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THE
THYMBRIAD,

(FROM XENOPHON'S CYROPCEDIA.)

BY LADY BURRELL.

LONDON:

SOLD BY

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1794.

PR
43-19
B-122

P R E F A C E.

THE Authorefs of this Poem, cannot fuffer it to appear before the Public, without an apology for the many inaccuracies which may be found in a work of this fort, written with a feeble pen, without the advantages of military fcience, or claffical learning. It was the amufement of her leifure hours feveral years ago, (although ſhe has ſince revifed, and made ſome additions to the Poem.) She hopes the eye of criticifm will be indulgent to its faults, and that thoſe of her friends, who may happen to peruſe it, will, if there are any merits, ſee them through the magnifying glaſs of partiality.

THE THYMBRIAD*.

ARMS, and the *Man* I sing, whose gen'rous soul
 Refus'd the gift that tempting conquest gave,
 Spurn'd from his bosom each ignoble thought,
 And courted Virtue, to protect his Fame.

When proud Assyria still contemn'd the power
 Of mighty Cyrus, his exalted mind,
 Aspir'd to crush the pride of Babylon,
 And gain fresh laurels to adorn his brow ;
 Thymbria ! to thee, and to thy plains were giv'n
 The glory, to become the scene of war ;
 The theatre, where Cyrus shone in arms.
 Thy verdant turf was all o'erstrew'd with blood
 And mangled corpes — on the Lydian gales
 The groans of men were wafted. Furious Mars
 Severe and horrible ! stalk'd round the field,
 Sated with death and victory : whilst Fame
 Stoop'd to the earth, and crown'd her fav'rite son,

* The plain whereon the battle was fought, is spelt differently by various authors : viz : Thybarra, Thymbarra, Thymbraia, by Xenophon ; and Thymbria in a Map of Asia, by D'Anville.

Great Cyrus! with renown. The Muse to Thee,
 Immortal hero! bends; records thy praise,
 And claims a witness in th' historian's page*. —
 Beneath thy mandates Persia's sons could vie
 With those of Sparta; Virtuous and austere,
 Untir'd of toil, and warm with gen'rous blood.
 Luxurious Medja sent her youth to war
 From Pleasure's wanton courts, with hearts grown tame
 By indolence: but Persia's prince could boast
 A train of heroes; by his wife decrees,
 The form of battle wore a face improv'd;
 His piety, his virtue, his disdain
 Of idleness, of luxury, and ease,
 Inspir'd his soldiers. Reverential awe,
 And love, attach'd their ardent souls to his.
 They saw in him a father, and a friend,
 Whose kind humanity was wont to pour
 Its blessings on the wretched; Justice sway'd
 His wife decisions; Mercy rul'd his deeds,
 And his attentive soul in peaceful days,
 Was watchful to improve his country's good.
 The hopes, the pray'rs, the blessings of the land,
 Attended him to Thymbria: round his form
 Admiring crowds like clust'ring bees appear'd,
 And daily in the streets of Ispahan,
 The bride, the widow, and the orphan, sent
 To Heav'n their prayers, for the success of Cyrus.

Relate, O Muse! the number of the Chiefs
 Who round the Heir of Persia's throne, appear'd
 Like planets near the moon, (whose silver beam,
 Superior shines upon the face of night.)
 Begin with *him*, by Cyrus most rever'd,

* Xenophon's *Cyropædia*.

'The good Hyftafpes ! whose enraptur'd eye
 Views the young hero with a father's joy :
 Still on his steps he fondly waits, to fee
 To hear, and to admire the god-like youth.
 The virtuous fage, with fecret pride, beholds
 His Prince, the pattern of a rifing age,
 Who imitate his steps, and taught by him,
 With love and reverence, fpeak Hyftafpes' name.
 And much his name deferv'd a nation's praise,
 For he was mild as zephyr, when at eve
 It gently fans the infant leaf of fpring ;
 Benign and humble ; with a fteady mind,
 Unruffled by the martial found of war,
 Nor yet enervated in times of peace.
 A child of Nature, ignorant of guile,
 Among the Magi early he imbib'd
 Religious precepts. Learning ftor'd his mind,
 His foul each ufeul fcience had explor'd ;
 Brave was his arm when fummon'd to the field,
 And wifdom fway'd the counfels of his tongue.
 He by Cambyfes' chofen, led the Prince
 Early to fcenes of knowledge ; he improv'd
 His growing genius, his defire of fame.
 Nor did he arrogantly ufe his power ;
 'Twas love, not fear, that ftrengthen'd his command.
 The royal Pupil, with admiring eyes
 Beheld this fecond father, and rever'd
 The maxims he inculcated. The fage
 With fuch perfuafive eloquence was blefs'd,
 Such gentle manners, and fo kind a foul,
 As made it happinefs to dwell with him.

Gadates ! by the fide of Cyrus thone,
 In fplendid arms : — A rich Affyrian Lord

Gadates was, and in his citadel
 Near Babylon maintain'd a princely sway.
 The Sacæ and Cadufians, all obey'd
 Him as their Lord, and wrongs beyond redress
 Induc'd him to rebel against his king,
 The proud Balthazar ! Prince of Babylon.
 To Persia's banners he triumphant brought
 Four thousand horsemen, and three thousand foot,
 Besides two thousand archers. These he led
 To join their fates with Cyrus, (tho' Balthazar
 Awhile suspended their alliance ; try'd
 What menaces and sudden war could do
 To frustrate their designs :) when first Gadates
 Prepar'd his troops for march, a perjur'd slave,
 Reveal'd their purpose to th' Assyrian king ;
 Alarm'd, amaz'd, he instantly conven'd
 His counsellors, and as the moments press'd
 For swift determination from the council,
 By hasty march with his unpractis'd troops,
 (Disus'd to war, and suddenly assembled,)
 Besieg'd Gadates' citadel ; but ere
 He gain'd the plains which overlook'd the town,
 Gadates heard the news of his approach,
 And sent a messenger to Persia's Prince.
 Meantime, since flight was knit with certain shame,
 He amply fill'd the hours (that yet were left
 For his free will, and exercise of thought,)
 In laying up his stores, repairing walls,
 Strength'ning the ramparts, and encouraging
 His men, to hope for Persia's speedy aid,
 And to expect the victory. The king
 Arrives,—exulting meditates revenge,
 And swears Gadates shall be soon his prey.

Yet he in vain with arrogance declares
 His hopes of vengeance, whilst the faithful troops
 Vow they will perish by Gadates' side
 'Ere they will yield to slavery. *His* voice
 Commands them in the ramparts to restrain
 Their ardour, to avoid unequal fight,
 And wait for succour from the Persian Chief.
 Nor wait they long. Cambyfes' valiant son
 Appears upon the plain; Balthazar's troops
 Prepare for battle, whilst Gadates leads
 His faithful soldiers to the scene of war.

The fierce Balthazar rushes to the fight,
 Fir'd with revenge, and disappointed pride:
 Awhile the conquest hangs in doubtful scale,
 But Cyrus, and Gadates, win the day.
 The vanquish'd monarch leaves th'ensanguin'd plain,
 And hides in Nineveh his 'frighted head.
 Ev'n there this challenge aggravates his fears,
 Demands his thoughts, and courts him to the field.

“ Since Cræsus hath bespoke the future strength
 “ Of Persia's army, (Cræsus, who unites
 “ The fate of Lydia with Balthazar's arms!)
 “ Cyrus restrains his army, for that day
 “ When Sardis, shall with Babylon combine
 “ To overmatch the number of his troops;
 “ Meantime he calls Balthazar to the field,
 “ To prove his valour in a single fight.”

The startled king betrays his cowardice,
 Dismissing Cyrus' herald with these words:

" Go tell the Persian ! I reserve *his* life
 " For that auspicious hour, which he forbodes.
 " He need not be in so much haste to die,
 " For if he could possess a thousand lives,
 " Not one shou'd be dispens'd with, on the day
 " When Cræsus shall combine with me, to send
 " Our myriads forth, to overspread the plain."

This answer sent, the Persians leave the field,
 Mix'd with their brave companions of the war.
 Behind Gadates, bold Chryfantes mov'd,
 A valiant general, and a faithful friend,
 Well try'd in all the discipline of arms.
 With him th' experienc'd Artagerfes came,
 Fierce Aglaitadas, of contracted brow,
 And harsh demeanor. (Emblem of his soul
 Rigid, feroce, and fearless in the field.)
 Then mov'd the sacred Magi. On their right
 March'd Arasambas, high in lifts of fame
 Enroll'd, and on the left brave Harpagus
 Appear'd with Artabazus, by whose side
 Was young Araspes, (tenderly esteem'd
 By Persia's Prince.) Nor distant far behind
 Pharnuchus trode, entrusted with the care
 Of Cyrus' stores, and guardian to the slaves
 That Fortune destin'd for the Persian chains.

These valiant men were all to Cyrus dear,
 But most Araspes ! their congenial minds ;
 Were knit by friendship's amicable tie,
 Strengthen'd by reason, habitude, and time.—
 When Cyrus, in his early youth was sent
 Unto the Median Prince, Astyages !
 In Ecbatana's court, he met Araspes.

Of equal age they were, their souls alike,
 Warm'd by a noble ardour for renown,
 And fashion'd to admit the softer claims
 Of Virtue, Friendship, and Humanity.
 Their infant sports, together, they enjoy'd ;
 Together, under good Hyftafpes' care,
 Imbib'd his facred precepts ; read the laws
 Of Zoroafter ; and thro' foreign climes,
 Together roam'd, by thirft of knowledge, led.—
 Arafpes could not live without his friend ;—
 Tho' born a Mede, he on his knees implor'd
 His Sire, brave Harpagus, (by birth ordain'd
 For high diftinctions, in the Median court,)
 To leave his native city, and to make
 Whatever country Cyrus blefs'd, his own.
 But fince the laft campaign (when Perfia's arms
 Firft, under the command of Cyrus, turn'd
 Their force towards Affyria's Capital,)
 Despondency, and care, had overspread
 Arafpes' countenance, which once appear'd
 The mirror of a bright and happy foul.
 Kind Nature gave him elegance of form,
 And Beauty to enchant the Median Dames :
 Whilft he remain'd at Ecbatana's Court,
 A thoufand tender hearts, in fecret figh'd,
 To win Arafpes : and in Perfia's realm,
 The proudeft Satrap, would without a blufh
 Rejoice in his alliance. On his fteps
 The graces waited ; they, his fpeech inspir'd,
 And bleft it with perfuafion : Gentlenefs,
 Pity, Benevolence, and Friendship rul'd
 His bofom, Generofity his hand,
 Sincerity his actions. In his mind
 No thought arofe, unfit for Virtue's fight,

Or Honor's scrutiny, till fatal *Love*
 Obscur'd his merits, lessen'd his renown,
 And poison'd his felicity: This fault,
 Against a crowd of bright perfections strove,
 And triumph'd over Reason, Rectitude,
 Honor, and Faith: This one antagonist
 Disarm'd his soul, of Resolution's power,
 And overcame the Virtuous Principles,
 By Nature planted in his breast. In vain
 He wishes to regain his liberty,
 And learn indifference. Beauty's force prevails,
 Destroys his weak resolves, delights his eye,
 And charms his sensibility. In vain
 He struggles to be free, the chains he wears
 Refuse to yield, and have the power to bind
 His heart, in such a soft captivity,
 That he adores, whilst he laments, his bonds.
 His *Eye* (the faithful index of his mind,)
 Reveals the passion he would blush to speak;
 And the repeated sigh, that swells his breast,
 Declares the grief which preys upon his heart:
 A grief, depriv'd of hope, increas'd by shame,
 And disapprov'd by Cyrus; he, with looks
 Of secret pity, views his drooping friend,
 Who, like a wounded bird that lives in pain,
 And bears the fatal arrow in his wings,
 Slowly mov'd on, while by his side appear'd
 Tigranes, Heir to the Armenian throne.—

That gen'rous Prince, by gratitude impell'd,
 To Persia's Banners led a hardy troop,
 Train'd unto feats of war: his bosom knew
 The power of love, and with attentive eyes,
 He watch'd Araspes, anxious to remove

By friendly converse, by incessant care,
 That sickness of the mind, whose baneful sway
 Robb'd his companion of the sweets of life,
 Which flow from mirth, tranquillity, and freedom.

Oh Muse ! declare the grateful tie that bound
 The brave Tigranes to unsheath his sword
 In Persia's cause. Record his gratitude,
 His love of honor, and his zeal for Fame.

Tigranes and Zulmina were the pride
 Of the Armenian court, when Persia's Prince
 First with Cyaxares unsheath'd his sword,
 To aid Aftyages, and please Cambyfes.
 Then did Mandane's matron arms enfold
 Her much lov'd son, (departing to assay
 His valour in the rigid school of war,)
 With pride she mark'd his enterprizing soul,
 His genius, ardent, great, and unconfin'd.
 Yet as he turn'd from *Ispahan*, the tear
 Of tender Nature, trembled in her eye,
 A thousand apprehensions fill'd her mind,
 And o'er the heroine, the mother reign'd :
 But soon her anxious cares were overpaid
 By the blest tidings of his swift success ;
 And thro' the Eastern world, his deeds appear'd
 The earnest of his future fame. The cause
 That gave such scope unto his youthful hopes,
 Such credit to his judgement, and such theme
 Of early valour to th' historian's pen,
 Sprang from Armenia's monarch, who refus'd
 To pay his usual tribute due to Media,
 And aim'd to throw subjection's yoke aside:
 But when Armenia's treason was reveal'd,

Cyaxares allow'd the Persian Prince,
 To head a gallant troop, and try his arms
 Against the Armenian monarch : By his side
 The brave Chryfantes of judicious mind,
 And active spirit, shar'd the enterprize.
 Their warmest hopes succeed ; the Persian troops
 Drive the Armenian army from the field,
 And eagerly pursue, till gloomy night
 O'erclouds the hemisphere, obstructs the view,
 And favours their retreat ; the King conducts
 His shatter'd troops to an adjacent hill,
 The seat of their entrenchments. There secure,
 He hopes for better fortune, to atone
 For the defeat and shame, so lately prov'd.
 Cyrus mean time, judiciously proclaims
 A general pardon unto those who leave
 Armenia's army, and return in peace
 To their respective homes : to those who stay,
 He threatens war and slavery. The King,
 (Resolv'd to brave the utmost of his fate,)
 Is to the sad extremity compell'd,
 Of sending secretly, a trusty guard,
 To lead his queen, with all her female train,
 Her infant son, and a fair Georgian dame
 Espous'd unto Armenia's absent Heir,
 To seek among the mountains, a retreat,
 A place of holy worship, where preserv'd
 From danger, and the horrid din of war,
 They with their Lares, might securely rest,
 And guard the royal treasures. But in vain
 He hopes to save them by precaution. Known
 To brave Chryfantes was this custom us'd
 By Eastern Princes, when by dangers press'd.
 Him, Persia's chief dismisses with a band

Of trusty soldiers in the dead of night,
 Who intercept the royal guard within
 A pass, among the mountains. Soon they yield
 Unto superior force, and bound in chains
 Are brought to Cyrus: whilst th' Armenian king
 Dispairing, sees his troops with joy embrace
 The proffer'd pardon, and desert his cause;
 In vain he begs, reproaches, and commands.
 A few brave followers of his fortune stay,
 Resolv'd to share his fate; with longing eyes
 He looks across the hills, in hopes to see
 His son, Tigranes, hastening to his aid,
 (Who with a number of nobility,
 Unknowing of the near approach of Cyrus,
 Was to the Georgian frontiers gone, to see
 The parents of his bride.) At length a slave
 Came o'er the hills with a disorder'd pace
 Towards Armenia's monarch, who believes
 Tigranes near, and fondly thinks he sees
 The messenger of hope. Too soon he finds
 His error, when the prostrate slave, in tears,
 Half breathless with his haste, acquaints the king
 His queen, his daughters, and his infant son,
 Are slaves to Cyrus, and himself alone
 Escap'd to bring the tidings. Sudden rage,
 Shame, disappointment, and despair, succeed,
 To fruitless hope. The wretched king laments
 His family's disgrace, his heavy loss,
 Degraded state, and forfeited renown.
 The martial trumpet warns him to prepare
 For death or slavery; no distant hope
 Of conquest, liberty, or fame, appears.
 Yet obstinate, and with resentment fired,
 He scorns a base subjection, courts his death,

And dares the enemy : till overcome
By numbers, he constrain'd resigns his sword.

Then tumult ceas'd ; a gloomy silence reign'd,
And round the Persian Prince, his soldiers form'd
A circle, in obedience to his will—
Brought in the midst, the royal captives met,
In all the agonies of shame and grief.
Pensive they stood, survey'd each other's chains,
And waited for their sentence ; when a voice
That spoke unutterable woe, was heard,
And breaking thro' the astonish'd ranks, unarm'd,
Appear'd the brave Tigranes, who (too late)
Return'd, to know, and mourn his destiny.
He found 'twas rash to combat with his fate
By dint of arms, and therefore he resolv'd,
Neglectful of his safety, to redeem
Those whom he lov'd, or to partake their chains,

Silent and sad, with folded arms he gaz'd
In agony, beyond what words can tell,
While his expressive countenance reveal'd
The strong emotions of a feeling heart.—
His was not beauty, but 'twas something more—
'Twas sense, 'twas pathos, beaming from the eye.
His was the look intelligent, which speaks
The meaning of a mind, by Nature taught,
Ardent yet tender, liberal and humane.
His was the *voice*, that interests the heart,
The form, by unaffected grace adorn'd.
His bright and happy temper, was dispos'd
For social intercourse, for converse gay,
Yet soften'd by the power of sympathy
To feel the wound which gave *another* pain.

Fierce in the field, and eager for renown
 Was brave Tigranes, but in hours of peace
 Gentle and amiable, the kindest son,
 The tenderest lover in Armenia's realm.

Such was the man who mournfully survey'd
 This scene, so fatal to his dearest hopes,
 Where duty, filial tenderness, and love,
 (The fondest love!) asserted all their claims.
 Where rage, vexation, vain regret, and shame,
 Excited anguish, and provok'd despair.
 The Persian hero, with a pitying eye
 Beheld the humbled family, and thus
 To the unhappy king address'd his speech.
 " Oh Thou ! who hast in evil hour destroy'd,
 " By foul rebellion, to Cyaxares,
 " Those bonds of faith, which had entitled thee
 " To amity with Media ; at what price
 " Wilt thou regain thy forfeit liberty
 " And pay for thy perverseness ? thou hast wrought
 " Thine own misfortune ! learn then, to atone
 " For voluntary faults, and breach of honor. -
 " As thou shalt hope for pity from mankind,
 " And mercy from the Gods, with words sincere
 " Return an answer, by thy conscience sway'd,
 " When thus I question thee. Declare, Oh King !
 " What does the man deserve, who breaks his vow ?
 " Turns a deaf ear to equitable claims ?
 " And carries on a secret intercourse
 " With the sworn foes of his ally ?" " Oh Prince !
 " He doth deserve no less than death," reply'd
 The captive monarch : when his ardent son
 Thus interpos'd : " In pity let *me* speak ;

“ Thou rash old man ! wilt thou condemn thyself
 “ And urge the rigour of thy fate ? if thus
 “ Thou art averse to life, let those, who die
 “ A thousand deaths in thy destruction, plead
 “ The cause of Majesty. Oh Cyrus ! (thou
 “ Whose virtue like the crescent of the moon,
 “ Affords the promise of increasing light,)
 “ Dismiss the shades that fill my gloomy soul,
 “ And with the beams of mercy, deign to shine.
 “ Behold thy triumph, in Tigranes’ shame.—
 “ These eyes, which would not weep my own disgrace,
 “ Yield their sad tribute to paternal love.
 “ Ah ! spare my Sire !—his rash contempt of life
 “ Should move thy pity, not thine indignation.
 “ As thou art brave, be merciful ; and know
 “ The greatest triumph virtue can receive
 “ Is when she has the power to bless mankind,
 “ And by her clemency to conquer’d foes,
 “ Wins their affections, and obtains their praise.
 “ Reflect, Oh Prince ! if ’twas thy lot to see
 “ Thy fire, Cambyzes, wear ignoble chains,
 “ The fair Mandane doom’d to servitude,
 “ And (far from Schiras’ happy walls,) to roam,
 “ Attendant on a foreign victor’s car,
 “ What would be thy sensations ?—as acute
 “ As *they* could be, are what Tigranes feels !
 “ With this addition, that his faithful bride;
 “ (The choice, the boast, the treasure of his heart,)
 “ Is torn from his fond arms, and doom’d to share
 “ The lot that waits Araxias’ hapless race.

“ Ah Sybaris !* thy infant state preserves
 “ Thy mind from sense of shame, and dread of bondage:
 “ With innocent and humble steps, shalt thou

* His Brother.

" Descend from greatness to a servile state,
 " And in a few short years, almost forget
 " Thou ever wert a Prince. Thy sisters too,
 " Must stifle every murmur, cast aside
 " Ambitious views, and patient bear their chains ;
 " Whilst I, (Oh Gods ! can I endure the thought ?)
 " Alive to every keen and bitter pang
 " That memory can create, must hourly pine,
 " And void of *Hope* look back to what *I've lost.*"

He said. The Captives wept, while Cyrus turn'd
 To the desponding Sire, and ask'd aloud
 What ransom he could give to save himself,
 His wife, and children, from captivity.

Armenia's fallen King reply'd, " Oh Prince !

" To whose superior fortune I must bend.
 " Tho' thy young soul is warm'd with victory,
 " Remember I to *numbers* yield my sword,
 " And not to *thee* alone. 'Tis true I wear
 " Thy chains, but yet my free-born mind disdains
 " To be enslav'd ; it still disclaims thy power,
 " It still looks round, superior to control,
 " Tho' it admires the bravery, I deplore.
 " Yes Cyrus thou art brave ! and fortune smiles
 " On thy desires ; yet had my men prov'd true,
 " And valour been the surety of success,
 " Perhaps this day had seen *my* victory,
 " And *thy* defeat. The cruel chance of war
 " Has otherwise ordain'd, and bound thy brows
 " With laurels, and my hands with Media's chains.
 " Not for myself I beg, with conscious shame
 " I own my violated faith deserv'd
 " The punishment it meets : I ask not life
 " Inseparable from captivity.

“ If to die free, or to exist in chains
 “ Is the alternative, I fix on *Death*:
 “ But Oh ! let those, who innocently share
 “ In the misfortune that attends my fault,
 “ Be pardon’d, with Tigranes : take my troops,
 “ And all my treasures in exchange, and know
 “ That fifty thousand men well disciplin’d,
 “ Armenia can afford, to join thy march,
 “ And full three thousand talents shall be thine.”

He said, the Persian paus’d—and then address’d
 Tigranes thus:—“ Why art thou silent, Prince ?
 “ Hast thou no ransom worthy to propose
 “ For thy Zulmina ? at what price wilt thou
 “ Procure her liberty ?” The youth replies,
 “ To buy her freedom I would sacrifice
 “ A thousand lives, if they were mine. Alas !
 “ The only life I have will be too cheap
 “ A ransom for a prize so dear.” He spake,
 And gaz’d upon his bride with eyes that told
 The anguish of his soul : meantime the fair
 Reclin’d her head upon a breast as pure
 As Pyrenean snow. Awhile she wept,
 Then raising tow’rds the Prince her lovely eyes,
 Restrain’d her tears, and with a sudden blush
 Address’d Tigranes thus:—“ Oh why for me,
 “ This scorn of life, this waste of eloquence ?
 “ Alas ! my husband, wilt thou, with thy blood,
 “ Purchase a life that I should loath ; and make
 “ Me free on terms of wretchedness ? forbear
 “ To turn thy thoughts on my uncertain doom,
 “ Or wish that I should live without thee. Know
 “ The Eastern World, depriv’d of him I love,
 “ Wou’d seem a desert—life, the greatest curse

“ My victor could bestow, and death alone
 “ The constant object of Zulmina’s hopes.”

She said ; Hyftaspes with a wishful eye
 Gaz’d on his pupil, who with dignity
 Dismiss’d his anger, and address’d the slaves.
 “ Till now I have fulfil’d a soldier’s part ;
 “ ’Tis time humanity thou’d have her turn :
 “ My royal Suppliants, I pronounce ye free.—
 “ Swear strict allegiance to Aftyages,
 “ And promise to assist in future wars
 “ When Cyrus shall again o’ercome and spare ;
 “ On terms like these I to thy pray’rs accede,
 “ And crown the head of *humbled* Majesty.”

He ends. Astonishment, and sudden joy,
 Broke on the captives : Hope’s delightful ray
 Illum’d their prospects, and dispers’d the Clouds
 Of dark uncertainty. They doubt no more,
 But all with one accord, around the Prince
 Impatient press ; the Chief so lately fear’d,
 At once they love and reverence :—they fall
 In adoration at his feet, and speak
 The pleasing language gratitude inspires.

(Thus have I seen upon a Winter’s day,
 When frost and snow lies on the harden’d ground
 Nor leaves a scanty pittance, to preserve
 The birds from famine ; if some generous hand
 Scatters a meal upon the Earth, they fly
 With eagerness to take the comforts giv’n,
 Forgetting fear, and sociable with man.)

From that blest hour, Tigranes wish'd to pay
 The mighty debt, and when to Thymbræa's plain
 Cambyfes' son his valiant army led,
 The grateful prince a troop of warriors gave
 To join the enterprize. Himself forfook
 Armenia's court, and with Zulmina, join'd
 His destiny to Cyrus, from whose hand,
 Their lives, and freedom, they so late receiv'd.—

Behind Tigranes, aged Gobrias mov'd,
 Who long was steady to Assyria's King,
 And still had liv'd most loyal, but that wrongs
 Beyond endurance fired his soul, with hopes
 Of great revenge, and mark'd him for the foe
 Of proud Balthazar. With a princely sway,
 A fortress, form'd for obstinate defence,
 He govern'd on Assyria's borders. Fam'd
 He was for riches, honors, and renown,
 And could command a garrison of troops,
 Devoted to his will. Oppress'd with woes,
 When he to Cyrus join'd his arms, he brought
 The only blessing tyranny had spar'd,
 His daughter Ariamne, well endued
 With virtue, and a soul that soar'd above
 The weakness of her sex, and wars alarms.
 An air of conscious dignity, and worth,
 Were blended in her charms. A sable robe,
 (In which she shone like Cynthia's silver orb
 Illuminating night,) enwrapp'd her form,
 And suited with the pensive gravity
 Which sorrow stamp'd upon her lovely face.
 Not fam'd Lucretia mov'd with chaster grace,
 Nor Helen's eyes, a brighter lustre shed.

Majestic was her mien, but secret grief
 Fed at her heart, and prey'd upon her bloom.

(Thus, when a frost, by night invades the flow'r
 That bloom'd so gayly in the face of day,
 The fragrance flies, the tender leaves decline,
 Nipp'd by the cold it languishes and fades,
 And the deserted stem, alone remains.)

A train of soldiers chearful march'd along
 Behind the troop of horse, and in the rear,
 Slingers and archers, full ten thousand each,
 Shieldmen and targeteers, a hardy band !
 Spearmen and cuirassiers.—And to conclude
 The just arrangement of the cavalcade,
 Laborious camels, laden with the stores
 And baggage of the army, slowly mov'd.
 The golden eagle glitter'd in the air,
 Borne by the brave Phylarchus, whilst a band
 On warlike musick play'd. Three hundred cars,
 Some arm'd with scythes, and some with towers crown'd,
 And waggons drawn by oxen, (occupied
 By all the dire artillery of war,)
 In dreadful pomp appear'd, and last was seen
 The women, and the slaves, in chariots plac'd,
 Encircled by an Eunuch guard.—The train
 (Save when they halt, to take a frugal meal,)
 Pursue their leaders' steps. Among them mov'd
 Ten thousand Median horse, in bright array,
 And all the luxury of dress ; their robes
 Of scarlet dye ; their hands, and necks, adorn'd
 With pearls, and glitt'ring fabres by their sides.
 Such was the usual garb of Media's sons,
 Train'd up in all the idle pageantry

Of shew:—whilst Cyrus, with simplicity
 Of dress and manner, an example gave
 To his admiring people, to enfold
 Their limbs in garments better fram'd for use
 Than ornament. Of Persia's valiant sons,
 He sixty thousand to the Medians join'd,
 And more than twenty thousand men were led
 By the Armenian prince. A faithful band
 Of brave Arabian volunteers, unite
 Their fate with Persia's chief. Nine thousand men
 Attend Gadates.—Aged Gobrias leads
 His trusty soldiers, and a noble thirst
 Of emulation glows in every breast.

Till dusky eve they march, o'er sunny hills,
 O'er dreary heaths, and groves of verdant palms,
 Thro' winding vales, and woods, that ne'er had own'd
 The print of human feet. At length the prince
 Commands the troops to halt, and in a plain
 They pitch their tents, partake of homely fare,
 And on the grass their weary limbs repose;
 Whilst sentinels by turns surround the plain
 To guard them from surprize. Their worship paid
 To Oromazes, with contented minds,
 They lay their arms aside, and sleep secure.

B O O K II.

WHEN ev'ry eye was clos'd with balmy sleep,
 Save that of Cyrus, and his Median friend,
 From his pavilion, negligent of rest,
 The prince unto Araspes' tent repair'd;
 (For he had seen the anguish of his mind,
 Whose baneful influence spread a sickly hue
 Upon his face, and wak'd the tender fears
 Of his attentive friend.) He found him sad,
 Alone, and thoughtful. Persia's valiant chief
 With gentleness address'd him. " Hapless youth!
 " Wherefore dost thou augment the *lawless flame*,
 " That preys upon thy mind. Dost he who once
 " Hath felt the heat of fire, still hover o'er
 " The fatal flame? or if a man shou'd drink
 " A deadly potion, and survive with pain,
 " Will he again desire, the dang'rous draught!
 " Why then dost thou retrace thy steps, and rove
 " Thro' the erroneous paths, that first betray'd
 " Thy inexperienc'd heart? why fix thy thoughts
 " On fair Panthea? cast her from thy breast!
 " Nor thus indulge the visionary hopes
 " To soften her resolves. Thy tears, thy sighs,
 " Make no impression on her virtuous mind.
 " She hides her wond'rous beauty from thine eyes,
 " And thinks to cure thee of thy fatal love
 " By rigour, perseverance, and disdain,

“ Yet does thy fancy, represent her charms,
 “ Thy wishes follow to Hyftapes’ tent,
 “ And in idea, ſhe is preſent ſtill.
 “ Alas! my friend, whilſt near the Suſian fair
 “ Thou linger’ſt, whilſt every anxious thought
 “ Is fix’d on her, how will thy lawleſs flame
 “ Abate? how will thy peace of mind return?
 “ In abſence only, thou may’ſt gain relief.—
 “ Go then! and prove thy friendship unto me,
 “ Perform thy duty to thyſelf! let fame
 “ Inſpire thy ſoul. Avoid, forget, the charms
 “ That fascinate thy mind. To thee, I truſt
 “ An enterprize of much importance, Go!
 “ Forſake thy tent! and haſten, to ſurvey
 “ The hoſtile bands. Obſerve their force, their march,
 “ And meet me, with intelligence and ſpeed.”

He ſaid: Ambitious to oblige his prince,
 Araſpes, from his lethargy of care,
 Awakes to ardour, joy and gratitude.
 Who can deſcribe the tranſports of his ſoul,
 To find himſelf ſelecteſt from the reſt,
 To be entruſted with the ſecret aims
 Of his beloved chief. The preference given
 Is flattering to his heart, which ever glows
 With generous friendship, and a love of praiſe.
 His boſom beats; impatient for the taſk
 His ſpirits riſe, and now he dares believe
 Exiſtence worth preſerving, ſince the prince
 Eſteems his ſervices of conſequence.
 He at his feet, would glad obedience vow,
 But Cyrus claſps him to his anxious breaſt,
 Commends him unto Oromazes’ care,
 And to the royal tent, in haſte returns.

Soon as Aurora o'er the eastern hills
 Display'd the dawn of day, while yet the light
 With faint impression, streak'd the hemisphere
 And cast a doubtful ray across the shades,
 Araspes, eager for his embassy,
 Hails the first token of returning light.
 Clad in a menial garb, he mounts his steed,
 And whilst his comrades of the war, supine
 Within their tents enjoy balsamic sleep,
 He hastens on; but as he pass'd the tent,
 Which held the object of his hopeless love,
 He paus'd awhile, and with despairing eyes,
 Gaz'd on the calm Aylum; wish'd to see
 The dear inhabitant, and then with sighs,
 Breath'd the effusions of his aching heart.

" Oh ever lov'd ! most virtuous of thy sex !
 " Divine Panthea ! for thy destiny,
 " Thy safety, welfare, happiness, and fame,
 " Araspes ! (most forlorn of all mankind,
 " As most despis'd by Thee !) with faithful zeal,
 " Devotes his wishes, and his fervent prayers.
 " Far, far from thee, may Arimanius fly,
 " (That neither danger, fear, or misery,
 " May trouble thy repose.) Bright and serene
 " As thy fair person, may thy days appear,
 " And like thy virtuous mind, which Nature made
 " Too perfect, to admit the slightest shade
 " Of error, may thy constancy be crown'd
 " With happiness, unmix'd by trivial cares.
 " Nor shall this fond farewell molest thine ear,
 " Nor shall my lingering looks offend thine eye,
 " Unheard, I murmur what my love inspires,
 " Unseen, I drop the tributary tear."

He said, then hastening from the silent plain,
 Repress'd his grief, and went his destin'd way.

Relate, oh Muse! the story of his love,
 And grace my page, with fair Panthea's praise ;
 Her chastity, her constancy record,
 As bright examples, for succeeding times.

When war was first proclaim'd between the kings
 Of Persia and Assyria, Cyrus sent
 His satraps, and his valiant chiefs, around
 The adjacent countries, to invite new bands
 To join his army. There Araspes met
 A party of Assyrians, who, alarm'd,
 Strove to escape him by immediate flight.
 The Median, fired with hopes of spoil, pursued,
 And made them prisoners. Soon Araspes knew
 Among the captives, was the beauteous wife
 Of Abradates. Sufiana's prince,
 (Who, in Balthazar's cause, to Bactria
 Was sent, commission'd by th' Assyrian king
 To make a strict alliance,) whilst the queen,
 Unknowing that the enemy were near,
 Towards a temple of the Sun, repair'd
 To offer vows and prayers for Abradates ;
 With her attendants suddenly surpriz'd,
 And made a captive to the chance of war,
 She found herself to Cyrus' camp convey'd
 With speed, by soldiers anxious to receive
 Their prince's thanks for such a noble prize.
 There first Araspes saw that lovely face,
 So fatal to his liberty and fame.
 In ignorance, his heart receiv'd the wound,
 And knew not whence it came, till time reveal'd

(Whilst it increas'd,) the danger of her charms.
 He found her fitting on the earth, attir'd
 As simply as her women: O'er her face
 A veil was thrown, descending to her waist;
 But when she heard his voice, she graceful 'rose
 Pre-eminent above the rest, and great
 Even in bondage, beautiful in despair.
 "Be comforted fair captive," said the youth,
 "Nor deem thy fate unhappy. Cyrus bears
 "A heart, that will compassionate thy woes,
 "And pay due homage to thy fam'd perfections."

As thus he spake, with sudden fear impress'd
 She clasp'd her fetter'd hands, and cast the veil
 From her imperial head, displaying charms
 That made her worthy to be stil'd the first
 Among the beauties of the eastern world.
 Tho' sorrow dwelt upon her lovely face,
 And overcast her brow, she stood confess'd
 The masterpiece of Nature, such as ne'er
 Araspes had beheld till then. Amaz'd
 He left the mourning princess, and repair'd
 To Cyrus' tent, where he describ'd her charms.
 But with a smile, the Prince judiciously
 Refus'd to see the gift his fortune gave,
 (Distrustful of his heart.) "Return," he cry'd!
 "To those who can defy the power of love,
 "Consign the fair—I will not trust myself,
 "Nor court the danger, prudence bids me shun.
 "Go! tell Panthea, when the sword of war
 "Is sheath'd, if fate to Cyrus gives the day,
 "He will with joy restore her liberty,
 "And send her safe to Abradates' arms."

To him the Mede. " And is it possible,
 " When honour is the guardian of thy breast,
 " Thou shou'dst refuse to trust thy gen'rous heart ?
 " The more the danger, greater is the praise
 " If we are found victorious ; noble minds
 " By rectitude and resolution sway'd,
 " (As the young eagle gazes on the sun,)
 " Remain uninfluenc'd by unworthy views,
 " Which reason, honor, dignity, condemns.
 " With ardor I can praise Panthea's charms,
 " But when my honour tells me I must gaze
 " With cool indiff'rence, I can safely say
 " My heart is free from danger, void of love,
 " And subject unto reason. Cyrus trust
 " Thy faithful slave ! and by thy confidence
 " Reward a friend's integrity."—" No more !"
 Exclaim'd the prince. " Thou may'st repent the task ;
 " Yet I will not refuse to try thy faith.
 " Go then ! unto thy tent convey the fair.
 " Watch o'er the sacred pledge ; pay the respect
 " Due to her sex, and to her regal state.
 " Whatever comforts can assuage the shame
 " Of bondage, fair Panthea may command.
 " Thine be the task, her wishes to prevent ;
 " Thine be the care, my mandates to obey."

Thus spake the chief. Araspes, full of joy,
 Convey'd the queen unto his tent, and there
 With kind attention, govern'd by respect,
 Strove to amuse her sad and ling'ring hours.
 His pleasing converse stole upon her ear,
 His soft assiduous friendship sooth'd her grief :
 When weary'd with the business of the day,

He to the tent repair'd, her snowy hands
 Wou'd offer him refreshment ; she beguil'd
 The time with conversation. For his sake,
 The lovely captive wou'd repress her tears,
 Whilst she avow'd her sense of gratitude
 For his attention and respectful care.
 Oft she wou'd unreserv'd to him impart
 The story of her life, and oft declare
 How she had lov'd, and was belov'd by him,
 Who rais'd her to his throne. With frequent sighs
 She wou'd repeat her Abradates' praise,
 Describe Choaspes' banks, and Susa's towers,
 Lament her bondage, and regret the days
 Of love and happiness, too swiftly gone.

Awhile the youth deceiv'd himself, and thought
 With pity only he beheld the fair.
 In friendship's semblance, love approach'd his heart,
 And like a thief stole softly to his breast.
 Tho' grief had dimm'd the lustre of her eyes,
 Panthea's voice and manners still concurr'd
 With all those graces that adorn'd her form,
 Those bright perfections which inspir'd her mind,
 To fascinate the Mede's unwary heart.
 One night he dreamt the Sufian queen had fled,
 And that he roam'd thro' distant woods and wilds,
 Seeking in vain the fugitive to find.
 Waking, his pillow is bedew'd with tears,
 His heart convuls'd with agonies of grief.
 Surpriz'd, he seeks the cause. " Alas !" he cries,
 " This sorrow, these involuntary tears,
 " Can they from pity, or from friendship flow ?
 " Ah no ! I fear the tumult in my breast,
 " My strong sollicitude, my tenderness,

- “ My grief at an imaginary loss,
 “ Proceeds from sentiments I dare not name.
 “ Come reason, honor, virtue, to my aid.
 “ Defend my heart from *sensibility* !
 “ Repulse a passion fatal to my fame !
 “ And let *indifference* be my bosom friend.”

He said, and strove to fortify his heart
 With resolution, but its power declin'd
 Beneath Panthea's stronger influence.
 A look from her awaken'd all his love,
 And *Reason*, foil'd by *Nature's* claim, expir'd.
 Oft times he wou'd resolve to shun the sight
 Of her whom he ador'd, and vainly seek
 Society less soothing to his heart.
 Yet when return'd unto his tent, he found
 By absence from Panthea, double charms
 In her appearance, and the sudden joy
 Of meeting, banish'd ev'ry thought of care.
 Sometimes he wou'd determine to reveal
 His passion to the prince, but then the fear
 Of never more beholding her he lov'd,
 Conspir'd with dread of shame to check his tongue.
 With conscious love, his virtue strove in vain.
 He knew his passion, he deplor'd his fault,
 Yet cou'd not rectify his erring heart.
 He blush'd whene'er he saw the prince appear,
 He sigh'd when absent from the Susian queen.
 Each day augmented the unlawful flame,
 Till grown presumptuous, from excess of grief,
 Distracted with his love, he dar'd avow
 The dreadful secret to Panthea's ear.
 Alarm'd, afflicted, she with arguments
 Inspir'd by virtue, strove to check his flame,

And wake his sense of honor. Then with frowns
 Commanded his respect, his love reprov'd,
 And represented his endanger'd fame.
 Lastly, she prostrate at his feet implor'd
 That he would send her to the Prince; with tears
 He heard her speak, condemn'd her cruelty,
 Curs'd his own weakness, yet preserv'd his love.

For how could he behold such matchless charms,
 And not adore them ever?—If to wear
 Power irresistible within her eyes,
 (Which us'd to shine from Sufa's happy throne,
 Delighting and delighted,) if to shew
 The roses bloom upon the softest cheek
 That beauty e'er possess'd, if to diffuse
 Unutterable joy and love around,
 If these are charms! Panthea's name must shine
 Near Helen's, in the page of history.

“ But she was more than poets can express,
 “ Or painters imitate.” Peculiar grace,
 With gentleness and dignity combin'd
 To make her form engaging, ev'ry word,
 Smile, look, or gesture, was a separate charm;
 Her air was animated, noble, mild;
 Her person feminine, yet made to strike
 Beholders with respect. Her brilliant thoughts
 Replete with sense and wit, were wont to beam
 From her intelligent, and radiant eye.
 It seem'd as Nature had employ'd her power
 To make a perfect work.—Her spotless soul,
 (Tho' animated with that sense of love
 By virtue authorized,) was cold as snow
 To adulation's voice. She soar'd above
 The pride of beauty, (common to her sex)

The love of Glory, was her darling aim,
The sense of virtue, was her only boast.

Guess then how painful to her noble mind
Was the confession of Araspes' love !
Doom'd to behold a benefactor's tears
In which she cou'd not sympathize, to hear
Those sighs appealing to humanity,
Which sentiments of honor must condemn,
To find an ardent lover at her feet,
Soliciting affection only due
To Abradates.---She resolv'd to fly
In justice to her own unblemish'd fame,
Since neither tears, remonstrances, nor frowns,
Could guard her from the rash designs of love.

One evening whilst Araspes was detain'd
In converse with his Sire, brave Harpagus !
She in his absence, (when her weary guard
Was overpower'd by the God of sleep,)
Precipitately left her sad abode.
Night's dusky mantle o'er the globe diffus'd
A sudden gloom, (propitious to the flight
Of the fair queen,) who undiscover'd, gain'd
The tent of Cyrus, with a faithful slave,
The partner of Panthea's destiny.

In musing posture Persia's Prince reclin'd,
(His mighty soul possess'd by thoughts of war,
Of victory, and fame,) when the soft sound
Of feet that seem'd to steal along the earth,
Disturb'd his contemplation.—Swift he 'rose
Prepar'd to meet some secret enemy,
When lo ! before the entrance of his tent,

Appear'd the mourner, who with bended knee
Bow'd graceful to the earth; whilst o'er her breast
Her auburne tresses elegantly hung.

A coarse attire enwrapp'd her comely shape,
And Persia's chains her lovely hands confin'd;
At length she slowly rais'd her weeping eyes,
And thus address'd the Chief:

“ Behold, oh Prince !

“ Beneath this garb, the most ill fated wretch;
“ That ever wore thy chains. Behold thus low,
“ Thus humbly prostrate at her victor's feet,
“ The consort of a virtuous king, who err'd
“ By strict adherence to his loyalty.—
“ A treaty form'd by honourable ties,
“ (Tho' in a cause that wisdom disapprov'd,)
“ He was constrain'd to keep, whilst he condemn'd,
“ The growing vices of his proud ally.
“ This was his fault, this his offence to thee.
“ For which Panthea must severely pay
“ By hopeless absence, grief, regret, and shame;
“ Yet surely, Cyrus, thy discerning mind,
“ Will sooner pardon the unhappy man
“ Who errs by true observance of his faith,
“ Than *Him*, who sins in breaking thro' the ties,
“ The oaths, the promises, to friendship made.
“ If Abradates, (who in fatal league
“ Was with Balthazar bound,) excites thy rage;
“ If his involuntary deed appears,
“ Like guilt to Cyrus' scrutinizing eye,
“ Then how much more will thy impartial tongue
“ Pronounce that man, a wilful criminal,
“ Who breaks his promise, tarnishes his fame,

“ And dares betray a gen’rous confidence !
 “ Oh Persian ! thou, for justice art renown’d,
 “ I claim thee for my judge ; nor from the earth
 “ Will I arise, till thou hast heard me plead,
 “ And hast declar’d thy judgment on my cause.

“ Fortune forsook me when I wore these chains !—
 “ Yet to a soul, than can enamour’d bend
 “ To virtue, in whatever garb array’d,
 “ Less was my shame, my sorrow less severe,
 “ To be the captive of Cambyfes’ son,
 “ Than any other conquering potentate
 “ Throughout the Eastern World. By accident
 “ Snatch’d from my Abradates, what could fate
 “ Do more to make me wretched ? Liberty
 “ Was nothing to Panthea, if bereav’d
 “ Of him she lov’d ! nor was a splendid throne,
 “ (From which she fell to abject slavery,)
 “ Of consequence, to merit, vain regret.—
 “ When godlike Abradates grac’d the throne,
 “ He gave it lustre, in my partial eyes ;
 “ Without him, it had been no more to me
 “ Than pompous trouble, empty pageantry,
 “ And care but ill repaid, by the false show
 “ Of borrow’d state and vain magnificence.
 “ Know then Oh Prince ! the thoughts of royal state,
 “ Of Empire, and ambition, fled away
 “ Before the bitterness of hopeless love.
 “ This one superior passion lull’d the rest,
 “ Yet caus’d the anguish which possess’d my soul.
 “ It was the *husband*, not the *king*, I mourn’d :
 “ For by our sacred *Mithra* I protest,
 “ Was he a shepherd, doom’d to tend his flock
 “ Upon the Parthian mountains, bleak and wild,

“ Still shou’d I love and honor him, the same
 “ As I have done. Depriv’d of every joy,
 “ Bereft of Abradates, I believ’d
 “ The measure of my woes was full. But fate
 “ Has added to my numerous griefs the shame
 “ I feel, whilst arrogant Araspes—dares
 “ Alarm my virtue, and offend my pride.

“ Faithless to thy command, he scorns rebuke,
 “ And persecutes me with his proffer’d love—
 “ I know thy friendship for the Median youth,
 “ Nor do I wish to break those sacred ties
 “ Of amity, which join congenial souls.
 “ I own his many virtues, mourn his fault,
 “ And grieve whilst I accuse him. All I ask
 “ From thee, oh Cyrus! is a safe retreat,
 “ Where I may find protection for my fame.
 “ If *that* is deem’d a benefit too great,
 “ Give me to liberty—to peace—to death—
 “ But let me die with honour.”—here she paus’d.

Her griefs exceeded all the power of speech;
 Yet did her eyes pathetically plead
 The cause of suff’ring virtue. Who can tell
 The strange emotions that disturb’d the breast
 Of royal Cyrus! sorrow and surprize,
 Anger and pity, wonder and esteem,
 At once possess’d his mind; whilst he beheld
 With admiration, such unrival’d charms,
 Such perfect grace, such dignity of mien
 By unaffected modesty improv’d.
 She saw him gaze—she waited his reply,
 Whilst o’er her cheek, a sudden blush arose
 Bright as the radiant glow, that streaks the sky

When golden Phœbus, at Aurora's call,
Peeps from the dewy portals of the East.

The hero then address'd the Sufian fair.

“ Oh virtuous queen ! to thy own excellence,
“ And my astonishment, ascribe the cause
“ That hath to silence awed my voice so long.
“ Whilst I admire thy chaste resolves, I grieve
“ To think, *that honor*, from whose source they spring,
“ Shou'd e'er have been insulted. I believ'd
“ (Too rashly I believ'd,) my hapless friend
“ Was with such honest principles endued,
“ That I might trust *his* heart, when I confess,
“ I dar'd not trust *my own*. I knew that *love*
“ Is oft involuntary, unconfin'd,
“ Ardent, assuming, difficult to rule,
“ But I confided in Araspes' worth,
“ His rectitude of honour, love of fame,
“ And strict adherence unto friendship's laws ;
“ Too confident Araspes ! faithless youth !
“ Her whom I charg'd thee kindly to protect,
“ To reverence, and to guard from ev'ry harm,
“ Her hast thou been the first to persecute,
“ Regardless of thy prince, the world, and fame ?

“ Rise, fair Panthea ! by the pious love,
“ I owe the chaste, the ever-honour'd name
“ Of dear Mandane, I can safely swear
“ Thou shalt protection for thy griefs receive,
“ Redress for wrongs, reward for constancy.
“ From this blest moment, Princess ! thou art free.
“ I blush to think, those hands so long have worn
“ The chains of Persia. With thy faithful slave,
“ Soon as the approaching conflict shall subside,

“ (Which must, if justice merits fame, afford
 “ Success unto our cause,) thou shalt return
 “ To Susa’s walls, in honour and renown.
 “ Mean time, if thou wilt once again confide
 “ In my opinion, I will trust thy charms
 “ To *him*, whose bright example I revere,
 “ Who taught me virtue, prudence, fortitude,
 “ And fenc’d my heart against unlawful love ;
 “ To his wise precepts, I this blessing owe
 “ That whilst mine eyes are dazzled with the charms
 “ Which wait upon thy beauty, I can turn
 “ Determin’d from the view,—and save a heart,
 “ By Nature made susceptible of love.

“ Go then, Panthea ! to Hyftaspes go !
 “ His frozen heart will feel no new alarms,
 “ When he beholds thee.—Sweet benevolence,
 “ Compassion, charity, and all the train
 “ Of mild affections, in his soul reside ;
 “ Beneath his patronage, in safety dwell,
 “ And from the venerable man receive
 “ A friend’s advice, a second father’s care.”

Thus spake the Prince ; by confidence inspir’d,
 The joyful queen exalts her radiant eyes,
 And breathes this language of a grateful heart.
 “ May Oromazes bless thee with success,
 “ Health, joy, renown, and true felicity !
 “ Oh, Cyrus ! generosity like thine
 “ Claims more reward than unsubstantial words.
 “ Blessings and prayers are all I can bestow ;
 “ But there is *One*, who can with services
 “ Of consequence to Persia’s enterprize
 “ Repay the obligation. Abradates

“ Will joyfully unite his force with thine,
 “ When he shall know the mighty debt I owe
 “ To thy protecting care. Thou Eastern star !
 “ Plac’d in a sphere to shine on all mankind,
 “ Allow a *Chief*, (whose fame demands esteem
 “ From virtue,) to enjoy the beams
 “ Of thy impartial favor, let me send
 “ A messenger, that he may learn the news
 “ That his Panthea honourably lives,
 “ A slave no more ; but by thy royal will,
 “ Allow’d to hope she may in peace return
 “ To Susa’s walls, when he shall find the means,
 “ To bring her safely to a long lost home.”

She said. The Prince with courteous smile consents.
 Then calls Hyftaspes, and consigns the queen
 To the protection of his peaceful tent,
 Where she enjoys an undisturb’d repose.
 Meantime Araspes pin’d with grief and shame :
 For Cyrus, (when Panthea was consign’d
 Unto Hyftaspes’ care,) in anger sent
 Brave Artabazes to reprove the Mede.
 None could more properly fulfil the task ;
 His honest soul was an unfolded book
 For all men to peruse ; his faithful tongue
 A rigid monitor to careless youth ;
 Glory and honor was his darling theme ;
 He scorn’d hypocrisy, and loath’d the man
 Who would betray his trust, or wrong his friend.

With looks fierce, and tongue that spake severe,
 He bore an angry message from the prince ;
 Describ’d Araspes’ fault in rigid terms,
 And represented the deserved wrath

Of Cyrus in the most terrific form.

Th' afflicted youth (who valued more the loss
Of such a *friend*, than all the dazzling beams
Of royal favour) in confusion fought
The tent of Cyrus, (tho' prepar'd to find
An angry judge, from whom he shou'd receive
That punishment his breach of faith deserv'd.)
Speechless through sorrow, shame, and tenderness,
He threw himself at Cyrus' feet, where aw'd
By his superior virtue, he bedew'd
His garments with those bitter tears that flow'd
From disappointed love, and contrite thoughts.

The prince survey'd him with a pitying eye,
And thus began. " Repentance ever waits
" On sentiments, which at their earliest birth
" We blush to own. While flattering hope remains,
" We persevere, and blind to our misdeeds,
" See only with the fascinated eyes
" That inclination lends. At length our fate
" Draws to a crisis. Nature, trembling stands
" Between fair virtue and deceitful vice.
" Most happy those, who with determin'd souls,
" Turn from temptation, and obtain applause.
" They who submit to passion's dire controul,
" Drink of oblivion's stream, and long forget
" Those qualities which humanize our minds,
" And make us better than the brute creation:
" At last they wake—the fatal charm is o'er—
" The dream is past, and conscience will be heard.
" Oh, my Araspes ! thou art timely sav'd
" From guilt, from shame : some guardian angel, (sent
" By Oromazes,) came invisibly

“ To save thee from destruction. *He* inspir’d
 “ The virtuous breast of Susa’s lovely queen;
 “ He over-rul’d thy passion, and detain’d
 “ Thy steps with Harpagus, and thereby gave
 “ The chaste Panthea opportunity
 “ To fly from sure dishonour. *Providence*
 “ Decrees the dark events which *mortals* call
 “ Uncommon accidents, and weakly deem
 “ Those various checquers in the human life;
 “ Less the effect of power divine than chance.
 “ Believe me, friend! the works of Oromazes,
 “ His secret purposes, and wise decrees
 “ Are always for our good, tho’ they may seem
 “ Clad in a garb obnoxious to our sight,
 “ And prove a hindrance to our favourite views.

“ I pity thee, and greatly blame myself,
 “ Who dar’d expose thy unexperienc’d heart
 “ To beauty’s dang’rous power. I chide thee not!
 “ Because thy heart was fashion’d to admit
 “ The power of love. But I must still complain
 “ That my Araspes in his bosom nurs’d
 “ The fatal flame, and from his *real friend*
 “ Conceal’d a passion which by proper care
 “ Had perish’d in the bud.” “ Alas! my prince,”
 The youth replies, “ I know myself to blame,
 “ Yet found such pleasure in Panthea’s sight,
 “ That what might interdict my adoration,
 “ Appear’d most dreadful. Hence the secrecy
 “ That rul’d my thoughts, the thousand anxious cares
 “ I felt, whene’er thy penetrating eye
 “ Glanc’d on my blushing cheek. With conscious guilt
 “ I fear’d the looks of virtue, turn’d from *thee*,
 “ And wish’d to keep the object of my love.

“ Oh! you might bid me to describe the heavens,
 “ Or found th’ unfathomable depths of ocean,
 “ As soon as charge me to abjure my flame.
 “ ’Twas not her eyes alone, (tho’ they are bright
 “ As the transcendent radiance of the sun,)
 “ ’Twas not her voice, her form, that I admir’d,
 “ But ’twas a fair assemblage of perfections,
 “ So blended, that not one excels the other,
 “ While each adds lustre to its sister charm.
 “ The day appear’d too short for me to gaze
 “ Enough upon her beauty; and the night
 “ Which robb’d me of Panthea, pass’d too slow.
 “ I courted danger like the charmed bird,
 “ Who sees the snake reclin’d beneath the tree
 “ Yet has not power to fly, and falls a prey
 “ To what it *fears*.—The time is now arriv’d
 “ For me to lose the blessing I describe.
 “ No farther punishment my fault requires—
 “ It is enough that I no more shall see
 “ The lovely princess, shall no more with joy,
 “ Hail the return of light, and watch the hour
 “ When she forsakes her couch. No more mine ear
 “ Shall listen to the music of her voice,
 “ Which pour’d its balsam on my wounded heart.
 “ Hard as it is to lose society
 “ We hold most dear, I humbly must submit;
 “ And since my rash affection has been found
 “ To stray beyond discretion’s narrow path,
 “ I solemnly protest, (shou’d fate afford
 “ The opportunity,) that never more
 “ My tongue shall utter words which may offend
 “ Panthea’s virtue, chastity, or pride.
 “ But to declare that I will cease to *love*,
 “ Is not within the compass of my power.

“ *Too much, too fondly*, has my heart imbib’d
 “ The fascinating poison, to be cured.
 “ So long accustom’d to behold those charms
 “ Of which I was enamour’d, can I part
 “ With the ideal form, which Fancy’s hand
 “ Engraves within my mind? the thought is vain!
 “ My soul is fond of its own misery,
 “ My heart tenacious of a hopeless chain,
 “ And willing only to be freed *by death*.—

“ Yet I reflect with shame and penitence,
 “ How much the laws of friendship I transgress’d
 “ When I deceiv’d my prince. I now am changed
 “ To an unworthy, humble, wretched youth,
 “ Who dares no longer to thy praise aspire.
 “ Oppress’d with shame, and by remorse compell’d,
 “ I ask thy pity, and implore thy aid.
 “ Thy friendship can alone prolong my days.—
 “ Deign then, oh Cyrus, to forgive and save.”

Thus did the hapless lover mourn his fault,
 And by his sorrows rais’d in Cyrus’ breast
 Compassion, sympathy, and gen’rous care.—

When to his tent at midnight he return’d,
 What poignant grief and trouble fill’d his mind;
 Across his bed, his weary limbs he flung,
 To seek compos’d reflection, more than sleep.
 But dark despair, regret, and certain shame,
 Hung on his pillow, and disturb’d his rest.
 Each day, a melancholy silence rules
 The hapless youth. In secret he repines;
 And when the fullen shades of night prevail,
 Sighs thro’ the ling’ring hours, and mourns his fate,

With penfive looks, he often would appear
At diftance gazing on Hyftafpes' tent,
Immers'd in thought, infenfible to joy.
Whenever fleep his weary eyelids clos'd,
Panthea's image ftill poffefs'd his mind;
Waking or fleeping he was ftill the fame,
The friend of Cyrus,—but the flave of love.

 BOOK III.

E'ER Cyrus towr'ds Assyria bent his way
 The wealthy Cræsus, Lydia's mighty Lord,
 Invited to his banners neighb'ring Chiefs.
 Already numbers, led by potentates,
 (Or warriors high in lists of fame enroll'd,)
 Swarm'd thro' the gates of Sardis, on the banks
 Of Hermus and Meander, foreign feet
 With ardour press'd, impatient to devote
 Their service to the King, whose fate was leagued
 With Babylon's weak Prince; from Phrygian hills
 Arfames brings near fifty thousand men,
 And Aribeus, Cappadocias lord!
 Unites his forces. Multitudes each day
 Like busy bees assembling in their hives,
 Haste to the royal standard, some impell'd
 By fear, (which to the strongest guides their choice,)
 Others by pageantry of pomp allur'd,
 Or dazzled by the promise of reward;
 And many urg'd by their alliances
 With Babylon or Lydia. In the streets
 Of Sardis they assemble, where is seen,
 The full exertion of imperial pride,
 In all the pomp which Eastern luxury
 And gay magnificence could frame. Of those
 Who dwell in Phrygia (from the Hellespont,

To Cayster's flowery plain) Gabæus leads
 More than ten thousand men; whilst in the walls
 Of Babylon, Balthazar calls to arms
 His murmuring Assyrians, who repine
 Beneath a tyrant's yoke, yet urg'd by dread
 Of punishment, submit to his command.
 From Kereftan's green vales, adorned with flowers
 (Where roses shed profuse their fragrant sweets,)
 From Jordan's banks, from dewy Hermon's side,
 From the Hyrcanian woods, and Parthian plains,
 New troops each day appear: The hope of Fame
 From scenes inglorious, tempts the eager steps
 Of lowly youths to worship at the shrine
 Of bright ambition. Shepherd boys forsake
 Their flocks, that graze on Olivet's high mount,
 And sheath their limbs in arms. The angler leaves
 His floating line upon Orontes stream,
 To seek for martial praise. A hardy band
 In Susa's regal walls, prepare to leave
 Choaspes verdant banks; and Egypt sends
 A valiant troop, to aid the impending war.
 Balthazar from the gates of Babylon
 Conducts his army, (in the shade of palms,
 That grace the borders of Euphrates stream,)
 Towards Imperial Sardis; on the banks
 Of gilded fanded Hermus they encamp.
 There Cræsus meets his numerous friends, and spreads
 His tents along the wide extended plain,
 Shelter'd by lofty Tmolus; there they fix
 The royal standard, and in proud contempt
 Of Cyrus' army, (which to their's compar'd
 Is like a fountain, to a river's tide)
 They think the Persians, are a foe too weak,
 To stand beneath the force of myriads; fired

With hopes of easy conquest, certain spoil,
 And thoughts of triumph, they expect to find
 A feeble enemy by fate decreed,
 To perish, or with certain shame to fly.
 The Persians they believe are influenc'd
 By false enthusiastic dreams of fame:
 They style the followers of Cambyfes' son,
 " A foolish, blind, infatuated throng,
 " Devoted unto death, or slavery."

When fame her adamantine trumpet sounds,
 Proclaiming their approach, indignant pride
 And cruel joy, the heart of Cræsus fills
 Already in idea he perceives
 The Persians routed on the Thymbrian plain;
 And on Pactolus' banks, in dire dismay
 Pursued, by millions of exulting foes.
 Rouz'd by the rumour, from his royal tent
 (Where he in feasts and revelry employ'd
 His hours,) Balthazar on the field appear'd:
 Thro' all the ranks, the welcome tidings flew,
 Whilst the loud peans of the Lydian bands
 By their allies return'd, are heard from far,
 And on the ærial wings of Zephyrus,
 Are wafted to the verge of Tmolus' brow.

Meantime the Persians to the solar orb,
 (Behind the sacred Magi, who in robes
 Of purest white, with censers full of fire,
 Emblems of Mithra) pay their vows and prayers
 To Oromazes, bow unto the earth
 In humble adoration; then partake
 A plain repast, and march with chearful hearts
 Behind the Prince they love, who guides their steps

To the Assyrian Monarchy.—Arriv'd
 Upon the frontiers, silence he commands,
 And thus unto th' attentive legions spake—
 " Behold we enter on those boundaries
 " By fate allotted to conduct our steps
 " To victory or shame ! Let him, whose soul
 " Shrinks from the conflict throw his arms aside,
 " Dismiss the Persian turban from his brow,
 " Adopt a foreign garb, and steal away
 " To join the multitude that Cræsus boasts !
 " Those who can dare his myriads to the field,
 " And to inglorious safety will prefer
 " The service of their country, who desire
 " To live on honourable terms alone
 " I hail ; and charge them all, by Mithra's light !
 " To raise their hands towards her radiant beam,
 " And own themselves a voluntary tribe,
 " Determin'd to protect their country's fame."

He said ; and instantaneous, like the flash
 Of lightning, (which with sudden speed precedes
 The awful thunder,) every hand was rear'd
 Throughout the ranks, not a dissenting voice
 Was heard ; one universal shout, that spake
 For victory or death, express'd their zeal.
 The brave Chryfantes feels his heart dilate
 With transport at the sound ; a martial fire
 Glows in his veins, and flashes from his eyes ;
 While on the cheek of Cyrus, hangs a tear,
 Urg'd by affection for his grateful troops,
 Who thus assist the wishes of his soul,
 And unreluctantly his steps pursue ;
 Impel'd by Love, uninfluenc'd by fear,

They march, with satisfaction in their looks,
And every pulse beats high with hopes of fame.

By Persia's Prince brave Harpagus appears;
To whom, as thro' the vale they wind their way,
With gen'rous friendship Cyrus tells the cause
That robs him of Araspes; he unfolds
The task entrusted to his son, and fills
His mind with hopes, that he will soon return
With certain tidings of the Lydian force,
Their number of allies, their schemes of war,
And whether they near Sardis lay encamp'd,
Or march, to intercept the Persian bands
By ambuscades; or in a body move,
To meet them when the least prepared for fight,
And weary'd by an unremitted march.

Whilst thus the Prince with the attentive Mede
Familiarly discourses, Gobrias moves
With wife Hyftapes, who relates the praise
Of Cyrus, and (with all the joy sincere
A parent feels to see his darling child
True to the promise of his infancy,)
Prefages honor, victory, renown,
And the bright glories of a happy reign,
When Persia's sceptre shall be *his* to sway.

Behind Hyftapes brave Gadates march'd
And by his side Armenia's gen'rous Prince
Tigranes! who enquir'd in vain, the cause
Which kept his friend Araspes from his sight.
Surmizes, doubts, and fears, disturb his mind,
Till weary of perplex'd and gloomy thoughts,

To other subjects of discourse he turn'd,
 And thus address'd the venerable Chief:
 " Tho' many days are pass'd since Gobrias join'd
 " The Persian army, I have never learn'd
 " From good authority, the real cause
 " That drove thy virtuous friend from Babylon
 " His rightful King, high station, rising views,
 " Attachments, and possessions: from thy tongue
 " Oh Sacian Chief! his history I claim."

He said: Gadates with a heavy sigh,
 (Created by remembrance of the woes,
 Which urg'd him to forsake his native land
 And hate Assyria's Monarch,) thus replies:

" Obedient to thy will my faithful voice,
 " Inspired by truth, shall tell the dismal tale.

 " The numerous actions of tyrannic pride,
 " Cruel oppression, unexampled wrongs,
 " Which I experienc'd from Balthazar's hand
 " Are such, that when reflection fills my soul,
 " Indignant nature from the thought recoils:
 " Avoiding, loathing, retrospective views,
 " And looking forward, to a great revenge,
 " I thought myself alone, the person wrong'd
 " 'Till I was told the unexpected fate,
 " Of valient Gobrias; (whom Balthazar's Sire
 " Made his chief Counsellor, and bosom friend.)
 " In early youth we were competitors
 " For fame, and as declining age came on
 " Reciprocal esteem, improved by time
 " And wise experience, render'd friendship's tie
 " More permanent, more sacred, more secure.

" His blooming children as my own I lov'd,
 " His interests all were mine ; whilst he deplor'd,
 " My wrongs with sympathetic tenderness.—
 " The spotless tenor of his upright life
 " Claim'd commendation from impartial men,
 " And won the blessings of the grateful poor.
 " With all the ardour of a faithful friend,
 " (Superior unto envy,) I rejoic'd
 " At his prosperity, and when he droop'd
 " Beneath oppression and ingratitude,
 " I felt his anguish, and bewail'd his loss.

" When first Balthazar stepp'd upon the throne
 " Of his forefathers, Babylon survey'd
 " Her prince with partial eyes. The trivial faults
 " His early conduct had betray'd, were deem'd
 " The lively fallies of unbridled youth,
 " Whilst his apparent merits gain'd applause,
 " And wore the sanctity of virtue's form.
 " The artful king, with a pretended awe
 " And confidence, that seem'd unlimited,
 " Retain'd the loyal Gobrias near his throne,
 " And loaded him with honors. (Powerful snares !
 " Too tempting for the feeble heart of man
 " To shun for ever.) With the joy and pride
 " Most parents feel, that see their children climb
 " Towards the height of sublunary fame,
 " He saw his son Pharnaces, by the king
 " Was highly favor'd ; but the real source
 " Of all these benefits, was secret love.
 " Long had Balthazar view'd with partial eyes
 " The daughter of my venerable friend ;
 " Her, he preferr'd to all the artful dames
 " Who studied every method how to please.

" Her unaffected piety, her grace,
 " Her dignity of mind, and noble air,
 " Her virtuous character, enhanc'd the charms
 " Which youth and beauty on her face bestow'd.
 " Majestic elegance and native ease
 " Were blended in her manners. When she danc'd,
 " His heart acknowledg'd Ariamne mov'd
 " Divinely graceful. If she chanc'd to frown,
 " He swore command sat lovely on her brow.
 " Whene'er she spake, he thought a magic spell,
 " Dwelt on her voice, (where sense with sweetness join'd
 " To make her converse grateful to the ear.)
 " And if her rosy lips a smile allow'd,
 " Hope's chearful ray shone on his bright'ning soul.

" Yet did her rigid chastity, her zeal
 " For virtuous precepts, her unblemish'd fame,
 " Repress ideas of unlawful love.
 " She saw his passion with a fearful eye,
 " Observ'd its progress in the royal breast,
 " And urg'd by prudence, from the court retir'd
 " To shun the presence of th' enamour'd prince.

" At length her nobleness of soul, her charms,
 " Her merits, gain'd such empire o'er his heart,
 " That the young monarch publicly declar'd
 " Fair Ariamne shou'd partake his throne.
 " Deluded Gobrias mark'd with joyful eyes,
 " The easy progress which his daughter made
 " To the Assyrian sceptre. Tho' his mind
 " Had once, insensible to Fortune's smiles,
 " Despis'd ambition, luxury, and wealth,
 " (If not conjoin'd with virtue) he perceiv'd
 " His childrens' consequence with secret pride.

“ He doated on the golden bait, and thought,
 “ (Too fondly thought !) his Ariamne’s brow
 “ Would well become th’ Assyrian diadem.
 “ She saw a youthful monarch at her feet,
 “ An aged sire transported at the scene,
 “ Her brother’s power dependent on her choice ;
 “ These cogent reasons pleading in her breast,
 “ (With inclination,) urg’d her to consent.

“ She heard the king was arrogant and vain,
 “ Indignant of controul, and fond of power,
 “ Jealous of others fame, offended soon,
 “ Rash and impatient ; but she little knew
 “ The rancour, malice, tyranny, and pride,
 “ That dwelt within his soul. Deceitful man !
 “ Who thus could mask a villain’s character,
 “ And hide uncommon vice by feigned virtue.
 “ When she was present, meekness ruled his tongue,
 “ And prudence o’er his conduct seem’d to reign.
 “ He curb’d his temper, banish’d haughty pride,
 “ And seem’d the best and gentlest of mankind.
 “ He never fail’d to please when he employ’d
 “ His art to aid the purpose. He could wear
 “ The garb of honour, pity, valour, love,
 “ And mould his manners to the change of scene.
 “ His form was such as justice must commend,
 “ (Like to a blooming plant, whose treach’rous leaves
 “ Conceal a poison foreign to its hue.)
 “ He woo’d the maiden with the voice of love,
 “ Wrapp’d in persuasive eloquence, and gain’d
 “ Her confidence. (For women are design’d
 “ Soon to believe, tho’ men so oft betray !)
 “ She thought him all that he profess’d himself,
 “ And every story to his prejudice

" Seem'd but weak tales by envy's baleful breath
 " Invented to deceive. Their mutual vows
 " Were interchang'd, the nuptial day was named,
 " The regal robes prepar'd ;—but fate forbade
 " That innocence shou'd be a prey to vice.

" It happen'd on a fatal morn, the king,
 " As was his custom, eager for the chace,
 " With brave Pharnaces and a sprightly troop
 " Of young companions, fought th' adjacent wood.
 " There a wild boar with ardour they pursu'd
 " Across the shades, until Balthazar aim'd
 " His dart in haste, which flew beyond the mark.
 " With steadier hand, Pharnaces bent his bow,
 " And brought the bleeding monster to the ground.
 " A sudden jealousy disturb'd the prince ;
 " But as a flame by night, unseen pursues
 " Its secret course, dissembled friendship veil'd
 " The envious rage that rankled at his heart.

" They gain'd the borders of the wood, and saw,
 " Thro' chearful glades, the flower-enamel'd plains,
 " When suddenly a lion roaring came
 " From his close ambush, (where perchance he lay
 " To take advantage of expected prey,
 " Himself the dupe of others,) ardour fill'd
 " Each youthful bosom to obtain the prize.
 " First from his bow, that once had grac'd the hand
 " Of wife Semiramis, the monarch sent
 " Another dart, which Fortune's adverse breath
 " Waited aside. Pharnaces smil'd with joy,
 " And took his aim : the arrow cleft the air,
 " And stood transfix'd within the lion's side.

“ (Ill fated beast! in an accursed hour,
 “ Thy blood began to flow, whose crimson tide,
 “ Was mix’d with that of an illustrious house.)

“ The king, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
 “ Thus hail’d the conqueror :—‘ So bold an arm
 ‘ Is dangerous, and must offend no more !’

“ He said, and rais’d his spear, to pierce a breast
 “ As full of virtues as Peruvian mines
 “ Are stor’d with riches—(ye Assyrian Gods!
 “ Where was your justice in that fatal hour;
 “ Why did ye not protect him from the blow,
 “ Or with your lightnings blast the tyrant’s hand?)
 “ Pharnaces fell beneath the coward stroke,
 “ And with a sigh expir’d. His bleeding corse
 “ Lay like the sweetest rose, in summer’s prime,
 “ Rent from its parent stem by some rude clown,
 “ And left to fade untimely on the ground.

“ The cruel tidings came too soon—a slave,
 “ Whose looks declar’d an embassy of woe,
 “ Ran to the mansion of my wretched friend,
 “ Preceding such a sight, as might have mov’d
 “ The coldest heart. Supported on the arms
 “ Of his afflicted friends, the corpse was brought,
 “ In solemn silence, thro’ those very gates,
 “ From whence he in the morning issued forth
 “ In all the pride of youth, and beauty’s bloom.

“ (A melancholy lesson to the gay,
 “ The young, the thoughtless, who enjoy the dream
 “ Of soft security, but see too late
 “ The dark abyss, upon whose brink they stand.)

“ No words were wanting in that awful scene,
 “ When sorrow ’rose above expression’s power.
 “ The sight itself caus’d universal woe !
 “ The multitude in silent horror gaz’d,
 “ Whilst Ariamne, by her parent’s side,
 “ Contemplating a murder’d brother, stood.
 “ In his fresh wound, she read Balthazar’s crime,
 “ And saw her own misfortune. Yet her soul
 “ Sustain’d the shock with a becoming pride ;
 “ Internal rage, affliction, and despair,
 “ In secret occupy’d her wounded heart.
 “ She felt the blow by which Pharnaces died ;
 “ Amazement, horror, and resentment ruled
 “ Her busy thoughts, and pointed to *revenge*.
 “ With folded arms, immovable she stood,
 “ And death-like paleness on her face appear’d :
 “ Determin’d anger hung upon her brow ;
 “ Yet from her livid lips no murmurs broke,
 “ No tear was seen descending from her eye ;
 “ Her strong emotions to herself she kept,
 “ Too great to yield to womanish complaints,
 “ To broken sighs and unavailing tears !

“ But aged Gobrias, in distressful cries,
 “ Half frantic with his grief, bemoan’d his son,
 “ Tore his grey locks, and down his wither’d cheek,
 “ The tears of disappointed Nature flow’d
 “ In quick succession to his silver beard :
 “ Whilst he accus’d the rigour of his fate,
 “ And curs’d the impious hand that gave the wound.

“ But lo ! the prince appear’d ! the tyrant came !
 “ He dared with his loath’d presence to insult
 “ The majesty of virtue, to molest

“ The privacy of grief:—then Gobras’ pride
 “ Restrain’d his tears, his calmness he resum’d,
 “ And thus with manly fortitude began :

“ Com’st thou, oh King ! to triumph o’er the dead,
 “ Or to insult the living ? If thy soul
 “ Yet thirsts for blood, within this wretched breast,
 “ Sheathe thy remorseless sword, and take a life
 “ Which thou hast render’d miserable. Guilt,
 “ Ingratitude, and cruelty, prevail
 “ O’er virtue, justice, and integrity.—
 “ My soul, distracted at so vile a change,
 “ Is weary of the world, and longs to go
 “ Where vice and tyranny can never come.”

“ He said. His griefs no farther speech allow’d ;
 “ Vanquish’d by deep ungovernable woe,
 “ His aged frame in such a conflict faints,
 “ And by Pharnaces, on the earth he lies.

“ Meantime the king, (with such perfidious tears
 “ As the destroying crocodile can shed
 “ To lure her prey,) at Ariamne’s feet,
 “ Implor’d forgiveness, vow’d he could resign
 “ His life to win her pardon, talk’d of love,
 “ Of happiness (not yet forever fled)
 “ Involuntary passion, contrite grief,
 “ Of restitution, and the potent charms
 “ That wait upon a sceptre. With disdain
 “ The virtuous Ariamne thus replied :

“ Barbarian, hence ! how canst thou dare presume
 “ To talk of expiation for thy crime ?
 “ Whilst we behold this mournful spectacle,

“ This sad effect of thy tyrannic power.
 “ I know too well that thou art plac'd above
 “ The reach of earthly vengeance; to the Gods
 “ I therefore leave my brother's righteous cause,
 “ And am content this once to plead my own.
 “ That I have lov'd thee is my present shame,
 “ Tho' late my boast. 'Tis needless to recite
 “ What gen'rous recompence thou hast bestow'd
 “ For my implicit faith, my partial love,
 “ And all my father's ancient services.
 “ Thy kindness to my family, appears
 “ In yon deep wound upon Parnaces' breast,
 “ Inflicted by thy hand. If walls could weep,
 “ These Babylonian towers, (which thro' their gates
 “ Receiv'd the murdered youth,) had bathed his wound
 “ With tears: If subjects dar'd to speak their thoughts,
 “ And murmur at a tyrant king, the voice
 “ Of all Assyria would conspire with mine:
 “ And if thy glorious Sire was yet alive,
 “ To see how well thou dost reward the brave,
 “ He sure would blush to own thee for his son.

“ If real penitence inspires thy soul,
 “ From Isis and Osiris, hope to gain
 “ That pardon which you vainly ask of me,
 “ For if my soul cou'd do so great a wrong
 “ To the lov'd manes of my lost Pharnaces,
 “ If I cou'd pardon thee, would that avail
 “ To cancel thy offence, or heal the wrongs
 “ Of aged Gobrias? who is thus repay'd,
 “ For years of faithful servitude, and deeds
 “ Of honesty and virtue! thou hast dared
 “ Precipitate the purposes of fate,
 “ Shortning *his* days with sorrow; cruel prince!

“ How could thy envious soul resolve to rob
 “ A blameless parent of so good a son ?
 “ Compared, alas ! to whom, thou art no more
 “ Than the reflection of a dying lamp,
 “ And he as bright as any radiant star
 “ That glitters on the canopy of heaven.

“ Oh ! false Balthazar ! who with gentle smiles,
 “ And feign'd virtue, taught me to believe
 “ Thou wert by equity and honor sway'd :
 “ Thy real character is now reveal'd,
 “ And Ariadne is deceiv'd no more.

“ Inhuman man ! is this atrocious deed,
 “ A prelude, proper for our nuptial rites ?
 “ Is this the bond of peace and amity ?
 “ Is this the valour of Balthazar's arm ?

“ Nay frown not prince, I am above thee now ;
 “ As far as virtue is remov'd from vice.
 “ Superior to thy rage, unaw'd by power,
 “ And fearless of thy hate, because I bear
 “ That conscious rectitude within, which dares
 “ The rage of tyrants, and the frown of Kings.
 “ Tremble, Oh monarch ! the Assyrian throne
 “ Is not design'd for thy eternal sway :
 “ That greatness, which alone protects thee now,
 “ Ends with thy life, and thou shalt then retain
 “ But one small portion of Assyria's land,
 “ Where even worms will not respect thy crown.

“ Repent in time, be grateful thou art spared,
 “ Thus plung'd in guilt, to expiate, by prayer,
 “ A part of sin ; but think not thy remorse,

“ Thy penitence, or better deeds, will move
 “ The heart of Ariamne. No! Balthazar!
 “ Not all the treasure that thy coffers bear,
 “ Can palliate this offence; nor would thy life
 “ Atone for him whom we have lost :—to live
 “ And bear a guilty conscience, is far worse
 “ Than to resign existence with applause,
 “ And die unspotted. If the choice was mine,
 “ To be this hour Balthazar, or Pharnaces,
 “ With joy I’d meet my brother’s guiltless fate,
 “ Rather than live on terms of life like thine.

“ Take then, oh Prince! my parting legacy;
 “ Contempt, is all the portion I bequeath.
 “ Talk not of peace, the stars might move as soon
 “ From their high spheres, to this polluted earth,
 “ As I to wed with thee. Hate I denounce!
 “ Can hate and love agree? Can time efface
 “ What is engraven on my wretched heart,
 “ And seal’d with blood so near to mine allied?
 “ Whilst life remains in Ariamne’s veins,
 “ She must abhor the murderer of Pharnaces:
 “ Yes Prince! if ev’ry jewel that adorns
 “ Thy bright tiara, was a proffer’d kingdom,
 “ Those bribes to my revenge I’d nobly scorn,
 “ And spurn the gifts, because they came from *thee.*”

“ She said—as when condensing clouds appear
 “ In black assemblage o’er the face of heav’n,
 “ The whistling winds howl dismal o’er the heath,
 “ The lightnings glare, the awful thunder rolls,
 “ The whirlwind rises, and the rain descends,
 “ So on Balthazar’s countenance was seen
 “ The storm of passions, struggling in his breast.

“ The mask of condescension disappear’d,
 “ The tyrant stood confess’d.” “ Henceforth, he cry’d,
 “ I’ll not dissemble, proudly I’ll assert
 “ My absolute dominion; I disdain
 “ To mourn the deed. Parnaces’ fate precedes
 “ Acts more despotic; placed above controul,
 “ I will be lord, of what is mine to rule.
 “ Yes, by Osiris ! Monarch’s are design’d
 “ To awe their subjects, and to gratify
 “ Each inclination of their royal breasts.
 “ Pride can endure no more; offended love
 “ Breaks from it’s bonds, and anger must prevail.
 “ Think not, old man, that I shall e’er repent
 “ My having slain thy son, whose daring mind,
 “ Ambitious to eclipse his sovereign’s fame,
 “ Became a source of jealousy to me :
 “ I only grieve that my rash preference
 “ For yon imperious girl, restrains my hand
 “ From sacrificing thee. Remembrance paints
 “ That foolish passion, which preserves thy life
 “ Until a later period.—Now to thee
 “ Imperious woman ! I will deign to speak :
 “ Thy insolence of speech, has dared arraign
 “ The King of Babylon, whose heart had once
 “ Resign’d itself to thy inglorious chains.
 “ Thy rash resentments have recall’d my pride,
 “ And waked me to a sense of dignity.
 “ The regal ornaments for thee prepar’d,
 “ Some less assuming beauty shall receive,
 “ Discarding thee from my offended breast :
 “ I from this hour will foster my revenge,
 “ And in some future day, when thou hast liv’d
 “ A thousand death’s in thy suspense, my hate
 “ Shall make thee pay a tribute to my pride ;

“ Meantime I blush at having lov’d thee once,
 “ Laugh at thy madness, and despise thy rage.”

“ He spake, and with a furious look retir’d.
 “ Alarm’d, amaz’d, and dreading future harms,
 “ The mournful Gobrias, and his hapless child,
 “ Forfook the walls of Babylon, and fled
 “ To their paternal dwelling, where the fame
 “ Of Cyrus, flatter’d their uncertain hopes,
 “ And tempted Gobrias, once again to try
 “ His sword in battle ; (where success depends
 “ On veteran bravery, more than regal power.”)

Thus spake Gadates to the Armenian Chief,
 Whose thanks repaid him for the dismal tale.
 Their leaders steps they follow, till the sun
 In his meridian height, directs his beams
 Full on the panting troops, whose limbs oppress’d
 By sultry heat relax, and their parch’d tongues
 Require a cooling draught :—but most the Medes,
 Unus’d to martial exercise, and toil,
 Behind brave Harpagus, with weary steps,
 Move slowly on :—the godlike Cyrus, sees
 The languor of his troops, and looks around
 For grateful shade ; a grove of palms appears
 Deep in a vale, thro’ which a silver stream
 Glides in meanders ; to the tempting scene
 He leads his weary troops ; with joyful eyes
 They view the comforts nature’s hands provides,
 And on the velvet lap of earth repose
 Their limbs, or wand’ring by the river’s side,
 Drink the pure stream, and pluck the foodful date

Meantime Tigranes in a thoughtful mood
 Steals from the multitude, not unobserv’d,

For as he rov'd beneath the palmy shade
 Zulmina followed, and with anxious looks
 Observ'd the gloom that hung upon his brow.
 Along the banks of the pellucid stream
 With care assiduous on his steps attends
 The faithful partner of his joys and cares,
 She was less beauteous than the Sufian queen,
 Nor yet majestic in her shape and air
 Like Ariamne, but her artless mien,
 Her interesting looks, her tuneful voice,
 Her manners fashioned to compose and please,
 Her delicate fair frame,—her speaking eyes
 Cou'd ne'er offend, if they shou'd fail to charm.
 Those graces softly feminine that win
 The heart of sensibility by taste
 Were her's in true perfection—they engaged
 The preference of Armenia's Prince, before
 Their correspondent virtues cou'd be proved.
 Now that he knew her amiable as fair,
 And good as kind, her charms possess'd a power
 Such as the magnet's influence o'er the steel;
 And lovely in herself, his partial eye
 Deem'd her the loveliest of the female race,

But in *her* company whom most he lov'd
 Tigranes silent stray'd, while from the lips
 Of fair Zulmina these sad accents flow'd.

“ Oh gentle stream! thy smooth and steady course
 “ Calls to my mind those dear enchanting days
 “ When I beheld Araxes, gliding soft
 “ Thro' the Armenian valleys, happy hours!
 “ O! love and peace, are ye forever fled?
 “ No more those blissful scenes delight my eye,

“ No more does nature wear her usual smiles.
 “ Here where her bounty is profusely shed
 “ To cheer the grove, and to enrich the vale ;
 “ Corroding care deforms the lover’s brow,
 “ And war alone can occupy his mind.”
 “ She said, and on Tigranes fix’d her eyes,
 “ Who heeds the kind reproof, and thus rejoins.

“ Oh best and dearest of thy sex ! believe
 “ Tho’ mournful thoughts may agitate my breast,
 “ Tigranes’ heart is not less true to thee
 “ Than in the days of peace, and early love.
 “ Learn then the reason why I thus appear
 “ Sad in thy presence, not insensible
 “ Of all thy soft attractions, but oppress’d
 “ With cares by friendship’s influence inspir’d :
 “ And wonder not, if now
 “ I muse on those events, which ignorance
 “ Prevents my viewing clearly ; they appear
 “ Array’d in mystery, whose darksome folds
 “ Disguise the fate of my unhappy friend,
 “ Araspès ! thro’ the ranks, for him, in vain
 “ I diligently search’d ; of every chief
 “ Enquir’d his destiny. The Prince preserves
 “ A cautious silence ; some there are, who think
 “ He has deserted Persia’s cause, and join’d
 “ The Lydian Monarch : but my soul disdains
 “ A thought injurious to Araspès’ fame.
 “ Others believe, that he to Ecbatan
 “ Is gone, with secrets charg’d of consequence,
 “ From Cyrus to Cyaxares :—my fears
 “ Far otherwise presage ; I think the Mede
 “ Driven to despair, by his unlawful love,

“ Has fled in secret to some lonely shade,
 “ Impel'd by thoughts, destructive to his life.”

He said and paus'd, when from the adjacent mead,
 The softly breathing lute, the vocal lay,
 Wafted on zephyr's ambient wing, surpriz'd
 Zulmina's ear; led by the chearful sound,
 They hasten forward, and behind a screen
 Of flow'ring shrubs conceal'd, in silence stand.
 There thro' the interlacing boughs, they see
 A rural troop of Lydian nymphs, and swains,
 Who to the cadence of the melting lute,
 In sportive measures, gracefully advance.
 At distance skirted by a spreading grove,
 Appear their peaceful hamlets, far beneath
 The glare of greatness, yet as far remov'd
 From abject poverty. The jocund group
 Heedless of dangers, ignorant, how near
 The force of Persia lay, in rural sports
 Dance hand in hand, along the verdant mead
 In tunic's white; their flowing tresses crown'd
 With rosy chaplets. At a Sylvan fane
 To Isis dedicated, they unite
 In choral praises of their Deity,
 And bless the bounteous harvest of the field.

To this gay band the royal pair advance ;
 Tigranes' martial figure they perceive,
 Yet do not fly; tho' fill'd with sudden fear
 At his effulgent arms. Collected all
 Compactly in a body, they adhere
 Close to the altar, there expect the Chief,
 And think themselves protected by the fane
 Of her whom they adore. Tigranes sees

Their apprehensions, and at distance stands.
 There he demands the cause that brings them forth
 When mid-day heat is scarcely past, to join
 In mirth, unmindful of approaching war.

He who appear'd the leader of the sports
 Thus answer'd briefly,—“ Far remote from strife,
 “ Ambition, and the horrid din of war,
 “ Possessing virtue and content, we dwell
 “ In cottages, where cruelty and pride
 “ Have never gained access. By honest means
 “ We from the labours of our hands receive
 “ The bounty of the gods, who deign to smile
 “ On industry. Our lives are innocent
 “ Of crafty guile, and ignorant of all
 “ Those golden baits, which in the courts of kings
 “ Allure unsteady minds to base misdeeds.
 “ By Isis patroniz'd, we here reside,
 “ Our flocks attend, and cultivate our lands.
 “ We practice virtue and humanity :
 “ No impious rights are celebrated here :
 “ No wasteful luxury attends our feast.
 “ Whene'er we bring our golden harvest home,
 “ We meet at Isis' fane to celebrate
 “ With dance and song, the bounty of the year.
 “ Which done, like brethren join'd by social ties,
 “ In common we partake a slight repast.

“ Oh Warrior ! if an enemy thou art
 “ To Lydia, spare our sacred liberties.
 “ Unarm'd we trust to Isis sacred shrine,
 “ And thy beneficence, to save our wives,
 “ Our little ones, and humble cottages
 “ From war's destructive rage. If hostile hate

" Dwelt in our bosoms, we this very morn
 " Had fit occasion to indulge the power
 " That accident presented. 'Ere the sun
 " Rose from his Eastern bed, while to the plains
 " We in a body mov'd, (intent to bind
 " Our golden sheaves,) we met a youth, who cross'd
 " The road in haste upon a goodly steed :
 " We forward rush'd to intercept the way,
 " And question'd him from whence, from whom, he
 " But full n pride sat on his stormy brow, [came ;
 " And with a stubborn insolence, he still
 " Kept silence, tho' encompass'd round by men,
 " Whose numbers might detain him in their bonds.
 " Yet underneath a servile garb, appear'd
 " An air of dignity, a grace sublime,—
 " Superior to the empty forms of dress ;
 " His noble person, thro' the mean disguise,
 " (As the bright orb of night, with pow'ful ray,
 " Darts thro' the complex shade of twining trees,)
 " Excited observation. Half unsheathed,
 " He held a glittering sabre at his side,
 " As if resolv'd to mow his passage thro'
 " Opposing multitudes, or greatly die ;
 " When one among our swains, who once had been
 " On Media's borders in the days, when there
 " The youthful Cyrus came from Ecbatan,
 " (Encircled by a numerous troop of friends,
 " Who follow'd him to Ispahan,) survey'd
 " The youth attentively, then said aloud :
 " This man, a Mede by birth, is much esteem'd
 " By Persia's prince : Araspes is his name !

 " At once we heard, and knew him for a foe ;
 " Yet tho' the cause that urg'd him thus to haste

“ Disguis’d, and lonely thro’ our peaceful meads
 “ Remain’d conceal’d within his breast, we still
 “ Restrain’d our hands, averse to hateful war,
 “ Party, oppression, tyranny, and rage.
 “ Tho’ Cyrus fights against our lawful king,
 “ We reverence his virtues, and believe
 “ Whoever he esteems, should be survey’d
 “ With friendly eyes, and from our hands, receive
 “ Protection for his god-like master’s sake.
 “ We therefore all, with one consent agreed,
 “ To let Araspes, unmolested pass.”

“ As thus we spar’d the man, whom accident
 “ Brought near our calm abodes, so we rely
 “ On thee, (if noble virtues sway thy soul,)
 “ For equal clemency, thy single arm
 “ We know is insufficient to prevail.
 “ But we suspect, that many hostile feet,
 “ Prompted by thee, our Hamlets may invade.

“ Oh! if my words are fruitless, if the tears
 “ Of trembling matrons, cannot touch thy heart,
 “ Let us petition *her*, whose lovely form
 “ Accompanies thy steps, to intercede
 “ For those, who if deprived of liberty,
 “ Will bend with shame and anguish to the grave.”

He said; Tigranes with a smile replies,
 “ Return contented to your peaceful homes;
 “ I swear by Mithras ever sacred beam,
 “ My heart delights to hold an intercourse
 “ With virtue, heighten’d by simplicity.
 “ Go happy people, and enjoy the bliss
 “ That flows from concord, honesty, and love.

“ Still with integrity and honour dwell ;
 “ And never may misfortune’s fable cloud,
 “ O’ershade the sunshine of your gentle lives.
 “ Believe I speak sincere, tho’ clad in arms,
 “ And even leagu’d against the Lydian king.
 “ Virtue in every clime, in every sphere,
 “ Demands the tribute of impartial praise.”

Thus spake the Prince, and with Zulmina turn’d
 Towards the valley, where they view the troops
 Behind their chief, prepar’d to leave the shade,
 And all the sweets of leisure, and retreat.
 There, brave Chryfantes in the air displays
 A golden eagle, signal for their march.
 Soon is the fragrant vale, the lucid stream,
 The palmy grove left far behind ; they move
 With unabating chearfulness and zeal,
 Nor halt until the dusky shades of night
 Begin to veil the canopy of heaven ;
 Then in a spacious plain they pitch their tents,
 Whilst in her zenith shines the placid moon.

 BOOK THE FOURTH.

WHEN morning, clad in saffron vesture, rose,
 And spread her radiance o'er the distant hills,
 The active Prince assembled all his troops ;
 And round the sacred Magi, (ere he gave
 The word to march,) they paid their holy rites
 To Oromazes — their devotions o'er,
 A group of men, in servile garb disguis'd,
 Approach'd the Prince of Persia, at whose feet
 They threw themselves, and were at once confess'd
 Assyrian soldiers, whilst in humble tone
 Their leader, thus to Cyrus spake : “ O Prince !
 “ To thee, (as to the best of all mankind !)
 “ Thro' perils and fatigues we come, to lay
 “ Ourselves, and fortunes at thy feet ; to thee
 “ Devote our services ! for thee, desert
 “ Assyria's monarch, and submit our fates
 “ To thy decision ; trust my faithful tongue
 “ We are not spies, that hither come disguis'd,
 “ To cheat, and to betray — if doubt remains
 “ Within thy bosom, let us wear thy bonds
 “ Till conquest is thine own ; yet hear me speak,
 “ What is of high import for thee to learn.”

He said, to him Cambyfes' fon replies ;
 " Nay, I will trust thee ! if thy soul is made
 " Of base materials, if thou art stubborn'd
 " To pry into our purposes, 'tis well !
 " The enemy can only know, how far
 " We dare all dangers, and despise all fears
 " When call'd upon by Persia, to maintain
 " Her cause, and to augment our own renown.

" What hast thou to reveal, that can appal
 " Those who are bent on victory, or death ?
 " If it is aught, that can affect the states
 " Of Persia, and of Media, speak aloud,
 " That these, my friends, may share th' important truth.
 " But, if it only does concern myself,
 " Let not thy words retard our destin'd march ;
 " At night, I shall have leisure to converse,
 " And know the utmost of thy purposes."

Thus the Assyrian answer'd, " By the Gods
 " Of Babylon !—or more, by those *you* serve,
 " I will divulge the truth ; the Lydian king
 " Is chosen to command the numerous bands
 " That hasten to his standard ; near the banks
 " Of fam'd Páctolus, waiting thy approach,
 " He holds his troops prepar'd for instant war ;
 " And such their numbers are, that Persia's force
 " Seems far inadequate to stand the test
 " Of a first onset ; yet not unappriz'd
 " Of their superior strength, shall Cyrus steer
 " Towards the gates of Sardis. Know, O Prince !
 " With Lydia, and Assyria, are combin'd
 " A host of warriors, from the various coasts,
 " And neighbouring provinces that are ally'd

“ To Crœsus or Balthazar. Valiant bands
 “ Are in the list of Persia’s foes enroll’d.
 “ Ionia and Arabia lend their force ;
 “ From Paplagonia, Cappadocia, Thrace,
 “ Lyconia, and Phœnicia, swarms of troops
 “ Crowd to the Assyrian banners. Whilst a fleet,
 “ (A formidable fleet !) from Cyprus fails ;
 “ And Egypt sends a mighty army forth
 “ To join Balthazar. Of thy many foes,
 “ None are so brave and resolute as these.
 “ They scorn retreat, they only fight for fame,
 “ And look on slavery, as worse than death.
 “ Their mighty shields descend unto their feet,
 “ And each is dext’rous with the sword and spear.

“ The Syrians, Myfians, and Meonians join
 “ The multitude, with many more, (whose names
 “ We do not recollect,) and Crœsus sends
 “ Ambassadors to Lacedæmon’s walls,
 “ To court alliance there. Assyria’s king
 “ Elated with his hopes, employs his time
 “ In banqueting, and wanton revelry,
 “ And in idea, he already sees
 “ Thy overthrow, and his advantage near.
 “ He bids the camp, at thy approach rejoice,
 “ And seems secure of victory, and thee :
 “ Whilst I, with these companions of my flight,
 “ Consider not, who is to win the *field*,
 “ But who will gain the favour of the *Gods* ;
 “ For thee, O Prince ! the honest heart decides,
 “ And we resolve to share thy destiny.”

He said ; meantime the Persians, (who had stood
 Near the Assyrian, resting on their spears,)

Turn'd on their Comrades, their affrighted looks,
 And terror spreading like a pestilence,
 Chill'd ev'ry trembling bosom. (As a blight
 With baleful influence sheds its noisome power,
 And kills the fairest of Pomona's fruits,
 So consternation seiz'd their minds.) The Prince
 Perceiv'd their gloomy looks, and guess'd their thoughts.
 To check these apprehensions, to awaken
 That martial spirit which they late possess'd,
 With an undaunted air of dignity,
 He thus, to his dejected soldiers spake.

“ Droop ye, O men ! at such a *tale* as this?
 “ What must I then expect, when face to face
 “ Ye meet the people whom ye fear ? By all
 “ My hopes of victory I swear, my soul
 “ Knows not a shadow of this cowardice.
 “ Have ye forgotten in our last campaign,
 “ (By Oromazes aid,) we beat the foe,
 “ And drove them like a timid flock of sheep ?
 “ Does not this vaunted army dread the power
 “ Of *valour*, by the righteous *Gods* approv'd ?
 “ Believe me, friends, the Babylonians come,
 “ (In spite of all their counterfeited hopes,)
 “ With minds prepar'd for what we *mean to do*,
 “ By what we *have* done. But if ye suppose
 “ That Cræsus' army is the most secure,
 “ Go *there*, and meet us upon Thymbria's plain,
 “ When that same Cræsus who we put to flight,
 “ (Who fled before the Syrians,) will again
 “ Repent the day, when with preposterous pride,
 “ He deem'd the Persians fearful of his might.”
 Frowning he spake, and like a God, inspir'd
 Ardour and confidence in ev'ry breast.

Then thus Chryfantes, “ Let thy faithful flave
 “ Interpret for thefe men, it is not fear,
 “ But grief that fits on ev’ry face—let him
 “ Who craves his dinner, be defir’d to wait,
 “ And he becomes impatient of delay.
 “ Thus do thy troops who want to reap the fpoil
 “ Of Syria, and of wealthy Lydia, grieve
 “ To find the plenteous harveft of their hopes,
 “ Is ftill fo far remov’d ; they thought to meet
 “ The venturous foe, on a lefs diftant plain,
 “ Than that of Thymbria ; let us haften on
 “ To fnatch the glorious conqueft. Tmolus brow !
 “ (The mark to which we fteer) fhall foon be feen,
 “ Upon whose fummit, Fame prepares her wreathes,
 “ To crown the valiant with immortal praife.”

He faid ; the people catch the martial fire—
 At firft a murmur thro’ the ranks was heard,
 Which foon augmenting, univerfal fhouts,
 In choral Peans, echo to the fky.

(Thus have I feen fome little purling rill,
 Creep thro’ the bofom of the fertile vale,
 Till join’d by other fstreams, with widening courfe
 It bolder flows, and foon impetuous grown,
 With violence adown the rock defcends,
 And thunders in its fall.) While yet they fhout,
 An Eagle foaring to the right, was feen.
 That happy omen ftrengthens all their hopes,
 Improves their ardour, and confirms their faith.
 With rapture Cyrus views the fudden change,
 And leads them from the plain ; in ev’ry eye
 Bright expectation fits ; with lightfome feet

They prefs the dewy turf, while thoughts of fame
And victory, inspire their beating breasts.

Their royal leader, like a demi god,
March'd with fuch wond'rous dignity and grace,
That it appear'd, as tho' the mighty soul
Of Perfeus (his renown'd progenitor,)
Was transmigrated, to his valiant breast.
Not with more ardour, Danae's gen'rous fon,
(To prove himself, deferving of a birth
Deriv'd from Jove) expos'd his life, to fave
The fair Andromeda from threaten'd death ;
Nor with a more majestic air advanc'd,
Arm'd with Medufa's fhield, to overthrow
The Lapithæ, than Cyrus dedicates
His fervices for Perfia ; in his eyes
A martial fire is feen, his fteps appear
As if directed by a fecret power,
A tutelary being, who foretold
To his inspir'd foul, thofe bright events
Which fhould immortalize his glorious name.
Perhaps in fancy, he already faw
Lydia, and haughty Babylon fubdued,
Balthazar flain, and Cræfus doom'd to wear
The chains of Perfia, whilft himfelf was crown'd
With honour, victory, applaufe, and fame ;
Grac'd with a triumph, due to his deferts,
And courted unto Hymen's facred fhrine ;
Where the bright daughter of Cyaxares,
The fair Candaulè, (whom his youthful heart
Acknowldg'd beft, and faireft of her kind,)
Accepts his hand, and glories in his love.
But, from this relaxation of he mind,

This soothing Reverie, he starts surpriz'd
 To see a cloud of dust, o'erspread the path,
 To which their steps are bent, when lo ! appears
 A messenger, who hails the Persian prince,
 And thus declares his purpose. " Royal chief !
 " By me, the valiant Abradates sends
 " His offers of assistance ; when the news
 " Of fair Panthea's safety reach'd his ear,
 " (Accompanied with the abundant praise
 " Which generosity like thine, must gain
 " From gratitude, and justice,) he resolv'd
 " To thank thee with his sword. How far unlike,
 " He cry'd, is Cyrus from the Prince I serve,
 " (Who once with lawless passion fir'd, assay'd
 " To part Panthea from her Abradates ;)
 " But Cyrus, tho' I was his enemy,
 " Bound in allegiance to his bitter foe,
 " Scorn'd an advantage, which his fortune gave,
 " And fav'd Panthea's virtue. Gratitude
 " Requires a swift decision, I will fly
 " To meet my Queen ; yet honour must forbid
 " That we to Susiana shou'd return,
 " Till our protector with success is crown'd ;
 " Be then, my people, witness of my vow,
 " With him I conquer—or with him I die."

" He comes ! by love and gratitude inspir'd,
 " He leads his faithful people, to unite
 " Their voluntary aid to Persia's cause.
 " His warlike chariots, arm'd with glittering scythes
 " In terrible array, to thee he brings :
 " Not far behind I left the ardent chief,
 " Who chides the hours, till he beholds his Queen."

Thus spake the messenger ; with cautious care
 The Prince commands Hytaspes, by degrees
 To let Panthea know the happiness,
 That now awaits her. While the good old man
 Disposes her to learn without surprize
 The wish'd arrival of her royal Lord,
 The chief attended by his cavalry
 Appears upon the summit of a hill :
 Behind, the chariots arm'd for war are seen,
 Well calculated for destructive deeds.

Soon as the Sufian sees the army near,
 He leaves his band, and with impatience flies,
 Swift as his steed cou'd bear him, to the plain.
 The Persian leader hastens to receive
 His valiant guest. They to the ground descend,
 And stand a moment silent ; they behold
 Each other eagerly, nor find in words
 Description for their feelings. Abradates
 The awful silence interrupts, he kneels
 And thanks the powers above, that have decreed
 He shall be number'd with the friends of Cyrus.
 The Prince of Persia hails the noble chief,
 Includes him in the list of his allies,
 And greets his faithful comrades of the war.
 Then fair Panthea, like the star of morn,
 (That shines alone, when all her sisters fade
 Beneath the influence of approaching day,)
 Flew to the dear embraces of her Lord.
 But how can language represent the joy
 Such lovers prove ? While she perus'd his face
 Where approbation and affection glow'd,
 Her smiles (like sun-beams in the midst of showers,)
 Were mingled with the tears of happiness—

Meantime, the Prince of Persia and his friends
 Gaz'd on the Sufian ; they admir'd his form,
 His lofty stature, fymmetry of shape,
 And graceful dignity ; his face appear'd
 The mirror of a wife and noble mind,
 Where candour, mild benignity, and truth,
 With valour, virtue, and affection reign'd.
 At length, the tumult of surprize and joy
 Subfides—the Persian troops pursue their way ;
 Whilst in a car exalted, by the side
 Of Abradates, rides th' Imperial fair,
 Whose beauteous face acquires increasing charms,
 By the return of long-lost chearfulness.
 Behind, an hundred chariots arm'd with scythes
 (Commanded by as many valiant chiefs,)
 Move in terrific splendour. From afar
 The hapless Ariamne sees the pomp
 And joy, that on Panthea's hopes attend.
 Plac'd in a turret, (by a camel borne)
 With fair Zulmina, she o'erlooks the scene,
 And follows where the Prince of Persia leads.
 Awhile she gazes on the happy pair,
 Then to Armenia's Princess, with a sigh
 Thus spake the thoughts, that occupied her mind.

“ Alas, Zulmina ! I have deem'd myself
 “ Not singly mark'd for misery, whene'er
 “ I've seen Panthea weeping at her fate,
 “ And thought her sever'd from her faithful Lord,
 “ Perhaps for ever : now methinks I stand
 “ Alone in wretchedness, for none appear
 “ To match their woes with mine ; Panthea's prayers,
 “ Her virtuous wishes, rare fidelity,
 “ Tender anxieties, and fears, are paid

“ By even more than her fond heart could hope.
 “ Thy gentle soul, anticipating woe,
 “ Trembles with terror for Tigranes’ fate.
 “ Yet happy Princess! thou art hourly blest
 “ With the sweet solace of his company,
 “ And well assur’d of his unfading love.
 “ His care, his tenderness, his smiles, revive
 “ Thy drooping spirits, and his chearful voice
 “ Prefages safety, victory, and fame.
 “ This sure is comfort! but my wretched state
 “ Admits of no relief; each day to me
 “ Wears the same mournful aspect. I in vain
 “ Look forward for a better change, since time
 “ Can ne’er restore the joys that I regret;
 “ And ev’ry hour curtails the feeble thread
 “ Which binds my parent unto life, and me.
 “ I have, alas! no views.—Can I expect
 “ To see a faithful lover at my feet?
 “ Or boast a husband, watchful of my fame?
 “ No, my Zulmina, I shall never prove
 “ The happiness that waits on wedded love;
 “ He, who my heart selected, he, who swore
 “ My happiness shou’d constitute his own,
 “ Made me an alien to felicity.

“ Oh! shou’d I meet Balthazar on the field,
 “ Think what the interview will be to me!
 “ If it were possible that he cou’d fall
 “ With laurels green upon his youthful brow,
 “ And honour in his heart, I might prepare
 “ With solemn rites, to grace his obsequies,
 “ And there, a mournful consolation find,
 “ Lamenting one, deserving of my tears;
 “ But ah! if I for thee, Balthazar! weep,

“ The heavens will frown, at fuch unnatural grief.
 “ His death is fure decreed, (if right my dreams
 “ Instruct me,) yet Pharnaces’ honour’d fhade,
 “ Forbids I fhould deplore his early fate,
 “ (Due unto crimes that have disgrac’d a life,
 “ Too long already, for Affyria’s peace.)
 “ Thrice have I dream’d, the Perfians won the field,
 “ Drove him with Cræfus from the Thymbrian plain,
 “ And that Gadates, and my Sire, purfu’d
 “ The fugitive to Babylon, (ordain’d
 “ To be the fcene of his catastrophe,
 “ As of his former tyranny and pride.)
 “ Such were my former vifions, but laft night,
 “ As if to banifh from my troubled mind
 “ Thefe prefages of falfe Balthazar’s fate,
 “ A pleafant vifion o’er my fancy reign’d.
 “ Methought I faw through Babylon’s proud gate
 “ A gay proceffion move, and firft appear’d
 “ A herd of bulls, more beautiful and large
 “ Than thofe which us’d to graze upon the banks
 “ Of golden Nilus, in the happy days
 “ When peace and plenty blefs’d Affyria’s land ;
 “ Thofe by the facred Magi were decreed
 “ For facrifice, and deck’d with wreathes of flowers.
 “ Not far behind, an ivory car was feen,
 “ Adorn’d with gold and painted ornaments :
 “ The fteeds that drew it, were of Perfian breed,
 “ Richly caparifon’d, and full of pride.
 “ This was pronounc’d by a furrrounding crowd,
 “ Sacred to Oromazes. Then I mark’d
 “ Another, (fimilar in fize and fhape,)
 “ Whereon the name of Mithras was engrav’d
 “ In golden characters. A third appear’d,
 “ Whofe fteeds in fcarlet trappings were array’d

“ With martial pomp ; and close behind, was borne
 “ The holy fire, upon an altar plac’d.
 “ Another dazzling chariot then was seen
 “ In which the Prince of Persia I beheld,
 “ Magnificently clad. Upon his head
 “ A turban bore th’ Imperial Diadem,
 “ Which glitter’d from afar. A purple robe
 “ Fell from his shoulders, and an air divine
 “ Inspir’d his graceful person. At the sight,
 “ The people awestruck, bow’d unto the ground,
 “ And cry’d, hail Cyrus ! by whose valiant arm,
 “ The pride of Babylon, and Lydia’s King,
 “ Is now subdu’d. On his majestic form
 “ All eyes were fix’d, the multitude no more
 “ Observ’d the chariots they so late admir’d.
 “ They ceas’d to view the glorious cavalcade,
 “ Except were Cyrus mov’d. Methought I saw
 “ The Prince’s train, (six thousand armed men !)
 “ Besides the most distinguish’d of his chiefs,
 “ And brave allies. Not distant far, appear’d
 “ A troop of steeds, in bright accoutrements,
 “ With harnesses of gold, and all the train
 “ Of chariots, camels, and artillery,
 “ Which now attend him to the Thymbrian plain.
 “ I saw with joy, the hero’s manly brow
 “ By *fame* encircled, with a laurel wreath,
 “ Whilst martial music, and incessant shouts
 “ Of loud acclaim, disturb’d the ambient air.
 “ Just then I started from my sleep, and found
 “ Such deep impression of th’ ideal scene
 “ Fix’d in my mind, that I cou’d scarce believe
 “ It happen’d in my sleep. The pageant still
 “ Is present to my thoughts, and seems to be
 “ No common, fleeting fancy of the brain,

“ No mere unmeaning vision of a night,
 “ But sure prophetic, of the glorious fate
 “ And triumph, for the Persian Prince ordain’d.”

She said ; and thus th’ Armenian dame reply’d ;
 “ No doubt the powers above, to thee impart
 “ Their high designs, in this uncommon dream ;
 “ Success, and triumph shall befriend the hopes
 “ Of Cyrus, and diffuse a general joy
 “ And exultation through the provinces
 “ Own’d by Cambyfes, and Cyaxares.
 “ We all, shall share the public happiness,
 “ And thou, my Ariamne, may’st behold
 “ The drooping honour of thy house revive,
 “ Be reinstated in thy native land,
 “ And blest’d with fortune, dignity, and fame.”

Thus in familiar converse, they beguil’d
 The hours till sun set, when with hasty joy
 Cardouchus, (unto whose especial care
 The female train, and treasures were consign’d,)
 Address’d Zulmina : “ Far as you can look
 “ Across yon plain, and scarcely from the sky
 “ Distinguishable, do you see a mount,
 “ Whose stately top is cover’d o’er with snow ?
 “ Tmolus it is, beneath whose stately brow
 “ Lies that predestin’d theatre of war,
 “ The plain of Thymbria, on whose verge is plac’d
 “ The strength of Babylon, with Lydia join’d.
 “ Pactolus there (for golden sands renown’d)
 “ Flows in a clear uninterrupted course ;
 “ Not as Mœander winds along the meads,
 “ But regular, and unto narrow bounds
 “ Confin’d, the placid river glides away

“ Towards majestic Sardis, from whose towers
 “ The Lydian matrons will behold the fight,
 “ And clasp their trembling infants in their arms.”

He spake—and then with anxious eyes surveys
 The distant hill, (aspiring to the clouds ;))
 Nor less observing was the Persian chief—
 He sees the mountain with religious awe.
 As the glad mariner, whose tedious voyage
 At last is crown'd with the delightful fight
 Of the known landmark unto which he steers,
 So does his heart beat with increasing force,
 And Hope's bright beam, with stronger influence shines.
 He gazes on the lofty hill, (whose brow
 Is doom'd to overlook his victory,
 Or eternize his fall,) and secretly
 Breathes the effusions of his ardent soul,
 In prayers for conquest, and un sullied fame.

Whilst the unwearied Persians, march along
 The Lydian plains, Araspes near the walls
 Of Sardis stays, (and in a menial garb
 Mix'd with the various soldiers, who compos'd
 The camp of Cræsus ;) there, with zealous care
 He mark'd the disposition of the troops,
 Their leaders, and the number of their bands.
 He finds that Cræsus, confident of power
 From strength superior, with impatience waits
 For Cyrus, hears of his approach with joy,
 And styles the Persians his predestin'd slaves.
 Meantime, the King of Babylon, supine
 In luxury and indolence, devotes
 His time to revelry, and drunken feasts,
 Thoughtless of follies past, or future fame.

At length unseen, Arafpes leaves the camp
 To meet the Persians ; favour'd by the night
 He passes o'er the plain, then mounts his steed,
 Which a few hours before, within a wood
 He provident and careful, had confin'd
 To the strong branch, of a majestic elm
 (In readiness, for an immediate flight.)
 By the pale glimmering of the rising moon,
 That faintly shone among the checquer'd shade
 He hastens on, and scow'rs along the paths
 That lead him far from Lydia's capital.
 But soon the lunar orb is lost in clouds,
 A sable vesture overspreads the sky,
 And not a star appears to aid his flight.
 Hast'ning along a moor, he hears from far
 The eastern blast with whistling sound arise
 To break the solemn silence, yet pursues
 His dubious way : each moment Eolus gains
 Augmented force. The awful thunder rolls
 And forked lightnings dart athwart the gloom,
 By whose tremendous glance, Arafpes sees
 Himself bewilder'd in a mazy wood,
 The tempest louder grows, the rain descends,
 And Nature seems to tremble in the strife.
 Hopeless to find the path he should have kept,
 He now perceives his danger and despairs ;
 When morning dawns, he apprehends his flight
 May be discover'd in the Lydian camp,
 And ere he can regain the beaten tract
 His keen pursuers (guided by the print
 His horses feet have left upon the road,)
 May intercept, and bear him prisoner,
 To haughty Crœsus—while his troubled mind
 Is brooding o'er misfortune, he resigns

His ufelefs rein, unknowing where to guide
 His courfe—at length aftonish'd, he beholds
 A feeble glimmering light, that feems to fhine
 From fome far diftant habitation, where
 Perchance the head of indigence has found
 A fhelter from the terrors of the ftorm.

Thither the Mede (by hope directed,) bends
 His way o'er twisted thorn, and ragged brake ;
 The dim and lonely light to which he fteers,
 Oft by the complex fhade of trees obfcur'd,
 Is loft awhile, then it appears again
 With ftronger influence ; he at length perceives
 The light is plac'd within a lowly cot,
 Among the thickeft covert of the wood.
 He calls aloud, and at the door entreats
 A refuge from the ftorm, nor asks in vain.
 The latch is rais'd, a reverend form appears,
 Whofe hofpitality affords relief
 To travellers diftrefs'd. Araspes finds
 A fhelter offer'd for himfelf and ftced,
 With grateful heart he to a chearful fire
 Follows the footfteps of his gen'rous hof,.
 Whofe courteous air, fuperior to difguife,
 Mark'd him for one, who had not always led
 A life remote from focial intercourse.
 Tall was his form, and full of dignity,
 Simple his raiment, and ferene his face,
 His head was thinly clad with hoary locks,
 And to his girdle flow'd a filver beard.
 Yet penetration rul'd by wifdom, fhone
 In the keen glances of his radiant eye,
 And on his cheek, in fpite of care and time,
 Health, to reward his temperence of life,

Had plac'd a ruddy glow, that well might vie
 With the gay transitory bloom of youth.
 In hospitable haste, his hands prepare
 Dry garments for his guest ; before the fire
 He spreads a rustic board with wholesome fare,
 And pleafant beverage, then inquires the caufe,
 That brings a stranger at an hour fo late
 To woods thus unfrequented, and forlorn.
 " To whatfoever party you adhere,"
 He cries, " Is to my principles the fame.
 " I live reclusely to the world unknown,
 " And independent in my calm abode :
 " Mithranes name has long fince been forgotten,
 " And all my commerce with the world is o'er.
 " Yet do I grieve the little intercourse
 " I yet preferve, shou'd to my ear convey
 " The news, how dire commotion shakes the globe.
 " I mourn the ills which from ambition flow,
 " I honour Cyrus, but lament the hour
 " That brings him to oppofe my lawful King."

He faid ; Araspes with ingenuous fpeech,
 Declares his name and history, depends
 On the apparent honour of his host,
 Who thus, (delighted with the youth) replies :
 " Whilft you, ambitious to acquire renown,
 " Upbraid the warring elements that keep
 " Your fteps from martial fcenes, and noble deeds,
 " I, in my humble place of reft, rejoice
 " To fpend the evening of my days, reclufe
 " From all the buftle that disturbs the eaft.
 " Nor do my wifhes pafs the peaceful bounds
 " Of this my laft abode—in fancy bleft,
 " I roam with philofophic mind around

“ Yon artificial globe, whose pencil'd form
 “ Directs the curious eye from pole to pole.
 “ By night my soaring thoughts aspire to heaven,
 “ I traverse o'er the region of the stars,
 “ And make the planetary world my home.
 “ When summer's bounteous hand adorns the grove,
 “ I mark with pleasure every flower that blows,
 “ And nurse them with a skilful gard'ner's care.
 “ To me, no shrub or flowret is unknown
 “ Throughout the eastern clime: my solitude
 “ Affords me leisure for an active search
 “ Among the subjects Nature's hand supplies;
 “ The feather'd tenants of these quiet shades
 “ Partake my bread, and in their turn repay
 “ My winter's bounty, with mellifluous songs.
 “ I daily find among the insect tribe
 “ New scope for admiration; whilst I gaze
 “ Upon a butterfly's embroider'd wing,
 “ Or watch the busy bee from flow'r to flow'r,
 “ Or see the provident and nimble ant
 “ Amass her winter's magazine of food,
 “ I feel perhaps more pleasure at the sight,
 “ Than men who aim at things, superior deem'd
 “ Tho' less instructive to the human mind.
 “ Throughout the works of Nature, I perceive
 “ Charms unobserv'd in days of younger life.
 “ By temperance and exercise, I keep
 “ That first of blessing's health! my time is fill'd
 “ With rational pursuits, by Nature charm'd
 “ I court the Muses, to record *her* praise.
 “ Whene'er inclement weather drives me home,
 “ My books invite me to th' historic page,
 “ And when I roam amid th' adjacent woods,
 “ My faithful dog accompanies my steps,

“ Obeys my voice, and guards me whilst I sleep.
 “ Except some harmless goatherds, who reside
 “ Not far from hence, and who by friendship led
 “ Oft times forsake their fleecy care, (to bring
 “ Me tidings from the village they frequent,)
 “ I have not seen the face of human kind
 “ These many years: and trust me, noble youth!
 “ Whene’er with retrospective thoughts, I view
 “ The life I led amid the haunts of men,
 “ I turn disgusted from the painful scene,
 “ And doat on leisure, solitude, and peace.—
 “ The cause that drove me from society,
 “ Shall be reveal’d; but I will now forbear
 “ All farther converse: in the adjoining room
 “ An humble couch invites thee to repose;
 “ Let us retire, and thank th’ almighty Power
 “ That rules the winds, and dissipates the storm.”

He said; and to the adjoining chamber led
 His Median guest, who on a rustic couch
 Repos’d his limbs, invoking gentle sleep.
 Yet ev’n in slumbers, love disturbs his mind,
 And paints Panthea, cruel to his hopes.
 Soon as the light athwart his casement dawns,
 He starts from sleep, and leaves his humble bed.
 The storm was past, and cloudless morn appear’d
 With cheerful aspect, and invites the Mede
 To hasten on his way, yet gratitude
 Restrains his steps; he cannot quit the wood
 Ere with his thanks he greets the gen’rous sage.
 Pensive he wanders in the silent shades,
 Immers’d in thought. By chance, his steps are led
 To a lone cave, with painful industry
 Hewn in the bowels of a stony bank.

Around the entrance circling ivy clung,
 And not far distant flow'd a limpid stream.
 The cave was dress'd in Nature's rural gifts,
 The floor with various pebbles was inlaid
 And shells and fossils o'er the lowly sides
 Judiciously were plac'd. The furniture
 Consisted of a strawy seat, a lamp,
 An hour-glass, and a globe, besides some books,
 Which on an ancient oaken table lay.
 In the obscurest corner of the cell
 Above a stone, which bore Alcander's name,
 These characters were legibly engrav'd
 Upon a tablet.

“ Sacred unto thee

“ Oh friendship! is my lay, thou greatest good,
 “ Thou best of treasure's providence can give!
 “ Grandeur is but mere pageantry at best,
 “ And fortune changes like the fickle wind;
 “ Fame proves an empty sound, and love a curse,
 “ Ambition dangerous, and pleasure vain.
 “ From thence I turn, at friendship's gentle voice,
 “ And pay my tribute to Alcander's name.”

Araspes reads, and muses on the lines,
 Applies them to himself, desires to share
 The happy resolution there describ'd,
 And bid adieu to all the woes of *love*.
 Whilst lost in thought, he thus forgets the hours,
 His venerable host pursues the tract
 His feet had made upon the dewy grass,
 And follows to the cave. He marks the grief
 That preys upon Araspes. He divines
 The cause of his dejection, and obtains

The story of his love ; then with a sigh,
The gentle sage address'd the mournful youth :

“ Unhappy friend ! my sympathetic heart
“ Feels for thy suff'rings, tho' it blames their cause.
“ Oh cast the subtle poison from thy breast !
“ It will obstruct thy fortunes, damp thy fame,
“ And spread a sickly gloom on victory.
“ The fairest prospect will to thee appear
“ Enveloped in mists. The trumpet's sound,
“ Will fail to animate thy drooping heart,
“ And favour, honour, pleasure, and renown,
“ Will lose their charms beneath oppressive love.
“ Oh ! may my story wake thy slumb'ring pride.—
“ From the sad truths which I shall here relate
“ (How disappointed passion breeds despair,)
“ May'lt thou be warn'd, and while it yet is time,
“ Resolve to cast aside th' ignoble chain
“ Which binds thy heart, and makes thee woman's
 slave.

“ My Sire Calisthenes, for many years
“ In Antioch dwelt with splendor, and renown ;
“ Till numberless misfortunes drove him thence,
“ To take possession of a little hut,
“ (The all, his adverse fate had left,) which stood
“ Beside a stream that flow'd thro' Daphne's grove.
“ There, while he mourn'd his change of fortunes less
“ Than change of friends, his wife Arpasia died :
“ At the same moment I beheld the light
“ She fled for ever, from the face of day.
“ My wretched father wou'd with joy have spar'd
“ A gift so purchas'd, to redeem from death

“ The dearest treasure of his heart, but fate
 “ Pronounc’d his doom, and he had nothing left
 “ To cheer his solitude excepting me,
 “ A helpless infant!—by unwearied care
 “ Strength’ning the thread of my precarious life,
 “ He rear’d me from the cradle. Nourishment
 “ I gain’d among his little flock of goats,
 “ That brows’d upon the verge of Daphne’s grove,
 “ And when to riper age I had attain’d
 “ The herbs and fruits became my daily food.
 “ My Sire instructed me in ev’ry branch
 “ Of learning, as he found my mind expand,
 “ And taught those lessons fraught with virtue’s rules,
 “ Those precepts of religion, faith, and truth,
 “ Those tales of the hypocrisy of men,
 “ Which I shall ne’er forget. With him I oft
 “ Explor’d the mazes of the sacred grove,
 “ And saw Theosinè, the holy Maid,
 “ Who when inspir’d by Phœbus, could declare
 “ Those oracles that all the world rever’d.

“ So thick the cypress trees diffus’d their shade
 “ Around the temple, that the solar rays
 “ Were never known to penetrate the gloom :
 “ Yet on the earth a thousand violets grew,
 “ And flowers of various kinds, which to the breeze
 “ Their aromatic sweets disclos’d, and rills
 “ Pure as the water of Orontes’ stream,
 “ Among the verdure flow’d. Beneath the trees
 “ We rovd together, whilst the virtuous lips
 “ Of sage Calisthenes, in graceful speech
 “ Were wont (with converse sweet beguiling time,)
 “ To breathe instruction to his list’ning son.
 “ The thirst of knowledge early in my breast

“ His care implanted ; daily he improv’d
 “ My op’ning mind, and taught my eye to range
 “ With philosophic ardor, thro’ the works
 “ Of Nature, in simplicity array’d.
 “ At length the venerable man expir’d,
 “ And left me friendless : in the sacred earth
 “ My hands interr’d his ashes, and with tears
 “ Of filial piety, my loss I mourn’d.
 “ Then, since the shades, the fountains, and the streams,
 “ No more were pleasing to my pensive eye,
 “ And my lone cot, (without Calisthenes,)
 “ A new and melancholy aspect bore,
 “ I went to Antioch, and in my way
 “ By chance a wealthy citizen I met,
 “ Who bargain’d with me for my calm retreat.
 “ In evil hour, I rashly took his gold,
 “ And was by curiosity induc’d
 “ To view the boasted wonders of the east,
 “ And to observe the manners of mankind.

“ Through many towns, and villages I pass’d,
 “ Till in the Lydian capital arriv’d,
 “ I tarried to associate with the crowd,
 “ And mark at large the genius of the age.
 “ Within the gates of Sardis I survey’d
 “ The pride of cities, and the pomp of courts.
 “ There I observ’d the statesman’s policy,
 “ The rich man’s insolence, the courtier’s wiles,
 “ The poor man’s meanness, and the beauty’s scorn.
 “ Yet by society and pleasure sway’d,
 “ The busy scene amus’d my youthful mind ;
 “ Ambition fill’d my soul with soaring views,
 “ And love of fame inspir’d my doric lays.

“ At last the Prince who wore the Lydian crown
 “ Was pleas'd to view my labours with applause,
 “ And claim my services : within his court
 “ I pass'd my hours in all the luxury,
 “ That favour, affluence, and peace bestow.
 “ Years seem'd like months, so swift the moments flew,
 “ And ev'ry day increase of pleasure brought :
 “ Oft in my patron's presence, I attun'd
 “ The trembling lyre to my poetic strains,
 “ Whilst young Phemonœ, (of the numerous fair
 “ Who form'd the circle of the Lydian court,
 “ Most fam'd for grace, and harmony of song,)
 “ Was wont the sweetness of her voice to lend.
 “ Her smiles, her beauty, her melodious notes,
 “ Combin'd to gain ascendance o'er my heart.
 “ Gods how I lov'd her ! my ambitious views,
 “ My former hopes, and all my projects fail'd
 “ Beneath the influence of my ardent flame.
 “ One only boon, I from the fates implor'd,
 “ My aim was to possess Phemonœ's heart.
 “ Her name, her charms, inspir'd my tender lays,
 “ Nor did she frown to see her victory
 “ Recorded in my song : with gentle looks
 “ She read the fervent language of my eyes,
 “ Nor scorn'd the story of my honest love.

“ At length my prayers to gain a kind return,
 “ My constancy, and honourable aim,
 “ My tenderness and truth, appear'd to move
 “ Her heart—and while I urg'd my suit, she own'd
 “ My long attention, faithful services,
 “ And unabating love had made her mine.
 “ Charm'd with her words, I dar'd believe them true—
 “ Hope gave new rivets to the chains of love,

“ Nor did Phemonœ, when in public, scorn
 “ The homage of my passion ; she repaid
 “ The constant preference which I gave her charms
 “ By gentle smiles, and vows of mutual love ;
 “ Whilst I encouraged by such promises,
 “ Believ’d Phemonœ could not prove untrue.
 “ Ah fatal confidence !—she ill return’d
 “ My fond credulity—her wanton heart,
 “ (Which vanity so long had render’d kind,)
 “ Was form’d by Nature of Chamelion hue,
 “ Too fond of conquest, and dispos’d to change,
 “ Whilst mine was moulded to adore her charms,
 “ And know but *once*, the fatal power of love.
 “ Her fickle fancy ever on the wing,
 “ Grew weary of my passion, she disdain’d
 “ A longer term of seeming constancy,
 “ And when the preparations for those rites
 “ Which shou’d unite us in the nuptial band
 “ Were making at the court, her faithless heart
 “ Bestow’d itself on an inglorious youth,
 “ Of wealth superior unto mine ; with whom
 “ She (unsuspected by her friends,) forsook
 “ The gates of Sardis—when I heard the news,
 “ My disappointment, rage, despair, and grief,
 “ My sense of shame, and ill-requited love,
 “ Urg’d me to leave the scene of my disgrace
 “ And in some cell, remote from human kind,
 “ Forget that women were so false, and fair.

“ Fierce with my wrongs I from the city fled,
 “ Unknowing where I shou’d direct my steps :
 “ At length, grown calmer as I left behind
 “ The walls of Sardis, I insensibly

“ Began to think, what now shou'd be the plan
 “ Of my remaining life. I found myself
 “ Arriv'd beneath the shade of Tmolus' brow,
 “ And being ignorant which road to take,
 “ (Left it shou'd lead me to society,)
 “ I chose to gain the summit of the hill,
 “ From thence survey the country, and pursue
 “ That path which seem'd the most remote from men.

“ Paëtolus' banks, by shady plains adorn'd,
 “ Where I had often with Phemonöe stray'd,
 “ Recall'd those happy, and deceitful hours,
 “ To my afflicted mind ; in haste I fled,
 “ And from the top of Tmolus, gaz'd around
 “ Upon the prospect. There, in spite of grief,
 “ I cou'd not to the beauties of the scene
 “ Become insensible—the copious stream
 “ Of Hermus flowing thro' the Lydian vales,
 “ The vast Gygæan lake, the Caïcus,
 “ The clear Meander winding in its course,
 “ With woods, and buildings, flow'ry meads, and plains,
 “ Were all unfolded to my wond'ring sight.
 “ Yet did Imperial Sardis, (which appear'd
 “ Magnificently gay amid the scene,)
 “ Offend my eye, whilst sadly I revolv'd
 “ Those years of happiness for ever fled,
 “ Which there I pass'd in lazy luxury,
 “ Till false Phemonöe, broke the potent charm.

“ From such a painful scene I turn'd, to view
 “ The prospect in Iolia, there I saw
 “ The Cayster's banks, a rich variety
 “ Of fertile pastures, and of verdant dales,
 “ The lofty top of Tmolus was adorn'd,

“ With hills of snow, which when by flow degrees
 “ It melts, descends to join Pæctolus’ stream.
 “ Below a vein of marble I perceiv’d,
 “ Like alabaster white, like chrystal clear,
 “ And tracts of stone, with shining particles
 “ Of gold enrich’d. I farther had explor’d
 “ The treasures of the mount, but that I saw
 “ At little distance on the ground reclin’d,
 “ A reverend sage immers’d in thought, his age,
 “ Simplicity of garb, and placid air,
 “ Claim’d veneration ; while I gaz’d, he chanc’d
 “ To raise his eyes, and with a voice benign
 “ Hail’d me thrice welcome, unto Timolus’ brow.
 “ Beside him on the grafs, I took my seat,
 “ And something whisper’d to my aching heart,
 “ Philosophy alone can make thee blest !”
 “ His looks serene, his conversation mild,
 “ His voice diffus’d a calm that sooth’d my soul.
 “ With pleasure I partook his homely fare,
 “ And when I saw him rising to depart,
 “ The thoughts of separation fill’d my mind
 “ With all those horrors, which his company
 “ Till then suspended : my inquietude
 “ The hermit mark’d, he saw my rising grief,
 “ And with a smile of sweet benevolence,
 “ Invited me his footsteps to pursue ;
 “ I follow’d down the steep descent, that led
 “ Our steps towards Pæctolus, but impell’d
 “ By the sharp sense of those too recent wrongs
 “ For which I fled from Lydia’s capital,
 “ I thus exclaim’d, “ Oh lead me far away
 “ From hateful Sardis !—to the northern pole,
 “ Where everlasting winter chills the air ;

“ To Parthian mountains, barren, bleak, and wild,
 “ Or isle of Ormus, on whose pearly shore,
 “ No blade of grafs from marble quarries fprings,
 “ Or Larec, on whose fandy foil, the print
 “ Of Deer alone is feen, condu&ct my fteps :
 “ The rocks of Tauris, and of Caucasus
 “ To me are better than the haunts of men—
 “ Or if to Libyan deferts thou wilt roam,
 “ There will I follow, and in eager hafte
 “ Quaff dear forgetfulnefs at Lethe’s fream.
 “ The torrid zone, can ne’er affect that breaft,
 “ Which carries flames and torments in itfelf ;
 “ Where’er I turn, the fever of the mind
 “ Waits on me ftill, and poifons ev’ry hope :
 “ The hissing Bafilisk, the deadly Seps,
 “ The Amphibena, (arm’d at either point,)
 “ The fierce Hæmorrhoids, can ne’er inflict
 “ Severer pangs for Nature to fuftain,
 “ Than thofe Phemonœ’s treachery has beftow’d.”

I faid ; the fympathetic fage replies ;
 “ When Luna fhines upon the face of night,
 “ If thou wilt follow, and my lot partake
 “ Truft me thou fhalt be lodg’d in fecrecy,
 “ Far from the buftling fcenes of public life.
 “ I dwell within a foreft, vaft and wild,
 “ Beyond the plain of Thymbria, (from whose verge
 “ It ftretches many a league,) but once a year
 “ I wander unto Tmolus’ lofty brow,
 “ And dedicate a day, to view from thence
 “ The gay variety of Nature’s charms.
 “ The hand of Providence presents in me
 “ A friend to guide thee to that place of reft.”

He said, and quell'd the tumult of my breast ;
 And as we travel'd tow'rd his calm abode,
 I told my story to the pitying sage.
 We gain'd the forest, and the moons clear beam
 Directed us to his sequester'd cell ;
 There I resolv'd to pass my future days,
 The sole companion of Alcander's life,
 My faithful, virtuous, wife, and gen'rous friend !
 Whom in a few short years, the voice of fate,
 Call'd to a happier region—in the grave
 Beneath yon stone, that bears his honor'd name
 I laid his bones, and reconcil'd my thoughts
 To a perpetual solitude—the books
 Alcander left, and his instructive globes,
 (Where in idea o'er the earth I roam,)
 Have well supply'd the want of company ;
 Nor would I change my happy mean estate
 For all the wealth, the Lydian King can boast.
 The peaceful Goatherds when we chance to meet,
 Speak of the tumults which disturb the east ;
 From them the different events I hear
 Which fall within their knowledge, nor can learn
 Their cause uninterested—Cræsus' pride,
 Requires humiliation—daring vice,
 Like that which brands Balthazar's odious name,
 (And makes him hateful to the public eye,)
 Shou'd meet the punishment, such guilt deserves,
 While Cyrus, by the gen'ral voice approv'd,
 Bids fair to gain the favor of the gods.

“ Go then, Araspes, to the Persian chief,

“ And bear a *Hermit's* blessing, to his ear.

“ Tell him, that ev'n in woods uncouth, remote

“ From men and party, there are hearts who know

“ His many virtues, pray for his success,
“ And venerate his name.” — He said, and paus’d.
Araspes for his hospitable care
Repeats the thanks, which gratitude inspires ;
Receives the cordial blessings of the sage,
And hastens on, to meet his Persian friend.

 BOOK THE FIFTH.

MEANTIME the army round the Persian chief
 Their adorations offer to the Sun.
 A rustic altar by the Magi form'd
 And consecrated, in a vale is rais'd,
 Upon the borders of a copious lake,
 Clear as the river Cynus, (when it springs
 From snowy Caucasus, and bends its course
 Thro' Georgian forests, to the Caspian sea.)
 Wild lilies in the verdant valley shed
 Their sweets profuse, and on a neighb'ring hill
 A fruitful vineyard crown'd the cheerful scene.
 In this enchanting spot the Prince ordains
 The holy rites, the Magi sacrifice
 To Oromazes, and the people join
 In choral hymns of praise: the Sufian Queen
 Around the altar hangs a flow'ry wreath
 In gay festoons, and prays for the success
 Of Abradates, whilst Zulmina comes
 With Ariamne from the limpid brook,
 Charg'd with a chrystal vase, from whence they pour
 Libations to the powers divine. (So fair
 Appear'd these ornaments of Cyrus' camp,
 That had mythology been then believ'd,

Men wou'd have sworn they were the graces, come
 To smoothe the aspect of tumultuous war.)
 At length the rites are done, the flame expires,
 And Cyrus rising from the earth, bespeaks
 The leader of *Hyrkania's* trusty band.

“ Phocius! thy keen, thy penetrating eye,
 “ Can see beyond the common stretch of sight,
 “ Do thou assist Hyftaspes in a task,
 “ That suits thy vigilance, and well accords
 “ With his experienc'd judgement: mark yon hill,
 “ Which we by tedious movements must ascend,
 “ (Unknowing ere our troops can reach the top,
 “ But that some foes in ambush hid, may gain
 “ Advantage from our situation.) Go!
 “ Precede our steps: a thousand light-arm'd men
 “ Shall be your guard, from the same hill observe
 “ If any scatter'd parties of the foe
 “ Appear dispos'd to intercept our march.”

He said; Hyftaspes with impatient zeal,
 Keeps pace with Phocius; quickly they ascend
 The vine-clad hill, and carefully survey
 The scene beneath. Far as the eye cou'd stretch
 A smoke appears near Timolus' lofty hill,
 Which indicates that there the Lydian troops
 Encamp'd, perform'd their usual exercise.
 At little distance, on the road appears
 A man, who hastens on a panting steed.
 Him they suppose a spy, or one ordain'd
 To give a signal to some troops conceal'd
 Beneath the covert of the circling vines.
 But soon he hails them in a well-known voice,
 And with amazement they Araspes see,

Who straight pursues his way to Persia's Prince,
And throws himself in silence at his feet.

Who can express the joy that fill'd the breasts
Of Harpagus and Cyrus, to behold
A son, a friend, to their embrace restor'd!
Meanwhile throughout the army wonder spread
To see the Mede whom they had deem'd no more,
Return'd with honour to the Persian bands.
Tigranes, glowing with the gen'rous joy
That springs when we perceive our friend approv'd,
Enfolds Araspes in his arms — around
In eagerness of expectation, press
Chryfantes, Aglaitadas, all the chiefs
In Persia's service : these he gladly hails,
Then thus bespeaks Tigranes : “ Tell me, friend!
“ The name of yonder warrior, who precedes
“ Those glitt'ring chariots? 'tis a noble form,
“ Which doth demand attention, nor methinks
“ Have I (excepting Cyrus,) seen the man
“ Who looks more form'd for grandeur and renown.
“ Whoe'er he be, his countenance has won
“ My good opinion, and my heart desires
“ To claim him for a friend.” With cautious words
Tigranes tells him that the form approv'd,
Adorns his happy rival, Abradates.
At such a name (so adverse to his hopes,)
His cheek turns pale, but soon his heart resumes
Its generosity, and bids him learn
To honour virtue in a rival's breast.

He leaves Tigranes, and resumes his place
By Cyrus, whose investigating eye
Reads in his countenance the various thoughts

That influence his mind. With joy he sees
 A ray of chearfulness once more illumine
 The face of his Araspes—far unlike
 The sullen gloom of sorrow and despair,
 Which (when he left the camp,) deform'd his brow.
 With pleasure he congratulates his friend
 Upon the happy change, who thus replies :

“ From better knowledge of myself I know,
 “ That I possess two souls ; the bad prevail'd
 “ When I was with Panthea, but by thee
 “ My better genius is again reviv'd
 “ To overbalance love ; while thus beyond
 “ My sanguine hopes, I to my Prince return,
 “ Fraught with intelligence that may assist
 “ His councils, while with pious tendernefs
 “ I pay my duty to the best of Sires,
 “ My heart o'erflows with gratitude and joy,
 “ And bids me cast away all other thoughts
 “ But those which tend to happiness and fame.
 “ Oh! may the tidings I have brought, atone
 “ For my past fault, and my offence to thee.
 “ So shall a dawn of sweet felicity,
 “ With sickly beam, speak comfort to my soul,
 “ And pay me for the pangs so long endur'd.

“ Prince ! I have seen the numbers of the foe,
 “ Their mode of battle, and their discipline,
 “ Their form, arrangements, and designs I know,
 “ On Thymbria's plain, the Syrians will appear,
 “ In form of battle, thirty men in depth.
 “ Whilst the Egyptians in a different way,
 “ Conceal their real force, detach'd in troops,
 “ Consisting of an hundred men in depth,
 “ The same in breadth, (tho' Cræsus has oppos'd

“ Their plan, so much unlike his chief design,
 “ Which was to overfront the Persian line,
 “ And by his numbers to encompass thee.)
 “ Of all those dangerous allies, who join
 “ Th’ Assyrian army, none are deem’d so brave,
 “ So obstinately brave, as those who come
 “ From the fam’d borders of Egyptian Nile.
 “ Nor yet does Cræsus want that warmth of soul,
 “ That noble ardor, and contempt of fear,
 “ Which bravery excites : tho’ arrogance,
 “ Pride, and the love of riches, overshade
 “ His princely virtues, and incline the world
 “ To think him worse than what he really is.
 “ Were I to represent in terms severe
 “ The Lydian sovereign, what must I relate
 “ Of vile Balthazar, sunk in luxury,
 “ Slave to the wine of Schiras, and enthral’d
 “ By his lascivious women, in his tent
 “ He lives supine ; in feasts and revelry
 “ Consumes the night, and slumbers half the day,
 “ Heedless of war, and lost to sense of shame.

“ Among the Chieftains of superior worth,
 “ Arfames, (governor of Phrygia,) stands
 “ First in the favour of the Lydian Prince.
 “ And royal Aribæus is declar’d,
 “ With stern Maragdus, and Gabæus, high
 “ Upon the lists of fame ; nor far behind
 “ Arfetes, and Moranes, (Lydian chiefs,)
 “ Are deem’d deserving of the royal smile.

“ Infatuated with their common hopes,
 “ And more than twice our number in the field,
 “ They hear of thy approach with wanton joy,

“ And think of conquest as a sure event.
 “ More for thy private hearing, I reserve,
 “ When in thy tent at leisure, thou art pleas’d
 “ To grant admittance to thy faithful slave.”

He spake ; the Prince with gracious smile receives
 His information ; then to all the chiefs
 Imparts the tidings, and commands the troops
 To halt no more, till on the hill arriv’d
 They view the encampment of their enemy.
 A noble ardor fills each warrior’s breast,
 They move with lighter hearts, and up the path
 Pursue their leader’s steps with shouts of joy.

When on the summit of the *hill* they stand,
 Their eager eyes explore the distant scene
 In search of Cræsus, and his mighty bands ;
 Yet all in vain — they find their valiant friends
 Phocius and sage Hyſtaſpes, but a fog,
 Augmenting as the orb of day declines,
 Conceals the mount of Tmolus from their sight.
 Silent they stand, with disappointed looks —
 Their martial energy awhile declines ;
 Till on the wings of the soft evening air,
 The martial sound of drums are distant heard
 To break the silence. Then their spirits rise,
 They scorn delay, and down the hill descend
 Towards a plain, where Cyrus gives command
 To pitch the tents among some shady palms,
 And in his tall pavillion he requires
 The presence of his counsellors and chiefs.

Around the Prince, Hyſtaſpes, Phocius stand,
 Tigranes, and Araſpes ; (with the rest

Entitled to superior rank.) The damps
 Drawn from the humid bosom of the earth
 Were all exhal'd; the mist was soon dispell'd :
 High in her orbit, the majestic moon
 Serenely shone upon the dewy plain,
 And not a cloud obscur'd the arch of heav'n.
 A solemn silence reign'd, when thus the Prince
 Address'd his faithful friends :

“ Behold the hour

“ Of death, or conquest, comes on rapid wings,
 “ And only grants a little space for thought,
 “ And consultation — with the rising sun
 “ We shall survey Assyria's daring bands,
 “ Supported by their proud allies, and rul'd
 “ By Lydia's potent King — The powers above,
 “ Can only give success : if less to *them*,
 “ Than to *ourselves* we trusted, poor indeed
 “ Wou'd be our prospects ! since the enemy,
 “ With double force will meet us on the field.
 “ (Oh ! may'st thou Oromazes ! deign to guide
 “ Our secret councils, to accept our pray'rs,
 “ And by thy sacred will, inspire our hearts
 “ To what is right in thy all-judging eye.)

“ Now say, my friends ! companions of my fate !
 “ Approv'd most loyal, and believ'd most brave,
 “ What are your sentiments ? shall we remain
 “ In our encampment, till the enemy
 “ Advance towards us ; or repair in haste
 “ To Thymbria's plain, and call them to the fight ?
 “ Tho' much my ardent choice inclines to seek
 “ These boasting people, and decide our fates,
 “ Yet wou'd I not expose my valiant men
 “ To disadvantage on the Thymbrian plain.

“ Perhaps the ground is badly form’d for war,
 “ Or if so near to Sardis we repair,
 “ May not the Lydians, if compell’d to flight,
 “ Sav’d in their native walls retard success,
 “ And check our hopes in glory’s bright career ?
 “ While on this subject ye unfold your thoughts,
 “ Let Artagerfes, and Darianas join
 “ To walk the nightly round, lest we surpriz’d
 “ By dark assassins, or by spies (employ’d
 “ To learn our purposes,) shou’d be betray’d.”

He said, and graceful took his feat ; with pride
 Hyftaspes gazes on this god-like man,
 (“ Made to engage all hearts, to charm all eyes,”
 His parents comfort, and his nation’s praise :)
 Yet contemplates his form with secret fears,
 Whilst he considers that this Prince, belov’d,
 Ador’d, and envy’d, (ere another moon
 Shall in the vaulted canopy of heav’n,
 Assume her empire,) may be doom’d to die.
 He views his person with delight, where grace
 And dignity were seen, his face replete
 With youth and health’s invigorating bloom,
 His eyes the index of his daring soul,
 His smile that speaks affection. Then aside
 He turns, to wipe away the struggling tear
 Of Nature, and slow rising from his seat,
 Unfolds his sentiments,

“ The noble warmth,
 “ That breathes, O royal Cyrus! in thy speech,
 “ Becomes Cambyfes’ son, and claims the praise
 “ Of ev’ry friend to valour. In a cause
 “ Like this, impatience wears a real charm,
 “ And gives a bright example to the men

“ Who think whatever Cyrus does, is right.
 “ Yet prudence shou’d direct thy steps, and check
 “ Those dang’rous fallies of impetuous youth,
 “ Which oft repugnant to the sentiments
 “ Of age, resolves on sudden enterprize,
 “ And leaves discretion far behind. Forgive
 “ The coolness of my reasoning : in the hour
 “ When we shall combat with our common foe,
 “ I trust the old Hytaspes, will be found
 “ (Far as his strength may with his zeal accord,)
 “ No tame spectator of the glorious scene.
 “ Yet let me now suggest those prudent thoughts,
 “ Which make me adverse to our hasty march.

“ Surely the foe wou’d never stay so long
 “ Encamp’d on Thymbria’s plain, if they believ’d
 “ Their situation wou’d befriend our cause.
 “ Methinks they rather their advantage know,
 “ And wish no better, than to lure us there
 “ On ground perhaps, to strangers dangerous,
 “ From whence they may to Sardis take their flight,
 “ If on their boasted myriads, fortune frowns.
 “ My Prince, beware ! let caution rule your choice !
 “ Since once resolv’d, we must pursue our course,
 “ In spite of obstacles as yet unknown.”

He ceas’d ; Chryfantes rises from his seat,
 With eager looks ; “ and why,” aloud he cries,
 “ These tame suggestions ? shall we stay in fight
 “ Of the proud enemy ? and give them cause,
 “ To deem us panic struck ! — away with thoughts
 “ Injurious to our fame ! the cold remarks
 “ Of prudent age shou’d sometimes be obey’d,
 “ But now, when valour blushes at restraint,

“ And dreads to be inactive, shall we pause,
 “ And doubt if to be *bold*, is laudable ?
 “ Shall we permit our soldiers to remain
 “ Unexercis'd, anticipating ill
 “ Though idleness. No ! let us hasten on,
 “ And when the morning rises from the east,
 “ Be seen and fear'd by the astonish'd foe.
 “ If we *must* fall, oh let it be ascrib'd
 “ To rashness, rather than timidity.”

Frowning he spake ; Adufius next arose,
 (Adufius conversant in war, and blest'd
 With elegance of manners, mild address,
 Skill, and discernment.) Thus he gave his voice ;
 “ I must oppose Hystaspes—tho' I own
 “ Thy weight of reasoning, venerable sage !
 “ Delay is ever dangerous, in a cause
 “ So critical as this ; nor shou'd we leave
 “ A moment unemploy'd : to hesitate
 “ Wou'd be encouraging the enemy,
 “ To conquer whom we shou'd in vain pretend
 “ Without determin'd courage, (since we fail
 “ To equal them in numbers.) Therefore hasten
 “ O Cyrus ! by the earliest dawn of day,
 “ With silent march, repair to Thymbria's plain,
 “ Surprize the foe — constrain them to declare,
 “ That whilst they linger'd near the *Sardian* gates,
 “ Cyrus from *Persia* came, and fought them *there*.”

He said ; then aged Harpagus arose,
 Who sway'd by honour, and humanity,
 Propos'd that ere the armies clos'd in fight,
 Two heralds shou'd be sent proclaiming war,
 And fixing on the spot that shou'd decide

The fate of Cyrus and Affyria — here
 Stern Aglaitadas interpos'd, who join'd
 Chryfantes in opinion, Phocius too,
 Tigranes, Artabazus, Gobrias, all
 Unite in favour of immediate war ;
 Nor does the Prince of Susa hesitate
 To own the wisdom of Chryfantes' plan.
 Gadates longs for the approaching day ;
 Pharnuchus only, of the Persian chiefs
 Most high in fortune's favour, and renown'd
 For sense and prudence, with Rathonices
 (A native of Cudusia,) is dispos'd
 To enforce the council of Hyftaspes. Last,
 Araspes with an humble mien, address'd
 The Prince of Persia : “ If I may presume,
 “ Youthful and unexperic'd as I am,
 “ To offer my opinion, I must own
 “ Myself for instant war : I shou'd agree
 “ With sage Hyftaspes in his prudent plan,
 “ But that I know the spot, on which the camp
 “ Of Cræsus stands : And I am bold to say
 “ A safer, or more level piece of ground,
 “ Than that which constitutes the Thymbrian plain
 “ Lydia can not possess : the lofty mount,
 “ Of Tmolus, like an awful barrier stands,
 “ To shut the vanquish'd from a distant flight ;
 “ Whilst Sardis, (if it prove, in case of need,
 “ A temporary shelter for the foe,)
 “ Can never screen them long from the assault
 “ Of a victorious army. I lament,
 “ My honour'd Sire ! that my opinion here
 “ Cannot agree with thine. Our present foe,
 “ Deserve no gen'rous procedure. Their pride,
 “ Their insolence, wou'd tempt them to believe

“ We fought for reconciliation, if we sent
 “ Our messengers to Crœsus ; nor thou’d we
 “ Dispatch them to his tent without the fear
 “ That some of the allies (less scrupulous
 “ Perhaps than Crœsus on the bonds of faith,)
 “ Might make them prisoners, and with cruel joy
 “ Feast on their sufferings, and despise our rage.
 “ When we have conquer’d, let us nobly strive
 “ Who shall have most forbearance, who shall prove
 “ Benevolent and kind ! — the time to shew
 “ Humanity and honour is, when fate
 “ Allows us scope to exercise at will,
 “ The tender feelings of the human breast.
 “ Thrice blest are those who in that trying hour,
 “ Refuse to triumph o’er a fallen foe.”

He ends ; the Prince approves his sentiments,
 And since Chryfantes and his friends prevail,
 Dismisses to their tents the anxious chiefs.
 All but Hystaspes leave the royal chief,
 Who sees with gratitude that pious man,
 To whose true friendship, and long services
 He feels so much indebted. At the door
 Inwrap’d in meditative thought he stands,
 Which tends to force a pray’r for Cyrus’ life,
 From his involuntary lips. The sage
 Raises his supplicating eyes to heav’n,
 And groans beneath the tumult of his soul :
 When thus the leader of the Persian bands,—
 “ Most lov’d Hystaspes ! ever honour’d friend !
 “ Why droops thy soul, distrustful of our fate ?
 “ The might, the justice, and the power, that waits
 “ On Oromazes, doubtless can decide

“ The victory to those, who in the eyes
 “ Of us short-sighted mortals seem most weak.
 “ In him I place my faith, my confidence,
 “ My hopes of conquest — wherefore dost thou fear
 “ For his security, whose heart disdains
 “ To apprehend defeat? I dare contend
 “ With danger, difficulty, and fatigue!
 “ What more remains? since I will never yield
 “ My life on terms to make Cambyfes blush
 “ Cease thy anxieties: for if I fall,
 “ My tomb with honourable laurels crown’d,
 “ Will urge thee rather to extol my death,
 “ Than to lament it. Could I basely stoop,
 “ Unworthy of those precepts I receiv’d
 “ From thee, in years of happy infancy,
 “ Cou’d I be mean enough, to think of life
 “ Accompanied by shame and slavery,
 “ Then wou’d thy fears be just,”—he said, and paus’d.

The sage reply’d, “ My soul by thine inspir’d,
 “ Again revives. O Prince belov’d! forgive
 “ An old man’s sickly mind, too apt to view
 “ The past like dreams, the future wrap’d in clouds,
 “ Of dark and dubious hue — when I behold
 “ Thy manly figure, and revolve the acts
 “ Of virtue that distinguish’d thee, throughout
 “ Thy earliest life till now, I dread lest fate
 “ Shou’d snatch thee from me in an evil hour.
 “ Oh! may I never live to see the day
 “ Of such misfortune; may I to the grave
 “ Descend in peace, with the enchanting hope,
 “ That thou shalt live for many years to come,
 “ The boast and happiness of Persia’s realm.”

He laid ; and folded Cyrus to his breast,
Then with reluctance from his fight retir'd.

Meantime, assisted by the moon's broad beam,
Araspes gazes on the tent which bears
The Sufian colours. By a secret hope
Inspir'd, attracted by an earnest wish
To see once more the object of his love,
His steps are thither led — the lofty tent
Was open to admit the moon, and lo !
Panthea at the entrance sat, to watch
Her Lord's return, (who in close conference
With brave Chryfantes staid.) The hapless youth
At awful distance contemplates a form
So like divinity — adores her charms,
Observes her pensive air — at length impell'd
By hopes of pardon, he forgets restraint,
And hastens to a nearer interview.
The royal fair astonish'd at his sight,
Starts from her seat, and bids him leave the tent ;
But he upon his knees attention craves,
And thus begins his speech : “ Since fate allows
“ A few short hours alone, before we join
“ The foe in dubious battle, oh forgive !
“ This last offence of an unhappy man,
“ Whose life may end with the declining sun.
“ Whate'er may be my lot, (I here attest
“ Yon radiant orb, a witness of my oath,)
“ I ne'er again will with the words of love
“ Recall a frown upon that lovely brow ;
“ Nor am I hither come, but with design
“ To expiate my former insolence,
“ Which ow'd its birth more to thy conquering charms,
“ Than to a want of principle in me.

“ Reason subdu’d, confess’d Panthea’s power,
 “ And ev’ry sentiment but *love* was lost.
 “ Yet trust me, waken’d now to sense of shame,
 “ And humbled by superior virtue, while
 “ I gaze on thee, ’tis with such distant awe,
 “ As when we view the brightness of the stars
 “ That glitter o’er our heads, for ever fix’d
 “ In spheres above all human reach. Alas!
 “ I wish I ever had beheld thee thus!
 “ But ’twas Araspes’ cruel destiny
 “ To give offence, by an excess of love,
 “ Which baffl’d reason, and abjur’d restraint.

“ O chaste Panthea! glory of thy sex!
 “ For truth renown’d, for gen’rous deeds approv’d!
 “ As I of late thy rigours have endur’d,
 “ So let me now thy clemency obtain.
 “ Pity the fond distraction of my soul,
 “ Forget the late presumption of my views,
 “ And let forgiveness pass thy gentle tongue.
 “ Then shall I meet the foe with better grace,
 “ My follies cancell’d, and my shame remov’d;
 “ And if the fates have pre-ordain’d my fall,
 “ The pleasing thought of pardon gain’d from thee,
 “ Will sooth my fancy, in the pangs of death.”

“ He said, and wept — the royal fair replies:
 “ At such a time as this, when life and death
 “ Hang on the fate of one eventful day,
 “ Ev’n if a thought of malice rul’d my breast,
 “ Could I refuse to live in amity
 “ With all mankind? or could one sentiment
 “ Of anger for a meditated wrong,

“ Erase all memory of friendship past,
 “ And benefits receiv’d. Remorse atones
 “ For errors of the heart. Learn, valiant Mede !
 “ Virtue and justice equally conspire
 “ To rule Panthea’s heart. By thee alarm’d,
 “ Molested and affronted, *Virtue’s* voice
 “ Bade me retire, indignant at the wrong
 “ Araspes meditated — now ’tis time
 “ That *Justice* shou’d be heard ; within her scale,
 “ Thy various merits, and thy faults are try’d ;
 “ The former, by thy penitence improv’d,
 “ Weighs down the balance, and obliterates
 “ The only blot that mark’d thy life. Receive
 “ My full forgiveness for the past offence ;
 “ May fortune with my sanguine hopes accord,
 “ As with sincerity I pardon thee.”

She said ; and to her women’s tent retir’d,
 Whilst o’er the plain Araspes blythely mov’d,
 Cheer’d by the pardon of the royal fair.

Meanwhile the Prince of Persia leaves his tent,
 And seeks Chryfantes, whom he finds employ’d
 In conversation with the Sufian chief.
 To them the Prince discloses his designs,
 And thus declares his mandates : “ Abradates !
 “ There needs no exhortation to a mind
 “ So much accusom’d to renown as thine,
 “ Train’d up to valour, and in love with fame ;
 “ I know thy sword will justify my praise :
 “ Men who possess no bravery of soul,
 “ Are heedless of renown, they fight for spoil,
 “ Or thro’ necessity. But chiefs who shine
 “ Like thee, (exalted in a glorious sphere,)

“ Strive to preserve, nay, to augment their fame.
 “ Do thou command thy chariots, (on whose wheels
 “ The scythes with formidable aspect shine.)
 “ Behind the phalanx, cautiously advance,
 “ And wait the happy opportunity
 “ When with advantage thou may’st meet the foe.

“ To thee, Chrysautes! ever honour’d friend!
 “ (Whose services have always met my hopes,)
 “ I trust the execution of my plan.
 “ To ev’ry chief my present orders give,
 “ And bid them by to-morrow’s early dawn,
 “ Arrange the troops entrusted to their care
 “ As I shall now direct. A thousand foot
 “ To Artagerfes I allot; the same
 “ To Artabazus; I resolve to lead
 “ The phalanx; on my right, Chrysautes! thou
 “ Shalt head the wing; that on my left, I mean
 “ The valiant Arafambas shall command;
 “ And since impartial justice shou’d be shewn,
 “ Lots shall be cast for one among the chiefs
 “ To gain that post (with dang’rous honour fraught,)
 “ Decreed for whomsoever chance selects
 “ To lead an hundred chariots to the front,
 “ And stand the onset of th’ Egyptian bands.
 “ Command Cardouchus to remain behind,
 “ And guard the women trusted to his care.
 “ Hytaspes, (with a zeal, that casts aside
 “ Th’ infirmities, and indolence of age,)
 “ Demands employment, half the Persian horse
 “ Assign to his direction. Let the rest
 “ In their respective companies remain
 “ Behind the phalanx, till we want their aid,
 “ And have derang’d the order of the foe.

“ The archers and the spearmen, (veil’d from fight
 “ Behind the wing) shall gall the foe with darts,
 “ Unseen till felt, and o’er our heads direct
 “ The flying mischief with security.
 “ Phocion will guide his fierce Hyrcanian troops,
 “ Tigranes lead th’ Armenians to the war.
 “ Gobrias and sage Gadates, will unite
 “ Their force, (by equal injuries inspir’d,)
 “ Whilst Harpagus, and brave Araspes, urge
 “ The Medians, to support the dignity
 “ Of their great monarch, brave Cyaxares!
 “ Let all be guided by the ensign’s march,
 “ The golden eagle, on a lance display’d ;
 “ And let the hymn of battle be declar’d
 “ The chosen signal for immediate war.”
 He said, and Abradates thus rejoin’d :

“ Let me, O Prince! command the glorious task
 “ Of leading forth my chariots, (arm’d with scythes,)
 “ To meet the fury of the Egyptian foe,
 “ Whose boasted courage shall increase my own,
 “ And whose defeat, (if fortune crowns my hopes,)
 “ Will with immortal laurels bind my brow.
 “ This only boon I from thy favour claim ;
 “ This only mark of confidence require.”
 He spake, with ardor sparkling in his eye :
 The Prince reluctantly consents, and thus
 With pious fervor unto heav’n exclaims :

“ O sacred Mithras ! on to-morrow’s morn
 “ Shine with thy brightest majesty, infuse
 “ Ambition in the soldiers’ manly breasts ;
 “ Send happy omens from the sky ; and guard
 “ These gallant men, who risk their lives for me.”

He ends, and to the regal tent returns ;
Whilst Abradates seeks his mournful Queen,
(Whose heart was fill'd with presages of woe :)
Chryfantes flies to ev'ry leader's tent,
Declares the orders from the Prince receiv'd,
And does his duty, ere he thinks of rest.

 BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE morn advanc'd ; the morn by fate ordain'd,
 To mark the Thymbrian plain with streams of blood,
 Where fame display'd her pinions to the sun,
 And hover'd doubtful, o'er contending foes.

The Persian chief upon the plain appear'd —
 His cuirafs glitter'd from afar, as bright
 As an effulgent mirror ; by his side
 A fabre shone, and in his better hand
 He grasp'd a cornel spear, a feather'd plume
 White as the downy bosom of the swan,
 Wav'd o'er his head magnificently gay.
 A scarlet vesture o'er his shoulders flow'd,
 And graceful dignity adorn'd his mien.
 His noble friends, (in golden armour clad,)
 Respectfully around their leader stood,
 Who with a reverential awe inspir'd
 First to the Gods address'd a secret prayer,
 Then thus with chearfulness his speech began :

“ I do not think, O Persians ! ye require

“ My voice, to animate your gen'rous hearts.

“ An inborn valour ever is the fame,
 “ Warm in its country’s cause ; and if perchance
 “ Awhile it slumbers in the arms of peace,
 “ It wakes again when martial music sounds.
 “ Custom alone demands, that I shou’d here
 “ Exhort my soldiers to perform the part
 “ They owe Cambyfes, Persia, and themselves :
 “ For how can I suppose ye will recede,
 “ When your own fate hangs dubious o’er the field,
 “ Waiting the close of this eventful day,
 “ To give ye glory, or eternal shame ?
 “ Upon your actions, your *renown* depends ;
 “ Disgrace or honour, on your choice await.
 “ I dooubt not, (such implicit faith I place
 “ In my brave countrymen,) with one accord
 “ Ye would prefer an honourable death,
 “ To life, obtain’d upon ignoble terms,
 “ To safety, purchas’d by dishonest means :
 “ Yet, lest the wish to live shou’d step between
 “ Your actions and your fame, invest your souls
 “ At this calm hour, (this little space allow’d
 “ For reason and reflection,) with such thoughts,
 “ As fix the mind, and mark it for renown.
 “ Oh ! think how much depends upon the choice,
 “ Of dying brave, or living in contempt !
 “ Believe me, from this one auspicious day,
 “ From Thymbria’s plain, (which like a volume lies
 “ Wherein men’s actions will recorded be,
 “ And stamp’d with blood and conquest,) from the deeds
 “ That signalize our courage, shall arise
 “ The deathless praise allotted to the brave,
 “ Or those united execrations, due
 “ To him who shall betray his country’s hopes.

“ Ye youthful men, in whom your aged Sires
 “ Expect to see their former fame renew'd,
 “ Can ye resolve to disappoint their views
 “ For your renown, which from the Thymbrian field
 “ Will take its passage on the wings of fame,
 “ And bear the blisful tidings to their ears ?
 “ Ye who have left your gentle brides at home
 “ (To mourn your absence, wish for your return,
 “ And boast the heroes whom they call their own ;))
 “ Think when ye meet the foe upon the plain,
 “ That their defeat will prove the certain means
 “ Of your advantage, if ye wish for spoil :
 “ And when ye bear victorious laurels home
 “ Love and applause shall recompense your toils.
 “ Ye who are parents of an infant race,
 “ Give them a proof of patriotic fame,
 “ A bright example for their growing years,
 “ When future wars shall bid them imitate
 “ Their fathers—champions of a virtuous cause,
 “ And fam'd for valour, loyalty, and truth !
 “ Think on your ancestors, who from on high,
 “ Survey your actions. Think, oh think ! my friends !
 “ What glorious praise attends the truly brave
 “ Ev'n in the tomb ; while ignominious life
 “ Becomes a burthen to the troubled soul,
 “ Which feels too late its own in consequence,
 “ And longs to fly from sorrow and disgrace.

“ The Persian eagle, and Cambyfes' hopes,
 “ Are trusted to your valour. Liberty
 “ Demands protection from the sons of war,
 “ And fame prepares her garlands for the brave.
 “ With zeal, with noble emulation fir'd,
 “ Let us ambitiously attempt to prove

“ Who most shall conquer on the field of war,
 “ Who most shall spare, when prudence may allow.
 “ Mercy and justice must not plead in vain,
 “ Nor all the fury of tumultuous war
 “ Extinguish pity in the human breast.

“ I do not mean my precepts shall alone
 “ Direct your actions. Follow me, and see
 “ If my example contradicts my speech !
 “ When I am faithless to my country’s cause,
 “ When I degrade the lustre of my name,
 “ When I by cruelty, or rapine thrive,
 “ When I refuse the meanest soldier’s lot,
 “ Avoid the thickest danger of the field,
 “ Or cease to love ye with a parent’s care,
 “ Then, then desert me, leave me to my fate,
 “ And curse the leader ye were wont to praise.”

He said ; the crowd with emulation fir’d,
 Applaud his words, and shout his fame to heav’n.

The rites begin ; the Magi (clad in white)
 Bear golden censers fill’d with sacred fire,
 Emblems of that bright orb which they adore.
 Lo ! on a rustic altar they prepare
 Their sacrifices — happy omens crown
 Their hopes, and all in solemn chorus sing
 The praise of Oromazes ; then the chiefs
 Assemble round Cambyfes’ valiant son,
 Who hails them with a smile. Tigranes last,
 And Gabrias join the circle ; they had given
 A few short moments to assuage the fears,
 Of Ariamne and Zulmina, whom
 (Confided to Cardouchus’ trusty care,)

They charge to bear the horrors of fufpence,
 Rather than by a rash impatience fway'd,
 Forfake security, and meet defpair.
 Laft Abradates in his car is feen,
 Like golden Phœbus, breaking from a cloud.
 From his forfaken tent the hero moves
 With fuch fuperior dignity and grace,
 That round his chariot numbers prefs, to gaze
 And reverence the god-like form. A plume
 Of purple feathers waving in the air,
 Adds to his lofty ftature, and adorns
 His golden helmet; by affection fway'd,
 The faireft of her fex attends his wheels,
 And thus in tender accents, fpeaks her woes:

“ O Abradates! if upon this globe
 “ There lives among the race of womankind,
 “ One unto whom her husband is more dear
 “ Than her own being, I will dare difpute
 “ Pre-eminence of love with her; and prove
 “ None can exceed my tendernefs for thee.
 “ By Sufa! (once the fcene of happinefs,)
 “ By all my hopes! by all thy worth I fwear,
 “ My deftiny is interwove with thine,
 “ And love and life upon one chord depend.
 “ Without her hero, can Panthea live?
 “ Ah no! 'tis he alone, who renders earth
 “ A Paradife to me. You might as foon
 “ Expect the twig that from its parent tree
 “ Is fever'd, to retain a verdant hue,
 “ As that Panthea fhould confent to lead
 “ The life of loneliness. I fhould be loft
 “ In this fad dreary wildernefs the world,
 “ Without my guide! my friend! my Abradates!

“ Yet by the facred light which we adore,
 “ (Altho’ my life depends fo much on thine,)
 “ I fwear if *death*, or *flavery*, is decreed
 “ To be the lot of Cyrus’ valiant friends,
 “ So much the love of freedom and renown
 “ Inspires my bofom, I fhould wifh thee dead.
 “ Yes, Abradates ! I wou’d rather chufe
 “ To be interr’d with thee, on Lydian ground,
 “ Than fee thee buy thy fafety with difhonour.
 “ Go! prove thyfelf as eminently brave,
 “ As I have painted thee. May conqueft fit,
 “ Upon thefe armed wheels ! be they this day
 “ Thy emiffaries, to affift the work,
 “ And hew thy paffage thro’ oppofing foes.

“ Bleft Oromazes ! from thy radiant throne,
 “ Behold my fuff’rings, and receive my prayer.
 “ My heart, (where love and glory are at war,)
 “ Torn by conflicting paffions, trusts in thee
 “ For confolation. Prostrate on the earth,
 “ Deign to regard thy fuppliant ; may her tears,
 “ Which flow from sentiments of virtuous love,
 “ Be not offensive in thy gracious fight,
 “ And may her confidence in thee, obtain
 “ A re-enjoyment of thofe happy days,
 “ Crown’d with content, profperity, and love.
 “ Oh! from the bofom of my warrior, turn
 “ The pointed javelins of an hoft of foes,
 “ Make him victorious on the Thymbrian plain,
 “ Restore him, (deck’d with laurels) to my arms.
 “ Or if the fates decree that he muft fall,
 “ (Which ev’ry power avert !) if cruel death
 “ Will not accept the bribery of tears,
 “ Of fortune, kingdoms, dignity, and ftate,

“ (Which I wou’d sacrifice for him I love,
 “ Exchanging sceptr’d pomp for poverty,
 “ And rich attirement for a pilgrim’s gown,)
 “ If he will take no ransom for a life
 “ Wherein my only happiness is plac’d,
 “ He also shall conclude my miseries ;
 “ And in the grave predestin’d to receive
 “ My Abradates, shall Panthea lie.”

She said ; declin’d her lovely head, and mourn’d ;
 The pitying hero checks his fiery steeds —
 Awhile enraptur’d, gazes on his Queen,
 Descends once more to fold her in his arms,
 And thus to Oromazes breathes a prayer :

“ All sacred deity ! to whom we bend
 “ In humblest adoration, grant this day
 “ Surrounding crowds my actions may approve,
 “ And say “ *He* merits Cyrus’ confidence,
 “ Panthea’s virtuous love, and constancy.”
 “ Oh ! lovely mourner, dry thy weeping eyes —
 “ I do not need those tears. If I to-day
 “ Disgrace thy love, and tarnish my renown,
 “ Then weep for my misdeeds — but if I fall
 “ As glorious as the Phoenix in her flames,
 “ From my deep wounds my honour will arise,
 “ And bid thee smile upon a death-born fame,
 “ Which brave men prize beyond inglorious life.”

He spake, nor would indulge a rising sigh,
 That struggled in his breast. He mounts his car,
 Around whose wheels the glitt’ring scythes appear,
 And threaten slaughter. Full of majesty,
 Commanding awe, he looks, he moves a king.

His stately courfers snuff the morning breeze,
 And bear their master tow'rds the field of war ;
 When turning, to bestow a last regard
 Upon the spot of earth where he had left
 The darling of his heart, surpriz'd he sees
 She near the axle of his chariot moves,
 Immers'd in sorrow, whilst a female train
 (A few, the followers of her destiny,)
 Respectfully upon her steps attend.
 The hardy veterans, who so lately gaz'd
 On Abradates, as the fair appears,
 Find their attention fix'd on her alone.
 Such perfect beauty, unaffected love,
 And graceful sorrow they had ne'er beheld
 United thus in one angelic form.
 Surpriz'd they feel a grief unknown before
 Invade their manly souls, and pity's tear
 Impell'd by sympathy, bedews their cheeks.
 But the judicious chief, who saw how soon
 The soft contagion might unman the breast,
 And judg'd of others danger by his own,
 Resum'd his fortitude, and graceful thus
 Dismiss'd th' obedient Queen. " Panthea! know,
 " It is because I cannot trust myself,
 " And love thee more than all the world beside,
 " That I command thee to return in peace.
 " Oh thou best gift my fortune e'er bestow'd!
 " My wish of life! my last regret! my love!
 " The sweet reward of this adventurous day
 " Will be thy smiles, thy faithful tenderness,
 " Thy kind congratulations. Go! preserve
 " Thy gentle frame, that if the fates decree
 " I shou'd return with laurels on my brow,
 " I may not look in vain for thy approach,

“ And find thee lost, beneath imagin’d woe.
 “ Do not anticipate uncertain ills,
 “ Nor think that I pronounce a *last farewell*.
 “ We soon may meet in safety and renown,
 “ Reserv’d for years of happiness and love.
 “ May Mithra’s sacred light thy bosom cheer,
 “ And ev’ry blessing on thy steps attend.”

He said ; and hasten’d o’er the dusty plain ;
 While with reluctance to Cardouchus’ care
 The pensive Queen repairs, to mix her tears
 With those Zulmina sisters, to join in prayer
 With her and Ariadne, that success,
 Safety, and honour, may befriend the chiefs
 Who claim their filial, and connubial love.
 Whilst Abradates on the Thymbrian plain,
 Waits the command of Persia’s god-like chief,
 (Dismisses sorrow, and resigns his breast
 To hopes of conquest, and immortal fame,)
 The Prince his list’ning soldiers thus address’d :

“ The holy Magi, vers’d in Auguries,
 “ Declare good omens for our cause are seen.
 “ An eager expectation fires my breast,
 “ And fills me with impatience. Let us haste
 “ To reap the harvest of our glorious hopes.
 “ Let us oppose our armed cars against
 “ The unarm’d chariots of the enemy.
 “ If they in numbers far exceed our own,
 “ Yet has our army in a thousand things
 “ Advantage over them. Those very men,
 “ Those brave Egyptians, whom ye seem to fear,
 “ Are much encumber’d with their pond’rous shields,
 “ Which mar their action, and obstruct their fight.

“ One hundred only in a body stand,
 “ And if they bear the onset of our horse,
 “ Can they resist the aggregated force,
 “ Of chariots, phalanx’s, and turrets? No!
 “ They must give way, my comrades! we will prove
 “ How far true valour can eclipse the shew
 “ Of numbers. Let us drive the mighty foe,
 “ Far from the field, and teach them to repent
 “ Their pride of heart, and insolence of speech.
 “ Let us compel them to confess our power,
 “ And own that Persia’s sons disdain to fear.”

He spake, and vaulting on his fiery steed,
 Led his admiring people to the field.
 A martial fire combin’d with dignity,
 Flash’d from his eyes, and grace adorn’d his mien.
 As tuneful bards describe the God of day,
 When breaking from the east, he sheds his beams
 Upon the face of earth, to cheer mankind,
 Such did Cambyfes’ ardent son appear.
 Behind him mov’d the fav’rite of his breast,
 Araspes — eager to acquire renown.
 (To him the eventful plain, the risk of death,
 Was nothing terrible, for what had he
 To lose by dying? friendship only sooth’d
 Those days which love had render’d sad and long;
 Hope gave no visions to beguile his mind,
 And time no antidote, to soften care.)
 Close by his side, the sage Hyftaspes mov’d
 As if a second youth inspir’d his frame
 And arm’d him for the conflict; all his soul
 Is fill’d with recollection of exploits
 Which he in early life atchiev’d. At once
 Forgetting age and weakness, he appears

Awake to war and glory. Thus we see
 The dying embers of a wafing fire,
 Stir'd by fome friendly hand, recover ftrength,
 And by degrees augment into a flame.
 Chryfantes ! and Adufius ; noble names,
 High in the archives of renown enroll'd.
 Brave Arafambas, good Rathonices,
 Datarnas, Aglaitades, Harpagus,
 Embas, and Artabazus, march along
 In gold and fcarlet ornaments array'd,
 Their brazen cafques with waving plumes adorn'd.
 Gobrias, inflam'd with thirft of vengeance, calls
 Upon Gadates, forth the warriors rufh
 Like angry bulls, who in the neighbouring mead
 Survey an hostile foe — they fhout, they fly,
 And in their hopes anticipate fuccefs.
 Their eager looks their expectations tell,
 As if fome deity had whifper'd truths
 From the dark volume of eternal fate,
 And faid, “ The time of vengeance is at hand,
 “ For ye I have referv'd the Affyrian King ;
 “ Soon as the fun descends on Thymbria's plain,
 “ Shall Perfia's arms the fugitives purfue,
 “ And keen revenge conclude Balthazar's crimes.”

Brave Abradates in his royal car,
 Borne o'er the plain by eight Arabian fteeds,
 Commands three hundred chariots arm'd with fcythes.
 Three hundred more, with lofty turrets crown'd,
 (Wherein the dextrous archers were conceal'd,)
 Are drawn by oxen. Cheerfully behind
 The foldiers, targeteers, and fhieldmen march,
 And to conclude the warlike cavalcade,
 Laborious camels (laden with the ftores,

And all the dire artillery of war)
In flow proceſſion, move towards the plain.

Already on the field, the Perfians view'd
The foe in mighty phalanxes arrang'd,
Their numbers far ſuperior to the force
By Cyrus led. The Prince obſerv'd, how far
The fight impreſſion on his ſoldiers made,
He gueſs'd the thoughts that influenc'd their minds,
He ſaw amaze and doubt in ev'ry eye.
To ſtifle fear whilſt in its birth, he deem'd
An act of prudence ; by his cheerful air
And emulative words, he warm'd the ſouls
Of his admiring ſoldiers ; on the right
A peal of thunder roll'd — with joyful voice
“ Hear ye this omen of ſucceſs? he cry'd,
“ Bleſt ſound, we follow thee !” then ſang aloud,
The *hymn of battle* ; at the ſignal giv'n
His ſoldiers move — the adverſe party join.
They ſhout, nor give a pauſe for thought, at once
Man againſt man, ſword againſt ſword oppos'd,
Begin the bloody war ; above the reſt,
The Perſian hero flies from poſt to poſt,
Aſſiſts the weakeſt, and applauds the ſtrong.
At Abradates' chariot he arrives,
And thus addreſſes Suſa's gen'rous King :
“ O Abradates ! on this warful day
“ May fortune be thy *friend*, as thou to me
“ Haſt prov'd thyſelf. On Suſa's valiant Prince
“ The Perfians look with expectation. Go !
“ Lead forth thy troops to conqueſt and renown.”
He ſaid, and like an arrow fled away,
To take his chance amid the ſtrife of war.

Say, Muse ! altho' a female pen is made
 Most fit for tales of love, and times of peace,
 Wilt thou not aid thy votary in a theme
 Where Cyrus is the subject ? ignorant
 Of military art, unvers'd in terms
 Of war, I find myself beguil'd
 Far in a labyrinth : alone I rove
 Unknowing how to turn, or find my way,
 I fear lest every step that I may take,
 Shou'd lead me into error — to retreat
 Methinks is more inglorious. Condescend,
 Divine Calliope ! to lend thine aid,
 Shew me those paths which I may safely tread,
 Inspire my genius, and direct my pen

Declare who first beneath a Persian sword
 Resign'd his life ? Argestes, mighty chief !
 Against the fierce Datarnas aim'd a dart,
 Which slightly graz'd his shoulder ; fir'd with rage,
 The Persian hastens to revenge the blow ;
 They meet, and long maintain a doubtful fight—
 At length their javelins into atoms fly,
 They brandish in the air their glitt'ring swords,
 And menace instant death. Datarnas finds
 A lucky moment, with his pond'rous blade
 He cleaves Argestes' helmet ; by the shock
 An instant he is stun'd, but soon revives,
 And wounds Datarnas' side. The Persian chief
 Perceives his danger, finds his spirits droop,
 (While from his wound the crimson tide of life
 Fast ebbing seems to indicate his fall ;)
 Yet unreveng'd to yield himself a prey
 To his exulting enemy, to die
 Without another effort to exalt

His own renown, and to abase his foe,
 Was what he scorn'd. Collecting all his force,
 He fix'd his sword between the neck and head
 Of his antagonist ; the faithful blade
 Perform'd its office with an edge so keen,
 That death, which call'd Datarnas from the world,
 Left not Argestes to describe his fall.

Next young Ziphraes, by Artuchus slain,
 Relinquish'd his breath : the love of martial fame
 Inspir'd his soul — the trumpets warlike sound
 Call'd him from Mysia, where his parents dwelt,
 (Who own'd the flow'ry pastures that adorn'd
 The river Pergamos.) With affluence blest,
 Esteem'd, belov'd, he might have pass'd his days
 With ease and comfort in his native land,
 But his aspiring mind disdain'd the paths
 Of sweet tranquillity, and rather chose
 The scenes where danger, death, and tumult reign'd.
 Him, shall his tender mother oft bewail !
 Him, shall the virgins of Olympus mourn !
 His nervous limbs the hand of death hath chill'd,
 His eyes are clos'd in everlasting sleep.

The fierce Abrantes sees his friends' defeat,
 And flies to guard the reliques of the slain,
 He proudly nods defiance at the foe,
 Then aims his jav'lin at Artuchus' breast.
 Hyrcania's chief avoids the flying spear,
 Which makes a passage thro' Alceunas' heart,
 (A noble Sacian, and Gadates' friend.)
 Artuchus aims his spear, with more success,
 And sends Abrantes to the gates of death.

Amid the thickest danger of the war
 Tigranes mows a passage thro' the foe ;
 A noble ardor sparkles in his eyes,
 His conquering sword but seldom strikes in vain ;
 The bold Orontes by his hand expires,
 (Orontes once the arrogant and vain)
 To guard his dying friend Maragdus flies,
 But meets destruction from Sambaules' spear.
 (Sambaules, by intrinsic merit rais'd,
 High in the friendship of Cambyfes' son)
 Lyfiphon, who from Libanus repair'd
 To join his fate with Crœsus, fell beneath
 The lance of brave Madatus. To revenge
 His fall the furious Aribazus flies.—
 He aims his javelin at the victor's head,
 While stooping o'er his prostrate enemy,
 The dart (obedient to his wish) succeeds,
 And bears Madatus lifeless to the ground.

Meantime the Prince of Persia spurs his steed,
 And hastens to protect an aged friend.
 At distance he perceives Hyftaspes join'd
 In an unequal combat with the King
 Of Cappadocia, whose superior strength
 And youth, compar'd with the infirmities
 And age of good Hyftaspes, proves how much
 Advantage he possesses. — Cyrus sees
 Bold Aribæus on Hyftaspes' helm
 Strike his broad falchion ; stagger'd with the blow,
 He falls ; his brazen helmet cleft in two,
 Deserts its place, and leaves the hoary head
 Expos'd to all the danger of the war.
 Lo ! at that moment Cyrus steps between —
 High in the air he brandishes his sword,

And indignation flashes from his eye.
 Behind the Prince, the Persian squadron moves,
 And to their leaders' aid with equal warmth,
 The Cappadocians hasten — breathing war,
 The chieftains meet. Their clanging arms resound ;
 A thousand unavailing blows are given,
 They wheel, return, evade the threaten'd death,
 Then meet again, untir'd with glorious toil.

Long in suspense the wav'ring conquest hung,
 Till faint thro' loss of blood, constrain'd to yield,
 Prone on the earth the Cappadocian falls.
 To his defence the fierce Ægathon springs,
 And guards his wounded friend, (who from the field
 His soldiers on their bucklers bear.) Enrag'd
 To lose his spoil, the Persian hero aims
 His javelin at Ægathon ; he avoids
 The dart, and whizzing thro' the air it strikes
 The bosom of Rhadantes, (mighty chief
 Of Babylon, and by Balthazar lov'd.)
 Transfix'd within the flesh the javelin stood,
 And as he drew it from his throbbing breast,
 His spirit issued with the purple tide.
 Impatient to revenge Rhadantes' death,
 Phraortes flings his spear, the erring dart
 Glancing obliquely by the Persian's arm,
 Inflicts a mortal wound on brave Pharnuchus ;
 Arfames' javelin strikes the shining casque
 Of Cyrus' helmet ; shatter'd with the force
 By which it is repell'd, the Phrygian spear
 Is shiver'd into fragments ; now they raise
 Their glittering falchions, when the Persian thus
 Bespeaks the daring chief : “ Our fortunes rest
 “ On this decisive hour ! let Mithras judge

“ Whose cause deserves success ! accurs'd be he
 “ Who first shall shrink from danger.” As he speaks
 He waves his sword, but ere he aims a blow,
 The fierce Arfames on his lifted arm
 Inflicts a wound — with double rage inspir'd
 The Persian hero darts upon his foe,
 And wounds his side — faint with the loss of blood,
 He falls upon the ground, above his head
 The Prince victorious waves his shining sword.
 The Phrygian Satrap with a feeble voice
 Thus moves the pity of his foe : “ Forbear !
 “ Not for myself I ask the boon of life,
 “ But for a father's sake, (whose joy is plac'd
 “ In my existence) spare his only son ;
 “ Think of Cambyfes ! if thy lot was mine.”—
 He more had said, but that, a hand unknown
 Which dar'd not meet the Prince on equal terms,
 (Even while he paus'd, and o'er his prostrate foe
 Inclin'd his soul to pity,) aim'd a dart,
 Which entering at his courser's gen'rous breast,
 Remain'd transfix'd — in agonizing pain,
 The beast starts back, and sinking on the ground,
 Bears down his princely burthen. Shouts of joy
 Resound from the Assyrian ranks ; to save
 The Prince of Persia from an host of foes,
 His friends with noble emulation strive,
 Dispising fear ; — at once a thousand shields
 Are lifted to protect Cambyfes' son,
 A thousand spears are pointed at his life.
 Soon disentangled from his dying steed,
 He mounts Araspes' horse, and fir'd with rage,
 Seeks the Assassin, who already dies
 Beneath the force of Aglaitadas' arm.
 Meanwhile the 'frighted Cappadocians fly

Before the fury of the Persian troops.
 The golden eagle on a lance display'd,
 Borne by Pheraules, triumphs o'er the plain.
 The conquering Prince pursues the routed crew—
 Again they turn ; beneath his conquering sword
 Arifbus dies ; a shower of Phrygian darts
 At once are pointed to revenge his fall :
 Nor harmless do they fly, the noble breast
 Of Asiadatas meets a deadly wound,
 And good Andranicus resigns his breath.

With Cyrus is the Mede Araspes seen,
 Who prodigal of life, to danger blind,
 And with a gen'rous emulation fir'd,
 Amid the thickest of the battle moves,
 Dealing destruction from his desperate sword.
 Beneath his hand, the proud Gabeus falls,
 (A Phrygian Satrap dear to Lydia's King ;)
 Hyrantes aims a javelin at his head—
 The wary Mede avoids the flying dart,
 And with his sword concludes Hyrantes' life.
 Fierce Megabyzus dares to single fight
 The Prince of Persia, but receives a wound
 (Which ends his boastings.) From the pow'rful arm
 Of Cyrus, in dismay the squadron flies,
 And mixes with the troops by Cræsus led.

The Lydian King with anxious thought, looks round
 To find Gabeus ; he already feels
 How small the advantage of superior force,
 When match'd with men of such undaunted souls,
 Determin'd either to succeed, or die.
 Already he beholds Clytander bleed
 Beneath the edge of Arasambas' sword,

Who red with wounds, upon a heap of slain,
 Still deals around his never-erring blows.
 Pierc'd by an arrow, brave Themocles dies,
 Who yields the standard to Damatas' hand.
 By Harpagus, he sees Zorantes slain,
 (The noble parent of a blooming race,
 Who with their wretched mother, on the banks
 Of the Mœander, shall lament his fate.)
 Swift to revenge his death, Corantes sends
 His erring lance, which grazes on the side
 Of good Rathonices, rever'd and lov'd
 In Ecbatana.—(At the splendid court
 Of Media's sovereign, his example led
 The youthful courtiers into virtue's paths ;
 Cyaxares his great perfections own'd,
 And Cyrus knew the valour of his soul.)
 Impatient to preserve his wounded friend
 From farther harm, the brave Rambaccas flies,
 And aims his javelin at Corantes' breast ;
 The dart, obedient to his master's will,
 Between his neck and throat a passage found.

Thambrydas' spear, thro' Micio's better arm,
 Remain'd transfix'd ; he drew it out with care,
 But still the barbed point was left behind ;
 Fainting with pain, he from the field retir'd,
 While terror thro' the Lydian legion spreads.
 The Persian Artabatas meets his death
 From an Assyrian dart. Timanthes falls
 Beneath the prowess of Gadates' arm.
 Nor less success on Gobrias' sword attends ;
 Seldom it strikes in vain — Pheraules' spear
 Transfixes proud Acanthes to the ground ;
 Acanthes ! ruler of a rich domain,

Where innocence and virtue long had groan'd
 Beneath the tyranny of lawless power.
 He now too late, perceives the little use
 Of wealth and honours in the hour of death.
 His name, (which once inspir'd his slaves with awe,)
 His pomp, ambition, luxury, and pride,
 His worldly consequence, his dream of power
 Subsides ; and shews him what he really is,
 A wretch unpitied, doom'd to die among
 Those honest foldiers, whom an hour before,
 He deign'd not to converse with ; what imports
 Authority and pride, in such a time,
 When ev'ry earthly vanity must end ?
 Death hears not of distinction ; in the grave
 The rich, the poor, one common fate partake.
 The dying Satrap feels this dreadful truth,
 It galls his parting soul ; his gnashing teeth,
 His rolling eyes, confess his agony
 Of mind, as well as body. Secretly
 He envys now the meanest peasant's lot,
 Curses ambition, and with groans expires.

A javelin glanc'd on Artabazus' arm,
 And mark'd its way with blood. The Persian turn'd,
 And darting on his foe with sudden force,
 Full on his head discharg'd his pond'rous sword ;
 His casque divides, his skull admits the blade,
 And on the earth a lifeless corse he lies.

This direful devastation Cræsus sees,
 And struggles thro' the crowd ; his active soul
 Condemns the Prince of Babylon (whose sloth
 Detains him in his tent, and makes him prove
 A tame spectator of the dubious fight.)

To meet with Cyrus is the Lydian's wish,
 Fierce as a lion roaring for his prey,
 He rushes thro' the throng. He calls aloud,
 Defies the Persian hero to engage
 With him in single combat ; but his words
 Are lost amid the horrid din of war.
 At distance Cyrus, with the Assyrians tries
 The fortune of his sword, and makes them fly
 In dire confusion, o'er the Thymbrian plain.

Cræsus enrag'd, and grieving for the loss
 Of brave Gabeus, is resolv'd to wreak
 His fury on the Persians, who oppose
 His passage thro' their ranks. His glitt'ring sword,
 He proudly waves, and swears to mow his way
 Till Cyrus meets his fight — the troops resist
 His furious onset ; by his pow'rful arm
 The valiant Artacamas dies. Where'er
 He aims his angry blows, dispensing death,
 The groans and cries of slaughter'd men are heard.
 At length Chryfantes comes to the relief
 Of drooping Persia. By his mighty arm
 He checks the hopes of Cræsus. Baffled thus
 In all his expectations, Lydia's King
 Directs his javelin at Chryfantes' breast.
 The dart, (as loath to rob the Persian realm
 Of such an hero, yet averse to prove
 Entirely disobedient to its Prince,)
 Pierc'd thro' Chryfantes' arm, and stood transfix'd
 Among the flesh. The warrior with disdain
 Drew forth the spear, and with impetuous force
 Hurl'd it indignant at the Lydian's head.
 The wary Cræsus disappoints his foe—
 He steps aside, and in Menalcas' throat

The javelin rests — throughout the Persian ranks
 Dismay appears ; they tremble for the chief,
 Who careless of his wound, despises pain,
 And rushes on to danger. Then perhaps
 Had ended his existence, since (beset
 By Lydians) he encounter'd men, who gain'd
 New hopes and vigour from the sight of blood
 Which trickled from his wound ; but Persia's Prince
 Hastes with a squadron to assist his friend.
 The sudden sight of Cyrus and his band,
 At once strikes terror on the foe. They turn,
 They fly beneath the fury of his sword.
 In vain their King conjures them to oppose
 The strength of Persia, he in vain desires
 To try the force of Cyrus' valiant arm,
 Amidst the tumult, he is torn away
 Against his will, far from the conqu'ring chief.
 He raves, implores, commands, but all in vain ;
 Forc'd to retreat, and yet averse to yield,
 Far o'er the plain the Lydian army flies,
 Pursu'd by their victorious enemy.

Meantime the King of Susa, who perceiv'd
 That victory now hung in doubtful scales,
 (Since Egypt's sons preserv'd their stated ground,
 Tho' Lydia fled before Cambyfes' son,
 And fought the gates of Sardis,) judg'd it time
 To lend his aid, and by one glorious deed
 Compel the Egyptians to submit, or fly.
 First to the Assyrians with impetuous force,
 His armed chariots he opposes — soon
 The troops derang'd, in great disorder haste
 Towards Balthazar's tent ; their Prince partakes
 The common terror, with the rest he flies,

In wild confusion from the Thymbrian field,
 And with the remnant of his soldiers, seeks
 For refuge, in the walls of Babylon.
 The valiant Abradates turns his view
 To where the brave Egyptian phalanx stood.
 He rushes to the trial, with the scythes
 His cruel chariots force a passage thro'
 Expiring men, and living combatants.
 Resistless in his power, he drives his steeds,
 With unremitted fury ; groans and cries,
 Attend the havock of his car. But still
 The fierce Egyptians will not quit the field ;
 Still they oppose themselves, and cluster round,
 Forming a barrier to those murd'rous wheels : —
 Resolv'd to perish in the great attempt
 To raise their country's fame, and to avenge
 Themselves if possible, on Sufa's Prince,
 Compactly in a body they sustain
 The dreadful trial ; Abradates strives
 In vain, to break their ranks — he yet pursues
 His way with unavailing violence.
 As one is slain, another takes his place,
 And swears he will not quit th' ensanguin'd ground.
 Clog'd with a hill of dead and living men,
 Th' unequal ground is fatal to the hopes
 Of Abradates, and his gallant friends.
 Their chariots thus encumber'd, overturn ;
 The 'frighted steeds, a thousand different ways
 With headlong fury plunge ; the pointed wheels
 Confound their masters with the Egyptians dead,
 And hew a passage thro' the bloody field :
 Not one among those valiant chiefs remain'd
 To mourn the fortune of their honour'd Lord.
 Mix'd with their slaughter'd foes the Sufians lie,

By their own instruments of mischief slain ;
 While the Egyptians, whom the war had spar'd,
 Bemoan'd their comrades, and prepar'd for death.—

The Prince of Persia, as his troops pursu'd
 The flying Lydians, from his speed relax'd
 To see if yet upon the Thymbrian plain,
 Or friends, or foes remain'd. Already far
 His steed had borne him from the dismal scene
 Of Abradates' death. In eager haste
 He mounts a turret, (by the Lydians rais'd
 To overlook the distant country.) Thence
 He sees Chryfantes and his conquering bands,
 Pursuing Crœsus to the Sardian gates,
 (Whom soon he means to follow.) Then directs
 His eyes toward the west, and there descries,
 Collected on a little eminence,
 The small remains of Egypt's warlike sons.
 They, in a circle form'd, disdain'g flight,
 Under the shelter of their bucklers sat,
 Devoted unto death — in gen'rous souls
 A secret sympathy is found : these men
 So resolutely brave, compassion claim'd
 And reverence, even from their enemy ;
 In haste the Persian chief, a herald sent
 To offer peace. Respectfully they hear,
 But thus reply : “ In firm allegiance bound
 “ With Lydia's sovereign, we are doom'd to share
 “ His fortune, rather than desert his cause.
 “ And tarnish our renown ; we only wait
 “ To learn his destiny. If fate ordains
 “ A shameful bondage to the Lydian King,
 “ Escaping slavery by each other's hand,

“ Egyptia’s veterans will be proud to die.
 “ But since the Persian Prince thus condescends
 “ To treat with men, abandon’d and forlorn,
 “ Our grateful thanks we pray thee to repeat,
 “ And bear this answer to Cambyfes’ fon.

“ If he expects, we should consent to live,
 “ And mix our laurels with an olive wreath,
 “ Let him not think, thus humbled as we are,
 “ That *one* amongst our band will ever raise
 “ His arm against the fovereign, unto whom
 “ He vow’d allegiance : neither can we bear
 “ The fhame of fervitude. If Cyrus means
 “ A life combin’d with *flavery* to beftow,
 “ We must refuse his gift — if *liberty*
 “ He deigns to grant, we fhall accept the terms,
 “ And while we praise the gen’rous Prince, by whom
 “ We are to freedom’s facred rights reftor’d,
 “ We fhall reflect with joy our lives were gain’d,
 “ By no ignoble terms ; and while we take
 “ The honourable boon by Perfia given,
 “ Truth fhall declare that Egypt’s fons preferv’d
 “ Their oaths unbroken, tho’ the Lydians fled.”

They faid ; the herald to the Prince returns,
 And bears their answer. Cyrus, charm’d to find
 Such noble sentiments among his foes,
 Approves their honourable terms — confents
 To let them feek the borders of the Nile,
 Rather than ftay to gaze on Lydia’s fhame ;
 This one concession only he demands,
 That ne’er again they fhall in arms be feen
 Among the enemies of Perfia’s realm.

This done — the hero leaves the Thymbrian plain,
 And enters Sardis. There, his victory
 Is made compleat — and Crœsus, (now no more
 The sovereign of adoring myriads,) bends
 Beneath his brighter fortune ; from the throne
 Of Lydia fall'n, he is ordain'd to bear
 The vile condition of a slave :—To look
 For benefits from that victorious hand
 Which gave him chains, to own the lenity
 And virtues of a man, by whose exploits
 He lost the diadem, and sunk from pomp
 To mean dependence. He forebodes his fate
 A prelude to Balthazar's destiny,
 Who in his palace thinks himself secure :
 Forgetful of the past, in luxury
 And wine, he drives dejection from his breast ;
 Regardless of the future, he neglects
 The little time ordain'd for his defence—
 Soon, shall his dissipation have an end,
 Soon, must he pay for his enormous crimes.
 Justice will scourge the pride of Babylon,
 Cyrus, and vengeance, will demand his life.

 BOOK THE SEVENTH.

SOON as the sun had gone his daily course,
 And solemn silence on the Thymbrian plain
 Succeeded to the dreadful din of war ;
 While Ariamne and Zulmina pray'd,
 And weary'd with fatigue Cardouchus flept,
 Apart the Queen of Susa thus her slave
 (The faithful Phronia !) secretly address'd :

- “ Oh ! tell me, wherefore should we linger here ?
 “ As if, beyond the fate that may attend
 “ Those whom we live to love, there was a fear
 “ To startle Nature ! every care of mine
 “ Is center'd in my Abradates' life ;
 “ And shall I dread what may become of me ?
 “ Shall I from selfish cowardice, avoid
 “ A share of danger ? see the rising moon,
 “ Sheds silver streaks upon the face of night.
 “ Soon will her beams with awful majesty
 “ Display the horrors of the Thymbrian field.
- “ By watching, and anxiety oppress'd,
 “ Sleep for a moment has the eyelids clos'd
 “ Of our appointed guardian. Occupy'd

“ By their devotions, our companions pass
 “ The hours in contemplation, tears, and prayer.
 “ O Phronia! gentle maid, wilt thou partake
 “ Panthea’s danger? — let us steal away,
 “ And see if yet a Persian can be found,
 “ To tell the fortune of our friends. Alas!
 “ If Cyrus and his army are no more,
 “ We can but meet those foes upon the field,
 “ Who if we linger will surprize us here.
 “ And if they live — ye gods! why fit we thus?
 “ Anticipating grief, and dead to joy!”

She said. To her the mournful slave reply’d:
 “ The thought is not unpleasing to my soul,
 “ But fear destroys the promises of hope,
 “ And fills my bosom with timidity.
 “ Most honour’d mistress! if among the slain
 “ Thy valiant Abradates should appear,
 “ In spite of all thy courage, thou wilt fall
 “ A martyr to the shock: or if perchance
 “ Assyrian hands shou’d take us by surprize,
 “ And bear thee to their King, what grief, what shame,
 “ What torments would be thine — the tyrant’s heart,
 “ Which often has confess’d Panthea’s charms,
 “ Will court thee with the lawless voice of love,
 “ Insult thy virtue, and despise thy tears;
 “ Whilst Abradates for thy loss will mourn,
 “ And blame the rashness that provok’d thy fate.
 “ Yet, oh my Princess! if thou art resolv’d
 “ (As most I guess by thy determin’d brow,)
 “ To dare the perils of th’ ensanguin’d plain,
 “ Thou shalt not go alone; my faithful steps
 “ Shall follow thine — if death or bonds ensue,
 “ ’Twill be my glory to partake thy doom.”

She ending wept, as tho' her heart prefag'd
 The sad catastrophe of Sufa's Lord ;
 Yet was Panthea fix'd in her design,
 Sick of fufpence, impatient of delay.
 Disguis'd in fervile garments, o'er their heads
 Their veils they caft, and undiscover'd ftray'd
 Along the fatal field. The filver moon
 Expos'd the various horrors of the fcene,
 And foon Panthea mark'd the regal car,
 Whereon her Abradates ſhe beheld
 That very morn, in all the brilliant pride
 Of youth, of grace, and confcious dignity.—
 (This was a fight, to make her blood run cold,
 And ev'ry limb relaxing from its ftrength,
 Refufe affiftance to her trembling frame.)
 The vital heat fled from her timid breaft,
 And terror with an hafty hand defpoil'd
 Her cheeks of all their bloom ; ſhe ſtrove to ſpeak,
 But found no language equal to exprefs
 The feelings of her heart. Awhile ſhe ſtood
 As mute and motionlefs as the fair form
 Of Medicean Venus, while her flave
 Participates her fears, and begs in vain
 To guide her to Cardouchus' care, forbodes
 A thouſand evils, and implores the Gods
 To ſhield Panthea's boſom from diſpair.
 Her pray'rs are fruitlefs, to thé winds alone
 Her words are giv'n — they pierce the ambient air,
 But do not reach the ear of Sufa's Queen.
 Deaf to her voice, ſhe only caſts aſide
 Lethargic horror, to experience pangs
 Of moſt acute diſtreſs, and frantic fear ;
 Wild with her terror, o'er the plain the flies,
 And calls for Abradates ; none appear

To answer her enquiry — with her shrieks
 She wakes the distant echo, which repeats
 His name belov'd — thro' all the dreadful scene
 She passes — walks among her murder'd friends,
 And those who were her foes ; with dread surveys
 The faces of the dead, and fears to meet
 That which she knew, and lov'd so well — at last
 She finds the object of her search. But how?
 How does she find him ? cover'd o'er with wounds ;
 His manly limbs hew'd by the cruel scythe,
 His face disfigur'd with a mask of blood,
 But still superior to disguise. His sword,
 His vest, his scarf, his armour, leave no doubt]
 For the expiring hopes of Sufa's Queen.
 In silent horror she suspends the force
 Of frantic fury. Certainty appears
 In dreadful garb array'd, and anguish, keen
 And terrible, usurp'd that tender heart,
 Ordain'd this worst of trials to endure.
 She read her fortune in her hero's wounds —
 A little pause ensued, a little space
 For Nature to respire, her very soul
 Appears collected in her speaking eyes,
 And riveted upon the mangled form,
 Of him so late the noblest of his kind.
 At length a sudden shower of tears descend,
 To wash the blood from his ensanguin'd face ;
 Her voice regains its function, weeping still,
 She thus addresses the disfigur'd corse :

“ O Abradates ! are we thus to meet ?

“ Why did not everlasting night enshroud

“ Thy wretched wife from this heart-piercing sight !

“ This tragic truth which harrows up my soul!
 “ In this sad hour, my sanguine hopes descend
 “ From the fair prospect of an happy life,
 “ To thy untimely grave, the only place
 “ Where my afflicted heart can find repose.

“ Oh best belov’d! it is my cruel fate
 “ To live and see this change — no more thine eyes
 “ Which once diffus’d such cheerfulness and love,
 “ Behold the tears that flow so fast from mine.
 “ No more those lips, (which could so well persuade,)
 “ Express the dictates of thy virtuous soul.
 “ Alas, my hero! thou art chang’d indeed,
 “ Yet I, remain the same!” — she said, and sunk
 In anguish by his side; but soon resum’d
 The melancholy theme.

“ Oh day accurs’d!

“ When Abradates join’d the Persian arms.
 “ I was the cause that brought him here — his blood
 “ Has paid my ransom: — henceforth I abjure
 “ The bauble honour; — (An affected name
 “ Which men bestow on rigid servitude,
 “ On hard conditions which embitter life.)
 “ Must we be slaves unto the world’s opinion,
 “ And sport with life to win a day’s renown?
 “ Must fame be purchas’d by illustrious blood?
 “ A waste of years, of happiness, and love?
 “ Fame is a tyrant, cruel and unjust,
 “ Who takes too great exaction for her smiles,
 “ Nor pays us for our losses. Oh my Prince!
 “ If I could call thy spirit back to life,
 “ And see it animate thy senseless frame,
 “ Here wou’d I pass the remnant of my days,

“ Inglorious, poor, sequester'd from the world,
 “ And only known by my regard for thee.

“ Ah! barb'rous *War!* to whom a life more dear
 “ To me, than all this ample globe contains
 “ Is made a sacrifice ; ah fatal hour !
 “ In which the Persian took me for his prize
 “ More fatal hour when Abradates came !—
 “ Wretch that I am ! if he had lov'd me less,
 “ Or if the spark of honour had refus'd
 “ To warm his gen'rous breast, he had remain'd
 “ Safe in Imperial Sufa's happy walls,
 “ Far from Panthea, and destructive war.
 “ If by captivity, I had forseen
 “ How much I might have added to his life,
 “ With tears of joy I had bedew'd my chains,
 “ And for his sake, my want of freedom blest:

“ Phronia ! thou virtuous, ever faithful maid !
 “ Our partnership in sorrow now is o'er.
 “ I leave thee far behind. Receive my thanks
 “ For all thy friendship to a wretched Queen.
 “ Thy duty, thy affection, claims reward.
 “ Cyrus I trust, (if yet the Prince survives,)
 “ Will give thee freedom for Panthea's sake.
 “ One last request I make thee, lend thine aid
 “ To lift my Abradates from the earth,
 “ And lay him on the car, where late he rode.
 “ Help me to guide the steeds unto the banks
 “ Of fam'd Pactolus, on whose golden sands
 “ I will deposit my lamented Lord,
 “ And wath his wounds in the pellucid stream.
 “ Let me at least a gleam of comfort prove,

“ In paying all those proper obsequies,
 “ Which decent care, and pious love demand.”

She said ; obedient to her voice, the maid
 With trembling hands assists the mournful Queen,
 And guides the car towards Pactolus' stream.

Meantime, the Prince of Persia gaining time
 To rest from conquest, of his friends inquir'd
 Whether among the victims of the war,
 He many chiefs must mourn. Pheraules spake,
 And told him what the voice of fame declar'd
 Concerning Abradates. Cyrus heard
 The tale with horror, then reflects on *her*
 Whose peace depended on her husband's life.
 He fears the news precipitately told
 May drive her to despair, and thinks it meet
 He shou'd prevent th' appearance of neglect,
 By hastening in her presence to lament
 Th' illustrious chief, and to his manes pay
 All regal honours, and funereal pomp.
 Anxious for her, he mounts his glitt'ring car,
 Retires from Sardis' conquer'd citadel,
 And measures back his way to Thymbria's plain.
 Araspes by his side dejected rode,
 His soul with sympathetic sorrow fill'd,
 Not for a *rival*, but an *hero* lost.
 Yet love amidst his gen'rous grief reviv'd,
 And whisper'd, “ there may be a time ordain'd,
 “ When sorrow and regret shall lose their power,
 “ And persevering love obtain success.”

Lo ! on Pactolus' banks, the fair they found
 Immers'd in sadness — on the earth she sat,

With Abradates' head upon her knee,
 All horribly disfigur'd — by her side
 The faithful Phronia in her sorrow shar'd.
 With admiration and compassion mov'd,
 The virtuous Prince awhile in silence stood
 At a respectful distance: He survey'd
 The end of human greatness, sanguine hope,
 And earthly happiness — his tears confess'd
 The sensibility that warm'd his heart.
 Tho' crown'd with conquest, from his slaves he turn'd,
 And by the softer claims of friendship urg'd,
 Mourn'd on the plain of victory. The skies
 (Where dawning day had scarce begun to peep,)
 Seem'd in the semblance of dejection clad,
 As tho' infected by Panthea's grief.
 The canopy of heaven, so late adorn'd
 With Luna's orb, and all the glitt'ring train
 Of stars, (which in the clearest night are seen,)
 Now was obscur'd by clouds of sable hue.—
 Still over the reliques of her murder'd Lord,
 Immoveable, the lovely widow hung,
 And brooded over grief: the bloom had fled,
 And left the lilly on her cheek. She seem'd
 No more the dazzling beauty they had known,
 But look'd the shade of what she was before.

(So have I seen reclin'd upon a tomb
 A monumental form, whose marble face
 Presents a type of woe, and seems to say
 “ Here lies the treasure which was once my own.”)

The Mede with steps irresolute and slow
 Approaching, thus address'd the wretched Queen:

“ Unhappy Princess! may a friend presume
 “ To breathe his wishes for thy safety? see
 “ The black’ning clouds portend a rising storm!
 “ And wilt thou cruelly expose thyself,
 “ To the inclement skies? alas! since tears,
 “ Since all this vast effusion of distress,
 “ Avails not to recall the mighty soul
 “ Of thy brave Lord, in pity to thy friends,
 “ Preserve thyself, and bow to heav’n’s decree.”

Starting, she thus replies; “ Araspes! where,
 “ Where shall Panthea fly? can I forget
 “ What I have been, and what I now shou’d be?
 “ Can I avoid my thoughts? or calm the grief
 “ That rages in my bosom? what is all
 “ The storm of winds, compar’d to that which rends
 “ Panthea’s heart. Because my hero lies
 “ Depriv’d of sense, must I too, senseless prove?
 “ And cease to love, because he ceas’d to live?
 “ I lov’d him present — absent he’s the same;
 “ I love him dead, and to this mangled corse
 “ Am wedded still; deny me not the means
 “ Whereby I live—if parted from my Lord,
 “ That moment will my loath’d existence end.”

She said, and wept — Cambyfes’ son address’d
 The mourner thus: “ From victory and fame,
 “ I turn, O Princess! to humanity,
 “ And loath the conquest which demands thy tears.
 “ Assisting Cyrus, Abradates’ fell,
 “ And to his memory I wish to pay
 “ Respectful homage. This event impairs
 “ The sweets of victory, it bids me mourn,
 “ And with my laurel, twines a cypress wreath:

“ It keeps my heart suspended, ’twixt the scales
 “ Of keen affliction, and triumphant joy ;
 “ Each in their turn possess my troubled breast,
 “ And make me in the midst of glory’s path
 “ Look back to Abradates—and repine.
 “ My conquest is by much too dearly gain’d,
 “ Since Sufa’s monarch is the sacrifice.
 “ Let me with every regal honour grace
 “ The hero’s last remains — whatever part
 “ Of Asia thou wilt name, I there shall send
 “ Thy Abradates ; there erect his tomb,
 “ Or on this spot a monument will raise
 “ Where future ages may his story read.
 “ Look up, imperial mourner ! speak thy wish,
 “ And Cyrus will obey ; depend on me
 “ For pity and protection. I will guard,
 “ And with a brother’s care conduct thee home ;
 “ Whilst Phronia, unto liberty restor’d,
 “ Still on thy steps shall faithfully attend.”

Here Cyrus paus’d, expecting her reply :
 When the unhappy Princess thus began :

“ My thanks, O Cyrus ! and my prayers are thine :
 “ May Oromazes bless thee with content,
 “ Prosperity and health, connubial love,
 “ And popular esteem.—Thou eastern star !
 “ To whom adoring nations shall appeal
 “ For justice and protection, whose bright fame
 “ Shall o’er the *Asiatic* world diffuse
 “ Immortal lustre, be it still thy care
 “ Amidst thy conquests to be merciful,
 “ Virtuously brave, and to thy captives kind ;
 “ That so the Persians may revere thy name,
 “ And Cyrus be confess’d the *first of men* ;

“ Enobled more by his intrinsic worth,
 “ Than by th’ hereditary diadem
 “ Decreed in future days to grace his brow.—
 “ Leave me, I pray thee! to compose my soul ;
 “ And when the hour of death and rest is come,
 “ Oh! let me lie within the sepulchre
 “ Where Abradates is decreed to sleep.—
 “ To this dear faithful maid, that freedom give,
 “ Which thou hast offer’d to Panthea. Soon
 “ As I can recollect my troubled thoughts,
 “ Will I inform thee, Cyrus! of the place
 “ I most desire to seek. Go, virtuous Prince!
 “ Go with Araspes from this scene of woe.
 “ Zulmina pines, and mourns her absent Lord,
 “ (Uncertain of his fate) — her aged Sire,
 “ The duteous Ariamne longs to greet ;
 “ Ah! let not thy compassion for my fate
 “ Prolong their anxious hours ; from sad suspense
 “ Relieve their minds. Repose and solitude
 “ Is the best remedy for hearts like mine,
 “ Pierc’d with regret, and destin’d to despair.
 “ Some small indulgence to my griefs allow,
 “ And let me unmolested weep and pray.”

She said ;—Araspes with reluctance leaves
 The hapless Queen, and on his Prince attends ;
 (Distrustful, anxious, yet afraid to stay
 Left his intrusion shou’d unwelcome prove.)
 Oft he looks back, and gazes on the fair,
 Oft recommends her to the care of heaven ;
 With steps irresolute and slow, obeys
 The Prince, yet leaves his captive heart behind :
 But ere they join’d Cardouchus on the plain,
 (Who stray’d to find the lovely fugitive,)

She snatch'd a dagger, in her robe conceal'd,
 And plung'd it deep within her snowy breast.
 In vain th' affrighted Phronia, to prevent
 Her purpose strove, in vain with shrieks implor'd
 Each deity to save her dying Queen;
 Rejoicing, by her husband's side she fell,
 There breath'd a prayer — and with a smile expir'd.

Here ends the Muse — a genius more enlarg'd,
 Refin'd and perfect, is requir'd to sing
 The fame of Cyrus, in those great exploits
 To which his conquest on the Thymbrian plain
 Was but a prelude. The unhappy doom
 Of these illustrious *Lovers* checks her pen,
 And bids her to the sister Muses fly;
 Who may attune their lyres, in symphony
 Celestial, to record th' untimely fate
 Of Abradates and Panthea.—There
 In solemn dirges, shall Calliope
 With Polyhymnia, chaunt their virtuous loves,
 Extol *his* valour, and describe *her* charms;
 Whilst Clio's pen shall eternize their names,
 And ev'ry Love, and ev'ry Muse, combine
 To deck their urns, and to record their praise.

E R R A T A.

Page	line		read
8	27	for <i>moved</i> ,	<i>moves</i> .
—	—	<i>appear'd</i> ,	<i>appears</i> .
10	33	<i>dangers</i> ,	<i>danger</i> .
11	31	<i>dislant</i> ,	<i>distant</i> .
17	29	<i>and</i> ,	<i>grown</i> .
18	2	<i>Thymbæa</i> ,	<i>Thymbria</i> .
19	5	<i>flies</i> ,	<i>flies</i> .
22	2	<i>Hytaspes</i> ,	<i>Hystaspes</i> .
31	4	<i>shape</i> ,	<i>form</i> .
38	25	<i>know</i> ,	<i>knew</i> .
43	1	<i>Cayster</i> ,	<i>Cäyster</i> .
—	27	<i>Cræsus</i> ,	<i>Cræsus</i> .
44	12	<i>cruet</i> ,	<i>cruel</i> .
52	22	<i>on</i> ,	<i>in</i> .
54	1	<i>Gobras</i> ,	<i>Gobrias</i> .
57	3	<i>bear</i> ,	<i>hold</i> .
58	26	<i>resentments have</i> ,	<i>resentment has</i> .
61	1	<i>the 6th and 7th inverted commas should be erased</i> .	
—	16	<i>this line should be erased</i> .	
62	17	<i>dangers</i> ,	<i>danger</i> .
69	4	<i>Paplagonia</i> ,	<i>Paphlagonia</i> .
79	13	<i>honour</i> ,	<i>honours</i> ,
80	20	<i>and</i> ,	<i>clad</i> ,
81	18	<i>Eolus</i> ,	<i>Æolus</i> .
82	31	<i>radiant</i> ,	<i>speaking</i> .
—	33	<i>temperence</i> ,	<i>temperance</i> .
83	11	<i>reclusely</i> ,	<i>obscurely</i> .
85	25	{ <i>was</i> ,	<i>is</i> .
		{ <i>and</i> ,	<i>the</i> .
		{ <i>appear'd</i> ,	<i>appears</i> .
86	16	<i>best of treasures</i> ,	<i>dearest treasure</i> .
91	20	<i>inglorious</i> ,	<i>insidious</i> .
93	1	<i>flow</i> ,	<i>slow</i> .
94	17	<i>Hamorrhöis</i> ,	<i>Hæmorrhöis</i> .
95	33	<i>hearts</i> ,	<i>those</i> .
96	5	<i>receives a cordial blessing of</i> ,	<i>receives a cordial blessing from</i> .
103	22	<i>inspire</i> ,	<i>direct</i> .
107	16	<i>unenperienc'd</i> ,	<i>inexperienc'd</i> .
109	22	<i>wrap'd</i> ,	<i>wrapp'd</i> .
146	10	<i>hew'd</i> .	<i>hewn</i> .
—	26	<i>descend</i> ,	<i>descends</i> .



TELEMACHUS.

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LONDON :

SOLD BY

LEIGH and SOTHEBY, York Street, Covent Garden ;

T. PAYNE, at the Mews Gate ;

AND

J. ROBSON, in Bond Street.

1794.

TO THE READER,

THIS Poem was first written in the year 1779, though some additions have since been made to it. The Authorefs hopes the poetical license she has taken in introducing a few passages different from Fenelon, will be excused.

E R R A T A.

Page	line	
7	20	<i>no stop after the word groves.</i>
12	14	for <i>Semilè</i> read <i>Semelè</i> .
24	29	for <i>paths</i> ; read <i>path</i> .
26	26	for <i>gentle</i> read <i>gentler</i> .
32	12	<i>a fall stop after joy.</i>
—	16	<i>no comma after suppress.</i>
44	9	<i>a semicolon after Thee.</i>
47	12	for <i>Thee</i> read <i>His</i> .
71	31	for <i>depair</i> read <i>despair</i> .
—	29	<i>a semicolon after speak.</i>
76	10	for <i>dare to</i> read <i>bids me</i> .
—	12	<i>a semicolon after heaven.</i>

STILL on the margin of the shore reclin'd,
 Calypso watch'd the changes of the wind ;
 Still hope, (enchanting hope ! the wretch's friend,) }
 Whispers that Æolus his gales will lend,
 And to the isle again Ulysses send.
 Still o'er the rugged cliff the goddess bow'd,
 Still hung enamour'd o'er the raging flood.
 Like a strong rock, (that baffling ev'ry storm,
 Maintains its basis, and preserves its form,)
 She bears the lightnings of Imperial Jove,
 Nor heeds his awful thunder from above ;
 Scorns to avoid the elemental strife,
 And only trembles for Ulysses' life.

Arising from the deep, Latona's son
 Beholds the mourner on the beach alone —
 When to the west he downward drives his car,
 Surpriz'd, he still observes the Goddess there.
 The Nymphs and Tritons by the moon's pale ray,
 The sorrows of the hapless Queen survey,
 At distance, (with their sea-green rushes crown'd,)
 They hear her breathe a melancholy sound,
 The echo of the woods repeats her moan,
 And in Ulysses' name her love is known.

A Nereid oft would Thetis' message tell,
 Soft murm'ring thus from her resounding cell :
 “ Yet doth thy breast refuse the balm of peace ?
 “ When will thy passion and thy sorrows cease ?
 “ Say, Thetis' daughter ! wilt thou ever mourn
 “ For *him*, who is to distant climates borne ?

“ Must Cynthia’s silver beam, and Phœbus’ ray,
 “ Behold thee weep all night, and watch all day?
 “ Here wilt thou vainly for Ulysses wait,
 “ And make this cliff thine everlasting feat ? ”

Yet, o’er the changing tides the Goddess bow’d,
 Still, hung enamour’d o’er the raging flood.
 Since cruel gales the lov’d Ulysses bore,
 From fair Ogygia’s ever fruitful shore,
 Her eyes are to that farthest point confin’d,
 Where his white sails disporting in the wind,
 She last perceiv’d ;—a momentary view !
 But yet her fancy can his course pursue ;
 Still, her deluded eyes the vessel sees,
 Still, are its sails distended with the breeze,
 (So fancy flatters, and so love decrees !)
 No more the grotto with her voice resounds,
 No more delighted to the chace she bounds ;
 Her Nymphs, (an idle melancholy train,)
 At awful distance wait, nor dare complain :
 On the rude cliff she chose her bleak abode,
 Far from the myrtle bower, or palmy wood.
 At length, recumbent on the billowy tide,
 A scatter’d wreck, her piercing eyes descry’d ;—
 With the huge waves two human figures strove,
 (So will’d the daughter of Imperial Jove.)
 One frothy surge came dashing to the strand,
 And bore them forward to an hostile land ;
 A second mountain rush’d upon the rear,
 Whelm’d in whose waters they retreat afar ;
 Backward, within the rolling wave they go,
 To an immeasurable depth below,
 Yet rise again from the abyss beneath,
 Half drown’d, emerging from the jaws of death.

At last, they on Calypso's coast were driv'n,
Such was the will of Pallas, and of heav'n.

The Goddeſs ſaw, and ſtarting from her ſeat,
Advanc'd, the wretches with a frown to meet.
To mortal kind inflexibly averſe,
Like Circe cruel — like Medea fierce ;
To all, but lov'd Ulyſſes, ſhe deny'd
The boon of life, and gave them to the tide.
As the keen vulture (when it ſoars above
The riſing ſky-lark, or the timid dove,)
Surveys with greedy eye the prey beneath,
And darting downward, meditates their death ;
So now Calypſo, with malicious joy,
Approach'd, the hope of ſafety to deſtroy ;
With an inſulting air the ſuppliants met,
Who bent the knee, and worſhip'd at her feet.
At once the proſtrate *youth* attracts her eyes,
She ſees his beauty with a dumb ſurprize,
Still gazes on, till paſt a doubt ſhe knew,
That Ulyſſean features met her view.
So like he was to him ſhe hourly mourn'd,
He ſeem'd like Ithacus himſelf return'd ;
Tho' brighter bloom upon his cheek was ſeen,
And gayer youth adorn'd his comely mien :
His friend, the ſage companion of his way,
Seem'd worn with toil, and venerably gray.
(Such was the form, beneath whoſe coarſe diſguiſe,
Minerva's ſelf, a faithful guardian, lies.)

Oh love ! thou hero of the poet's ſongs,
To thy deſigns unbounded power belongs,
Swift as the lightning glances thro' the ſkies,
Thy arrows fly from beauty's radiant eyes ;

Inspir'd by *thee*, they pierce the human heart,
 And Nature trembles, while she feels the dart.
 A moment's space decrees whole years of pain,
 While reason combats with our hopes in vain,

Calypso's heart the sudden influence prov'd,
 She gaz'd with wonder — and with joy was mov'd ;
 Yet she awhile her gentle thoughts suppress'd,
 And feigning rage, the list'ning pair address'd :

“ Wretches, avaunt ! nor dare to tread this ground,
 “ This sea-girt land, by Atlas' daughter own'd :
 “ Say, wherefore sought ye the Ogygian coast,
 “ Where gallant ships have been so often lost ?
 “ Reveal your errand, and your rank declare,
 “ From whence ye are, and what the names ye bear.”
 Gazing she paus'd: Telemachus replies,
 And to the Nymph directs his piercing eyes.

“ Goddess! (for such thy form avers thou art,)
 “ Are tales of sorrow soothing to thy heart ?
 “ Dost thou desire to know from whom I spring ?—
 “ Behold the son of an ill-fortun'd King !
 “ To seek my Sire, I spread my swelling sails,
 “ And courted, (not in vain,) propitious gales,
 “ Good omens hovering in the air appear'd,
 “ Above the mast flew Jove's Imperial bird ;
 “ But Neptune secretly our woes design'd,
 “ And soon assail'd us with an adverse wind :
 “ In vain our helm the frighted pilot guides,
 “ The boiling ocean all his skill derides ;
 “ The nimble sailors climb along the mast,
 “ Furl the wide sail, and moor the ship in haste,

“ (Left in approaching to an unknown land,
 “ Her keel shou’d strike upon some fatal sand;) }
 “ But uselefs all their art,—they drop in vain
 “ The crooked anchor in the treach’rous main;
 “ Far from the purpos’d latitude we go—
 “ In vain the master steers, the seamen row,
 “ Whilst angry billows foam, and lash the prow :
 “ The adverse wind assists the wat’ry war,
 “ Ogygia’s rocks bring ruin and despair;
 “ Dash’d on their craggy sides, the keel gives way—
 “ The frighted failors plunge into the sea!
 “ Ourselves alone, O Goddess! gain’d thy coast,
 “ The rest, I fear, are in the ocean lost.

“ Behold me willing to receive my doom!
 “ I ask not ev’n the shelter of a tomb;
 “ The waves will yield Telemachus a grave,
 “ And from the world’s contempt his story save.
 “ Since the celestial pow’rs reject my pray’r,
 “ To win a laurel wreath, and die in war,
 “ The only favour they can grant me now,
 “ Is to conceal me in the sands below.

“ Need I to thee, immortal Nymph! declare
 “ My father’s glory in the Trojan war?
 “ When at the tedious siege, Atrides’ host,
 “ To level Troy beheld their wishes cross’d,
 “ Dispairing of success by dint of force,
 “ To cooler stratagem they had recourse;
 “ The wife Ulysses laid the subtle snare,
 “ And put a period to the ten-years war:
 “ In Hector’s breast Achilles sheath’d his sword,
 “ Fair Helen to the Spartan was restor’d;

“ Troy’s mighty towers were all in ruins laid,
 “ And with his country’s thanks, Ulyffes was repaid.

“ The fon of that renowned man am I,
 “ But heir alone to his adverfity;
 “ The will, but not the happy power is mine,
 “ Like him in wifdom, and in arms to fhine;
 “ Yet fate has link’d us in one common chain,
 “ To fuffer mutually, and roam in vain:—
 “ The time is now arriv’d to end my woes,
 “ Death is the dread of guilt, but gives the good refofe!
 “ Oh! could my ufelefs life a ranfom prove
 “ For Mentor! as a token of my love,
 “ With grateful heart, his fafety I would buy,
 “ And to preferve my friend, rejoicing die.”

He faid; Calypfo’s eye with tranfport fhone,
 For the brave father’s fake, ſhe lov’d the fon:
 “ Was he? was Ithacus thy Sire?” ſhe cry’d,
 “ (The Trojans’ victor, and the Grecians’ pride!)
 “ Maternal tendernefs my bofom warms,
 “ Oh welcome, youth! thrice welcome to my arms!
 “ Not Thetis with more joy Achilles prefs’d,
 “ In the Vulcanian armour to her breaſt,
 “ Than glad Calypfo now receives her gueſt; }
 “ My rigid customs to thy virtue yield,
 “ Thy god-like father’s *name* ſhall be thy ſhield;
 “ That alfo gains a paſſport for thy friend,
 “ Whoſe ſteps ſhall ſtill Telemachus attend.—
 “ Follow, old man, to this untainted iſle,
 “ Where plenty, liberty, and virtue ſmile,
 “ Inceſſant bounty from my hand receive,
 “ And taſte the ſweets ambroſial peace can give.”

She ends: with gratitude the mortals hear,
 And silently attend th' immortal fair ;
 Lowly they bend, whilst she in joyful mood,
 Conducts them thro' the mazes of a wood ;
 Thence to the grotto takes her hasty way,
 And blesses secretly the happy day.

The Nymphs behold Telemachus appear ;
 They praise his noble form, his graceful air,
 His cheek that wears the freshness of the rose,
 His ebon hair, which in abundance flows ;
 His eyes intelligent, that well express
 A soul dispos'd for joy, and tenderness.
 Behind Calypso move the lovely train,
 Charm'd to behold their mistress smile again.
 As Luna's orb, amidst a thousand stars,
 Pre-eminence of size, and lustre wears,
 Or as the oak surrounding trees excels,
 Superior dignity the Queen reveals.

To Atlas and fair Thetis' secret loves,
 She owed her birth, conceal'd in Sylvan groves.
 A savage nation taught her infant mind
 To be ferocious, and cruel to mankind ;
 From them, whilst yet a child, she learn'd the art
 To bend the bow, and aim the winged dart ;
 To fly as swiftly as the mountain roe,
 With harden'd feet to tread the frigid snow ;
 To combat with the monsters of the wood,
 To hate the human race, and shed their blood.

Thus tutor'd, Thetis saw her growing care,
 And sought the regions of the upper air,

Adjuring Atlas, by their mutual love,
 To own their offspring at the throne of Jove,
 And there implore the thund'rer to decree
 This earth-born infant shou'd immortal be.
 With pray'rs repeated, Atlas weary'd heaven—
 The gift he ask'd, in evil hour was giv'n ;
 His importunity obtain'd the boon,
 And Jove's consent reluctantly was won.
 Then to an isle the silver-footed dame,
 With her young charge, (the fair Calypso) came ;
 An isle, where ancient Anchorites once chose
 To live devout, and to enjoy repose :
 In friendly brotherhood content they liv'd,
 And thankfully the gifts of heav'n receiv'd ;
 Those hollow trees they made their calm abode,
 And rais'd rude fanes in honour of the God.
 But now, so many circling years were gone,
 Their labours, with their pious lives were done ;
 The last survivor in his zeal to Jove,
 Repair'd the mould'ring altars of the grove,
 Left them as signs of ancient piety,
 And died the servant of the deity.

Thetis survey'd the venerated isle,
 And thus address'd her daughter with a smile :
 “ Receive, my child ! the happiness I give—
 “ Here absolute, unrival'd, ever live ;
 “ A train of Nymphs to bear thee company
 “ Are waiting on the borders of the sea,
 “ For ever, they shall cheer thy blest abode,
 “ Preventing all the gloom of solitude :
 “ Here, my Calypso ! unmolested rove,
 “ Diana's rival, huntress of the grove !

“ Here, thy perpetual sov’rignty maintain,
 “ And o’er thy faithful Amazonians reign :
 “ To all eternity preserve thy bloom,
 “ The same for ages past, and years to come.
 “ Oh! be content to urge the jovial chace
 “ Far from mankind, whose artful flatt’ring race
 “ With wiles seductive can deceive the sense,
 “ And make a prey of helpless innocence :
 “ Their fickle hearts are of chæmelion hue,
 “ No power on earth can force them to be true ;
 “ Ruin awaits on her, who dare believe
 “ The flattering language they are wont to give ;
 “ The same false homage is to all address’d,
 “ Each for the present, is belov’d the best ;
 “ They seek to ruin, whom they swear to love,
 “ One hour are constant, and the next they rove :
 “ The tyrants, not the slaves, of womankind,
 “ No promises can their affections bind,
 “ They scorn to pity *her* they have undone,
 “ And their proud hearts a thousand conquests own.

“ Ah, my Calypso ! let it be thy aim,
 “ Connexion with these tyrants to disclaim ;
 “ Confide not in their promises, nor e’er
 “ Let those escape whom Neptune’s waves would spare.
 “ Regard them not, — ungratefully from thee
 “ They may attempt to force thy monarchy,
 “ To reign the tyrant masters of thy land,
 “ And make *thee* subject to their proud command.
 “ Or if with milder views they hither come,
 “ Worse than captivity will be thy doom ;
 “ Pernicious love thy bosom may invade—
 “ Ah ! let not love thy dignity degrade,
 “ Nor be, as Thetis was, to shame betray’d !

“ First Peleus triumph’d by the means of art,
 “ Then Atlas learnt to fascinate my heart.
 “ Trust not unto the oaths that men will make,
 “ Their vows of love they scruple not to break !
 “ Disdain the sex — in glorious freedom live,
 “ And with a grateful heart my gifts receive. ”

The mother said, and vanish’d from the land —
 The cruel daughter follows her command,
 Till Jove decrees a certain time shall come,
 When she no more may urge a mortal’s doom,
 When her relenting heart, by fate compell’d,
 To all the bitterness of love shall yield ;
 When for the many deaths she had decreed,
 The noble chieftains number’d with the dead,
 The wise Ulysses, and his blooming son,
 Should make her, by her miseries, atone.

Now at Calypso’s grot the guests arrive,
 Calypso’s grot, where ease and plenty thrive !
 No shining valves a spacious dome disclose,
 No stately columns rise in graceful rows,
 For Nature had so kindly done her part,
 That envy stopp’d the needless gifts of art.
 Embosom’d in the windings of a vale,
 Shelter’d from winds, appear’d the humble cell ;
 Unlike the grotts that luxury gives to fame,
 It only for distinction, bore the name.
 ’Twas rudely shap’d, built with unpolish’d stone,
 With moss and wreathes of ivy overgrown.
 Within, a vine its ample foliage spread,
 And fragrant flowers the verdant turf inlaid ;
 Cool fountains, and meandering rills were near,
 And distant falls of water lull’d the ear ;

Before the grotto trees extend their boughs,
 Among whose leaves the golden apple grows,
 Sprung from Hesperian fruit ; with early lay,
 There feather'd songsters hail the new-born day ;
 But when the evening's sober shades prevail,
 They yield the empire to the nightingale ;
 Mistrefs of song, she tunes her notes alone,
 And makes the music of the woods her own.

A bower, (the work of fair Calypso's hands,)
 At distance from the royal grotto stands ;
 There, roses bloom, and silver lilies shine,
 There, spreads the jasmine, and the eglantine,
 There, amaranths and violets form a bed,
 And the green myrtle ever yields a shade.
 From thence the eye can o'er the ocean glide :—
 The inland prospect on the other side
 Presents variety of hills and vales,
 Of checquer'd pastures, and of flowery dales ;
 A winding river thro' the valley flows,
 Upon whose mossy banks the poplar grows.
 Rich mantling vines the sloping hills adorn,
 And on their summit waves the yellow corn.
 None here can ever be with want oppress'd,
 For Nature gives an unexhausted feast,
 Her springs below the purple vintage lie,
 And moisture to the pebbly soil supply ;
 She cloaths the palm trees with her brightest green,
 And with rich fruits diversifies the scene,
 Strews flowers and aromatic plants around,
 And bids high mountains the horizon bound.

The smiling Goddess with officious haste
 Seated her guests, and order'd a repast ;

With fruit and herbs the rural board she spread,
 And "crown'd the strawy canisters with bread;"
 Two lavers, fill'd at the pellucid spring,
 Attendant Nymphs, in white apparel, bring;
 Whilst others wait, with robes of Tyrian dye
 The place of sea-beat garments to supply.
 Calypso in her hands a goblet bears,
 Where the rich grape's ambrosial juice appears;
 First to her lips the beverage she press'd,
 (As friend and hostess of the gen'rous feast,)
 And then resign'd it to each favour'd guest. }
 The Nymphs attune their lyres;—in hopes to charm,
 They chaunt the labours of Alcides' arm,
 Then change the theme to Semilè and Jove,
 To rosy Bacchus, and to smiling Love;
 And last their harmonizing powers employ,
 To praise Ulysses at the siege of Troy.
 Telemachus not long the theme can bear—
 His bosom heaves, he drops the filial tear;
 His strong emotion interrupts the choir,
 And thus with ardour, he laments his Sire:

" Oh! would the fates that sent me to this shore,
 " My royal parent to my arms restore,
 " Then to oblivion I'd the past resign,
 " And own, that perfect happiness was mine.
 " But oh! perhaps the good Laertes' boast,
 " The bulwark of the Ithacensian coast,
 " Stalks thro' the Stygian shades, a pensive ghost!" }

He said: a Nymph, most tuneful of the train,
 (The sweet Leucothoë) took the lute again,
 To sprightly sounds awak'd the trembling chords,
 And sang of Love, instead of Grecian swords.

Her artful numbers could extinguish care,
 Divert the sad, unbend the brow severe,
 Nay for a moment, interrupt despair. }
 Soon as the melting lute and banquet ceas'd,
 Calypso led the weary guests to rest ;
 Then to her couch repair'd, where Morpheus shed
 His drowzy poppies o'er her weary head.

When bright Aurora dawn'd upon the hill
 Calypso issued from her peaceful cell ;
 Obedient to her call, the Nymphs attend,
 And last the guests before their hostess bend :
 They all the smiling deity admire,
 Whose charms were aided by her rich attire.
 A bright tiara dignify'd her head,
 And on her neck redundant ringlets play'd,
 Her robe of Tyrian purple was compos'd,
 A string of pearl her taper waist enclos'd,
 Across her breast a silken veil was ty'd,
 (A veil, which Zephyr's breath might waft aside, }
 And artful, shew the charms it feign'd to hide.)

On violet banks beneath an arbour's shade,
 The guests were seated, and the table spread ;
 The busy nymphs supply'd the social board
 With every fruit the season could afford,
 With various herbs from the adjacent field,
 And honey, sweet as Hybla's banks can yield ;
 Then Thetis' daughter, with a tender look,
 And flattering tongue, Telemachus bespoke :

“ O youthful Prince! design'd to gain renown,
 “ Whose ev'ry action suits a hero's son,

“ Whose air reveals the dignity divine
 “ Annex'd to all the Ulyssæan line,
 “ Now to my ear your voyage, your toils, repeat —
 “ Recount the various accidents of fate ;
 “ The interesting tale I long to hear,
 “ Tho' painful sympathy may cause a tear. ”

She said ; impatience thro' the circle ran,
 And with a blush Telemachus began.
 His tale was dated from the direful hour
 When great Ulysses left his native shore
 To join Atrides in the lists of fame,
 And vindicate the Spartan monarch's name.
 He told how suitors round his mother press'd
 Obnoxious to the sorrows of her breast,
 How they in feasts consume the day and night,
 Disturb her slumbers, and offend her sight,
 Whilst horrid imprecations bind their vows,
 To make the Queen select a second spouse.
 How indignation his young bosom warms,
 And he resolves to fire the brave to arms ;
 But Mentor there his friendly caution shews,
 And wisely warns him of superior foes ;
 By him directed, he a ship prepares,
 Embarks, and to the court of Nestor steers.
 From shore to shore he goes, uncertain yet,
 (By what he learns) of his brave father's fate ;
 The Pylian Sage, and Lacedemon's Lord,
 No tidings of his safety can afford.
 In vain he searches, and in vain inquires,
 But Mentor still with hopes his bosom fires ;
 Perils on perils rise, and storms on storms,
 The virtue of the cause their purpose warms :

New difficulties ev'ry day appear,
 More doubts unfold, but still they persevere,
 Till vanquish'd by their destiny, at last
 On the Ogygian rocks the ship is cast.

His story told, he takes his feat again—
 The Nymphs no longer can from praise refrain :
 “ Oh happy youth” they cry'd, “ the Gods approve,
 “ Thy early valour, and thy pious love.
 “ The cloud compeller was inclin'd to save
 “ A life so precious from a wat'ry grave ;
 “ His hand conducts thee to Ogygia's isle,
 “ Where plenty, pleasure, and Calypso smile.”

The Goddess yet to secrecy confin'd
 Those busy thoughts that influenc'd her mind ;
 The watchful care of Mentor she observ'd,
 And thought it prudent to appear reserv'd.
 Fearing to meet his penetrating eyes,
 Abruptly rising, from the grot she flies ;
 Her soul with kindling love and trouble burns—
 Swift as a lapwing to her bower she turns,
 Within whose lonely shade dismissing art,
 She utters thus, the language of her heart :

“ Gods! must I suffer ever-during care,
 “ Because ye make the mortal race so fair ?
 “ Better to yield immortal life unblest,
 “ And live a year with comfort in my breast,
 “ Then drag a chain of love and grief combin'd,
 “ The foe, and yet the slave of human kind.
 “ Pernicious love ! restore Calypso's peace,
 “ Nor let my passion and my shame increase ;

" This load of anguish from my heart remove,
 " Or give me power to charm the youth I love.
 " I see, I read, in his inspired eyes,
 " The father's soul, too obstinately wise ;
 " His valour by adversity untam'd,
 " Will make him of inglorious life ashamed.
 " In vain I wish him to be captive here,
 " Tho' he my immortality might share,
 " The bribe would seem too small, the sacrifice too
 dear.

" Like Ithacus, the stubborn boy will fly,
 " And leave me here, without the power to die ;
 " Leave me deserted, hopeless and forlorn,
 " To curse my fortune, and my weakness mourn.
 " O Thetis! thy command no more prevails,
 " Oppos'd by love, my resolution fails,
 " My passion triumphs, and my pride declines,
 " And reason, every prudent thought resigns.
 " Is it that I've a soul too prone to love,
 " These endless tumults I am doom'd to prove ?
 " Or is it that the Ulyssian race
 " Alone are form'd with more than mortal grace ?

" Bright Venus! hear me in thy Paphian isle,
 " Accept my homage — on my passion smile ;
 " Propitious to a wretched Goddess, lend
 " Thy power to charm, and be Calypso's friend :
 " Or from my sight at once the youth remove,
 " And save thy suppliant from disgraceful love."

She said ; the Queen of beauty hears her pray'r,
 And calls on Cupid her designs to share ;
 He, laid on Ida's top, 'mong beds of flowers,
 In dalliance with the Graces, chid the hours,

Who would not tarry from their swift career,
 Or for a moment pause, his words to hear ;
 Behind their master's car they clust'ring hung,
 Smil'd upon Love, but still pursu'd the Sun.

“ Arise, my boy! fair Cytherea cries ;
 “ Arise, my boy! the vocal hill replies !
 “ Lo! on Ogygia's coast, by partial heav'n
 “ Th' unconquer'd youth, Telemachus, is driv'n :
 “ From Neptune's fury saved, in evil hour
 “ Again he braves us, on Calypso's shore.
 “ Oft with presumptuous, unrepenting pride,
 “ Thy power and mine the boaster hath defy'd.
 “ On Cyprus' isle our snares in vain were laid—
 “ The cautious bird from the temptation fled :
 “ But now, perhaps the crisis of his fate
 “ Depends on thee, and he may find too late,
 “ That love and beauty will assert their sway,
 “ And force his heart their mandates to obey.
 “ Yet shall he not the sweets of love enjoy!
 “ Its bitterness must all his hopes destroy ;
 “ 'Tis time, for Cupid, absolute to reign,
 “ 'Tis time, to make Telemachus complain :
 “ The sweet revenge will heal my wounded pride,
 “ Tho' Pallas may exclaim, or Thetis chide. —
 “ Again, my son, prepare thy keenest dart,
 “ And aim it at his unsuspecting heart.”

She ends : and harnesses her flutt'ring doves ;
 On mischief bent, forsakes th' Idalian groves.—
 The God of love at her command attends,
 And on Ogygia's isle the car descends.
 Calypso smiling, in the arbour stands,
 An incense tripod in her lifted hands.

“ All hail, fair Venus !” she delighted cries,
 Fair Venus shakes her head, and thus replies :
 “ No smile have I, Calypso ! to return —
 “ Unhappy Goddess! thou art doom’d to mourn.
 “ At friendship’s call, I left my myrtle bow’r,
 “ Warm is my wish, but feeble is my power —
 “ Unless my son’s more subtle arts prevail,
 “ Soon from thy coast Telemachus will fail,
 “ Obdurate like his Sire, refuse to stay,
 “ Launch the light bark, and steer across the sea ;
 “ His restless soul, with greedy thirst of fame,
 “ Thinks an inactive life is fraught with shame.
 “ His youthful bosom for new danger burns,—
 “ Ignoble peace, and luxury, he scorns.
 “ Nay, thy immortal charms may lose their sway,
 “ And other objects lead his heart astray.
 “ ’Tis Fancy, fickle as th’ uncertain wind,
 “ That spreads her influence o’er the human mind,
 “ She makes the lover view, with doating eyes,
 “ The face, another’s judgement would despise.
 “ No symmetry of features yet could be
 “ An antidote to her inconstancy ;
 “ Oft she disdains with regal charms to live,
 “ And to plebeian beauty, choice will give.
 “ ’Tis thro’ her partial optic, lovers see
 “ The objects of their own idolatry.
 “ Fantastic fancy makes the form divine,
 “ And, spight of truth, with borrow’d charms to shine.
 “ When Cupid seeks to fascinate a heart,
 “ ’Tis Fancy’s eye that must direct the dart ;
 “ The purblind boy is rul’d by her command,
 “ And thro’ the world they wander, hand in hand.
 “ Yet may this power invisible attend
 “ Thy wish, if Cupid thou’d remain thy friend.

“ Telemachus will yield to Fancy’s sway,
 “ And Love can make the Hero’s heart thy prey.”

She, ending, difappears. The God remains
 To aid Calypfo’s love, and to augment her pains.
 His fhoulders now no rofy pinions bear,
 Mild are his looks, and peaceable his air.
 No painted quiver at his back he wears,
 But like a fimple harmlefs child, appears.
 His feeming innocence, and fmiles of joy,
 Deceiv’d the Goddefs, who cares’d the boy.
 Awhile ſhe held him on her downy breaſt,
 And footh’d and prais’d her little sportive gueſt.
 Artlefs he ſeems, and gently fmiles around,
 But meditates th’ affaffinating wound.
 Nor need he for the purpoſe want a dart—
 The touch of poiſon can infect the heart.
 Unthinking fair! the more ſhe kiſ’d her gueſt,
 The more increaſing paſſion fill’d her breaſt.

A Nymph there was, the favourite of the dame,
 Endow’d with charms, and Eucharis her name;
 Not fair Brifeis, (brave Achilles’ prize,)
 Had fofter fmiles, or more bewitching eyes,
 Nor bright Andromache, with chaſter grace,
 Won the fam’d hero of the Trojan race.
 Her gentle manners, with her beauty join’d,
 Made her the moſt engaging of her kind;
 The Nymph in ev’ry uſeful ſcience ſhone,
 And by her ſov’reign was excell’d alone.
 With taſte unequal’d, in the weaving loom,
 Her fingers made Idalian roſes bloom.
 With ſkilful hand ſhe touch’d the lyric ſtring,
 Like Polyhymnia ſhe was wont to ſing.

With sprightly grace the sportive dance she led,
 And eloquence enforc'd whate'er she said ;
 Her feet could run the swiftest in the race,
 And she was ever active in the chace.

No other beauty could with her compare,
 Unless th' immortal Queen she serv'd was there,
 Whose nobler form above the rest appears
 As the tall tulip o'er the violet rears
 Her stately head, and charms superior wears.

Towards the arbour where Calypso staid,
 With gentle smiles approach'd the fav'rite maid.
 " Wherefore, immortal Queen !" she softly cry'd,
 " So long your presence to your guests deny'd ?
 " While mirth and pleasure grace your happy isle,
 " Does bright Calypso yet refuse to smile ?
 " Frown upon joy, and cruelly austere,
 " Forbid felicity her fruits to bear.
 " Shall she decline to lead the social train,
 " And here sequester'd with a child remain ?
 " To this last stranger those attentions give,
 " The ship-wreck'd Grecians rather should receive,
 " And suffer grief to shroud her lovely face,
 " When hospitality should rule the place.—
 " O Goddess, rise ! and to thy grotto move,
 " Lest young Telemachus thy stay reprove."

She spake ; the conscious Queen, with blushing cheek,
 Starts at his name, and tries in vain to speak,
 Th' imperfect sounds in broken murmurs die,
 And tears of sorrow tremble in her eye ;
 Confus'd with love, and anxious still to feign,
 She wishes by retreat to hide her pain.
 (Mistaken fair ! no change of scene can be,
 A cure to the disease that preys on thee ;

Fly where thou wilt, thy sorrows on thee wait,
For love attends thy breast in each retreat.)

She fled. Th' insinuating Nymph pursu'd : —
Calypso, weary of th' uneasy load,
At length to Eucharis consign'd the God ;
Nor thought to pay for momentary ease,
By an augmenting train of miseries.

The Nymph admires the boy with wond'ring eyes ;
He on her snowy breast supinely lies,
While instantaneous love with raging smart,
Her fancy fills, and rushes to her heart.
Alarm'd at passions she had never known,
The virgin drop'd the Queen of beauty's son,
Who hastily forsook the myrtle shade,
And to the grotto of Calypso fled ;
Whilst at a distance Eucharis was seen,
His steps pursuing with disorder'd mien.

To Mentor Cupid stretch'd his arms, and smil'd —
The Sage with angry eyes repuls'd the child ;
Not so Telemachus—too soon deceiv'd,
His open arms the fugitive receiv'd.
But Love, assisted by a Nymph so fair,
Attack'd his heart, and took possession there ;
The youth to Eucharis enamour'd turns,
For Eucharis he sighs, for Eucharis he burns.

The anxious Goddess, in her artful breast
Revolv'd the means to keep her royal guest ;
With pleasure's sweets, to lessen virtue's charms,
Retard his voyage, and turns his thoughts from arms,

Prevent the pious purpose of his mind,
 Nor let him hope his god-like Sire to find.
 With gentle voice she thus the youth address'd :
 “ Ah! let not care thy gen'rous soul molest,
 “ Be less impatient to behold thy Sire,
 “ Nor with vain hopes thy filial bosom fire ;
 “ The more thou shalt expect from destiny,
 “ The greater will thy disappointment be.
 “ From me, (a faithful Sibyl,) tidings learn,
 “ Nor to explore unnumber'd dangers turn ;
 “ Lest Neptune's anger shou'd again arise,
 “ And make Telemachus the sacrifice.
 “ Thy Sire, (unless presaging fear deceives,)
 “ Among the Stygian shades for ever grieves.
 “ Lamenting still his own ignoble doom,
 “ And mourning for his wife, his son, his home.
 “ Know this illustrious chief my isle adorn'd —
 “ Seven years he staid, but on the eighth return'd ;
 “ To the inconstant ocean, once again
 “ His safety trusted, but alas! in vain.
 “ Ulysses' arm had vanquish'd Neptune's son,
 “ For which the parent swore he should atone.
 “ With dreadful storms, and unabating ire,
 “ Th' avenging deity pursues thy Sire.
 “ For Polypheme, Ulysses he demands,
 “ And bars the passage to his native lands.

 “ Unblest Ulysses! obstinately brave,
 “ Could not Ogygia yield a better grave ?
 “ Why wou'dst thou shorten life's precarious date,
 “ And make such haste to be unfortunate ;
 “ Neglecting certain safety prov'd with me,
 “ To plunge in toils, and perish on the sea ;

“ My mournful thoughts forebode thy dismal doom,
 “ And in my memory thou hast found a tomb ;
 “ There, shall thy virtues, thy misfortunes live,
 “ There, the sad homage of my soul receive.
 “ Yes ! thou art lost, (unless prophetic dread
 “ Deceives a mind to divination bred.)
 “ Is this thy fortune ? mighty man of woes !
 “ Does fate deny declining life repose ?
 “ No Ithaca thy eager feet shall tread !
 “ No downy pillow shall receive thy head ;
 “ No chaste Penelope, with gentle grace,
 “ Shall hail her Lord, and fly to his embrace ;
 “ Thee, neither joy nor honour shall betide —
 “ Thus fickle fortune often shifts her side ;
 “ She, when warm youth and vigour fill’d thy veins,
 “ Blest all thy hopes, rewarded all thy pains ;
 “ But now, (O Jove ! wilt thou allow the fraud ?)
 “ She leaves the man whom justice must applaud.
 “ To young dependants doth her gifts unfold,
 “ And spurns the veteran, grown in service old,
 “ Rejects his last, his reasonable pray’r,
 “ To breathe his Ithaca’s refreshing air,
 “ To taste domestic happiness once more,
 “ And die contented on his peaceful shore.—
 “ No monument he needs, Calypso’s heart
 “ Affords Ulysses such an ample part,
 “ That all his virtues are recorded there,
 “ And his remembrance must be ever dear.

“ O pious youth ! I see thy starting tear,
 “ Thy gen’rous nature scarce the thought can bear ;
 “ Yet, it is time enough for thee to grieve,
 “ ’Tis time enough my bodings to believe,

“ My fears may aggravate thy father’s doom,
 “ Anticipating sorrows yet to come.
 “ Confide in me — awhile prolong thy stay,
 “ Wait till this full-orb’d moon is pass’d away,
 “ And when a new-born crescent shall appear,
 “ To consecrated shades I will repair,
 “ With invocations tempt the powers above,
 “ (Delphian Apollo, and Dodonian Jove ;)
 “ There to reveal whatever fate has done,
 “ And tell Ulysses’ fortune to his son.”

She spake ; and feigning sorrow, sought the wood ;
 The Nymphs reluctantly her steps pursued.
 The silent youth, enwrapp’d in sorrow’s cloud,
 Thoughtful, lamenting for his father stood, }
 And a free passage to his tears allow’d.—
 But watchful Cupid never quits his side,
 Attacks his heart, and combats with his pride,
 Disperes grief, with hope his bosom warms,
 And gives to Eucharis more potent charms ;
 The interval of reason soon removes,
 And with more violence again he loves.

Fond of the new sensations in his breast,
 To Mentor thus his language he address’d :

“ My friend ! experience and the hand of time
 “ Has chill’d thy passions, yet without a crime
 “ The aged Mentor may on beauty gaze,
 “ And give to modest charms his sober praise.
 “ Behold these Nymphs ! no wanton arts they use,
 “ The paths of mild simplicity they chuse :
 “ Inform’d by Nature, and improv’d by Grace,
 “ Their gentle manners move in virtue’s space ;

“ Unlike the Cyprus dames, who, fair in vain,
 “ With wanton eyes, the charms of love profane.”

He ending sigh'd, nor nam'd the best belov'd,
 But Mentor stern, his sentiments reprov'd.

“ Incautious youth ! too easily betray'd,
 “ Thy judgement is by vague appearance sway'd ;
 “ To minds like thine, these Nymphs, tho' not so fair,
 “ More dang'rous far than those of Cyprus are.
 “ Oh let us haste ! if we the means command,
 “ And leave, (I care not how,) this fatal land,
 “ Where fond infatuation madly reigns,
 “ Contagious spreads, and riots thro' the plains ;
 “ Where fame is never known, where pleasure dwells,
 “ Where wild, licentious, lawless love prevails.
 “ Ah ! from the tempting danger turn, my son !
 “ Refuse to stay, nor rashly be undone.
 “ When treach'rous billows hide the rocks beneath,
 “ We learn our error in the arms of death ;
 “ Thus from the eyes of these enchanting maids,
 “ Pernicious love your happiness invades.
 “ Know, oh deluded youth ! that he whose charms
 “ You flatter'd, whilst he sported in your arms,
 “ Was Love himself — his mother sent the boy
 “ To smile, to sooth, to conquer, and destroy.
 “ With mischief fraught, he plots a thousand schemes,
 “ He occupies your thoughts, and guides your dreams.
 “ Insulting Cupid feeds of discord brings,
 “ He scatters poison from his busy wings,
 “ He dooms thy heart to be his sacrifice,
 “ And watchful for success, in ambush lies.
 “ Already full of hope, Calypso's heart
 “ Pants but for thee, with love's consuming smart ;

“ Thou canst not war against the tyrant's force,
 “ Or to thy Reason fly for a resource :
 “ I see the blush that rises on your cheek,
 “ A child of Nature needs no tongue to speak.
 “ The inward truth, in spite of close disguise,
 “ Breathes in your sighs, and lightens from your eyes—
 “ For Eucharis you wish alone to live,
 “ To Eucharis you long your vows to give.”

“ Alas !” Telemachus replies : “ Forbear !
 “ Be to my errors candid, not severe ;
 “ If love is guilt, I own myself undone—
 “ But why shou'd love degrade Ulysses' son ?
 “ A woman's cause brought multitudes from far,
 “ Fair Helen's name began the Trojan war.
 “ 'Twas the design of Eleutherian Jove,
 “ That indiscriminately man shou'd love :
 “ That women shou'd be sometimes understood,
 “ (Tho' oft a curse,) to prove our greatest good ;
 “ That 'tis no step towards incurring shame,
 “ If we allow the justice of their claim ;
 “ And for a moment from our dangers cease,
 “ To prove the harmless joys of love, and peace.
 “ Nor wonder, if in preference to the Queen,
 “ I praise the graceful, unaffected mien,
 “ That gives to Eucharis, (tho' not so fair,)
 “ More pleasing manners, and a gentle air.
 “ Before she speaks, her radiant eyes express
 “ Her thoughts, array'd in truth's un sullied dress ;
 “ Her placid manners with her form agree,
 “ Her face and temper is in unity ;
 “ Sincerity and concord rules the whole—
 “ Her person is the picture of her soul ;

“ Congenial minds each other must approve,
 “ Such is the order of Imperial Jove.
 “ Yet will I suffer the severest pain,
 “ And bear thro’ life, the weight of Cupid’s chain,
 “ But never yield to the seductive fire,
 “ Or act unworthy of my god-like Sire ;
 “ To see, and to adore, is all my aim,
 “ And from dishonour, to preserve her fame.
 “ But, when Ulysses is already lost,
 “ Must we in haste forsake this friendly coast ?
 “ Uncertain whither we shall next be driv’n,
 “ Or what is the decisive will of heav’n ?
 “ Shou’d we resolve in haste to leave our friends,
 “ Which way shall we depart ? no bark attends
 “ To waft us hence, no mariners are here,
 “ Nor are we to the shores of commerce near.”

He said ; with kindling wrath the Sage rejoin’d :
 “ Thy manly form conceals a woman’s mind ;
 “ From arms, from glory, from renown you turn,
 “ And cowardly for peace and pleasure burn.
 “ Oh ! scandal to the noble birth you boast !
 “ Dishonour to the Ithacensian coast,
 “ How can you dare to call a friend severe,
 “ Who patiently submits your words to hear.
 “ Degenerate boy ! if yet Ulysses lives,
 “ (To whom expiring fame her wreath bequeathes,)
 “ Think, will that god-like man vouchsafe to own
 “ Thee, so unlike himself, to be his son ?
 “ Whose abject mind is not afraid of shame,
 “ Whose growing vice defeats the views of Fame,
 “ And from her shoulders rends the spreading wings,
 “ Ordain’d to bear thy name to heroes and to kings.

“ Say, can licentious love, fond youth ! atone
 “ For honour lost, for freedom, and renown ?
 “ The lowest reptile can be pleasure’s slave,
 “ But none are happy like the good and brave.
 “ If peace and pleasure, more than fame and war,
 “ Excite your wishes, live inglorious here ;
 “ Disparage royal birth, incur disgrace,
 “ And for a menial Nymph thy views debase ;
 “ Throw better fortunes madly at her feet—
 “ From war, from fame, from happiness retreat.
 “ To thy lov’d Eucharis alone aspire,
 “ For her, forget thy kingdom, and thy Sire,
 “ Contaminate thy name, resign thy crown,
 “ And let Penelope lament her son.
 “ For me — (if thou art resolute to stay,)
 “ These hands shall form a rafter, to convey
 “ My useless body from a fatal coast,
 “ Where all my admonitions have been lost.
 “ I’d rather yield myself to Neptune’s power,
 “ Then waste dull life on this ignoble shore ;
 “ Shou’d I be convoy’d by the care of heaven,
 “ Ah ! may I far from Ithaca be driven.—
 “ So shall no tidings of their Prince’s shame,
 “ The gen’rous populace with rage inflame ;
 “ But may they rather think he nobly fell,
 “ And to their children his perfections tell. ”

He spake ; (to silence aw’d,) the youth retir’d—
 His breast with various sentiments inspir’d ;
 Conflicting passions his ideas fill’d,
 And against reason, Nature held her shield.

Within a dusky grove, whose oaks embrown’d
 Knit their strong boughs, and shaded all the ground,

His steps explor'd the most sequester'd glade,
 Whilst his ideas form'd the absent maid ;
 Irresolute, the devious path he trode,
 Lost in the mazes of the deepening wood.
 (A wounded stag thus leaves the social plain,
 And seeks for comfort in the shades in vain ;
 Shuns ev'ry eye, and in the covert lies,
 Where to extract the fatal dart he tries.
 But ah ! the hapless victim flies too late,
 He cannot check inevitable fate ;
 His melancholy moan the woods resound,
 And with despairing eyes, he looks around.)

Now breaking clouds, a silver light display'd,
 And Luna's orb her gentle influence shed ;
 Her beams between the checquer'd branches shone,
 That over-arch'd Ulysses' mournful son ;
 His weary eyes at length with sleep oppress'd,
 Yield to the power, and give his sorrows rest :
 For Somnus, won by Neptune's prayers, decreed
 That Cupid's schemes of mischief shou'd succeed.
 His arts assist the enterprizing boy,
 And all the force of Mentor's words destroy.
 He waves his magic wand, and dreams arise,
 Such as might charm the brave, and cheat the wife ;
 In these fair visions, Eucharis appears —
 Her face, a more than mortal beauty wears ;
 She triumphs over all his scruples there,
 Smiles on his passion, and diverts his care,
 O'er-rules the grave resolves by prudence made,
 And tries by gentlest language to persuade.
 Night's dusky mantle o'er the globe prevail'd,
 Minerva's vigilance for once had fail'd ;

Telemachus oppos'd the God in vain,
 Whose airy machinations fill his brain ;
 He sleeps beneath the auspices of love,
 Who guards from Mentor's power, th' enchanted grove.

Soon as Aurora left her saffron bed,
 And o'er the hill a stream of light display'd,
 Calypso, starting from her couch of cares,
 Adorns her form, and wipes away her tears ;
 Resolves to hide her love from ev'ry eye,
 And wakes the Nymphs with horn, and jocund cry.
 The Nymphs delighted, hear the well-known sound,
 And buskin'd for the chace, their Queen surround ;
 But on Telemachus she calls in vain,
 Explores the grot, the arbour, and the plain.
 Mentor alone replies, alone attends,
 And of his absence, ignorance pretends.
 Fair Encharis among the Nymphs is seen,
 With blooming cheek, and unaffected mien.
 High as the knee, her snowy robe is ty'd,
 A painted quiver fasten'd to her side
 Contains the feather'd deaths ; her golden hair
 Redundant flows, and dances in the air.
 A filken shade is o'er her shoulders flung,
 And in her hand she bears her bow unstrung :
 A gentle languor on her features dwells,
 Caus'd by the anguish that she hourly feels.
 With guilty blush she starts, and owns not why,
 Her wounded bosom labours with a sigh,
 Her eyes avoid the busy mirthful throng,
 She loathes the sound of a loquacious tongue,
 The voice of melody can please no more,
 And all the joys of laughing ease are o'er.

Her conscious passion long restrains her feet,
And Eucharis is last, her Queen to meet.

Now the fierce hounds impatient run before—
The ardent train the woody vales explore,
But Eucharis, who late outran the rest,
Kept in the rear, by love and grief oppress'd ;
Till led by Cupid, from the chace she turns,
Seeks the lone grove, and there sequester'd mourns.

(So Philomel, fatigu'd by Phoebus' ray,
Flies from the dazzling splendour of the day ;
But when mild evening mounts her starry throne,
Perch'd on the flowery hawthorn, makes her moan,
And warbles plaintive in the woods alone.) }

While gentle Eucharis, enslav'd by love,
Carelessly wanders thro' the silent grove ;
She sees embower'd in the cypress shade,
Where pendant leaves fictitious evening made, }

The son of Ithacus supinely laid.
His arms were folded, and his panting breast
The agitation of his mind confess'd ;
The name of Eucharis he trembling speaks—
Amaz'd she answers — and her captive wakes.

Joyful he sees, and scarce believes her there,
Yet thinks a phantom could not look so fair ;
Beholding *her*, his fortitude retires,
To Eucharis alone his heart aspires ;
Mentor and Ithaca no more prevail,
Oppos'd to her, their influence must fail.

Her love is all he craves, nor thinks it hard
To give up Ithaca for such reward.

She views her victory with secret pride,
In his fidelity she dares confide ;

With mutual love her artless language flows,
 And each to each engage themselves with vows.
 Meantime amid the ardour of the chace,
 Thus Mentor spake to her of Atlas' race.

“ Oh! let thy Nymphs pursue the deer alone,
 “ Whilst to thine ear I make my troubles known ;
 “ Telemachus! the wise Ulysses' heir!
 “ Prop of his house, and object of my care ;
 “ Who late his Ithaca and glory lov'd,
 “ No more by emulative thoughts is mov'd.
 “ The present moments all his soul employ,
 “ The present moments, full of peace and joy,
 “ No more he fights for father, country, friends,
 “ And voluntary here, his prospect ends.
 “ Oh! say, fair Goddesses! if I rightly guess,
 “ Does not thy beauty every thought suppress,
 “ In his young mind, but love and tenderness? }
 “ Yes! thy victorious, thy unrival'd charms,
 “ Detain him from Penelope's fond arms!”

With jealous looks, Calypso thus reply'd :

“ Can't thou not see, who are so prompt to chide ?
 “ Mistaken man! my eyes the cheat explore,
 “ I find my error, and will dream no more ;
 “ I wear no charms that can his fancy please,
 “ But — there are others, who succeed with ease.
 “ The fickle youth thy dictates once pursu'd,
 “ Yet, now he finds them too severe and rude ;
 “ By the same wantonness of fancy led,
 “ Before the Goddesses, he prefers her maid.
 “ To Eucharis — but why shou'd I complain ?
 “ Why speak my grief, or own my rage in vain ?

“ Without fufpicion when he prais’d her air,
 “ I thought it juftice to extol the fair ;
 “ Fool, that I was ! — too partial to my friend,
 “ I let Telemachus her charms commend ;
 “ No jealous fears intruded on my foul,
 “ Nor did I wifh, his praifes to control.
 “ But oh ! a thoufand circumftances, now
 “ Reprove my folly, and create my woe ;
 “ Suspicion tells me, that the abfent youth,
 “ Offers to Eucharis his love, and truth.
 “ Elfe wherefore ftays fhe from the morning chace ?
 “ She who was ’erft the foremoft in the race !
 “ But let difsembled eafe my anger fhroud —
 “ Let us return unto the bufy crowd.”

Frowning, Calypfo fpake ; her eyes exprefs’d
 The ftorm of paffion gath’ring in her breaft.
 Meantime, the wary lovers left the wood,
 And fep’rately, the flying deer purfu’d ;
 At diff’rent times, the huntrefs’ train they join’d,
 Whilft far before them fled the panting hind ;
 At laft the Goddefs, anxious to prevent
 Another’s fame, her bow fuccefsful bent ;
 The well-aim’d arrow, wing’d with infant death,
 Arrefts the victim, and prevents his breath.
 “ Thus (fhe exulting cries) may fwift fuccefs,
 “ The utmoft of Calypfo’s wifhes blefs !
 “ Thus may the fhafts I fend unerring fly,
 “ And caufe whoe’er refifts my power to die ;
 “ Ye Gods ! I thank ye for an omen fair !
 “ Let thofe conteft my lawful prize that dare.”

Now flames the fun in his meridian heat,
 No more foft zephyr breathes on the retreat,

Beneath whose shade, the weary train repair,
 Preceded by the proud imperial fair.
 Thirsty and tir'd, the Nymphs attain a glade,
 In whose recess a little fountain play'd.
 The sources were by Thetis' care supply'd,
 Nor ever by the solar heat were dry'd.
 Fair Eucharis among the menial train,
 Longs for the cooling draught, nor longs in vain;
 Telemachus forgets his cautious fears,
 From the hard ground a hollow stone he tears,
 And (fill'd with water) to his mistress bears. }
 Calypso at a watchful distance stood,
 And there this proof of his attention view'd;
 Ill could her passion brook the preference paid,
 (The envy'd preference to the blue-ey'd maid ;)
 Her rage refus'd to stoop beneath disguise —
 She meets the Prince, and thus indignant cries :

“ In evil hour, Ulysses' son! I gave
 “ Thy limbs the chance to have an earthly grave ;
 “ I sav'd thy life from Neptune's greedy jaws,
 “ In spite of all Ogygia's rigid laws ;
 “ Thy name, thy youth, my partial pity won,
 “ And for the father's sake, I lov'd the son.
 “ Was it for this? deceitful as thou art!
 “ With gentle form to hide a savage heart,
 “ To pay me, traitor! with ingratitude,
 “ For all the mercy I on thee bestow'd?
 “ At length behold Calypso, undeceiv'd,
 “ Thy flatt'ring form will be no more believ'd ;
 “ Think not to pay thy preference unseen,
 “ Or unobserv'd, insult a wretched Queen ;
 “ Thy secret arts already are display'd —
 “ I know thou hast seduc'd my fav'rite maid.

“ May the uplifted thunderbolt of Jove,
 “ Impede the progress of thy hasty love !
 “ Yet, wherefore shall I warn thee to beware ?
 “ Why make thee still the object of my care ?
 “ Why own a love that is unfortunate ?
 “ Or represent the danger of my hate ?
 “ Thy conduct shou’d my swift revenge excite,
 “ To doom thee, wretch ! unto the shades of night.”

Desp’rate she spake, and furious with despair,
 Rent the bright ornaments that bound her hair ;
 Disorder’d, thro’ the grove she takes her way,
 Her looks the violence of rage display ;
 A jealous hate is painted in her eyes,
 While to the ’frighted Nymphs, aloud she cries.
 The Nymphs amaz’d, and fearing to remain,
 Exert their strength, and speed along the plain ;
 (Thus when the soaring kite appears on high,
 The timid larks her rapid course descry,
 They shrieking spread their wings, and fly with speed,
 To gain the shelter of some friendly shade.)

Telemachus, with discontented mind,
 And agitated looks, is left behind ;
 Asham’d to yield his prize, and yet afraid
 For her own sake to keep the envy’d maid ;
 To Eucharis he calls — but calls in vain —
 The trembling Nymph looks back, but seeks the plain.

Sage Mentor now beside the youth appears,
 With pitying looks, and sympathetic tears ;
 His hoary head he with dejection shakes,
 Then heaves a sigh, and eloquently speaks :

“ Oh! obstinate in ill, Ulysses' son!
 “ Whither, ah! whither, wou'dst thou madly run?
 “ Did not thy face confirm the air divine,
 “ Which marks thee of the Ulyssæan line,
 “ These mean pursuits wou'd give the lie to fame,
 “ And rob thee of an undeserved name.
 “ Unlike in actions to thy noble Sire,
 “ Whom hosts have copied, and who gods admire!
 “ Wherefore dost thou his glorious image bear?
 “ His son profess'd, but not his wisdom's heir.
 “ Oh! turn, mistaken, and unhappy youth!
 “ Turn to the mirror of celestial truth;
 “ Think in what glowing colours late you shone,
 “ And now behold their brilliancy is gone!
 “ Yet my fond heart relenting from its rage,
 “ Yields to the weakness of afflicted age;
 “ And whilst I thus, Telemachus reprove,
 “ I weep in anguish o'er the youth I love.

“ The eve, before thy Sire forsook his home,
 “ He call'd me to him in the regal dome
 “ Where on Penelope's maternal breast,
 “ You slumber'd sweet, in infant beauty dress'd.
 “ The pensive Queen with virtuous tears survey'd
 “ Her parting Lord, then droop'd her lovely head,
 “ (Like a fair tender flower, surcharg'd with dew,)
 “ And on her offspring bent her mournful view.
 “ The god-like man! who never shed a tear,
 “ But in a cause that virtue might revere,
 “ Nor ever acted what he blush'd to own,
 “ Wept for a moment o'er his wife and son.

“ Then thus address'd me: “ ever faithful friend!
 “ These, to thy zealous care I recommend.

“ Defend my Queen, protect my helpless boy,
 “ Nor let a flatt’ring tribe their arts employ,
 “ My wish to frustrate, and my hopes destroy. }
 “ The partner of my heart shall pay thy cares,
 “ With truth, with confidence, and grateful prayers,
 “ Till grown to age mature, Ulysses’ son,
 “ Repays thy steady friendship with his own.
 “ So spake the chief — but oh! the sad reverse!
 “ The faithful Mentor is become thy curse;
 “ Plain honest counsel doth thine ear offend,
 “ Altho’ ’tis offer’d by a father’s friend;
 “ And in thy service old and feeble grown,
 “ ’Tis time my labours and my life were done.”

He ends: the humbled youth with downcast eye,
 Already meditates a kind reply,
 But lo! a figure darts along the plain,—
 The wild Calypso seeks the grove again;
 To Mentor with impetuous haste she flies,
 Takes him aside, and thus impatient cries:

“ Oh! since my favor on that fool! is left,
 “ Drag him reluctant from Ogygia’s coast;
 “ Better that I should hapless live alone,
 “ The veriest wretch that breathes beneath the sun,
 “ Than he and Eucharis successful prove,
 “ And make a sport of my disastrous love.
 “ All that remains to mitigate my woe,
 “ Is to divide the pair.—Yes, Mentor, go!
 “ Cleave my tall oaks, a bark with speed prepare,
 “ And from my isle th’ ungrateful monster bear.
 “ His father with Herculean strength could wield
 “ The pond’rous mace, or bear the weighty shield,

“ He, for his purpose hew’d the toughest wood,
 “ And with my stately trees the champain strew’d ;
 “ If age thy vigorous force has not destroy’d,
 “ Be in this cause thy utmost zeal employ’d.”

She said ; and proper implements bestow’d,
 With which the sage in secret fought the wood :
 A wood remote from all observing eyes,
 Which on Ogygia’s farthest border lies.

Meantime, Calypso in her citron grove,
 Address’d her prayers to Eleutherian Jove :
 But scarce begun, she left th’ unfinish’d pray’r,
 Thought her revengeful wishes too severe,
 And wash’d away her anger with a tear. }
 The fault’ring sounds imperfectly aspir’d,
 And hate upon her livid lips expir’d.
 How could her tongue interpret for a heart,
 Where disappointment claim’d so large a part ?
 Her words no just expression could bestow,
 And silence best became a state of woe ;
 A doubt lest Mentor might too active prove,
 Extinguish’d hate, and waken’d all her love.

Thus, while the slave to Cupid’s power she stood,
 Telemachus reclin’d in pensive mood
 Within a dank, and ivy-circled cave,
 Where a soft river heav’d its dimpling wave,
 Where a cærulean Naiad lov’d to dwell,
 And oft was heard to strike her vocal shell.
 The Nymphs to bathe in the pellucid stream,
 (Recover’d from their fright) together came ;
 Fair Eucharis approaching the retreat,
 Loosen’d her dusty sandals from her feet,

Unty'd the zone that o'er her robe was bound,
 And threw her bow and quiver on the ground.
 But when her sister Nymphs the Prince descry,
 Afraid to speak, they in confusion fly;
 Not so the blushing Eucharis — in haste
 She clasp'd her garments to her lovely breast,
 And moving on, Telemachus address'd :

“ Oh! let thy faithful Eucharis intrude,
 “ (A fellow sufferer) on thy solitude.
 “ Can I behold thee with contracted brows,
 “ Nor ask the cause from whence new sorrow flows?
 “ Shall rankling care and discontent invade
 “ A soul for smiling expectations made?
 “ Oh royal youth! that Demon pale despair,
 “ Suits women only, not Ulysses' heir.
 “ Let *me* alone, the heavy weight sustain,
 “ Blest to relieve thee from thy part of pain.—
 “ Arise, my Prince! in manly splendour shine,
 “ Command all hearts as thou hast conquer'd mine,
 “ But ah! let Eucharis alone have thine.
 “ The fierce Calypso in her citron grove,
 “ Directs her prayers to Eleutherian Jove,
 “ For this, since accident hath brought me here,
 “ To weep, to speak, to counsel thee I dare.
 “ Alas, Telemachus! it much behoves
 “ Thy Eucharis to warn the youth she loves;
 “ His interest, his safety, is her own,
 “ Our hopes, our fears, our miseries are one.
 “ Learn for my sake, 'tis right, 'tis wise to feign,
 “ And talk of pleasure whilst we die with pain;
 “ The honest heart that always guides the tongue,
 “ Informs the artful, and is soon undone.

“ Oh teach thy heart and tongue to disagree,
 “ If thou from punishment would rescue me ;
 “ Divert the rage of the suspicious Queen,
 “ And greet her with a more respectful mien,
 “ Lest to imprisonment, or racks, the doom
 “ My days, and send thee to a wat’ry tomb.
 “ In such an hour, what will become of me,
 “ Robb’d of Telemachus and liberty ;
 “ My fading cheeks will lose their roseate bloom,
 “ My face will wear an everlasting gloom.
 “ The shadow of myself I shall remain,
 “ And proud Calypso will augment my pain ;
 “ Make me a lasting monument of woe,
 “ With sighs that ever swell, and tears that ever flow.
 “ Ev’n this last office to my prayers deny’d,
 “ To deck thy obsequies with decent pride ;
 “ Balsamic spices o’er thy corpse to shed,
 “ And weave a funeral garment for the dead ;
 “ To kiss thy pallid cheek. to close thine eyes,
 “ And make these golden locks thy sacrifice.
 “ Deny’d that blessing of mortality,
 “ To die (as I shou’d live,) attach’d to thee,
 “ And only fond of *life*, whilst thou art *fond of me.*’ }

Weeping, she spake. Telemachus was mov’d,
 And yielded to the prayer of her he lov’d.
 The Nymph unto the sister train return’d,
 The youth appear’d where sad Calypso mourn’d ;
 Averse to flatter, yet with soft’ned air,
 Telemachus approach’d the royal fair.
 She reads the gentle language of his eyes,
 Interprets for them, and submissive cries :
 “ If I, Telemachus, with words severe,
 “ Incautiously have hurt thy royal ear,

“ Ah! let contrition for the fault atone,
 “ And gain my pardon from Ulysses’ son.
 “ Compassion, not disdain, thy breast should move—
 “ ’Tis true I err’d—but all my fault was love.
 “ With rapture I behold thee smile again,
 “ No more will I suspect—no more complain ;
 “ Repentment I abjure ; my soul relents,
 “ And all the faults of hasty rage repents.
 “ Henceforth forgotten be this hateful morn,
 “ Let peace and happiness our hours adorn.
 “ A garland fraught with flowers my hands shall weave,
 “ That pledge of amity, dear youth! receive.
 “ Soon as to-morrow’s dawn shall streak the skies,
 “ To join the sports, and claim the gift, arise.”

Serene she spake, and cheerfully retires,
 Whilst crowding thoughts her active brain inspires,
 How spite of Mentor, she may still detain
 Telemachus, in pleasure’s silken chain ;
 How in new sports divert the wav’ring boy,
 How against Eucharis her arts employ ;
 In all the pride of dress superior shine,
 And deck in ’witching smiles her face divine.
 Pleas’d with the prospect of successful love,
 She wanders o’er the valley and the grove ;
 Collecting ev’ry dainty flower that blows,
 From the blue violet, to the blooming rose,
 To form a garland for his comely brow,
 A garland fit for Cupid to bestow ;
 And with the closing day retir’d to rest,
 Peace in her looks, and hope within her breast.

Pervading thro’ the clouds of ebon night,
 The harbinger of day diffus’d her light.

At her approach Bōotes slow withdrew,
 And fading vanish'd from Aurora's view.
 Pale Lucifer conceal'd his face from day —
 The lucid dewdrops sparkle on the spray ;
 The wakening lark peeps from the rustling corn,
 Impatient with her song to hail the morn.
 The busy Nymphs their bows and arrows bear,
 And jocund at Calypso's cell appear.
 The artful Goddess hails the lovely train,
 And leads their steps unto the verdant plain ;
 Her face the rapture of her bosom owns,
 While with the wreath Telemachus she crowns.
 Uncommon lustre in her eye is seen,
 Uncommon dignity adorns her mien ;
 And all the splendour of a rich array
 Conspires to make her elegantly gay.

Repining Eucharis with caution mov'd,
 And distant gaz'd upon the youth belov'd ;
 With no premeditated grace she shone,
 But ow'd her charms to Nature's hand alone.
 She wore the vesture of a mottled deer,
 Made in a careless robe — her length of hair,
 In part was braided, and the rest unbound,
 Hung down her back, and almost reach'd the ground.
 Thus with apparent negligence of dress,
 She mov'd along in native loveliness.
 No need had she to borrow charms from art,
 Her beauty had secur'd her lover's heart !

The active Nymphs oft aim a fatal dart,
 And shoot some flying victim thro' the heart.
 The first that by the Prince's arrow dies,
 He to Calypso gives (a grateful prize !)

Close by her side, the youth dissembling staid :—
 At noon she leads unto a fragrant shade.
 There ('twas the order of the artful Queen,)
 A gay collation grac'd the Sylvan scene.
 Here Cornucopias hold the mellow pear,
 And oaten baskets rich pomegranates bear.
 The ruddy apple, and the filberd green,
 The almond and the tamarind are seen ;
 The rich anâna, and the purple grape,
 The yellow pumpkin of gigantic shape ;
 The water melon, cocoa nut, and gourd,
 Citron and lime bespread the rural board ;
 By gay festoons of flowers the trees are ty'd,
 With bread the strawy baskets are supply'd.
 The shrubs with amaranths and woodbines bound,
 Diffuse an aromatic fragrance round.
 Soft music (such as by the gentle swains
 Is heard upon the blest Arcadian plains,)
 Wafted on Zephyr's wing delights the ear,
 Awakens hope, and dissipates despair.

The chrystal vases are entwin'd with flowers,
 Brought from Calypso's amaranthine bowers ;
 The sparkling Nectar ruddy lustre shows,
 And thro' the chrystal imitates the rose ;
 While the fair Nymphs a thousand violets bring,
 Mix them with spices, and profusely fling
 The pleasant perfume upon Zephyr's wing. }
 Meantime the goblets are with Nectar crown'd,
 And the blythe Goddess bids the cup go round.
 Leucothoe takes the lute, and tunes the strings,
 Instructed by the Queen, who thus mellifluous sings :

“ Superlatively blest is he,
 “ Who lives with laughing liberty!
 “ Ease and pleasure,
 “ Without measure,
 “ All the rapid moments fill.
 “ Liberty! for ever young,
 “ With liberal heart and licens’d tongue!
 “ Superlatively blest is he,
 “ The mortal who resides with Thee,
 “ Ease and pleasure,
 “ Without measure,
 “ All the rapid moments fill.
 “ Ever smiling liberty,
 “ Dwells with Nature, mirth, and glee,
 “ Light as air,
 “ Free as fair,
 “ Fancy’s sister, Nature’s child!

“ Oh liberty! thy former steps I trace,
 “ I tread the walks that were thy favour’d haunt;
 “ In vain I wish to see thy smiling face,
 “ Thy sportive ease, thy social mirth I want.
 “ In vain I call, the fickle Goddess flies,
 “ While pleasure languishes, and freedom dies.

“ But go, thou heavenly fair! return to Jove,
 “ On azure skies, and clouds aerial roam,
 “ With the Aonian maids on Pindus rove;
 “ And make the heliconian banks thy home,
 “ The joys of freedom, Goddess! I resign,
 “ Take back thy boon, but make my hero mine.

- “ Go, fickle Nymph ! go wanton in the skies,
 “ To Cupid’s empire leave th’ Ogygian plain,
 “ Calypso’s heart shall liberty despise,
 “ And wear the Ithacensian Prince’s chain.
 “ Nor e’er will she her freedom lost bemoan,
 “ Nor importune the weary Gods with pray’rs ;
 “ Nor ever in a state of slavery groan,
 “ Nor meet the author of her chains with tears,
 “ If, (while his fetters her affections bind,)
 “ His heart will be to love and her inclin’d.”

She ends, and swift as thought a labor beats :—
 The obedient Nymphs at once desert their seats
 And form the sportive dance ; the happy Queen
 Selects her partner with inviting mien ;
 Telemachus constrain’d her hand receives,
 But viewing Eucharis, in secret grieves.

(So when some steer with fragrant chaplets crown’d,
 Is by the Augur to the altar bound,
 The fatal victim ’midst the pompous woe,
 Silently struggling, seems his fate to know,
 Turns his sad eyes toward the pastures green,
 Where all his luxury of life has been ;
 Tho’ doom’d for Jove magnificent to bleed,
 He with reluctance moves, declines his head,
 And wishes to regain the verdant mead.) }

But ere the dance is ended, hollow sounds
 Disturb their sport, and limit *pleasure’s* bounds.
 Here fate at once commanded mirth to stay,
 And yield to sorrow the devoted day.
 The groaning timber stuns the wed’ring ear,
 The boding sounds awake Calypso’s fear,

A deadly paleness on her features hung,
 Dread chill'd her heart, and horror chain'd her tongue;
 Trembling upon Leucothoe's arm she lent,
 And thro' the winding wood her footsteps bent.
 Lo! at the utmost verge was Mentor found,
 Untir'd of toil, by timber compass'd round;
 One cumbrous load the sage successful bore,
 Towards the margin of Ogygia's shore,
 Where in a row his oaken planks were laid,
 And half the vessel was already made;
 (For wisdom found no difficulty great,
 And Pallas' hand was seconded by fate.)

Calypso's eyes the cruel work perceive,
 Scarce could her mind the fatal truth believe;
 An icy coldness thrills thro' ev'ry vein,
 She finds it now impossible to feign,
 Her tongue the dreadful secret must reveal,
 Her words the anguish of her heart must tell;
 The Nymphs upon the Prince astonish'd look,
 Till thus Calypso's voice the silence broke.

“ Lo! Mentor lays my ample forest waste,
 “ And for himself prepares a bark in haste.
 “ But, oh Telemachus! thou must not grieve,
 “ Together age and youth at variance live;
 “ Restraint is odious to an active soul —
 “ Mentor no more thy genius shall control!
 “ His manners, and his words, are too severe
 “ For youth to relish, or for love to bear;
 “ Let Mentor go and trust th' uncertain sea —
 “ Telemachus shall stay and reign with me!”

She said ; the news like thunder strikes his ear,
 He feels the shock too violent to bear ;
 Forgets reserve, to Jove his arms extends,
 And thus aloud his exclamation sends :

“ Immortal Gods ! this curse is too severe !
 “ Too much for patience, tir'd of woes to bear !
 “ Yet if I must this cruel blow sustain,
 “ Here let thy bounds of punishment remain,
 “ If he ! my friend and guardian must be gone,
 “ Ah ! leave me Eucharis—or I'm undone !”

He spake. The sudden shock his soul displays,
 And these unguarded words his thoughts betrays.
 Wildly he gazes on the lovely fair,
 And yields to all the horrors of despair ;
 Surpris'd, alarm'd, she dares not meet his eye,
 But stands aloof, and answers with a sigh :
 Whilst fierce Calypso in her rage appears
 Above the force of words, or power of tears.
 She finds no language to express her pain,
 She knows that tears and fond complaints are vain,
 And sway'd by vengeance for neglected love,
 With execrations rushes thro' the grove.
 Her flatt'ring hopes are all dispers'd in air,
 And joy is follow'd by pernicious care.
 Despondency at once usurps her breast,
 And all her frame with fury is possess'd.

{So when confiding to the treach'rous seas,
 His sails unfolding to the gentle breeze,
 The mariner his little bark ascends,
 And on the prospect of the calm depends,

With boldness launches on the smiling deep,
 Dids all distrust and hesitation sleep :
 Till gath'ring clouds o'ershade the face of day,
 Loud thunders roll, and livid lightnings play,
 The swelling waves in frothy mountains rise,
 And soon the bark before the tempest flies ;
 Far from the land, and human succour driv'n,
 With feeble hopes of being saved by heav'n.)

Fierce like Tisiphone, the Goddess turns
 To Mentor, while her breast with vengeance burns.

“ Haste thee! the cries, thy age is slow and weak !
 “ Haste ! let thy sails be hoisted on the deck !
 “ Days will be years, the ling'ring moments hours,
 “ Till false Telemachus has left my bowers ;
 “ His odious presence blasts the vernal grove,
 “ And virgin fame is tainted with his love.
 “ Blind to the treachery of Ulysses' son,
 “ I griev'd that Mentor's labours were begun ;
 “ But what so late my comfort cou'd destroy,
 “ I thank the Gods, is now my greatest joy.
 “ Indiff'rent to the face I once admir'd,
 “ With warm revenge my slighted heart is fir'd—
 “ Oh! rid my bosom of oppressive care !
 “ Far from my isle the base betrayer bear !
 “ Howe'er reluctant, he shall quickly go,
 “ Howe'er the waves may rise, or winds may blow.
 “ From storms I rescu'd him in evil hour,
 “ But now relinquish him to Neptune's power :
 “ The young insulter hath my favour lost —
 “ Let him avoid my hate, and leave my coast.”

She said ; and looking back, the lovers view'd—
 Her tongue a free career to rage allow'd,
 And thus Ulysses' son she hail'd amid the crowd :

“ Disturber of my peace ! I mean to pay
 “ The debt I owe before a distant day.
 “ Know, boy ! the time, the dreadful time is come,
 “ When ev'n repentance cannot change thy doom—
 “ This foolish heart can meditate a blow,
 “ Altho' to execute my hand is slow.

“ Oh ! sacred Synod of eternal Gods !
 “ Oh ! hear a sifter from your bright abodes,
 “ Give to my bitter wishes swift success,
 “ And curse the youth whom I design'd to bless ;
 “ Revenge the quarrel of my dying fame,
 “ *His* be the punishment, tho' *mine* the blame.
 “ If he must live, far from his native home,
 “ The sport of fortune, may he erring roam ;
 “ His wishes vain, his expectations cross'd,
 “ Himself an exile, and his glory lost.—
 “ Or rather may the sea his form devour,
 “ While Eucharis beholds him from the shore ;
 “ The fair impostor has seduc'd my slave,
 “ And robb'd me of a gift that Neptune gave.
 “ A gift I now unto his wrath resign,
 “ To prove (if possible,) more pain than mine.
 “ Yes, fool of love ! Telemachus ! thy doom
 “ Is fix'd, in spite of youth and beauty's bloom ;
 “ Nor need my wrongs be known in Neptune's cave,
 “ For thee ! the God prepares his whelming wave :
 “ Thy Sire in Sicily o'ercame his son,
 “ And thou, for Polypheme, may'ft well atone.

“ ’Tis Neptune’s fury that so long detains,
 “ Ulysses from the Ithacensian plains.—
 “ For know he lives! and farther learn from me,
 “ (If thou art spar’d,) thou shalt the hero see
 “ Unknown to *him*, and he unknown to *thee*.

“ Pernicious monarch of my heart, begone!
 “ And leave me to indulge my griefs alone.
 “ No more my eyes shall gaze upon thy face,
 “ Nor shall fond Eucharis thy knees embrace;
 “ Humbled and groveling in the dust, in vain
 “ Shall the sad Nymph to laughing Jove complain,
 “ And ask my help, whilst I enjoy her pain.
 “ Prostrate with abject tongue, and streaming eyes,
 “ My victim shall express her agonies,
 “ For lost Telemachus, despairing mourn,
 “ Implore my pity, but augment my scorn.
 “ With breaking heart thy vessel she will see,
 “ Whilst I shall triumph in her misery,
 “ With insolence her sharp afflictions meet,
 “ And spurn my hated rival from my feet.
 “ In vain Telemachus shall ask to stay,
 “ The finish’d bark must bear its freight away.
 “ Yes! by the shades of Styx! (an oath to bind
 “ The vows of Gods, as well as human kind;)

“ By that tremendous oath thou shalt depart,
 “ And leave the boasted idol of thy heart;—
 “ My great revenge shall for that moment wait;
 “ If *thou* art wretched, *I* am fortunate.
 “ Well pleas’d if I can bid despair be thine,
 “ And torments more acute, (if possible) than mine.”

She said; and now the force of rage subsides—
 Along her cheek the tear of sorrow glides;

But soon her rage with double force returns,
 While with increasing jealousy she burns,
 Fierce as a wolf along the valley flies,
 And to the trembling Nymphs impatient cries :

“ Ye Nymphs, attend my steps ! this fatal dart,
 “ Shall wound the ling’ring foot, and pierce the rebel
 heart.”

The Nymphs with timid looks submissive bend,
 And panic-struck upon the Queen attend.
 Reluctant Eucharis (oblig’d to feign,)
 Tries by obedience to conceal her pain ;
 She sighs, but dares not to complain aloud,
 Longs to look back — yet moves among the crowd.
 Telemachus remains, his eyes pursue
 The Nymph with whom his softest wishes flew.
 Fondly he views the captivating fair,
 Her noble stature, and her braided hair ;
 And much prefers her unaffected mien,
 To all the dazzling beauty of the Queen.

Now evening’s dun and sober shade prevails,
 No noise is heard, except of whisp’ring gales,
 Nature appears serene, and falling dews,
 On the soft lap of earth are shed profuse ;
 Myriads of twinkling stars adorn the sky,
 And Cynthia rises in her majesty.
 From the full orb descends her silver beam,
 And meets a shadow in the limpid stream,
 Upon whose banks the pensive youth reclin’d,
 And spake these thoughts that influenc’d his mind.

“ To Cupid’s sway the proudest monarchs bow,
 “ And valiant chiefs his conquering power allow.
 “ The weak, the wise, the coward, and the brave,
 “ Must at th’ appointed hour become his slave.
 “ Why then must I be singled out for shame,
 “ If I indulge the fascinating flame?
 “ Altho’ my fair can boast no royal blood,
 “ Her mind with princely virtue is endow’d.
 “ What if from some ignoble stem she springs,
 “ Far from the sceptred dignity of kings;
 “ Her *merit* will my vindication prove,
 “ And *reason*, (scorning pride) shall bless my *love*.
 “ How worthless they, who consequence obtain,
 “ By accidental birth, or worldly gain.
 “ Give me the soul enrich’d by Nature’s care,
 “ As free from blemish, as the form is fair.

“ When to a gorgeous frame a portrait owes
 “ The lavish praise which ignorance bestows;
 “ The sons of science view with different eyes,
 “ (For these, the glare of ornament despise,)
 “ A faultless picture no addition wants,
 “ The artist’s hand sufficient splendor grants.
 “ And if ignoble hands the picture made,
 “ It thou’d with more attention be survey’d.
 “ A portrait cast in such a perfect mould,
 “ Scorns its companions tho’ adorn’d with gold,
 “ And destitute of ornamental dress,
 “ Shines forth superior in its loveliness.

“ Thus I admire, in all her poverty,
 “ The child of Nature and simplicity.
 “ The gentle Eucharis! whose powers extend
 “ To form the *lover*, and to fix the *friend*.

“ *Her* I prefer to all the alluring train,
 “ Who weave their fascinating nets in vain ;
 “ Who look, and move, by artificial rules,
 “ And drefs to captivate unguarded fools :
 “ Plain in her drefs, and humble in her mien,
 “ My Eucharis excels the haughty Queen,
 “ Who vain of birth, and regally attir’d,
 “ Commands respect, and claims to be admir’d.

“ Henceforth my bosom shall be free from pride,
 “ Let Nature, simple Nature ! be my guide.
 “ For what is royal birth ? if partial fate,
 “ Rather than make me *happy*, made me *great* ;
 “ To be superbly wretched I disdain,
 “ ’Tis to be fetter’d with a golden chain ;
 “ Tho’ vulgar eyes revere imperial birth,
 “ ’Tis but a privilege obtain’d on earth.
 “ Beyond the grave these mean distinctions die,
 “ For there, the *beggar* with the *Prince* may vie.

“ Achilles self, whose vast unconquer’d soul
 “ No laws could e’er enslave, no power control,
 “ At Cupid’s summons bent his haughty knee,
 “ And made him God of his idolatry.
 “ For his fair captive, the indignant chief,
 “ Was first provok’d to rend the olive leaf,
 “ For her he chose a friendly league to break,
 “ And left the Grecians for Briseis’ sake,
 “ A prize so great, that ’gainst his country weigh’d,
 “ The balance fell unto the black-ey’d maid.
 “ Urg’d by the loss of her whom he ador’d,
 “ Atreus no longer could command his sword :
 “ By keen revenge, by enmity inspir’d,
 “ He from the counsels of the Greeks retir’d.

“ If beauty’s influence could so far control
 “ The gen’rous valour of his mighty soul ;
 “ If such a mind could yield to love’s decree,
 “ Why shou’d I blush at my captivity ?”

He said ; but whilst his breast with passion glow’d,
 A phantom clad in arms before him stood ;
 A flaming shield he bore, and on his head
 A crested helmet fable plumes display’d ;
 One hand a garland (form’d of laurel) bore,
 Whose verdant leaves were edg’d with human gore,
 His better hand a glitt’ring faulchion held,
 Stain’d with the blood of many a well-fought field.
 Effulgent on his armour beam’d the moon,
 In the clear water his reflection shone ;
 Across the narrow stream he bent his eyes
 On the astonish’d youth, and loudly cries :

“ Does earth invoke Achilles’ shade, to hear
 “ How men profane the name they shou’d revere ?
 “ His mangled *fame* demands him from the dead,
 “ To save her from th’ affassin coward’s blade,
 “ Which only in the dark dares aim a blow,
 “ Nor thinks her voice can reach the shades below.
 “ But oh ! again emerging to the light,
 “ What fights inglorious pain Achilles’ fight ?
 “ In vain I hope to find the sons of war—
 “ Women alone, and feeble boys appear.
 “ No clang of arms is heard — no neighing steed
 “ His master bears, to conquer or to bleed !
 “ No martial trumpets with their loud alarms,
 “ The beating breasts of dawning manhood warms !
 “ Nor shouting multitudes with eager voice,
 “ Make danger, blood, and liberty, their choice.

“ No hostile Troy her guarded bulwark rears !
 “ No field a coat of purple carnage wears !
 “ No valiant Potentate in Helen’s cause,
 “ Against opposing foes his faulchion draws.
 “ No Grecian banners flutter in the wind,
 “ No augurs move before, no hecatombs behind ;
 “ No sacred heralds seek the Delphick grove,
 “ Or wait the mandate of Dodonian Jove.
 “ Far diff’rent was the time when Hector’s name
 “ Faded beneath Achilles’ brighter fame.
 “ When by this arm was slain the Trojan’s boast,
 “ And Greece triumphant conquer’d Priam’s host.
 “ Behold his blood my sword and laurels bear,—
 “ For pity thought my vengeance too severe,
 “ And mark’d me as the instrument of war ;
 “ That ghosts of Trojans might their scourge survey,
 “ Howl in the shades, and fullen stalk away.

“ But am I farther punish’d? must I know
 “ What little good does from example flow !
 “ And shall my conduct be a test to prove
 “ For ev’ry boy, the lawfulness of love ?
 “ Shall those who to the joys of peace adhere,
 “ And shrink affrighted from the scenes of war,
 “ Despoil my glory of its brightest fame,
 “ And to defend themselves, traduce my name ?
 “ But vain is their attempt to injure me !
 “ They might as soon expect to drain the sea
 “ As rob me of my *fame* : the swelling tide
 “ Their feeble efforts ever will deride.

“ I lov’d Ulysses with a soldier’s love,
 “ And for his sake, Telemachus reprove.

“ Thy words, fond youth! have challeng’d my renown, }
 “ Thy words have dar’d accuse Pelides’ son— }
 “ But ignorance shall for thy fault atone.
 “ Think not Briseis, tho’ replete with charms,
 “ Induc’d *Achilles* to resign his arms;
 “ Much as I lov’d, had justice claim’d the maid,
 “ Atrides and the Gods had been obey’d.
 “ But when a tyrant sent his harsh command,
 “ And dar’d unlawfully my prize demand;
 “ Altho’ his hands Mycenæ’s sceptre sway’d,
 “ Tho’ the assembled states of Greece obey’d
 “ His mandate — I disputed a decree,
 “ By malice fram’d, enforced by tyranny,
 “ Blind to all ties, deaf to a nation’s prayers;
 “ I left the army to their boding fears;
 “ *Love* and *Briseis* for the cause was nam’d,
 “ But ’twas *revenge* alone, my heart inflam’d;
 “ Nor ever had I fought by Atreus’ side,
 “ Had not my friend, my dear Patroclus died.
 “ Then fierce revenge again destroy’d my rest,
 “ And only Hector cou’d appease my breast.

“ When nobleness of birth, and virtue join’d,
 “ Are found with beauty, and a gentle mind;
 “ When Hymen’s torch flames purple at the shrine,
 “ And Princes’ brides are of a royal line,
 “ Honour the great alliance will attend,
 “ And peans from the crowd to Jove ascend.
 “ But if you dare illustrious blood pollute,
 “ And to some humble maid address your suit;
 “ The ghosts of noble ancestors will rise,
 “ Curse the ill-sorted love, and all thy vows despise.

“ Thy Sire, Ulyſſes, turn'd from Circe's charms,
 “ And wiſely fled from fair Calypſo's arms ;
 “ Alluring Syrens as he croſs'd the main,
 “ Implor'd his ſtay (with warbling voice) in vain.
 “ Around his veſſel emulous they prefs'd,
 “ But rectitude was guardian of his breaſt,
 “ With deafen'd ears he cut the liquid tide,
 “ And from their beauty turn'd his eyes aſide ;
 “ Oh youth ! thou haſt not known the various ills,
 “ With which pernicious *love* the boſom fills.
 “ When a bright taper's artificial ray,
 “ Illumes the dwelling with fictitious day,
 “ Some wanton fly attracted by the blaze,
 “ In giddy whirls, round the temptation plays ;
 “ With ignorance the dazzling light admires,
 “ And perfeveres till he in flames expires ;
 “ Thus unexperienc'd hearts, in Cupid's ſnare
 “ Aim at *felicity*, but meet *deſpair*.
 “ When Cupid ſmiles, perhaps he moſt deceives,
 “ And the fond youth is ruin'd, who believes.
 “ Love can profane the ſacred prieſt's abode,
 “ Pollute their rites, and ſtain their ſhrines with blood.
 “ Ev'n when at Hymen's holy fane I bow'd,
 “ And conſtancy to Priam's daughter vow'd,
 “ There, while ſecurity and love appear'd,
 “ While treachery was unworthy to be fear'd,
 “ While fair Polyxena was pledg'd my bride,
 “ By Paris, (Cupid's meſſenger !) I died ;
 “ A Trojan arrow from the coward came—
 “ While yet I knelt, he trembling took his aim
 “ Alas ! the traitor's hopes were but too true,
 “ He pierc'd my heel, and from the temple flew.

“ Telemachus if neither priest nor shrine,
 “ Could shelter fuch a glorious life as mine,
 “ If royalty and beauty cou’d not move
 “ The Gods to fmile upon my plighted love;
 “ Think what may be thy fate, if thou fhalt give
 “ To Eucharis, the hand a Princefs fhould receive !
 “ Shame is the dower that haplefs maiden brings,
 “ And fad repentance hangs on Cupid’s wings.
 “ Fly from the dang’rous fnare — let freedom reign !
 “ And break the bondage of a woman’s chain.”

He ends. The Prince is anxious to inquire,
 The certain fate of his much-honour’d Sire ;
 But while he fpeaks, the ghofit eludes his fight,
 And fades away among the fhades of night.
 Enwrapt in thought, the wond’ring youth remain’d,
 And half the conqueft o’er his love obtain’d ;
 On the cold ground he mournfully reclin’d,
 Achilles’ form ftill prefent to his mind.

At length the ftars behind pale Luna fled,
 And Lucifer the laft, conceal’d his head,
 The murky night withdrew, and from the eaft
 Aurora dawn’d, in faffron garments drefs’d.
 Then Mentor at the river’s fide appear’d,
 From whom the youth thefe words of forrow heard.
 “ Farewell for ever ! the propitious gales,
 “ Wait but for Mentor to unfurl his fails ;
 “ Then will they kindly on my voyage attend,
 “ Hang on the fhrouds, and my beft hopes befriend,
 “ Farewell ! I launch impatient on the fea,
 “ Rather than live with infamy, and thee.”

He said. Telemachus consults his eyes,
 Observes their stern regard, and thus replies :

“ Yes ! in those looks I read my certain fate,
 “ And mourn the loss of thy esteem too late.
 “ Must I then live remote, alas ! from thee ?
 “ For ever robb’d of thy society ?
 “ Oh ! more than parent ! thou whom friendship’s tie
 “ Made the companion of my destiny,
 “ A short-liv’d respite to my sufferings grant,
 “ And leave me not when most thy aid I want.
 “ No longer master of my wayward will,
 “ I own my weakness, but indulge it still ;
 “ I have not resolution yet to go,
 “ Altham’d I am to stay ; wouldst thou allow
 “ To love and Eucharis one parting hour,
 “ (Trust me !) Telemachus, will ask no more.
 “ If this must be refus’d, I only crave
 “ To let my sorrows sleep within a grave ;
 “ My follies and my grief may there repose,
 “ Nor e’er shall rumour my disgrace disclose —
 “ Be thou, O Mentor ! to the last my friend,
 “ And expiate by blood the fault I cannot mend.”

He spake. The artful Mentor thus rejoin’d :
 “ Telemachus ! I much rejoice to find
 “ Your heart is conscious of the frauds of love,
 “ And owns an error reason must reprove,
 “ One glorious struggle, and the task is done—
 “ Telemachus shall conquer Venus’ son ;
 “ The Gods for thy advantage are severe,
 “ But suff’ring virtue is their secret care.
 “ My son ! let fortitude thy wish control,
 “ Let bright renown reanimate thy soul,

“ Without a murmur taste the cup of woe,
 “ And thro’ the trial Jove assigns thee, go :
 “ To virtue’s sacred counsel have recourse,
 “ Nor dare encounter hostile Cupid’s force ;
 “ His flow’ry fetters cover iron chains,
 “ His smiling pleasures hide attendant pains.
 “ O Prince ! shall *he* to govern states pretend,
 “ Who cannot o’er himself his rule extend ?
 “ Talk not of Mentor’s stay ! resolv’d I go,
 “ If peals of thunder roll, or tempests blow.
 “ The steady mind, invariably the same,
 “ Expects no harm, while it deserves no blame.
 “ But *hero* like, if thou wilt share my fate,
 “ Glory and honour on thy voyage shall wait ;
 “ ’Tis nobler far the ills of life to bear,
 “ Than plunge in guilt, and perish in despair.
 “ ’Tis nobler to retrieve a fading fame,
 “ Than cowardly to stoop, and dwell with shame ;
 “ Be wise ! be bold ! in such a glorious cause,
 “ Redeem expiring fame, and win applause ;
 “ And let the victory o’er thy passions prove,
 “ That virtue wounded, yet may conquer love.
 “ The pointed rocks that round this island stand,
 “ Are less destructive than the fatal land ;
 “ Oh ! fly the troubles that await thee here,
 “ To other coasts the ready vessel steer.
 “ From calumny, contempt, and certain shame,
 “ By one decisive deed preserve thy fame ;
 “ No time for hesitation now is giv’n,
 “ Accept the offer of propitious heav’n ;
 “ Nor dread the risk of dark uncertainty,
 “ When we may greatly live, or bravely die,
 “ Rather than languish in captivity. ”

}

Soft as the dew descends upon the plain,
 Or as the fountain cools the thirsty swain,
 So Mentor's balmy voice persuasive prov'd,
 And with his pupil to the beach he mov'd ;
 Subdued, the sad Telemachus appear'd,
 And follow'd with regret his friend rever'd.
 His feet the path that Mentor took pursued,
 His eyes were fix'd upon the distant wood,
 Where Eucharis was often seen to rove,
 Wak'd from her slumbers by the cares of love.
 At length, as from a tedious dream awake,
 With falt'ring accents he to Mentor spake :

“ Wherefore, ah wherefore, does my honour'd guide
 “ Precipitate me to the ocean's side?—
 “ Have I been ever found to truth unjust,
 “ That thou shou'dst seem my promise to distrust ?
 “ Know, Mentor ! from my plan I ne'er recede,
 “ Resolv'd I follow—be it thine to lead.
 “ Yes ! thou shalt bear me hence — yet, Mentor, stay
 “ To let me breathe, ere I am torn away ;
 “ Ere finally thy footsteps I pursue,
 “ Oh ! let me bid my Eucharis adieu.
 “ Let me once more behold that mourning fair,
 “ And whisper this sad language in her ear.

“ Ah, Nymph ! the Gods, the cruel Gods ordain
 “ Our hearts for happiness shall plead in vain ;
 “ No pray'rs can now procrastinate our doom,
 “ The hour, the parting hour, alas ! is come.
 “ Ah ! what avails the energy of love,
 “ Oppos'd to the decree of ruling Jove !
 “ Constrain'd I go ! what dreadful pangs I feel,
 “ If thou hast lov'd like *me*, thyself can tell,

“ Yet whilst thy slave exists, dear maid! I swear
 “ Thy image in my constant breast to wear,
 “ And as I traverse o’er th’ uncertain sea,
 “ My heart will faithfully adhere to thee.
 “ That steady compass, wheresoe’er I turn,
 “ Will point, fair Eucharis, to thee—and mourn.”

“ Alas! my father, grant me this request,
 “ ’Twill be a balsam to my wounded breast.
 “ Can I abandon with ingratitude,
 “ Without one last farewell, the Nymph I woo’d?
 “ Not only love this trivial boon demands,
 “ ’Tis pity pleads — ’tis justice that commands.”

He said. With flashing eyes the Sage reply’d,
 “ In vain you try the force of love to hide ;
 “ The subtle flame deceives your youthful sense,
 “ But cooler judgement sees its violence.
 “ Be grateful to your country’s hopes alone —
 “ If you again to Eucharis return,
 “ Impatient of delay I leave the shore,
 “ And ne’er, Telemachus! will see thee more.
 “ Can lawless passion gratitude require?
 “ Ah no! my son, beware! and like thy Sire,
 “ Scorch’d with the flame, escape the raging fire :
 “ With equal fortitude forsake the coast,
 “ Nor let my wishes and my cares be lost.
 “ Avoid the Nymph! one look from *her* wou’d tend
 “ To ruin all the projects of thy friend.
 “ Like thee, the man who with a fever burns,
 “ When the disease his brain to phrenzy turns,
 “ Calls for an icy draught to heal his pain,
 “ But wise physicians the command restrain.

“ The draught obtain’d, wou’d at the first relieve,
 “ And with fictitious hopes the wretch deceive ;
 “ Awhile his burning limbs, and parched tongue,
 “ Might lose their heat, but wou’d not lose it long ;
 “ With double strength the fierce disease returns,
 “ More swiftly spreads, more violently burns.
 “ Trust not thyself, but resolutely fly,
 “ Far from thy Eucharis’ persuasive eye.
 “ There’s danger in her tears to ev’ry foe ;
 “ At honour’s call, with soul undaunted go,
 “ To all but Love, be deaf to him alone,
 “ Avoid his arts, or thou wilt be undone.
 “ But, if my words can only reach thine ear,
 “ Not touch thy heart, I shall my suit forbear ;
 “ My son Telemachus ! I shall deplore,
 “ My son so lately—but alas ! no more.

“ ’Twas not thy noble name I lov’d alone,
 “ ’Twas thy young genius aiming at renown ;
 “ I saw thee kindle at the thoughts of war,
 “ I fancy’d glory wou’d become thy care.
 “ I saw the early dawn of virtue’s ray,
 “ That spoke the promise of a splendid day.
 “ I fondly thought thy deeds of fame wou’d spring,
 “ And make thee both an hero and a king ;
 “ I prophecy’d thy fame, a blazing star,
 “ The envy of the rival sons of war.

“ Oh ! chang’d from him I partially approv’d,
 “ Restore the same Telemachus I lov’d.
 “ If reason now her empire can extend,
 “ And cure thy rebel heart, I live thy friend ;
 “ But if thy passion will her power oppose,
 “ If thou perverse, will court thy worst of foes,

“ Alone I go, and for thy error grieve,
 “ The sister Parcæ will the future weave ;
 “ Within the book of fate is mark'd thy doom,
 “ Envelop'd in the gloom of time to come.
 “ Meanwhile, for some far-distant land I steer,
 “ To brood on grief—and perish in despair.”

He spake. The youth abash'd, no answer made,
 But silently his guardian's voice obey'd ;
 Pursu'd his steps, and with an aching heart,
 Resolv'd from lovely Eucharis to part.

Meantime the son of Cytherca stray'd
 Doubtful and anxious in the dewy shade,
 In ambush there he stop'd awhile, to wait
 For obstacles from Pallas, and from fate.
 Soon as he found that Mentor's voice prevail'd,
 His former confidence and courage fail'd ;
 Alarm'd, from the retreat with speed he flies
 To sad Calypso, and impatient cries :

“ O Goddess! where is fled revenge and pride ?
 “ Thy captives leave thee with this morning's tide.
 “ Exert thy power — ah ! do not deign to grieve,
 “ This couch, this negligence, this sorrow, leave.
 “ Retain Telemachus ! the power is thine,
 “ To execute what thou shalt wish be mine.”

“ Unhappy lovè ! return'd the weeping fair,
 “ To Eucharis, blest Eucharis ! repair.
 “ No power have I, but *she* his heart may move,
 “ For words are welcome from the lips we love.
 “ My vow is past, by Styx eternal gloom,
 “ To let him unmolested seek his home.

“ And if no solemn oath the vow could bind,
 “ Say how shou’d I persuade, to whom he is unkind?
 “ Ev’n Eucharis’ fond wishes he denies,
 “ Dares not to stay and meet her killing eyes,
 “ But like a spoiler, (dreading Phœbus) flies. }
 “ He goes—nor thou, pernicious boy! shall stay,
 “ Beyond the length of this eventful day —
 “ Oh! wou’d to Jove! and ev’ry power above,
 “ Calypso’s breast had never cherish’d love;
 “ Thou like a viper hast my care repaid,
 “ And stung the heart, credulity betray’d.

“ Thus is my hospitality return’d?
 “ Is this the harvest that my toil has earn’d?
 “ Traitor! to thee my shame and grief I owe —
 “ Deceiv’d, I once carefs’d—but spurn thee now:
 “ I scorn that love which burns for more than one,
 “ Give me an undivided heart, or none;
 “ And think not I, with Eucharis will join
 “ To keep a prize that is not wholly mine.
 “ Thy fruitless, (thy pretended) zeal, forbear,
 “ Insulting are thy looks, and vain thy care:
 “ All that remains for such a wretch as me,
 “ Is to detest mankind, and banish thee.
 “ Avaunt! begone! thou hateful imp of hell,
 “ I feel the furies all my bosom fill:
 “ Fly on the winged winds;—to Ida go,
 “ Or match thyself with horrid fiends below.
 “ Explore dark Pluto’s world, and look around
 “ To see if one so bad as thee, is found.
 “ Oh plague accurs’d! not fell Charybdis’ shore,
 “ Nor barking Scylla has thy fatal power.

“ They seize their prey, and instant death ordain,
 “ But thou can’st aggregate whole years of pain,
 “ And fasten various torments to thy chain,
 “ Not fierce Megæra flaming thro’ the air,
 “ Can bring like thee, the terrors of despair,
 “ (When pregnant with tormenting power she flies,
 “ Whips in her hands, and fury in her eyes,
 “ A thousand serpents wreathing round her head,
 “ And gorgon horror on her face display’d.)
 “ Tartarean harpies cannot plague like thee—
 “ Erynnis hath not Cupid’s tyranny;
 “ Nor thou, Enyo, with thy civil war,
 “ Doth cruel as the God of love appear.
 “ His pestilential darts at random hurl’d,
 “ Reach heaven’s high vault, and conflagrate the world.
 “ His racks, his trials of the human mind,
 “ Leave outward pain, and punishment behind,
 “ He rules us all with universal power,
 “ And Gods, as well as men, his arts deplore.”

She said. The victor with a smile reply’d;
 “ Is this the time, misjudging Queen! to chide?
 “ Shalt *thou*, a demi deity, pretend
 “ To censure Venus’ son, and Nature’s friend?
 “ Th’ insipid multitude depriv’d of *me*,
 “ Senseless, untutor’d savages wou’d be;
 “ Dull men, (whose souls I only can refine,)
 “ Wou’d sink in ignorance, and sloth supine;
 “ Attention wou’d decline for want of love,
 “ And taste and harmony insipid prove.
 “ The eye of beauty then wou’d cease to charm,
 “ The frown to murder, or the smile to warm.
 “ Language itself wou’d lose persuasion’s power,
 “ And dullness hang on every tedious hour.

“ But Women will be headstrong, proud, and vain,
 “ Fond of dispute, and ready to complain.
 “ Thy weakness I forgive — yet trust my aid,
 “ Rash as thou art, thou shalt not be betray'd ;
 “ Think not the stubborn boy thy coast shall leave,
 “ Myself the task, without thee, can atchieve.
 “ Calypso's oath inviolate may stand,
 “ And yet Telemachus shall grace her land.
 “ An enterprizing scheme my mind employs,
 “ My fancy now the floating bark destroys. —

“ Command thy Nymphs in daring deeds to join,
 “ If you to stop the fugitives incline :
 “ The Nymphs and Cupid from the vow are free—
 “ The ship shall flame, and never cross the sea.
 “ E'en Mentor's self, whose eloquence and care
 “ Frustrates thy wish, and drags the captive there,
 “ May see the rising smoke our deed proclaim,
 “ Yet shall he not prevent the rapid flame.”

He said ; the Goddess instantly relents,
 Expells her hate, and to the snare consents.

(Thus when a herd of cattle faint with heat,
 Pant o'er the plain, and seek a cool retreat,
 If to some little rivulet they stray,
 About whose surface gentle Zephyrs play,
 They cool their dusty limbs, they drink the stream,
 Exhale the breeze, and on the margin dream.)

Blythe Cupid swiftly from the grotto flew
 To call the scatter'd Nymphs—his voice they knew.
 Like frightened deer that seek the forest shade,
 When horns and hounds the open plain invade

They lay conceal'd — but now emerging, all
 Crowd round the God obedient to his call.
 In haste aloud, he thus commanding cry'd,
 “ With fiery brands your active hands provide ;
 “ Let them to victory and praise aspire —
 “ Concur with me, and set the ship on fire.”

He spake, and fled to the adjacent grove ;
 The joyful Nymphs obey the voice of love.
 While Eucharis the crackling branches tears
 The rest collect, and each a fragment bears ;
 Love with his glowing breath, engenders heat,
 And lights their boughs ; they move with agile feet.
 Fair Eucharis dismisses every fear,
 And deems the end of difficulty near.
 Already they display with grasping hands,
 Triumphant the illuminated brands ;
 They gain the bay, and on the vessel pour
 The fiery weapons in a missile shower.
 Their shouts apparent victory proclaim,
 The splitting keel admits the rapid flame,
 The twisted cordage yields, the masts descend,
 The sails and colours to the ruin bend.

Now on the rock which overlook'd the bay,
 The Prince and faithful Mentor they survey
 Approaching to a path, whose slow descent,
 Towards the entrance of the harbour bent.
 At once the daring mischief was confess'd—
 With grief and anger Mentor was oppress'd,
 But other feelings rul'd the lover's breast
 Like a young blossom which the sun and rain,
 By turns hath cheer'd, and then o'ercharg'd again,

His virtue and his friendship first prevail,
 Yet love revives, and all their efforts fail.
 Soon from among the distant band his eyes
 Selects fair Eucharis ; he looks, and sighs ;
 Imagination heightens ev'ry grace,
 And represents the beauty of her face.
 Her hair dishevel'd glitters in the sun,
 Like a Bacchante wild, she flies along.
 Fond Zephyr seems among her robes to play,
 As if ambitious o'er her form to stray,
 Triumphant joy inspires her sprightly air,
 And unto Jove she sends a thankful pray'r.
 He sees the work of each advent'rous hand,
 And blesses *her* who threw the foremost brand :
 Successful Love ! to Nature near allied,
 Possess'd his heart, and resolution died.—
 Tho' of his weakness to his friend ashamed,
 With feeble voice his destiny he blam'd,
 Yet were his eyes on that one spot employ'd,
 Where Eucharis returning hope enjoy'd,
 And saw the fabric of her fears destroy'd.

The anxious Mentor with resentment burn'd,
 And to the deep, his eyes far stretching turn'd ;
 There glitt'ring with bright Phœbus' rising beam,
 (Where the still ocean seem'd a limpid stream,)
 Delighted, he the slacken'd canvas sees
 Of a small vessel waiting for the breeze.
 He knew advantage on the moment hung,
 And with a sudden push the lover flung,
 Down from the rock, the surgy waves among.
 Himself descending with immortal power
 Sustain'd the senseless youth, and o'er him bore

The magic shield, where fell Medusa frown'd,
 And aw'd the swelling tide that foam'd around.
 Telemachus reviving, looks on high,
 And views the rock which seems to meet the sky:
 Amaz'd he sees, and hardly can believe
 He fell from such a heighth, and cou'd survive;
 His fainting breast th' immortal Ægis cheer'd,
 And sage Minerva by his side appear'd:
 They reach the vessel, ere the turn of day,
 And for Phœnicia quickly bear away.

Meantime the Nymphs intimidated fly—
 The Ægis flames on ev'ry aching eye;
 Sad Eucharis the first approach'd the Queen,
 And thus address'd her with distracted mien:

“ If thou hast lov'd! prepare thyself to know
 “ What ill effects from our endeavours flow.
 “ The Ithacensians are already gone—
 “ Minerva bears away Ulysses' son.”

“ Curs'd be the wretch,” the impetuous Goddess cries,
 “ Who brings Calypso such malicious lies.
 “ It cannot be! they have not left the shore,
 “ Their purpose is delay'd by Cupid's power—
 “ Yet do thine eyes confirm the cruel tale,
 “ And tell me Cupid's promises may fail;
 “ If this be true, then doubly curs'd art *thou*,
 “ Who came officious to increase my woe.
 “ Henceforth be silent, messenger of ill!
 “ Nor with prophetic fears my fancy fill.
 “ Speak not again what most I dread to hear—
 “ Silence alone can save me from despair.

“ If *he*, the idol of my heart is gone !
 “ Base Eucharis ! it is thy fault alone.
 “ Cupid to thee, unbounded empire gave,
 “ A look, a sign, a word, had kept thy slave ;
 “ But since my passion interfer'd with thine,
 “ Thou wert resolv'd to make misfortune mine ;
 “ Thy stubborn heart to urge my sorrows chose,
 “ And robb'd thyself, to blast thy Queen's repose.
 “ Hence from my sight ! I cannot bear thee now —
 “ Back to the beach, ye tardy wretches go !
 “ View your imperfect work, and triumph there,
 “ Leave me the torment of my griefs to bear ;
 “ But let base Eucharis my hatred dread,
 “ My vengeance aims at her devoted head.
 “ Telemachus this legacy bequeathes,
 “ This, to alleviate my torture gives,
 “ That still I can molest what most he lov'd,
 “ And persecute the charms his heart approv'd.”

She said ; and fiercely to a mountain flies,
 Whence to the ocean she directs her eyes,
 And there, Minerva's horrid shield descries. }
 From her wan cheek, the tide of life is driv'n,
 She raises her accusing eyes to heav'n ;
 Her trembling livid lips no more disclose,
 The velvet redness of the damask rose.
 A sudden coldness runs thro' all her veins,
 Her languid eye reveals her mental pains,
 Her weary limbs can hardly bear their weight,
 She trembles at the certainty of fate :
 No distant hope remains to cheer her breast,
 Silent she gazes, with despair oppress'd.
 Her eyes refuse to weep, her shorten'd breath
 Heaves with the struggles of a mortal death,

Till Nature, wearied with the conflict, faints,
And to her grief a little respite grants.

(So shakes some temple's antiquated wall,
Its country's boast, but doom'd at last to fall.
A moment pauses, as if loath to be
No more the shade of proud antiquity ;
In vain! the basis is by time decay'd,
It nods, it falls, and in the dust is laid.)

Senseless the Goddess lay — till Cupid came,
And with his breath restor'd th' unhappy dame ;
Recall'd her to the agony of grief,
The sense of shame, and anguish past relief.
To hopeless love, (the greatest curse that heav'n
To susceptible hearts has ever given ! —)
Her rage revives — she frowns, she wildly storms,
And direful fury every grace deforms ;
Ev'n beauty loses all the power to charm,
And frantic violence distorts her form.
Among the hills her howling voice is heard—
It frights the tyger, and the spotted pard ;
With anguish she arraigns the powers above,
Upbraiding Venus, and accusing love.

Cupid alarm'd, expands his flutt'ring wings,
And like a bird to Cytherea springs.
The tender mother his affliction shares,
And on her bosom dries his pearly tears ;
While all th' assembly of impartial Jove,
Laugh at the rage of disappointed love.

But fierce Calypso from the hill descends,
And to the Nymphs her hasty footsteps bends ;

They hear her voice, which like an herald goes,
 Proclaiming punishment and future woes.
 (Thus does an angry bull his rival threat,
 And with a sound of hostile fury greet ;
 He tears the earth, he bellows from afar,
 And foaming with disdain, provokes the war.)

The timid Eucharis the danger fears —
 Attempts to fly before the Queen appears ;
 The Queen her fugitive far distant views,
 And like a lioness the prey pursues ;
 For midst her grief envenom'd joy she prov'd,
 To know that Eucharis with fear was mov'd,
 To think she also bore a load of pain,
 Like her was left, and fated to remain }
 An endless mourner on the lonesome plain ;
 Tho' rival in her love, yet doom'd to be
 A partner in her cruel destiny ;
 Her disappointment and despair the same,
 As strong her sorrow, as sincere her flame.
 To aggravate her torture she designs,
 And to obdurate hate her soul inclines.

Deep in the Isle an holy temple stood,
 Within a dark inviolated wood :—
 The hoary oaks all gray with age appear'd,
 And ev'ry bough the pious Nymphs rever'd.
 No Druid's presence was required there,
 Nor mystic priest to consecrate the pray'r ;
 No impious step, no sound of mirth was known
 In hallow'd scenes that Jove had made his own ;
 No trivial cause e'er brought to shades like these,
 A wretch to seek the shelter of the trees.

Profane the step, unless it came to crave
 The God to comfort, to protect, and save ;
 A solemn silence round the temple reign'd,
 Where solitude her dignity maintain'd.
 The aw'd creation seem'd from thence to fly,
 As conscious of the great divinity.
 The bones of Anchorites were safely laid,
 Beneath the shelter of the sacred shade ;
 They in past ages died within the wood,
 Where the last office of their service stood,
 The Temple, which their mortal hands had rear'd,
 Immortaliz'd by Jove, and therefore fear'd.
 The brazen gates that screen'd the holy shrine,
 Were stamp'd with praises to his name divine ;
 Whoe'er to these, for a protection flew,
 No wrathful enemy would dare pursue,
 No impious hand attempted to remove
 A wretch, who sought the patronage of Jove,
 Lest indignation bursting from his throne,
 Shou'd fill the grove with terrors not its own.
 At early dawn of each revolving day,
 The business of a Nymph it was, to lay
 In each expiring lamp the holy oil,
 And scatter incense round the sacred pile.

Hither in robes of purest white array'd,
 The lovely Eucharis determin'd fled, }
 A holy fillet bound upon her head.
 Wary and wise, when fortune turn'd the scale,
 When she beheld her hopes of comfort fail,
 When she became abandon'd and forlorn,
 Her Queen revengful, and her lover gone,
 Here she resolv'd in safety to retreat, }
 Here at the altar of the God to wait,
 And shun the malice of Calypso's hate :

To live sequester'd in this quiet wood,
 And be the priestess of the blest abode.
 Swiftly the hapless Nymph for refuge flies—
 Calypso follows her, with frantic cries,
 Pursues her even to the brazen gates,
 And there, for her return, impatient waits.
 But lo! the trembling self-devoted maid,
 Prostrate before the shrine, implores the thund'rer's aid,
 Clings to the altar with an awful fear,
 And thus, in fault'ring words, begins her pray'r :

“ Peace to these shades ! the wretch's last retreat !

“ The blest resource of the unfortunate.

“ Hail ! to the horrors of this sacred grove—

“ For ever honour'd be thy name — oh Jove !

“ To thee ! as to a certain good, I fly,

“ On thy extensive mercy I rely.

“ Have pity on my woes, my faults forgive,

“ And let me here, thy chosen vestal live.

“ If I have err'd, oh ! may my griefs atone

“ For all my follies — let me live alone,

“ And cherish memory in this silent shade,

“ (For homage, peace, and contemplation made.)

“ Thy vestal vow'd, I voluntary come,

“ To find a refuge in this sacred dome.

“ Here would I stop, but that I farther dare,

“ (Inspir'd by love, extend my ardent pray'r ;)

“ May I once more, without incurring blame,

“ Breathe, dear Telemachus ! thy honour'd name ?

“ Yes ! I will speak ;—th' impartial powers above

“ Know I am guiltless of an impious love.

“ No wild impetuous passion rul'd my soul,

“ Or wayward thoughts disdainful of control.

“ Chaste was my love, consistent still with fame,
 “ My actions, such as Reason cannot blame.
 “ Pure as the flame, which in yon lamp is seen
 “ The tenor of my hapless love hath been ;
 “ Yet even now, affection fills my breast—
 “ (The sigh of sorrow will not be suppress’d,)
 “ It cleaves perversely to my wounded heart,
 “ And from its mansion scruples to depart.
 “ Compels my eye to drop one tender tear,
 “ And dare to speak of Love’s dominion here.

“ Oh ! wherefoe’er Telemachus is driv’n,
 “ May he be guarded by propitious heaven,—
 “ Preserv’d from perils, hardships, and distress,
 “ And crown’d at last with perfect happiness.
 “ May valour, wisdom, virtue, rule his mind,
 “ And fame record him *best, as loveliest of mankind.*

“ If I have err’d by means of love or fate,
 “ May Jove’s forgiveness my confession meet.
 “ My present punishment past joy exceeds,
 “ My innocence for future mercy pleads.
 “ Deserted by my lover, left to bear
 “ Calypso’s hatred, and my own despair,
 “ What am I now ? but like a leafless tree,
 “ Stripp’d of the dress that gave me dignity.
 “ My verdant ornaments too soon decay’d,
 “ And all my transitory grandeur fled.

“ Yet does the tree expect again to wear
 “ Her gay apparel with the future year,
 “ But ah ! my days of joy can ne’er return—
 “ Ill-fated Eucharis must ever mourn.

“ Her adverse stars have destin’d her to find
 “ Her lover cruel, and her friends unkind.
 “ Yet unto thee, all-seeing Jove! I bow—
 “ To thee my life and services I vow.
 “ Thy gracious favour may assuage my pain,
 “ And bid me taste tranquillity again ;
 “ Thy powerful will may cause my woes to cease,
 “ Make me *forget to love*, and be at *peace*.”

She said ; and sorrow stopp’d her trembling tongue—
 Still to the altar she devoutly clung,
 And with uplifted ardent eye, implor’d
 The powers above protection to afford.

With awful sounds the sacred temple shook,
 The Gods consent, his solemn thunder spoke.
 A sudden light pervaded thro’ the gloom,
 And hollow murmurs sounded in the dome ;
 Whilst o’er the temple was display’d in air,
 Th’ auspicious bird belov’d by *Jupiter*.

Calypso knew the omen, and retir’d—
 With envy, passion, and resentment fir’d.
 For lost revenge, as much as love she mourns,
 Her cheek with shame and disappointment burns,
 Slowly returning from the sacred grove,
 Her heart laments the clemency of Jove ;
 Owns the extent of Cupid’s sov’reignty,
 But wishes still, Telemachus! for thee.
 Anger and love, alternate rule her breast,
 And sad remembrance robs her soul of rest.

(Thus when the mariner by storms is tofs’d
 Upon some rude uncultivated coast,

Far from his pleasing expectations borne,
 From all his hopes, and dear attachments torn,
 His retrospective mind recalls the hours
 When smiling pleasure strew'd his way with flowers,
 When love and friendship all his wishes blest,
 And calm content was his perpetual guest.
 He thinks of all the blessings he has known—
 The mirthful days that are for ever gone,
 And whilst he looks despairing o'er the sea,
 Breathes invocations to felicity :
 With wishful eye expects relief in vain —
 Ne'er can he see his native land again ;
 Nor friendly ship, nor distant shores appear
 To sooth his *anguish*, or prevent *despair*.)

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