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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

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" Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
 " Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
 " But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 " The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
 " Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 " Renounce his God-head, and confess the cheat.
 " *Acrifus* from the *Grecian* walls repell'd
 " This boasted power; why then should *Pentheus* yield?
 " Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
 " I'll try the force of his divinity.

Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
 His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
 In vain his Grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
 Sent by their haughty Prince to seize the God;
 The God they found not in the frantick throng,
 But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Pentheus* view'd with fury in his look,
 And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he spoke:

" Vile

“ Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
 “ And terrify thy base seditious crew:
 “ Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
 “ And, why thou join’st in these mad *Orgies*, tell.

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
 And, arm’d with inward innocence, replies.

“ From high *Meonia’s* rocky shores I came,
 “ Of poor descent, *Acœtes* is my name:
 “ My Sire was meanly born; no oxen plow’d
 “ His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low’d.
 “ His whole estate within the Waters lay;
 “ With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
 “ His art was all his livelihood; which he
 “ Thus with his dying lips bequeath’d to me:
 “ In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
 “ There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

“ Long did I live on this poor legacy;
 “ ’Till tir’d with rocks, and my own native sky,
 “ To arts of navigation I inclin’d;
 “ Observ’d the turns and changes of the wind:
 “ Learn’d the fit havens, and began to note
 “ The stormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
 “ The bright *Täygete*, and the shining *Bears*,
 “ With all the sailor’s catalogue of stars.

“ Once, as by chance for *Delos* I design’d,
 “ My vessel, driv’n by a strong gust of wind,

" Moor'd in a *Chian* creek; ashore I went,
 " And all the following night in *Chios* spent.
 " When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
 " Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
 " Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
 " Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard,
 " *Opheltes* heard my summons, and with joy
 " Brought to the shoar a soft and lovely Boy,
 " With more than female sweetness in his look,
 " Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
 " With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 " And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
 " I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
 " Each Heavenly feature, each Immortal grace,
 " And saw Divinity in all his face.
 " I know not who, said I, this God should be;
 " But that he is a God I plainly see:
 " And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuse the force
 " These men have us'd; and oh befriend our course!
 " Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd,
 " *Dictys*, that could the Main-top-mast bestride,
 " And down the ropes with active vigour slide,
 " To the same purpose old *Epopeus* spoke,
 " Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
 " The same the Pilot, and the same the rest;
 " Such impious avarice their souls possess.
 " Nay, Heaven forbid that I should bear away
 " Within my vessel so divine a prey,

My vessel, driven by a strong gale of wind,
 Said

“ Said I; and stood to hinder their intent :
 “ When *Lycabas*, a wretch for murder sent
 “ From *Tuscany*, to suffer banishment,
 “ With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board,
 “ Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
 “ His base confederates the fact approve;
 “ When *Bacchus*, (for 'twas he) begun to move,
 “ Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
 “ And shook his drowfie limbs, and round him gaz'd:
 “ What means this noise? he cries; am I betray'd?
 “ Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?
 “ Fear not, said *Proreus*, child, but tell us where
 “ You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
 “ To *Naxos* then direct your course, said he;
 “ *Naxos* a hospitable port shall be
 “ To each of you, a joyful home to me.
 “ By every God, that rules the sea or sky,
 “ The perjurd villains promise to comply,
 “ And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 “ With eager joy I launch into the deep;
 “ And, heedless of the fraud, for *Naxos* stand:
 “ They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
 “ And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 “ To tack about, and steer another way.
 “ Then let some other to my post succeed,
 “ Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
 “ What, says *Ethalion*, must the ship's whole crew
 “ Follow your humour, and depend on you?

“ And strait himself he seated at the prore,
 “ And tack'd about, and fought another shore.

“ The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
 “ And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
 “ And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said,
 “ And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
 “ Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
 “ Will such a multitude of men employ
 “ Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?

“ In vain did I the God-like youth deplore,
 “ The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
 “ And now by all the Gods in Heaven that hear
 “ This solemn oath, by *Bacchus* self, I swear,
 “ The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 “ Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
 “ The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 “ Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
 “ In vain the Mariners would plow the main
 “ With sails uncurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
 “ Around their oars a twining Ivy cleaves,
 “ And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
 “ The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
 “ And Berries in the fruitful canvase seen.
 “ Amidst the waves a sudden Forrest rears
 “ Its verdant head, and a new Spring appears.

“ The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
 “ A herd of spotted Panthers round him lyes

“ In

" In glaring forms ; the grapy clusters spread
 " On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
 " And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 " My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
 " Leap'd over-board ; first perjur'd *Madon* found
 " Rough Scales and Fins his stiff'ning sides surround ;
 " Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
 " Strait his own mouth grew Wider as he spoke ;
 " And now himself he views with like surprize.
 " Still at his oar th' industrious *Libys* plies ;
 " But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
 " And by degrees is fashion'd to a Fin.
 " Another, as he catches at a cord,
 " Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
 " With his broad Fins and Forky Tail he laves
 " The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
 " Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
 " Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 " And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
 " Full nineteen Sailors did the ship convey,
 " A shoal of nineteen Dolphins round her play.
 " I only in my proper shape appear,
 " Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
 " 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
 " With him I landed on the *Chian* shore,
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore.
 " This forging slave, says *Pentheus*, would prevail,
 " O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale :

" Go,

" Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire.
 Th' officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
 At liberty th' unfetter'd Captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high *Cithæron* echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery War-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpeter's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantick rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
 Here the rash *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystick *Orgies* spies.
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy Jav'lin at her son she cast,
 And cries, " The Boar that lays our country waste!
 " The Boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 " And strike the brindled monster to the heart.

Pentheus