



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

The transformation of Battus to a Touch-stone.

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

The Transformation of BATTUS to a Touch-stone.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to *Phoebus* pray'd;
 But how could *Phoebus* give the Centaur aid?
 Degraded of his power by angry *Jove*,
 In *Elis* then a herd of Beeves he drove;
 And wielded in his hand a staff of Oake,
 And o'er his shoulders threw the Shepherd's cloak;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
 A Drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
 The theft an old insidious Peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
 Hire'd by a wealthy *Pyliau* Prince to feed
 His favourite Mares, and watch the generous breed.
 The thievish God suspected him, and took
 The Hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
 " Discover not the theft, who'er thou be,
 " And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
 " Go, stranger, cries the clown, securely on,
 " That stone shall sooner tell; and show'd a stone.

The God withdrew, but strait return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country Swain;
 And cries out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 " Of Bullocks and of Heifers pass this way?"

" In the recovery of my cattle join,
 " A Bullock and a Heifer shall be thine.
 The Peasant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
 " In yon dark vale: and in the vale they were,
 The Double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
 The God, successful in the tryal, smil'd;
 " And dost thou thus betray my self to Me?
 " Me to my self dost thou betray? says he:
 Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless Spy,
 And in his name records his infamy.

*The Story of AGLAUROS, transform'd into
a Statue.*

This done, the God flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty *Athens*, by *Minerva* grace'd,
 And wide *Munichia*, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each *Athenian* Maid
 Her yearly homage to *Minerva* paid;
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystick gifts they bore:
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining Virgins fill'd the plain.

The God well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them: As the spreading Kite,

That