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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

Milton's stile imitated, in a translation of a story out of the Third Æneid.

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Milton's *Stile imitated, in a Translation*
of a Story out of the Third Æneid.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
 We struck upon the coast where *Ætna* lies,
 Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
 That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
 Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
 Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
 Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
 Or slings a broken rock aloft in air.
 The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
 In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck *Enceladus*
 Groveling beneath th'incumbent mountain's weight
 Lyes stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
 And when he heaves against the burning load,
 Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
 A sudden earthquake shoots through all the Isle,
 And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under ground,
 Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
 And shades the Sun's bright orb, and blots out Day.

Here

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
 And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
 Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
 A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
 Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
 Oppos'd it self to *Cynthia's* silver ray,
 And shaded all beneath. But now the Sun
 With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
 From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
 When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
 The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
 An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
 Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
 Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
 With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
 His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
 Matted with filth; in all things else a *Greek*.

He first advanc'd in haste; but, when he saw
Trojans and *Trojan* arms, in mid career
 Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
 But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
 Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
 Our ears assail'd: "By heav'n's eternal fires,
 " By ev'ry God that sits enthron'd on high,
 " By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
 " And bear me hence to any distant shore,
 " So I may shun this savage race accurst.
 " 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late

" With sword and fire o'erturn'd *Neptunian Troy*,
 " And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
 " For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
 " Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lye
 " Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
 " Let Man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
 In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
 We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
 And how by strefs of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
 Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
 When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
 Is *Achæmenides*, my country *Greece*,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
 The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind
 Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
 He left me, giant *Polypheme's* dark cave;
 A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
 On all sides furr'd with mouldy damp, and hung
 With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
 His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
 Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
 Intractable, that riots on the flesh
 Of mortal Men, and swills the vital blood.
 Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
 Two sprawling *Greeks*, in either hand a man;

I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
 He dash'd and broke 'em on the grundfil edge;
 The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
 Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
 And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
 That swell'd and heav'd it self amidst his teeth
 As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
 Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
 Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
 The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
 Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
 Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
 With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.
 We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
 The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
 Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
 A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
 Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
 Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
 But let me not thus interpose delays;
 Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
 A hundred of the same stupendous size,
 A hundred *Cyclops* live among the hills,
 Gigantick brotherhood, that stalk along
 With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
 Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
 Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
 Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
 Thrice has the Moon wash'd all her orb in light,
 Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,

And

I 2

The

The realms of Night inglorious, since I've liv'd
 Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
 A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
 We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
 Blind *Polypheme*; by weary steps and slow
 The groping giant with a trunk of Pine
 Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
 Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
 He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
 A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
 Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
 The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
 A ghastly orifice: he rins'd the wound,
 And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
 That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
 He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
 Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
 Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
 Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
 'Till using all the force of winds and oars
 We sped away; he heard us in our course,
 And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd,
 But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
 Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
 Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a league remote,
 In distant echo's answer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
 Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
 Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,

And

And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,
 A dire assembly: we with eager haste
 Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
 A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
 Advanced to mighty growth: the traveller
 Hears from the humble valley where he rides
 The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
 Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
 The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
 A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.



T H E

And gather round the hollow Pappas
 A die assembly: we win eager haste
 Work every one, and then the behold
 A host of girls covering all the floor
 So finds a forest tall of mountain oak
 Advanced to mighty growth: the traveller
 Hears from the humble valley where he rides
 The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
 Amidst the boughs, and at the distance see
 The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise
 A faintly prospect waving in the clouds

