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### **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Translations And Imitations

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

The First Book of Statius's Thebais

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THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
STATIUS  
HIS  
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year MDCCIII.

§ K



ARGUMENT  
OF  
THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
STATUTES  
IN  
THE REBALS

Translated in the Year MDCCLII.

11



## A R G U M E N T.

**O**EDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocasta; put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtain'd by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phoebus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcebus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

*The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his Choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.*



P. S T A T I I  
T H E B A I D O S  
L I B E R P R I M U S .

**F**Raternas acies, alternaque regna profanis  
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,  
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis,  
Ire Deae? gentisne canam primordia dirae?  
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum  
Legis Agenoreae? scrutantemque aequora Cad-  
mum?

Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti  
Agricolam infandis condentem praelia fulcis 10  
Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris  
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes.



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THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
STATIUS  
HIS  
THEBAIS.

**F**Raternal Rage the guilty Thebes alarms,  
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,  
Demand our song ; a sacred fury fires  
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.  
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes 5  
From the dire nation in its early times,  
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,  
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?  
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil, 10  
And reap'd an Iron harvest of his toil?  
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?

§ K 3



Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,  
 Quod faevae Junonis opus: cui sumpserit arcum  
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens  
 Ionium, socio casura Palaemone mater.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi  
 Praeteriisse finam: limes mihi carminis esto 20  
 Oedipodae confusa domus: quando Itala nondum  
 Signa, nec Arctoois ausim sperare triumphos,  
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,  
 Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:

Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis  
 Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famae,  
 Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis  
 Aeternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes  
 Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida coeli  
 Pleiadam, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35



Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,  
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?  
 The fire against the son his arrows drew, 15  
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,  
 And while her arms a second hope contain,  
 Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,  
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song, 20  
 At Oedipus—from his disasters trace  
 The long confusions of his guilty race:  
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;  
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25  
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous  
 blood;

Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,  
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,  
 Or long before, with early valour strove,  
 In youthful arms t'assert the cause of Jove. 30  
 And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,  
 Encrease of glory to the Latian name!  
 Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,  
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain. 34  
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,  
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;



Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum  
 Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum  
 Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa  
 Parte poli; maneas hominum contentus habenis,  
 Undarum terraeque potens, et fidera dones. 45  
 Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oestro  
 Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. fatis arma referre  
 Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,  
 Nec furiis post fata modum, flammisque rebelles  
 Seditioe rogi, tumulisque carentia regum  
 Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes; 55  
 Caerula cum rubuit Lernaeo sanguine Dirce,  
 Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,  
 Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.



Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy fway,  
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;  
 Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,  
 And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40  
 Tho' Jove himself no less content would be,  
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;  
 Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;  
 Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45  
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame  
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:  
 Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse  
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse: 50  
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,  
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,  
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air  
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:  
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55  
 Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;  
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,  
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,  
 With dread beheld the rolling furies sweep,  
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60



Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum irae  
 Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?  
 Urget et hostilem propellens caedibus amnem  
 Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi  
 Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra  
 Merferat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem  
 Oedipodes, longaque animam sub morte tenebat,  
 Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque recessu  
 Sedis, inaspectos coelo, radiisque penates  
 Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis  
 Saeva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Dirae. 75  
 Tunc vacuos orbis, crudum ac miserabile vitae  
 Supplicium, ostentat coelo, manibusque cruentis  
 Pulsat inane solum, faevaque ita voce precatur: 80  
 Dî fontes animas, angustaque Tartara poenis  
 Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,  
 Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari



What Hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?  
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?  
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,  
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tyde?  
 Or how the Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65  
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?  
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,  
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,  
 Led a long death in everlasting night; 70  
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray  
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;  
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin  
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;  
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75  
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,  
 The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies  
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,  
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he  
 strook,  
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy regions reign,  
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;  
 Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd  
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold:

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopæus.



Annuè Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda. 85

Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem

Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas

Firmaſti: ſi ſtagna petiſſe Cyrrhaea bicorni 90

Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo

Contentus Polybo, trifidaeque in Phocidos arce

Longaevum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis

Ora ſenis, dum quaero patrem: ſi Sphyngos iniquae

Callidus ambages te praemonſtrante reſolvi:

Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris 95

Connubium gaviſus inſi: noctemque nefandam

Saepe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi:

Mox avidus poenae digitis cedentibus ultro

Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100

Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quaeque ipſa furenti

Subjiceres: orbum viſu regniſque parentem

Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti

Quos genui, quocunq; toro: quin ecce ſuperbi

(Pro dolor) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,

Infultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.



Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r, 85  
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!  
 If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,  
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:  
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way  
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90  
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,  
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:  
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,  
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:  
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95  
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,  
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;  
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,  
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight; 100  
 Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require,  
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!  
 My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;  
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105  
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;  
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,  
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.



Hinc etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum  
 Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex 110  
 Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.  
 Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis  
 Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis  
 I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro 115  
 Diffiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri  
 Quod cupiam vidisse nefas. nec tarda sequetur  
 Mens juvenum, modo digna veni, mea pignora  
 nosces.

Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos  
 Advertit vultus; inamoenum forte sedebat  
 Coccyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,  
 Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.  
 Ilicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citator astris  
 Tristibus exiliit ripis. discedit inane 130  
 Vulgus, et occurfus dominae pavet; illa per umbras



Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!  
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110  
Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,  
Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail:  
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;  
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear; 115 }  
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare }  
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war. }  
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see  
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!  
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:  
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief  
frame,  
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink  
Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink; 125  
But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,  
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.  
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,  
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.  
Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,  
And dark dominions of the silent night;



Et caligantes animarum examine campos,  
 Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.  
 Sensit adesse dies: piceo nox obvia nimbo 135  
 Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas  
 Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remisit.  
 Arripit extemplo Maleae de valle resurgens 140  
 Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas  
 Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.  
 Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora ceraestae, 145  
 Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis  
 Ferrea lux oculis. qualis per nubila Phoebes  
 Atracea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno 150  
 Tenditur, ac fanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro  
 Ore vapor, quo longa fitis, morbique famesque,  
 Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo



Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,  
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:  
To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,  
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135  
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,  
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,  
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.  
Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140  
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;  
With eager speed the well-known journey took,  
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.  
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145  
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:  
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,  
When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots  
from high  
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.  
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth  
there came 150  
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.  
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,  
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.



Palla, et coerulei redeunt in pectore nodi.

Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus. 155

Tum geminas quatit illa manus: haec igne rogali

Fulgurat, haec vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.

Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithaeron

Occurrit coelo, fera fibila crine virenti

Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achaei

Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.

Audiit et medius coeli Parnassus, et asper 165

Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten

In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.

Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem

Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona preffit.

Atque ea Cadmaeo praeceptisubi limine primum 170

Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,

Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,

Gentilesque animos subiit furor, aegraque laetis,

Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi

Saevus amor: ruptaeque vices, jurisque secundi

## NOTES.

VER. 173.] *Gentilisque animos subit furor*, seems a better reading than *Gentilesque*. P.



Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 163

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155  
She tofs'd her meagre arms; her better hand  
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:  
A serpent from her left was seen to rear  
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160  
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,  
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:  
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,  
And thro' th'Achaian cities send the sound.  
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice; 165  
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;  
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,  
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.  
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,  
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170  
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.

Strait with the rage of all their race possess'd,  
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175  
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,  
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;



Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum  
 Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis. 180  
 Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos  
 Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro:  
 Illi indignantes quâs nondum vomere multo  
 Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,  
 In diversa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant  
 Viribus, et vario confundunt limite fulcos:  
 Haud secus indomitos praeceps discordia fratres 190  
 Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni  
 Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno  
 Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrâ tenentem  
 Foedere praecipiti semper novus angeret haeres.  
 Haec inter fratres pietas erat: haec mora pugnae  
 Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200  
 Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant



Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 165

And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties  
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;  
And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180  
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;  
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,  
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,  
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185  
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear  
Th'unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,  
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,  
And all the furrows in confusion lay:  
Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190  
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,  
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:  
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,  
That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195  
And the short monarch of a hasty year  
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,  
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,  
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;



Atria, congestos fatis explicitura clientes.  
 Non impacatis regum ad vigilantia fomnis 205  
 Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes  
 Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,  
 Atque aurum violare cibis. sed nuda potestas  
 Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.  
 Dumque uter angustae squalentia jugera Dirces  
 Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret  
 Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,  
 Et vitae, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras 210  
 Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto  
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo  
 Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?  
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit  
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215  
 Igne Noti? quid si Tyriae Phrygiaeve sub unum  
 Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandae  
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est  
 Oedipodae sedisse loco. Jam forte carebat  
 Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, faeve, 220  
 Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula  
 Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,  
 Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt



No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,  
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;  
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait  
Before the sleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate; 205  
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,  
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold;  
Nor gems on bowls embos'd were ſeen to ſhine,  
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine ---  
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage? 210  
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?  
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,  
Or when his ev'ning beams the weſt adorn,  
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,  
And the cold north receives a fainter day; 215  
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,  
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:  
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day, 220  
When all were ſlaves thou could'ſt around ſurvey,  
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,  
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,  
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent; 225



Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus  
 Diffidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur,  
 Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laefisse veneno  
 Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti  
 Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus 235  
 Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,  
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!  
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque  
 Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim  
 Exulibus fervire dabor? tibi, summe deorum,  
 Terrarumque fator, fociis hanc addere mentem  
 Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,  
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci  
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale quaerere Cadmus



Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.

And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230  
 Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,

(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight  
 With scandal arm'd, th'ignoble mind's delight,)

Exclaim'd --- O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,  
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235

Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,  
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,

And still to change whom chang'd we still must  
 fear?

These now controul a wretched people's fate,  
 These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240

Ev'n Fortune rules no more: --- O servile land,  
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!

Thou fire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!  
 Is this th'eternal doom decreed above?

On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245  
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;

When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,  
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,



Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros: 250  
 Fraternalque acies foetae telluris hiatu,  
 Augurium, feros dimisit adusque nepotes?  
 Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur  
 Saevior affurgens dempto consorte potestas?  
 Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?  
 Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti  
 Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi. 260  
 Quid mirum? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes  
 Prompta manus casus domino cuicumque parati.  
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus 265  
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.  
 Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis  
 Aspera fors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur. 270



And fated in Bœotian fields to found  
A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250  
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,  
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?  
What lofty looks th'unrival'd monarch bears!  
How all the tyrant in his face appears!  
What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow! 255  
Gods! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow!  
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,  
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?  
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,  
Who more propitious to the suppliant croud? 260  
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?  
What wonder then? he was not then alone.  
Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,  
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,  
This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,  
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,  
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:  
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state  
Feels all the fury of resistless fate, 270  
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
While that Prince threatens, and while this com-  
mands.



At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria coeli  
 Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo  
 Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta  
 Primaeque occiduaeque domûs, effusa sub omni  
 Terra atque unda die. mediis sese arduus infert 280  
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,  
 Stellantique locat folio. nec protinus ausi  
 Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi  
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum  
 Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus amnes,  
 Et compressa metu fervantes murmura venti,  
 Aurea tecta replent, mixta convexa deorum  
 Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno  
 Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes. 295

## NOTES.

VER. 281.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*. P.



And now th'almighty Father of the Gods  
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:

Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275

High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,

Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey

The realms of rising and declining day,

And all th'extended space of earth, and air, and

sea.

Full in the midst, and on a starry Throne, 280

The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;

Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,

And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.

At Jove's assent, the deities around

In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285

Next a long order of inferior pow'rs

Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;

Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;

And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:

Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290

And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.

A shining synod of majestic Gods

Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,

And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295



Postquam iussa quies, filuitque exterritus orbis,

Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis

Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)

Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris

Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocen-

tum

300

Exigar in poenas? taedet faevire corusco

Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt

Brachia, et Aeoliis defunt incudibus ignes.

Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos

Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,

Et Phaëtonaea mundum squallere favilla. 310

Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late

Ire per illicitum pelago germane dedisti.

Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor

Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos

Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.



The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
The still creation listen'd while he spoke,  
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy, 300  
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!

Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove  
Triumphant o'er th'eluded rage of Jove!

This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305

Th'o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;  
Th'Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,  
And the mad ruler to misguide the day.

When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310  
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign  
Releas'd th'impetuous sluices of the main:  
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }

Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend; 315  
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.

The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,  
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.



Mens cunctis imposta manet: quis funera Cadmi 320  
 Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis  
 Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,  
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum  
 Crimina? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactae 325  
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.  
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius haeres  
 Patris, et immeritae gremium incestare parentis  
 Appetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.  
 Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula solvit,  
 Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius aethere nostro  
 Vescitur, at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes 335  
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,  
 Dire fenex; meruere tuae, meruere tenebrae  
 Ultorem sperare Jovem. nova fontibus arma  
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam 340  
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi femina sunt



Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know?  
And the long series of succeeding woe: 320  
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,  
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:  
Th'exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;  
The savage hunter and the haunted wood:  
The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325  
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?  
Ere I recount the sins of these profane, }  
The sun would sink into the western main, }  
And rising gild the radiant east again. }  
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330  
The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,  
Thro' violated nature force his way,  
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?  
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,  
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335  
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,  
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.  
Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,  
And sets th'avenging thunderer in arms.  
I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340  
And give the nations to the waste of war.



Adraſtus focer, et ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris  
 Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis inceſſere gentem  
 Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax  
 Tantalus, et ſaevae periit injuria menſae.

Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi faucia dictis,  
 Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem,  
 Talia Juno refert; Mene, o juſtiſſime divûm,  
 Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces 350  
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama  
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic  
 Cuſtodem Phariae, ſomno letoque juvencae 355  
 Extinguas, ſeptis et turribus aureus intres.  
 Mentitis ignoſco toris: illam odimus urbem,  
 Quam vultu conſeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni 360  
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.  
 Facta luant Thebae: cur hoſtes eligis Argos? 365



Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join,  
 In dire alliance with the Theban line;  
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;  
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed; 345  
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast  
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.  
 He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;  
 (With sudden Grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)  
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350  
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?  
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:  
 Tho' there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,  
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355  
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,  
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.  
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,  
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;  
 But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms 360  
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,  
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,  
 And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;  
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove--  
 Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?



Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,  
 Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenae.  
 Verte solo Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo  
 Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoï  
 Laeta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat  
 Coptos, et aerisoni lugentia flumina Nili.  
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,  
 Subvenitque tuis fera haec sententia curis; 380  
 Percensere aevi senium, quo tempore tandem  
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro  
 Emendare sat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis  
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda 385  
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.  
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis  
 Imposuere locis: illic Mavortius axis  
 Oenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Aemo



Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,  
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
 Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,  
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;  
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370 }  
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke, }  
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;  
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,  
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;  
 For her, thro' Ægypt's fruitful clime renown'd,  
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.  
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,  
 And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380  
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd  
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?  
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides }  
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides }  
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385 }  
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;



Dignius : abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum  
 Reliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi  
 Gratus honos placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes  
 Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consistere tectis,  
 Quae tandem invidia est? belli deflecte tumultus,  
 Et generis miseresce tui. sunt impia late  
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno, 400  
 At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus  
 Reddidit haec : Equidem haud rebar te mente se-  
 cunda

Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos  
 Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit  
 Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dio-  
 nem

Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat,



Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.

Say, can those honours please; and can'st thou love  
Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?

And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share

Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395

Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,

Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;

On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose

Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such Sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen ex-  
press'd 400

The rage and grief contending in her breast;

Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,

And from his throne return'd this stern reply.

'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear

The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare

Against a nation thy peculiar care:

No less Dione might for Thebes contend,

Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,

Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil

Their work, and rev'ence our superior will. 410

NOTES.

VER. 399. *with such Sons as those.*] Eteocles and Polynices. P.

§ M 4



Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris  
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,  
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415  
 Portantes praecede Notos Cyllenia proles:  
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis  
 Dic patruo: superas senior se tollat ad auras  
 Læius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum  
 Uterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420  
 Lege Erebi: ferat haec diro mea iussa nepoti:  
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem  
 Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula  
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:  
 Hinc causae irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.  
 Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde  
 Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430  
 Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.  
 Tum dextrae virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces  
 Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435



For by the black infernal Styx I swear,  
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)  
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;  
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.  
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air; 415  
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;  
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,  
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,  
 Expects its passage to the farther strand: 420  
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear  
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;  
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride  
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,  
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425  
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:  
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:  
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The God obeys, and to his feet applies  
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies 430  
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head!  
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;



Tartara, et exangues animare affueverat umbras.  
 Defiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.  
 Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440  
 Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.  
 Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris  
 Oedipodionides furto deserta pererrat  
 Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna 455  
 Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum  
 Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans  
 Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno  
 Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,  
 Cerneret, hac aevum cupiat pro luce pacisci.  
 Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae dispendia: sed mox  
 Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum  
 Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem 455  
 Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.  
 Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque regna,  
 Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenae,



That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,  
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.  
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May  
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;  
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight, 439  
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;  
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,  
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves  
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,  
 While future realms his wan'dring thoughts delight,  
 His daily vision and his dream by night;  
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,  
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,  
 With transport views the airy rule his own,  
 And swells on an imaginary throne. 450  
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,  
 And live out all in one triumphant day.  
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,  
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.  
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455  
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend  
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,  
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,

}  
 }  
 }



Ferre iter impavidum. seu praeuia ducit Erynnis,  
 Seu fors illa viae, sive hac immota vocabat  
 Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra  
 Deserit, et pingues Bacchaeo sanguine colles. 465  
 Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithaeron  
 Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad aequora montem,  
 Praeterit. hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,  
 Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllaeaque rura  
 Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon  
 Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phoebi 472  
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti  
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.

Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam somnus avaris  
 Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat, 480  
 Grata laboratae referens obliviam vitae.

Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coelo  
 Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris



Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 189

(Where late the fun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460  
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,  
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,  
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons found,  
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.

Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain, 466  
And thence declining gently to the main.

Next to the bounds of Nifus' realm repairs,  
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs :

The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470

And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores :

Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,

And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night  
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475

Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,

Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew ;

All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away

The wild desires of men, and toils of day,

And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480

A sweet forgetfulness of human care.

Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,

Promise the skies the bright return of day ;



Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phoebō.  
 Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammae 486  
 Subtextit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis  
 Aeoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco  
 Ore minatur hiems, venti transversa frementes  
 Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490  
 Dum coelum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster  
 Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,  
 Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu  
 Perfoliat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt  
 Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur aether.  
 Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis 496  
 Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto  
 Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.  
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae  
 Aggeribus tenere morae, stagnoque refusa est  
 Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.  
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae



Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 191

No faint reflections of the distant light  
Streak with long gleams the scat'ring shades of night;  
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486  
Encrease the darkness and involve the skies.

At once the rushing winds with roaring sound  
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,  
With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490

And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:  
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds  
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,  
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,  
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.  
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,  
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.  
Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-  
ground

And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.  
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500  
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:

The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,  
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:  
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away:  
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,  
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born,



Brachia fylvarum, nullisque aspecta per aevum  
Solibus umbrosi patuere aestiva Lycaei.

Ille tamen modo faxa jugis fugientia ruptis 510

Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes  
Aure pavens, passimque infano turbine raptas

Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,

Incertusque viae, per nigra silentia, vastum

Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.

Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520

Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat

Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu

Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut faxa malignis

Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto

Spumantes scopulos erectae incurrere prorae:

Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros

Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum

Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit

Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis moesta timoris.

Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis

530

Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens

Larissaeus apex. illo spe concitus omni



The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,  
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.  
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510  
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,  
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,  
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,  
That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,  
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515  
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,  
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,  
His brother's image to his mind appears,  
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet  
with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520  
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,  
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;  
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd,  
Thus still his courage, with his toils increas'd;  
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way  
Thro' thickest woods, and rouz'd the beasts of prey.  
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530  
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:



Evolat. hinc celsae Junonia templa Profymnae  
 Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535  
 Lernaei stagna atra vadi. tandemque reclusis  
 Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit  
 Vestibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes  
 Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis postibus aulae  
 Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae  
 In senium vergens populos Adraustus habebat. 540  
 Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.  
 Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat  
 Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.  
 Cui Phoebus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu!  
 Mox adaperta fides) aevo ducente canebat  
 Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.  
 Haec volvens, non ipse pater, non docte futuri 550  
 Amphiaræ vides, etenim vetat autor Apollo.  
 Tantum in corde sedens aegrescit cura parentis.



Thither with haste the Theban hero flies ;  
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,  
On that Profymna's grove and temple rise :  
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535  
And to the regal palace bent his way ;  
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,  
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,  
Blest with calm peace in his declining days, 540  
By both his parents of descent divine,  
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line :  
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,  
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.  
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate ! 545  
But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)  
Had sung --- " Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,  
" A yellow lion and a bristly boar."  
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,  
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ; 550  
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,  
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.  
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,  
For thus did the predicting God ordain.



Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydonam relinquens 555  
 Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum  
 Consciis horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora  
 Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequestus et imbres,  
 Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis  
 Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cuius 560  
 Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat. ---

Hic primum lustrare oculis, cultusque virorum  
 Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem  
 Impexis utrinque jubeis horrere leonem,  
 Illius in speciem, quem per Theumesia Tempe  
 Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570  
 Ante Cleonaei vestitur praelia monstri.  
 Terribiles contra setis, ac dente recurvo  
 Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant  
 Exuviae, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto 575  
 Defixus senior, divina oracula Phoebi  
 Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.



Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555  
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,  
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,  
'Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:  
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,  
He seeks a shelter from th'inclement heav'n, 560  
'Till led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,  
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort  
T'Adraustus' realms, and hospitable court;  
The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565  
And views their arms and habit with surprize.  
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,  
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;  
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,  
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570  
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,  
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.  
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze, 575  
The King th'accomplish'd Oracle surveys,  
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns  
The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.



Obtutu gelida ora premit, laetusque per artus  
 Horror iit. senfit manifesto numine ductos 580  
 Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo  
 Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,  
 Ediderat. tunc sic tendens ad fidera palmas:  
 Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores  
 Ignea multivago transmittis fidera lapsu,  
 Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris  
 Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,  
 Tu mihi perplexis quaesitam erroribus ultro  
 Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati  
 Detegis. assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes.  
 Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni  
 Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, diva, litabunt  
 Electa cervice greges, lustraliaque exta  
 Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595  
 Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obicuri que recessus;  
 Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. sic fatus; et ambos  
 Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae  
 Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600  
 Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri  
 Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes



O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580  
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,  
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign  
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:

You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,  
'Till nature quicken'd by th'inspiring ray  
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day. }

Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,  
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!

Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid; 590  
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,  
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;

The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,  
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke. 595

Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes  
Of awful Phœbus: I confeſs the Gods!

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;  
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;

Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe, 600  
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,  
The relicks of a former ſacrifice. }



Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605  
 Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu  
 Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes  
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas,  
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere menfas.  
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610  
 Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.  
 His labor inferto torrere exanguia ferro  
 Viscera caesarum pecudum: his cumulare canistris  
 Perdomitam faxo Cererem. laetatur Adraustus  
 Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis  
 Fulgebat stratis, folioque effultus eburno.  
 Parte alia juvenes ficcati vulnera lymphis 615  
 Discumbunt: simul ora notis foedata tuentur,  
 Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longaevus Acesten  
 (Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620  
 Lecta sacrum justae Veneri occultare pudorem)  
 Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.  
 Nec mora praeceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo  
 Arcano egressae thalamo (mirabile visu)  
 Pallados armisonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae 625  
 Aequa ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori



The King once more the solemn rites requires,  
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.  
 His train obey, while all the courts around 605  
 With noisy care and various tumult found.  
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;  
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;  
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,  
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light; 610  
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,  
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.  
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,  
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;  
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest; 615  
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.  
 And now the king, his royal feast to grace,  
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,  
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620  
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,  
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.  
 When from the close apartments of the night,  
 The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;  
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face; 625  
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,



Visa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque  
 Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes  
 Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensae  
 Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem  
 Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,  
 Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635  
 Affueti. tenet haec operum caelata figuras:  
 Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo  
 Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras  
 Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora  
 Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallefcit in auro.  
 Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis: 640  
 Gargara desidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.  
 Stant moesti comites, frustra que sonantia laxant  
 Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant. 645  
 Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos



But that in these a milder charm endears,  
And less of terror in their looks appears,  
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630  
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,  
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635  
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.  
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies  
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,  
And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies. }  
There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears  
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:  
Still as he rises in th'etherial height,  
His native mountains lessen to his sight;  
While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze; 645  
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,  
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,  
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,



Coelicolas: Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad  
aras

Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica  
Fronde, manus: cui festa dies, largoque resecti  
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655

Forfitan, o juvenes, quae sint ea sacra, quibusque  
Praecipuum causis Phoebi obtestemur honorem,  
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inscia suasit

Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim 660

Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:  
Postquam coerulei sinuosa volumina monstri,  
Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris  
Amplexum Delphos, squammisque annosa terentem  
Robora; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco  
Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,  
Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,  
Cyrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi  
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula caedi  
Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi  
Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis 670  
Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates



Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 205

By turns on each celestial pow'r they call ; 650

With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.

The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,

Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands  
dress'd

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,

Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King : Perhaps, my noble guests,

These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts

To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,

Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.

Great was the cause ; our old solemnities 660

From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise ;

But fav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay

These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain

With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain, 665

(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,

And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)

To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,

And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.

This rural prince one only daughter blest, 670

That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;



Intemerata toris. felix, si Delia nunquam  
 Furta, nec occultum Phoebos sociasset amorem.  
 Namque ut passa deum Nemeaei ad fluminis undam,  
 Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes  
 Cynthia, fidereum Latonae foeta nepotem  
 Edidit: ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis  
 Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura  
 Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim  
 Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti 689  
 Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno  
 Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri  
 Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,  
 Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum  
 Concessere larem: viridi nam cespitate terrae  
 Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem



Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,  
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.  
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,  
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd! 675  
 But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side  
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:  
 Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
 Th'illustrious offspring of the God was born,  
 The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680  
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;  
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?  
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine? 685  
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,  
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,  
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,  
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,  
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690  
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,  
 Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,  
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,  
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,



Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento 695

Disjicit, hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures

Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,

Et metus. ipsa ultro saevis plangoribus amens

Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 700

Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro

Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

Sero memor thalami, moestae solatia morti,

Phoebe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo

Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora,

Pectoraque, aeternum stridens a vertice surgit

Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis.

Haec tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710

Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes

Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento

Devesci et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

Haud tulit armorum praestans animique Cho-

roebus; 715

Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi

Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,



Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695  
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.  
Th'astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,  
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,  
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,  
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair; 700  
Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies:  
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,  
The raging God prepares t'avenge her fate.  
He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705  
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.  
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears; }  
High on a crown a rising snake appears, }  
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs: }  
About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710  
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the  
ground,

Devours young babes before their parents eyes,  
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Choræbus warms,  
Choræbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms; 715  
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,  
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.



Obtulit. illa novos ibat populata penates  
 Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvum 720  
 Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,  
 Ferratique unguis tenero sub corde tepescunt.  
 Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante corona  
 It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro 725  
 Condidit: atque imas animae mucrone corusco  
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo  
 Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta  
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam  
 Proluviem, et crasso squallentia pectora tabo,  
 Qua nostrae cecidere animae. stupet Inacha pubes,  
 Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.  
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,  
 Proterere exanimes artus, asprosque molares  
 Deculcare genis, nequit iram explere potestas.  
 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735  
 Impastae fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,  
 Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiasse luporum,  
 Saevior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptae  
 Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740  
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo  
 Pestifera arma jacet, camposque, et celsa Cyclosum



These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;  
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side; 720  
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,  
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.

The youths surround her with extended spears;  
 But brave Choræbus in the front appears,  
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725  
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.

Th'Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,  
 Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,  
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd  
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730

The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,  
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.  
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,  
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.

The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735  
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;  
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,  
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow }  
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740 }  
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below ;



Tecta, superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.

Labuntur dulces animae : mors fila fororum

Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

Quaerenti quae causa duci, quis ab aethere laevus  
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum?

Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento

Inferias monstro juvenes, qui caede potiti. 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in saecula digne  
Promeriture diem ! non tu pia degener arma

Occulis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.

Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi 755

Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras.

Non missus Thymbraee tuos supplexve penates  
Advenio : mea me pietas, et conscia virtus

Has egere vias. ego sum qui caede subegi,

Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas, quem nubibus atris,

Et squallente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri



A night of sultry clouds involv'd around  
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:  
And now a thousand lives together fled,  
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,  
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,  
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year ;  
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name ;  
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,  
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save ;  
But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755  
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke.

With piety, the soul's securest guard,  
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,  
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear ; 759  
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.  
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,  
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,  
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays ;



Quaeris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera  
magnis 765

Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,  
Mors hominum, et saevo tanta inclementia coelo est:  
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, solum  
Objecisse caput fatis praestabit. an illud  
Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum  
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis  
Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque  
Demoror? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt  
Vota mihi. satis est: merui, ne parcere velles.  
Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,  
Insignemque animam leto demitte. sed illum  
Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,  
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa me-  
rentes

Respicit. ardentem, tenuit reverentia, caedis 780  
Latoïdem, tristemque viro summissus honorem  
Largitur vitae. nostro mala nubila coelo  
Diffugiunt. at tu stupefacti a limine Phoebi  
Exoratus abis. inde haec stata sacra quotannis



For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,  
Such numbers fell by pestilential air! 766

But if th' abandon'd race of human kind  
From Gods above no more compassion find;

If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,  
Yet why must un-offending Argos feel 770 }  
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel? }

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:  
Unless our desert cities please thy fight,  
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775

Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;  
But for my Country let my fate atone,  
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own:

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves: 780  
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;  
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage  
With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,  
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth  
retir'd. 785

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,  
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;



Solennes reholunt epulae, Phoebciaque placat  
 Tempia novatus honos : has forte invifitis aras  
 Vos quae progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus  
 Et Parthaoniae (dudum fi certus ad aures  
 Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs; tu pande quis Argos  
 Advenias? quando haec variis fermonibus hora eft.

Dejecit moeftos extemplo Ifmenius heros  
 In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laefum  
 Obliquare oculos. tum longa filentia movit:  
 Non fuper hos divûm tibi fum quaerendus honores  
 Unde genus, quae terra mihi: quis defluat ordo  
 Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter facra fateri.  
 Sed fi praecipitant miferum cognofcere curae,  
 Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebae,  
 Et genetrix Jocafta mihi. tum motus Adraftus  
 Hofpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?  
 Scimus, ait. nec fic averfum fama Mycenis 810  
 Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes



These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:  
These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King)  
What name you bear, from what high race you  
spring? 791

The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known  
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.  
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:  
Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,  
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?  
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold! 801

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,  
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;  
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,  
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805  
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast  
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
Replies—Ah why forbears the son to name  
His wretched father known too well by fame?



Novit, et Arctoïis si quis de solibus horret,  
 Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat  
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815  
 Destituunt, ne perge queri, casusque priorum  
 Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum  
 Erravit pietas. nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820  
 Tu modo diffimilis rebus mereare secundis  
 Excusare tuos. sed jam temone supino  
 Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor urfae : 825  
 Fundite vina focus, servatoremque parentum  
 Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Phoebe parens, seu te Lyciae Pataraea nivosis  
 Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 830  
 Castaliae flavos amor est tibi mergere crines :  
 Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volen-  
 tem  
 Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares :



Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810

Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

E'en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,

In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;

And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,

The faithless Syrtes and the moving sands; 815

Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,

Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;

All these the woes of Oedipus have known,

Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820

What Prince from those his lineage can defend?

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface

With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,

And be thyself the honour of thy race.

But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825

And shine more faintly at approaching day;

Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays

Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast

And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;

Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,

And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;



Seu iuvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbra  
 Cynthus, et affiduam pelago non quaerere Delon:  
 Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes  
 Arcus, et aetherii dono cessere parentes  
 Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas  
 Parcarum praenôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,  
 Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus,  
 Bella quibus populis, mutant quae sceptrâ cometâe.  
 Tu Phryga submittis citharae. tu matris honori  
 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.  
 Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,  
 Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megaera 850  
 Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem  
 Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis  
 Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.  
 Adsis o memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855



Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,  
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore ;  
 Or chuse thy feat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835  
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,  
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born ;  
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn :  
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,  
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840  
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
 The change of Sceptres, and impending woe ;  
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air  
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.  
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845  
 T'excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre ;  
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,  
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame ;  
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost  
 Her num'rous off-spring for a fatal boast. 850  
 In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,  
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears ;  
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,  
 The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine !  
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine



Dexter ames. seu te roseum Titana vocari  
Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, seu praestat Osirin  
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri  
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.



Whether the style of Titan please thee more,  
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;  
Or great Ofiris, who first taught the swain  
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain; 860  
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,  
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;  
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.



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Whether the style of Theophrastus be more

White paper, or the Antiquaries choice?

Of great Ours, who had taught the Roman

In Theophrastus to love the golden grain;

Of Minus, to whose hands the Persian bow

And gave, in hollow rocks, his awful vow;

Which, when he had the base of light above,

Was ever the strongest pillar's base below.

# DRY O P L E

From the Ninth Book of

Ovid's METAMORPHOSES