



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

### **The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

The story of Calisto.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53615](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53615)

Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,  
 Majestically mixing prayers and threats,  
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took  
 The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,  
 And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,  
 And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his Son,

*The Story of CALISTO.*

The day was settled in its course; and *Jove*  
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,  
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made;  
 But all was safe: The earth he then survey'd,  
 And cast an eye on every different coast,  
 And every land; but on *Arcadia* most  
 Her fields he cloath'd, and cheer'd her blasted face  
 With running fountains, and with springing grass.  
 No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,  
 The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,  
 And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,  
 By chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd,  
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.  
 The Nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;  
 Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;  
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,  
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;  
 To chast *Diana* from her youth inclin'd  
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.

*Diana*



*Diana* too the gentle huntress lov'd,  
 Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd  
 O'er *Mænalus*, amid the maiden throng,  
 More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The Sun now shone in all its strength, and drove  
 The heated virgin panting to a grove;  
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast:  
 She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrace'd;  
 She flung her self on the cool grassy bed;  
 And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.  
*Jove* saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,  
 Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.

“ Here I am safe, he cries, from *Juno's* eye;  
 “ Or should my jealous Queen the theft descry,  
 “ Yet would I venture on a theft like this,  
 “ And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!

*Diana's* shape and habit strait he took,  
 Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,  
 And mildly in a female accent spoke.

“ How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?  
 To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,

“ All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer

“ To *Jove* himself, tho' *Jove* himself were here.

The God was nearer than she thought, and heard

Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;  
 And, e'er she half had told the morning chase,



With love inflam'd, and eager on his blifs,  
 Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kifs;  
 His kifses with unwonted ardour glow'd,  
 Nor could *Diana's* fhape conceal the God.  
 The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;  
 (Sure *Juno* must have pardon'd, had fhe view'd)  
 With all her might againft his force fhe ftrove;  
 But how can mortal maids contend with *Jove*!

Poffeft at length of what his heart defir'd,  
 Back to his heavens th' exulting God retir'd.  
 The lovely huntrefs, rifing from the grafs,  
 With down-caft eyes, and with a blufhing face,  
 By fhame confounded, and by fear difmay'd,  
 Flew from the covert of the guilty fhade,  
 And almost, in the tumult of her mind,  
 Left her forgotten bow and fhafits behind.

But now *Diana*, with a fprightly train  
 Of quiver'd virgins; bounding o'er the plain,  
 Call'd to the Nymph; the Nymph began to fear  
 A fecond fraud, a *Jove* disguis'd in Her;  
 But, when fhe faw the fifter Nymphs, fuppreff'd  
 Her rifing fears, and mingled with the reft.

How in the look does confcious guilt appear!  
 Slowly fhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;  
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddefs ran,  
 As once fhe us'd, the foremost of the train.



Her looks were flush'd, and fullen was her mien,  
 That sure the virgin goddess (had she been  
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.  
 'Tis said the Nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:  
 And now the Moon had nine times lost her light,  
 When *Dian*, fainting in the mid-day beams,  
 Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams  
 That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,  
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,  
 The goddess prais'd: " And now no spies are near,  
 " Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.  
 Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;  
 Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,  
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;  
 In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,  
 And the reluctant Nymph by force undress'd.  
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,  
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;  
 " Begone! the goddess cries with stern disdain,  
 " Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain:  
 She fled, for-ever banish'd from the train.

This *Juno* heard, who long had watch'd her time  
 To punish the detested rival's crime;  
 The time was come: for, to enrage her more,  
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,  
 "It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!



" This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove  
 " My husband's baseness, and the strumper's love:  
 " But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,  
 " That drew the Thunderer from *Juno's* arms,  
 " No longer shall their wonted force retain,  
 " Nor please the God, nor make the Mortal vain.

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,  
 Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:  
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;  
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,  
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,  
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;  
 Her lips, that once could tempt a God, begin  
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin.  
 And, lest the supplicating brute might reach  
 The ears of *Jove*, she was depriv'd of speech:  
 Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came  
 In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.  
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,  
 And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to *Jove*,  
 And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'  
 She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,  
 And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!  
 How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,  
 Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!  
 How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun  
 The shaggy Bear, tho' now her self was one!

How



How from the sight of rugged Wolves retire,  
Although the grim *Lycaon* was her Sire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,  
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;  
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,  
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.  
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,  
And fondly gaz'd: The boy was in a fright,  
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,  
And would have slain his mother in the beast;  
But *Jove* forbad, and snatch'd 'em through the air  
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there:  
Where the new Constellations nightly rise,  
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When *Juno* saw the rival in her height,  
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,  
She fought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes,  
And *Tethys*; both rever'd among the Gods.  
They ask what brings her there: " Ne'er ask, says she,  
" What brings me here, Heaven is no place for me.  
" You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,  
" *Jove's* starry bastard and triumphant whore  
" Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roul  
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.  
" And who shall now on *Juno's* altars wait,  
" When those she hates grow greater by her hate?  
" I on the Nymph a brutal form impress'd,  
" *Jove* to a goddess has transform'd the beast;

" This,



" This, this was all my weak revenge could do:  
 " But let the God his chaste amours pursue,  
 " And, as he acted after *Io's* rape,  
 " Restore th' adulteress to her former shape;  
 " Then may he cast his *Juno* off, and lead  
 " The great *Lycaon's* off-spring to his bed.  
 " But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,  
 " And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,  
 " Receive not in your waves their setting beams,  
 " Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.

The goddess ended, and her wish was given.  
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;  
 Her gawdy Peacocks drew her through the skies,  
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand Eyes;  
 The Eyes of *Argus* on their tails were rang'd,  
 At the same time the Raven's colour chang'd.

*The Story of CORONIS, and Birth of*  
*ÆSCULAPIUS.*

The Raven once in snowy plumes was drest,  
 White as the whitest Dove's unfully'd breast,  
 Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,  
 Soft as the Swan; a large and lovely fowl;  
 His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite  
 To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told;  
 In *Thessaly* there liv'd a Nymph of old,

*Coronis*