force they feel,
And catch new Courage from the murd'ring Steel:
Vengeance and Hatred riſe with ev'ry Blow,
And Blood paints ev'ry Viſage like a Foe. 415
Uproar and Horrour thro' the Camp abound,
While impious Sons their mangled Fathers wound,
And leaſt the Merit of the Crime be loſt,
With dreadful Joy the Parricide they boaſt;
Proud to their Chiefs the cold pale Heads they bear, 420
The Gore yet dropping from the ſilver Hair.

Ver. 410. *Glitt'ring Brand.*] This Word is uſed for a Sword by ſome of the beſt of our *Engliſh* Poets, *Spencer* and *Fairfax* eſpecially.

But thou, oh *Cæsar!* to the Gods be dear!
Thy pious Mercy well becomes their Care;
And tho' thy Soldier falls by treach'rous Peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great Success. 425
Not all thou ow'st to bounteous Fortune's Smile,
Not proud *Massilia*, nor the *Pharian Nile*;
Not the full Conquest of *Pharsalia*'s Field,
Cou'd greater Fame, or nobler Trophies yield;
Thine and the Cause of Justice now are one, 430
Since guilty Slaughter strands thy Foes alone.
Nor dare the conscious Leaders longer wait,
Or trust to such unhallow'd Hands their Fate:
Astonish'd and dismay'd they shun the Fight,
And to *Ilerda* turn their hasty Flight. 435
But e're their March achieves its destin'd Course,
Preventing *Cæsar* sends the winged Horse:
The speedy Squadrons seize th' appointed Ground,
And hold their Foes on Hills encompass'd round.
Pent up in barren Heights, they strive in vain 440
Refreshing Springs and flowing Streams to gain;
Strong hostile Works their Camp's Extension stay,
And deep sunk Trenches intercept their Way.
Now Death in unexpected Forms arrive,
Thirst and pale Famine stalk before their Eyes. 445
Shut up and close besieg'd, no more they need
The Strength or Swiftness of the warlike Steed;
But doom the gen'rous Coursers all to bleed.

Hopeless

Hopeless at length, and barr'd around from Flight,
Headlong they rush to Arms, and urge the Fight: 450
But *Cæsar*, who with wary Eyes beheld,
With what determin'd Rage they fought the Field,
Restrain'd his eager Troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your Sword in Madmen's Blood be dy'd. 454
But since they come devoted by Despair,
Since Life is grown unworthy of their Care,
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis ours to spare.
Those naked Bosomes that provoke the Foe,
With greedy Hopes of deadly Vengeance glow;
With Pleasure shall they meet the pointed Steel, 460
Nor smarting Wounds, nor dying Anguish feel,
If, while they bleed, your *Cæsar* shares the Pain,
And mourns his gallant Friends among the Slain.
But wait awhile, this Rage shall soon be past,
This Blaze of Courage is too fierce to last; 465
This Ardour for the Fight shall faint away,
And all this fond Desire of Death decay.
He spoke; and at the Word the War was stay'd,
Till *Phœbus* fled from Night's ascending Shade.
Ev'n all the Day, embattled on the Plain, 470
The rash *Petreians* urge to Arms in vain:
At length the weary Fire began to cease,
And wasting Fury languish'd into Peace;
Th' impatient Arrogance of Wrath declin'd,
And slack'ning Passions cool'd upon the Mind. 475

So when, the Battle roaring loud around,
Some Warriour warm receives a fatal Wound;
While yet the griding Sword has newly past,
And the first pungent Pains and Anguish last;
While full with Life the turgid Vessels rise, 480
And the warm Juice the spritely Nerve supplies;
Each sin'wy Limb with fiercer Force is prest,
And Rage redoubles in the burning Breast:
But if, as conscious of th' Advantage gain'd,
The cooler Victor stays his wrathful Hand; 485
Then sinks his Thrall with ebbing Spirits low,
The black Blood stiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold Damps and Numbness close the deadly Stound,
And stretch him pale and fainting on the Ground.
For Water now on ev'ry Side they try, 490
Alike the Sword and delving Spade employ;
Earth's Bosome dark, laborious they explore,
And search the Sources of her liquid Store;
Deep in the hollow Hill the Well descends,
'Till level with the moister Plain it ends. 495
Not lower down from chearful Day decline
The pale *Assyrians*, in the Golden Mine.
In vain they toil, no secret Streams are found
To roll their murm'ring Tides beneath the Ground;
No bursting Springs repay the Workman's Stroke, 500
Nor glitt'ring gush from out the wounded Rock;

No

No ſweating Caves in dewy Droppings ſtand,
Nor ſmalleſt Rills run gurgling o'er the Sand.
Spent and exhauſted with the fruitleſs Pain,
The fainting Youth aſcend to Light again. 505
And now leſs patient of the Drought they grow,
Than in thoſe cooler Depths of Earth below;
No ſav'ry Viands crown the chearful Board,
Ev'n Food for want of Water ſtands abhorr'd;
To Hunger's meagre Refuge they retreat, 510
And ſince they cannot Drink, refuſe to Eat.
Where yielding Clods a moiſter Clay confeſs,
With griping Hands the clammy Glebe they preſs;
Where-e'er the ſtanding Puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in Crouds the thirſty Soldier flies; 515
Horrid to Sight, the miry Filth they quaff,
And drain with dying Jaws the deadly Draff.
Some ſeek the Beaſtial Mothers for Supply;
And draw the Herds extended Udders dry;
Till Thirſt, unſated with the milky Store, 520
With lab'ring Lips drinks in the putrid Gore.
Some ſtrip the Leaves, and ſuck the Morning Dews;
Some grind the Bark, the woody Branches bruiſe,
And ſqueeze the Saplin's unconcocted Juice.
Oh happy thoſe, to whom the barb'rous Kings 525
Left their envenom'd Floods, and tainted Springs!

Ver. 525. *Oh happy thoſe.*] *Jugurtha*, *Mithridates*, and *Juba*, when they were vanquiſh'd by the *Romans*, are ſaid to have poiſon'd the Waters as they fled.

Cæsar be kind, and ev'ry Bane prepare,
Which *Cretan* Rocks, or *Libyan* Serpents bear:
The *Romans* to thy pois'nous Stream shall fly,
And, conscious of the Danger, drink, and die. 530
With secret Flames their with'ring Entrails burn,
And fiery Breathings from their Lungs return;
The shrinking Veins contract their purple Flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating Blood;
The heaving Sighs thro' straiter Passes blow, 535
And scorch the painful Palate as they go;
The parch'd rough Tongue Night's humid Vapour draws,
And restless rolls within the clammy Jaws;
With gaping Mouths they wait the falling Rain,
And want those Floods that lately spread the Plain. 540
Vainly to Heav'n they turn their longing Eyes,
And fix 'em on the dry relentless Skies.
Nor here by sandy *Africk* are they curst,
Nor *Cancer*'s sultry Line enflames their Thirst;
But to enhance their Pain, they view below, 545
Where Lakes stand full, and plenteous Rivers flow;
Between two Streams expires the panting Host,
And in a Land of Water are they lost.
Now prest by pinching Want's unequal Weight,
The vanquish'd Leaders yield to adverse Fate: 550

Ver. 547. *Between two Streams.*] The *Sicoris* and *Iberus*.

Rejecting

Rejecting Arms, *Afranius* seeks Relief;
And sues submissive to the hostile Chief.
Foremost himself, to *Cæsar's* Camp he leads
His famish'd Troops, a fainting Band succeeds. 554
At length, in Presence of the Victor plac'd,
A fitting Dignity his Gesture grac'd,
That spoke his present Fortunes, and his past.
With decent Mixture in his manly Mien,
The Captive and the General were seen:
Then with a free, secure, undaunted Breast; 560
For Mercy thus his pious Suit he prest.

Had Fate and my ill Fortune laid me low,
Beneath the Pow'r of some ungen'rous Foe;
My Sword hung ready to protect my Fame,
And this right Hand had sav'd my Soul from Shame: 565
But now with Joy I bend my suppliant Knee,
Life is worth asking, since 'tis giv'n by thee.
No Party-Zeal our factious Arms inclines,
No Hate of thee, or of thy bold Designs.
War with its own Occasions came unsought, 570
And found us on the Side for which we fought:
True to our Cause, as best becomes the Brave,
Long as we cou'd, we kept that Faith we gave.
Nor shall our Arms thy stronger Fate delay,
Behold! our Yielding paves thy conqu'ring Way: 575
The Western Nations all at once we give,
Securely these behind thee sha't thou leave;

Here while thy full Dominion ſtands confeſt,
Receive it as an Earneſt of the Eaſt. 579
Nor this thy eaſie Victory diſdain,
Bought with no Seas of Blood, nor Hills of Slain;
Forgive the Foes that ſpare thy Sword a Pain.
Nor is the Boon for which we ſue too great,
The weary Soldier begs a laſt Retreat;
In ſome poor Village, peaceful at the Plow, 585
Let 'em enjoy the Life thou doſt beſtow.
Think, in ſome Field, among the Slain we lie,
And loſt to thy Remembrance caſt us by.
Mix not our Arms in thy ſucceſsful War,
Nor let thy Captives in thy Triumph ſhare. 590
Theſe unprevailing Bands their Fate have try'd,
And prov'd that Fortune fights not on their Side.
Guiltleſs to ceaſe from Slaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with Thee, and we ask no more.
He ſaid. The Victor, with a gentler Grace, 595
And Mercy ſoft'ning his ſeverer Face,
Bad his attending Foes their Fears diſmiſs,
Go free from Puniſhment, and live in Peace.
The Truce on equal Terms at length agreed,
The Waters from the watchful Guard are freed: 600

Ver. 599. *On equal Terms.*] On fair, honeſt, and friendly Conditions.

Eager

Eager to drink, down rush the thirsty Croud,
Hang o'er the Banks, and trouble all the Flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal Draughts they drain,
Forget the gasping Lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing Airs the choaking Channels fill, 605
But ev'ry Spring of Life at once stands still.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent Pest assuage,
With wonted Fires their bloated Entrails rage;
With bursting Sides each Bulk enormous heaves,
While still for Drink th' insatiate Feaver craves.
At length returning Health dispers'd the Pain, 610
And lusty Vigour strung the Nerves again.
Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who scatter in Excess your lavish Gold;
You who the Wealth of frugal Ages waste, 615
T' indulge a wanton supercilious Taste:
For whom all Earth, all Ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous Board:
Behold! how little thrifty Nature craves,
And what a cheap Relief the Lives of Thousands saves!
No costly Wines those fainting Legions know, 620
Mark'd by old Consuls many a Year ago;
No waiting Slaves the precious Juices pour,
From *Myrrhine* Goblets, or the Golden Ore:

Ver. 624. *From* Myrrhine *Goblets.*] This should rather be read *Murrine*, from *Murra*, a sort of precious Stone which was transparent like our *China*-Ware, and of which the

But with pure Draughts they cool the boiling Blood, 625
And seek their Succour from the crystal Flood.
Who, but a Wretch, wou'd think it worth his Care,
The Toils and Wickedness of War to share,
When all we want thus easily we find?
The Field and River can supply Mankind. 630
Dismiss'd, and safe from Danger and Alarms,
The Vanquish'd to the Victor quits his Arms;
Guiltless from Camps, to Cities he repairs,
And in his native Land forgets his Cares.
There in his Mind he runs, repenting, o'er 635
The tedious Toils and Perils once he bore;
His Spear and Sword of Battle stand accurst,
He hates the weary March, and parching Thirst;
And wonders much, that e'er with pious Pain
He pray'd so oft' for Victory in vain; 640
For Victory! the Curse of those that win,
The fatal End where still new Woes begin.
Let the proud Masters of the horrid Field
Count all the Gains their dire Successes yield;
Then let 'em think what Wounds they yet must feel,
E'er they can fix revolving Fortune's Wheel: 645

the Ancients made Drinking Vessels. If we read it *Myrrhine*, it must be understood to be Goblets perfum'd with Myrrh, which was likewise in use among the *Romans*.

Ver. 642. *Let the proud Masters.*] *Cæsar* and his Army.

As yet th'imperfect Task by halves is done,
Blood, Blood remains, more Battles must be won,
And many a heavy Labour undergone:
Still conqu'ring, to new Guilt they shall succeed, 650
Where-ever restless Fate and *Cæsar* lead.
How happier lives the Man to Peace assign'd,
Amidst this gen'ral Storm that wracks Mankind!
In his own quiet House ordain'd to die,
He knows the Place in which his Bones shall lie. 655
No Trumpet warns him 'put his Harness on,
Tho' faint, and all with Weariness fore-done:
But when Night falls, he lies securely down,
And calls the creeping Slumber all his own.
His kinder Fates the Warrior's Hopes prevent, 660
And e'er the time, the wish'd Dismission sent;
A lowly Cottage, and a tender Wife,
Receive him in his early Days of Life;
His Boys, a rustick Tribe, around him play,
And homely Pleasures wear the vacant Day. 665
No factious Parties have the Mind engage,
Nor work th' imbitter'd Passions up to Rage;
With equal Eyes the hostile Chiefs they view,
To This their Faith, to That their Lives are due:

Ver. 660. *His kinder Fates.*] *Lucan* observes that it was the particular good Fortune of these Soldiers of *Afranius* and *Petreius* to be dismiss'd from the Service even before their Disability or old Age could, by virtue of the Laws and Military Constitutions, claim such a Favour.

To

To both oblig'd alike, no Part they take, 670
Nor Vows for Conquest, nor against it, make.
Mankind's Misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to stand Neuter, while the World's at War.
But Fortune, bent to check the Victor's Pride,
In other Lands forsook her *Cæsar's* Side; 675
With changing Cheer the fickle Goddess frown'd,
And for awhile her fav'rite Cause disown'd.
Where *Adria's* swelling Surge *Salona* laves,
And warm *Iader* rolls his gentle Waves,
Bold in the brave *Curictan's* warlike Band, 680
Antonius Camps upon the utmost Strand:

Ver. 674. *But Fortune bent.*] *Dolabella* and *C. Antonius* were commanded by *Cæsar* to possess themselves of the Entrance into the *Adriatick* Sea; and accordingly the first encamp'd on the *Illyrian* Shore, and the other on the Islands over-against *Salona*. *Pompey* was then almost every where Master of the Seas, and consequently *Octavius* and *Liba*, two of his Lieutenants, shut up *Antonius*, and besieged him with a great Fleet. *Basilus* (as *Lucan* relates it here) came to relieve him, and attempting afterwards to get off (tho' the Historians say it was in coming to *Antonius*) two Vessels or Floats of a new Invention, out of three, got over a kind of Boom that was laid under the Water, but the third, which was mann'd by a Thousand *Opitergians*, commanded by *Vulteius*, was ensnared and held fast. These, after they had for a whole Day resisted a very unequal Assault from a Force vastly superior to their own, at the Perswasion and by the Example of their Leader, slew one another: A rare Example of Fidelity even to Arbitrary and Tyrannical Power.

Ver. 679. *Iader*,] A River of *Dalmatia* that ran by *Salona*, not far from (or it may be the same with) the present *Spalato*.

Ver. 680. *Curictan's*] Most Editions read *Curetes* in the Ori-

Begirt around by *Pompey*'s floating Pow'r,
He braves the Navy from his well-fenc'd Shore.
But while the distant War no more he fears,
Fam[illegible] a worse, resistless Foe, appears: 685
No [illegible] Meads their grassy Pasture yield,
Nor w[illegible]ing Harvests crown the yellow Field.
On ev'ry verdant Leaf the Hungry feed,
And snatch the Forage from the fainting Steed;
Then rav'nous on their Camp's Defence they fall, 690
And grind with greedy Jaws the turfy Wall.
Near on the neighb'ring Coast at length they spy,
Where *Basilus* with social Sails draws nigh;
While led by *Dolabella*'s bold Command,
Their *Cæsar*'s Legions spread th' *Illyrian* Strand: 695
Strait with new Hopes their Hearts recov'ring beat,
Aim to elude the Foe, and meditate Retreat.

Of wond'rous Form a vast Machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating Field.
Here, nor the Keel its crooked Length extends, 700
Nor o'er the Waves the rising Deck ascends;
By Beams and grappling Chains compacted strong,
Light Skiffs, and Casks, two equal Rows prolong:

Original; *Curictan*'s is certainly better, and approv'd by the ancient Geographers. *Curicta* is an Island in the *Sinus Flanaticus*, or Gulf of *Carnero*, in the upper End of the *Adriatick* Sea between the Coasts of *Istria* and *Liburnia*.

O'er

O'er these, of solid Oak securely made,
Stable and tight a Flooring firm is laid;
Sublime, from hence, two planky Tow'rs run high,
And nodding Battlements the Foe defie.
Securely plac'd, each rising Range between,
The lusty Rower plies his Task unseen.
Meanwhile nor Oars upon the Sides appear,
Nor swelling Sails receive the driving Air:
But living forms the mighty Mass to sweep,
And glide self-mov'd athwart the yielding Deep.
Three wond'rous Fleets, of this enormous Size,
Soon by the skillful Builder's Craft arise;
The ready Warriors all aboard 'em ride,
And wait the turn of the retiring Tide.
Backward at length revolving *Tethys* flows,
And ebbing Waves the naked Sands disclose:
Strait by the Streams the launching Piles are born,
Shields, Spears, and Helms, their nodding Tow'rs adorn;
Threat'ning they move in terrible Array,
And to the deeper Ocean bend their way.
Octavius now, whose naval Pow'rs command
Adria's rude Seas, and wide *Illyria's* Strand,
Full in their Course his Fleet advancing stays,
And each impatient Combatant delays:

Ver. 727. *Impatient Combatant delays.*] *Octavius* stood out to Sea, and wou'd not suffer his Men to engage at first, that he might draw the Enemy out from among the Islands, and surround 'em at once.

The

To the blue Ocean wide he seems to bear,
Hopeful to draw th' unwary Vessels near;
Aloof he rounds 'em, eager on his Prey, 730
And tempts 'em with an open roomy Sea.
Thus when the wily Huntsman spreads his Nets,
And with his ambient Toil the Wood besets;
While yet his busie Hands, with skilful Care,
The mesby Hayes and forky Props prepare; 735
E'er yet the Deer the painted Plumage spy,
Sauff the strong Odour from afar, and fly;
His Mates, the *Cretan* Hound and *Spartan* bind,
And muzzle all the loud *Molossian* Kind;
The Quester only to the Wood they loose, 740
Who silently the tainted Track pursues:
Mute Signs alone the conscious Haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the Prey.
'Twas at the Season when the fainting Light,
Just in the Ev'ning's Close, brought on the Night; 745

The Time and Place where this Action happen'd is somewhat doubted of; but I take it as related by my Author.

Ver. 736. *E'er yet the Deer.*] The *Roman* Hunters, when they set Toils to inclose their Game, placed upon the Top of the Nets Feathers that were painted of several Colours, and likewise burnt, that by their Dancing as well as strong Scent they might scare the Deer from coming up to, or attempting to break thro' 'em. So *Virgil*,

Puniceave agitant trepidos formidine penna.

Nor scare the trembling Deer with purple Plumes.

When

When the tall tow'ry Floats their Isle forsook,
And to the Seas their Course, advent'rous, took.
But now the fam'd *Cilician* Pyrates, skill'd
In Arts and Warfare of the liquid Field,
Their wonted Wiles and Stratagems provide, 750
To aid their great acknowledg'd Victor's Side.
Beneath the glassy Surface of the Main,
From Rock to Rock they stretch a pond'rous Chain;
Loosely the slacker Links suspended flow,
T' enwrap the driving Fabricks as they go. 755
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the Tide,
Smooth o'er the Boom the first and second glide;
The third the guileful latent Chain enfolds,
And in his steely Grasp entwining holds:
From the tall Rocks the shouting Victors roar, 760
And drag the rosty Captive to the Shore.
For Ages past an ancient Cliff there stood,
Whose bending Brow hung threatning o'er the Flood:
A verdant Grove was on the Summit plac'd,
And o'er the Waves a gloomy Shadow cast; 765
While near the Base wide Hollows sink below,
There roll huge Seas, and bell'wing Tempests blow:

Ver. 751. *Acknowledg'd Victor.*] The *Cilician* Pyrates were subdued by *Pompey*. *See* Book I.

As this Story is related, *Pompey*'s Forces had seiz'd upon some Passage or Strait thro' which these Vessels were to pass.

Thither

Thither what-e'er the greedy Waters drown,
The Shipwreck, and the driving Corpse, are thrown:
Anon the gaping Gulph the Spoil restores, 770
And from his lowest Depths loud-spouting pours.
Not rude *Charybdis* roars in Sounds like these,
When thund'ring, with a Burst, she spews the foamy Seas.
Hither, with warlike *Opitergians* fraught,
The third ill-fated Pris'ner Float was brought; 775
The Foe, as at a Signal, speed their Way,
And haste to compass in the destin'd Prey;
The crouding Sails from ev'ry Station press,
While armed Bands the Rocks and Shores possess.
Too late the Chief, *Vulteius*, found the Snare, 780
And strove to burst the Toil with fruitless Care:
Driv'n by Despair at length, nor thinking yet,
Which way to Fight, or whither to Retreat,
He turns upon the Foe; and tho' distrest,
By Wiles entangled, and by Crouds oppress, 785
With scarce a single Cohort to his Aid,
Against the gath'ring Host a Stand he made.
Fierce was the Combat fought, with Slaughter great,
Tho' thus on Odds unequally they meet,
One with a thousand match'd, a Ship against a Fleet.

Ver. 774. *Opitergians,*] *Opitergium*, now called *Oderzo*, in the Territory of *Venice*, in the Marquisate of *Trevigiano*.

But soon on dusky Wings arose the Night, 790
And with her friendly Shade restrains the Fight;
The Combatants from War consenting cease,
And pass the Hours of Darkness o'er in Peace.
When to the Soldier, anxious for his Fate, 795
And doubtful what Success the Dawn might wait,
The brave *Vulteius* thus his Speech address,
And thus compos'd the Cares of ev'ry heating Breast.
My gallant Friends! whom our hard Fates decree,
This Night, this short Night only, to be free; 800
Think what remains to do, but think with haste,
E'er the brief Hour of Liberty be past.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this so hard Extream,
Too short, to some, the Date of Life may seem;
Yet know, brave Youths, that None untimely fall, 805
Whom Death obeys, and comes but when they call.
Tis true, the neighb'ring Danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal Praise we die.
Dark and uncertain is Man's future Doom, 810
If Years, or only Moments are to come;
All is but dying; he who gives an Hour,
Or he who gives an Age, gives all that's in his Pow'r.
Sooner, or late, all Mortals know the Grave,
But to chuse Death distinguishes the Brave. 815

Ver. 809. *With equal Praise we die.*] We die with as much Honour, tho' Death comes to our Doors to seek us, as if we had gone out to meet it.

Behold

Behold where, waiting round, yon hostile Band,
Our Fellow-Citizens, our Lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel Hands, and bleed;
'Tis but to do what is too sure decreed;
And where our Fate won'd drag us on, to lead.
A great conspicuous Slaughter shall we yield, 820
Nor lie the Carnage of a common Field;
Where one ignoble Heap confounds the Slain,
And Men, and Beasts, promiscuous strew the Plain.
Plat'd on this Flour by some divine Hand, 825
As on a Stage, for publick View we stand.
Illyria's neighb'ring Shores, her Isles around,
And ev'ry Cliff with Gazers shall be crown'd;
The Seas, and Earth, our Virtue shall proclaim,
And stand eternal Vouchers for our Fame; 830
Alike the Foes and Fellows of our Cause,
Shall mark the Deed, and join in vast Applause.
Blest be thou, Fortune, that hast mark'd us forth,
A Monument of unexampled Worth;
To latest Times our Story shall be told, 835
Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest Names of Old,
Distinguish'd Praise shall crown our daring Youth,
Our pious Honour, and unshaken Truth.
Mean is our Off'ring, *Cæsar*, we confess;
For such a Chief, what Soldier can do less? 840

Ver. 831. *And Fellows of our Cause.*] Those under the Command of *Dolabella* on the Coast of *Illyria*.

Yet

Yet oh! this faithful Pledge of Love receive!
Take it, 'tis all that Captives have to give.
Oh! that to make the Victim yet more dear,
Our aged Sires, our Children had been here:
Then with full Horrour shou'd the Slaughter rise, 845
And blast our paler Foes' astonish'd Eyes;
'Till aw'd beneath that Scorn of Death we wear,
They bless the Time our Fellows 'scap'd their Snare:
'Till with mean Tears our Fate the Cowards mourn,
And tremble at the Rage with which we burn. 850
Perhaps they mean our constant Souls to try,
Whether for Life and Peace we may comply,
Oh! grant, ye Gods! their Offers may be great,
That we may gloriously disdain to treat,
That this last Proof of Virtue we may give, 855
And shew we die not now, because we cou'd not live.
That Valour to no common Heights must rise,
Which he, our God-like Chief himself shall prize.
Immortal shall our Truth for ever stand,
If *Cæsar* thinks this little faithful Band
A Loss, amidst the Host of his Command.
For me, my Friends, my fix'd Resolve is ta'en,
And Fate, or Chance, may proffer Life in vain;
I scorn whatever Safety they provide,
And cast the worthless trifling Thought aside. 865
The sacred Rage of Death devours me whole,
Reigns in my Heart, and triumphs in my Soul:

I see, I reach the Period of my Woe,
And taste those Joys the Dying only know.
Wisely the Gods conceal the wond'rous Good, 870
Lest Man no longer shou'd endure his Load;
Lest ev'ry Wretch like me from Life shou'd fly,
Seize his own Happiness himself, and die.
He spoke. The Band his potent Tongue confest,
And gen'rous Ardour burn'd in ev'ry Breast. 875
No longer now they view, with wat'ry Eyes,
The swift revolving Circle of the Skies;
No longer think the setting Stars in haste,
Nor wonder slow *Böotes* moves so fast;
But with high Hearts exulting all, and gay, 880
They wish for Light, and call the tardy Day.
Yet, nor the heavenly *Axis* long delays,
To roll the radiant Signs beneath the Seas;
In *Leda*'s Twins now rose the warmer Sun,
And near the lofty *Crab* exalted shone; 885
Swiftly Night's shorter Shades began to move,
And to the West *Thessalian Chiron* drove.
At length the Morning's purple Beams disclose
The wide Horizon cover'd round with Foes;

Ver. 884. *In* Leda's *Twins.*] When the Sun was passing from *Gemini* into *Cancer*, about the Beginning of *June*.

Ver. 887. *Thessalian Chiron.*] *Sagittary*, the opposite Sign, was then setting.

Each

Each Rock and Shore the crouding *Istrians* keep, 890
While *Greeks* and fierce *Liburnians* spread the Deep:
When yet, e'er Fury lets the Battle loose,
Octavius woo's 'em with the Terms of Truce.
If haply *Pompey*'s Chains they chuse to wear,
And Captive Life to instant Death prefer. 895
But the brave Youth, regardless of his Might,
Fierce in the Scorn of Life, and hating Light,
Fearless, and careless of whate'er may come,
Resolv'd, and self-determin'd to their Doom;
Alike disdain the threat'ning of the War, 900
And all the flatt'ring Wiles their Foes prepare.
Calmly the num'rous Legions round they view,
At once by Land and Sea the Fight renew;
Relief, or Friends, or Aid expect they none,
But fix one certain Trust in Death alone. 905
In Opposition firm awhile they stood,
But soon were satisfy'd with hostile Blood.
Then turning from the Foe, with gallant Pride,
Is there a gen'rous Youth (*Vulteius* cry'd)
Whose worthy Sword may pierce your Leader's Side?
He said; and at the Word, from ev'ry Part, 911
A hundred pointed Weapons reach'd his Heart;
Dying he pais'd on all, but him the chief,
Whose eager Duty brought the first Relief:

Ver. 890. Greeks, Istrians, *and* Liburnians.] All on *Pompey*'s Side.

Deep

Deep in his Breast he plung'd his deadly Blade, 915
And with a grateful Stroke the friendly Gift repay'd.
At once all rush, at once to Death they fly,
And on each others Swords alternate die,
Greedy to make the Mischief all their own,
And arrogate the Guilt of War alone. 920
A Fate like this did *Cadmus'* Harvest prove,
When mortally the Earth-born Brethren strove;
When by each others Hands of Life bereft,
An Omen dire to future *Thebes* they left.
Such was the Rage inspir'd the *Colchian* Foes, 925
When from the Dragons wond'rous Teeth they rose;
When urg'd by Charms, and Magick's mystick Pow'r,
They dy'd their native Field with streaming Gore;
'Till ev'n the fell Enchantress stood dismay'd,
And wonder'd at the Mischiefs which she made. 930
Furies more fierce the dying *Romans* feel,
And with bare Breasts provoke the ling'ring Steel;
With fond Embraces catch the deadly Darts,
And press 'em plunging to their panting Hearts.

Ver. 921. Cadmus' *Harvest.*] The Stories of *Cadmus* and *Jason*'s sowing the Teeth of the Dragons which they had kill'd in *Boetia* and *Colchis*, and the Men that sprung up from 'em, and kill'd one another, are to be found at large in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphosis.*

Ver. 924. *An Omen dire.*] Because the two Sons of *Oedipus*, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, kill'd one another afterwards at the same Place.

Ver. 929. *The fell Enchantress.*] *Medea*, who instructed *Jason.*

No Wound imperfect, for a second calls; 935
With certain Aim the sure Destruction falls.
This last best Gift, this one unerring Blow,
Sires, Sons, and Brothers mutually bestow;
Nor Piety, nor fond Remorse prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail. 940
Here with red Streams the blushing Waves they stain,
Here dash their mangled Entrails in the Main.
Here with a last Disdain they view the Skies,
Shut out Heav'ns hated Light with scornful Eyes,
And with insulting Joy, the Victor Foe despise.
At length the heapy Slaughter rose on high, 946
The hostile Chiefs the purple Pile descry;
And while the last accustom'd Rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled Deed believe:
Much they admire a Faith by Death approv'd, 950
And wonder lawless Power cou'd e'er be thus belov'd.
Wide thro' Mankind eternal Fame displays
This hardy Crew, this single Vessel's Praise.
But oh! the Story of the godlike Rage
Is lost, upon a vile, degen'rate Age; 955

Ver. 938. *Sires, Sons, and Brothers.*] That is such of 'em as were capable of being together in the Service; so that this Passage does not contradict that above in *Vulteius's* Speech, *Ver.* 844.

Ver. 951. *Lawless Pow'r.*] *Cæsar's.*

The

The base, the slavish World will not be taught,
With how much Ease their Freedom may be bought,
Still Arbitrary Power on Thrones commands,
Still Liberty is gall'd by Tyrants Bands,
And Swords in vain are trusted to our Hands.
Oh! Death! thou pleasing End of human Woe, 961
Thou Cure for Life, thou greatest Good below;
Still may'st thou fly the Coward, and the Slave,
And thy soft Slumbers only bless the Brave.
Nor War's pernicious God less Havock yields, 965
Where swarthy *Libya* spreads her Sun-burn'd Fields.
For *Curio* now the stretching Canvass spread,
And from *Sicilian* Shores his Navy led;
To *Africk*'s Coast he cuts the foamy Way,
Where low the once victorious *Carthage* lay. 970
There landing, to the well-known Camp he hies,
Where from afar the distant Seas he spies;
Where *Bagrada*'s dull Waves the Sands divide,
And slowly downward roll their sluggish Tide.
From thence he seeks the Heights renown'd by Fame, 975
And hallow'd by the great *Cornelian* Name:
The Rocks and Hills which, long Traditions say,
Were held by huge *Anteus*' horrid Sway.

Ver. 971. *The well-known Camp.*] The *Castra Cornelianæ*, where *Cornelius Scipio* had formerly encamp'd, and left his Name to the Place from his remarkable Successes there in the Second *Punick* War.

Ver. 978. *Anteus.*] I wonder *Lucan*, who seems to avoid *the Fabulous* in his Poem, should go so far out of the

Here, as, by Chance, he lights upon the Place,
Curious he tries the rev'rend Tale to trace. 980
When thus, in short, the ruder *Libyans* tell,
What from their Sires they heard, and how the Case befel.
The teeming Earth, for ever fresh and young,
Yet, after many a Gyant Son, was strong;
When lab'ring, here, with the prodigious Birth, 985
She brought her youngest-born *Antaus* forth.
Of all the dreadful Brood which erst she bore,
In none the fruitful Beldame glory'd more:
Happy for Those above she brought him not,
Till after *Phlegra*'s doubtful Field was fought. 990
That this, her Darling, might in Force excell,
A Gift she gave: whene'er to Earth he fell,
Recruited Strength he from his Parent drew,
And ev'ry slack'ning Nerve was strung anew.
Yon Cave his Den he made; where oft' for Food, 995
He snatch'd the Mother Lion's horrid Brood.
Nor Leaves, nor shaggy Hides his Couch prepar'd,
Torn from the Tyger, or the spotted Pard;
But stretch'd along the naked Earth he lies:
New Vigour still the native Earth supplies. 1000

Way for this. The Place of *Antaus*'s Abode and Burial is by no Author placed in this Part of *Africk*; some fix it in *Mauritania Tingitana*, others in *Libya*, and *Cellarius* between the *Nile* and the *Red-Sea*.

Ver. 990. *Phlegra*.] Where the Gods and the Giants fought a pitch'd Battle.

Whate'er

Whate'er he meets his ruthless Hands invade,
Strong in himself, without his Mother's Aid.
The Strangers that, unknowing seek the Shore,
Soon a worse Shipwreck on the Land deplore. 1004
Dreadful to all, with matchless Might he reigns,
Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple Swains,
And all unpeopled lye the *Libyan* Plains.
At length, around the trembling Nations spread,
Fame of the Tyrant to *Alcides* fled.
The Godlike Heroe, born, by *Jove*'s decree. 1010
To set the Seas, and Earth, from Monsters free;
Hither in gen'rous Pity bent his Course,
And set himself to prove the Giant's Force.
Now met, the Combatants for Fight provide,
And either 'doffs the Lion's yellow Hide. 1015
Bright in *Olympick* Oil *Alcides* shone,
Antaus with his Mother's Dust is strown,
And seeks her friendly Force to aid his own.
Now seizing fierce their grasping Hands they mix,
And labour on the swelling Throat to fix; 1020
Their sin'wy Arms are writh'd in many a Fold,
And Front to Front, they threaten stern and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a sullen Frown,
To find a Force thus equal to his own.

Ver. 1016. Olympick *Oil.*] As was usual among the Racers and Wrestlers at the *Olympick* Games.

At length the godlike Victor *Greek* prevail'd, 1025
Nor yet the Foe with all his Force assail'd.
Faint dropping Sweats bedew the Monster's Brows,
And panting thick with heaving Sides he blows;
His trembling Head the slack'ning Nerves confess'd,
And from the Heroe shrunk his yielding Breast. 1030
The Conqueror pursues, his Arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and strain his crashing Chine,
While his broad Knee bears forceful on his Groin.
At once his falt'ring Feet from Earth he rends,
And on the Sands his mighty Length extends. 1035
The Parent Earth her vanquish'd Son deplores,
And with a Touch his Vigour lost restores:
From his faint Limbs the clammy Dews she drains,
And with fresh Streams recruits his ebbing Veins;
The Muscles swell, the hard'ning Sinews rise, 1040
And bursting from th' *Herculean* Grasp he flies.
Astonish'd at the Sight *Alcides* stood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in *Lerna*'s Flood
The dreadful Snake her falling Heads renew'd.
Of all his various Labours, none was seen 1045
With equal Joy by Heav'n's unrighteous Queen;
Pleas'd she beheld, what Toil, what Pains he prov'd,
He who had born the Weight of Heav'n unmov'd.

Ver. 1044. *The dreadful Snake.*] The *Hydra.*

Sudden

Sudden again upon the Foe he flew,
The falling Foe to Earth for Aid withdrew; 1050
The Earth again her fainting Son supplies,
And with redoubled Forces bids him rise:
Her vital Pow'rs to succour him she sends,
And Earth her self with *Hercules* contends.
Conscious at length of such unequal Fight, 1055
And that the Parent Touch renew'd his Might,
No longer sha't thou fall, *Alcides* cry'd,
Henceforth the Combat standing shall be try'd;
If thou wo't lean, to me alone incline,
And rest upon no other Breast but mine. 1060
He said; and as he saw the Monster stoop,
With mighty Arms cleft he rears him up:
No more the distant Earth her Son supplies,
Lock'd in the Hero's strong Embrace he lyes;
Nor thence dismiss'd, nor trusted to the Ground, 1065
'Till Death in ev'ry frozen Limb was found.
Thus, fond of Tales, our Ancestors of Old
The Story to their Childrens Children told;
From thence a Title to the Land they gave,
And call'd this hollow Rock *Antaeus'* Cave. 1070
But greater Deeds this rising Mountain grace,
And *Scipio's* Name ennobles much the Place;
While fixing here his famous Camp, he calls
Fierce *Hannibal* from *Rome's* devoted Walls.

As yet the mould'ring Works remain in view, 1075
Where dreadful once the *Latian* Eagles flew.
Fond of the prosperous victorious Name,
And trusting Fortune wou'd be still the same,
Hither his hapless Ensigns *Curio* leads,
And here his unauspicious Camp he spreads. 1080
A fierce superior Foe his Arms provoke,
And rob the Hills of all their ancient Luck.
O'er all the *Roman* Pow'rs in *Libya*'s Land,
Then *Atius Varus* bore supream Command;
Nor trusting in the *Latian* Strength alone, 1085
With foreign Force he fortify'd his own;
Summon'd the swarthy Monarchs all from far,
And call'd remotest *Juba* forth to War.
O'er many a Country runs his wide Command,
To *Atlas* huge, and *Gades'* Western Strand; 1090
From thence to horned *Ammon's* Fane renown'd,
And the waste *Syrts* unhospitable Bound:
Southward as far he Reigns, and Rules alone
The sultry Regions of the burning Zone.
With him, unnumber'd Nations march along, 1095
Th' *Autololes* with wild *Numidians* throng;

Ver. 1096. *Autololes*,] Or *Autolola*, People, according to some, of *Getulia* upon the Shore of the *Atlantick* Ocean; according to others, of *Mauritania Cæsariensis* joining to *Numidia*; these latter seem to be those mention'd by *Lucan*.

The *African* Nations here reckon'd by the Poet as the Subjects of *Juba*, possess'd not only all that which we at present

The rough *Getulian*, with his ruder Steed;
The *Moor*, resembling *India*'s swarthy Breed;
Poor *Nasamon's*, and *Garamantines* join'd,
With swift *Marmaridans* that match the Wind; 1100
The *Mazax*, bred the trembling Dart to throw,
Sure as the Shaft that leaves the *Parthian* Bow;
With these *Massylia*'s nimble Horsemen ride,
They, nor the Bit, nor curbing Rein provide,
But with light Rods the well-taught Courser guide.
From lonely Cots the *Libyan* Hunters came,
Who still unarm'd invade the Salvage Game,
And with spread Mantles tawny Lions tame.
But not *Rome*'s Fate, nor civil Rage alone,
Incite the Monarch *Pompey*'s Cause to own; 1110
Stung by resenting Wrath the War he sought,
And deep Displeasures past by *Curio* wrought.
He, when the Tribune's sacred Pow'r he gain'd,
When Justice, Laws, and Gods were all prophan'd,
At *Juba*'s ancient Scepter aim'd his Hate, 1115
And strove to rob him of his Royal Seat:
From a just Prince wou'd tear his native Right,
While *Rome* was made a Slave to lawless Might.
The King, revolving Causes from afar,
Looks on himself as Party to the War. 1120

present call the Coast of *Barbary*, but extended beyond *Atlas* very far Southward, and from the *Straights* Mouth along the *Atlantick Ocean* as far as the *Fortunate* or *Canary* Islands.

That Grudge, too well remembring, *Curio* knew;
To this he joins, his Troops to *Cæsar* new,
None of those old experienc'd faithful Bands,
Nurs'd in his Fear, and bred to his Commands;
But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain Train, 1125
Late with *Corfinium*'s Captive Fortress ta'en,
That wav'ring pause, and doubt for whom to strike,
Sworn to both Sides, and true to both alike.
The careful Chief beheld, with anxious Heart,
The faithless Centinels each Night desert: 1130
Then thus, resolving, to himself he cry'd.
By daring Shews our greatest Fears we hide:
Then let me haste to bid the Battle join,
And lead my Army, while it yet is mine;
Leisure and Thinking still to Change incline.
Let War, and Action, busie Thought controul, 1136
And find a full Employment for the Soul.
When with drawn Swords determin'd Soldiers stand,
When Shame is lost, and Fury prompts the Hand,
What Reason then can find a Time to pause, 1140
To weigh the diff'ring Chiefs, and juster Cause?
That Cause seems only just for which they fight,
Each likes his own, and All are in the Right.
On Terms like these, within th' appointed Space,
Bold Gladiators, Gladiators face: 1145
Unknowing why, like fiercest Foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, because they meet.

He

He said, and rang'd his Troops upon the Plain,
While Fortune met him with a Semblance vain,
Cov'ring her Malice keen, and all his future Pain.
Before him *Varus'* vanquish'd Legions yield, 1151
And with dishonest Flight forsake the Field;
Expos'd to shameful Wounds their Backs he views,
And to their Camp the fearful Rout pursues.
Juba with Joy the mournful News receives, 1155
And haughty in his own Success believes.
Careful his Foes in Error to maintain,
And still preserve 'em Confident, and Vain;
Silent he marches on in secret sort,
And keeps his Numbers close from loud Report. 1160
Sabbura, great in the *Numidian* Race,
And second to their swarthy King in Place,
First with a chosen slender Band precedes,
And seemingly the Force of *Juba* leads:
While hidden he, the Prince himself, remains, 1165
And in a secret Vale his Host constrains.
Thus oft' th' *Ichneumon*, on the Banks of *Nile*,
Invades the deadly *Aspick* by a Wile;
While artfully his slender Tail is plaid,
The Serpent darts upon the dancing Shade; 1170

Ver. 1167. *Ichneumon.*] This is a Creature commonly call'd the Rat of *Ægypt*, of the Bigness of a Weezel or small Cat, an Enemy to Serpents, but particularly to the Crocodile.

Then turning on the Foe with swift Surprize,
Full at his Throat the nimble Seizer flies:
The gasping Snake expires beneath the Wound,
His gushing Jaws with pois'nous Floods abound,
And shed the fruitless Mischief on the Ground.
Nor Fortune fail'd to favour his Intent, 1176
But crown'd the Fraud with prosperous Event.
Curio, unknowing of the hostile Pow'r,
Commands his Horse the doubtful Plain to scour,
And ev'n by Night the Regions round explore.
Himself, tho' oft' forewarn'd by friendly Care, 1181
Of *Punick* Frauds, and Danger to beware,
Soon as the Dawn of early Day was broke,
His Camp, with all the moving Foot, forsook.
It seem'd, Necessity inspir'd the Deed, 1185
And Fate requir'd the daring Youth shou'd bleed.
War, that curst War which he himself begun,
To Death and Ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious Rocks, long time, his Way he takes,
Thro' rugged Paths, and rude encumb'ring Brakes; 1190
Till, from afar, at length the Hills disclose,
Assembling on their Heights his distant Foes.

Ver. 1176. *His Intent*.] *Juba*'s.

Ver. 1182. Punick *Frauds*.] The *Fraus Punica*, or *Punick* Fraud, was a famous Expression among the *Romans* to signify the most subtle Deceit.

Lucan says, that *Curio* sent out the Horse by Night, undoubtedly with Design to *reconnoitre* (or discover) the Country and the Posture of the Enemy, but that he march'd without knowing any thing of their Strength.

Oft

Oft' hasty Flight with swift Retreat they feign,
To draw th' unwary Leader to the Plain.
He, rash and ignorant of *Libyan* Wiles, 1195
Wide o'er the naked Champian spreads his Files;
When, sudden, all the circling Mountains round
With numberless *Numidians* thick are crown'd;
At once the rising Ambush stands confess'd,
And Dread strikes cold on ev'ry *Roman* Breast. 1200
Helpless they view th' impending Danger nigh,
Nor can the Valiant fight, nor Coward fly.
The weary Horse neglects the Trumpet's Sound,
Nor with impatient Ardour paws the Ground;
No more he champs the Bit, nor tugs the Rein, 1205
Nor pricks his Ears, nor shakes his flowing Mane:
With foamy Sweat his smoaking Limbs are spread,
And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy Head;
Hoarse, and with Pantings thick, his Breath he draws;
While roapy Filth begrimes his clammy Jaws; 1210
Careless the Rider's heart'ning Voice he hears,
And motionless the wounding Spur he bears.
At length by Swords, and goading Darts compell'd,
Dronish he drags his Load across the Field;
Nor once attempts to Charge, but drooping goes, 1215
To bear his dying Lord amidst his Foes.

Ver. 1203. *The weary Horse.*] The *Roman* Horse, when they came to charge, were quite tir'd and jaded.

Not

Not so the *Libyans* fierce their Onset make;
With thund'ring Hoofs the sandy Soil they shake; 1218
Thick o'er the Battle wavy Clouds arise,
As when thro' *Thrace*, *Bistonian Boreas* flies,
Involves the Day in Dust, and darkens all the Skies.
And now the *Latian* Foot encompass'd round,
Are massacred, and trodden to the Ground;
None in Resistance vainly prove their Might,
But Death is all the Business of the Fight. 1225
Thicker than Hail the sticky Show'rs descend;
Beneath the Weight the falling *Romans* bend.
On ev'ry Side the shrinking Front grows less,
And to the Centre madly all they press:
Fear, Uproar, and Distrust increase the Cry, 1230
Crushing, and crush'd, an armed Croud they die;
Ev'n thronging on their Fellows Swords they run,
And the Foes' Business by themselves is done.
But the fierce *Moors* disdain a Croud shou'd share
The Praise of Conquest, or the Task of War: 1235
Rivers of Blood they wish, and Hills of Slain,
With mangled Carcasses to strow the Plain.

Ver. 1220. *Bistonian.*] *Bistonia* was a City of *Thrace* built by *Biston* the Son of *Mars* and *Callirrhoë*, from whence all the *Thracians* were call'd *Bistons*, and the Winds blowing from that Country *Bistonian*.

Ver. 1234. *Fierce* Moors *disdain*] That their Conquest should be owing to the Tumult and Disorder of the Enemy, they would have rather gain'd it with more Slaughter.

Genius

Genius of *Carthage!* rear thy drooping Head,
And view thy Fields with *Roman* Slaughter spread. 1239
Behold, oh *Hannibal*, thou hostile Shade!
A large Amends by Fortune's Hand is made,
And the lost *Punick* Blood is well repay'd.
Thus do the Gods the Cause of *Pompey* bless?
Thus! is it thus, they give our Arms Success?
Take, *Africk*, rather take the horrid Good, 1245
And make thy own Advantage of our Blood.

The Dust, at length, in crimson Floods was laid,
And *Curio* now the dreadful Field survey'd.
He saw 'twas lost, and knew it vain to strive,
Yet bravely scorn'd to fly, or to survive; 1250
And tho' thus driv'n to Death, he met it well,
And in a Croud of dying *Romans* fell.

Now what avail thy pop'lar Arts and Fame
Thy restless Mind that shook thy Country's Frame;

Ver. 1243. *Thus do the Gods?*] The Poet would not have any Advantage accrue to *Pompey* (whose Person and Cause he always favours) from the Blood of his Countrymen, but would rather transfer the Benefit of such Success, as well as the Guilt of it, to *Juba* and his *Africans*.

Ver. 1248. *And* Curio *now.*] *Curio* has been mention'd before in the First Book. He was in Debt immensely for a private Man. *Val. Maximus* says, that *Cæsar* paid *Sexcenties H. S.* 60000 *Sesterria*, which is above 460000 *l.* Sterling for him, so that *Cæsar* might be well said to buy, and *Curio* to sell the Commonwealth.

Thy

Thy moving Tongue that knew so well to charm, 1255
And urge the madding Multitude to arm?
What boots it, to have sold the Senate's Right,
And driv'n the furious Leaders on to Fight?
Thou the first Victim of thy War art slain,
Nor sha't thou see *Pharsalia*'s fatal Plain. 1260
Behold! ye potent Troublers of the State,
What wretched Ends on curst Ambition wait!
See! where, a Prey, unbury'd *Curio* lyes,
To ev'ry Fowl that wings the *Libyan* Skies.
Oh! were the Gods as gracious, as severe, 1265
Were Liberty, like Vengeance, still their Care;
Then, *Rome!* what Days, what People might'st thou see,
If Providence wou'd equally decree,
To punish Tyrants, and preserve thee Free.
Nor yet, oh gen'rous *Curio*! shall my Verse 1270
Forget, thy Praise, thy Virtues, to rehearse:
Thy Virtues, which with envious Time shall strive,
And to succeeding Ages long survive.
In all our pregnant Mother's Tribes, before,
A Son of nobler Hope she never bore: 1275
A Soul more bright, more great she never knew,
While to thy Country's Int'rest thou wert true.
But thy bad Fate o'er-rul'd thy native Worth,
And in an Age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When Vice in Triumph thro' the City pass'd, 1280
And dreadful Wealth and Pow'r laid all Things waste.

The

The ſweeping Stream thy better Purpoſe croſs'd,
And in the headlong Torrent wer't thou loſt. 1283
Much to the Ruin of the State was done,
When *Curio* by the *Gallick* Spoils was won;
Curio, the Hope of *Rome*, and her moſt worthy Son.
Tyrants of Old, whom former Times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murd'ring Sword;
Sylla whom ſuch unbounded Pow'r made proud;
Marius, and *Cinna*, red with *Roman* Blood; 1290
Ev'n *Cæſar*'s mighty Race who Lord it now,
Before whoſe Throne the Subject Nations bow,
All bought that Pow'r which laviſh *Curio* ſold,
Curio, who barter'd Liberty for Gold.

THE

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

In Epirus *the Consuls assemble the Senate, who unanimously appoint* Pompey *General of the War against* Cæsar, *and decree publick Thanks to the several Princes and States who assisted the Commonwealth.* Appius, *at that Time Prætor of* Achaia, *consults the Oracle of* Delphos, *concerning the Event of the Civil War. And, upon this Occasion, the Poet goes into a Digression concerning the Origine, the manner of the Delivery, and the present Silence of that Oracle. From* Spain, Cæsar *returns into* Italy, *where he quells a Mutiny in his Army, and punishes the Offenders. From* Placentia, *where this Disorder happen'd, he orders 'em to march to* Brundusium; *where, after a short Turn to* Rome, *and assuming the Consulship, or rather the Supreme Power, he joins them himself. From* Brundusium, *tho' it was then the middle of Winter, he transports Part of his Army by Sea to* Epirus, *and lands at* Palæste. Pompey, *who then lay about* Candavia, *hearing of* Cæsar's *Arrival, and being in pain for* Dyrrachium, *march'd that Way: On the Banks of the River* Apsus, *they met and encamp'd close together.* Cæsar *was not yet join'd by that part of his Troops which he had left behind him at* Brundusium, *under the Command of* Mark Anthony; *and being uneasie at his Delays, leaves his Camp by Night, and ventures over a tempestuous Sea in a small Bark to hasten the Transport. Upon* Cæsar's *joining his Forces together;* Pompey *perceiv'd that the War wou'd now probably be soon decided by a Battle: and upon that Consideration, resolv'd to send his Wife to expect the Event at* Lesbos. *Their Parting, which is extreamly moving, concludes this Book.*

LUCAN's
PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

THUS, equal Fortune holds a while the Scale,
And bids the Leading Chiefs by turns prevail;
In doubt the Goddess, yet, their Fate detains,
And keeps 'em for *Emathia*'s fatal Plains.
And now the setting *Pleiades* grew low, 5
The Hills stood hoary in *December*'s Snow;

Ver. 5. *The setting* Pleiades.] The Seven Stars set Cosmically, as the Astronomers call it, (or about Sun-rising) about the Middle of *November*. It signifies here only the latter End of the Year.

The

The solemn Season was approaching near,
When other Names, renew'd the *Fasti* wear,
And double *Janus* leads the coming Year.
The Consuls, while their Rods they yet maintain'd, 10
While, yet, some shew of Liberty remain'd,
With Missives round the scatter'd Fathers greet,
And in *Epirus* bid the Senate meet.
There the great Rulers of the *Roman* State,
In foreign Seats, consulting, meanly sate. 15
No Face of War the grave Assembly wears,
But civil Pow'r in peaceful Pomp appears:
The Purple Order to their Place resort,
While waiting Lictors guard the crouded Court.
No Faction these, nor Party, seem to be, 20
But a full Senate, legal, just, and free.
Great, as he is, here *Pompey* stands confest
A private Man, and one among the rest.
Their mutual Groans, at length, and Murmurs cease,
And ev'ry mournful Sound is hush'd in Peace; 25
When from the Consular distinguish'd Throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus *Lentulus* begun.

Ver. 8. *When other Names,*] Of the new Consuls. For the *Fasti* see before in the Notes on *Book* II.

Ver. 19. *Lictors.*] These were somewhat like our Serjeants at Mace: They attended the principal *Roman* Magistrates, and carry'd the Ensigns of their Authority, the Rods and Axes, before 'em.

If yet our *Roman* Virtue is the ſame,
Yet worthy of the Race from which we came,
And emulates our great Forefathers' Name,
Let not our Thoughts, by ſad Remembrance led, 31
Bewail thoſe captive Walls from whence we fled.
This Time demands that to our ſelves we turn,
Nor, Fathers, have we Leiſure now to mourn;
But let each early Care, each honeſt Heart, 35
Our Senate's ſacred Dignity aſſert.
To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
That Pow'r which Kings obey, and Nations fear,
That only Legal Pow'r of *Rome*, is here.
For whether to the Northern *Bear* we go, 40
Where pale ſhe glitters o'er eternal Snow;
Or whether in thoſe ſult'ry Climes we burn,
Where Night and Day with equal Hours return;
The World ſhall ſtill acknowledge us its Head,
And Empire follow wherefoe'er we lead. 45
When *Gallick* Flames the burning City felt,
At *Veia Rome* with her *Camillus* dwelt.
Beneath forſaken Roofs proud *Cæſar* reigns,
Our vacant Courts, and ſilent Laws conſtrains;

Ver. 32. *Thoſe Captive Walls.*] *Rome* poſſeſs'd by *Cæſar*.
Ver. 47. *At* Veiæ Rome.] When *Rome* was ſack'd by the *Gauls*, the Senate aſſembled at *Veia*, about three Leagues from their own City, and there appointed *Camillus* Dictator.

While

While Slaves, obedient to his Tyrant Will, 50
Outlaws, and Profligates, his Senate fill;
With him a baniſh'd guilty Croud appear,
All that are Juſt and Innocent are here.
Diſpers'd by War, tho' guiltleſs of its Crimes,
Our Order yielded to theſe impious Times; 55
At length returning each from his Retreat,
In happy Hour the ſcatter'd Members meet.
The Gods, and Fortune greet us on the Way,
And with the World loſt *Italy* repay.
Upon *Illyria*'s favourable Coaſt, 60
Vulteius with his furious Band are loſt;
While in bold *Curio*, on the *Libyan* Plain,
One half of *Cæſar*'s Senators lye ſlain.
March Then, ye Warriors! ſecond Fate's Deſign,
And to the leading Gods your Ardour join. 65
With equal Conſtancy to Battle come,
As when you ſhunn'd the Foe, and left your native *Rome*
The Period of the Conſuls Pow'r is near,
Who yield our *Faſces* with the ending Year:
But you, ye Fathers, whom we ſtill obey, 70
Who rule Mankind with undetermin'd Sway,

Ver. 59. *And with the World.*] The Conſul *Lentulus* would inſinuate, that their Succeſſes againſt *Vulteius* and *Curio* did over-ballance the Loſſes they had ſuſtain'd in *Spain* and *Italy*; and were to be look'd upon as an Earneſt of their recovering the Empire of the World.

Attend

Attend the publick Weal, with faithful Care,
And bid our greatest *Pompey* lead the War.
In loud Applause the pleas'd Assembly join,
And to the glorious Task the Chief assign: 75
His Country's Fate they trust to him alone,
And bid him fight *Rome*'s Battles, and his own.
Next, to their Friends their Thanks are dealt around,
And some with Gifts, and some with Praise are crown'd:
Of these, the Chief are *Rhodes*, by *Phœbus* lov'd, 80
And *Sparta* rough, in Virtue's Lore approv'd.
Of *Athens* much they speak; *Massilia*'s Aid
Is with her Parent *Phocis*' Freedom pay'd.
Deiotarus his Truth they much commend,
Their still unshaken faithful *Asian* Friend. 85
Brave *Cotys*, and his valiant Son they grace,
With bold *Rhaspolis* from stormy *Thrace*.
While gallant *Juba* justly is decreed
To his paternal Scepter to succeed.
And thou too, *Ptolemy* (unrighteous Fate!) 90
Wer't rais'd unworthy to the Regal State;

Ver. 80. Rhodes *by* Phœbus *lov'd*.] The *Colossus* and Temple of the Sun in that Island were famous in Antiquity.

Ver. 83. *Her Parent* Phocis.] See Notes on *Book* III.

Ver. 84. Deiotarus *his Truth*.] *Deiotarus* King of *Galatia* brought 600 Horse to join *Pompey*; *Cotys* King of *Thrace* sent 500, under the Conduct of his Son *Sadalis*; and *Rhaspolis* brought 200 from *Macedonia*.

Ver. 90. *And thou too*, Ptolemy.] *Ptolemy* defrauded his Sister *Cleopatra* of her Share in the Kingdom; and in killing

To *Phœbus*, and the chearful God of Wine,
Sacred in common ſtands the Hill divine. 113
Still as the third revolving Year comes round,
The *Menades*, with leafy Chaplets crown'd,
The double Deity in ſolemn Songs reſound.
When, o'er the World, the Deluge wide was ſpread,
This only Mountain rear'd his lofty Head;
One riſing Rock, preſerv'd, a Bound was giv'n,
Between the vaſty Deep, and ambient Heav'n. 120
Here, to revenge long-vex'd *Latona*'s Pain,
Python by infant *Pæan's* Darts was ſlain,
While yet the Realm was held by *Themis* righteous Reign.
But when the God perceiv'd, how from below
The conſcious Caves diviner Breathings blow, 125
How Vapours cou'd unfold th' Enquirer's Doom,
And talking Winds cou'd ſpeak of Things to come;

Ver. 115. *The* Menades.] Theſe were Prieſteſſes properly of *Bacchus*. The *Trieterica*, or Three-yearly Feaſts, were ſacred to that God in Honour of his Return from his Victories in *India*.

Ver. 122. *Python*,] Was a monſtrous Serpent ſent by *Juno* to perſecute *Latona*. He was kill'd by *Pæan* or *Apollo*.

Ver. 123. *Themis*.] The Goddeſs of Juſtice.

Ver. 125. *Diviner Breathings*.] The Original of this Oracle was ſaid to be from certain Blaſts or Exhalations which proceeded from a deep Cavern in the Earth, and which inſpir'd the *Pythian*, or Propheteſs, with a Spirit of Prediction. And *Lucan*, in this Place, makes *Apollo* add his Godhead to ſome Divine Quality that was before in the Earth it ſelf. For a larger Account of this Oracle, ſee Dr. *Potter*, the preſent Biſhop of *Oxford*, in his *Archæologia Græca*, Lib. II. Cap. 9.

The list'ning God, still ready with Replies,
To none his Aid, or Oracle denies;
Yet wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear 155
The Fool's fond Wishes, or the Guilty's Pray'r;
Tho', vainly, in repeated Vows they trust,
None e'er find Grace before him, but the Just;
Oft to a banish'd, wand'ring, houseless Race,
The sacred Dictates have assign'd a Place. 160
Oft from the strong he saves the weak in War:
This Truth, ye *Salaminian* Seas declare!
And heals the barren Land, and Pestilential Air.
Of all the Wants with which this Age is curst,
The *Delphick* Silence surely is the worst. 165

fiery Eruption. The Giant *Typhoeus* is feign'd by the Poets to have been struck with Lightning by *Jupiter*, and this Island thrown upon him.

Ver. 154. *To none his Aid.*] That is, in the Times when there were frequent Oracles given (using the *Present* Tense for the *Preterite*, frequent in Poetry.) It is plain, not only from *Lucan* in this Book, but other ancient Authors, that this and other Oracles had been silent some time before the Civil War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*.

Ver. 159. *Oft to a banish'd.*] There are frequent Instances in Story of these useful Oracles. The *Phoenicians*, driven by Earthquakes from their first Habitations, were taught to fix first at *Sidon*, and after at *Tyre*. When *Greece* was invaded by *Xerxes*, the *Athenians* were advised to trust in their Wooden Walls, (their Ships) and beat the *Persians* at Sea at the Battle of *Salamis*. A Famine in *Ægypt*, and the Plague at *Thebes* for the Murder of *Laius*, were both remov'd by consulting this Oracle.

But Tyrants, justly fearful of their Doom,
Forbid the Gods to tell us what's to come,
Meanwhile, the Prophetess may well rejoice,
And bless the ceasing of the sacred Voice:
Since Death too oft her holy Task attends, 170
And immature her dreadful Labour ends.
Torn by the fierce distracting Rage she springs,
And dies beneath the God for whom she sings.
These silent Caves, these *Tripods* long unmov'd,
Anxious for *Rome*, inquiring *Appius* prov'd: 175
He bids the Guardian of the dread Abode,
Send in the trembling Priestess to the God.
The rev'rend Sire the *Latian* Chief obey'd,
And sudden seis'd the unsuspecting Maid,
Where careless in the peaceful Grove she stray'd.
Dismay'd, aghast, and pale he drags her on; 181
She stops, and strives the fatal Task to shun:
Subdu'd by Force, to Fraud and Art she flies,
And, thus to turn the *Roman's* Purpose tries.

Ver. 166. *But Tyrants.*] They forbid their Subjects to enquire.

Ver. 174. *Tripods.*] There are several differing Opinions concerning the *Tripus* or *Tripod* at *Delphos*, which are collected by the Learned Dr. *Potter* (as above). The most common, and, I think, the most probable is, that it was a Three-legged Stool or Seat, placed over the Hole or Vent of the sacred Cavern: Upon this the Priestess sate or lean'd, and receiv'd the Divine *Afflatus*, or Blast, from below. Those that have a Curiosity to be better inform'd, may see *Vandale de Oraculis*.

What

What curious Hopes thy wandring Fancy move; 185
The silent *Delphick* Oracle to prove?
In vain, *Ausonian Appius*, art thou come;
Long has our *Phœbus* and his Cave been dumb.
Whether, disdaining us, the sacred Voice
Has made some other distant Land its choice; 190
Or whether, when the fierce Barbarians' Fires
Low in the Dust had laid our lofty Spires,
In Heaps the mould'ring Ashes heavy rod,
And choak'd the Channels of the breathing God:
Or whether Heav'n no longer gives Replies, 195
But bids the *Sibylls* mystick Verse suffice;
Or if he daigns not this bad Age to bear,
And holds the World unworthy of his Care;
Whate'er the Cause, our God has long been mute,
And answers not to any Suppliant's Sute. 200

But ah! too well her Artifice is known,
Her Fears confess the God, whom they disown.
Howe'er, each Rite she seemingly prepares;
A Fillet gathers up her foremost Hairs;
While the white Wreath and Bays her Temples bind, 205
And knit the loofer Locks which flow behind.

Ver. 191. *When the fierce Barbarian's Fires.*] When *Delphos* was taken and sack'd, and the Temple burnt by *Brennus* and the *Gauls*.

Ver. 196. *The* Sibyll's *mystick Verse.*] That Volume which was kept at *Rome*, and consulted upon the most important publick Occasions.

Close to the holy breathing Vent she cleaves,
And largely the unwonted God receives.
Nor Age the potent Spirit had decay'd,
But with full Force he fills the heaving Maid, 235
Nor e'er so strong inspiring *Pean* came,
Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing Frame:
The mortal Mind driv'n out forsook her Breast,
And the sole Godhead ev'ry Part possest.
Now swell her Veins, her turgid Sinews rise, 240
And bounding Frantick thro' the Cave she flies:
Her bristling Locks the wreathy Fillet scorns,
And her fierce Feet the tumbling *Tripods* spurn.
Now wild she dances o'er the vacant Fane,
And whirls her giddy Head, and bellows with the Pain.
Nor yet the less, th' avenging wrathful God, 246
Pours in his Fires, and shakes his sounding Rod:
He lashes now, and goads her on amain;
And now he checks her stubborn to the Rein.
Curbs in her Tongue, just lab'ring to disclose, 250
And speak that Fate which in her Bosome glows.
Ages on Ages throng, a painful Load,
Myriads of Images, and Myriads croud;
Men, Times, and Things, or present, or to come,
Work lab'ring up and down, and urge for Room. 255

Ver. 247. *His sounding Rod.*] In these Divine Furies the Priestess seem'd to be driven along with Whips.

Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her Thought, and to her Sight is seen.
The Ocean's utmost Bounds her Eyes explore,
And number ev'ry Sand on ev'ry Shore;
Nature, and all her Works, at once they see, 260
Know when she first begun, and when her End shall be.
And as the *Sibyll* once in *Cuma's* Cell,
When vulgar Fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,
The *Roman* Destiny distinguish'd took,
And kept it careful in her sacred Book; 265
So now, *Phemonoë*, in Crouds of Thought,
The single Doom of *Latian Appius* sought.
Nor in that Mass, where Multitudes abound,
A private Fortune can with Ease be found.
At length her foamy Mouth begins to flow, 270
Groans more distinct, and plainer Murmurs go;
A doleful Houl the roomy Cavern shook,
And thus the calmer Maid in fainting Accents spoke.
While guilty Rage the World tumultuous rends,
In Peace for thee, *Eubœa's* Vale attends; 275
Thither, as to thy Refuge, shalt thou fly,
There find Repose, and unmolested lye.
She said; the God her lab'ring Tongue suppreſt,
And in eternal Darkness veil'd the rest.

Ver. 266. *Phemonoë.*] *Lucan* gives this Name to the Priestess of his Time, probably because it was the Name of the first Maid that deliver'd these Oracles.

Ye

Ye sacred *Tripods*, on whose Doom we wait! 280
Ye Guardians of the future Laws of Fate!
And thou, oh! *Phœbus*, whose Prophetick Skill
Reads the dark Counsels of the heavenly Will;
Why did your wary Oracles refrain,
To tell what Kings, what Heroes must be slain,
And how much Blood the blushing Earth shou'd stain?
Was it that, yet, the Guilt was undecreed?
That yet our *Pompey* was not doom'd to bleed?
Or chose you wisely, rather, to afford
A just Occasion to the Patriot's Sword? 290
As if you fear'd t'avert the Tyrant's Doom,
And hinder *Brutus* from avenging *Rome*?
Thro' the wide Gates at length by Force display'd,
Impetuous sallies the Prophetick Maid;
Nor yet the holy Rage was all suppress'd, 295
Part of the God still heaving in her Breast:
Urg'd by the *Dæmon*, yet she rolls her Eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious Skies.
Now horrid Purple flushes in her Face,
And now a livid Pale supplies the Place; 300
A double Madness paints her Cheeks by turns,
With Fear she freezes, and with Fury burns:
Sad breathing Sighs with heavy Accent go,
And doleful from her fainting Bosome blow:
So when no more the Storm sonorous sings, 305
But noisie *Boreas* hangs his weary Wings;

In hollow Groans the falling Winds complain;
And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding Main.
Now by degrees the Fire Ætherial fail'd,
And the dull human Sense again prevail'd; 310
While *Phœbus*, sudden, in a murky Shade,
Hid the past Vision from the mortal Maid.
Thick Clouds of dark Oblivion rise between,
And snatch away at once the wond'rous Scene;
Stretch'd on the Ground the fainting Priestess lies, 315
While to the *Tripod*, back, th' informing Spirit flies.
Meanwhile, fond *Appius*, erring in his Fate,
Dream'd of long Safety, and a neutral State;
And, e'er the great Event of War was known,
Fix'd on *Eubœan Chalcis* for his own. 320
Fool! to believe that Pow'r cou'd ward the Blow,
Or snatch thee from amidst the gen'ral Woe!
In Times like these, what God but Death can save?
The World can yield no Refuge, but the Grave.
Where struggling Seas *Charystos* rude constrains, 325
And, dreadful to the proud, *Rhamnusia* reigns;

Ver. 320. *Eubœan Chalcis.*] *Chalcis* and *Aulis* lye over-against each other, one in *Eubœa* (*Negropont*), the other in *Bœotia*, with the *Euripus* or Gulf between.

Ver. 326. *Rhamnusia.*] *Nemesis*, or the Goddess of Divine Vengeance, was particularly worshipp'd at *Rhamnus*, a Town in *Attica*, and from thence called *Rhamnusia*. *Appius* thinking this Oracle had warn'd him only to abstain from this War, retired into that Country call'd *Cœla Eubœa*, where before the Battle of *Pharsalia* he died of a Disease,

Where by the whirling Current Barks are tost
From *Chalcis* to unlucky *Aulis'* Coast;
There shalt thou meet the Gods appointed Doom,
A private Death, and long-remember'd Tomb. 330

To other Wars the Victor now succeeds,
And his proud Eagles from *Iberia* leads:
When the chang'd Gods his Ruin found to threat,
And cross the long successful Course of Fate.
Amidst his Camp, and fearless of his Foes, 335
Sudden he saw where inborn Dangers rose,
He saw those Troops that long had faithful stood,
Friends to his Cause, and Enemies to Good,
Grown weary of their Chief, and satiated with Blood,
Whether the Trumpet's Sound too long had ceast, 340
And Slaughter slept in unaccustom'd Rest:
Or whether, arrogant by Mischief made,
The Soldier held his Guilt but half repay'd:
Whilst Avarice and Hope of Bribes prevail,
Turn against *Cæsar*, and his Cause, the Scale,
And set the mercenary Sword to sale.

Disease, and was there buried, and so possess'd quietly the Place which the Oracle had promis'd him.

Ver. 331. *To other Wars.*] *Cæsar* was now return'd from *Spain* to *Placentia* in *Italy*, and was going to follow *Pompey* into *Epirus* and *Macedonia*, when this Mutiny in his Army happen'd. As *Lucan* tells the Story, he seems not to have been present at the Time it first began, but upon the first Notice of it to have repaired to the Camp. Nor does the Speech of one of the Ringleaders (tho' address'd to him) suppose him to be present.

Nor,

Nor, e'er before, so truly cou'd he read
What Dangers strow those Paths the Mighty tread.
Then, first, he found on what a faithless Base
Their nodding Tow'rs Ambition's Builders place: 350
He who so late, a potent Faction's Head,
Drew in the Nations, and the Legions led;
Now stript of all, beheld in ev'ry Hand
The Warriors Weapons at their own Command;
Nor Service now, nor Safety they afford, 355
But leave him single to his Guardian Sword.
Nor is this Rage the Grumbling of a Croud,
That shun to tell their Discontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy Looks suspicious go,
And Dread of an Informer choaks their Woe: 360
But, bold in Numbers, proudly they appear,
And scorn the bashful mean Restraints of Fear.
For Laws, in great Rebellions, lose their End,
And all go free, when Multitudes offend.
Among the rest, one thus: At length 'tis time 365
To quit thy Cause, oh *Cæsar*! and our Crime:
The World around for Foes thou hast explor'd,
And lavishly expos'd us to the Sword;
To make Thee great, a worthless Croud we fall,
Scatter'd o'er *Spain*, o'er *Italy*, and *Gaul*; 370
In ev'ry Clime beneath the spacious Sky,
Our Leader conquers, and his Soldiers die.

What

What boots our March beneath the frozen Zone,
Or that loft Blood which ſtains the *Rhine* and *Rhone*?
When ſcarr'd with Wounds, and worn with Labours hard,
We come with hopes of Recompence prepar'd,
Thou giv'ſt us War, more War, for our Reward.
Tho' purple Rivers in thy Cauſe we ſplit,
And ſtain'd our horrid Hands in ev'ry Guilt;
With unavailing Wickedneſs we toil'd, 380
In vain the Gods, in vain the Senate ſpoil'd;
Of Virtue, and Reward, alike bereft,
Our pious Poverty is all we've left.
Say to what height thy daring Arms wou'd riſe?
If *Rome's* too little, what can e'er ſuffice? 385
Oh ſee at length! with Pity, *Cæſar*, ſee
Theſe with'ring Arms, theſe Hairs grown white for thee.
In painful Wars our joyleſs Days have paſt,
Let weary Age lye down in Peace at laſt:
Give us, on Beds, our dying Limbs to lay, 390
And ſigh, at Home, our parting Souls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold Demand,
And ask this wond'rous Favour at thy Hand:
Let our poor Babes, and weeping Wives be by,
To cloſe our drooping Eyelids when we die. 395
Be merciful, and let Diſeaſe afford
Some other way to die, beſide the Sword;
Let us no more a common Carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent Urn.

Still

But, hence! begone, from Victory and me,
Leave me to what my better Fates decree:
New Friends, new Troops, my Fortune shall afford,
And find a Hand for ev'ry vacant Sword. 475
Behold, what Crouds on flying *Pompey* wait,
What Multitudes attend his abject State!
And shall Success, and *Cæsar*, droop the while?
Shall I want Numbers to divide the Spoil,
And reap the Fruits of your forgotten Toil?
Legions shall come to end the bloodless War, 481
And shouting follow my triumphal Car.
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd Race,
Shall view our Honours with a downward Face,
And curse your selves in secret as we pass.
Can your vain Aid, can your departing Force, 486
With-hold my Conquest, or delay my Course?
So trickling Brooks their Waters may delay,
And hope to leave the mighty Ocean dry;
The Deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor Supply.
Nor think such vulgar Souls as yours were giv'n, 491
To be the Task of Fate, and Care of Heav'n:
Few are the Lordly, the distinguish'd Great,
On whom the watchful Gods, like Guardians, wait:
The rest for common Use were all design'd, 495
An unregarded Rabble of Mankind.

By

By my auspicious Name, and Fortune, led,
Wide o'er the World your conqu'ring Arms were spread,
But say, what had you done, with *Pompey* at your Head?
Vast was the Fame by *Labienus* won, 500
When rank'd amidst my warlike Friends, he shon:
Now mark, what follows on his faithless Change.
And see him with his Chief new-chosen range;
By Land, and Sea, where-e'er my Arms he spies,
An ignominious Runagate he flies. 505
Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my Care,
Whether to *Pompey's* Aid your Arms you bear:
Who quits his Leader, wherefo'er he go,
Flies like a Traytor, and becomes my Foe.
Yes, ye great Gods! your kinder Care I own, 510
You made the Faith of those false Legions known:
You warn me well to change these coward Bands,
Nor trust my Fate to such betraying Hands.
And thou too, Fortune, point'st me out the Way,
A mighty Debt, thus, cheaply to repay: 515
Henceforth my Care regards my self alone,
War's glorious Gain shall now be all my own.

Ver. 500. *Labienus.*] He had been *Cæsar*'s Lieutenant in *Gaul*; but was perswaded by *Cæsar*'s Enemies to forsake him, and go over to *Pompey*.

Ver. 506. *Nor is it worth my Care.*] It is very indifferent to me whether you only forsake me, and remain Neuters, or go over to *Pompey* and assist him.

For

For you, ye vulgar Herd, in Peace return,
My Enſigns ſhall by manly Hands be born.
Some few of you, my Sentence here ſhall waie; 520
And warn ſucceeding Factions by your Fate.
Down! groveling down to Earth, ye Traytors, bend,
And with your proſtrate Necks, my Doom attend.
And you, ye younger Striplings of the War;
You, whom I mean to make my future Care; 525
Strike home! to Blood, to Death, inure your Hands,
And learn to execute my dread Commands.
He ſpoke; and at th' imperious Sound diſmay'd,
The trembling unreſiſting Croud obey'd:
No more their late Equality they boaſt, 530
But bend beneath his Frown a ſuppliant Hoſt.
Singly ſecure, he ſtands confeſs'd their Lord,
And rules, in ſpight of him, the Soldier's Sword.
Doubtful, at firſt, their Patience he ſurveys,
And wonders why each haughty Heart obeys; 535
Beyond his Hopes he ſees the Stubborn bow,
And bare their Breaſts obedient to the Blow;
Till ev'n his cooler Thoughts the Deed diſclaim,
And wou'd not find their fiercer Souls ſo tame.

Ver. 530. *Their late Equality.*] See before, *Ver.* 410.
Ver. 539. *And wou'd not find.*] As thinking ſuch a Diſpoſition of Mind too tame for the Execution of Deſigns like his.

A few, at length, selected from the rest, 540
Bled for Example; and the Tumult ceas'd:
While the consenting Host the Victims view'd,
And, in that Blood, their broken Faith renew'd.
Now to *Brundusium*'s Walls he bids 'em tend,
Where ten long Days their weary Marches end; 545
There he commands assembling Barks to meet,
And furnish from the neighb'ring Shores his Fleet.
Thither the crooked Keels from *Leuca* glide,
From *Taras* old, and *Hydrus*' winding Tide;
Thither with swelling Sails their way they take, 550
From lowly *Sipus*, and *Salapia*'s Lake;
From where *Apulia*'s fruitful Mountains rise,
Where high along the Coast *Garganus* lyes,
And beating Seas, and fighting Winds defies.
Meanwhile the Chief to *Rome* directs his Way, 555
Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his Sway.

Ver. 540. *A few at length.*] *Cæsar* cashier'd, with Infamy, all the ninth Legion at *Placentia*, and with much ado; after many Prayers and great Submissions, receiv'd them again, but not without making severe Examples of the chief Mutineers.

Ver. 549. *From* Taras,] Or *Taras*, a River of *Naples* in the Province of *Otranto*; it rises in the *Apennine* Mountains, and falls into the Gulf of *Tarentum*.

Hydrus and *Hydruntium* was the ancient Name of *Otranto*: Here it signifies a River probably near that Place of the same Name.

Salapia and *Sipus* were both Towns in *Apulia*.

Garganus, a Mountain in *Apulia*.

Ver. 555. *Mean while the Chief.*] *Cæsar* made himself Dictator

There, with mock Pray'rs, the suppliant Vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great Dictator's State.
Obedient he, since thus their Wills ordain,
A gracious Tyrant condescends to Reign. 560
His mighty Name the joyful *Fasti* wear,
Worthy to usher in the curst *Pharsalian* Year.
Then was the time, when Sycophants began
To heap all Titles on one Lordly Man;
Then learn'd our Sires that fawning lying Strain, 565
Which we, their slavish Sons, so well retain:
Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd Pair,
The Ax of Justice, with the Sword of War;
Fasces, and Eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud *Cæsar's* Train promiscuous throng. 570
And while all Pow'rs in him alone unite,
He mocks the People with the Shews of Right.

Dictator at *Rome* without any lawful Election, (that is) neither nam'd by the Senate or Consul; and eleven Days after quitted his Dictatorship, having made himself and *Publius Servilius* Consuls.

Ver. 565. *Then learn'd our Sires.*] Then began those Names of Flattery which were afterwards used to their Emperors of *Divus, Semper Augustus, Pater Patriæ,* &c. *Divine, For ever August, Father of his Country,* &c.

Ver. 571. *And while all Pow'rs.*] After all Government was in the Hands of *Cæsar* alone, all the ancient Rites observ'd in creating of Magistrates were quite taken away; an imaginary Face of Election was still kept up in the Field of *Mars*; the Tribes were summon'd indeed, but were not admitted to give their Suffrages distinctly and regularly. The other Orders were vain and meerly formal; for the Emperor commended him to the Centuries whom he

He who look'd on, and saw such foul Disgrace,
Such Slavery befal his *Trojan* Race.
Now, *Cæsar*, like the Flame that cuts the Skies,
And swifter than the vengeful Tygress, flies,
Where waste and overgrown *Apulia* lies;
O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd Plains,
Brundusium's crooked Shores, and *Orion*'s Walls he gains.
Loud *Boreas* there his Navy close confines,
While wary Seamen dread the wint'ry Signs. 595
But he, th' impatient Chief, disdains to spare
Those Hours that better may be spent in War:
He grieves to see his ready Fleet with-held,
While others boldly plow the wat'ry Field. 599
Eager to rouse their Sloth, Behold, (he cries)
The constant Wind that rules the wint'ry Skies,
With what a settled Certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle Gales, that bring
The cloudy Changes of the faithless Spring.
Nor need we now to Shift, to Tack, and Veer: 605
Steddy the friendly North commands to steer.
Oh! that the Fury of the driving Blast
May swell the Sail, and bend the lofty Mast.
So, shall our Navy soon be wafted o'er,
E'er yon *Phæacian* Gallies dip the Oar,
And intercept the wish'd-for *Grecian* Shore.

Ver. 610. Phæacian *Galleys*.] *Pompey*'s Gallies that lay at *Dyrrhachium*, which was built by the *Phæacians*, who inhabited *Corcyra* (now *Corfu*.)

Cut

So still a Form th' *Ionian* Waters take, 635
Dull as the muddy Marsh and standing Lake:
No Breezes o'er the curling Surface pass,
Nor Sun-beams tremble in the liquid Glass;
No usual Turns revolving *Tethys* knows,
Nor with alternate Rollings ebbs and flows: 640
But sluggish Ocean sleeps in stupid Peace,
And weary Nature's Motion seems to cease.
With diff'ring Eyes the hostile Fleets beheld
The falling Winds, and useless wat'ry Field.
There *Pompey*'s daring Prows attempt, in vain, 645
To plow their Passage thro' th' unyielding Main;
While, pinch'd by Want, proud *Cæsar*'s Legions here
The dire Distress of meagre Famine fear.
With Vows unknown before they reach the Skies,
That Waves may dash, and mounting Billows rise; 650
That Storms may with returning Fury reign,
And the rude Ocean be it self again.
At length the still, the sluggish Darkness fled,
And cloudy Morning rear'd its low'ring Head.
The rolling Flood the gliding Navy bore, 655
And Hills appear'd to pass upon the Shore.
Attending Breezes waft 'em to the Land,
And *Cæsar*'s Anchors bite *Palaste*'s Strand.

Ver. 658. *Palaste*,] A Village in *Epirus* near the City of *Oricum*.

Repining much, and griev'd at War's Delay,
Impatient *Cæsar* often chides his Stay,
Oft' he is heard to threat, and humbly oft' to pray.
Still shall the World (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wo't thou stop the Gods, and hinder Fate?
What cou'd be done before, was done by me: 685
Now ready Fortune only stays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do Rocks thy Course withstand?
Or *Libyan Syrts* oppose their faithless Strand?
Or dost thou fear new Dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I pass'd before. 690
For all those Hours thou loseſt, I complain,
And sue to Heav'n for prosp'rous Winds in vain.
My Soldiers (often has their Faith been try'd)
If not with-held, had hasten'd to my Side.
What Toil, what Hazards will they not partake? 695
What Seas and Shipwrecks scorn, for *Cæsar's* sake?
Nor will I think the Gods so partial are,
To give thee fair *Ausonia* for thy Share;
While *Cæsar*, and the Senate, are forgot,
And in *Epirus* bound their barren Lot. 700
In Words like these, he calls him oft' in vain,
And thus the hasty Missives oft' complain.
At length the lucky Chief, who oft' had found
What vast Success his rasher Darings crown'd;
Who saw how much the fav'ring Gods had done, 705
Nor wou'd be wanting, when they urg'd him on;

Old ſhatter'd Planking for a Roof was ſpread,
And cover'd in from Rain the needy Shed.
Thrice on the feeble Door the Warrior ſtrook,
Beneath the Blow the trembling Dwelling ſhook. 735
What Wretch forlorn (the poor *Amyclas* cries)
Driv'n by the raging Seas, and ſtormy Skies,
To my poor lowly Roof for Shelter flies?
He ſpoke; and haſty left his homely Bed,
With oozy Flags and with'ring Sea-weed ſpread.
Then from the Hearth the ſmoaking Match he takes, 740
And in the Tow the drowzy Fire awakes;
Dry Leaves, and Chips, for Fuel, he ſupplies,
'Till kindling Sparks, and glitt'ring Flames ariſe.
Oh happy Poverty! thou greateſt Good,
Beſtow'd by Heav'n, but ſeldom underſtood! 745
Here nor the cruel Spoiler ſeeks his Prey,
Nor ruthleſs Armies take their dreadful Way:
Security thy narrow Limits keeps,
Safe are thy Cottages, and ſound thy Sleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous Dwellings of the Great, 750
Where Gods, and Godlike Princes chuſe their Seat;
See in what Peace the poor *Amyclas* lyes,
Nor ſtarts, tho' *Ceſar*'s Call commands to riſe.
What Terrors had you felt that Call to hear?
How had your Tow'rs and Ramparts ſhook with Fear,
And trembled, as the mighty Man drew near!

The Door unbarr'd: Expect (the Leader said)
Beyond thy Hopes, or Wishes, to be pay'd;
If in this instant Hour thou waft me o'er,
With speedy haste, to yon' *Hesperian* Shore. 760
No more shall Want thy weary Hand constrain,
To work thy Bark upon the boist'rous Main:
Henceforth good Days and Plenty shall betide;
The Gods and I, will for thy Age provide. 764
A glorious Change attends thy low Estate,
Sudden and mighty Riches round thee wait;
Be wise, and use the lucky Hour of Fate.
Thus he; and tho' in humble Vestments dress'd,
Spite of himself, his Words his Pow'r express'd,
And *Cæsar* in his Bounty stood confess'd.
To him the wary Pilot thus replies: 771
A thousand Omens threaten from the Skies;
A thousand boding Signs my Soul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the Seas by Night.
In Clouds the setting Sun obscur'd his Head, 775
Nor painted o'er the ruddy West with Red:
Now North, now South, he shot his parted Beams,
And tipp'd the sullen Black with golden Gleams:

Ver. 777. *Now North, now South,*] As is very often seen when the Sun is behind a black Cloud, and the Rays strike out on each Side. These Prognosticks of the Weather are much the same with those in *Virgil's* First Georgick, and many of 'em are to be found in *Aratus*.

Pale

Pale shone his middle Orb with faintish Rays,
And suffer'd mortal Eyes at ease to gaze. 780
Nor rose the silver Queen of Night serene,
Supine and dull her blunted Horns were seen
With foggy Stains, and cloudy Blots between.
Dreadful awhile she shone all fiery Red,
Then sicken'd into Pale, and hid her drooping Head. 785
Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow Roar,
In leafy Groves, and on the sounding Shore.
In various Turns the doubtful Dolphins play,
And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.
The Cormorants the wat'ry Deep forsake, 790
And soaring Herns avoid the plashy Lake;
While, wadling on the Margin of the Main,
The Crow bewets her, and prevents the Rain.
Howe'er, if some great Enterprize demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing Hand: 795
My vent'rous Bark the troubled Deep shall try,
To thy wish'd Port her plunging Prow shall ply,
Unless the Seas resolve to beat us by.
He spoke, and spread his Canvass to the Wind,
Unmoor'd his Boat, and left the Shore behind. 800
Swift flew the nimble Keel; and as they past,
Long Trails of Light the shooting Meteors cast;
Ev'n the fix'd Fires above in Motion seem,
Shake thro' the Blast, and dart a quiv'ring Beam;

Black Horrors on the gloomy Ocean brood, 805
And in long Ridges rolls the threat'ning Flood;
While loud and louder murmuring Winds arise,
And growl from ev'ry Quarter of the Skies.
When thus the trembling Master, pale with Fear,
Behold what Wrath the dreadful Gods prepare; 810
My Art is at a loss; the various Tide
Beats my unstable Bark on ev'ry Side:
From the Norwest the setting Current swells,
While Southern Storms the driving Rack foretells. 814
Howe'er it be, our purpos'd Way is lost,
Nor can one Relick of our Wreck be tost
By Winds, like these, on fair *Hesperia*'s Coast.
Our only means of Safety is to yield,
And measure back with haste the foamy Field;
To give our unsuccessful Labour o'er, 820
And reach, while yet we may, the neighb'ring Shore.
But *Cæsar*, still superior to Distress,
Fearless, and confident of sure Success,
Thus to the Pilot loud——The Seas despise,
And the vain Threatning of the noisie Skies. 825
Tho' Gods deny thee yon' *Ausonian* Strand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my Command.

Ver. 813. *From the Norwest.*] The Tide or Current of the Sea setting one way, and the Clouds another.

Ver. 816. *Nor can one Relick.*] As if he had said; Tho' we are sure to be cast away, yet not the least Piece of the Vessel shall be driven towards *Italy*.

Thy

Thy Ignorance alone can cause thy Fears,
Thou know'st not what a Freight thy Vessel bears;
Thou know'st not I am He, to whom 'tis giv'n 830
Never to want the Care of watchful Heav'n.
Obedient Fortune waits my humble Thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.
Let Winds, and Seas, loud Wars at freedom wage,
And waste upon themselves their empty Rage; 835
A stronger, mightier *Dæmon* is thy Friend,
Thou, and thy Bark, on *Cæsar*'s Fate depend.
Thou stand'st amaz'd to view this dreadful Scene;
And wonder'st what the Gods and Fortune mean!
But artfully their Bounties thus they raise, 840
And from my Dangers arrogate new Praise;
Amidst the Fears of Death they bid me live,
And still inhance what they are sure to give.
Then leave yon' Shore behind with all thy haste,
Nor shall this idle Fury longer last. 845
Thy Keel auspicious shall the Storm appease,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer Seas,
And reach *Brundusium*'s safer Port with Ease.
Nor can the Gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they must bestow. 850
Thus while in vaunting Words the Leader spoke,
Full on his Bark the thund'ring Tempest strook;
Off rips the rending Canvas from the Mast,
And whirling flits before the driving Blast;

In ev'ry Joint the groaning Alder sounds, 855
And gapes wide-opening with a thousand Wounds.
Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
From ev'ry Quarter roars the rushing Wind:
First from the wide *Atlantick* Ocean's Bed,
Tempestuous *Corus* rears his dreadful Head; 860
Th' obedient Deep his potent Breath controuls,
And, Mountain-high, the foamy Flood he rolls.
Him the North-East incount'ring-fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffeted the yielding Tide.
The curling Surges loud conflicting meet, 865
Dash their proud Heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing *Boreas*, from the *Scythian* Strand,
Plows up the Waves, and scoops the lowest Sand.
Nor *Eurus* then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor show'ry *Notus*, in th' *Æolian* Cell; 870
But each from ev'ry Side, his Pow'r to boast,
Rang'd his proud Forces, to defend his Coast.
Equal in Might, alike they strive in vain,
While in the midst the Seas unmov'd remain:
In lesser Wars they yield to stormy Heav'n, 875
And captive Waves to other Deeps are driv'n;
The *Tyrrhen* Billows dash *Ægean* Shores,
And *Adria* in the mix'd *Ionian* roars.
How then must Earth the swelling Ocean dread,
When Floods ran higher than each Mountain's Head!

Subject,

Subject, and low the trembling Beldame lay,
And gave her self for lost, the conqu'ring Water's Prey.
What other Worlds, what Seas unknown before,
Then drove their Billows on our beaten Shore!
What distant Deeps, their Prodigies to boast, 885
Heav'd their huge Monsters on th' *Ausonian* Coast
So when avenging *Jove* long time had hurl'd,
And tir'd his Thunders on a harden'd World:
New Wrath, the God, new Punishment display'd,
And call'd his watry Brother to his Aid: 890
Offending Earth to *Neptune*'s Lot he join'd,
And bad his Floods no longer stand confin'd;
At once the Surges o'er the Nations rise,
And Seas are only bounded by the Skies.
Such now the spreading Deluge had been seen, 895
Had not th' Almighty Ruler stood between;
Proud Waves, the Cloud-compelling Sire obey'd,
Confess'd his Hand suppressing, and were stay'd.
Nor was that Gloom the common Shade of Night,
The friendly Darkness, that relieves the Light; 900
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky Vapour breath'd from yawning Hell:
So thick the mingling Seas and Clouds were hung,
Scarce cou'd the struggling Light'ning gleam along.
Thro' Nature's Frame the dire Convulsion struck, 905
Heav'n groan'd, the lab'ring Poles and Axis shook:

Uproar,

Uproar, and *Chaos* old, prevail'd again,
And broke the sacred Elemental Chain:
Black Fiends, unhallow'd, sought the blest Abodes,
Profan'd the Day, and mingled with the Gods. 910
One only Hope, when ev'ry other fail'd,
With *Cæsar*, and with Nature's self, prevail'd;
The Storm that sought their Ruin, prov'd 'em strong,
Nor cou'd they fall, who stood that Shock so long.
High as *Leucadia*'s less'ning Cliffs arise, 915
On the tall Billow's Top the Vessel flies;
While the pale Master, from the Surge's Brow,
With giddy Eyes surveys the Depth below.
When strait the gaping Main at once divides,
On naked Sands the rushing Bark subsides,
And the low liquid Vale the Topmast hides.
The trembling Shipman, all distraught with Fear,
Forgets his Course, and knows not how to steer;
No more the useless Rudder guides the Prow,
To meet the rolling Swell, or shun the Blow. 925
But lo! the Storm it self Assistance lends,
While one Assaults, another Wave defends:
This lays the sidelong Alder on the Main,
And that restores the leaning Bark again.

Ver. 915. *Leucadia*,] Or *Leucas*, an Island in the *Ionian* Sea, over-against *Acarnania*, now call'd the Isle of St. *Maur*.

Obedient

Obedient to the mighty Winds she plies, 930
Now seeks the Depths, and now invades the Skies;
There born aloft, she apprehends no more,
Or shoaly *Sason*, or *Thessalia*'s Shore;
High Hills she dreads, and Promontories now,
And fears to touch *Ceraunia*'s airy Brow. 935
At length the universal Wreck appear'd;
To *Cæsar*'s self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
Why all these Pains, this Toil of Fate (he cries)
This Labour of the Seas, and Earth, and Skies?
All Nature, and the Gods at once alarm'd, 940
Against my little Boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye Pow'rs Divine! your Will decrees
The Glory of my Death to these rude Seas;
If warm, and in the fighting Field to die,
If that, my first of Wishes, you deny; 945
My Soul no longer at her Lot repines,
But yields to what your Providence assigns.
Tho' immature I end my glorious Days,
Cut short my Conquest, and prevent new Praise;
My Life, already, stands the noblest Theme, 950
To fill long Annals of recording Fame.
Far Northern Nations own me for their Lord,
And envious Factions crouch beneath my Sword;

Ver. 935. *Ceraunia*,] Or *Acro-Ceraunium*, a Promontory in *Epirus*, running out into the *Adriatick* Sea.

Inferior

Inferior *Pompey* yields to me at Home,
And only fills a second Place in *Rome*. 955
My Country has my high Behests obey'd,
And at my Feet her Laws obedient laid;
All Sov'reignty, all Honours are my own,
Consul, Dictator, I am all Alone. 959
But thou, my only Goddess, and my Friend,
Thou, on whom all my secret Pray'rs attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious End.
Let none on Earth, let none beside thee, know,
I sink thus poorly to the Shades below.
Dispose, ye Gods! my Carcase as you please, 965
Deep let it drown beneath these raging Seas;
I ask no Urn my Ashes to infold,
Nor Marble Monuments, nor Shrines of Gold;
Let but the World, unknowing of my Doom,
Expect me still, and think I am to come; 970
So shall my Name with Terror still be heard,
And my Return in ev'ry Nation fear'd.

He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge Wave his Bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, Alternate, as before, 975
But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the Shore.
Rome, and his Fortune were at once restor'd,
And Earth again receiv'd him for her Lord.

Now, thro' the Camp his late Arrival told,
The Warriors croud, their Leader to behold; 980

In

In Tears, around, the murm'ring Legions stand,
And welcome him, with fond Complaints, to Land.
What means too daring *Cæsar* (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthless Seas, and stormy Sky?
What a vile helpless Herd had we been left, 985
Of ev'ry Hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy Life so many Thousands wait,
While Nations live Dependant on thy Fate,
While the whole World on thee, their Head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die. 990
And could'st thou not one faithful Soldier find,
One equal to his mighty Master's Mind,
One that deserv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling Billows toss'd thee on the Main,
We slept at Ease, unknowing of thy Pain. 995
Were we the Cause, oh Shame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging Sea?
Is there a Slave whose Head thou hold'st so light,
To give him up to this tempestuous Night?
While *Cæsar*, whom the subject Earth obeys, 1000
To Seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.
Still wo't thou weary out indulgent Heaven,
And scatter all the lavish Gods have giv'n?
Dost thou the Care of Providence employ,
Only to save thee when the Seas run high? 1005
Auspicious *Jove* thy Wishes wou'd promote;
Thou ask'st the Safety of a leaky Boat:

He

He proffers thee the World's ſupreme Command;
Thy Hopes aſpire no farther than to Land,
And caſt thy Shipwreck on th' *Heſperian* Strand.
In kind Reproaches thus they waſte the Night, 1011
Till the grey Eaſt diſclos'd the breaking Light:
Serene the Sun his beamy Face diſplay'd,
While the tir'd Storm, and weary Waves were laid.
Speedy the *Latian* Chiefs unfurl their Sails, 1015
And catch the gently-riſing Northern Gales:
In fair Appearance the tall Veſſels glide,
The Pilots, and the Wind, conſpire to guide,
And waft 'em fitly o'er the ſmoother Tide:
Decent they move, like ſome well-order'd Band, 1020
In rang'd Battalions marching o'er the Land.
Night fell at length, the Winds the Sails forſook,
And a dead Calm the beauteous Order broke.
So when, from *Strymon's* wint'ry Banks, the Cranes,
In feather'd Legions, cut th' Ætherial Plains; 1025
To warmer *Nile* they bend their airy Way,
Form'd in long Lines, and rank'd in juſt Array:
But if ſome ruſhing Storm the Journey croſs,
The wingy Leaders all are at a loſs:

Ver. 1024. *Strymon*,] Is a River in that Part of *Thrace* which joins to *Macedonia*. 'Tis now call'd *Stromona*. The Commentators obſerve upon this Paſſage, that the Cranes in their Flight (as here from a colder to a warmer Climate) uſually kept in the Form of one of theſe three *Greek* Letters Δ Λ or Υ, unleſs the Violence of the Wind broke their Order.

Now

Now close, now loose, the breaking Squadrons fly, 1030
And scatter in Confusion o'er the Sky.
The Day return'd, with *Phœbus Auster* rose,
And hard upon the straining Canvass blows.
Scudding afore him swift the Fleet he bore,
O'er-passing *Lyssus*, to *Nymphæum*'s Shore;
There safe from Northern Winds, within the Port they moor.
While thus united *Cæsar*'s Arms appear,
And Fortune draws the great Decision near;
Sad *Pompey*'s Soul uneasie Thoughts infest,
And his *Cornelia* pains his anxious Breast. 1040
To distant *Lesbos* fain he wou'd remove,
Far from the War, the Partner of his Love.
Oh who can speak, what Numbers can reveal
The Tenderness, which pious Lovers feel?
Who can their secret Pangs and Sorrows tell, 1045
With all the croud of Cares that in their Bosoms dwell?

Ver. 1035. *O'er-passing* Lyssus.] This was a Town of *Macedonia* at the Mouth of the River *Drilon* on the Borders of *Illyricum*. The *Nymphæum* here mention'd is a Promontory of *Macedonia* on the *Ionian* Sea, not far from *Apollonia*.

I don't know whether it be worth while to observe, that this Passage concerning the Course of *Cæsar*'s Fleet is differently related by the Historians.

Ver. 1041. *To distant* Lesbos.] This was one of the most considerable Islands in the *Archipelago*, on the Coast of *Asia*. It was greatly favour'd by *Pompey*, and after it had suffer'd in the *Mithridatick* War, restor'd by him to its Liberty. See more of this Place in the Eighth Book.

See

See what new Passions now the Hero knows,
Now first he doubts Success, and fears his Foes;
Rome, and the World he hazards in the Strife,
And gives up all to Fortune, but his Wife. 1040
Oft' he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing News with fond Delay,
And ling'ring, puts off Fate from Day to Day.
The fleeting Shades began to leave the Sky, 1055
And Slumber soft forsook the drooping Eye:
When, with fond Arms, the fair *Cornelia* prest
Her Lord, reluctant, to her snowy Breast:
Wond'ring, she found he shunn'd her just Embrace,
And felt warm Tears upon his manly Face. 1060
Heart-wounded with the sudden Woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping Warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a Groan, thus he. My truest Wife,
To say how much I love thee more than Life,
Poorly expresses what my Heart wou'd show, 1065
Since Life, alas! is grown my Burthen now.
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful Doom,
That cruel parting Hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his Might,
Advancing *Cæsar* calls me to the Fight. 1070
Haste then, my gentle Love, from War retreat;
The *Lesbian* Isle attends thy peaceful Seat:

Nor

Nor seek, oh! seek not to encrease my Cares,
Seek not to change my Purpose with thy Pray'rs;
My self, in vain, the fruitless Suit have try'd, 1075
And my own pleading Heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy Distance will increase thy Fear:
Ruin, if Ruin comes, will soon be near,
Too soon the fatal News shall reach thy Ear.
Nor burns thy Heart with just and equal Fires, 1080
Nor dost thou love as Virtue's Law requires;
If those soft Eyes can ev'n thy Husband bear,
Red with the Stains of Blood, and guilty War.
When horrid Trumpets sound their dire Alarms,
Shall I indulge my Sorrows with thy Charms,
And rise to Battle from these tender Arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy Absence to the publick Woe.
But thou be hid, be safe from ev'ry Fear,
While Kings and Nations in Destruction share: 1090
Shun thou the Crush of my impending Fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its Weight.
Then if the Gods my Overthrow ordain,
And the fierce Victor chace me o'er the Plain,

1081. *Nor dost thou love.*] As if *Cornelia* could not come up to the Virtue of the *Roman* Matrons, if she did not look with Detestation, even upon her Husband, when he was engaged in a Civil War.

Thou

Tho' banish'd by thy harsh Command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the Realms below.
Thou bidst me with the Pangs of Absence, strive 1120
And, 'till I hear thy certain Loss, survive.
My vow'd Obedience, what it can, shall bear;
But, oh! my Heart's a Woman, and I fear.
If the good Gods, indulgent to my Pray'r,
Shou'd make the Laws of *Rome*, and thee, their Care;
In distant Climes I may prolong my Woe, 1125
And be the last thy Victory to know.
On some bleak Rock that frowns upon the Deep,
A constant Watch thy weeping Wife shall keep;
There from each Sail Misfortune shall I guess, 1130
And dread the Bark that brings me thy Success.
Nor shall those happier Tidings end my Fear,
The vanquish'd Foe may bring new Danger near;
Defenceless I may still be made a Prize,
And *Cæsar* snatch me with him, as he flies: 1135
With Ease my known Retreat he shall explore,
While thy great Name distinguishes the Shore:
Soon shall the *Lesbian* Exile stand reveal'd,
The Wife of *Pompey* cannot live conceal'd.
But if th' o'er-ruling Pow'rs thy Cause forsake, 1140
Grant me this only last Request I make;
When thou shalt be of Troops, and Friends bereft,
And wretched Flight is all thy Safety left;

Oh!

Oh! follow not the Dictates of thy Heart,
But chuse a Refuge in some distant Part.
Where-e'er thy unsuspicious Bark shall steer,
Thy sad *Cornelia*'s fatal Shoals forbear,
Since *Cæsar* will be sure to seek thee there.
So saying, with a Groan the Matron fled,
And, wild with Sorrow, left her holy Bed:
She sees all Lab'ring, all Delays are vain,
And rushes headlong to possess the Pain;
Nor will the hurry of her Griefs afford
One last Embrace from her forsaken Lord.
Uncommon cruel was the Fate, for two,
Whose Lives had lasted long, and been so true,
To lose the Pleasure of one last Adieu.
In all the woful Days that cross'd their Bliss,
Sure never Hour was known so sad as this;
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to Pain,
They met all after-Sorrows with Disdain,
And Fortune shot her envious Shafts in vain.
Low on the Ground the fainting Dame is laid;
Her Train officious hasten to her Aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful Hand,
Support her, slow-descending o'er the Strand.
There, while with eager Arms she grasp'd the Shore,
Scarcely the Mourner to the Bark they bore.
Not half this Grief of Heart, these Pangs, she knew,
When from her native *Italy* she flew:

Lonely

Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her Flight,
Sad seems the Day, and long the sleepless Night.
In vain her Maids the downy Couch provide,
She wants the tender Partner of her Side.
When weary oft' in Heaviness she lies, 1175
And dozy Slumber steals upon her Eyes;
Fain, with fond Arms, her Lord she wou'd have prest,
But weeps to find the Pillow at her Breast.
Tho' raging in her Veins a Fever burns,
Painful she lies, and restless oft' she turns, 1180
She shuns his sacred Side with awful Fear,
And wou'd not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh! too soon the Want shall be supply'd,
The Gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling Hours bring back her Lord, 1185
And *Pompey* shall be fatally restor'd.

The End of the First Volume.