



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

The story of Aglauros, tranform'd into a Statue.

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

" 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

That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance, if the Priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
 So kept the God the Virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As *Lucifer* excells the meanest star,
 Or, as the full-orb'd *Phoebe Lucifer*;
 So much did *Hersè* all the rest outvy,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
 So the cold Bullet, that with fury slung
 From *Balearick* engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a God.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
 And yet he strives to better them by art.
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
 The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
 The roof was all with polish'd Ivory line'd,
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of Tortoise shine'd.

Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
 The midmost by the beauteous *Hersè* grace'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching God descry'd,
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came.

" I come, reply'd the God, from Heaven, to woo
 Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 " I am the son and messenger of *Jove*,
 " My name is *Mercury*, my business Love;
 " Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
 " And gain admittance to your sister's heart.

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
 As when she on *Minerva's* secret gaz'd,
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the Nymph succeed;
 And now remembering the late impious deed,
 When, disobedient to her strict command,
 She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
 In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
 That heav'd the rising *Ægis* on her breast;
 Then sought out *Envy* in her dark abode,
 Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
 Shut from the winds, and from the wholesom skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
 Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
 The gates flew open, and the Fiend appear'd.
 A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
 And gorg'd the flesh of Vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
 The hideous monster, rising heavily,
 Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
 And left her mangled offals on the place.
 Soon as she saw the Goddess gay and bright,
 She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight.
 Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
 A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
 Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
 In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
 Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy;
 Foe to her self, distressing and distress'd,
 She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
 The Goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
 A short command: " To *Athens* speed thy flight;
 " On curst *Aglauros* try thy utmost art,
 " And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.
 This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,

Flew off to Heaven: The hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she her self must give.
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind born,
 O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
 Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights; the meadows are deface'd,
 The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
 On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When *Athens* she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous Fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
 Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
 To execute *Minerva's* dire command,
 She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid:
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And place'd before the dreaming virgin's view
 Her Sister's Marriage, and her glorious fate:
 Th' imaginary Bride appears in state;

The Bride-groom with unwonted beauty glows;
For *Envy* magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, *Aglauros* pine'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant Sun;
Or like unwholsome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door her self she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with fullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick God deny'd.
The God carefs'd, and for admiffion pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd Maid.
In vain he sooth'd; " Begone! the Maid replies,
" Or here I keep my feat, and never rise.
" Then keep thy feat for ever, cries the God,
And touch'd the door, wide-opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joynts are all benum'd, her hands are pale,
And Marble now appears in every nail.
As when a Cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;

So does the chilness to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
 'Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a Stone.
 But still her envious hue and fullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S Rape.

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn Maid,
 From where the bright *Athenian* turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will express'd.

“ My trusty *Hermes*, by whose ready aid
 “ Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
 “ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
 “ And to the walls of *Sidon* speed thy course;
 “ There find a herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
 “ The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
 The trusty *Hermes* on his message went,
 And found the herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
 A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;

Where