Accessions

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Thomas Kurnant Bailey

Boston Public Library

Received, May, 1872.
Not to be taken from the Library.
OVID'S Metamorphosis Englished, Mytho-
logiz'd and Represented in Figures; also
the First Book of Virgil's Æneid, by G.
Sandys, LARGE PAPER. folio, old calf gilt,
very neat, 14s.          Oxford, 1632

I received this book, as having been the author's own
copy, and have good reason to believe that G. S. are his initials
in his own MS. — The large paper copies of the Metamorphosis, by G.
Sandys are extremely rare, even in the Public Libraries. —

J. B. C. Elton.
OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES
ENGLISHED.
MYTHOLOGIZED
And
Represented in Figures.

An Essay to the Translation
of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

By G. S.

IMPRINTED AT OXFORD.
By JOHN LICHFIELD.

An. Dom. MDCXXXII.

Cum Privilegio ad imprimendum hanc Ouidij
TRANSLATIONEM.
THE MINDE OF THE FRONTISPEICE,
And Argument of this WORKE.

FIRE, AIRE, EARTH, WATER, all the Opposites
That stroue in Chaos, powrefull LOVE vnites;
And from their Discord drew this Harmonie,
Which smiles in Nature: who, with raisht eye,
Affects his owne-made Beauties. But, our Will,
Desire, and Powres Frasible, the skill
Of PALLAS orders; who the Mind attire
With all Heroick Vertues: This aspirers
To Fame and Glorie; by her noble Guide
Eternized, and well-nigh Deifi'd.

But who forsake that faire Intelligence,
To follow Passion, and voluptuous Sense;
That shun the Path and Toyles of HERCVLES;
Such, charm'd by CIRCE's luxurie, and eaë,
Themselves deforme: 'twixt whom, so great an ods,
That these are held for Beasts, and those for Gods.

PHOEBVS APOLLO (sacred Poefy)
Thus taught: for in these ancient Fables lie
The mysteries of all Philosophie.

Some Natures secrets shew; in some appeare
Distempers staines; some teach vs how to beare
Both Fortunes, bridling Joy, Griefe, Hope; and Fere.

These Pietie, Denotion those excite;
These prompt to Vertue, those from Vice affright;
All fitly minging Profit with Delight.

This Course our Poet steers: and those that faie,
By wandring flars, not by his Compasse, faile.
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS. Engished. Mythologiz'd. And Represented in figures by G. S. MDCXII.
To the most High and Mightie
Prince Charles, King of
Great Britaine, France, and
Ireland:

SIR:

Your Gracious acceptance of the first fruits of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happinesse; hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Piece: being limn'd by that vnperfect light, which was snatch'd from the hours of night and repose. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the service of your Great Father, and your Selfe: which, had it proved as fortunate as faithful, in me, and others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many yeares had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and wel-peopled Kingdom; from whence now, with my selfe, I onely bring this Composure:

Inter dictiones Eademseuis:perpro Lustrum,

It needeth more then a single denization, being a double Stranger: Sprung from the Stocke of the ancient Romanes, but bred in the New-World, of the rudenesse whereof it cannot but partake; especially hauing Wars and Tumults to bring it to light, in stead of the Muses. But how ever vnperfect, Your favour is able to supply; and to make it worthy of life, if you judge it not unworthy of your Royall Patronage. To this haue I added, as the Mind to the Body, the History and Philosophicall sense of the Fables (with the shadow of either in Picture) which I humbly offer at the fame Altar, that they may, as the rest of my labours, receive their estimation from to great an Authority. Long may you liue to bee, as you are, the delight and Glorie of your People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortal Diadem for an immortal. So wishes

Your Maiesties most humble Servant

George Sandys.
A Panegyrick to the King.

Materiæ respondet Musæ.

I oue, whose transcendent Asis the Poets sing,
  By Men made more then Man, is found a King:
  Whose Thunder and ineuitable Flame,
  His Justice and maieftick Awe proclaime:
  His clearfull Influence, and refreshing Showers,
  Mercy and Bounty; Marks of heavenly Powers.
  These, free from Iouces disorders, bleffe thy Raigne;
  And might restore the golden Age againe,
  If all men, by thy great Example lead,
  Would that prepared way to Vertue tread.
  Rare Cures, deepe Prophecies, harmonious Layes,
  Inspheard Apollo; crown'd with Wisdomes Rates.
  Thy onely touch can heale: Thou, to thy State;
  The better Genius, Oracle, and Fate:
  The Poets Theame and Patron, who at will
  Canst add to Augustus Scepter Maro's Quill.
  Our Worlds cleare Eye, thy Cynthia, euer bright:
  When neerest thee, dislayes her fairest light:
  May her exalted Rayes for euer ioyne
  In a benevolent Aspett with thyne!
  Not Cupids wild-fiers, but those Beames which dart
  From Venus purer Spheare, inflame thy hart.
  Minerua's Oline proffers in thy Land:
  And Neptunes Ocean foope to thy Commaund.
  Like Bacchus thy fresh Youth, and free Delights;
  Not as disguised in his frantick Rites:
  Such, as when he, with Phoebus, takes his feate
  On sacred Nisa; and with quickning heate
  Inspires the Muses. Thou, our Mercury,
  From shades infernall, wretches, doom'd to dy,
          Re-
Restor'd to light: thy prudent Snakes assuage
Hell-norish'd Discord, and Warres bloody Rage:
Thy Zeale to many Mercuries gives wing;
Who heavenly Embassies to Mortals bring:
Thy Vigilance secure Repose imparts,
Yet build'st no Counsels on his subtil Artes.
Those old Heroes with their Heroines,
Who spangled all the Firmament with Signes,
Shut out succeeding Worthies; scarce could spare
A little room for Berenices Haire.
Great Julius, who their Gods transcended farre,
Could rise no higher than a Blazing-starre.
Others, whom after Ages most admire,
At Comets catch, or Starres new set on fire;
Which, though Asboriull, see not their event:
So soone, like sublunary Glories, spent!
These, whose Aspects gave lanes to Destiny,
Before the luster of the Day starre fly:
Their lights proud erring Fiers, their Influence vain;
And nothing but their empty Names remaine.
Those last immortaliz'd, whose dying breath
 Pronounce'd them Men, created Gods by Death;
Whom fragrant Flames, Ious Eagles, Periuries;
And Popular Applause, rais'd to the Skies;
Downe shot like Falling starres: more transtitory
In their Divine, then in their Humane Glory.
These, as the first, bold Flattery deify'd:
Thou, to whom Heauen that title hath apply'd,
Shalt by Humility, a Grace unknowne
To their Ambition, gaine a heavenly Throne.
Enough my Muse: Time shall a Poet raise,
Borne under better starres, to sing his Praise.

Urania
Vrania to the Queen.

THE Muses, by your favour blest,
Faire Queene, invite you to their Feast.
The Graces will rejoynce, and sue,
Since so excel'd, to waite on you.
Ambrosia taft, which frees from Death;
And Nectar, fragrant as your breath,
By Hebe fill'd; who states the Prime
Of Youth, and brailles the winges of Time.
Here in Adonis Gardens grow,
What neither Age nor winter know.
The Boy, with whom Love seem'd to dy;
Bleeds in this pale Anemony.
Selfe-lou'd Narcissus in the Myrrore
Of your faire eyes, now sees his error;
And from the flattering Fountaine turns.
The Hyacinth no longer mourne.
This Heliotrope, which did pursue
The adored Sun, converts to you.
These Statues touch, and they agen
Will from cold marble change to mens.
Chaff Daphne bends her virgin boughs;
And twines to imbrace your sacred browes.
Their tops the Paphian Myrtils moue;
Saluting you their Queene of Loue.
Myrrha, who weepes for her offence,
Presents her teares; her Frankinsence
Leucothoe; the Heliades
Their Amber: yet you need not these.
They all retaine their fense, and throng
To heare the Thracian Poets Song.
How would they, should you sing, admire!
Neglect his skill! as he his Lyre!
Contending Nightingalls, strucke mute;
Drop downe, and dy, vpon your Lute!
The Phoenix, from the glowing East,
With sweetes here builds her Tombe and Neft;
An other Phoenix seene, shee dyes;
Burnt into athes by your eyes.
This Swan, which in Penens swims,
His Funerall songs convert to Hymnes.
These azure-plum'd Halyones,
Whose Birth controules the raging Seas,
To your sweete Vnion yeild the praise
Of Nuptial loues; of Peacefull Dayes.
Nymph, take this Quierer, and this Bow:
Diana such in shape and show;
When with her star-like trains shee crownes
Eurotes bancks, or Clythus Downes.
There, chace the Calydonian Bore:
Here see Acteon fly before
His eger Hounds. Wild Heards will stand
At gaze; nor feare to faire a hand.
There be, who our Delights despise,
As Shadowes, and vaine Phantasies.
Those Sons of Earth, inthrald to sense,
Condemne what is our Excellence.
The Aire, Immortall Soules, the Skyes,
The Angels in their Hyrarchies,
Vnseene, to all things seene dispense
Our high Conceptions craue a Minde
From Earth, and Ignorance resind'd:
Crowne Vertue; Fortunes pride controule;
Raise Obieccts, equall to the Soule:
At will create; eternity
Beflow on mortals, borne to dy:
Yet we, who life to others giue,
Faire Queene, would by your favour liue.
TO THE READER.

Since it should be the principal end in publishing of Books, to inform the understanding, direct the will, and temper the affections, in this second Edition of my Translation, I have attempted, (with what success I submit to the Reader) to collect out of sundrie Authors the Philosophical sense of these fables of Ouid; if I may call them his, when most of them are more antient then any extant Author, or perhaps then Letters themselves; before which, as they expressed their Conceptions in Hieroglyphickes, so did they their Philosophie and Diuinite under Fables and Parables: a way not un-trod by the sacred Pen-men, as by the prudent Law-givers, in their reducing of the old World to civilitie, leaving behind a deeper impression, then can be made by the uselesse precepts of Philosophie. Plato in his imaginacie Commonwealth ordaineth, that Mothers and Nurses should season the tender minds of their children with these instructive fables, wherein the wisdome of the Antient was involved: Some under Allegories expressing the wonderful workes of nature; Some administring comfort in calamities; Others expounding the sorrows and perturbations of the mind; Some inflaming by noble examples with an honest emulation, and leading, as it were, by the hand to the Temple of Honour and Vertue. For the Poet not onely renders things as they are; but what are not, as if they were, or rather as they should be; agreeable to the high affections of the Soule, and more conducing to magnanimitie: iuster then either men or Fortune, in the exalting of Vertue and suppressing of Vice, by shewing the beautie of the one and deformitie of the other, pursued by the divine Vengeance, by inbred terrors, and infernal torments. For apparent it is, that I hey among the Heathen preferred that truth of the immortalitie of the Soule: and therefore Epicuris, who maintained the contrarie, deuoured his Scholars from the Reading of Poetriee. In the Musiologie I have rather followed (as fuller of delight and more useful) the varietie of mens several conceptions, where they are not over-straimed, then curiously examined their exact proprieties, which is to be borne with in Fables and Allegories, so as the principal parts of application resemble the ground-worke.

I have also endeavoured to clear the Historical part, by tracing the almost worne-out steps of Antiquities, wherein the sacred stories afford the clearlest direction. For the first Period from the Creation to the Flood, which the Ethnikes called the Obscure, some the Emptie times, and the Ages next following which were full'd the Heroicall, because the after deified Heroes then flourished; as also the Fabulous, in that those stories con-
TO THE READER.

conveyed by Tradition in loose and broken Fragments, were by the Poets interwoven with instructing Mythologies, are most obscurely and perplexedly delineated by all; but the supernaturally inspired Moses. Wherefore, not without authority, have I here and there given a touch of the relation which those fabulous Traditions, have to the divine History, which the Fathers have observed, and made use of in convincing the Heathen. By this and the rest it may appear, that our Subject, however slight in appearance, is nothing less both to life and substance, wherein if my Intentions fail not, the matter and delivery is so tempered, that the ordinary Reader need not reject it as too difficult, nor the learned as too obvious.

To the Translation I have given what perfection my Pen could bestow by polishing, altering, or restoring, the harsh, improper, or mistaken, with a nicer exactness than perhaps is required in so long a labour. I have also added Marginal notes for illustration and ease of the meere English Reader, since drier places in our Author are otherwise impossible to be understood but by those who are well versed in the ancient Poets and Historians; withall to avoid the confusion of names which are given to one Person, derived from his Ancestors, Country, Quality, or Achievements. The heads of the stories set in capital letters in the Margin of the Translation are the same with thoes in the margin of the Commentary: by which you may readily find the Mythology peculiar unto every Fable.

And for thy farther delight I have contracted the substance of every Booke into as many Figures (by the band of a rare Workman, and as rarely performed, if our judgments may be led by theirs, who are Masters among vs in that Faculty) since there is betweene Poetry and Picture so great a congruïte; the one called by Simonides a speaking Picture, and the other a silent Poëtie: Both Daughters of the Imagination, both basied in the imitation of Nature, or transcending it for the better with equal liberty: the one being borne in the beginning of the World; and the other sooner after, as appears by the Hieroglyphical Figures on the Egyptian Obelisks, which were long before the invention of Letters: the one feasting the Eare, and the other the Eye, the noblest of the senses, by which the Understanding is only informed, and the mind sincerely delighted: and as the rarest pieces in Poets are the descriptions of Pictures, so the Painter expresseth the Poët with equal Felicitie; representing not only the actions of men, but making their Passions and Affectiions speak in their faces; in so much as he renders the lively Image of their Minds as well as of their Bodies, the end of the one and the other being to mingle Delight with Profit. To this I was the rather induced, that so excellent a Poem might with the like Solemnity be entertained by vs, as it hath...
hath beene among other Nations: rendered in so many languages, illustrated by Comments, and embellished with Figures: withall, that I may not prove lesse grateful to my Author, by whose Muse I may modestly hope to be rescued from Oblivion.

Lastly, since I cannot but doubt that my errors in so various a subject require a favourable connivence, I am to desire that the Printers may not be added to mine. The literal will easily passe without rubs in the reading; the grosse ones correct themselves; but by those betweene both the sense is in greatest danger to suffer. However, I have sifted out all, or the most material, and exposed them in the end of the Volume.
THE LIFE OF

P

VBLIVS OVIDIVS NASO, descended of the ancient Family of the Natoses, who had preferred the dignities of Roman Knights from the first original of that Order, was borne at Sulmo, a City of the Peligni; on the XIII of the Calends of April, in the Consulships of Hiricius and Pansa, both slain at the battle of Mutina against Marcus Antonius. While yet a boy, his quick wit and ready apprehension gave his parents an assurance of a future excellency: in so much as his father Lucretius sent him to Rome (together with his brother, a yeare elder then he, and borne on the same day) to be instructed by Plotius Grrippus, that Art might perfect the accomplishments of Nature. In his first of youth he was much addicted unto Poetrie, wherein hee had an excellent grace and natural facility. But continually reproved by his father, for following so unprofitable a study, with an ill will he forsooke the plesant walks of the Muses to travel in the rugged paths of the Law, under Avrelius Fuscus and Porcius Latro; of whose eloquence and learning he was a great Admirer. Neither attained he therein to a fugat commendation, being numbred by Marcus Annus Seneca among the principal Orators of those times. His prose was no other then disfouled verse: his speech witty, briefe, and powerfull in perfwasion. Having paast through divers offices of Indicature, and now ready to assume the habit of a Senator; his elder brother and father being dead, impatient of toyle, and the clamours of litigious Assemblies, hee retired himselfe from all publike affaires to affected vacancie and his former abandoned studie. Yet such was the mutual affection betweene him and Varro that hee accepted of Command, and serted vnder him in the warres of Asia: from whence hee returned by Athens, where hee made his abode, untill hee had attained to the perfection of that language. A man of a meane stature, fnder of bodie, spare of diet; and, if not too amorous, every way temperate. Hee drank no wine but what was much alayed with water: An Abhorre of unnaturall Lufts, from which it should seeme that age was not innocent: neat in apparell; of a free, affable, and courtly behauiours, whereby he acquired the friendship of many, such as were great in learning and nobilitie; among whom not a few of Consular dignitie: and so honoured by divers, that they wore his picture in rings cut in precious stones. One haue I seene a Cornelian, of exquisite workmanship, with his name ingraven on the one side, and certaine obscure characters on the other, suppos’d as ancient as those times: I haue also an old Medall of Siluer flamed with his image: both are presented vnder his Figure, with the Recuerfe of the latter. A great Admirer, and as much admired, of the excellent Poets of those times, with whom hee was most familiar and intimate. Being perswaded by some of them to leaue out three verses of those many which hee had written, he gave his consent, so that of all he might except three only: whereupon they privately wrote those which they would have him abolieth, and hee on the other side those which he excepted; when both their papers being fhowne, presented the same verses: the first and second recorded by Pedro Albino: anfors, who was one of the Arbitres.
The Life of Ovid.

Semi-boumque virum, semi-nirumque bowem.
Sed gelidum Borean, egelidumque Notum.

whereby it appeareth that his admirable wit did not want an answerable judgement in suppressing the libertie of his verse, he had not affected it. An ample patrimonie he had in the territories of Sulmo; with a house and a Temple in the Cirtie, where now stands the Church of Sancta Maria de Tumba: and where now stands the Church of Sancta Maria de Consolatione: he had another in Rome, not farre from the Capitoll; with pleasant Hort-yards betweene the ways of Flamia and Claudia, wherein he was accustomed to recreate himselfe with his Muses. Hee had three wives: whereof the first being given him in his youth, as neither worthie nor profitable, soon after (according to the custom of the Romans) he diuorced: nor liu'd he long with the secon, although nobly borne, and of behaviour inculpable. The chaittie and beauty of the third he often ex-tolled: whom he instructed in poety, and to his death entirely affected. Neither was her affection inferior to his, living all the time of his banishment like a sorrowfull widdow, and continuing to the end exemplarie faithful. But in this every way happy condition, when his age required eafe, and now about to imploie his beloved vacancie in the review and polishing of his former labours, he was banisht, or rather confined to Tomos (a citie of Sarmaetia bordering on the Euxine Sea) by Avgystvs Cesars, on the fourth of the Ides of December, and in the one and fiftieth yere of his age, to the general griefe of his friends and acquaintance: who sayled into Thrace in a ship of his owne, and by land performed the rest of his voyage. The caufe of this his so cruel and deplored exile, is rather conficiered then certainly knowne. Most agree that it was for his too much familiarity with Iulia the daughter of Avgystvs, masked vnnder the name of Corinna. Others that hee had unfortunately seeene the inceft of Cesars: which may be insinuated, in that he complains of his error, and compares himselfe to Acteon. But the pretended occasion was for his composing of the Art of Loue, as intollerably lascivious and corrupting good manners. A pretence I may call it, since vnlikelie is, that hee should banisht him in his age for what hee writ when hardly a man, and after so long a connuance. Yet Avgystvs, either to conceal his owne crime or his daughters, would have it so thought: neither would Ovid reveale the true caufe, least hee should further exasperate his displeasure. After he had long in vaine solicited his repeale by the mediation of Germanicus Cesars, and others that were neere into the Empe- rour; or at least to be removed to a more temperate Clime; his hopes (as he writes) forseeing the earth with Avgystvs, he died at Tomos in the fift year of the reigne of Tiberivs; having liued seven yeares in banifh- ment. As Tibullvs and hee were borne in one day, so hee and Livie died on an other; that his birth and death might be nobly accompa- nied. He had so wonne the barbarous GET's with his humane and gene- rous actions (having alfo written a booke in their language) that they honoun- red him in his life with triumphant garlands, and celebrated his funerals with vnuerfall sorrow, erecting his tombe before the gates of their citie, hard by a lake which retaineth his name to this day. His sepulcher was found in the yeere, MDVIII. with a magnificent couerture preseing this Epitaph.
THE LIFE OF OVID.

FATUM NECCESSITATIS LEX.

Here lies that lining Poet, by the rage
Of great Augustus banished from Rome;
Who in his country sought to inter his Age;
But vainly, Fate hath lodged him in this tomb:

ISABELLA Queen of Hungary in the year MDXXI shewed to BAR-
GEVS a pen of silver, found not long before vnder certaine ruines, with
this inscription, OVIDII NASONIS CALAMVS: which the high-
ly estemed, and prefered as a sacred relique. Of the booke which hee
writ, since most of them are extant among vs, I will onely recite these fol-
lowing verses of ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

1. From times first birth he chants the change of things,
2. The flames of Love in Elegicks sings,
3. With carres doubtful Ibis he infects,
4. Epistles dictates fraught with Louers cares,
5. In Swan-like tunes deplores his sad exile,
6. His verse the Roman Festivals compile,
7. Of fihes sings unknowne to Latin cares;
8. Computes the fars that glide in heauenly spheres,
9. Tvs paper fits with Epigrammick rimes,
10. The tragick stage on high combustuus times,
11. Whips Poetas that abuse the times.

Yet leaues he out the Remedia of Love, a legitimate Poem (except hee make it
an appendix to the Art) and his Eonfolation to LUVIA for the death of
D VVS: which SEBEC hath excerped and sprinkled among his fellaneous.
Among such a multiplicite of arguments our gentle Poet
did never write a virulent verse, but onely against CORNIFICVS; (maskt
vnder the name of ABI S) who solicited his wife in his abfence, and laboured
against the repeal of his banishment. Concerning his Metamorphosis, it
should seeme that he therein imitated PARTHENVS of Chios, who write
on the fame argument: as the Latin Poetes euen generally borrowed their in-
ventions from the Grecian Magazin. I will conclude with what himselfe
hath written of this Poem, wherein I have impoyed my vacant houres:
with what suuexisse, I leaue to the censure of others, which perhaps may
prove leffe rigid then my owne.

I thank thee, sweet Loue: my verse farre liuelier then
My picture shew me, wherefore those peruse:
My verse, which sing the changed shapes of men,
Though left unpersu'd by my banished Muse,
Departing, these I sadly with my hand
Into the fire, with other riches, threw.
Her Sonne Althea burning in his brand,
A better sister then another grew.
So I, what should not perish with me, cast
Those bookes, my liuie in the funereal flame:

Trist. lib. 1. Elegies.
In that I did my Atone: my crime distaste;
Or that as yet unpollished and lame.
But since I could not so destroy them quite;
For sundry copies it should seem there be:
Now may they live, nor lastily delight;
The generous Reader, put in minde of me.
Yet they with patience can by none be read,
That know not how they uncorrected stand:
Snatched from the forge, ere thoroughly anniled;
Deprived of my last life obning hand.
For praise I crave thy pardon: highly grac'd,
If, Reader, they be not defy'd by thee:
Yet in the front be these six verses plac'd,
If with thy liking it at least agree.

Who meets this Orphan-volume, poore in worth,
Within your Cittie harborage afford.
To winne more fauour, not by him set forth;
But rais'd from the funerall of his Lord.
He, all the faults, which these rude lines deface,
Would have reformed, had his mishaps gi'n space.
OVID DEFENDED.

Since divers, only wittic in reprooving, have profained our Poet with their fastidious censures: we, to vindicate his worth from detraction, and prevent preudicacie, have here reviewed a few of those infinite testimonies, which the clearest judgements of all Ages haue given him. I will begin with the censure of that accurate Orator.

MARCUS ANNUS SENECAS.

One of his frequent and admiring Auditors. NASO had a constant, becoming, and admirable wit. His Prose appeared no other than dissolved Verses. And a little after, of his words no Prodigall, except in his Verse: wherein, he was not ignorant of the faults, but affected it; and often would say, that a mole miste became not a beautifull face, but made it more lovely. Amongst the excellent of his time, wee may esteem.

VELLEIVS VATERCVLVS.

Who writeth thus in his historic. It is almost a folly, to number the wits that are ever in our eyes. Amongst these, of our Age the most eminent are Virgil the Prince of Verse, Rabirius, Luicic simulating Salust, Tibullus, and NASO in the forms of his absolute Poems. Nor doth

LYCERUS ANNUS SENECAS.

degenerate from his Fathers opinion; who to that Verse, by him thus dissolved, The Rocks: appear like hills, and augment the dispersed Cyclades, annexeth this, as saith the wittife of all Poets. A constant Imitator of his, through all his Philosophy; but especially in his Tragedies. Whereupon some haue conjectured, that Seneca's Medea belongeth to OVID. Whereof

VINTILIAN.

thus censures. OVID's Medea seemeth to me to express how much that man could have performed, would he rather have refrained then cherished his invention. And

CORNELIVS TACITVS.

Neither is there any composition of Asnius, or Messala so illustrious, as OVID's DiaideOrat Medea. The wittic

MARTIAL.

for the most part linkes him to incomparable Virgili: as in this Epigram;

Th' art more then mad: those, whom thou seest so bare,

With OVID's selfe, or Virgili may compare.

And in that to Istanius,

Would'st thou addes spirit to my sainting Muse;

And read immortal Verses: love infuse.

Me, Mantua; Svelmo mee should stile divine;

Were but Alexis, or CORINNA mine.

Recorded by

STATIVS PAMPINIVS.

amongst the best Poets.

That honoured Day, the old Callimachus;

Philetas, Vmbrian Propertius,

Prepare to celebrate with one content;

And NASO, clearestall though in banishment,

With rich Tibullus.

Nor is he only approved by prophanive Authors. Thus learned

LACTANTIUS
OVID DEFENDED

La<e>tantius,

Ovid, in the beginning of his excellent Poem, confesseth that God (not disfiguring his Name) ordained the world; who calleth him the Creator thereof, and Maker of all things. In the following booke. Which that ingenious Poet hath admirably described. And

S. Hierome;

Semiramis, of whom they report many wonders, erected the walls of Babylon; as testifies that renowned Poet in the 4. book of his Metamorphosis. Nor is he forget by

S. Augustine.

And Naso, that excellent Poet. Now descende we to those, whom later times have preferred for learning and judgement. Thus sing's the high prais'd

Angelvs Politianvs.

This doubtfull, whether the, whom Vulum bore, The World-commanding Tyber honour'd more, Then his foule exile thee defam'd, O Rome! Whom Getick finds (alas!) but halfe intowe. Perhaps observed by Augustus Spies To look con Iul ia with 100 friendly eyes.

Erasmus

crownes him with the perfection of Eloquence. And the Censurer of all Poets;

thus writes; when he comes to cenfure our Author. But how we are now where the height of wit, and sharps ne of judgement, are both to be exercized. For, who can commend Ovid sufficiently? much less, who dares reprehend him? Notwithstanding, I will say something: not in way of detraction, but that we also may be able to grow with his greatness. Then speaking of his Metamorphosis. Books deferring a more fortunate Author; that from his lait hand they might have had their perfection; which he himselfe bewaileth in inclement verses. Tell there, in these well-nigh an infinite number, which the wit of another, I believe, could never have equal'd. And thus exclaimes against Cesar in the perfon of Ovid.

In Heroibus.

Tyrant, with me I would thou hadst begun: Nor thy black slaughters had my Fate for'tem, If my licentious Tongue incens'd thee so; Thy owne condemneth thee: into exile goe, Thy Cabinet are stain'd with horrid deeds: And thy foul ease guilt all monstrous names exceeds, Divine wit, innocence, nor yet my tongue, Next to Apollo's, could prevent my wrong. I smooth'd th'old Poets with my fluent voice, And taught the New a faire more numerous straine, When thee I praise'd, then from the truth I sever'd; And banishment for that alone deserv'd.

Now heare we the much knowing

Stephanus.

Naso, in his Metamorphosis may well be called the Poet of Painters; in that those witty descriptions afford such lively patterns for their pencils to imitate. And

Pilputat, defabul.

Marcvs Antonius Tritonivs.

This divine worke is necessary, and to be desired of all, that are addicted to Poecie, both for the gracefaileffe of speech, the admirable art of the Poet and delightfull varietie of the Subject. Neither was there ever any, that diligently collected, or learnedly,
learnedly, elegantly and orderly expressed the fables, but Ovid, who composed of Orpheus, Heiiod, Homer, and other the most ancient Poets, so excellent and noble a Workes, that therein the learning of the Latines may worthyly glorie.

Add we that of

BERNARDVS MARTINVS:
I conceive the Poet of SVEUM did follow the industrie and advice of Zeuxes, in the compose of that admirable worke of his Metamorphosis. For as that excellent Painter, about to draw the Picture of Helena, had assembled together the most rare and beautiful Virgins of Greece; that by examining their several perfections and graces he might express all in one with his curious pencil; so he out of the sumnemable volumes of the Gracian Poets, first gathered these multiplicities of fables, composing the diffused and variously dispersed into one bodie; and then diligently noting what in every author was elegant and beautifull, transferr'd the same to his owne, that nothing might be wanting to the enriching and adorning of his so divine a Poem. I must not omit this testimonie of the learned

ANTONIVS MVRETVS.
The Metamorphosis, a divinie Poem; shining through-out, with all the lustres of concet and eloquence, Northsof.

HERCULES CIOFANVS:
in that a Citizen of SVEUM, A wittie worke, repleat with solid & manifold learning. Who peruse it diligently, shall finde that it will not be wanting to the purpose, so great a granicie of words and sentences; that few or none amongst the Latine Poets can be said to transcend him. What should I say of that singular, and well-nigh divine contexture of Fable with Fable? so surpassing that nothing can be spoken or done, more artificially, more excellently, or, indeed, more gracefully. Who handling such diversitie of matter, so cunningly weaves them together, that all appeare but one Series. Planudes, well knowing that Greece had not a Poem so abounding with delight and beauty, translated it into that language. What should I say more? All Arts, which antiquity knew, are here so fully delineated, that a number, expert in both tongues, of Prime understanding and judgements, admire it beyond all expression. The first that writ a Commentarie on this booke (whereof sixtie thousand were vented, and that in his lifetime) was

RAPHAEL REGIVS:
who thus in his Preface. There is nothing appertaining to the knowledge and glorie of warre, whereof we have not famous examples in the Metamorphosis of Ovid; (not to speake of Strategems, nor the Orations of Commanders) described with such efficacie and eloquence, that often in reading, you will imagine your selfe imprav'd in their conflicts. Neither shall you finde any Author, from whom, a civill life may gather better instructions. Conclude we with

IACOBVS MICYLLVS.
Hardly shall you find a Poem, which flows with greater facilitie. For what should I speak of Learning? Herein, so great, so various and abstruse; that many places have neither beene explained, nor yet understood; no, nor by the most knowing: requiring rather a resolution from the Delian Oracle, &c.

Let the ingenious that affect not error, now rectifie their owne by the judgements of these. But incurable Criticks, who warre about words, and gall the found to feed on their fores, as not desiring their sanctitie, I forboare to distwade and deliver them up to the cenfure of AGRIPPA.
QVOD OLI M FACIEBAT
VOTVM GERMANICO OVIDIVS,
IDEM AVGUSTISSIMO CAROLO
Interpretis sui nomine faciunt
OVIDIANI MANES.

Excipe pacato, Caesar Britannice, vultu,
Hoc opus, et timide dirige nauis iter.
Officioque, leuem non auseratis bonorem,
Hoc tibi dono, nominis docti ades.
Huic te da placidum, dederis in carmine vires:
Ingenium vultu statque caditque tuo.
Pagina judicium doeli subitura monetur
Principis, ut Clario missa legenda Deo.
OVIDS

METAMORPHOSIS

The first Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

The World, form'd out of Chaos. Man is made. 
The Ages change. The Giants Heaven invade. 
Earth turns their blood to men. Ioue's flames confound 
Lycaon, now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd. 
Man-kind, cast flowers restore. All quickning Earth 
Renews the rest, and gins new Monsters birth. 
Apollo, Python kills; heart-wounded, Ioue 
Luft-flying Daphne: See a Lawrel prunes, 
Ioue, It made a Cow, to make foule deeds. 
Hermes, a Heard'man, Syrinx, chang'd to Reeds, 
Dead Argu's eyes adorn the Peacocks traine. 
The Cow, to Iop, Ioue transforms againe.

Of bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing. 
As itt, you Gods (from you these changes spring) 
And, from the Worlds first fabric to these times, 
Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes: 
The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heaven vnfram'd, 
One face had Nature, which they Chaos nam'd: 
An vn digested lump, a barren load, 
Where jarring seeds of things ill-join'd aboad. 
Noe Tityas yet the world with light adorntes, 
Nor waxing Phæbe fill'd her wained horses: 
Nor hung the elfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac'd; 
Nor Amphitrite the vaft shore imbrac'd. 
With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable, 
The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-navigable: 
No certaine forme to any one assign'd: 
This, that resists. For, in one body joyn'd, 
The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight; 
The Soft and Hard, the Heavie with the Light. 
But God, the better Nature, this decides: 
Who Earth from Heaven, the Sea from earth divides: 
And purer Heaven extrasts from grofler Ayre: 
All which vnfolded by his prudent care 
From that blind Maflie; the happily dis-joyn'd 
With strifelse peace. He to their feats confin'd: 
Forth-with vy-spring the quick and weightlesse Fire, 
Whose flames into the highest Arch aspire: 
The next, in levitie and place, is Ayre: 
Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repayre 
A Selfe-clog'd
Metamorphosis

Selce-clog'd with weight: the Waters flowing round,
Poffeffe the laft, and solid Tellus bound.
What God fcorer this division wrought,
And evey part to due proportion brought;
First, leaff the Earth vnequall should appeare,
He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphare:
Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to roar
With ruffling Winds, and giue the Land a shore.
To thofe he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
And Rivers, whom their winding borders fence:
Of thofe, not few Earth's thirfty awes devour;
The ref, their streams into the Ocean pour:
When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,
The foamic Cliftes, in ftead of Banks, they laue:
Bid's Trees increafe to Woods, the Plaines extend
The rocky Mountains rife, and Vales defcend.

Two equall Zones, on either fide, difpofe
The meafur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot then thofe.
As many Lines th'included Globe divide:
I' th'midft vnfeurbable beams refide;
Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
'Twixt thefe their feats, the Heat well mixt with Cold.

As Earth, as Water, upper Ayre out-waighs;
So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raife.
There, He commands the changing Clouds to ftray;
There, thundering terrors mortall mindes difmay;
And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
Yet not permitted every way to blow;
Who hardly now to teare the World refraine
('So Brothers jarre!) though they divided raigne,
To Persia and Sabbae, the Eurus flies:
Whofe guns perfume the blufhing Mornes vp rife:
Next to the Evening, and the Coaft that glowes
With fetting Phabus, flow'r the Zeph'rus blowes:
In Scythia horriff Bores holds his raigne,
Beneath Scoties and the frosten Waine:
The Land to this oppos'd, doth Auster fteepe
With fruitfull flow'res, and clouds which ever weape.
Aboue all thefe he plac't the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rife.
Scarce had He all thus orderly dispos'ed,
When as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd
(Loong hid in Night) and thone through all the skie.
Then, that no place fhould vapfoppiffed lie,
Bright Constellations, and faire figured Gods,
In heavenly Mansions fixt their blef abodes:
The glittering Fifhes to the Flouds repaire:
The Beasts to Earth, the Birds refort to Ayre.
The nobler Creature, with a mind pollef'd,
Was wanting yet, that fhould command the rest.

Man Created.
That Maker, the best World's original
Either Him fram'd of feed Celestial;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen divide,
Some sacred feed's retain'd, to Heauen ally'd:
Which with the living streame Promethus mixt;
And in that artificiall structure fixt.
The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities,
And whereas others see with downe-cast eyes,
He with a loftie look did Man induce,
And bade him seauns transcendent glories view,
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the unknowne figure bore.

The Golden Age was first; which uncompeild,
And without rule, in faith and Truth exceld.
As then, there was nor punishment, nor care,
Nor threatening Lawes in brasse preferibed we,
Nor suppliant crouching pris ners shooke to see
Their angrie judge: but all was fadde and free.
To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did ye from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.
Then, vn-ambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded shore.
Nor Swords, nor Armes were yet no trenches round
Refieged Townes, nor strieffall Trumpers found:
The Souldier, of no vfe. In vnforme content
And harmalese cafe, their happy daies were spent;
The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord
(Vntorne with ploughs) all forts of fruit afford,
Content with Nature's vn-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowre Cornels, what upon the Bramble growes,
And Acornes, which yone's spreading Oke beftowes.
'Twas alwayes Spring; warme Zephyrsw sweetly blew
On finnling flowres, which without letting grew.
Forth-with the Earth corne, ymanured, beares;
And euery yeere renewes her golden Eares:
With yone Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
And Honey from greedy Holly-oakes distill'd.

But, after Saturne was throwne downe to Hell,
Yone rul'd; and then the Silver Age befell:
More bafe then Gold, and yet then Brasse more pure,
Yone chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumnne hore and cold:
The shortened Springs the year's fourth part uphold;
Then, first the glowing Ayre with fumer burn'd
The Raine to ice, the flees by pleake winds turn'd.
Men houfes built; late hou'sd in caues profound,
In plash'd Bowres, and Sheds with Oters bound:
Then, first was come into long furrowes throwne:
And Oxen under heaft yokes did browne.
The trees whereof they were made.

b The Scripture informs, yt the earth was divided in the days of Peleus, see thereof so called, which signifies division.

c Lycaon was said to be the first that fante mines; and therefore fainted to degenerate the Earth with the Harpere of his flight.

d H. B. so called of Smy (which signifies sloathsome) an infernal River.

b Jove the daughter of Jupiter and Themis. Or of Arachne (who first gave names to the flares, and therefore called their father,) and Hera; that is the Daughter of the Day, or Goddesse of civility, because justifice maketh men comely.

The Warrs of the Gyants.

Mountains of Thesaly.

The mountains by them call upon one another.

Jupiter the Sonne of Saturn.


A white apparition which compell the Herceans in a broken and irregulat order.

Next vno this succeeds the Brazen Age;

Worfe natur'd, prompt to horrid warre, and rage:
But yet not wicked. Stubborne Ty'n the laft.
Then, blufhlefe crimes, which all degrees surpaft,
The World surround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart:
Fraid enters, ignorant in no bad Art,
Force, Treafon, and the wicked love of gayne.
Their faires, those winds, which yet they knew not, strayne:
And ships,a which long on lofty Mountains ftood,
Then plow'd th'enpractiz'd bofom of the Flood.
The Ground, as common earft as Light, or Aire,
By limit-giving Geometry they blind.
Nor with rich Earth's juft nourishments content,
For treasure they her secret entrailes rent;
The powerfull Evil, which all power invades,
By her well hid, and wrap't in d Stygian shades.
Curft Steele, more cursed Gold he now forth brought:
And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought:
All lieue by Ipoyle. The Hoff his Gueft betrays;
Wives husbands, Husbands wives attempt to kill:
And cruel Step-mothers pale poyfons fill.
The Sonne his Fathers haffie death desires:
Foid Pietie, trod vnderfoot, expires.
Affrae, laft of all the heavenly birth,
Affrighted, leaues the blood-defiled Earth.
And that the Heauens their safety might fufpect,
The Gyants now coeleftiall Thrones affect;
Who to the skies congefted mountaines reare.
Then Jone with thunder did Olympe rave;
Steepe 1 Pelion from vnder 2 Offa throwne.

b Prett with their burthen their huge bodies grewne;
And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbrud: Which fhee, scarce throughly cold, with life indu'd;
And gaue thereto, r'vphold her Stock, the face And forme of Man; a God-contemning Race,
Greedie of slaughter, not to be withftood;
Such, as well flewes, that they were borne of blood.
Which when from Heaven 1 Saturnius did behold;
He ficht; revolving what was yet vntold,
Of fell lycaon's late inhumane feast.
Juft anger, worthy Jone, inflam'd his brefee.
A Synod call'd, the summoned appeare.
There is a way, well feene when skies be cleare,
The 10 Milkie nam'd: by this, the Gods reftors
Vnto th' Almighty Thunders high Court.
With eu'r-open doores, on either hand,
Of nobler Deities the Houfes f tand:
The Vulgar dwell disperft: the Chiefe and Great
In front of all, their shining Mansions seat.

This
This glorious Rooffe I would not doubt to fill,
Had I but boldnesse lent me, Heauen's White Hall.
All let on Marble fears, He, leaning on
His Ivory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Treffles shake:
The Earth, the Sea, the Starres (though fixed) quake;
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, fpake:
I was not more perplexed in that sad Time,
For this Worlds Monarchie, when bold to clime,
The Serpent-footed Giants durft invade,
And would on Heauen their hundred hands haue laid.
Though fierce the Foe, did that Warre depend
But of one Body, and had loone an end.
Now all the race of man I must confound,
Where-euer 3 Nerem walks his wauiy Round:
And this I vow by thofe 3 infernal Floods,
Which flowly glide through filent Stygian woods,
All cures firft fought; fuch parts as health reieft
Mift be cut off, leaft they the found infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyres, Faunes,
Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountains, Woods and
(On whom flince yet we pleafe not to beftow (Lawnes)
Caelitall dwellings) muft subfift below.
Think ye, you Gods, they can in safety reft,
When me (of lightning, and of you poift, in day
Who both our Imperiall pleafure fway)
The fame Lycvon praetic'd to betray:
All buflifer, and in rage the wretch demand.
So, 4 when bold treafon fought, with impious hand,
By Cefar's blood foute race the Roman name;
Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted Frame,
Aftonifh'd at fo great a ruine, fhooke.
Nor thine, for Thee, leffe thought, Augustus tooke,
Then they for Tone, he, when he had fupprefte
Their murmure, thus proceeded to the refl.
He hath his punifhment, remit that care;
The manner how, I will in briefe declare.
The Time's accus'd, (but, as I hope bel'y'd)
Tottie, I downe from theepe 4 Olympus glide.
A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopled Earth.
'Twere long to tell, what crimes of every fort
Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
Now past den-dreadfull  5 Manalus confines,
Cyllene, cold 5 Lycavan clad with Pines,
There where th'Arcadian dwell, when 4 Doubtfull light
Drew-on the deawy Charriot of the Night,
Tentred his vn-hospitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their prair's refort,
When I by fignes had fhowne a Gods repair.

---

a A Sea God, here taken for the ambient Ocean.
b Speech only by the Gods.
See the Comment on the second booke.

c Diverse conspiracies there were against the life of Augustus, as by Lepidus the youngeces, Para, Herennas, Fannius, Cepride. One Telephus intended to have flaine him in the Senate: and a flame being long to the Illyrian army with a woodeifie under his gowne was crept into his bed-chamber.

Lycaon,

b A Mountain betweene Macedon & Thriffalys, whose top is never reached by the Clouds, therefore so called by the inhabitants, and vifed for heauen by the Poets.
e Mountains of Arcadia, Manalus celebrated for wild beasts, Cyllene for the birth of Mercury, and Lycavan for Pine trees.

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Lycaon
Lycan first derides their zealous pray'r;
Then said, We own that the unaided truth will try,
Whether He be immortal or may die.
In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
Me, in my fleece, he purposely to kill.
Nor with fo foul an enterprise content,
An Hostage murders, from a Molostia sent:
Part of his fever'd scarce-dead limes he boyles;
An other part on hissing Embers broyles;
This oft before me, I the house ore-turn'd
With vengeance full flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frightened, to the silent Defart flies;
There howles, and speech with loft indeavour tries.
His selfe-like jaws still grin: more then for food
His slaughters beasts, and yet delights in blood.
His arms to thighs, his clothes to britles chang'd;
A Wolfe, not much from his first forme estrang'd:
So horie hair'd; his looks all full of rape;
So fiery cy'd; so terrible his shape.
One house that fate, which all defcrue, sustaines:
For, through the World the fierce Erinnys reignes.
You'd think the Jove had conspir'd to finne. But, all
Shall swiftly by deferred vengeance fall.
Jove's words a Part approv'd, and his intent
Exasperate: the rest give their consent.
Yet all for Mans destruction griev'd appeare;
And aske what formet the widowed Earth shall beare?
Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast?
Must Earth be only by wild beasts poss'd?
The King of Gods re-comforts their despaire;
And biddeth them impose on him that care:
Who promis'd, by a strange originall
Of better people, to supply their fall.
And now about to let his lightning flye,
He fear'd least so much flame should catch the skie,
And burne Heaven's Axle-tree. Besides, by doome,
Of certaine Fate, he knew the time should come,
When, Sea, Earth, ruinat Heaven, the curious Frame
Of this World's malle, shoul'd thrinke in purging flame.
He therefore those Cyclopean darts reiects;
And different-natur'd punishments elects:
To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
And Man by inundation to destroy.
Rough Boreas in Abolian prison laid,
And those drie blafts which gathered Clouds invade:
Out flyes the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds
His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds.
His white hair stream's, his Beardbig-swoln with showres;
Mists bind his browes, Raine from his bosom pources;
As with his hands the hanging clouds he crufta:
They
The First Booke

They roar'd, and downe in showres together ruft.
All-colour'd Iris, Juno's meffenger,
To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.
The Cornè is lodge'd, the Husband-men despare;
Their long years labour loft, with all their care;
Tone, not content with his atherelle rages,
His brother's auxil'arie clouds ingages.
The Streames conented, 'Tis too late to vfe
much speech, saide Neptune all your powres effuie;
Your doores vnbarre, remoue what-ere restraines
Your liberall Waues, and gieue them the full raynes;
Thus charg'd, they returne, their Springs vnfold;
And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.
He with his Trident strikes the Earth: Shee shakes;
And way for Water by her motion makes.
Throughout open fields now ruft the spreading Floods;
And hurrie with them Cattle, People, Woods,
Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What such a force, vn-ouerthrowne, oppos'd,
The higher-fvvelling Water quite devoures;
Which hides the aspiring tops of swallowed towres,
Now Land and Sea no different visage bore;
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.
One, takes a Hill: One in a Boat deplores;
And, where he lately plow'd, now strikes his Oares:
O't Corne, ofr drown'd Villages He failes;
This from high Elmes intangled Fishes hales.
In Fields they anchor cafst, as Chance did guide:
And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountaine-louing Goats did lately graze;
The Sea-calfe now his ugly body layes,
Groues, Citties, Temples, couer'd by the Deepe,
The Nymphs admire; in woods the Delphines keep,
And chafe about the boughs: the Wolfe doth swim
Amongst the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waues, Swift feet no more
Availe the Hartron wounding tusk's the Bore.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vain,
With wearie wings descend into the Mayne.
Licentious Seas or drown'd Hills now fret;
And vnknowne furges tyrrie Mountaines beat.
The Waues the greater part devoure: the reef,
Death, with long-wanted sustenance, oppreft.

The Land of Phocis, fruitfull when a Land,
Diuides Aenis from th'Athbean strand;
But now a part of the insulting Mayne,
Of sullen-fvvelling waters a vall Playne,
There, his two heads Perseus doth extend
To touched Stars; whose tops the Clouds transcend.
On this Deucalion's little Boate was throwne:

Seneca reproues this part of the description, as too light
for so sad an argument, here-in perhaps a better Philosopher then a Poet.

Deucalion and Pyrrha.

But according to the truth of Geography, Aenis, which is betweene Aetius and Pheca.
A mountaine of Phocis, called at the first Larissus, of Deucalion Arke, or covered boate.
Metamorphosis.

With him, his wife; the rest all overflowe.

And his wife; the rest all overflowe.

They were the fons of Lapet. Epimetheus the Father of Pyrrha and Prometheus of Deucalion, yet calls he her father, as of old they did of ancient Greeks.

O Sister! O my wife! the poor remains
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, contains!
Whom human Nature, one paternall Line,
Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers join'd!
Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West.
We two are all: the Sea intoth the rest.
Nor yet can we of life be confident,
The threatening clouds strange terrors still present.
O what a heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'n me from thee, and prolong'd thy date?
So wild a fear, such forrowes, so forlorn!
And comfortlesse, how couldst thou have borne?
If Seas had suckt thee in, I would have follow'd
My Wife in death, and Sea should me have swallow'd.
O would I could my Father's cunning vie!
And soules into well-modul'd Clay infuse!
Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;
And but a patterne of Man-kind remayne.

This said, both wept: both, pray'rs to Heauen addresst,
And seeke the * Oracle in their distresse.
Forth-with descending to Cepheus Flood,
Which in knowne banks now ran, though thick with mud;
They on their heads and garments water throwed;
And to the Temple of the Goddeffe goe;
At that time all desil'd with moffe and mire;
The unfrequented Altar without fire.

Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,
And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd.

If Powres divine to uift desires confent,
And angrie Gods doe in the end relent,
Say, Themis, how uhall wee our Race repaire?
O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Despaire!
The Goddeffe, with compassion mou'd, reply'd:
Goe from my Temple: both your faces hide;
Let Garments all vnbraced losefly flow;
And your Great-Parents bones behind you throw.

Amaz'd! first Pyrrha silence breaks, and saide;
By me the Goddeffe must not be obey'd;
And, trembling, pardon craves: her Mothers ghost
Ske fears would suffer, if her bones were tost:
Meane-while they ponder and reiterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate,
Then, e Promethides, f Epimethida
Thus recollected, lost in her difmay:
Or I the Oracle miste vnderstand,
Or the uift Gods no wicked thing command,
The Earth is our Great-Mother: and the stones,
Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.
These, sure, are thofe we shoudl behind vs throw.

Although e Titania thought it might be fo,
Yet shee miste-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
On aying Heauen. What hurt was it to try?
Departing with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,
Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.
Did not Antiquirie auouch the fame,
Who would beleev't the stones leffe hard became,
And as their naturall hardnesse them forfooke;
So by degrees they Man's dimenions tooke;
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast:
And, yet not manifestly Man express'd;
But, like rough-hewn rude marble Statues stand,
That want the Workmans laft life-giving hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any iuyce,
Were both converted to the body's vfe.
The vnflexible and solid, turne to bones:

b Superstitious antiquity
luppofed that the Soule
could not be at refit if the
bed were vnburied, or o-
thervife disturbed.

e Drefil/us the fon of Prom-
ethius.
d Pyrrha, the daughter of E-
pimethew.

f Pyrrha of her Great-grand
father Titan, the Father of
Iapetus, he of Epimethew.
The veins remain, that were when they were stones.
Thro' s, thrown by Man, the forme of men indue:
And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
Hence we, a hardy Race, inured to payne:
Our Actions our Original explyane.

All other Creatures tooke their numerous birth
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humor with the Sunne did sweat,
And fliny Marilies grew big with heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
From quickking Earth both growth and forme assume.
So, when upon channel'd Nile forfakes the Playne,
When ancient bounds return'g streams contayne,
Men various creatures with the glebe vp-turnd:
Of those, some in their very time of birth:
Some lame; and others halfe alue, halfe earth.
For, Heat and Moynture, when they temperate grow,
Forth-with conceive; and life on things beftow.
From spinning Fire and Water all proccede;
Discording Concord euer apte to breede.
So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy grown,
When on her lap reflecting Titan thone,
Produc't a World of forms; reftor'd the late:
And other unknowne Monsters did create.

Huge Python, thee, against her will, fierce bred,
A Serpent, whom the new-born People dread;
Whose bulk did like a moving Mountaine shewe.
Bchold! the God that beares the fluer Bowe
(Till then, inured to strike the flying Deere,
Or wisifer Roc, who euery Shaddow feare)
That terror with a thousand arrows flew;
And through black wounds the clotted poifon drew.
Then, leavt the well-deferved memorie
Of such a Praife, in future times should die;
He instincthe celebrated 4 Games
Of free contention, which he Python names.
Who Ran, who Wasted left; or Rak't the ground
With swiftest Wheeles, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Laurel was nor yet; all sorts of Boughs
Phoebus then bound about his radiant Browses.

Penetian Daphne was his first belou'd,
Not Chance, but Cupid's wrath, that fury mou'd,
Whom Delius (proud of his late Conquest) saw,
As he his pliant Bowe began to draw.
And said: Lascivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and these Armes! too Manly far for thee.
Such fail our shoulders; whose strong arme confounds
Both Man and Beast, with newer-milling wounds;
That Python, bristled with thick Arrows, queld,
Who o're so many poyfed Akers sved.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Desires we know not, nor our prayers claim.
Then, *Venus sonne, Selfe-prayfed ever bee:
All may thy Bowe transforme, as mine shall thee.
So farre as Gods exceed all earthly pow'r's;
So much thy glorie is exceld by ours.
With that, He breaks the Ayre with nimble wings,
And to Parnassus thadic summit Springs;
Two different arrowes from his Quiter drawes:
One, hate of Loue, the other Loue doth caufe.
What cauf'd, was sharpe, and had a golden Head:
But what repulft, was blunt, and tipp'd with Lead.
The God this in b Peneia fixt; that frucke
Apollo's bones, and in his Marrow frucke.
Forth-with he loues: a Louer's name thee flyes:
And emulating c vn-wed Phebe, ioyes
In Spoyles of faluage Beasts, and sylvian Laires;
A flillet binding her neglected haires.
Her, many fought: but she, averse to all,
Unknowne to Man, nor brooking such a thrall
Frequents the pathlesse Woods; and hates to proue,
Nor cares to heare, what dHymen is, or Loue.
Oft said her Father; Daughter, thou do't owe
A Son-in-law, who Nephews may beftowe.
But she, who Marriage as a Crime efchew'd
(Her Face with blushing shamefac'tnes imbew'd)
Hung on his necke with fawning armes, and faid,
Deare Father, give me leave to live a Maid:
This boone e Diana's fire did her afford.
He, too indulgent, gaue thee his accord;
But thee, thy excellencie countermands;
And thy owne beautie thy defire with-flands.
Apollo loues, and faine would Daphne wed:
What he defires, he hopes; and is misfe-led
By his owne Oracles. As flubbles burne,
As hedges into fudden blazes turne,
Fire fet too neere, or left by chance behinde
By paffengers, and scattered with the winde:
So springs he into flames: a fire doth moue
Through all his veins; hope feeds his barren Loue.
He on her houlders fees her faire vnret:
O what, faid he, if thofe were neatly dreft!
He fees her Eyes, two Starres! her Lips which kiffe
Their happy Selues, and longs to taffe their blissle:
Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare;
And Parts vnscene conceuies to be more rare.
Swifter then following winds, away fhee runs;
And him, for all this his intreatie, shuns.

Stay Nymph, I pray thee fay; I am no Foe:

a Cupid, or Desire; *Venus
beautie; Beauty being the pat-
tent of houe, and loue a de-
fire of Beauty.

b Daphne, the daughter of Pe-
menus.

c Diana, fai'd to affect virgi-
ty of the cold influence of the
Moone: as to be a hum-
trefle of her commonall
courfe, or in that 'luf is sub-
duced by labor.

d The President of Mariage.

e Jupiter was the father of
Diana,so called of Ida,which
signifies the Moone; or of
her unspotted chality.

f Pensus This is spoken by the
Roe.
So Lambs from Wolues, Harts fly from Lyons so;
So from the Eagle springs the trembling Doue.
They, from their deaths: but my purfuite is Loue.
Wo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or thorns should race
Thy tender legs, whilst I inforce the chase!
These roughs are raggy: moderate thy haft,
And, trust me, I will not purfue fo faft.
Yet know, who 'tis you pleate: No Mountainiere,
No home-bred Clowne, nor keepe I Cattle here.
From whom thou fly'st thou know'st not (fully foolest)
And therefore fly'st thou. I in a Delphos rule;

a Where he had his principal Temples.

Tonic Clarios, a Lyitian, Patara,
And Sea-girt Tenedos doe me obey.
Loue is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,
Or is, by my instructive rays are seen.

b Immortal Verse from our invention springs;
And how to strike the well concordant strings.
My shafts hit sure: yet He one surer found,
Who in my emptie bosome made this wound.
Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all
The World they Me the great Phystian call.
Ay me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford!
That Arts, relieving all, should faile their Lord!

More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,
From him, and his vnfinift court-shif fled.
How gracefull then' the Wind that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent hair:
Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intrestes loose;
But, wrapt by loue, with all his force pursues.
As when a Hare the speedy Gray-hound flyes;
His feet for prey, shee hers for safety pryes;
Now bears he vp, now, now he hopes to fetch her;
And, with his snowt extended, straines to catch her;
Not knowing whether caught or no, shee flies
Out of his wide-stretche jaws, and touching lips.
The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:
He, quickned by his hope, She, by her feare,
But, the Pursuer doth more nimble proue:
Enabled by th'industrious wings of loue.

Noe gives he time to breathe: now at her heele,
His breath upon her dangling hair shee feelbs.
Cleanse spent, and fainting, her affrighted blood
Forfaikes her cheeks. Shee cries vnto the
Flood. Helpe Father, if your streames containe a Power!
May Earth, for too well pleasing me deuour:
Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,
That thus betrayes me to vndoying rape.
Forth-with, a numneffe all her limbs posset;

And
And slender films her softer sides invest.
Haire into leaves, her Armes to branches grow:
And late swift feet, now roots, are leaft then slow:
Her gracefull head a leavy top suffaynes:
One beauty throughout all her forme remains:
Still Phoebus loves. He handles the new Plant;
And feeds her Heart within the barke to pain.
Imbract the bole, as he would her haue done:
And kift the boughs: the boughs his kiffes fhun.
To whom the God: Although thou canst not bee
The wife I wift, yet that thou be my Tree,
Our Quier, Harp, our Trefles neuer thorne,
My Laurell, thou shalt ever more adorn;
And Browes triumphant, when they e to fink,
And to the Capitol their Trophees bring.
Thou shalt defend from Thunders blatting stoke,
Augustus doores, on either fide the Oke:
And, as our vn-cut hauie no change receases;
So euer flourifh with vnfading leaves.
Here Peace ends. The Laurell all allowes:
In signe whereof her gratefull head fhe bowes.
A pleafant Groue within a Bomenia growes,
Call'd Tempe;which high ragged Cliffs inclofe.
Through this, Peneus, pour'd from Pindus, raues;
And from the bottom rowles with foming waues;
That by steep down-falls tumbling from on hie,
Ingendar mills, which fmoke-like, vpward flie,
That on the deawy tops of Trees diftil,
And more then neighbouring woods with noyfes fill.
Here, in a Caue, his Court and refidence
The great flood keepes: here iuftice doth difpence.
To freames, and gentle Nymphs that freams frequent:
The Floods, that naturie were, with one content
First thither came; as yet, at felfe-debate,
Whether to comfort, or congratulate.
Coole iSperchius, flowe, Amphrysus, Apidan.
Swift iAes, i Enipe, that troubled ran.
Then, forth-with thofe, who (as their foures bend)
To Seas their Waues (with wandring, weary) fend:
All but old Inachus; who in his Caues
Obfcurce receffe, with tears augment his waues:
For Io, mournes as lof, nor yet knowes hee
Whether abone or vnder Earth the bee:
But, her, whom he not any-where could find,
Hethinks is no where: faree diftracts his mind.
As from her Fathers freams the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, feeing her in paffion burn'd.
O Virgin, worthy fone! whose bed must blesfe
What God I know not: though a Man, no leffe:
Here in these Woods, faid hee, or thofe repofe,
Whil'ft thus the World with painting fervor glowes,
Nor fear among the Saluages to venter:
A God protecting, thou must safely enter.
Nor one of vulgar rank; but, He that beares
Heauens Scepter, and the clouds with thunder teares,
O, fly not for the fled. The Pastures past
Of a Lerna, and by Lycreus's gloomy waft,
He in the Aire a fable cloud displai'd,
Caught, and devirginat's the strugling Maid.
Mean-while, with wonder Inne doth furuay
Those duskie Clouds, that made a night of Day.
And, finding that they neither tooke their birth
From vap'rous streams, nor from the humid Earth,
For her mist Husband searcheth Heauen: as one,
To whom his stealths fo often had been knowne.
Whom when she could not find, Deceiu'd am I,
Or wrong'd, she said. Downe from the enamel'd skie
Shee slides to Earth. The foggy Clouds with draw
At her command. Her comming Inue fore-faw,
And changed Inachis into a Cow;
Whofe forme even Innu prais'd, demanding how
Shee thither came? Whose was she? Of what herds?
As ignorant of what she more then fear'd.
Inue faynes (her importunity to shift)
Her borne of Earth. d Saturnia begs the gift.
What shou'd he doe? Be cruel to his Loues
Or by denying her, fupicion moue?
Shame that perfwades; and Loue doth this diffwade:
But, stronger Loue Shame vnder foote had lay'd;
Yet doubts, if he should fuch a thing deny
His Wife and Sister, twould the fraud defcry.
Obtain'd, not forth with feare the Goddesse left;
Disfrunting Inue, and jealous of his theft,
Vntill deliered to Argus guard.
A hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd,
Whereof, by turnes, at once two only stept;
The other watcht, and still their Stations kept.
Which way fo-cre he stants, he fo fpyes:
Tb, behind him, was before his eyes.
By day, she grauz'd abroad; e Salvynge ground,
He hou'sd her, in vnworthy halter bound.
On leaues of trees and bitter hearbes she fed.
Poore soule! the Earth not alwaies greene, her bed;
And of the Torrent drinks. With hands vp-heau'd
Shee thought to beg for pity; how deceiu'd!
Who low'd, when shee began to make her mone;
And trembled at the voice which was her owne.
Vnto the bankes of Inachis she stray'd;
Her Fathers banke, where shee so oft had playd:
Beholding in his streaue her horned head,

Shee
She starts; and from her selfe, selfe-frighted, fled.
Her Sisters, nor old Inachus, her knew:
Which way so-ere they went, shee would pursuie,
And suffer them to stroke her, and doth move
Their wonder with her strange expressed love.
He brought her Graffe: She gently lickt his hands,
And kift his palmes, nor longer, tears withstands.
And had shee then had words, shee had display'd
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.
For words, shee letters with her foot impress
Upon the Sand, which her sad change profeft.
Wo's me! cry'd Inachus: his arms he throwes
About her snowie Necke. O, woe of woes!
Art thou my daughter throughout all the Round
Of Earth so sought; that now, not found, art found!
Lefse was thy losse:lesse was my miserie.
Dumbe wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply;
Yet: as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speake,
And deep-fetcht sighs that from thy bottom breake;
I, ignorant, prepar'd my marriage bed:
My hopes, a Sonne-in-law, and Nephewes fed.
Now, from the Heard, thy issue mast descend:
Nor can the length of time my forrowes end;
Accurt in that a God. Death's sweeter relief.
Hard fates denie to my immortal griefe.
This said: his Daughter (in that shape belou'd)
The Star-cy'd Argus farre from thence removed,
When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie
Suruayest the Plaines that round about him lie.
The King of Gods those forrowes sheindur'd,
Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:
But, calls his sonne, of fulgent Pleas bred,
Comming him to cut off Argus head.
He d wings his heele, puts on his d felt, and takes
His drowsie Rod: the Towre of Ioue forlakes:
And, winding, floops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings layes by, retaynes his Rod:
With which he droiues his Gotes (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and fings t his slender Reedes.

Much taken with that Art, before unknowne,
Come, sit by me, said Argus, on this stone.
No place affordeth better Pastorage,
Or shelter for the Sunnes offenfive rage.
Pleas'd e Atlantis he doth him obey;
And with discouer protract the speedy Day:
Then, singings to his Pipe's softe melody,
Endeauours to subdue each wakefull eye.
The Herd-man striues to conquer, arrogant sleepe:
Though feiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keep.
Obferuant watch. He asks who did invent

With
Metamorphosis.

(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument.

Then, thus the God his charmed cares inclines:

Amongst the a Hamadryades Nymphines

(On cold Arcadian Hills) for beatifc fam'd,

A b Naias dwelt; the Nymphs, her Syrinx nam'd.

Who oft decei'd the Satyres that pursu'd,

The rurall Gods, and those whom Woods include:

In exercises and in chaste defire,

Diana-like: and such in her attire,

You either in each other might behold:

Sawe that Her Bowe was Horne; Diana's Gold:

Yet oft mistooke, c Pan, crown'd with Pines, returning

From fteep d Lycaons, saw her and, loue-burning,

Thus faid: Faire Virgin, grant a Gods request;

And be his Wife. Surecall to tell the rest;

How from his prayers free she fled, as from her flame,

Till to smooth e Ladon's fandy banks shee came.

There ftopt, implores the f liquid Sifters aid,

To change her shape, and pitty a forc't Maid.

Pan, when he thought he had his Syrinx claff'd

Bctwene his arms, Reeds for her body graft'd.

He fighs: they, fir'd therewith, report againe

A mournefull found, like one that did complaine.

Rapt with the mufick, Yct, 0 sweet (faid he)

Together euer thus conturfe we'll be,

Then, of vnequall wax-joynd Reeds he fram'd

This feuen-fold Pipe: of her twas Syrinxnam'd.

Thus much about to have faid, g Cylenius spies

How leaden fleep had feal'd vp all his eyes.

Then, silent, with his h Magick rod he strokes

Their languifht lights, which founder fleep proukes,

And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head:

Whose blood befier'd the hoarie Rock with red.

There lies he; of fo many lights, the light

Put forth: his hundred eyes fet in one night.

Yet, that thoue fcarry jewells might remayne,

i Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.

Infam'd with anger, and impatient haffte,

Before Sad Tis eyes and thoughts the plac't

k Erinnys Snakes; and through the World dothe drive

The confciencie-flung affrighted Fugitive.

Thou, Nile, to her long toyale an end didst yeeld.

Approaching thee, shee on thy margent kneel'd;

Her looks (such as she had) to heav'n vp-throwes:

With tears, fighs, founds (expressing wordlesse woes)

Shee feemed Tis caccuse, as too ingrate,

And to implore an end of her hard fate.

He clips his Wife; and her intreats to free

Th'sVuioitly plagu'd. Be confident (faid he)

Shee never more shall caufe thy grieve, or fear:

His
His vow he bids the {\textit{Stygian}} Waters heare.

Appeas'd, the Nymph recouer'd her first looke;
So faire, so sweet! the haird her skin forfooke:
Her horns decrease: large eyes, wide jawes, contract:
Shoulders and hands againe become exact:
Her houres to nailes diminish: nothing now,
But that pure White, retaines shee of the Cow.
Then, on her feet her body shee erects
Now borne by two. Her selfe shee yet suspeets;
Nor dares to speake aloud, left shee should heare
Her selfe to low; but softly tries with feare.

Now, shee, a Goddesse, is ador'd by thofe
That shine in linen strokes where {\textit{Nilus}} flowes.
Hence sprung Ione's {\textit{Epaphus}}, no leffe divine;
Whofe Temples next vnto his Mother's joyne.
Equall in yeares, nor equall spirit wants
The Sunne-got {\textit{Phaeton}}, who proudly vants
Of his high Parentage; nor will shee giue place.

\textit{Inachides} puts on him this disgrace:
Fooke, thou thy Mother truths in things vnknowne;
And of a Father boasfts that's not thy owne.

\textit{Vext Phaeton} blusheth: his shame his rage repels:
Who straight to \textit{Clymene} the flander rells:
And Mother, said he, to your griefes increafe;
I, free, and faire so lofty, held my peace;
Asham'd that such a tainture should be lai'd
Vpon my blood, that could not be gain-fai'd.

But, if I be descended from aboue;
Gave proofe thereof, and this reproach remove.
Then hangs about her neck: by her owne Head,
By \textit{Merops}, by his Sifters nuptiall bed,
Intreat her to produce some certaine gage,
That might assure his question'd parentage.
Mou'd with her fonnes in treasy, more inflam'd
With indignation to be so defam'd,
Shee caueth her armes to heaven: and looking on
His radiant Orbe, thus faid: I sweare, my fon,
By your faire Taper, that so bright appeares
With far-projected beames; who sees, and heares:
That Sun whom thou beholdst, who light and heat
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his sight:
And to my eyes let this be his last light.
Nor far-remou'd doth his Palace stand:
His first-vprise confines vpon our \textit{Land}:
If that thy heart doe fere thee, thither goe;
And there thy Father, of thy Father, knowe.
Hereat, joy'd \textit{Phaeton} enlightened grew:
Whole towring thoughts no leffe then Heaven purflaw,
His \textit{Ethiopia} past, and Ind which flie.
With burning beames, he climes to Sun's vprise.

\textit{See the Comment} on the second Booke.

\textit{Called so by the Egyptians}

\textit{The Priests of \textit{Isis} wore Surplices of linen: which \textit{Otho}, and after \textit{Domitian}, put on, at the celebration of her Ceremonies.}

\textit{Of his Grandfather \textit{Inachus}.}

\textit{A custome of old to sweare by their heads whom they principally honoured.}

\textit{Clymene, after shee had consented by \textit{Phaebus}, was married to \textit{Merops}.}

\textit{Whereof three are mention'd in the second Booke.}

\textit{Ethiopia: where} \textit{Phaeton} is reported by \textit{Praefens} to have resigned.
Although I conceived at first, that it would seeme a vaine ostentation in mee (who am only a lover of learning) to stuffe the Margent with quotations: yet upon second thoughts, lest it should be objected how I make that my owne which I doe but borrow, and prove, vngratefull to the lenders; I bold it not amisse in this empty Page, (so left by the oversight of the Printer) to mention those principall Authors out of whom I haue compiled those commentaries. The first place is due to diverse of the Greeke, and most of the lateine Poets, together with their Expositers. I am much indebted to Plato, the poetical Philosopher: not a little to Palaphates, Apollidorus, Aratus, Strabo, Diodorus, Paufanias, Plutarch, and Lucian: among the Romans chiefly, to Cicero, Higinus, Pliny, and Macrobius. Neither haue I beene sparingly supplied by those antient Fathers, Lactantius, Eusebius, St. Augustaine, and Fulgentius. Of moderne writers, I haue receiued the greatest light from Geraldus, Pontanus, Ficinus, Viues, Comes, Scaliger, Sabinus, Pierius, and the Crowne of the latter, the Viscount of S. Albons: assisteth, though lesse constantly, by other authors, almost of all Ages and Arguments. Having beene true to my first purpose, in making choice for the most part of those interpretations, which either beare the stamp of Antiquity, or receiue estimation from the honour of the Author.
VPON THE FIRST BOOKE OF 
OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

HIS Argument first propounded, our Poet according to the custom of the Heroicall, invokes the divine assistance. Rather would we begin, faith Lycy, if it were our manner, as it is of the Poets, with our vows & prayers to the Gods, that they might give success to so great a labour. Then he proceeds to the description of that confused Matter, which the Platonists call the undigested World, as the world the digested Chaos ordered, as they say by Louc, who raised the heavy, illuminated the obscure, quickned the dead, gave formes to the deformed, and perfection to the imperfect: which was no other then that harmony in Nature created by the Almighty's Fiat. And although by not expressing the original he seems to intimate the eternity of his Chaos; yet appears in the rest so consonant to the truth, as doublet is he had either scene the Books of Moses, or received that doctrine by tradition. He confesseth God, not disguizing his name (as observed by Laetanius) to be the Creator of the World & maker of all things: and by that word Commanded, so often reiterated, that he made them by his Word only. Whom he also calleth the Better Nature, so named by the Stoicke: Will thou call him Nature? Thou offendest not: it is he by whose Spirit wee live, of whom all things were borne. The better concludes a worse, which was Chaos: God they held to be the Minde, and Chaos the Matter: the Minde called by Plato the worlds Architectreffe.

Chaos is first digested into the four Elements. The Fire exceeding the rest in dryness, heat, and levitie, ascended next unto the Orbe of the Moone, in forme spherical, and turn'd about with the motion of the Heavens, pure in his own Sphere, not devonring, bright, giuing light; yet such as cannot be seen by reason of his teniency: dissipat'd, rarify'd, & consequently preserved by his circular motion. The next in levitie and place is Aire, moist, moderate hot; filling whatsoever is not otherwise supplied, as defending Nature from abhorred vacuities, which rather then suffer, heavy bodies will ascend, and the light fall down-ward: moderate hot, in regard of the vicinitie of the fire; moist in that thin, fluent, boundless; the food of our spirits, without which the creature cannot subsist. Below the Aire the Earth, dry, cold, thick, solid and heavy; dry, in that settled, and devouring all moisture; cold; in that without motion, and furre removed from the fountain of heat: weight proceeds from density and soliditie, and therefore is fix'd in the midst of the world, as it were his Center. Last, he mentions the water; as lowest in his superficies approved by the perpetual descent of Rivers; the shore being lower then the In-land, as the Sea then the shore. And although it seems otherwise, yet is that but a deception of the eye, casting higher beames on places furre distant: so in a long Gallery the floorre and ceiling appear to incline to each other. Yet is the water left, heavy, moist, and respestively cold; naturally pressing to the same Center with the Earth, imbracing, and running within it, as blood in the veins, which else would be barren: moisture being the mother of all generation. The form thereof is spherical, or equally distant from the Center, making one Globe with the Earth, as it apparent at Sea by raising or laying the North-pole. And by loosing the shore by degrees, the lower objects first, and after the higher. So the mast is discover'd before the Hull of a ship; which if the Sea were levell (as Patriitus will have it) would first appear, as exceeding it so infinitely in magnitude.

Neither
Nether is his argument weighty which he draws from water-levels, since that gibbosity cannot be discerned, nor taken by instruments, in so small a proportion, rising but six foot in three miles, the space of a visible horizon. This before he calleth Amphitrite, the famed daughter of Oceanus and Doris, and wife unto Neptune: in that he, as they held, was the spirit diffused through the universal mass of water, and, as we may say, the soul of that Element: Amphitrite, that body and matter of all moisture which imbraceth the earth, or is imbraceth by it. The name derived from the beating upon the encompassed earth with her suff's.

From the Elements he proceeds to the Ornament of the Earth: made round, that it might be equal in itself, and equally distant from the celestiall bodies, from whence it receauch her virtue. That it is so, is apparent by the Eclipse of the Moone, for such as the substance such is the shadow: effected by the natural pressing of all parts to the Center; if not of the World, yet of her owne body. For the former is denied by Copernicus and his followers, who would rather place the Sunne in the Center: & alledging the Moone to be a heavy body, with risings and depressions, like our valleys and mountaines as since discovered by Gallicos Glasses. And perhaps to a Menippus in the Moone, the Earth, according to Aristotle, would appeare such another Planet. Our Poet before described the Earth to hang in the Ayre, balanced with her owne weight: and Lucretius of the same under the name of Cybel:

The sage Greek Poets sung, that she was by
Yor't Lyons in her Chariot drawne on high:
By which they taught that this huge mass of mold
Hung in the Ayre, nor earth could earth uphold.

Yet would the Ayre give it way, were it not at rest in her proper Center. Some have marvelled that it fell not; but that fall would have proved an ascension; for, which way forever, it must have fallen into heaven, which our Hemisphere would have done as soon as the other. Yet Laetaunius and S. Augustine with acerbite deride the opinion of the Antipodes, as if men could goe with their heads downward, and the raine upward; but heaven is every where above us, and upward and downward are only words of relation in spherical bodies, the superficies on every side, being the extreme, and the middle the Center. Yet Virgillus Bishop of Salsburg, was deprived of his Bishopricke for maintaining this opinion: now discovered by daily navigations, as long since by reason. The Sea-imbraced Earth is also incased with Rivers which glide from their mountaines: These are ingreded in the hollow caverns below, by condensed ayre which refolues into water, and increasing by degrees break from the ground; maintaining their current by a perpetual ascension. Some falling into bottomes, environed with hills, become lakes, some are drunk up by the earth, as Ladon, Lycus, Erafus, &c. almost all by the Sea, which flow through secret passages, sweaten, as some say, by a long progresse, repasses to new mountaines: where they have by the recurrence by a perpetual vivisitudo rising as high as they fall, and rather recoile than transcend their original. Woods, Plains, Mountaines and Valleys (not made, as some have dreamt, by the Flood) were created for beautie, use, and variety. Neither makes it against the rotundity of the Earth that some one Mountaine aspires (as they report of Tene-riff) foursquare forlauung above his basse, being forre leffe then a warth on the face of man compared with the immeasurier of the other, containing three thousand and six hundred miles in Semidiameter. But the best Geographers will admit of none above five miles high, which at Sea may be made three score & six leagues off, being
The five Zones or divisions of Heaven and Earth not real but imaginary were well devised by A infringements to distinguish the motions of the Sun, the Moone and the Stars. The Torrid, so called of excessive heat, the Sun being ever over it, is confin'd by the Tropicks of Cancer and Capricorne, and parted in the midde by the Equator, containing in latitude seaven and forty degrees. This in the datu's of our Author was held generally unhabitable. Yet Lucan, in the army of Pompey, masters the Ethiopians: and Pliny out of Eratosthenes describes Taprobana, under the line, supposed the same with Zumatra, but else where concurrers with the former afffersion: so Prolemy makes a doubt thereof in his Almagest, yet in his Geography treats of the Agilymban Ethiopians on the South of the Equinoxtiall. Thus hardly is an old opinion worne out though the arguments against it be never so forcible: found now by the Portugalls and Spaniards not only popular, but healthfull, pleasant, and abounding with whatsoever the avorice or voluptuousnesse of man can defire. To them under the line the dates and nights are alwayes equally, the heat of the one being qualified by the length of the other, and coole breezes continually blowing from nine of the clock untill the evening. All the Starres (even to the Poles) by turns arise and set in their sight: though questioned by Lerus Burgundus and others. For in a free Horizon, as at Sea, we may see one halfe of the Heavens, or so infinitely leffe as cannot deprive the sight of a Starre, the least farre exceeding the Earth in greatness besides the refraction raises them halfe a degree. All within the Torrid Zone a part of the year have their shadowes on their right side, and a part on the left, as the Sun is either towards the Winter or Summer Solstice. Two Summers they have, and two harenests: the Trees ever greene, and bearing fruit continually. On each side of this ly the temperate Zones, confin'd by the Artick and Antartick Circles; each containing forty three degrees, and of equal quality. As the Sunne at high noones is with us in the South, so is it North unto those who dwell in the other, casting consequently contrary shadowes, to the no small admiration of either who travel better or the other.

The Arabs in an unknowne world now sees, And wonders at the right hand shades of trees.

The Hebrews turning their faces to the East called the North the left, and the South the right hand, contrary to these soldiery of Arabia the Happy who marched Westward. Their Winter beyond the Line being our Summer, and our Summer their Winter. The Frigid Zones, held inhabitable for extremity of cold, by reason of the Sunnes greatness from their verticall point, extend from the former circles to the North and South Pole; each three and twenty Degrees and a halfe in Latitude: yet this to the North is found within ten degrees of the Pole to be inhabitable. To them whose Zeniths are the Poles the Equator is their Horizon. The Starres in their Hemispheares are ever in sight, and those were the Line apparent to either. Half the yeare both haue, but contrary to each other, one continued Day: and after for a certaine seafon, they see by refraction the body of the Sun, though under their Horizon, through the thicknesse of Vapours confirmed by the Hollanders, who have wintrid there on that of the North. So if you put a piece of gold into a bason of water, and stand so farre off as not to see the bottome, yet will it shew you the gold at that distance. The rest of the yeare is a perpetual twilight: since the Sunne is never below their Horizon about three and twenty Degrees, nor higher in the.

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The Torrid Zone.

The temperate Zones.

The Frigid Zones.

Ignovam vocas Arabes vertiis
in orbem,
Vmbrae muratus memorum non
are finisse, Luc.i.3.
Vpon the First Book of

The description of the Aire.

Clouds.

Raine.

Lightning and Thunder.

The summer, so that like Tantalus they starue for cold in his perpetuall presence; who wheeles their shadowes continually about them, and hardly warmes them with his beams in regard of their obliquitie. By this division the extent of the Heavens betwixt the two Poles contains one hundred and four score Degrees, which doubled for the other Hemispherre amount to three hundred and sixty, the measure of the whole circuit. A Degree in Heaven is thrice score miles on the Earth; so the Globe of the Earth is twenty one thousand and six hundred miles in circumference.

From Earth he ascends to Aire: how much thinner then Water, the Optiques discover; the one causing a refraction but of halfe a Degree, and the other of forty eight Degrees. Yet how much grooser then the sky, is by twilights apparent: the whole skie being all the night long in the beames of the Sun (that little fire, the shadowe of the Earth excepted) yet pitchy darke notwithstanding by reason of the transparent tenuity, which gives no reflection. But Morning and Evening when the Sun shines on the Aire from under the Horizon, by the light thereof the skarres are obscured: so that which we see in a cleere heaven is only the reflection of the Aire, thickned by the warme and moist vapours, drawn up by the wind, and virtue of the skarres, which other wise would be too fubtil to breath in. Acofta writes, that upon the Andes high mountains of Peru, men and horses expire in that so subtle and piercing: and Aristotle how those who ascended the top of Olympus (fare lower then the other) accustomed to carry wet spanges to prevent the like mischief. These moist and groste vapours, attracted as before, and condensed by cold convert into clouds, which hang as if congealed together, and dissolving by the fervor of the sun descend in fruitfull showers on the superficies of the Earth, not penetrating above the depth of ten feet, as observed by Seneca, a diligent digger in Vinyards. Here hot and dry exhalations, enveloped by watry Clouds, with motion or opposition of contrary cold, are inflamed: burning they rarifie, then struggle to burst forth, and at length force their way, darting downe flames with horrible roaring. Although naturally, yet well armed a terror to man, may even to such who have lightned the Gods and contemned their power. Infomuch as Tiberius Caesar, when the aire grew troubled, was no leffe disempred in his minde, and would put on a Garland of Laurell, as a preservative against it. And Caligula, who usurped the title of Jupiter, and often bare a thunder-bolt in his hand, would shet his eyes, cover his face, and not feldome creep under bedsteads and tables. But Dion writes that when it thundred and lightned aloft, he below would counterfeit the same by artificial devices: following belike the example of Salmeoneus, scene in Hell by Aeneas,

Suffering dire punishment, who durft of late Ioas lighten, and heavens thunder imitate.

He, darting flames, through Greece and Elis rod,

Drawne by foure Steeds, in triumph like a God.

Mad men, the clouds, and lightnings matelesse force

To forge with brasse, and speed of home-hoofit horse.

Next treates he of the windes, proceeding from abundance of hot and dry exhalations, which attract by the sun, and influence of particular skarres, are violently struck downe by the cold and thick clouds of the third Region. But their natural motion, which is to ascend, encountering with the violent and neither prevailing, thrust them obliquely forward: when by meeting of like exhalations by the way, their fury increaseth. Of these he mentioneth the fouro cardinal only: calling them
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them brethren, in that famed to be the names of Aurora and the Gyant Aetneas.
For by the Gyants the Naturalists understand the included spirits of the Earth, of which the winds are engendred; as the birth of Aurora in that they commonly rise in the morning, the aire being agitated by the approaching sun, the author of all motion. Their collateral winds added, all amount on the Sea-mounts Compass to two and thirty. Their end is to agitate and purge the Aire, which otherwise would corrupt with too-much rot, and destroy the creature, to gather the clouds, to disperse them, to procure rain and faire weather, for the production and cherishing of vegetables.

Now comes he to the Heavens; consisting of a pure and unmixted substance, held hereunto neither subject to corruption nor alteration. But late observations have proved the contrary; for Comets are now known to be above the Moone, Nay higher than the least Parallac can be discern'd, generated, as Tycho conceives, of the Milky way; but according to Kepler, of a certaine thick matter, encompassing almost allways the body of the sun. Howsoever their dissemination most of necessity contaminates the virgin purity of Aristotle's Quintessence. The Heavens being neither heavy nor light receive a spherical figure, of all other the most perfect, capacious, and fitted for motion. Ten Sheres there are including each other. The tenth mouth (or is moved by the finger of God) from East unto West, and finishteth its course in four and twenty hours, making day, and night, and time, which is the measure of motion. The other nine, on another Axetree twenty three Degrees from the first, move from West unto East. The ninth, which is the Christalline, turneth the eight (wherein are the fixed Starres) about with it, both of a uniforme motion, and finish their course in twenty and five thousand yeares; which motion appears not but by the observation of sundry Ages. In the days of Meton, four and thirty yeares before Christ, the first starre of Aries was in the vernal intercession, which still keeps that name, although now removed almost nine and twenty degrees. So that in more then two thousand yeares, the fixed starres have not travelled from West to East, so much as one whole Signe in the Zodiac. The other heaven being Planets, have variety of motions: Saturne finishteth his course in thirty yeares, Jupiter in twelve, Mars in two, the Sunne & Venus in one, Mercury in eight and twenty days left, and the Moone in eight and twenty days. Yet all are violently turned about by the rapture of the tenth Sphere in four and twenty hours, measuring with incomprehensible celerity at least two hundred thousand miles every minute; which need not seeme incredible, if we consider the diffusion of light and motion of spirits, which either are or have many things analogical to bodies (not to speake of the passage of the glorified) performed in an instant; extolling rather as doth this whole contemplation of Nature) the omnipotency of the Creator.

The Earth being replenished with Beasts, the water with Fishes, & the aire with Fowle, lest the Heavens should only remain empty, our Poet faines that the starres and Gods made that their habitation. By the Gods perhaps he intimates the Planets that carry their names: and the Ancient held that the starres had life, and dominion withall, over our sublunary bodies. Nor have some Christians receiued this old opinion of the Philosophers, how certaine Angels, or Intelligences, as if and gave motion to the celestiall Spheres. Instead of which, the new refiners of Astronomy would have a kind of sole to the Sunne, as requisite to those his notable effects of motion, generation, and influence. Plato affirmes that at the first they adored no other, calling particular starres by the names of their dear friends, and honouring them with Temples. If my mouth (as faithes) have killed my hand to the Sunne or the
the Moone (so anciently hath the kissing of the hand beene a token of reverence) I should have denied God: and the Prophet complaines that the lowe not only worshipped these, but the whole Heath of Heaven, so sought by their idolatrous neighbours, who not only held that they had life and understanding, but saw what was done by mortals; bearing their prayers and prayers, and accepting of their sacrifices. That the twelve signes in the Zodiacke were directed by twelve superintendents: Aries by Pallas, Taurus by Venus, Gemini by Apollo, Cancer by Mercury, Scorpion by Mars, Sagittarius by Diana, Capricornus by Vesta, Aquarius by Iuno, and Pisces by Neptune. Those ruling in the several parts of the body, and these in the soule. And surely the stars are not only ornaments; although exactly to discover their virtue in their aspects require a supernaturall knowledge: yet no otherwise incline or dispose the mind, then by working on our several constitutions and complexion, may many things conuerse of starre greater efficacy, as parentage, education, discipline and custome. They consist of the more condensed part of the heavens: receiving all their light from the Sunne; especially the planets, casting shadowes in their opposition; and Venus by the new perfectiones, found horned like the Moone. Yet unto the fixed starres, besides their borrowed light some attribute an innate splendor: supposing that the same at so great a distance, appearing ten thousand times lesse unto them than to us, cannot communicare so great a light as they retribute to the earth. Yet still imagine he his title of the general fountain of light, since his beams searching through the most clear crystal, cafl a greater lustre then all the starres together in the Firmament. All that are seen in our Hemisphere, digested into Constellations, besides the seven Planets, amount not to above one thousand and two and twenty: and in the other one hundred and one hundred and twenty more lately beene discovered: so in all there are eleven hundred forty and three: however the g simmering and twinkeling of so many make them seeme innumerable. And really so they are, though not by us to be discerned, as appears by Galilaos Glases.

This sprung this beauteous world out of that deformed Chaos, and to Chaos (or rather into nothing) shall it againe returne, if this opinion erre not:

The aged world, dissolvd by the last
And fatall hourre, shall to old Chaos haft.

Starres, juffling starres, shall in the Deep confound
Their radiant fires: the land shall glowe no bound
To scaldowing Seas: the Moone shall crosse the Sunne
With scorne that her swift wheels obliquely runne;
Daiies throne aspiring. Discord then shall rend
The Worlds cracke frame, and Natures concord end.

But many of our Divines doe beleue that the world shall rather be renewed then
annihilated, which opinion is strengthened by the sight of the Romans, as by other places of the Scriptures.

The last in all, but the first in intention, was the creation of Man, for whom the rest were created: extolle by our Poet as a sacred creature, and therefore not to be violated; inmend with a image, which is, with reason and understanding, the Lord of the rest of the creatures, so deputed by his Creator, sprung of cæroall seed, in regard of the effence of his soule, made of the earth, to teach him humility, yet after the image of God: not only in regard of his original integritie, (a good man, faith Plato, is like vnto God) for that had beene lost by his fall, nor in the invisibilitie,
eternity, and wonderfull faculties of the soule; nor in his domination: but also (according to the opinion of the Iewes as appears by Iosephus: as of Zanchius, and many of our modern Divines) in the symmetry and beauty of his body: Beauty is a quick and prightful grace (as the Platonists hold) infused at first by a heavenly Ray: shining in the Mind of man, the concertie of the body, and harmony of the voice: which be Reason, by the Eye, and the Ear, stirr'd up, and delight'd, delighting ravish'd, and ravishing insinuus with ardent affections: by contemplating, and affecting of this, wee contemplate and affect the divine resouling, as in that the Deitie. But if this scene incongruous in respect of our corruptible bodies, yet holds it well as they shall be glorified, and clad with a Sun-like brightnesse. Lastly man was made with an estereke looke to admire the glory of the Creator. What Theologicall could have spoken more divinity? Alone decessed in the name of the Artificer. Error is as full of contradiction as truth of conformity. A man to make the first man, and be Prometheus the son of Iaphet. Iactanius writes that he lived in the dais of Jupiter, when Temples and Idols began to be erected, and was the first that ever made Statues. S. Auguftine reports him for a man of great wisdom, who informed the rude and earthly minds of men with knowledge and understanding, and therefore was fained to have made them of clay: others, in that hee taught the doctrine of the Creation. He is said to have fetched fire from the Chariot of the Sun by the counfell of Minerva, because he first creted the minds of men to celestiall speculations. But to conforme the fable to the truth: Prometheus signifies Providence, and Minerva Heavenly Wisdome: by Gods providence therefore and wisdome Man was created. The celestiall fire is his soule inspired from above: which the Philosophers themselves by the light of nature could discover. But nothing is here spoken of the creation of Woman. Ariophanes tells a fable in Plato how Man at the first was made double, after cut into two, and distinguished by their sexes, an obscure notion of Eues being taken out of the side of Adam.

The fiction of the foure Ages degenerating from better to worse, I should have thought, with others, to have beene derived from that Image in Daniel; where the first Monarchie is presented by Gold, the second by Silver, the third by Brass, and the fourth by Iron: had not Hefiod long before (from whom our Poet takes his invention) by those names described them:

The Golden Race of many languages men
The Gods first made, who heaven inhabit, when
The Sceptre Saturns had: like Godsthey liued:
Secure in mind: nor feate with toile: nor greiu'd:
Age was no cumber; arms like vigor keepe,
Feet equall speed: Death was as soft as sleepe.

Then was there neither Master nor Servant: names meerly brought in by ambition and iniquity. Vnforced Nature gave nothing to all; who securly possed her undivided bounty. A rich condition wherein no man was poore: Avarice after introducing indigency: who by coveting a propriety, alienated all; and left what it had, by seeking to enlarge it. But this happy effate abounding with all felicities, affuredly represented that which man enjoyed in his innocency: under the raigne of Saturne, more truly of Adam, whereof the Sabatical year amonst the Iewes was a memoriall: wherein they neither fowled their fields nor had a propriety in the fruits of the Earth, which the voluntarily afforded. Saturne is fained to be the sonne of Cibus, or Heaven, and Cybel, which is the Earth: so Adam had God to his Fa-
VPON THE FIRST BOOKE OF

ther and the Earth, whereof he was made, to his Mother. Saturne was the first that invented tillage, the first that ever reigned; and so was Adam: Saturne was thowne out of Heaven, and Adam out of Paradise: Saturne is said to devour his owne children, and Adam over-throw his whole posterity, (perhaps the occasion of their sacrificing their children to Saturne or Moloch; for both were the same, as is apparent by their Idols and Ceremonies) Saturne hid himselfe from Ioue, and Adam from the presence of Iehovah. Saturne being an Hebrew word which signifies to lie hid. But the actions of the first is referred to the latter Saturne (the Poets usually attributing the deeds of many unto one, and drawing them to their owne country-men) who was deposed by Jupiter his sonne, and driven out of Crete into Italy: said to be thowne into Hell, in that the West part of the world was called the Inferior, or Infernal, and under the Dominion of Pluto. But Astronomically, in that Saturne is the highest of the Planets, Tartarus signifies as well the height of Heaven, as the depth of Hell: nor can his motion be discerned, so slow, as seeming to stand still, and therefore assigned to be bound in fetters.

The Silver Age.

He payson first to speckled Serpents gave:
Taught Wolves to prey, and made the Ocean rauc.

And what was this but his conspiracy at wicked and licentious people, of who m he was glad to make use in the expulsion of his Father? Rebellion being always accompanied by liberty and out-rage; when nothing can better resemble those golden times, then a free Common-wealth, ordered and maintained by well instituted laws. But the silver Age is to be referred to the first Jupiter, which perhaps was Cain. A tiller of the Earth, the first that ever sacrificed, a shedder of blood, a builder of Cities, the second that ever reigned, the husband of his sister, whose sonnes were the authors of various inventions, Tubal-Cain being Vulcan, Iabel Apollo, and Naamah Venus. Idolatry first began in his family; and finally hee had his Sepulchre in the East, all which agree with the former. The Poets, faith La fandomus, did write the truth, though they writ it disguifedly. In his time the people first fell from the worship of God, and through feare or flattery worshipped their King: envy, malice, and oppression (the poison of Serpents, & capacity of Wolves) then entred the world, by his perfecution of the good, and giving power to the evil: Warre and Avarice supplying the room of exiled Religion. Thus infringing their former concord, and happy community, they began to circumvent, betray, and by bloodshed to purchase amis-named glory.

The Brazen Age.

The Brazen Age succeeded the Silver: for man grew not instantly superlatively wicked, but degenerates by degrees, till imboldned by custome, through his infidelity and out-rage, he straitened Aftrea or Justice from the earth: (perhaps alluding to the righteous Henocks miraculous and early assumption) producing this Iron Age, which is here so accurately described by our Poet; and withall those miseries which pursue it.

Dejected Griefe, revengefull Care, the rage
Of pale Difeaes, melancholy Age,
Bafe Beggary, ill-tempering Famine, Fear,
Toyle, Death, and Furies, ever wander there.
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but surely we flander this in calling it the Iron:

Now is the true stil'd Golden Age: for Gold
Honour is bought, and love it selfe is fould.

Nay, of power to corrupt as many Magistrates as it hath made. We are honest
for reward, and againe dishonest for a greater.

It is said that the Earth, enraged with Jupiter for the slaugher of the Titans,
in revenge produced Gyants of a vast proportion: yet rather so called of their mon.
from Minds. For the features of Men are now as heretofore: as appears by the
embalmed bodies of the Egyptians, and by the ancient Sepulchers in Iudea. And
as the former Ages have produced some of a prodigious height, so also have the
latter. Scaliger saw a Man at Millan, who hardly could lie on two beds, one set at
the foot of another, and Goropeus, a Woman in the Netherlands, who exceeded
ten feet. The Gyant of Burdeux (of the Guard to Francis the first) was so tall, that
a man of indifferent stature might have gone between his legs without stooping:
Nor is there any mentioned in ancient history that exceeded six or seven cubits.
The first Gyants that we read off were begot by the sones of God on the daughters
of Men: that is, by the sones of Seth on the offpring of Cain. The name signifies
to fall in regard of their defection and apostasie from God and Religion: tarried in
the Scriptures men of might and renowne, of their strenght, and strenuous perfor
mances: exceeding in pride and cruelty, and therefore said to rebell against Ioue
the counterfeit Jehovah. Such was the Gyant Nimrod after the Flood, the ring
leader of those who built the Tower of Babel, whose height was intended to have
reach unto heauen, and to have prevented God in his future judgments. And what
was that but the throwing of mountaines upon mountaines, to scale even heaven itself,
and warre with the Gods? The one confounded with lightning, and the other
by the confusion of languages. But those first are here most properly intended: who
also are taken for too potent subjects, or the tumultuary vulgar, rebelling against
their Princes, called Gods, as his subordinates: who by their disloyaltie and insolen
cies violate all lames both of God and man, and profane what soever is sacred. The
Gyants were the sones of the Earth (for so they called of old the ignarant, and
earthly minded: as soe the sones of heaven, who were admired for their virt.
cs) said to be of a huge proportion; in that commonly such are prone to intemper
ance, wrath, and maflies, feldome yeelding unto reason, but are carried with the
swinge of their lusts and affections: to have many handes; in regard of their
stregth & atchievements, the ffects of Dragons for their wicked waires & diuell
designes supporting Rebellion, tyranny & impiete. Pherecides the Syrian writes
how the Diluvels were throwne out of heauen by Jupiter (this fll of the Gyants per
haps an allusion to that of the Angells) the chief called Ophioneus, which signi
fies Serpentain: being after made use of that creature to posson Eue with a falfe
ambition. This battall is famed to have beene fought in Theffaly (the Poets still
laying there Scenes in Greece in which are the here mentioned mountains of
Pelion, Ossa, and Olympos: for the inhumanitie of those people, and the con
tempt of the Gods; and to be overwhelmed by them for their flaming and sulphurous
exhalations. Whereupon that natural sense is given to this fable: how the
Gyants are those windes that struggle in the caverns of the Earth, which not fin
ning away infirme it, vomiting fire, and casting up stones against heaven or Jupi
ter. The Earth, their mother, of their blood is here said to have renewed their race:
in that succeeded by so cruel and wicked an offpring: it is recorded that Faulnina
the wife of Marcus Aurelius, being desperately in love with a Fencer, was cured

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by the advice of the Mathematitians with a portion of his blood: who conceiving some time ago was delivered of Commodus; rather to bee stiled a Fencer then a Prince, whose only delight was in blood and murder. Plutarch writes that the ancient Kings of Egypt would drink no wine untill the reign of Ptolemeichus, nor offer it to the Gods; because they held the Vine to sprong from the blood of the Giants that warred against them; whose image made those who over-largely tasted it, like insolent and out-ragious. To prevent such disorders in his Samuraries, the Grand Seignior not seldom commands all the Wine in Constantinople to bee Sla\ed; perhaps the politick intent of Mahomets prohibition. They attribute the Lightning unto Jupiter, not only in that signified to be the King of the Gods, but because he is the middle Planet between Saturne and Mars, participating of the cold of the one, and heat of the other; thunder and lightning proceeding from the conflict of those contrary qualities.


Jupiter now intending the destruction of Man-kind for their sines, here calleth a Counsell: to inform us how all humane affairs are governed by the certaine decree and providence of God, not by chance or Fortune, as the Tragedian complaineth.

O why shouldst thou that rulst the sky,
And mou'st those Orbs so orderly,
Th' affaires of men so much neglect:?
Nor raise the good, nor bad defect?
No, Fortune without order guides
What ever mortal man betides:
Her bounty her blind hands disburse
At random, favoring the worse.

Dire luft foil'd Chaffiiry profanes,
And fraud in Courts of Princes reignes.

Popular suffrages clate
Bale men, who honour whom they hate.
Sad vertue the perverse reward
Receaues of Truth: want prettiest hard
On chaster mindes: th' Adulterer high
In vice commands. Vaine modestly!

Deceitfull excellence!

A mystery which David could not conceive, till he had entred the Sanctuary. But by this we are admonished, that nothing in a Common-wealth is to be decreed unadvisedly or rashly; when Jupiter, who had all in his power, would determine of nothing of moment without the counsell and consent of the Gods: how much more men, who have so small a portion of that divine wisdom? Jupiter, that is a King, may of himselfe, faith Seneca, be benificent, but nor purifie but by advice and approbation. The Milky way which the Gods dostread to this celestiall Senate, is the only real and visible Circle in the Heavens. The poetical and superstitious conceptions thereof, interwoven with the natural cause, are thus expressed by Manilius.

The Milky waie.

Nor will we hide what ancient Fame profest:
How milke which gulth from Iuno's whiter brest
In heaven that splendid path and circle drew;
From whence the name, as eft the colour grew.

Or
Or troops of vnsene starres there ioyne their light;
And with united splendor shine more bright.
Or Soules of Heroes, from their bodies freed,
Exchanging Earth for Heaven, (their vertues meede)
Shine in that Orbe, their proper place of rest;
And lue etheriall lines, of heaven posseth.

This Parliament consists of Jupiter, the King of the Greater Gods, the Nobles, and of the inferior, the Commons. Of the upper House there are six Gods, and as many Goddesses: Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Mars, Vulcan, Mercury, (the speaker) Iuno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, and Venus: of the Lower, such whom the old world deified for their vertues. Thus by involving they abolished the truth, through the suggestion of the Devil, to make a confusion, and induce unto error; these multitude of Gods, with their regall Ioue, so famed of the true Iehovah, the only Lord and Father of all, and of those celestiall Spirits, his ministering Angels: as the other of his blessed Saints which in their puritie retaine his similitude. Neuroscience by this example we may conclude with Plato, that the Monarchicall government is of all the beft: the type of God, and dargest in the Fabrick of mans Body: thus preferred by Homers Vlifes.

All cannot rule, for many Rulers bring
Confusion: let there be one Lord, one King.

In Jupiter's Oration our Poet describes the office of a good Prince in punishing offenders: wherein lenity is to be preferred before severity: that all remedies are first to be applied is inforced to the latter: and then to imitate the beginning of Nero, who wiste he had never knowne how to write, when he signed to the death of a Roman: or Bias, who alwaies wept when he pronounced that sentence. But if the disrace grew uncureable, then are the corrupted members to be cut off least they infect the whole body. A precept to be praclized, as given by Ioue in the celestial Assembly. God's protection of the innocent, is here expressed in Jupiter's care of the Semi-Gods, whom Regius conceaves to be the Heroes: others celestiall Spirits under humane figures, and procreated for the benefit of Man. But of these hereafter.

Ioue illustrates the impiety of the world by the example of Lycaon, who thus begins his relation.

The times accus'd, and as I hope beli'd,
To try, I drowne from steep Olympus slide,
which Pontanus the Jesuit takes to be derived from the eighteenth Chapter of Genesis. As Vives these following,
(A God transform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopled Earth)
From the books of the Sybils; which can conceave no other then Christ, as by him allleadeth. Thus many Poeticall fables (faith Tertullian) have taken their original from the sacred Scriptures: and what we write is not beleueth, because the same is written by the Poets. This Lycaon was King of Arcadia, a crude and inhuman Prince: who feasted the Grecean Jupiter (then with him on an embassy) with the flesh of a stranger. Which disconforted, hee overthrew the table; and rushing into the streets, so incensed the Citizens, that they bestowed them to their weapons, and by his conduct drove him out of the City: who living like an out-law in the woods, committing daily rapines, & robberies, was therefore said, together with his sons, to have beene, changed into Wolves: and Ioue for expelling him.
him was called Lycaus. Others say how he was the first that violated truces; and sacrificed his hostages to Jupiter: by his treachery drawing many into his power to their utter destruction: and therefore alluding to his name, which signifies a Wolf, they named him to be one. Yet Evanthes, no contemptible author, reports how the Arcadians accustomed to choose a man out of the family of Antaeus who brought to a certain lake, and forced to swim over, became forthwith a Wolf; for nine years abiding with other wolves in the deserts, in which space he had tasted no man's flesh, returning to the lake, and swimming backe he recovered his forme. It is wonderfull faith Pliny, to consider how farre the Graecian credulity will extend: no ly to impudent that wanteth a witness. But would be not retract his censure, were he now alive, and saw what is so ordinarily said to be practised by the witches of Germany, who take and forsake the shapes of wolves at their pleasure, and for which they are daily executed? As wee to magickal deceptions; so be, a Naturalist, perhaps would ascribe it to that melancholy disease, or rather madness, of which the infected are called Lycanthropi, in that they imitate wolves, and think them-selves such, leaping out of their beds in the night, and lurking about the sepulchers by day, with pale looks, hollow eyes, hoary tongues, and exculcated bodies. But this fable of Lycaon was devised to deterre from impiety, treachery, and inhospitality, as also to excite to the contrary virtues: since the Gods, though disguised, are always present, punishing, and rewarding, according to our actions. In this, as in the rest, our Poets proportion the transformation to the quality of the transformed.

A wolf not much from his first forme estrang'd.
So hoary hair'd, his looks so full of rape,
So fiery-eye'd, so terrible his shape.

The Gods in this Counsell are chiefly solicitous about the preservation of the divine worshipping: to informe how Religion should be the chief and first care in all consultations: the World being made for man, and man for God's service, as the divine Philosopher could instruct us.

Jupiter intending to burne the Earth, is restrayned by that remembered destiny, how not only Earth, but Heauen it selfe, should one day by fire be consumed. This is held to be but once revealed in the Scriptures, and that by S. Peter, how came it then to the knowledge of Ovid, who was dead before that Epistle was written? It may bee out of the Prophecies of the Sybels, as in this.

These signes the Worlds combustion shall fore-run:
Armes clashing, trumpets, from the rising Sunne
Horrible fragors, heard by all: this frame
Of Nature then shall feede the greedy flame.
Men, Citties, Floods, and Seas, by rau'rous luft
Of fire devour'd, all shall resolve to dust.

From hence perhaps the ancient Philosophers derived their opinions, as Seneca a latter: The Starres shall encounter one another, and whatsoever now shines so orderly shall burne in one fire. Who presume to ascribe it to a natural cause: that the Sunne and the Starres, being fed by watry vapours, shall set the world on a conflagration as soon as that nourishment is exhausted: when as the Starres are not fiery in their proper nature, and no vapours ascend above the middle Region of the Aser. Besides what suffentance can they receive from the humidity of the Earth.
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Earth, when the least fixed starre which is observed is eighteene, and the Sunne one hundred sixty and seven times bigger then the Earth is selfe. But the immediate hand of God shall effect it, as it did this deluge, although this also the Naturallists impute to watery constellations.

The Sinnes of men drew on (in which our poet concurs with Moses) the general Deluge, although he transferre it to Decalions, wherein most of Greece was surrounded, which hapned seven hundred and fourscore yeares after the other; yet this he describeth the former, as appeares by many particulars: which may serve to reconcile his Chronology for many of those following stories were before the dates of Decalions. There is no nation so barbarous, no not the savage Virginians, but have some notion of so great a ruine. The natural causes he alledge both of these accumulated waters. The North windes are shut up, the South set at liberty, the cloudes descend in showers, which are nourished by the Raine-bow: because the Raine is increased by that dispersing vapour wherein it appeareth: so formed and painted by the reflected rays of the opposite Sunne, on a dropping, darke, & hollow cloud. The upper-most colour is crimson, made by the stronger refraction on the darker part thereof; for light upon blacke produces a red: the next is greene, proceeding from a sceler, on a part more remote and watery: the lowest is blew, created by the weakest rays, so that the fire can hardly apprehend the reflected splendor, which therefore appears more darke and obscure. The conjuction of these colours augment their diversity, as red and greene engender a yellow: yet all are only in apparence, like those which are scene in a Merrer. To conforme what hath beene alledge by a knowne experiment, if with a scope, against the setting Sunne, you call water circularly into the aire, a Raine-bow will appeare therein. This is called Iris, the daughter of Thauamus, or Wonder; Iris imports a message, because it presageth faire or foule weather, as it followeth the contrary, & therefore the messenger of Iuno, who is taken for the aire where clouds are engendred. Moreover Neptune liftis up his floods, the commanded Rivers unlock their Fountains, he strikes the Earth with his Trident, which is said to shake, in that the land which borders on the Sea is most subject unto Earthquakes, whose breaches give new ascents to subterraneous waters, or let in those of the Oceane. Some would fetch water from the former and the last (though that perhaps be meant by the clouds) least God should be forced to a new creation after his Subaat. And although the dissolvation of the snow which perputually covers the mountains, especially of that huge accumulation from the beginning of the world beyond the Articke, and Antaricke Circles, the rarifying of the frozen and universall Oceane (like a pot Boyleing oer) as wee see at full floods in a smaller proportion; the waters in the hollowes of the earth, squeezed as out of a pumpe, and supplied with aire, with those former concomitances, might prove abundantly sufficient; yet is it safer to admire, then subjecke his miraculuses unto natural causes. They attribute a Trident (a Lance with three forkes) unto Neptune: which signifies the third seat (according to Plutarch) of the Element of water, below the sky and the aire, whereupon the Sea was called Amphitrite, and the petty Sea-gods Tritons, or of the three parts of the Worlds (the fourth then unknowne) imbraced by the Ocean: or of his triple power in engraving, affUAGE, and beneding the Jupiters. But Neptune was a mortal (as the rest of the Gods) to whom his brother Jupiter gave the Empire of the Sea, with the Islands, & Maritime cities: as registered on a Pillar of gold in the Temple of Jupiter Triphylus.

Decalions and his wife Pyrrha, the Daughter of his brother Epimetheus, and alone escaped (the reward of their piety) this general destruction: he having made

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by the advice of his father Prometheus in which he floated on the waters. Lucian reports that not only they and their children entertained the same, but all the creatures which the Earth sustained: coming unto him by pairs, and depositing their natural discord by the dispersion of Jupiter: and Plutarch, that he let forth a Dene, which returning off, at length came no more: by which he knew that hee had found footing: alluding all to the history of Noah: he is said to have beene King of Thesaly, the first founder of Cities, and erecter of Temples: in whose days those parts abounded with men, as they with flagitious offences. For multitudes of people procure a scarcity of all things, and necessity makes men more crafty, dishonest, and irregular. For these crimes, in those times (as our Poet here intimates) there fell such abundance of rain as drowned almost all Greece, Deucalion and Pyrrha fasting themselves on the top of Larnassus, so called of their covered boat, and after Parnassus, a mountain of Phocis:

From East and West alike removed lies Parnassus, whose two tops aspire the skies:
To Phoebus and Lycaeus consecrate.
To both the Thesan Bacche celebrate
The Delphick third-years feast. This did divide
Sowling Seas from Starres: the whole World drown’d beside.

To apply the fable yet more to the history. Both Noah and Deucalion are celebrated for their Justice and Religion: Noah was commanded to build an Arke by God: Deucalion advised thereunto by Prometheus, which is, the divine Providence: both saved for their vertue, the one on mount Ararat, and the other on Parnassus, while the vitiuous are swallowed by their own impieties.

Now Jupiter disperseth the clouds, sets the North-winde at liberty, and shews the Earth unto Heaven: Neptune suppresteth the Seas with his Trident, and commands his trumpeter Triton to found a retreat to the waters, who is thus described by Virgil:

Whom mighty Triton bears, whose shells lowd blast
Blew floods affright: his figure to the wait
Prefents a man; the rest a fish, before
His monstrous breast the foaming furies roar:.

Othres describe it, perhaps more exactly, to have haire like water-parsely, a body covered with small and hard scales, gills a little under the eares, the nostrills of a man, a wide mouth, with Panthers teeth: blew eyes, hands, fingers, and nails, like the shell of a fish, finnes under the breast like a Dolphin. Pliny writes how an Embassador was sent of purpose from the Olififoonis unto Tiberius Caesar to tell him of a Triton, seene and heard in a certaine case, winding a shell, and in such a forme as they are commonly painted. But I cannot omit what is written by Alexander ab Alexandre, who lived in the last century, how he heard one Draconet Boniface of Naples, a soldier of much experience, report in an honorable assembly, that in the warres of Spaine, he saw a Sea-monster with the face and body like a man, but below the belly like a fish, brought thither from the farthest shores of Mauritania. It had an old countenance, the haire and beard rough and shaggy, blew of colour, and high of stature, with finnes betweene the armes and the body. These
These were held for Gods of the Sea, and propitious to sailors: Ignorance producing admiration, and admiration superstitious. Yet perhaps they are not who concealed them to be only Diwells, assuming that form, to nourish a false devotion.

The defolate Earth now emergent, disintressed Deucalion and Pyrrha, purging Man-kind from themselves with the holy water of Cephalis (an ancient custom among the Pagans) stones. Repair to the temple of Themis; with prostrated bodies and humble souls presenting their prayers to the Goddess. Prayers inforce Celestial pity, and pity relief, afforded in this ansver.

Goe from my Temple, both your faces hide;
Let garments, all unbraced, loosely flow;
And your great Parents bones behind you throw.

The Earth interpreted for our common mother, and the Stones for her bones, dissolved the ambiguity of the Oracle. Such was that of Apollo to Sextus and Aruns the stones of Tarquin, Iunius Brutus then present: Which of you first kisseth his Mother, shall have the soueraigne command of Rome. The brethren cast lots who first should salute her after their returne: but Brutus, a suppos'd idiot, faining to stumble, fell flat on the Earth and kiss'd it: lighting on a true fence, as appeared by the sequel. Like unto this was Caesar's dreame the night before he pass'd over Rubicon, how he carnally knew his mother, which signified his country. The same is reported of our Henry the fourth when he landed at Rauenforde, both of them obtaining the empire of either. As Prometheus before made men of Clay, so now Deucalion his son, and Pyrrha his niece, by casting of stones behind them: both including one morally, that of saluage men they made civil, and imbued their minds with celestiall knowledge: & that by the advice of Themis, which is the inbred law and instinct of nature. The congruity of the names gave birth, perhaps, to the fable: for adas signifieth a stone, and adas, the common people. Or in that they drew the rude and stone-like people into the plaines from the rocks and caues of the mountains first after the Deluge, and gathered them into Cities. God is said in the Gospell to be able of stones to raise vp children vnto Abraham: the sense not unlike, though divine, meaning the ingrafting of the Gentiles into his faith, hardened in sinne through ignorance and custom. So the giving vs hearts of those of stone, is meant by our conversion. Themis gave Oracles to the stone of Parnassus, long before Apollo gave any at Delphos. She is said to be the daughter of Coelus and Cybele, commanding men only to ask what was just and lawful; her selfe the same, and her name signifying as much. So as those who forswore themselves by the name of Themis, were held to violate all laws both divine and humane, and capitally to sinne against either.

The parents of Generation, are signified here to have produced the rest: among which Python, a prodigious serpent, whose bulk took vp so much of the mountain, although this be allegorical, yet read we of so huge a Serpent by Bograda in Africa, that it deprived the Roman army, under Attilius Regulus, of the use of the River, devouring many of his soldiers, and crushing many to death with his embracements: whose body no dart nor weapon could penetrate: more terrible to the Legions and Cohorts, then warre or Carthage: destroyed at last with millstones, and pieces of rocks, thrown out of engines; the stench infecting both the aire and army. His skinne was a hundred and twenty foote long. But the sense of this fable

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Themis:

Python.
is merely Physical: for Python, borne after the Deluge of the humide Earth, is that great exhalation which rose from the late drowned World, until it was disseipated by the fervor of the Sunne or Apollo.

The Earth then soak in showres, yet hardly dry, Throw vp thick cloudes which darkned all the sky: This was that Python.

The word signifies putrefaction: and because the Sunne consumes the putrefaction on the Earth, his beams darting from his orb like arrows, with his arrows he is said to have killed Python. So serpentine Error by the light of truth is con-founded. The Spirit which inspired the Priests of Apollo was called Pytho, as they themselves Pythoniasts. But, who will believe that the Pythian games had their original from this fable? Strabo relates that Python was a wicked and bloody thief, who instested all those parts with his outrages, and therefore was called Draco. He flam'd by Apollo, the Delphians in gratitude for their recovered liberty, did instist those games to his honour. During their sight the flanders by cryed lo Pan, that is, Shout Apollo: which after grew a customary acclamation in victories. So the Gracians sung the Pan (a Hymne to Apollo) when they went to the battles, as we read in Thucydid and Zenophon. These games were of all other the most ancient: celebrated in the beginning of the springs, not only by Greece, but by all the inhabitants of the Cyclades.

Apollo, elated with his victory, despiseth Cupid: yet escapes not his vengeance. He is here called a boy, by reason of the diversity of affections which raigne in Lovers, apt to beleeve, easily deceived, and refractory to reason: or that love is as a child in the heart of a lover, ever growing, and never waxing old, though not still in apperance, yet alwayes in efficacy. For love is truly love no longer then it increaseth: a deadly symptome is his standing at a stay; and his first declination, a downfall. He is said to be armed with fire, in that he inflames the heart with ardent desires: and as fire is of all elements the most noble and active, even so is love of all the affections: he haue wings in regard of the inconstancy of love: or of his swift desires and impatienty of delay: or rather of a lovers celerity and industry in relieving and securing. Cupid draws out of his quiver two arrows of contrary effects: the one tips with gold, the metal of the Sunne, who heats our bloods and fills us with alacrity: the other with lead, belonging to Saturne, cold and melancholy: alacrity procures, and melancholy (not that which proceeds from extremity of heat, which hath a contrary operation) extinguishes desires.

That mind is foonest caught which springs with mirth: Like corne which riots on the lusty earth. The heart that's free from sorrow, open lies To Venus arts, and flattering loues furprize. Sad Ilium repelld the Gracian force: But full of joy, receu'd the fatal Horse.

Gold also is the symbol of Plenty, which nourisheth love, and lead of Poverty, which stames it. Pliny also writes that a plate of lead applied to the breast suppresseth unchaft dreames. To love he attributes a double power of disdaine and affection, and Horace
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

Who often unlike minds and forms provokes
To draw unequally in hated yokes,
With cruel Mirth.

But distinguished in person in that painted table at Elis. Where the one (Anteros, or the love of virtue,) endeavours to bereateth the other of his fame; by his name proclaiming defance. Of whom perhaps our Poet in his Remedy:

Neere Port Collina, for devotion fam’d
A temple stands, of lofty Erix nam’d:
This shrines Lethean love, who cures defires
And powres cold water on his scorching fires.

Bow and arrows are given to Cupid, in that beauty wards a starre off, and as an arrow the body, so perceeth it the heart through the eye: or of the wonderfull celerity of the mind, transferring it selfe, and profoundly penetrating. Daphne affects Diana, which is chastity; preferred by Solomonnes, labour, and neglect of Curiosity: Apollo Daphne, drowne on with a barren hope. Lovers are great boasters. He braggs of his temples, his parentage, his art of divination, (attributed, in that these, in whose nativity that Planet predominates, are of the greatest foreknowledge; or that, as the eye of the World, he beholds things present, past, and to come) of his invention of musicke, which solaceth the mind, and removes our manifold cares with a sweete oblivion. The first instruments had but seven strings, in reference to the seven Planets: and because the Sunne is placed in the midst as Lord of the rest, whose motions (according to Pythagoras) doe make an incredible harmony, he therefore is said to have invented Musicke. As likewise Physick (his name as derived by Feftus importing as much as to free and preferne from evill) in that the Sunne is so powerfull in producing Physicall simples, and to our bodies so salubrious. Tell heare we this great Phyfition.

Aye me! that hearbs can loue no cure afford!
That arts, relieuing all, should faile their Lord!

Daphne, almost overtake, invokes the deities of the River and Earth, to devour or transforme that beautifull forme which had so much indangered her: who assisstant to diffressed Virtue, convert her into a laurell, (expressed in her name) the image of her beauty and chastity: immolated by her lover with addition of honours. This tree is consecrated to Apollo, or the Sunne, as agreeing with his nature, being hot and dry, of great efficacy as well in divination as Physick, his Prophets crowning themselves with laurell, and eating of the berries. Nor wants it authority that the leaves thereof laid under the pillow will procure true dreams. The two Laurells here mentioned which grew before the Palace of Augustus, with an 0 ke betweene them, declare that the safety of a Prince is guarde by Virtue and felicity: the one being the ensigne of Victory, and the other of a preservd Citizen. The originall of these there planted is thus related by Suetonius, and others: As Livia immediately after her marriage with Augustus, travelled to a Villa of hers in the Neivcetine territory, an Eagle foaring over her head, let fall a white hen into her lap, with a branch of laurell in her bill. Taken with the omen, she caus’d the one to be carefully kept, and the other to be planted. From this hen proceeded an infinite sort of the fame colour, in so much as that very house was diverse ages after called.

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Ad Gallinas: and from the laurelles a goodly row of bay trees, thereof the Cæsars made their garlands when they rode in triumph, and bare in their hands the branches; these, the solemnity ended, they stuck in the Earth by the rest of the trees, which augmented their number. But what was miraculous, when any one of them dyed, the trees which he had planted perished with him: and at the death of Nero (the last of the Cæsars) the whole grew withered. The Laurell, by reason of her nativity, is ever young and flourishing; here faine such by the gift of Apollo, in imitation of his eternall youth, and unborne tresses; attributed to the stone, in that rising and setting he is ever the same, his faire have no other then his long & beautifull beames. It was the custome of the Grecian youth to cut their haires vntill the downe appeared on their chynnes, and then to offer it at Delphos to Apollo. Daphne is changed into a neer-withering tree, to shew what immortal honour a virgin obtaines by preserving her chastity. She is said to be the daughter of Peneus, because the banks of that river abound with laurel; to be beloved of Apollo, in that the fairest grew about his Temple of Delphos; to fly his pursuit, in that they affeit the shadow, and to repell the fire of lust, in not being scorched by the Sunne nor Lightning.

The neighbour and foraine Rivers now visit old Peneus, not knowing whether to condole or congratulate, for the losse, or noble transformation of his daughter. One, Inachus was absent, lamenting the misfie of his Io; pursued, and compeß in a cloud by Jupiter, called the Thunderer, the ruler of the World, the giver of all good; yet introduced for an adulterer, a ravisher of virgins, and in himselfe a receiver of all evill. This Inachus, the father of Io, was the first that ever raigned in Argos, accidentally drowned in Carmanor, which after was called by his name; and Io faigned to be the daughter of that River. Palaephasus in his treatise of the convincing of fables, relating as incredible things, and more defacing the truth by professing it, (when fiction, that bar of Gold, is the art; & truth well counterfeited, the honour of the Poet) reports how Io, the Priest of Iuno, being got with child, and fearing the fury of her father Inachus, fled out of the city: whereupon it was faine by the Argives that the mad Cow was broke loose, & delivere in Egypt. But Herodotus, how the Phanecian Merchants sailing into Greece, and the women of Argos (among whom was Io) comming aboard to see their commodities, were surprised by them, and carried to her. Which more agreeith with the truth, since the ship that brought her was celebrated by the Egyptians in their seafroades. Diodorus writes how being the most beautifull woman of that age, she was married by Olyris; he called Jupiter, and she Isis; from whence the fable of Iupiters love unto Io was derived. She teaching the Egyptians husbandry & many useful knowledges, was after defayned by them, and honoured with Temples and Altars. Most certaine it is that they worshiped Olyris in the likeness of an Ox, (and why not Isis in the forme of a Cow?) expressing agriculture (as they did) by the one, and the style of Egypt by the other. Neither doubt I but that the Israelites, long sojourning there, brought from thence their superstitition of the Golden Calfe, made after two by Ieroboam, who also hadlinned, as an exile in that Country. Concerning the natural sense of this fable: Io is taken for the Earth, the daughter of the River Inachus, or water in general (as the son of Oceanus and Tethys:) in that the Earth afarre off appeares to rise from the Sea. Jupiter lay with her in a cloud; the aboreall heat, which is Jupiter, drawing vapors from the earth perpetually: faine to be turned into a cow, for the indurary of that creature incalculating the Earth fro one, where she receaves her fertility. Jupiter renders the Cow to approaching Iuno, the milder temperature of the air: the extreme of heat
heat and cold being equally hurtfull to production: which he deliners to the custo-
dy of Argus. Argus is taken for Heauen, his eyes for the stars, which continually
behold the Cow, that is, the Earth, and by the vairing of times by his motion pro-
cures her fertility. Halfe his hundred eyes are said to watch, while the other halfe
seeps: so halfe of them shine, the rest obfuscated by the splendor of the Sun; here as
vvidely, taken for Mercury, because that Planet is almost under his Orbe: thus
expressed by Pontanus.

'Tis said that Mercury, exchanging name,
Did with his drowly Caduceus tame
Forg'd Argus hundred eyes with sleepe, that slept
By halfe, while he the snowy Heifer kept.

Argus is Heauen; th'hereall fires his eyes,
That wake by turnes, and Starres that let and rife.
These sparkle on the brow of shady Night:
But when Apollo rears his glorious light,
They, vanquished by fo great a splendor, dy;
And buried, in obscure Olympus ly.

The fable hath also an historical allusion unto Argus, that old and prudent
Argus, who was slaine by Mercury, in hope to succede him: when banished
for that fault by the Greekes he fled into Egypt. But allegorically: in that skill
and industri is more available in husbandry then the influence of the stars. The
Cow wandring through many Regions is the propagation of that knowledge: & in
that Egypt exceeds all other in richness, and natural bounty, there It is fained to
recover her owne figure. Others have wrested this fable to morality: That Jupiter,
the mind of man falling from Heauen, and passing with Io, the body in a cloud
is turned into a beast: as forgetfull of his owne original, and captivated by his vie:
es: when of more maturity in age and judgement, Mercury is sent to kill Argus,
in that reason bridles and subdues the exorbitancies of the affections. Then Juno
lets loose the Furies, the flings of the Conscience.

A Hell on Earth: th'affected mind dismaid,
Full of foule crimes, and of it felle afraid.
Some safely fin, none sinne securely beare,
But tuffer still the vengeance which they feare.

This horror begets repentance, repentance reformation, by which he is restored
to his former beauty, and becomes like the Gods through his sanctity and in-
tegrity.

This fable is interwoven with that of Pan and Syrinx, Pan was the first that
invented the seaven-fold Pipe: and for that cause is said to have loved Syrinx, who
when she could not avoid his pursuit, was changed into Reeds by the Nymphs of the
River. Syrinx signifies a reede: here fained the daughter of Ladon, in that there
they grow in abundance. Of this Pipe, and how first found out thus fingeht Lu-
cretius.

By murmuring of wind-shaken reeds, rude swaines
Leamt first of all to blow on hollow canes,
Then pipes of peeces fram'd, whence muificke sprung;
Tibia qua fluadis digitis pullata canerum,
Avis per nemora, altitudo, saltans, repeeta;
Per loca pullorum defecerat, nigro via dixit.
Lucr. 1. 5.

Playd on by quanering fingers as they fung:
Deviz'd in shades and planes, where shepheards graze
Their bleating flocks, with leafure-crowned laies.

This was the Shepheard Pan; who for the same was esteemed a God, as others
were for other inventions. But of him hereafter. This tale is told by Mercury the
God of eloquence; whose winged feete declare his volubility of speech; his rod, the
power of elucution in perswading and dissuading; and his hat his disguised art
wherewith he coveres the fallacies of his arguments.

Now Epaphus, the son of Io, attaining the gourment of Egypt, built the cit-
ty of Memphis; and caused his mother after her death to be adored for a Goddeffe:
who taxing Phaeton (as our Poet here faines) to be no son} to Phoebus, is the
cause of his journey to his fathers palace; and consequently of the Worlds conflag-
ration.
OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The Second Booke.

The Argument.

Ab Phaeton flies the World. His sisters mourn His Tragedie, who into Poplars turne;
Their tears to Amber, Cygnus, to a Swan.
Juno, Phoebus-like, Califto found a Man:
Her, Juno made a Beare : She, and her Son,
Advanced farres, that still the Ocean shan.
Coronis, now a Crow, flies Neptune's flight.
Niictimice is made the Bird of Night.
The too-officious Raven, late so faire,
Is plum'd with blacke. Ocyroe grows a Mare.
Phoebus, a Heardman: Mercury, twice such;
Who turns betraying Battus into Tuch.
Envious Aghaurus, to a Stone, full
Of her mind's spots. Love Joue converts t' a Bull.

Sol's Ioffie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and stones that flamelike blaz'd.
The roofe of Ivory,divinely deckt
The two-leau'd filuer-doores bright rais'd protect;
The workmanship more admiration caus'd:
For, curious Mulciber had there ingrau'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,
The arched Heavens. Blew Gods the billowes crown'd;
Shape-changing Proteus, Triton thrills; the tall
Big-brawn'd Egeon mounted on a Whale.
Gray Doris, and her daughters, heavenly-faire:
Some fit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene hair;
Some feeme vpon the dancing Waues to glide;
Others on backs of crooked fifties ride;
Amongst them all, no two appeare the same,
Nor differ more then sisters well became.
The Earth had falyue Beafs, Men, Citties, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyrs, Hurle Gods, and chrysfall Floods:
About all thef, Heaven's radiant Image shin's;
On both fides deckt with fixe refulgent Signes.

To this, bold Phaeton made his ascent;
And to his doubted Father's prefence bent;
Yet forc't to fland aloofe: for, mortal light
Could not indure t' approach fo pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, his vpon a Throne,
Which cleereely with tralucent: Emralsd fhone.

The Palace
AND MAGNIFICENCY OF THE SYNE:
A Flammeofl limate Pynops.
Plouy affirmes Pynops to be copper beaten into plate
and mixed with a proportion of gold which gives it a
fixy lute; as it doth this name: taken by others for a
Cabuncle or fixe other stones that purple with light
most agreeable to this description.

A name of Pylan.
In respect of the colour of the Sea.
See the comment on the 8th booke.
See the comment on the 1st booke.
A Gyant drown'd in the Agean Sea (of him so called)
for affiling the Turtles, and
taken into the number of the Sea Gods by Tethys,
Wife to Neptun, and mother to the Sea Nymphs.

The 12 Signes of the Zodi-
ac, six inclining to the North, and as many to the South,
With equall-rainging Hours, on eithcr hand,
The dayes, the Months, the Yeares, the Ages stand:
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
Wheat-eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumnne linear'd with crutch *Lyams* blood;
Next, hoary-headed Winter quitering ftood.

Much daunted at thefe sacred novelties,
The fearfull Youth all-seeing Phobus spies:
Who faid, What hether drew thee Phaeton,
Who art, and worthily my dearft Sonne?
He thus reply'd. O thou refultent Light,
Who all the World rejoyceft with thy fight!
O Father! if allow'd to vfe that name,
Nor Clymene by thee difguifte her fame;
Produce some figne, that may my birth approbe,
And from my thoughts thefe wretched doubts remove.
He, from his Browes, his shining rayes displac't;
And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck imbrac't.
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
That name, faid he, and Clymene was true.
To cleere all doubts; ask what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted with. Bear witness thou *b* dark Lake,
The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnknowne.
Thefe words no sooner from his lips were flowne,
But he demands his Chariot, and the fway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day;
The God repents him of the oath he made,
And, shaking his illuftrious Trefles, faid:
Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth vnbleft.
O, would I could break promife! this requert,
I must confefle, I onely would deny:
And yet, diffwade I may, Thy death doth lie
Within thy with. What's fo defir'd by thee,
Can neither with thy ftrength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions fet thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortall, doft not mortall thing defire;
Through ignorance, affenting more then they
Dare vndertake, who in *Olympos* fway.

Though each himfelfe approbe; except me, none
Is able to supply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,
Can drieue thefe wheeles: and who more great then Jove?
Steep is the firft acsent; which in the prime
Of springing Day, freh Horfes hardly clime.
At Noone, through higheft skies their courfe they beare:
Whence Sea and Land even We behold with fear.

Then downe the Hill of Heauen they fcorre amaine
With defperate fpeed, and need a steady reigne;
That *Tethys* d in whole waie bowres I lie.
Each evening dredes my down-fall from the skie.

Besides
Besides, the Heauens are daily hurried round,
From that turn the Starres, to other motions bound.
Against this violence, my way I force,
And counter-run their all-ore-bearing course.
My Charriot had; can thy frail strength ascent?
The obvious poles, and with their force contend?
No Groues, no Citties, fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
Through a faluage shapes, and dangers byes thy way:
Which couldst thou keep, and by no error stray?
Between the Bulls sharp horns yet must thou goe;
By him that draws the strong Emonian bowe;
The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending clawes;
The shorter Crab's, the roaring Lyon's jawes.
Nor caiecth those fiery Steeds to tame:
Who from their mouthes and nostrils vomit flame.
They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
But, head-strong, struggle with the hated bit.
Then, left my bountie, which would saue, should kill;
Beware: and whil't thou maist, reforme thy will.
A signe thou canst, that might conferre thee mine:
I, by dehorting, give a certayne signe;
I approu'd a Father, by Paternall feare:
Look on my looks, and reade my sorrowes, there.
O, wouldst thou couldst descend into my breaste;
And apprehend my vexed Soules vnrest!
And lastly, all the wealthy World behold,
Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas infold,
Or on the pregnant-bofom'd Earth remayne;
Aske what thou wilt, and no repulfe fullayne.
To this alone, I give a forc't consent:
No honour, but a true-nam'd punishment.
Thou, for a blessing, beg'st the worst of harms.
Why hang'st thou on my neck with fawning arms?
Disfrust nor; we haue sworn; but aske, and take
What thou canst with yet, wiser wishes make.
In vaine dehorted, he, his promise claym'd;
With glorie of so great a charge inflam'd.
The wilfull Youth then lingerig Phæbus brought
To his bright Harriot, by Vulcan wrought.
The Beam and Axetree of maffe g old,
On siluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd:
Rich Gems and Chryfolites the Harneffe deckt;
Which, Phæbus beams, with equall light, reflect.
Whil'st this, admiring Phæton furious,
The wakefull Morning from the East displayes
Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,
With plente of dew-dropping Rofes spred.
Cleare is Lucifer the flying Starres doth chace;
And, after all the rest, reniges his place.

a The natural motion of the Planets is from the West to the East: yet are they violently borne by the rapture of the Tenth Sphere from the East to the West in 24 hours.
b The two extreme points of the Axetree, lying North and South, wherein the Heavens are turned about dealt by Astronomers the better to demonstrate their propositions.
c The signes of the Zodiac.
d Sagittarius: The Cent-aure Chi- rous (who was c. Aemilia that is Thetis) being changed into that signe.
The Sunne:

When a Titan saw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moone her siluer home with-drew;
He bad the light-foote Hours, without delay
To joyn his Steeds. The Goddeses obey:
Who, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led
His fierie Horfes, with Ambrosia fed.
With sacred Oyle anointed by his Syre,
Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,
He crowned him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
With doubled ligfts, which following woes fore-ran.
Let not thy father still aduife in vain.
Sonne, spare the whip, and strongly vfe the reigne.
They, of their owne accord, will run too faft.
Tis hard, to moderate a flying hafe.
Nor drive along the e flue director Lines.
A 4 broad and beaten path obliquely windes,
Contented with three Zones; which doth avoid
The diftant Poles: the track thy wheeles will guide.
Defend thou not too lowe, nor mount too high;
That temperate warmth may Heauen and Earth supply.
A loftie course will Heauen with fire infet;
A lowly, earth: the fafer Meane is best.
Nor to the folded e Snake thy Chariot guide:
Nor to the f Altar on the other fide:
Betweene thefe drive. The refi I leave to Fate;
Who better proce, then thou, to thy owne fate:
But, while I fpeak, behold, the humud Night
Beyond th' Heſperian Vales hath ta'ne her flight.

Aurora's splendor re-inthrone's the Day:
We are expected, nor can longer fay.
Take vp the reigne, or, while thou maift, refufe;
And not my Chariot, but my counfell vfe;
While on a firme foundation thou doft ftand,
Not yet poslfeft of thy ill-wifht Command.
Let me the World with vifual influence cheare:
And view that light which is vnfine to beare.
The generous and gallant Phaecon,
All courage, vau's into the blazing Throne:
Glod of the reigne, nor doubtefull of his skill;
And gives his Father thanks againft his will.

Meane while, the Sunnes swift i Horfes, hot Pyrum,
Light Ethon, fiery Phegon, bright Eos,
Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;
And, with their thundring houues, the barriers beat.
Which when hopefulous Terbus once with-drew,
(Who nothing of her k Nephew's danger knew)
And gave them scope; they montu nue ample skie,
And cur' the obvious Clouds with feet that flye.
Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leaue behinde
The glowing Eaft, and flower Eastern-winde.

But,
But, Phæbus Horfes could not feele that fraught:
The Chariot wanted the accustom’d weight.
And as vnballac’t ships are rock’d and roft
With tumbling Wawes, and in their feverage loft:
So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reelees; And joult,as emptie,vpon jumping Wheeles.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun; And, stragling, out of all subiection run.
He knowes not how to turn, nor knowes the way;
Or had he knowne,yet would not they obey.
The cold,now hot, a Triones fought in vaine
To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.
The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,
Benum’d, and hurtlefe, now began to rowle
With actual heat; and long forgotten ire
Refumes, together with ethereall fire.
’Tis faid, that thou e Bootes ranft away,
Though flow, though thee thy heavie Waine did stay.
But, when from top of all the arched skye,
Vnhappy Phaeton the Earth did eye:
Pale fudden feare vn-nerves his quaking thighs;
And, in fo great a light, be-nights his eyes.
He with thofe Steeds vnknown, vnknown his birth;
His fute vngranted: now he courtes earth;
Now fcorne not to be held of a Merops blood,
Rapt as a ship vpon the high-wrought flood;
By faluage tempests hac’st, which in despaire
The Pilot leauneth to the Gods, and Pray’r.
What should he doe? much of the heav’n behindes;
Much more before: both meafur’d in his minde.
Thenueer-to-be entred West faturday’s;
And then the East. Loff in his owne amaze,
And ignorance, he can nor hold the reignes,
Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horfes names:
But ftares on terror-striking skies (pooffet
By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting breft.
There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
His compact clawes, who through e two Signes extends.
Whom when the Youth beheld, fteu’d in black sweat
Of poyfon, and with turn’d vp taille to threat
A mortall wound, pale feare his fenes froke,
And flackned reignes let’s fall, from hands that fhooke.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With vn-controwled error fcoure the skie
Through vnknowne ayrie Regions; and tread
The way which their difordred fury led.
Vp to the fixed Stares their courfe they take,
And ftranger Spheres with smoking Chariot rake:
Now eliue: now, by steep Pracipies descende:
And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.

a Those feauen Stares which take that name of the plow-share, called vulgarly Charles Waine, which never let vnto vs; & therefore reign’d to have beene interdicted the Ocean.
b Of this see the former page.
c Called aﬀo Aristoftoten, a Stare or rather a Constellati- on of 12 Stares, which follow Charles Waine.
d The husband of Clymear.
e Constellations distingui- shed by imaginary formes.
f The claues of the Scorp- on stretch into Libra, and make that Signe the reft of his body supplying his owne.
To see her brother's Steeds beneath her owne
The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone.
Invading fire the upper earth affayl'd;
All chapt and con'd, her pregnant iuye exhal'd.
Trees feed their ruin: Græfe, gray-headed turns:
And Corne, by that which did produce it, burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,
Realmes with their People, funerall fire devoures.
The Mountaines blaze: High Athos, but too high,
Fount-fruitfull Ida, neuer till then drie;
Oetr, old Timolus, and Cilician Tauri,
Mufe-haunted Helicon, Oegrian Æmus.
Loud Ætna roareth with her doubled fires:
Pernassius grones beneath two flaming spires,
Steepe Othrys, Cynthia, Eryx, Minas, glowe;
And Rhodope, no longer cloath'd with snowe.
The Phrygian Dindyma, in cinders mourns:
Cold Caucæus in frostie Scythia burns.
In that there the orgies of
Bucchan were celebrated.
See the r Book.
The top thereof being about the cloudes.
The Swans, that rauisht with their melodie
Mceonas banks, now in Cayser frie.
To farthest Earth affrighted Nilus fled;
And there conceald his yet vnfound-out head;
Whil'st his feuen duffie channels dreamleffe lie.
Hesperian streames, Rhene, Rhadamus, the b pe,
And Scepter-destinat Syster glowe.
Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light descends;
And frighted Pluto, with his Queene, offends.
The Ocean shrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;
Where new discover'd Rocks, and Mountayns stand,
That multiply the scatter'd Cyclades.
Late couerd with the deepe and awfull Seas,
The Fishes to the bottome due: nor dare
The sportleffe Dolphins tempt the fultrice Ayre.
Long boy'd alue, the monftrous Rhoeis die,
And on the brine with turn'd-vp bellies lie.
With Doris & her daughters, Nephes raues;
Who hide themselves beneath the scalding waues.
Thrice wrathfull Neptune his bold arme vp-held
Aboue the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.
Yet foodfull Tellerus with the Ocean bound,
Amidft the Seas, and Fountains now vnfound
(Selfe-hid within the wombe where they were bred)
Neck-high advanceeth her all-bearing head
(Her parched fore-head shaddow'd with her hand)
And, shaking, shooke what-euer on her fland:
Where-with, a little shrunke into her brest,
Her sacred tongue her forrowes thus exprest:
If such thy will, and I deferne the same,
Thou chief of Gods, why sleepest thy vengefull flame?
Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire mult frie?
The Author lettens the calamitic.
But, whilffe I strive to vterthis, I choke.
View my fing'd hair, mine eyes halfe-out with smoke!
The sparkling cinders on my visage throwne!
Is this my recompence? the favoure showne
For all my servise? for the fruit I haue borne?
That thus I am with Plough and harrowes torne?
Wrought-out through-out the yeares? that man and beaft
Suffayne with food? and you with incenfe feast?
But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate;
What hath thine brother done (by equall Fate
Elected to the wayy Monarchie),
That Seas should finke, and from thy presence flie?
If neither he, nor I thy pity moue,
Pitty thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles aboue
At either end doe fume: and should they burne,
Thy habitation would to ruine turne.
Distressed a Atlas shoulders shrinke with payne,
And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustayne.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heau'n shall fall by fire,
Then all of vs to Chaos must retire.
Of quench these flames: the miserable state
Of things releue, before it be too late,
This saide, her voyce her parched tongue forsooke,
Nor longer could the smothering vapours brooke;
But, downe into her-selfe with-drew her head,
Necet to th' infernall Caverns of the Dead.
Tome calls the Gods to witnesse, and who lent
The straying Chariot; should not he prevent,
That All would perish by one destinie,
Then mounts the highest Turret of the skie,
From thence inur'd to cloud the spacefull Earth,
And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.
But, there, for wafted clouds he fought in vaine,
To shade or coole the scorched Earth with raine.
He thunders; and, with hands that cannot erre,
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
Him stroke he from his feat, breath from his brest,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppress.
The frighted horse, plunging feverall wayses,
Breake all their tire: to whom the bit obayes:
The reignes, torne beame, crackt spokes, dispers'd abroad,
Scorcht Heau'n was with the Chariots ruines frow'd.
But, foulle-leffe Phaeton, with blazing hair,
Shot head-long through a long decent of Aire;
As when of a falling starre glides through the skie,
Or feemes to fall to the deceuned eye.
Whom great Eridanus (starre from his place
Of birth) receiued, and quench'd his flagrant face:
Whofe Nymphs inter'd him in his Mothers wombe;
And fixt this Epitaph vpon his Tombe:
Here Phaeton lyes: who though he could not guide
His Fathers steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.
Phaebus with griefe with-drew. One day did runne
About the World, they say, without the Sunne,
Which flamie funerals illuminate,
That good, derived from a wretched Fate.
When Clymene had said what could be said
In such a grieue; halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,
She fits the Earth the wanders through, with grones,
First seeking his dead corps; and then his bones.
Inter'd in forren Lands shee found the laf:
Her feeble limbs vpon the place fixt caft.
And bath'd his name in teares, and strictly prest
The carued Marble with her bared brest.
Nor lefse th' Heliades lament, who head
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead:
Who with remorsefull hands their bosomes tear;
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.
With joyned hornes foure Moones their orbs had fil'd.
Since they their customary plaints vpheld:
When Phaethus, thinking to have caft
Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampeste, pressing to her sisters sayd,
As suddeyn with fixt roots was srayd.
A third, about t'haue toome her scattered hair,
Tore-off the leaves which on her crowne the bare;
This, grieved at her stiffe and senselesse thighs:
She, that her stretch't-out armes in branches rise.
And whil'st with wonder they themselfes behold,
The creeping barke their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, breasts, and all
Except their mouths, which on their mother call.
What should she doe? but runne to that, to this,
As fury draue, and shar'd a parting knife?
But yet, not so suffice'd, she stroue to take
Them, from themselfes, and downe the branches brake:
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pity, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
Nor teare vs in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the barke their lips together drew.
From these cleere dropping trees, tears yearely flow:
They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
Which, on the moisture-giving River spent,
To Roman Ladies, as his gift, is sent.

* Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to Phaethon, in love, more neere.
He, leaving State (who in Liguria raign'd,
Which Cities great and populous contain'd)
Eli'd with complaints the River-chiding floods,
The fedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.
At length, his voice grew small: white plume contends
In whitenesse with his haire: his neck ascends.
Red filmes vnite his toes: armes turne to wings;
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly singes.
Becomne a Swan, remembering how vault
Love's lightning was, nor Heauen, nor him will trust.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (detefting fire) delight
And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.
The wofull Father to deade Phaëton,
Him-selfe neglecting (all his lustre gon,
As when eclipse) day, light, his owne life hates;
And loued griefe, with anger, aggravates.
Refusing to illuminate the Earth,
Enough, too much my toyle! borne with the birth
Of Time, (as restlesse) without end, regard,
Or honour: recompenc't with this reward!
Metamorphosis

Some other now may on my Chariot sit,
If all of you confess your seats unfit;
Let Iove ascend: that he (when he shall trie)
At length may lay his murd'ring thunder by.
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide
Those fire-hoof'd Steeds, deserv'd not to have dy'd.

The Gods stand round about him, and request
That endless Night might not the World invest.
Even Iove excus'd his lightning, and interreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.

Displeas'd Phaebus, wisely reconcile'd,
Takes up his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
On whom he vents his spleen: and, though they run,
He lame, and upbraids them with his Son.

The Thunderer then walks the ample
Round Callisto of Heaven's high walls, to search if all were found.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane industries survey'd.

Arcadia chiefly exerciz'd his cares;
There, Springs and streams, that durst not run, repair's;
The Fields with Grasse, the Trees with leaves indued's,
And wither'd Woods with vanish'd Shades renew's.

Oft pailing too and fro, a Nonevice
The God inflam'd; her beautie, more divine!
'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care
And fine varietie to trick her haire;
But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,
And her rude tresses in a Fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:
A Squire of Phoebe's, Memalus did knowe
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Favorites in favour last not long.
The parted Day in equall ballance held,
A Wood shee entered, as yet never feld.
There from her shoulders shee her Quiver takes,
Vibrates her Bowe; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes
The flowy-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiver layes her head.

When lone the Nymph without a guard did see
In such a posture; This stealth, said he,
My Wife shall never knowe: or, say shee did;
Who, ah, who would not for her fake be chid!

Diana's shape and habit them indued,
He said; My Huntreffe, where haft thou pursow'd
This morning's chase? She rising, made reply;
Harle Pow'r, more great then lone (though lone stood by)
In my estate; -he smil'd: and gladly-heard
Him-selfe, by her, before Him-selfe preferre'd;
And kift. His kiffes too intemperate grow;
Not such as Maids on Maidens doe bestow.

54

Calisto

Arcadia, a mountain of Arcadia,

Diana, a Nymph of Natura,

Diana, where Diana used to hunt,
His strict embracements her narration stay'd;
And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate;
(Would Juno saw! it would her spleene abate)
Although, as much as Woman could, she frouce;
What Woman, or, who can contend with Jove!
The Victor hies him to th'athereall States.
The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, shee hates;
Almost forgetting, as from thence she hung,
Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.
High Manatus * Diotyma with her traine
Now entering, pleased with the quarry flaine,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd shee upon, shee fled;
And in her semblance Jupiter doth dread.
But, when shee saw the attending Nymphs appeare;
Shee troops amongt them, and divers her fear.
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes scarce ever rais'd, shee hangs the head:
Nor perkes shee now, as shee was wont to doe,
By Cynthia's side, nor leads the starry crew.
Though mute shee be, her violated shame
Selfe-guilty blushes silently proclaime.
But that a Maid, Diana the ill hid
Had soone efpy'd: they say, her fite Nymphs did.

Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labour, and 4 her brothers heat,
Shee takes the shades; close by the murmuring
And silent current of a fruitfull Spring.
The place much prays'd, the flame as coole as cleere
Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, said she, 'be here:
Here will we our disrobed bodies dip.
Calisto bluht: the reft their faire limbs strip.
And her perfume vncloth'd, that fought delays;
Who, with her body, her offence displays.
They, all abash'd, yet loath to haue it fy'd,
Straining her belly with their hands to hide;
Avant, said Cynthia, get thee from our trayne;
Nor, with thy limbs, this sacred Fountaine staine:
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whole thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:
Nor long delaye's: for, Arcas (which more sorne
And griefe prouok't) was of the Lady borne.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,
And propagate the wrong? And must he be
A liuing infamie to Jove and me?
I'll not indur't: That so selfe-pleasing shape,
Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,
I sue shall spoile. This said, her haire the wound
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.

* Diana so called of the toiles wherewith they take wild beasts, by her first invented.

* Diana; of Cynthia a mountain-taine of Delia, where she was fainted to have been borne,

* Increasing Moones.

* Apollo; or the Sunne.

* Jove.
Her hands, for pity heau’d (so smooth, so faire!)  
Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with blace haire.  
Her dainty hands (which, swift deformity  
Converts to paws) the place of feet supply.  
The mouth, fo prays’d by Ione (that late to fin  
Entic’d a God) now horribly doth grin.  
And, left shee might too powerfully beseech,  
Shee instantly bereft her of her speech:  
In head whereof, a noyle anfends her hoare  
And rumbling throate, which terror doth informe;  
Although a Beare, her minde still poffeft,  
And with continual groans her griefe express;  
With paws stretch’d vp to heaven, accus’d her fate:  
And whom shee could not call, she thought ingrate.  
How oft, afraid to keep the Wood’s alone,  
Sought she the houfe and fields that were her owne;  
How often, chaced by the following crie,  
Th’ affrighted Hunteffe from her hounds did flee!  
Oft the (the Wood’s wild foragers epy’d)  
Fogetting what she was, her felfe would hide:  
A Beare; yet trembles at the fight of Beares;  
And Wolves (a her Father then amongst them) feares.  
When (lo!) Lycæan’s Grand-childthither drew,  
Thrice five yeares old, nor of his Mother knew;  
While he pursueth the chace and salvage spoyle:  
The Erymanthian Woods begirt with toysles.  
Her he encounters. Arcas feene, shee stay’d,  
And would have ta’ne acquaintance. He, afraid,  
Stared upon her with a constant eye;  
And backward step’d, as shee approached yee.  
About to wound her vndefended breft:  
The King of Gods, who did the fact deter  
With them, the crime with-drew, and both convai’d  
To heauen; now e neighbouring Constellations made.  
Saturnia fviel’d to see her Rivall shine  
Amongst the Starres. Shee ftoops to Neptune’s brine;  
Gray e Tethys and the old Oceanus  
(Grac’t by the Deities) accounting thus:  
Aske why I, the Queene of Gods, am come  
From blest aboads? Another holds my roome.  
When Nights blacke mantle shall the World infold;  
My wounds (those honour’d Starres) you may behold;  
There, where the florteft Cicle, at the end  
Of all the turning Axeelree, doth bend.  
Who would not injure the wife of Ione,  
When our worst punishments preferments prove?  
How great our act! how is our powre display’d!  
Vnform’d a Woman, and a Goddefe made.  
Thus we the guiltie scourge! Thus, thus we our  
Revenge advance! such, and so great our powre!  

Let
Let him vnbeaft the beaft (as heretofore Phorontis) and her wanton shape reftore.

Why doth he not Lycaon's daughter wed, Reeciting me, and place her in his bed? But, you who once my carefull Nurjes were, If my indignities doe touch you neere, Command you that the seven Triomes kepe Their lazie Waine out of your sacred Deepe.

Nor let th' impure in your pure Surges dye,

b They both affent. Her Peacocks to the skyes Their Goddesse draw, late fluck with Argus eyes. Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late From white to blacke, by well-deferced Fate. (The spotlesse filver Doue was not more white, Nor Swans which in the running Brookes delight: Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gagging hall Hereafter free the attempted Captiol.)

Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee vnvoe:
And what was white, is now of fable hew.

The Palmc, Coronis, of Larissa bare
From all th' Aetmian Dames for match leeve faire. Who dearly, Delphi an, was belou'd by thee; As long as chaffe, or from detection free.

But, Phoebus Bird her scape did foone decribe:
Nor could they channe th'inexorable Spie:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe pursuues
(Astalkatue as he) to know the newest.

And, knowing, said: Thy felfe thou doft ingage
By thanklesse service: flight not my prefage.

Knwe what I was, and am through all my time
My actions fitt: thou'lt find my faith my crime.

For Pallas, on a day, in cheft compos'd
Of Attick Oliver, privately inclois'd.

Her Erichthonius (whom no Woman bare)
Committed to the custody and care
Of three faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
To Prudent Cecropes, who two fhaTes did beare:
Nor told what it contain'd; but, charg'd that they
Her secrets should not to themfelves betray.

These from an Elme I (ynepy'd) epy.

Faire Herfe and Pandrofa faithfully
Performe their charge. Aghauros then did call
Her fearefull fifters, and vnties with all
The wicker Cabinet, whose twigs containe
An infant, tayfed on a Dragon's strayne.

This, I my Goddesse told; and for reward,
Am now caflified from Minerva's Guard,
The Bird of Night prefer'd. Beware by mee:
Not too officiously tell all you fee.

G 3

Truth

a Io; the fifter of Phorontis, who fucceded Icarios in the kingdom of Argos.
b The Arie, which is Ione, being nourished by Ocean & Tripsy; or the element of water.
c The greater & leffer Bear, Thofe hunting fifters re-

fembling a Prow-share, and thereof called Triomes.
d In that they never fet to

thofe that are on this fide the Northern Tropicke.
Metamorphosis.

Truth is, I neuer to that place aspire'd,
She gaue it me: vnfoyled too, vndefir'd:
Were Tallas ask'd, though angry, yet knowe I
That angry Tallas would not this deny.
Me had King Coronæus, great in fame.
Through happy Phocis, by a royall Dame.
Rich suiters I (despite menot) had store:
My beautie wrackt me. Walking on the shore,
As leasurely as now I vse to goe,
Cold Neptune saw me, and with lust did glowe.
The time, his prayr's, and prayr's spent in vaine;
What would not yeeld, he offers to contraine;
And followes me that fled. The harder strand
Behind me left, and tyr'd with yeelding sand,
To Gods and Men I criе. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid relieves a Maid.
For, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;
My armes cole-black with houering feathers grew.
My Robe I from my moulders thought to throwe:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did growe.
With hands to beat my naked brest, I trie:
But, neither brest to beat, nor hands, had I.
Running in sand I lunke not as before.
But, me the scarce-toucht Earth vnburden'd bore.
Forth with, I lightly through the Ayre ascend;
And on Minerva, without blame, attend.
But, what was this: when she, whose wicked deeds
Vnwoman'd her, in our loft grace succeeds?
For, know (no more then through all Lesbos spred)
Of lost Coronis, and thy χαμωνιαν Youth.
The harp drops from his hand; and from his head
The Laurell fell: his chearfull colour fled.
Transported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
And with inevitable arrow strooke.
That brest, which he so oft to his had ioynd:
Shee threaks, and from the deadly wound most wind;
The biting steele, pursu'd with stremes of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood:
And said: Though this be due, yet, Phæbus, I
Might first haue teem'd: now, two in one must die.
Shee faints: for'ts life in her blood's torrent swims:
And stifning cold bennys her senefeleste lims.

Nictimene.

The daughter of Nyctimene, king of Lesbos.

Coronis of Larissa.

Electra.
His crueltie, to her he lou'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and him-selfe doth hate,
Who lent an care, whom rage could so incence:
He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th'offence;
He hates his Art, his quiver, and his Bowe;
Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth shouew.
But (ah!) too late to vanquish Fate he tries;
And Surgery, without success, applies.
Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pyle
Prepared to devoure to deare a spoyle;
He deeply grones (for no celestiall eye
May shead a teare) as when a Cow stands by
And lowes aloud to see th'advanced mall
Vpon the fore-head of her; suckling fall.
And now vnear'd-foreodours pow'r d vpon her;
And vndie death with all due rites doth honour.
But, Pelus, not inducing that his seed
(And that by her) the greedie. Fire should seed,
Snatch it both from her wombe and from the flame;
And to the two-flap't Chiron brought the fame.
The white-plum'd Rauen, who reward expects,
He turns to black; and for his truth rejects.
It pleas'd the halfe-horse to be so imploy'd;
Who in his honoures the trouble joy'd.
Behold the Centaurs daughter, with red hair,
Whom formerly the Nymph Caricle bare:
By the swift River, and Cyroë nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthfull Art display'md,
To sing the depth of Fates: Now, when her brest
Was by the prophecying rage poss'd,
And that th' included God inflam'd her minde;
Beholding of the Babe, the thus divin'd:
Health-giver to the World, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortallitie so much shall owe.
Fled Souls thou shalt restore to their abodes:
And once against the pleasure of the Gods.
To doe the like, thy Grand-sires flames deny:
And thou, begotten by a God, must die.
Thou, of a bloodless corps, a God shalt be;
And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
To whom the Fates eternitie allow;
Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart
With Serpents blood, and flight your helpless Art.
Relenting Fates will pitie you with death,
Against their Law, and stop your groning breath.
Not all yet said, her sighs in stormes arise;
And ill-aboding teares burst from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me lo, they tie
My fall'ring tongue, and farther speech deny.

Alas!
Alas! these Arts not of that value be,
That they should draw the wrath of Heaven on me!
O, rather would I nothing had fore-knewne!
My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.
I long to feed on grassye; I long to run
About the spacious fields. Woe's me, undone!
Into a Mare (my kindred's shape) I grow:
Yet, why throughout my Father but halfe-so.

The end of her complaint you scarce could heare
To understand: her words confused were.
Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she exprest;
Her voice yet more inclining to the beast:
Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little space,
Her down-thrift armes vpon the Meddow pace.
Her fingers ioyne: one hoofe fiue nayles vnite;
Her head and neck enlarge, not now vpright:
Her traying: garment to a trayne extends:
Her dangling hairre vpon her creft defends:
Her voice and shape at once transform'd became:
And to it selfe the Monfter giues a name,
Old Chiron weeps, and Phoebus, mainly cries
On thee to change the changeable Deities.
Admit thou couldst: thee, from thy selfe expel'd,
Then Elia, and Messenian pastures held.

It was the time when cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou play'dft vpon vnequall feuen-fold Reeds:
Whil'st thee thy Pipe delightes, whil'st cares of Ioue
Thy foule possette, and other cares remove;
Thy Oxen in the fields of Pylos stray'd:
Oberved by the crafty sonne of May,
Forthwith he secretly conveyes them thence,
In vnreact Woods concealing his offence.
None saw but Battus, in that Country bred;
Who wealthy Neleus, famous horse's fed.

Him only he misdoubts: then, (t'ane a-part)
Stranger, saide Mercury, what ere thou art;
If any for this Herd by chance enquire,
Conceale thy knowledge: and receive, for hire;
This white-hair'd Cow. He tooke her, and reply'd,
Be false; thy theft shall soone be descry'd
By yonder stone, then me, and they'd a stone.
Love's sonne departes, and straight returns unknowne
(A feeming Clowne in forme and voice) who said:
Sawst thou no Cattle through these fields convoy'd?
Detect the theft, in their recoverie joyne:
And lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine,
He (the reward redoubt'd) answer'd: There
Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.
Then, Hermes, laughing lowly, What, knaue, I say,
Me to my selfe; me to my selfe betray?

Then
Through boundlesse ayre, & views, from stretcht-out wings,
Through Munchian fields, Minerva's loued soyle,
Through Lyceum, exercisd with learned toyle.
By chance, ypon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for festivall,
In crowned baskets on their shining hair, The Virgin-trayne her sacrifices bare:
Returning, thefe the winged God doth view,
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
So, swift & Cyllenius o're the Attick towers,
In ayrie windings circularly flowered.
As Lucifer out-flies each other Starre,
As silver Phoeb, Lucifer, so farre
Did Herfe all the other Virgins flyne;
The glory of that pomp, and of her rayne.
Loue-stuck, he burns as in the Ayre he hung,
A bullet by Barian Slinger flung;
Increafeth so in fervor as it flyes,
And finds the fire it had not, in the skyes.
From Heauen, he floops to more affected Earth:
Not now disguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which, though divine, he strives to grace by Art.
He curles his hair, his mantle, wrought with gold,
He in the moft becomming garb doth fold;
And his fine feet adorres: then, in his hand
Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand.
Three roome there were within the faire contest,
Of Cecrop's house, with Ivory arches deckt.
Pandroa and Aglauros on each side
Of Herfe lay; Aglauros first effpy'd
The fly-approaching Mercury: his name
Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, Pleiones nephew: He am I
Who on Io's errands (Io's my Father) flie:
And to bepleaing, to Herfe faithfull proue:
And be an Aunte vnto our fruitfull loue.
Thy sifter's beauties this repairre inforce:
I pray thee of a Louer take remorfe.
So far'd she on him, and so much amaz'd;
As when she on Minerva's secrets gaz'd:
Who asks a maffe of treasure for her hire:
And, till twere pay'd, constrain'd him to retire.

a The touch-tone is called
Bex which also signifies an
Intelligencer, or tel-tale.
b Minerva's Rod, which sig-
nifies a reconciler of differ-
ence.
c A Promontory neere the
Haven of Strea, where Min-
erva built the Temple of
Diana.
d Attic, sacred to Minerva.
e The Philosophic Schooles
which flour in a Grove
without the walls of Athen.

f Mercury of Cyllene, a moun-
tain of Arcadia, where he
was born.
g The Morning Starre.

i His Caduceus. See the Com-
ment.

Aglavros.

b The inhabitants of the Bass
aries (two lands now called
Masyns and Minervas) renown
for their flings.

h Mercury, of his Grandmo-
ther Pleiones, the wife of Atlas
and mother of Maia.
Warres angry Goddesse caft on her a looke
That darted fire, and fetcht a figh which shooke
Her bofome, with the b Aegis which fhe wore:
Who calls to minde, how fhe, not long afore,
Profanely did, againft her fad, difcouer
The e Lemnian iffe, borne without a Mother:
Now to her fifter, to the God ingrate,
And by fo base a means t'inrich her flate.

Forth-with to Ennie's caufe her courfe the bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deep deep defcent
Betweene two hills, where Phobus never flowes
His cheerfull face, where no winde ever blowes:
Repleat with fadneffe, and vnaduie cold,
Devoid of fire, yet flill in fmoake enrol'd.
Whether when as d the fear'd in battell came,
Shee flaid before the houfe (that hatefull frame
Shee might not enter ) and the darke doore flroke
With her bright lance ; which fraught in funder broke.
There faw the Ennie lapping Vipers blood
And feeding on their flieht, her vices food :
And, nauing fenue her, turn'd away her eyes.
The Caiiffe flowly from the ground doth rife
(her halfe-devoured Serpents laid-afide)
And forward creepeth with a lazie ftride.
Viewing her forme fo faire; her armes, fo bright ;
Shee groan'd, and figh't at fuch a cheerfull fight.
Her body more then meager, pale her hew;
Her teeth all rufte; flill fhee looks askew;
Her breath with gall, her tongue with poyfon fved:
Shee only laught, when the fad fights beheld.
Her ever-waking cares exil'd foft fpeepe :
Who lookest on good succeffe, with eyes that wepee:
Repining, pines : who, wounding others, bleeds :
And on her felfe renrvegeth her miffide,
Although e Tritonia did the Hag deteef,
Yet briefely thus her pleafure the expreff :
Aglauros, one of the f Ceerpides,
Doe thou infect with thy accurf dissect.
This faid; the haftie Goddesse doth advance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envie caft after her a wicked eye,
Mutters, and could for very forrow die
That fuch her power: a fflaggy flabfe then tooke
Wreeathed with thornes; and her darke Caufe forfooke.
Wrape in black clouds, which way fo ere fhee turnes,
The Corenefhe lodges, flowrie paffures burnes,
Crops what growes high; Townes, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Vertue perfecutes to death.
When fheet the faire Athenian towres beheld,
Which fo in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,
And faithfull Peace; to crie the scarce forbeares,
In that she saw no argument for tears.
When she Aegnares lodging entred had,
Shee gladly executes what Pallas bade:
Her canked hand vpon her breth the la'd,
And crooked thornes into her heart convey'd,
And breath'd in bainefull poyster: which shee heads
Into her bones, and through her spirits spreeds.
And that her envy might not want a caule
The God in his divines formee shee draws:
And with it, fets before her wounded eyes
Her happy fitter, and their nuptiall ioyes:
Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,
And gnaw her soule. Shee fighs all day, all night;
And with a low infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sunnes vncaertaine ray.
Faire Herfe's happy flate fuch heart-burne breeds
In her black bofome, as when fpiny weeds
Are fet on fire: which without flame consume,
And feme (to small their heart) to burne with fume.
Oft theee refolues to die, fuch fights to fhun:
Oft,by disclofing, to haue both vndone.
Now fits the on the threshold, to prevent
The Gods acceffe, who with loft blandifhment,
And his beft Art, periwades. Quoth shee; forbeare,
I cannot be remou'd, if you stay here.
I to this bargainee, hee reply'd, will stand;
The figured doore then forces with his wand.
Striving to rife, to secoud her debate,
Her hips could not remoue, preft with dull weight.
Againe theee struggl'd to have ftood on end:
But, thofe vnfulple finewes would not bend.
Incroaching cold now enters at her nayles:
And lack of blood her veins blewe branches pale's.
And as a Canker, flighting helpleffe Arts,
Creeps from th' infected to the founder parts:
So by degrees the winter of wan Death
Conceales the path of life, and frops her breath:
Nor froue she: had she froue to make her mone,
Voice had no way, her neck and face now stone.
There shee a bloodleffe Statue fate, all freckt:
Her spotted minde the Marble did infect.

When b Atlantiades, on her, prophanee
Of tongue and heart, this sharp revenge had ta'ne;
He from c the Cittie, nam'd by Pallas, flew
On mounting wings, and vnto heauen with-drew.
With whom, foweth (his loue concealing) ioynes:
Thou, faithfull Minifter to my desigines,
Shoot swiftly through the Ayre vnto d that Land,
Whose borders North-ward of thy Mother stand.

**The Second Booke.**

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**Evropa.**

b Mercury of Atlas, the father of his mother.

c Athen: See the Comment on the sixth booke.

**Second Booke.**

Evropa.

b Mercury of Atlas, the father of his mother.

c Athen: See the Comment on the sixth booke.

d A part of Phoebus, which
Celia the mother of Mercury, one of the Pleiades, be-
holds from the Soall.

H 2 Which
Metamorphosis.

Which those Inhabitants Sidonians name:
Behold, you royall Heard: conduct the fame,
From not farre distant Mountaines, to the shore.
This he dispatcht, with speed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,
Accompany'd with Tyrian Virgins, play'd.
Loue and high Majestie agree not well;
Nor will together in one boleome dwell.
That Powre, from whom, what-ere hath being, springs;
That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightning flings;
Whole nod the World's vnfixt foundation
The figure of a fenfuall Bull now takes:
And, lowing, walkes upon the tender graffe
Amongst the Heard; though he in forme furpaffe.
His colour whiter then vntroden snow,
The South Wind.

Before still-moist and thawing Aufter blow.
The flesh, in swelling rowles, adorns his neck:
His broad-spread brest, long dangling dew-laps deck.
His horns, though small, yet such as Art invite
To imitate, then shining gemmes more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his browes no terror threat;
His whole aspect with smiling peace repeat.
The beaft, Agenor's daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautiful, so void of fire.
Though such, at first shee his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowres him fed.
The Louer joyes: till he his hopes might feast,
He kist her hands; ah, scarce deferr'd the rest!
Now, on the springing graffe, he frisks and playes:
His sides now on the golden sands he layes.
Her feare subdu'd, shee strokes his profferd brest:
Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dreft.
The royall Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Ascends the Bull, not knowing whom shee backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
First dips therein his hoofes, anon his knees;
Then, rushing forward, beares away the prize.
Shee shrieks, and to the shore reverts her eyes:
One hand his horn, the other held behind;
Her lighter garments swelling with the wind.

Europa.

The South Wind.

Europa.
Vpon the Second Booke of Ovids Metamorphosis.

The entrance into this second booke is through the glorious Pallace of the Sunne: wherein, as some coniecture, he intimates the temple of Apollo; and Magnificence of the precious stones, and ivory: the workman Mulciber; a name of Vulcan, which signifieth to mollifie, in that fire mollifies mettall, and subiects it to the will of the Artificer. In this description our Poet imitates Homer in the beeld of Achilles; and is imitated by the moderne in their Sceenes and Arafies. The Sunne is cloathed in a robe of scarlet, onely proper to Princes and Magistrates, expressing their power of inflicting death by that bloody colour, which private men were of old forbidden to wear, or resemble in any part of their garments. But he a King of the other Starres, from whom they receive their honour: his courtiers, the Houri, Dayes, Monthes, Tears, and Ages; the Spring, Summer, Autumne, and Winter: being not only their Lord and moderator, but their father: the measure and visiblite of Time proceeding from his motion. Wherefore divine Reafon, faith Macrobius, and not superstition, made the Poets, who in their fables of the Gods did not swear from the truth of Philosophy, to refere all the reft that are under the sky to the various faculcies of the Sun, as intimated by his feuerall appellations; governing the celefiall lights, and disposing of their influences: the multitude of the Gods no other then the names of his particular virtues. The erring World at the first acknowledging thefe only for Gods whom they saw with their eyes, and of whose glory and bounty they were fnifible.

Phoebus acknowledgeth Phaeton for his son: he defires a confirmation: who bids him ask what he will, and binds the performance by an irrevocable oath, the oath of the Gods, infernal Styx: here called their feare and terror: acknowledging therein a greater power then their owne, unto which they were liable: and with all their mortality: for why should they feare what they never could fee, unless what was death obvious? Why (faith Lactantius) should men caft their eyes vnto Heauen, and sweare by those Gods who descend themselues into hell, and there found that with terror they adored? Styx is a fountaine in Arcadia at the foot of Monacris the water thereof is a violent poifon, and corroding that nothing can contain it but the hoefe of Mule. With this Alexander (as is feipted) was made away, by the treason of Antipater; not without some adperation upon Ariftotle. Nor is such a virulency incredible, contrasted from the quality of the earth in her subterren current, whose exhalations I have seen, in a dry and lightsome cave betweene Naples and Puzzoli, to kill a dog in as short a time as I am in telling of it. From the faide effects of this fountaine, and as fada name (for Styx as Regius expounds it, signifieth sorrow) was that fabulous River derived, which in winding mazes nine times infolds the infernal Monarchie. It is faide that Styx fent her daughter Victory, the toyfullle issue of a forrowfull mother, to aflift the Gods in their wares against the Gyants: in recompence receaing this honour from Jupiter, that who so ever forfoore themselues by her name should for nine yeares be banished from their counsells and festivities. Thus interpreted by Ariftotle, that as water was held to be the firft and moft ancient of all things, so nothing is to be preferred before, or is more holy and venerable, then the religion of an oath. But perhaps more accurately by the Vicount of Saint Albons: How leagues betweene Princes, though confirmed by oath, together with the bonds of merit, nature, or alliance,
are commonly no longer of validity then they stand with the Reasons of State, and peculiar utility. Only the obligation of necessity (represented by Styxx, that fall and unrepellable river) abides firm and unviolable; since the breach thereof is punished with a suspension from the festivities of the Gods; under which, by the Ancient, the laws, immunities, plenty and felicity of a kingdom were deciphered. Ambitious Phaeton demands of his father the guide of his chariot for one day, & therein his own ruine. God could not punish a man more sometimes then in granting him his desires.

What unjustly feare or hope wee? what begunne
So well, or wisht for, but wee with undone?
The evil Gods by granting vs our owne
Request, our fortunes oft have ouerthrown.

To confirm an indefinite promise by oath is altogether unlawful: for the breach thereof is sinner, and the performance, not feldom a greater: as instanced by Iephta and Herod. So here the father by his indulgence destroys his son, and grunts what an enemy would have defiered. Phoebus goes about to detter him by the difficulty, horror, and danger of the enterprize. Seneca makes the generous youth reply: Thake the way, and long to ascend: this, wherewith you think to affright, incites me: there would I stand where the Sun himfelfe trembles. Virtue mounts aloft, it is the part of a poore and lazy Spirit to pursiue safe things. But those hot horses disdaine to obey so weake and unskillfull a manager: they stray from their bounds, and follow their fury, till by their irregularity they had fet the whole World on a combustion. When Jupiter, least all should be devourd in one fire, stoke the Chariot and Charoeter with lightning: who fell, like a falling flar into Eridanus.

Phaeton, King of the Theports and Molossians, was saide to have beene the sonne of Phoebus; and to have fallen from his fathers charriot, in that he first aseyed to find out the course of the Sun; but was by his death prevented. And in those dates there fell such abundance of fire from heaven (which Ficinus conjectures to be the same that is mentioned by Moses) as destroyed many of the Easern regions: whereupon it was fained that his misguidance had set the whole world on a conflagration. But physically he is saide to be the sonne of Phoebus: because Phaeton is, as the name it selfe signifies, a bright and burning inflamation, which proceeds from the Sunne: Clymene, or the water, his mother, from whom those exhalations are by the Sunne attracted. These set on fire procure a vehement heat: and therefore, the inflamation of those vapors is the son of these parents. Thunder and lightning necessarily succeed such exceffine fervor: for which cause he is saide to have brooke with lightning by Jupiter: and to fall into Eridanus: in that such droughts are commonly followed by inundations: That River, for this good service, being made a celestiall Constellation.

This fable to the life presents a rash and ambitious Prince, inflamed with desire of glory and dominion: who in that too powerfull, attempts what so ever is above his power, and gives no limits to his ruining ambition.

Prepar'd for vengeance, desperate men
On crimes forbidden madly run.
From Heauen audacious Prophets son
To mortalls fire convalde by theft.
Pale troopes of new diseases then
Sad Earth of her sick sons bereft;
And certaine Death, before but flow,
Did with a swifter motion goe.
Bold Daedalus through empty ayre
With wings, not guen by Nature, flew.
Herculean labors Hell subdew;
Hard nothing is t’adventurous man.
Even heauen it selfe affeéct we dare
By our vaft follies: no,nor can
lone lay his vengefull thunder by;
Still vrg’d by our impiety.

In that rash and unexperienced, he is said to be a boy, and refractory to counself (with out which, Power is her owne destruction) and therefore altogether unfit for governement, which requires mature advice, and supernaturall knowledge, it being of mortall things the most difficult. The first ascent is steep and painfull, the whole race full of care, off care, and danger of precipitation, pursued by envy, destruction, and practise, encountering with Bulls, Centaures, Lyons, Scorpion, and such-like monster; too powerfull subjects, who with their ambition and factions disturb the publique tranquility. The Horses of the Sun are the common people; unruly, fierce, and prone to innovation: who finding the weaknesse of their Prince, fly out into all exorbitancies to a generall confussion. These, by the advice of Phaebus, are rather to be curbed then incensèd, not by cruelty, but a moderate severity; well instituted and well executed laws being the proper reynes to such horses. So Princes are to run a regular course, and follow the steps of their noble Progenitors, neither to incline to the right hand nor the left, not to ascend too high, nor descend too low: as Apollonius answered Adrian, that Nero lost his empire by the sometimes over-strong, and sometimes too much flacking the strings of his instrument; Pride diminishing love, and facility authority: or to attempt what is above their power, or to fall beneath it, the middle way being only safe, which not observed by our lusty Phaeton accelerates his ruine. This also may allude unto those, who straying from their proper spheres, their kingdomes set theire world in fire with the flame of warre, which seems to little for their insatiable ambition.

One World fufic’d not the Pellean King: Th’vnhappy Youth sweats in that narrow ring:
As if to Gyros sea-girt rocks confin’d.
But Babylon onceentred, this great Mind
A little Vnme-contents. Death onely can
Define the true dimensions of a man.

To whom Cytus, and Attila the Hun, may be added, no lese plauges to mankind, then devasting conflagrations: all perishing in the end by the lightning of the divine vengeance.

They attribute a Charriot to the Sun in regard of the swiftnesse of his motion; to express what is beyond the object of the fence by that which is subject unto it: they make it of Gold and reflecting stones, in regard of his splendor: and that Gold is the mettall appropriate to that Planet, beflowing riches on those in whose nature he predominates. In the wheels of the celestiall chariots they placed eight spokes.

Ovid's Metamorphosis

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Sad Earth of her sick sons bereft;
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spokes to declare how the celestial motions above the eighth sphere were beyond the extent of humane observation. His horses, as their names express, are no other than light and heat, whereof the Sun is the fontaine. Wherefore horses and chariots were consecrated unto him by the Idolatrous Jews, as the former sacrificed by the Persians and Lacedemonsians. His horses are harnessed and brought forth by the hours, which are the ministers of time.

The track of his wheels, is the Ecliptick line, and the beasts he encounters the signs in the Zodiac. But this is his annual course, and not his diurnal, wherein he describes almost a parallell to the Equinoctiall. He was held for a God, in that the author of life, of health, and producing whatsoever is beneficial to man. Reputed by the ancient, The Image of God in the World, inspiring our minds with wisdom and justice: an example of government, justice, and munificency.

Lucifer (that is, a bringer of light) is here said to fore-run Aurora, or the morning, and last of all to resign his place, in that the last starre which shineth. This is the beautiful Planet of Venus, which, when it riseth before the Sun, is the Morning starre, and setting after it, the Evening.

Now Sea-bath'd Hesperus, who brings
Night on, and first dipleias, his wings:
Now, radiant Lucifer, who day
Exalts, chases night away.

In regard that her course is sometimes swifter than the Sun, and at another time slower, yet never farre off, and fulfilling the same period. A part of the year she is above him, and then most resplendent, in that halfe illuminated by his rays: shining too vs-ward, & a part beneath, when appearing horned, as found out by the new perspectives. As Lucifer Aurora, so Aurora Hesperus, the Sun which is the light reflecting from his orbs before he ascends the horizon, upon the groser ayre, and condensed vapors: and from hence thrown downe, as from a concave glasse, by repercussion. In winter, for want of heat to raise the low exhalations, the twilight is shorter, in Summer long; and longer as nearer to the Arctick circle, by reason of the oblique descent of the Sun: so much as they then in Scotland have little night, and none at all farther Northward. Twilight begins with us for the most part when the Sun is 19 degrees beneath our horizon: which is about an hour and a quarter before, or after, his rising or setting. Homer calls the Morning rofy-fingered, and here our Poet describes her purple gates and galleries with roses (fained to spring from the blood of Venus, in regard of their sweetness and beauty) yet is not really red, but so appears through the imbecility of our sight, and interposition of thicker rising vapors; light and darkness procure a red, as formerly alluded to Aristotel.

He resembles Phaetons fall to a falling starre, or that seems to fall, which was timely added, although those fires which dart by night through the air are so called. For one starr would overwhelm the whole earth, which in his owne nature is weightlesse, and not sufficiënt to defend. These Meteors are round and compacted exhalations; which inflamed aloft, are brooke downe by the aerial cold: and carry the name of starrs, in that they ressemble them both in form and splendor, whose sloughs according to the vulgar receipt, we see often to ly on the ground like gelly.

Phaetons is said to be intertombd by the Naiades: in that water extinguiished fire. It was the custome of the Ancient not to bury those bodys which were flame by lightning:
lightning; but only to interthall them about, since no Beetle nor Bird would feed on their flesh, and with all as they supposed not subject to corruption.

The Heliades, the daughters of the Sunne (for so the name signifies) with immoderate grief bewail the death of their brother, and amidst the embracements of their distracted mother are turned into Poplars. Great sorrowes follow, and weep the apprehension of griefes by too much grieving: more deeply wounding women then men, in regard of their natural imbecility. Two of these sisters he names: Phaethus, which signifies arder; Lampetia, hiring, and here termed Paliphae, which all-intimating. These are no other then the vertues and efficacy of the Sunne in natural bodies. They are said to have beene turned into trees; in that by moisture, which is Clymene, and the heat of the Sun, all vegetations are produced. The Poplar affects the water, and therefore the scene of this transformation is placed on the banke of Eridanus.

The tears of these weeping trees convert into Amber: which is only the gum they expel by their inward vigour: and by the fine passage or straining of the juice through the wood and bark, becomes more transparent and shining. But this by the sober Lucian is exploded, who reports that he could neither there heare of Amber, nor see any poplar trees by that River: although Pliny writes that the women thereabout accustomed to adorn themselves with the same. Yet if this be the narrow of a tree, then most likely of the Pine, in that they resemble one another in small, which falling on the ground, either thickened by heat or hardened by cold, is carried into the Sea by high rising tides, or the swelling of Rivers, and cast upon foraine shorees; whereas no small quantity is at this day found on our coasts. That it was liquid at first is apparent by the flies and creeping things which therein are often inclosed. Whereof Martial:

The Bee which Phaethus' tears inclose,
As if intomb'd in her owne Nectar shoues.
The merite of so great an industry:
For like enough the fo desir'd to die.

And againe:

The gem-like liquor on the vipers falls,
As on the Poplars weeping branch hee crawles:
While wondering how death'd in that fat dew,
Infatuate in congeale'd Amber grew.
Thine, Cleopatra, now no more preferre;
The Viper hath a nobler Sepulcher.

More durable then the monuments and imbalming of Princes: for bodies prohibited, that they neither turne into air, being separated from the same, nor enter into the bodies adjacent, as of a contrary quality, nor have in themselves a circulation, they will never change; however in themselves corruptible. But Agricola, diligent searcher into the nature of Mineralls, will have it a kind of Bitumen, rising out of the earth by the shore; the yellow Amber being perhaps the one, and the white the other. The greatest quantity thereof is found about the Balticke Ocean, & those Northern Regions. Boetius writes that in Shetland a pece was taken up as big as a harfe; the Priest and his Parishioners not knowing what it was, emploied it for Frankinfence.

Cygnus King of Liguria repaires to the Funerall of Phæton: and while he bewails the fate of his kineman, is turn'd into a Swan; delighting in the contrary

Phaethus' Sisters.

The tears of Poplars.

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Cygnus.
VPON THE SECOND BOOKE OF

Element to fire, and not mounting aloft, as detecting Jupiter: agreeing with the nature of this Fable, wherewith that river aboundeth. Paulanier writes that he was a prince much addicted to music (as all the Ligurians by his example) and there fore fained to have beene after his death converted INTO that musical Bird by Apollo: deduced unto him, not only for the harmony of his voice, but prophetically foreknowledge, who foreseeing his death, entertaines it with songs & rejoysings.

The dying Swan, adorn’d with fihler wings,
So in the fedges of Meander fings.

But who ever heard a Swan fing? A fiction invented by Greece, the mother of failes, perhaps to beautifie their Poems. For such is the sweetness and power of Poësie, as it makes that appear, which were in prose both false and ridiculous, to resemble the truth, and with such an incredible delight imprints it in the minds of the hearers, as cannot be easily out-raced. This musical King informs us, that Princes should not like Nero endeavor to perpetuate their names by such sciences (although commendable in their moderate use) least they lose their owns shape, that is, the effimation of their wifdome which is only to be preferred and excelled by a wise and temperate government. Philip of Macedon, when Alexander sung & plat’d curiously on the Harp at an banquet, in this manner reproved him; Art not thou ashamed to have such skill in these trifles.

Others can statues cast in breathing brafe;
And cut in marble; which the life furniphe:
Others can better plead, describe the skies,
The Sunnes swift course, & fтарres that set and rife.
Doe thou thy people rather, Roman, guide
With Iustice, and for sacred peace provide.
Be thefe the arts to purchafe thefse renowne:
Protect the humble, and the proud pull downe.

Phoebus flamacks the death of Phaëton, and denies the world his light; but is reduced by the intreats and threats of Jupiter. It is a winning way to defire what we may command; but if that faile, subordinate powers are to be compiled by the supreme; or else the offended is either is equall. Ioue like a common father, is solicitions in repairing the ruins of these disordors; but cannot order his own affections. He burns in love with Califo, the daughter of Lycaon whom before he had turned into a Wolfe: and now turns himself into the figure of chafftie; Diana Califo’s Goddesse. Vice is abhamed of vice: and fouly, that it cannot decease but under the pretext of Virtue, as the Divell in the shape of an Angell of light.

The virgin is derviginated, and cast by Diana out of her chaff assembly: whom Cupid in Lucian complains that he never could wound, in that ever exercised in hunting. But Juno (said to be the wife of Jupiter in that the ayre is subjicent to Heaven, and his falter, because both, according to Macrobius, were ingredens of the same substance) will not be so pleased. Iealousie is unplacent, as raffh as fire, & more cruel then the grue. Shee drages her by the haire, beats her with her fist, and lastly convets her into a Beare. So loose they their faire figures, and resemble deformed beasts, who abandon their chaffitie: the excuse of ravishment being convict by concepcion. Califo signifies beauty: the more beautifull the more perspicuous their blemishes. Palaphatus reports bow hunting in the mountains, shee
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

She entered a Cause, and there was torn in pieces by a Bear: when her companions raised this rumor of her change; the Bear comming forth alone, and shee never scene after. Others, how having vowed virginitie, and guildefully deflowered by the Cretan Iouetes, she was expulsed by her subiects: who fled into the woods, and there was delivere of Arcas: where they lived obscurely, still impatient of so fal-

vage a life, he attempted to kill his mother. She fled to Jupiter, who reconciled, & restored them to their kingdom of Arcadia. From whence grew the fable, how, when ready to have borne flame by Arcas, they were both assumed into heaven by compassionate Jupiter, and converted into neighbouring constellations within the Artick circle. Those foute starres which make a quadrangle on the side of the greater Bear, are called the Waine. The three on her tail, the horfes, Boques the Waggener. The lesser Bear consists of feventy starres, in a like position: whereof the two formost are called by Seamen the Guards; as that on the tip of his tail the North-starre, in Ptolomyes time twelue Degrees from the Pole, but now within two, and yearly approaching nearer. Before the Compass was found out, the Greci-

ans failed by the greater Bear, called by them Helice, as the Phoenicians by the lefte, the more expert Mariners: And because they never set to those Regions, whose elevation is greater then the distance of those constellations from the Pole, they are here said to be interdisted; the Ocean (the setting starres supposed of old to descende into the Sea, belike in that they held, as S. Auguftine, that all was Sea under the) as Iuno's fuit to Oceanus and Tethis, by whom she was fostered: the Ayre which is Iuno, being especially procurred by rarified Water.

Iuno is drawnne into Heaven by her yoked Peacocks: in whose traine, as formerly faine, he had fixt the eyes of Argus. And as his eyes were taken for starres, so hieroglyphically they expressed night by the displayed traine of that foul. Sacred to Iuno, in that first scene in Samos her Land: or rather in that a proud and ambitious creature, affecting high places, as of an aeriall temper; deciphering proud and ambitious men who attempt high things; riches, which morally is Iuno, being their.es Goddes; having need of many eyes to sentientl their wealth, and prevent their downfall. The variatie of her colours shew the many vidi-

cistitudes of Fortune, which inflf their minde with cares and fears, who seeme to others so absolutely happy. The Empereour Adrian dedicated to Iuno a Peacock of gold and precious stones, in her Temple at Euboea. The Romans in the defying of their Empresses, accustomed to let loose a Peacock from the top of the funerall pyfe: making the vulgar believe that it was the Soule of the deceased taken up into Heaven by Iuno. And there are Coynes yet extant with the effigies of a woman on the back of an ascending Peacock, that bears the name of Diva Pavlina; with this inscription Consecratio. It is no leffe true then wonderfull that the flesh of this foule will never corrupt, as experienced for a twelue month by S. Auguftine.

Erichthonius was here faine to haue had no mother: for Vulcan, as they fable, intending to ravish Minerva, defiled the ground, from whence he had his beginning; expressed in his name which signifies Earth and Contention. Minerva being that pure elementary fire wherein nothing is ingenderd, faine therefore a perpetual Virgin, and to refift the contamination of Vulcan, our greater fire (the fonne of Iuno in that mixed with aire) which vaineely strives to joyn with the other being elag'd and oppressed by the matter that feeds it, whose heat defcending on the Earth beges a multiplicitie of creatures. Others interpret Minerva for the industry of Nature, and Vulcan for Art, in that fire is so useful to the. Artistes, who not by obsequiouswffe but violence indeavours to subdue what will not be constrained, & produceth thereby imperfect conceptions, as appears by the waine attempts of the Chymists.
Chimis, in their great Elixir. They give Erichthonius the binder parts of a Dragon; some say, that he excelled in fortitude and wisdom; others, for introducing marriage among the Athenians, who before promiscuously coupled together: but chiefly is that he knew how to temper clemency with severity, according to the times, & disposition of the people; in memorial, whereof the children of his posterity were adorned with golden Serpents. He was the fourth King of the Athenians (who of him were called the Earth, or rather in that they knew not their own original, & sometio acknowledge) whereof the here-mentioned Cecrops was the first: said also to have a double shape, perhaps on the former grounds, or in that his magnificent entrance was peeped out with craft and dissimulation, as the Lion with the Fox's tale: or taken in the better sense, in that his courage was accompanied with foresight and vigilancy. Paulusanus writes that Erichthonius was the first that invented Chariots to conceal his deformity: and Virgil,

Fift Erichthonius with foure horses drew
Swift Chariots; on hot wheels the victor flew.

When newly borne, he was hid by Minerva in a basket, and delivered to the custody of Cecrops daughters, with charge not to open it; but disobeyed, especially by Aglauros; it is said that she and her sisters were vexed with Furies for a long time after, the terror of her inward guilt: to inform us, that divine mysteries are not to be too curiously pryed into, nor the commands of God infringed without severe punishment. In some things the fable alludes to the history: for a child being found at Athens in the Temple of Minerva, were to that of Vulcan, with a snake wrapt about him (a presage of succeeding eminency) it was famed to be the Sonne of Vulcan, and to have beene fostered by Minerva concealed in her Temple, perhaps for his safetie, as Isaiah in the Temple at Jerusalem, and perfidiously disconcered by her Priest s, the here-mentioned daughters of Cercrops. But Laestanius will have Erichthonius to be the incestuous and long obscured issue of those forged Deities.

The Crow informs of the infidelitie of Aglauros & her sisters: Once a Nymph and changed into that bird by Minerva, to preserve her from the lust of Neptune. Castily miraculous protects her votaries. The lofe of her faire forme is recompenced by her honourable dependancy on the Goddeste. In Corona, a city of the Meceanians in Peloponnesus, a Crow of brasse was placed on the fift of Minerva's statue, found in digging the foundation, of which it receaived that name: & from hence that bird perhaps was said to bee sacred unto her. But now discharged her service for her unacceptable intelligence. Silence is secure, when speaking the truth is not seldom obnoxious to danger. The Crow is the symbol of garritullity, and therefore recited by Minerva: because much talking interrumpes the meditation of the minde, & is offensive to wisdom. Moreover no Crow comes nere unto Athens; so called of Athens, the Grecian name of Minerva, of which Cittie she was the Patronesse, perhaps the ground of that fable. Of this Lucretius.

To Pallas Temple, mounted in the he.

Athenean tower, no Crowes their wings apply;
Although the altars stem not for the offence
Of too much diligence exil'd from thence
By th' angry powre, as Grecian Poets sing:
For such effects from naturall causes spring.
as the lakes of Avernus & Asphalitis were deadly to all foule that flew over them. Antigonus, in his Admirable Histories reports how Coronis for her ill newes (the persons of such being never acceptable, when contrarily these who bring good are gracios:) of the discovery of Eriithonius, was banished the order of Athens; and therefore fain to have beene changed into a Crow, for no Crow approacheth it. A bird of bad presage, and portending foule weather,

Th'vnlucky Crow with full throate raine implores, And struts alone upon the fandy shore.

For the Crow receyeth in the moist and relenting Arte: in so much as she seems to call on the Raine which approacheth. It grieues her that the Owle should rise by her fall, having beene changed into that deformed fhape for her filthy incet. Yet no deformity so fogerly as her crime: wounded as like a prodigy in nature, and driven from the society of others; ashamed of her felfe, and sculking in the dark: when vertue, though unfortunate, shunes not the light; a reward to it felfe, and never unpraised. The Egyptians by the Crow and the Owle (to which this fable hath a reference) expressed two deadly enemies, perfusing one an other with immortall hatred. For the Crow destroyeth the egges of the Owle by day, and the Owle the others by night, neither want these authors who write that their blood will not mingle. So the Owl is the hierogliphick of death, and the Crow of long living. The Owle was sacred to Minerva, of which he was called Glaucois: either for her gray eyes, in that those have the best and acuteft witts, who have eyes of that colour: or of her faculty of watching and muting, the powers of the mind being in the silent night more recollected and vigorous: or that Athens her City so abounded with Owles, whereupon it became proverbial: or that the Athenians stamped their coye with that figure. Demofthenes, having escaped out of prison, and flying from Athens, is said to looke backe on Minerus tower with this exclamations: O Pallas, the lady of this City, why tak'st thou delight in three fuch vnlucky beasts, as the Owle, the Dragon, and the People? Intending blindness by the Ox, by the other cow, by the third instability.

The Crow by way of advice relates these her infortunates to the Raven: who despiseth both counsell and example, the wife directors, of our humane actions, and informs Apollo of the secret embracements of his beloved Coronis with the Theffalian Ifchyer. Not the love of a God, & he of the rest the moft beautiful, could confine the wandering laft of an extravagant woman.

Truft thy ship vnto the wind; Not thy heart to woman-kind. Safer forre the faithiffe flood. Bad, or ill made strangely good.

So writes the Profe-Satyre, yet spent his laft breath in reciting amorous verses. The hate of a wronged lover imitates the violence of his affection. Yet the one but momentary: he kills, and repents in an instant: love is rewed by pity: whom he slew in his rage, now dead, he dothes on. This fable is paralleled by that history of Herod, who had no sooner put Mariamne to death, but his love increased with his desparation, and who could not live with her, could not live without her. The beft therefore is not to bear, what is a misery to know: the next to give time unto anger; least precipitate rage leaue a way to repentance, but none to recovery. Apollo hates his
his intelligence, and turns his white feathers into black, so show how basefull they are by whom we arrive at such knowledges, whereof love will be ever doubtfull, how apparent soever. The Raven was sacred to Apollo, in regard of her colour, in that the Sun makes the complexion black, whereo'pon in chiefes estimation with the Brachmanes, so innated in the Raven that her eggs, as reported, will dye the hair, (and the teeth while a doing, if not prevented by oyle) with that colour; but according to Anaximander in his Horoscopes, because the voice of the Raven is of all other birds most signifiant, and therefore so accurately observed in augury. They alone use their throates as well as their tongues in the utterance of sounds, which become thereby more intelligible. A boomer in Rome had a Raven which would peare at every morning on the Rostra where they made their publice orations, first saluting the Emperor Tiberius, Germanicus, and Drusus Caesar, by their names; then the people of Rome as they pased by: and that done, flie backe to his Masters stall, continuing this custome diverse yeares together, untill in the end he was killed by the envy of another of that trade: which the Citizens so took to heart, that they drave him out of the streets where he dwelt, and afterwards flie him. Then laying the dead Raven on a sumptuous bed, they carried him in great solemnity on the backs of Ethiopians, to the funeral Pyle erected by the Appian way. Thus the people of Rome, revenged the death of a bird, with the death of a Citizen: when in former time they not so much as enquired after the murder of Scipio Amilianus, who had subverted Carthage and Numantia, giving it those rites of funerals which they refused to bestow upon many of their brauest Commanders.

Æsculapius. 

Æsculapius is snatcht by Apollo from the womb of his slaughtered mother: taken for the son of Apollo and Coronis; in that Coronis is the moderate moist air, which by the impression of the Sun conceaues Æsculapius, or the Giver of health. For if the air be not rarified by the Sun, or if contrarily overdryed by his fervor, there is no salubrity; and therefore Coronis is said to be hot to death by Apollo, when his over-violent rays, which are resemblable to arrows, doe wound the air with a mortal pestilence. Æsculapius was also called the Sonne of Apollo, in that an excellent Phisitioner: and those who were the inventors of such arts were acknowledged for Gods, or to be descended from them, as indued with divine inspirations.

Chiron.

Æsculapius is delivered to Chiron: begotten, as they saine by Saturne on Philyra in the likeness of a horse: from whence he receaued his double proportion. A man abounding with wisdom and piety: skillfull in astrologie and musique, and the first that found out the quality of herbs; who after, for his knowledge in surgery, and light-handling of wounds, was called Chiron. He is said to be the Sonne of Saturne and Philyra, that is of time and experience, which chiefly conduce to the perfection of that art; and to have the shape of a horse from the newell downward, since the cures of surgery extend not only to men but to cattell. His daughter is called Ocyrrhoe, which is, swift-flowing, not onely in that borne by the side of a swift River, but because surgery by incision opens a passage for corrupt humors, which by their speeder flowing from their wound accelerate the cure.

Ocyrrhoe.

Ocyrrhoe neglects the pratticke of her Fathers arts to dive into the secrets of Destiny; who prophesieth thus of by-standing Æsculapius:

Health-giver to the World, grow infant, grow, To whom mortality so much shall owe. Fled Soules thou shalt restore to their abodes: And
And once against the pleasure of the Gods,
To close the like thy Grandfires' flames deny:
And thou, begotten by a God, must die.
Thou of a bloodless courage God shall be:
And nature twice shall be restored in thee.

He is said to restore the dead to life, in regard of his miraculous cures, when no hope was left of recovery: as much that Pluto, as they fume, complained to Jupiter, how he would if not prevent, dispeople his kingdom: and therefore upon the rejoyning of the scattered limbs of Hyppolitus, as too audacious a performance, was broke dead by his lightning. But physically, Aësculapius, a giver of health proceeding from the bounty of the Sun, and temperature of the air, is often destroyed by pestilent inflamations, or Jupiter, falling out for the most part in the infultrious seasons of the Spring and Autumn: when reviving, which is, purged from those infections, and affuming new vigor, he obtaineth a deity. But the dedication of Aësculapius should scene to have beene after the daces of Homer, when the Phaeton (the same with Apollo according to Macrobius) Phyitian to the Gods, in the care of Mars, then wounded by Diomed. He was faine to have beene translated into Serpentarius a Constellation consisting of 24 stars. In the yeare 165, and in the month of October, anew starre of the first magnitude was discovered in his foote; which vanihed again in February 1606.

Ocyrrhoe converts her prophecies to her father: said to be borne immortal, in that knowledge is infinite, nor can by a mortall wit be had in perfection. That he should desire to dy, out of the doleure of an incurable wound: which he after recouered in his foote, by the fall of one of Hercules arrows dipt in the blood of Hydra. Death is a happiness above immortality, if the immortal be sensible of pain or sorrow: The Gods, by giving him leave to dy, doe partly recompense his virtue; but fully, in placing him amongst the starres: now called Sagittarius, of the arrow he holds in his hand, as if newly extracte from his wound. And in that hee was an adorer of the Gods, and a lover of goodnesse, an Altar of starres is place before him, as a perpetuall monument of his religion and Piety. By this the Ancient infer, that the Good, though often exercisd with afflictions, are never forsworn by God, who turns their sorrow into joy, and crowns them in the end with never ending glory. Ocyrrhoe concludes her prophecies with her owne approaching misfortune: like the Prophet at the defraction of Jerusalem, who crying wo to the City, and then to himselfe, was slaine with a quarry. She now repents those curious arts, which had drawn the divine vengeance upon her; and in so doing is converted into a man, to deterre from such profane and interdicted sciences.

Chiron in vaine implors the assistance of Apollo; who then was banished Apollo a heauen for a yeare, for killing the Cyclops who made the lightning which slew his Heardsman. son Phacton, who liable to humane necessitites, was enforced to keep the castell of Admetus King of Thessaly: or rather kept them for the love of his daughter, as is here insinuated. This Apollo (for many there were of that name, the actions of all likely attributed to one) was King of Arcadia, expelled by his subjects for his too severe government: who falling from a kingdom to a meane condition, was said to have borne banished heaven. He flying to Admetus for succor, receiv'd from him the command of those people who dwelt about the river Amphrytus. And because all Kings were called anciently Pastors, he therefore was famed to have beene his heards-man. But rather incline we to the physical fence of this fable, said to feede his heards, in that the Sunne nourisheth not only cattell, but what ever
Mercury is here introduced to steal away his oxen: which he did, according to Homer, the first day he was borne.

Borne, in the morn upon the harpe he plaid:
At night from Phoebus his sole fteeres conuaid.

And soone after his arrowes:
While thee, o boy, he threatened fore,
Valuifhe thou wouldst his fteeres restore;
His quiuer fcene without a shaft
Apollo laught.

He is said also to have solene Vulcans tooles out of his shop, Venus girdle from her waff, lupiters scepter, when yet a child, and had fone his lightning, but that he feared the burning of his fingers. This was devised, not only in that eloquence hath a bewitching power to deceive, but because those in whose horoscope Mercury predominates, are crafty, fubtil, and theeving; that hot and dry Planet having such variety of motions and tergivations: whereupon adored by Merchants, theees and impositors. Nor wanted they a Goddesse to this cheating God.

Battus for a double reward betraying Mercury to himselfe was transformed into a Touch-stone, (signifying in the Latin, an appeacher) the need of his avarice and perjury. By Battus our Ovid intends a foolish poet of that name, redounding with vainne and sedious repetitions, whereof he borg giueth an example: the like of him being called Battologia.

Mercury flies from hence unto Athens, bearing his Caduceus in his hand: a rod wound about with a male and a female Serpent, who gently neere the top convert to each other; signifying the assurance of peace and concord, as the wings abone the velocity of the mind. It is said to affwage the rage of the Sea, in that contentions are appealed by the power of eloquence and the discrete negotiations of Embeffadors. Of whose farther virtues thus Virgill,

With this, pale Soules from Erebus he calls;
And others in fad Tartarum inthrauls:
Procures, and fleepe repels; flutes dying eyes.
With this, through storms, and labouring clouds he flies.

For Mercury taught that no man came into the World, or went out of it, without the divine appointment: and therefore was said to passe betweene Jupiter and Pluto, fetching Ghosts from the under-shadowes, & carrying them thither. So in that dreams were held to be inspired from above, and calling that divine inspiration Mercury (themefenger betweene God and man) they attributed this virtue to his rod, of producing and expelling them.
Mercury is in love with Herse, solicits her sister Aglauros for access: she demands a stripe of gold, and will be paid before hand; wherein as crafty as cautious: well knowing that ill deeds, when done, are seldom rewarded. Caution and circumspection are unsuitable to her grace; without shame, respect, or natural affections. But Pallas diverts her by Envy, a more Serpentine vice. Her Cane in the bottom of a deep Dale; to shew how shee dwells in base and abject Spirits, but never in the high & heroicall. This her habitation is replete with unadulterate cold, and a gross humidity. For such, as Phytiains observe, is the blood of the Envious; the cause of that palsey and malady in their looks and constitutions. It is not lawful for Pallas to enter her Cane, that is, for Virtue to commixt with Envy: although Envy be always a follower of Virtue. Shee forceth her door with her Lance, nor intertreats but commands her, as a vassall, and the executioner of the Divine vengeance. Envy is here said to profite her with a wicked eye, for it was the opinion of most of the Ancient that the eyes of the envious doe not seldom fascinate, by emitting malignant and virulent spirits, which infect the spirits of another; of greatest force when the soul of the eye is oblique, as formerly inculmated by our Author: and then most dangerous when they glance at such as are full of joy, and in the height of their glory; whose spirits come forth into the outward parts, and receive the persuation at a nearer distance: so much as it hath beene observed, that when the triumphs were ended, have beene ill disposed for many dates after. But the nature of Envy, her forms, and effects, are here so painted to the life, as nothing can be added to her character. Aglauros infected with this poison, prones ingratitude both to the God and her sister, the unseparable symptom of that disease; and afflicts her selfe by comparison: who interposing what her selfe dispaire of, is turned into a speckled stone; the one presenting the flanes of her minde, and the other her impudence. And it is a sad truth, that the advancement of a sister or a brother above one another either in love or fortune, is more envied then a strangers; and often produces cruel effets, especially if rivals. Cardinal Hippolito d' Elte pull'd out the eyes of his brother Tullio, because their sweetnesse pleased too much the eyes of his Mistresse; and how sisters have made one another away upon the like occasion, is frequent in story. Now perhaps the body of Aglauros found stiffe with death, and speckled with poison, whereby shee perpetually ended her tormenting envy, might give invention to this fable of her transformation. Apelles, the first that presented passions in picture, which since is grown to so great perfection, expressed in this manner those concomitant vices. On a tribunall sate a man with the cares of an Ass, who beckoned to approaching Calumnic: besides him two attending bagges, Sufpicion, and Ignorance. The figure of Calumnic seemed full of hate, and although neately trickt, yet with such a look and gesture as expressed the wrath and rancor of her bosome. In her left hand she held a flaming fire-brand, and halting a youth with the right by the hair, lifting up his hands unto heaven, and calling, as it were, on the Gods to bare-witness of his innocency. Before, her other Envy, of an ugly feature & pale complexion, sharp of sight, and so meagre, as if wore to the bone with a long consumption; behind her waited Deceit and Treachery. Then followed Repentance in mourning attire, looking over her shoulder with an ashamed aspect, and eyes full of tears; and revealed Truth, the conclusion of the worke, which represented his fore-passed troubles. Mercury from hence ascending into heaven, is forthwith employed by Jupiter as his faithful Messenger: so not only called, in that elocution (which is Mercury) reveals the pleasure of God unto man, but also for that divine knowledge infused from above, which is the rule and direction of our sober actions.
But what a sensual God have we here? How unmanifest is majesty where love hath a footing?

The power from whom what ere hath being springs,
That King of Gods who three-forked lightnings flings;
Whole not the worlds vnfixt foundation shakes;
The figure of a sensual Bull now takes.

The Gods themselves at once cannot love and be wise. Lone like an inchanter devild the eye of the minde with false apparitions: making that seem noble, delightful and profitable, which is full of dishonour, affliction and ruin.

This subjects their wills,
Even to affect their woes; the worst of ills.
Whose faithless eyes, born'd by false desire,
Vnto their hearts convey the cherifht fire;
Which blindly creeps through every veine, and dries
The fluent blood, whence grost vapours rile,
Which fad the soule with fearfull phantasties:

Then melancholy by aduision growes
To Madneffe, and doth all their powers depose,
Their thoughts are still abroad: those hale along
The capti'nd Soule; with it the Spirits throng.
Thoughts absence, cause distraction, and vnrest;
The Soules, debilitie, faint life opprest;
The Spirits, sighs, frights, trepidations, tears.
Oh living death! more then infernal feares!
Who in themselfes, nor the beloved dwell;
Are no where, and yet every where in Hell.
Nor can they so great miseries conceale;
Whose guilty flames betraying signes reveale.
How pale they look, how wither'd, how forlorne?
Their bodies almost into shadowes worn;
While their bewitcht intentions, baffed still
On the affected, doe their stomacks chill;
Their veines suply'd with little, and bad blood,
Extracted from the halfe-concocted food.
Obferue but how their colours come and goe;
Their faltring tongues, their toffings to and fro;
Their smotherd sighs, their tedious complaints;
Blasphemous praises, rages, flameleffe vants,
Suspicions, craving, levities; all these
The symptomes be of that vnchaft diseaie.
Who common Curtizans not feldome make
The objects of their sensual loues, and take
Commandments from their eyes; with forfeiture
Of better fame: and what they hate, indure.
Who to the humors of the profittute
Their language, habits, and behauiours sute;
The flavish agents of their darker ends:
Neglecting heaven, themselues, their substance, friends,
All lawes, all dues; and borne with every tide
Of passion, wander as their error guide: &c.
And behold our Jupiter becomes a beast to obtain his bestial desires: of whom the witty Martial:

Father of Gods, this shape of Bull then thou
Shouldst have affum’d, when Io was a Cow.

Who carries his rape on his back through the foming surges: which forth with as they sail were compassed, and the face of the seas smooth as a Virgin. The windes were rather spectators then actors. A thousand Cupids flew by, and oft returned their feet in the water, beaing bright tapers, and singing to Hymen. The Nereides, halfe naked, were scornd along, with joyfull acclamations. The monsters of the Deep depo’d their terrors, and danced about them. Neptune ascending his chariot, with pleasant Amphitrite, as the master of the solemnity, dresa before, and made way as it were for his labouring brother. Venus was drawn on a shell by two Tritons, who strewed the Bride with all sorts of flowers. This triumph continued to their arrivall in Crete, where Jupiter (the Bull no more scene) led Europa by the hand (now blushing and hanging the head, as well perceiving to what end he was brought) ther into the Cave of Hecate. Who for such pranks as these is thus rayled at by Momus, the Buffoon of the Gods: Thou, o Jupiter, art the original cause of our vices, and of the adulterating of our Senate, with such a multitude of Baftards: while thou forfaikst thy heaven, and in a borrowed shape committest with mortals. Infomuch as we not a little feare that when thou art a Bull one or other will sacrifice thee: or when a golden showre, that some Gold-smith should melt thee, & for our Jupiter returne vs an Ear-ring or a Bracelet. But to separate the history from the fable. The Cretons in revenge of the rape of Io, solace before from Greece by the Phoenicians, failed to Phoenicia, who surprizing Europa, the daughter of Agron, at Sarepta, a Village between Sydon and Tyrus, bore her away with them: and because the figure of a Bull was carv’d on the prow of the Ship (as others report in that Taurus of Gnofulus was their Captaine) it was sained that Jupiter stole her away in that likeness: the Sydonians flaming the same on their Coine, either in flattery to their King, or to comfort him. By Jupiter she had Minos, Radamanthus, and Sarpedon, according to Herodotus and others: although Homer makes the latter to be his Sonne by Laodamia the daughter of Belerophon. Of her name our part of the world was called Europa. By this it appears that Jupiter was a mortal man, and none of the chaste, though eminent in other vertues: with all exceeding amitious, and affecting divine honours. For wheresoeuer he extended his conquests, or contracted friendship with Princes, he commanded Temples to be built by the one, and perfom’d the other to erect them in memorall of their amity, which carried his name, & wherein, either out of observance or affection, they celebrated his memory with yearly solemnities. It is recorded that for many yeares he reigned in Olympus: to whom from all parts they resorted for justice, being renowned for his equity, and communicat’d such new invenctions of theirs as were beneficall to the life of man, which he had the honour to publish. And because the word Olympus is ambiguous, being a name of Heaven as well as of that Mountaine: it was sained by the Poets, that he had the command of the celestiall Empire. So in regard of the height thereof, whose aspiring summit was crown’d with his altar, it grew into a custome to sacrifice unto the chief of the Gods on the tops of mountais

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or perhaps in that nether heaven, and more remote from worldly affaires) imita-
ted by the Jews in their idolatrous High-places. Now Jupiter, dividing his Em-
pire among his friends and kinsfolke; having setted good laws, brought men to ci-
vilitie, and provided for their plenty; purchasing thereby an immortall praise, and
leaving to his an eternall monument; retired in his old age into Crect, where he
died, and was with all magnificency and rites of funerall intomb'd by his Sonnes
in the city of Gnoftus, with this short inscripccion on his Sepulcher. Jupiter the
Sonne of Saturne. After for the greatness of his actions and exemplary, inslue
desir'd by posterity, whereof in his life he had laid the foundation.

OVIDS
OVIDS

Metamorphosis.

The Third Booke.

The Argument.

Arm'd troops from Dragons late-sowne tooth arise.

By his owne Hounds the Hart Actacondies.

Iuno a Beldame. Semelc dash'd at

In witht embrases Bacchus from Ioues thigh

Takes second birth. The wife Tirefias twice

Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Ecchopines t' a voice:

Selfe-lou'd Narcissus to a Daffadill,

Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrren's ship stands still,

With Iry mor'd. Strange shapes the Saylers fright:

Who Dolphins turne, and still in ships delight.

And now the God, arriuing with his Rape

At sacred Croet, resumes his heavenly shape.

The King,  his sonne to feeke his daughter sent,

Fore-doomed to perpetuall banishment,

Except his fortune to his wish succeed:

How pious, and how impious in one deed!

Earth wandred-through (Ioues theifs who can exquiere ?)

He flummes his Country, and his Fathers ire:

With Phoebus Oracle consults, to know

What Land the Fates intended to bestow.

Who, thus: In desert fields obferue a Cow,

Yet never yoke, nor servile to the plow:

Follow her flowe conduct: and where she shall

Repose, there built: the place b Boeotia call.

Scarce Cadmus from  Caflalian Caue defcended,

When he a Heifer saw, by no mantended,

Her neck vnball'd with groaning servitude.

The God ador'd, he foot by foot perfew'd.

d Cephisus flood, and e Panope now past,

Shee made a fland, to heaute her fore-head caft,

With loftic horns most exquisitely faire;

Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the ayre:

Lookes back upon the company the led;

And, kneeling, makes the tender graffe her bed.

f Thanks-giuing Cadmus kist the vnkowne ground;

The stranger fields and hills flattering round.

About to sacrifice to heaven's high King,

He sends for water from the living Spring.

A Wood there was, which never Axe did hew:

K 3
METAMORPHOSIS.

In it, a Caeus, where Reeds and Ofters grew,  
Roof with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;  
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.  
The lurking Snake of Mars, this Hold possessest;  
Bright scaled, and shining with a golden crest;  
His bulk with poyson swnol; fire-red his eyes:  
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.  
This fatal Well th' unlucky Tyrians found;  
Who with their down-let Pitcher, rays'd a found;  
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;  
And sufferinf ayre with horrid hisses rends.  
The water from them fell: their colour fled:  
Who all, astonish'd, shok'd with sudden dread.  
He wreathes his scaly foldes into a heape;  
Andfetch't a compass with a mighty leape:  
Then, bolt-vpright his monitory length displaies  
More then halfe way; and all the Woods survai's.  
Whole body, when all scene, no leffe appears,  
Then that, which parts the two Coelstiall Beares.  
Whether the Tyrians fought to fight, or fie,  
Or whether they through feare could neither trie;  
Some crafft he twixt his iawes; some claipt to death;  
Some kills with poyson; others with his breath.  
And now the Sunne the shortefl shadowes made;  
Then, Cadmus, wondering why his servants stai'd,  
Their foot-steps trac't. A hide the Heroe wore,  
Which late he from a slaughterd Lyon tore:  
His Armes a dart, a bright fleele-pointed Speare;  
And such a minde as could not stoope to feare.  
When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd  
The bodies of the flaine with blood imbrow'd;  
The insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst  
And their fuct wounds; he figh't, as heart would burft;  
Then faid, I will revenge, 6 faithfull Mates,  
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.  
With that he liffe that a mightie stone,  
Which with a more then manly force was throwne.  
What would have batter'd downe the strongeft wall,  
And fhuered towres, doth guie no wound at all.  
The hardneffe of his skin, and scales that grove  
Vpon his armed back, repulfe the blowe.  
And yet that strong defence could not fo well  
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;  
Which through his winding back a paffage rends:  
There ficks: the fleele into his guts descends.  
Rabid with angui's, he retorts his looke  
Vpon the wound: and then the jauelin tooke  
Betwaxen his teeth; it every way doth winde:  
At length, rugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind.  
His rage increaf't with his augmenting paines.

See the Comment.

Extending towards the South from the North with many flexures the 3 mighty Rivers consisting of 3 flarts.
The Third Booke.

And his thick-panting throte swells with full veins.
A cold white froth surrounds his poys'rous jawes:
On thundering Earth his trayling scales he drawes:
Who from his black and a Stygian maw eie't's
A blasting breath, which all the ayre infect's.
His body, now he circularly bend's;
Forth-with into a monstrous length extends:
Then rusheth, on like showr-incenfed Floods;
And with his brest ore-beares the obvious Woods.
The Prince gane way; who with the Lyon's spoyle
Sustayn'd th' assault; and forc't a quick recoile,
His Lance fixt in his jawes. What could not feele,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting theele.
Th' invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Converts the graffe into a dusky red:
Yet, flight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
And so, by yeolding, did the force subdue.
Till b Agenorides the theele imbrow'd
In his wide throte, and still his thirst purfu'd;
Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-frood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The tree bends with a burden so vnknowne;
And, lath'd by the Serpents tale, doth grone.
While he furvai'd the hugenaffe of his foe,
This voice he heard (from whence he did not knowe)
Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?
Agenor's sonne; a Serpent thou shalt bee.
He speechlesse grew; pale feare repell'd his blood;
And now vncurled haird like bristles frood.
Behold! c mans Fautrelle, Pallad (from the sky
Defcending to his needfull aid) frood by:
Who bade him in the turn'd-vp furrowes throwe
The Serpents teeth, that future men might growe.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth;
And there in fow'd the seeds of humane birth.
Lo (past believe!) the Clods began to moue:
And tops of Lances first appear'd aboue:
Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Crefts;
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated Brefts;
Hands, with offentifice weapons charg'd, infew:
And Target-bearing troops of Men vp-grew,
So in our Theater's solemnities,
When they the Arrasraye, the Figures rise;
Afore the reft, their faces first appeare;
By little and by little then they reare
Their bodies, with a meaasure keeping hand,
Vntill their feet uppon the border stand.
Bold Cadmus, though much daunted at the sight
Of such an Host, addreft him to the fight.
Forbear (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) t' ingage

Thy
Metamorphosis.

Thy better fortune in our civil rage!

With that, he on his Earth-bred brother flew:

At whom, a deadly dart another threw.

Nor he that kild him, long survives his death;

But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.

Slaughter, with equal furie, runs through all:

And by uncivilly blowes they fall.

The new sprung Youth, who hardly life possess,

Now panting, kick their Mother's bloody breast.

But sixe furrit'd: of whom, Echion one;

His Armes to Earth by Pallas counsell throwne,

He cries the lone he offers. All accord

As Brothers should: and what they take afford.

Sidonian Cadmus these assist, to build

His loftie walls; the Oracle fulfil'd.

Now flourisht Thebes: now did thy exile prove

In flew a blessing; a thofe that rule in lour

And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:

By such a Wife to have fo faire a race;

So many fones and daughters; nephews too

(The pledges of their peacefull beds) infue;

And they now grown to excellence and powre.

But, Man must cenfur'd be by his last hour:

Whom truly we can never happy call,

Afore his death, and clofing funerall.

In this thy every way fo prosperous fate:

Thy first miffa-hap sprung from thy b Nephew's face:

Whose browes vnaturall branches ill adorn;

By his vngratefull dogs in pieces torned.

Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:

For, what offence may in an error be?

With purple blood, flaine Deare the Hills imbrew:

And now high Noone the shades of things withdrew;

While Eaft and West the equall Sunne partake:

Thus, then, c Hyntius to his Partners spake,

That trod the Mazes of the pathlefe Wood:

My Friends our nets and jauelins reake with blood:

Enough hath beene the fortune of this day:

To morrow, when Aurora shall display

Her rofie cheeks, we may our sports renew.

Now, Phoebus, with inflaming eye doth view

The crannied Earth: here let our labour end:

Take vp your toyles. They gladly condescend.

A Vale there was with Pines and Cypresse crown'd,

Gargaphie call'd, for Diana's loue renown'd.

A thinke Caue posseth the inward part,

Not wrought by hands; there Nature witty Art

Did counterfeit: a native Arch she drew,

With Pumice and light Tufles, that grew.

A bubbling d Spring, with ftreames as clear as glaffe,

---

a Cadmus married Hermione the daughter of Mars and Venus.

b Albas; the name of Ari- fets by his daughter Antiope.

c Albas; of the Hyntius, a people of Baris.

d Pausanias mentions this fountain; flue vp by Mar- donius in the Pertesian ware, and a little after reflored by the Pleasaents.
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted graffe.
The weary Huntress swiftly here laues
Her Virgin limbs, more pure then those pure waues.
And now her Bowe, her Lai'ling, and her Quiuer;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer:
Her light impouerisht Robes another held:
Her buskins two vntie. a The better skild
iunian Croale, her long hairie wound
In pleated-wreathes: yet was her owne vnbound.
Nce Hayle, Nipe, Rhanis, Ipeces (still
Imploy'd) and Phiala the Lauers fill.
While here b Titania bath'd (as was her guife)
Lo Cadmus' Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,
And wandring through the Woods, approacht this Grove
With fatall steps: so Deftiny him droue!
Entering the Cauce with skipping Springs bedeaw'd:
The Nymphs, all naked, when a man they view'd,
Clapt their refounding breasts, and fild the Wood
With sudden fireeces: like Ivory pales they flood
About their Goddeffe: but shee, far more tall,
By head and shoulders ouer-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sunne-beam's, of the roffe Morn's:
Such flufht in Diana cheeks, being naked tan.
And though inviron'd by her Virgintrayne,
Shee side-long turnes, looks back, and with her bow:
Yet, what she had, she in his face did throwe.
With vengefull Waters sprinkled, to her rage
These words shee addes, which future Fate prefage:
Now, tell how thou haft feene me difarray'd;
Tell if thou canft: I give thee leave. This faid,
Shee to his neck and cares new length imparts:
This Browe th'antlers of long-living Harts:
His legs and feet with armes and hands supply'd;
And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide,
To this, feare added. c Autonoëus flies,
And wonders at the twiftnesse of his thighs.
But, when his looks he in the River view'd,
He would haue cry'd, Woe's me! no words infew'd:
His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,
Cheeks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.
What should he doe? Go to home? or in the Wood
For ever lurke? Fear, this, shame that withflood.
While thus he doubts, his Doggs their Master view:
& Black foot and Tracer, opening first, percew,
Sure Tracer, Gnosius; Black-foot Sparta bare.
Then fell in, more swift then forced Ayre:
Spie, Rauener, Clime-cliffs, thefe Arcadia bred:
Strong Fawn-bane, Whirlowinde, eager Follow-dread;
Hunter; for fent, for speed, Flight went before;
Fierce Salvage, lately ganched by a Bore;

a See the Comment.
b Diana; of her Grandmo-
ther Titania.

c After the son of Autono- 

d The tranposition of these 

L Greedy
Metamorphosis

Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got, Ranger,
Stout Shepherd, late preferring flocks from danger;
Gaunt Catch, whose race from Sicynia came,
Patch, Courser, Blab, rash Tyger never tame;
Blanch, Mourner, Rosier, Wolfe surpassing strong;
And Tempest, able to continue long:
Swift, with his brother Charle, a Cyprian hound;
Bold Snatch, whose fable brows a white star round;
Cole, flag-hair'd Rug, and Light-foot wondrous fleer,
Bred of a Spartan Bitch, his Sire of Creet:
White-tooth, and Ring-wood (others not to express.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want accede,
Through frightned ways, and where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd hounds pursue the princely prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
Flyes from his family, in thought he cryes,
I am Ageson, servants, knowe your Lord!
Thoughts wanted words, High skyes the noyle record.
First, Collier pincht him by the haunch, the flung
Fierce Kill-dear, Hill-bred on his shoulder hung.
Thefe came forth last; but crost a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they slay,
In rufn the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no roome for wounds. Grones speake his pangs,
Though not with humane voice, unlike a Hart:
In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.
Pitch on his knees, like one who pityt cramis,
His silent looks, in stead of Armes, he wanteth.
With visuell shows their Dogs the Hunters cheare;
And feake, and call Ageson. He (too nere!) Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being abfent at his present fall.
Present he was, that abfent would haue beene,
Nor would his cruel hounds haue felt, but scence.
Their shows they in his body bath and teare
Their Master in the figure of a Deare:
Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disfes'd;
Could quiver-bearing Dion appear'd.
'Twas cenfur'd variously; for, many thought
The punishment farre greater than the fault.
Others fo fowre a chaftitie commend,
As worthy her and both, their parts defend.
'Tone's wife not fo much blam'd or pray'd the deed;
As shee rejoyceth at the wounds that bleed
In Cadmus Family, who keeps in mind.
Europa's rape, and hates all the kind.
Now new occasions fresh displeasure moue:
For Semele was great with child by Tione.
Then, thus shee fcolds: O, what amends succeds
Our loft complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more, then titularly great;
There was a Scepter swain, if heaven our feat.
If love's fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,
His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content;
And quickly might the injurie repent:
But, shee conceu'd, to aggravate the blame,
And by her Belly doth her crime proclaime.
Who would by Jupiter a Mother prove,
Which, *hardly once, hath hapned to our loue:
So confident is beautie! Yet shall she
Faile in that hope; nor let me *luna be,
Vnleffe, by her owne *lowne destroy'd, shee make;
A swift descent 

Shee quits her throne, and in a yellow cloud
Approach't the Palace, nor dimmit that shrowd,
Till shee had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feete convey'd
Her crooked limbs, her voice small, weake, and hoarse,
Like Beroe of Epidaur, her Nurse.
Long talking, at the mention of *lounes name,
She figh't, and said, Pray heauen, he prove the fame!
Yet much I fear: for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chaffest beds desile.
Though *loue; that's not enough. Giue he a signe
Of his affection, if he be duiine.
Such, and so mighty, as when pleazure warms
His melting bolome, in high *luna's arms;
With thee, lucch and so mighty, let him lie,
Deckt with the ensignes of his duiine.
Thus shee adviz'd the vnuspecting Dame,
Who beggs of *loue a Boone without a name.
To whom the God: Choose, and thy choyce poffesse;
Yet, that thy diffidencie may be leffe,
Witness that Powre, who through obscure aboards
Spreads his dull streames; the feare, and God of Gods;
Pleas'd with her harme, of too much powre to moue!
That now muft perih by obsqueous loue:
Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites
Of *luno summon you to Venus Rites:
Her mouth he sought to stop: but, now that breath
Was mixt with ayre which sentenced her death.
Then fetcht a figh, as if his breeth would teare
(For, the might not vnwin, nor he vnsware)
And sadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke
The Clouds, that imitate his mournefull looke;
Thick showrs and tempelts adding to the same,
Lowd thunder and inevitble flame.
Whofe rigor yet he triueth to subdue:
Not armed with that fire which overthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde:

His voice, and in the same he thought;
O *luna, give me life: give me life.
Thrice the bold Hippomenes is yeld:
Thrice shee with her powr did triumph:
And by her power, and by the Jupiters arm,
Shee tooke the life of the hundred-handed Giant.

For it was held for no dile
honour, but a high requisi
tion, to be imbraced by a God:
nder which pretext a Ro
man lady was abu'd in the
raigne of Tiberius.

a Spoken perhaps in regard of the paucity of her children:
for *Juno bare *Pluies in
Mars, Lucius, and Hebe, unto
Jupiter.
b The aboys of the dead.

c For it was held for no dil-
honour, but a high requisi-
tion, to be imbraced by a God:
nder which pretext a Ro
man lady was abu'd in the
raigne of Tiberius.

d Lightning and Thunder.

e Sox.

f The hundred-handed Giant: 'twas too wilde:
Metamorphosis.

There is another lightning, far more milde,
By a Cyclops forged with leffe flame and ire:
Which, deathleffe Gods doe call the Second fire.
This, to her Father's house, he with him tooke:
But (as I) a mortall body could not brooke
Ethereall tumults. Her succeffe she mournes;
And in those so desir'd imbracements burnes.
Th' unperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,
Was ta'ne by Jove, and few'd into his thigh,
His Mother's time accomplisht: Whom first,
By stealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde Io, nurst:
Then, given to the Nymphes, and bred
In secret Caues, with milke and hony fed.

While this on earth befell by Fates decree
(The twice-borne Bacchus now from danger free)
Io, waigthy cares expelling from his brest
With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to iest
With well-pleas'd Juno, said:
In Venus deeds,
The Femal's pleasure farre the Male's, excesses.
This thee denies; Tiresias must decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingreding Serpents once he found,
And with a stroke their flimy twits vnbound;
Who straight a Woman of a Man became:
Seuen Autumns past, he in the eighth the fame
Refinding, said: If such your power fo strange,
That they who strike you must their nature change:
Once more I trie. Then, struck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, chosen Vmpire of this sportfull strife,
Jove's words confirm'd. This text his footward wife,
More then the matter crau'd. To wreake her spite,
His eyes she muffled in eternall night.
Th' omnipotent (since no God may vnde)
An others deed) with Fates which should influe
Inform'd his intellect, and did supply
His body's eyesight, with his mindes clere eye.

He guiing pure replies to such as came,
Through all th' Athenian City's strecht his fame.
First he blew Liriope sad triall made
How that was but too true which he had saide:
Whom in times past Cepheus flood imbrace't
Within his winding streams: and fore't the chaste.
The lovely Nymph (who not unfruitfull proud'd)
Brought forth a boy, even then to be belou'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crowne his Youth; He, in obioure prefage,
Made this reply: Except himelfe he knowe.
Long, they no credit on his words behowe:
Yet did the euent the prophetic approve,
In his strange ruine and new kinde of loue.
Now, he to fifteen added had a yeare:
Now in his looks both boy and man appeare.
Many a loue-fick Youth did him defire;
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire:
Yet, in his tender age his pride was fuch,
That neither youth nor Mayden might him touch.

a The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did spye
(She could not proffer speech, nor yet reply)
When bufie in perfuit of flaughter spoylest,
He drawe the Deere into his corded toyles.

Eccho was then a body, nor a Voyce:
Yet then, as now, of words the wanted choyce;
But only could reiterate the close
Of every speech. This Iuno did impose.

For, often when the might have taken tone,
Compreffing there the Nymphs, who weakely ftrone;
Her long difcourfes made the Goddesse stay,
Vntill the Nymphs had time to run-away.

Which when perceuin, she faid, For this abuse
Thy tongue henceforth shall bee of little vife.
Thofe threats are deeds: She yet ingeminates
The laft of founds, and what she hears relates.

Narcifius scene, intending thus the chace;
She forth-with glowes, and with a noyfelfe pace
His fteps perfues; the more she did perflw,
More hot (as neerer to her fire) the grew:
And might be likened to a fulph'rous match;
Which instantly th'approached flame doth catch.
How oft would she have woo'd him with sweete words!
But, Nature no fuch liberty affords:
Begin she could not, yet full readily
To his expected speech she would reply.

The Boy, from his companions parted, faid;
Is any night? I, Eccho anfwer'd were made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back, and feeing none appear'd,
Why shufl thou mee? The felfe-fame voyce he heard,
Deceiued by the Image of his words;
Then let vs ioyne, faid he: no found accord
More to her with: her faculties combine
Indeare confent, who anfwer'd, Let vs ioyne!
Flattering her felfe, out of the woods she sprung,
And would about his strugling neck have hung.
Thrust back, he faid, Life fhall this breast forfake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleafure take.
On my thy pleafure take, the Nymph replies
To that disdainful Boy, who from her flyes.

Despif'd, the wood her fad retreat receaves:
Who covers her abashed face with leaves;
And sculks in desert caues. Loue still posleth
Her foule, through griefe of her repulse, increaseth.
Her wretched body pines with fleplesse care;
Her skinne contracts: her blood converts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones:
The voyce remaynes: the other turns to flones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountaines never found,
Yet heard in all: and all is but a Sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountaynes born,
And fedy brooks, the Boy had kild with scorn.
Thus many a Youth he had afore deceu'd;
When one thus praid, with hands to heau'n veau'd;
So may he love himselfe, and fo despaire!

A Spring there was, whose silver Waters were
As smooth as any mirror, nor leefe cleare:
Which neither Heard-men, tame, nor saluage Beasts,
Nor wandering Fowles, nor scattered leaves moleste;
Girt round with graffe, by neighbouring moysture fed.
And Woods, against the Sunnes invasion spread.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lyes upon his face.
Quenching his thrist, another thirst doth rife;
Rays'd by the forme which in that glasse he spyes.
The hope of nothing doth his powres invade:
And for a body he mistakes a shade.
Himselfe, himselfe disstracts: who pors thereon
So fixedly, as if of Parian stone.
Beholds his eyes, two starres! his dangling haire
Which with vnshorn Apollo's might compare!
His fingers worthy Bacchus! his smooth chin
His Juory neck! his heavenly face! where-in
The 4 linked Deities their Graces fix!
Where Roses with vnfullde Lillies mix!
Admireth all; for which, to be admir'd
And vnconsiderately himselfe defir'd.
The prayses, which he giues, his beautie clamy'd.
Who secks, is sought: th'Inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kisse the flattering Spring!
How oft with downe-thrust arms sought he to cling
About that loued neck! Those couing lips
Delude his hope: and from himself he flips.
Not knowing what, with what he sees he dryes:
And th'error that deceues, incites his eyes.
O Foole! that striue ft to catch a flying shade!
Thou seekst what's no-where: Turn aside, 'twill fade.
Thy formes reflection doth thy right delude:
Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.
With thee it comes; with thee it itales; and so

'Twould
Th'would goe away,hadst thou the powre to goe.
Nor sleep,nor hunger cou'd the lover rayse:
Who lay'd along, on that fulfe forme doth gaze
With lookes, which looking never cou'd suffice;
And ruinates himselfe with his owne eyes.
At length, a little lifting vp his head;
You Woods, that round about your branches spred,
Was ever fo unfortunat a Lover!
You know, to many you haue beene a cover;
From your first growth to this long distant day
Haue you knowne any, thus to pine away?
I like, and see, but yet I cannot find
The lik', and scene. O Loue, with error blind!
What grieues me more; no Sea, no Mountayne steep,
No wayes, no walls, our ioyes a-sunder keep:
Whom but a little water doth divide;
And he himselfe desires to be injoy'd.
As oft as I to kisse the flood decline,
So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.
You'd thinke we toucht; so small a thing doth part
Our equal louses! Come forth, what ere thou art.

Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:
From him that leeks thee, whither would'ft thou go?
My age nor beauty merit thy disdaine:
And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine.
Yet in thy friendly I shewes my poore hopes liue;
Still striving to receiue the hand I giue:
Thou smil'st my smiles; when I a teare let fall,
Thou shed'st an other, and consent'ft it in all.
And lo, thy sweetely-moving lips appeare
To vter words, that come not to our care.
Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly see:
Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.
Loue of my selfe me bernes; (too too sure!)
I suffer in those flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What shall I craue?
Since what I covet, I already haue.
Too much hath made me poore! O, you divine
And favoring Powres, me from my selfe dis-joyne!
Of what I loue, I would be dispois'd:
This, in a Lover, is a strange request!
Now, strength through griefe decayes; short is the time
I haue to liue; extinguisht in my prime.
Nor grieues it me to part with well-mift breath;
For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:
Would he I loue might longer life injoy!
Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, die.
This said, againe vpon his Image gaz'd:
Tearse on the troubled water circles rais'd:
The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiving it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou! stay: nor cruel proue,
In leaving me, who infinitely lone.
Yet let me fee, what cannot be possest,
And, with that emptie food, my fury feaft.
Complaining thus, himselfe he disarrayes,
And to remore selfe hands his brest displaies:
The blowes that solid snode with crimfon stripes;
Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarceripe.
But, in the water when the fame appeare,
He could no longer fuch a forrow bear.
As Virgin wax diffolues with fervent heat;
Or morning froft, whereon the Sunne-beames bear;
So thawes he with the ardor of defire;
And, by degrees consumes in vnfeene fire.
His meagre cheeks now loft their red and white;
That life; that favour loft, which did delight.
Nor thofe divine proportions now remaine,
So much by Eccho lately lou'd in vaine.
Which when the faw; although the angry were,
And ftil in minde her late repule did beare;
As ofte as the miserable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.
And euer when he struck his founding brefte,
Like founds of mutuall fufferance exprefte.
His laft words were, ftill hanging o're his fhade:
Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine! so Eccho faid.
Farewell. Farewell, figh't thee. Then downe helyes:
Deaths cold hand fluts his felfe-admiring eyes:
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Vpon the Waters of infernal Styx.
The wofull Natades lament the dead,
And their clipt hairie vpon their brother fpered.
The wofull Dryades perrake their woes:
With both, fad Eccho lyones at euer clofe.
The funeral Pyle prepar'd, a Herfe they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainely fought.
In head whereof a yellow floower was found,
With tufts of white about the button crown'd.
This, through Achaia fpered the Prophets fame;
Who worthily had purchas'd a great name.
But, proud Echion's fonne, who did defpife
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
And twits Trefias with his ravifht fight.
He fhook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
And faid, 'Twere well for thee, hadft thou no eyes
To fee the Bacchanal folemnities.
The time shall come (which I prefage is neere)
When Semeleian Liber will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
THE THIRD BOOKE.

Thy Mother, and her sisters shall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effused blood;
And throw thy fev'rt'd limbs about the Wood:
'Twill be thy malice cannot but rebell:
And then thou'lt say; The blinde did fee too well.
His mouth proud Pentheus stops. Believe succeeds
Fore-running threats; and words are fea'd by deeds:
Liber is come, the fields with clamor found:
They in his * Orgies tread a frantick round:
Women with Men, the base, and nobler fort,
Together to those unknowne Rites reforrt.

b You fome of Mars, you of the Dragons race
(Said e he) what fury doth your minds imbase:
*Is Brasse of such a powre, which drunkards bear,
Or found of Horses or Magicall deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight;
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright;
Loud Women, wine-bred rage, a lustfull crew
Of Beasts, and Kettle-drums, should thus subdew!
At you, e graue Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought with you your flying Gods from Tyre;
And fixt them here: now from that care fo farre
Extranged, as to lose them without warre!
Or you, who of my able age appear:
Whose heads should helmers, and not garlands, weare!
Not leavy Iauelins, but good Swords adorne
The hands of Youth. O you, fo nobly borne;
That Dragon's fiery fortitude induc,
Whose single valour such a number rule.
He, in defending of his Fountaine fell:
Doe you th' Invaders of your fame repell.
He flue the strong: doe you the weake destroy
And free your Country from foule infancy.
If Deftinies decree that Thebes must fall;
May men, may warlike engins raze her wall:
Let sword and fire our famiftt liues affault:
Then should we not be wretched through our fault;
Nor truie to hide our guilt; but, Fortune blame;
And vent our pittied sorrowes without shame.
Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Armes delights;
But haire perfum'd with Myrrhe, soft & Anadems,
And purple Robes incha'c't with gold and gems:
Who shall confesse (if you your ayd deny)
* His forged Father, and falle Deitie.
What? had h Acrifius vertue to withftand
Th' Impofter, chaced from the Argive strand?
And shall this vagabond, this forainer
Me Pentheus, and the Theban State deterre?
Goe (said he to his servants) goe your way,
And

BACCHVS.

a The ceremonies of Bacchos;
whereat none uninitiated or
profane might bee present;
thereof so named, or rather
offury.
b In that that the Dragon
was consecrated to Mars,
its whole teeth they sprang;
or rather that a warlike
people.
c Pentheus.
d See the Comment.

*Those who came with Cod-
ium from Phaïsida, whereof
Tyres and Sidon are the prin-
cipall Critics.

*Garlands, or Chaplets of
Flowers.

g Jupiter.

h Acrifius King of Argos that:
the gates of his City against
Bacchus, nor would accept of
his Ceremonies.
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.

Him, Cadmus, a Athamas, and all diswade;
By opposition, more intemperate made.
Furic increaseth, when it is with food:
And then good counsel doth more harme than good.
So.have I seen an vnstop torrent glide
With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide:
But, when al ne Trees, or Rocks, impeach his course;
To fome, and roar with uncontrolled force.
All bloody they returne. Where is, said he,
This Bacchus? Bacchus none of vs did see,
Reply'd they, This his minister we found
(Prefenting one with hands behind him bound)
A Tyrian zealous in those mysteries.
On whom fierce Pentheus lookes, with wrathfull eyes:
Who hardly could his punishment deferre.
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre,
Declare thy name, thy Nation, Parentage;
And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage,
He, in whom innocency fear, ore-came,
Made this reply: Acetes is my name:
My life I owe to the Memnon earth;
To none, my fortunes, borne of humble birth.
No land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Heards, nor bleating Flocks: himselfe was poore.
The tempted Fith, with hooke and line he caught:
His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;
And said, My heire, succeedour to my Art,
Receive the riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing, and yet all:
The Sea may I my patrimony call.
Yet, left I still should on those Rocks abide,
To navigation I my time apply'd;
Obferu'd th' Olenian Goate pretending raine,
Wet d Hyades, when slooping to the Main, e
Tageta, and n Arctos, the reforts
Of severall windes, and harbour-giving Ports.
For Delos bound, we made the Chian shores:
And, their arrived, with industrious Oares.
Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.
When aged Night Aurora's blushes fled,
I rofe; and bade my men fresh water bring:
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.
Then, from a Hill obferu'd the windes accord,
My Mates I cal'd, and forth-with went abord.
All here, the Master's Mate Ophelles cries:
And thinking he had light upon a prize,
Along the shore a louely Boy convoy'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.
Heavy with wine and sleep, bee reeled so,
That, though supported, he could hardly goe.
When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
I could not think it was a humane Creature.
Fellowes, I doubt what God, but sure said I,
This excellence includes a Deitie,
O, be propitious, who so-ere thou art;
Vnto our industry successe impart,
And pardon thele who have offended thus.
Then, Didly's said: Forbeare to pray for vs:
(Than he, none could the top faile-yard bestride
With lighter speed, nor thence more nimbly slide)
This, Libys, swart Melanthus, (who the Prow
Commanded) and Alcimedon allow;
Epopens the Boats-swaine, so all say;
Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.
This ship, said I, you shall not violate
With sacrilege of so divine a weight:
Wherein I have most int'rest, and command:
And on the hatches their ascent with-stand.
Whereat, the desperate Lycabus grew wild;
Who for a bloody murder was expir'd
From Tuscan: Whil'st I alone refi't,
He tooke me such a buffet with his fist,
That downe I fell; and had falne over-board,
If I (though fenteleffe) had not caught a cord:
The wicked Company the fact approve.
Then, Bacchus (for, 'twas he) began to move,
As if awaked with the noyse they made
(His wine-bound fenles now discharg'd) and said.
What clamor's this? What doe you? Sailers, whether
Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither!
Faire not, said Prorenc: name where thou would it be;
And to that Harbor we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, a Lyre's said, for Naxos stand:
Naxos my home, an hospitable Land.
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avayles,
They scarce they will, and bade me hoyle-vp sylayles
Which trim'd for Naxos on the Star-board side;
What do'ft thou mad-man, fool? Ophelles cry'd.
Each feares his losse. Some whisper in mine eare:
Most lay by piges, vnto the Lar-board fieere.
Amaz'd, Some other hold the Helme, said I,
I he not be tainted with your perjuria.
All chafe and ftrume. What? said Ethalton,
Is all our faucet plac'd in thee alone?
Withthat, my office he vpon him tooke;
And Naxos (altering her course) forfooke.

The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th'upper deck the Sea surveyed round;
Then, feem'd to crye. Sirs, this is not, said he,
That promis't shore, the Land so witby by me.
What is my fault: what glory in my spoyle,
If men a Boy, if many one beguile
I wept afore: but, they my tears deride;
And with laborious Oares the waues divide.
By a him I fwear (then whom none more in view)
That what I now shall utter, is as true,
As past believe. The ship in those profound
And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.
They, wondering, ply'd their Oares, the fayles disp'y'd;
And trie to run her with that added aide.
When I say gave their Oares a forc't reftraint;
Who all creeping bands the fayles with Berryes paint.
He, head bound with a wreath of cluftred Vines,
A b Iauclin fhook, clafpt with their heavy twines.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluftred Vines,
A b Iauclin fhook, clafpt with their leavy twines.
They, wondering, ply'd their Oares - the fayles dis-play'd;
And trie to run her with that added aide.
When I say gave their Oares a forc't reftraint;
Who all creeping bands the fayles with Berryes paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluftred Vines,
A b Iauclin fhook, clafpt with their leavy twines.
That what I now mall utter, is as true,
As past belief. The ship in those profound
And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.
They, wondering, ply'd their Oares - the fayles dis-play'd;
And trie to run her with that added aide.
When I say gave their Oares a forc't reftraint;
Who all creeping bands the fayles with Berryes paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluftred Vines,
A b Iauclin fhook, clafpt with their leavy twines.
That what I now mall utter, is as true,
As past belief. The ship in those profound
And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.
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When I say gave their Oares a forc't reftraint;
Who all creeping bands the fayles with Berryes paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluftred Vines,
A b Iauclin fhook, clafpt with their leavy twines.
The fetters fall from his vnopinion'd armes.

But now, not bidding others, Pentheus flings
To high Cytheron's a sacred top, which rings
With franticke songs, and thrill-voic't b Bacchantals,
In e Liber's celebrated Festivals.

And as the warlike Courfer neighs and bounds,
Inflamm'd with fury, when the Trumpet sounds :
Eten so their far-heard clamours set on fire
Sterne Pentheus, and exasperate his ire.

In midst of all the spacious Mountain's flood
A perspicable Champain, fringed with wood.

Here, first of all, his Mother him espies,
Viewing those holy Rites with d prophane eyes.
Shee, first, vpon him franticckly did rune:
And first her eager Iauelin pears' her froome.

Come, sisters, cry'd shee, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must gore.

With that, in-rush the fenate-distracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd pursu'd.
Now trembled he, now, late-breath'd threats suppreft:
Himself he blames, and his offence confext.

Who cry'd, Helpe f Aunt Aitnon, I bleed:
O let Aiton's ghost soft pity breed!

Not knowing who Aiton was, shee lops
His right hand off; the other, two crops.

The wretch now to his Mother would have throwne
His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.

Yet lifting vp their bloody stumps, he said,
Ah, Mother, see! Aiton, well appay'd,
Shouts at the fight, casts vpon her neck, and shakes
Her staring haire. In cruel hands shee takes
His head, yet gapping: g To fling, said shee,
To my Mates! this spoyle belongs to me.

Not leaves, now witherd, nipt by Autumn's frost,
So fome are ravish't from high Trees, and toft
By scattering windes, as they in pieces were.
His minced limbs, Th'h Ismeniun struck with fear,
His Orgies celebrate; his prayses sing;
And incense to his holy Altars bring.

Pentheus

a Nys, b The women which celebrate his festivals, called rather Bacchaides, and the fealls Bacchanalia: yet adventured vpon in regard of a verse, & not without precedent. c Bacchus.

d Being not initiated, or withoout heare.
e Agare and her sisters distracted by Bacchus.

f The mother of Atson.

g An acclamation of joy and victory.

h Theobos of Ismenia a River of Baetis.

i The rite of Bacchus.
Vpon the Third Booke of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

Cadmus.

Cadmus, is sent by Agenor in search of his sister Europa; either to bring her back, or never to returne: in that one all an affectionate father, and a cruel. Agenor by interpretation is a valiant man: and Cadmus his sonne confirms this assertion;

From strenuous Sires bold sonnes proceed;
Brave horses from a generous breede:
Nor doth that awfull bird of lone
Beget a weake and fearefull Doe.

Who not degenerating, ascends that craggy and Herculan path which leads to immortal glory. This is that Europa, in quest of whom he was sent by his father. For experience and renowne is not gotten by such, as affect their owne ease, but through painful travel, and attempts of danger. True glory adheres to the Supreme goodnesse: and therefore Jupiter is fain to carry Europa away; whom to find was a labour of excessive difficulty: which indiceth Cadmus to consult with Apollo; since divine advice is the true philosophie, and only guided to indexer; which is not to be disputed off, but affected. He is commanded to follow the conduct of a Cow (a creature expressing patience and labour) where she reposeth to build his City, and to call it Beocua. Not unlike was the counsel of Epimenides of Crec, who advised the Athenians in the time of a great pefilence, to turne their cattle loose into the fields which they intended to offer, the Priests to follow, and where they stayed to sacrifice them unto the unknowne propitiatory Deity. And S. Paul in that City saw an Altar with such an inscription. But the former Oracle is thus interpreted, that excessive labour was to be undergone in that journey; much to be suffered, and much to be done, ere he could attain to the desired end: mean while by the continual exercitings of the minde, to induce it with such habitual fortitude as might enable him to subdue the Dragon, which is, intemperance, and all evil desires. This Dragon by Cadmus slaine was advanced to a constellatio, placed betweene the two Bears, and consisting of one and thirtie stars, encompassing the Northern Pole of the Ecliptick. The sowing of the Dragons teeth in the earth (the mother of monsters) is to restore to every one his owne: true fortitude being always accompanied with moderation and justice; engendering love in the good, and envy in the bad; that earthly brood which thus prodigiously ascend (like upstart on a sudden to honour & power) with weapons in their hands, which by the advice of Pallas or Wisdome, converts on their owne for enemies: wounding themselves in not wounding of others. Palæphates gives this fable an historical sense: how Cadmus slaying Draco the sonne of Mars, then King of Thebes, in battle, possessed his kingdom. The sonnes and friends of Draco drew to a head; but finding themselves too weak for so strong and courageous an enemie, disbanded, yet bore away much of his treasure, among the rest many Elephants teeth; dispersing themselves some in Achaea, others in Peloponnesus, many in Phocis, and in Locris not a few: from whence not long after with recolleced powers they invaded the Thebans, maintaining a difficult, and a doubtfull warre: in so much as the Thebans, even after they fled with the Elephants teeth, accustomed to say, that such horrid
OVID'S METAMORPHOsis

The years that commutate the age of men,
Spin out to three times two and nine times ten:
The prating Crow nine times as aged growes:
The Harts long life four times exceeds the Crowes.
Iuno in Lucian upbraides Latona that her daughter Diana converted Acteon, having scene her naked, into a Hart; for feare he should divulge her deformity: and not out of modesty; being so farre from a Virgin, as continually conversant at the labours of women, like a publike midwife. Acteon thus transformed, is devoured by his owne imputs. Stelchius observes that he sawed him within the skin of a Stag, and set his dogges upon him: others, that he was neither turned into a Stag, nor clothed in his skin, but that he posseffed his dogges in their madnessse with such an imagination. And perhaps they ran mad in the Canicular days through the power of the Moon, that 1s., of Diana, augmented by the entrance of the Sunne into Leo: and then what force or knowledge could resister their worrying of their master? Scaliger reports that the like befell to divers hunters of Coficha in his time: and some averse that Lucian, the Apostata and Atheift, came to that end. Yet the Tartarians and Hycranians left the dead bodies of their friends and kinsfolke to be devoured by dogges, esteeming it the noblest and most happy sepulture. But this faile was inventd to shew us how dangerous a curiosity it is to search into the secrets of Princes, or by chance to discover their nakednesse: who thereby incurring their hatred, ever after lose the life of a Hart, full of fear and suspicion: not seldom accused by their servants, to gratulate the Prince, unto their utter destruction. For when the displeasure of a Prince is apparent, there commonly are no fewer Traitors then servants, who inflict on their masters the fate of Acteon. Some such unhappie discovery procured the banishment of our Ovid: who complaining of his misfortunes, introduceth this example.

Why had I flight to make mine eye my foe?  
Or why did I vnfought for secrets knowe?  
Acteon naked Diana vnware  
So few, and so his hounds their master rare.  
The Gods fure punish fortune for offence:  
Nor, when displeas'd, will with chance dispence.

Guard we therefore our eyes, nor desire to see, or knowe more than concerns us: or at least dissemble the discovery. Ilius Montanus meeting with Nero in the darke, by his unseemly respects upbraiding, as it were, his ruinously licentiousnesse, was put to death: The Act was understood (saith Tactius) by Mutilianus: but the disguising of his knowledge was a point of obedience. But why may this faile receive a double construation? Tho' being the best that admit of most senses. That Acteon, neglecting the pursuite of vertue and heroicall actions, puts off the minde of a man, and degenerates into a beast: while hee largely frequents the wild woods to contend with such enimes. And some imagine how he was said to be devoured by his bounds, in that hee impoverished his estate in sustaining them. But what was that expence to a Prince? I rather agree with those, who thinke it to bee meant by his maintaining of ravenou and riotous Phantasts: who have often exhausted the Exchequers of opulent Princes, and reduced them to extreme necessity. Bountie therefore is to be limited according to the ability of the giver, and merit of the receauer: else it not only ruines it selfe, but looses the name of a vertue, & converts into folly. Plutarch in the life of Sertorius makes mention of two Acteons, the one devoured by his hounds, and the other by his favorites: not as if this latter were the allegory of the former.

Iuno for Europa's sake destoysing the whole race, reioyce in the death of Acteon. None more ieiuen then she, nor more revengefull in her ieiunie: in so much...
as she could not forbear that Dダdalian Statue which angry Jupiter threatened to
murther; but upon their reconciliation caused it to be cast into the fire. Wherefore
Numa made a law, that no harlot should enter her temple, or touch her altars. For
no Goddesse was more injured with the continall adulteries of Jupiter: late he re-
vised Europa, and now had got her neece Semeele with child. She firsts and scoulds
(a quality ever attributed unto her; perhaps in regard of the turbulent agitations
of the air which is Iuno) and meditates on revenge: which the better to effect, con-
verts her selfe into the shape of her nest-old Berec of Epidaurce. No treachery is so
speeding as that which makes under the visard of friendship.

Vnder the name of friendship to betray,
A safe and visard; but a wicked way.

She begetts in her a suspicion how she might be abused under the name of Jupiter
(for to be imbraced by a God was held no impeachment to chastity but contrarily a
high honour) as no extraordinary practice. And it is authentique in story, how Pau-
lima, a cast and beautifull Lady, made beleue by the confederate Priest of Scerapis
that bis God was in love, and desired to enjoy her, was contaminated in his Temple
by a gentleman of Rome, who acted his part. This discovered by him unto her,
in hope to continue his possession, and by her complaint d off with executions and
out-cries; the Priest was put to death, the statue of Scerapis reduced into powder
and thrown into Tyber, and his Temple demolished, by the commandment of Tiberius: but the gentleman onely banished in that his offence was an over-violent
affection. Too credulous Semeele persuaded by the fraud of her suppos'd Nurse;
asks a boone of Jupiter (who rashly before he knew it, confirms the grant by an
out-bid that he would approach unto her, as he did unto Iuno, with the ensignes of his
deity, who burns in his imbracments, as not able to endure the etherall tumults.

Whereby the ancient taught that unlawful requests were punished by the Gods in
confenting. But more Theologically, how those who search too curiously and bold-
ly into the divine Martsy, shall be oppressed with the glory and brightness of the
same Jupiter and Iuno are said to couple with thunder and lightning, in that
lightning and thunder proceede from the conjunction of etherall heat, and acri-
val cold. Two sorts of lightnings are here mentioned: the one called by the Philo-
osophers fatal, that is, preappointed and mortall, the other accidentall and lesse hurt-
full. A third also there must be, expressed by the three-forked thunderbolt. The
dryer dissipates, the more humid blast; the other melts many in bages, and swords
in scabards; instantly lifting up liquor in vesseles, without breach or impair to
that which contains them. Martia, a noble Lady in Rome, had her infant slaine in
her womb by lightning, without further prejudice then unto such as are delivered of
abortions. So the lightning consum'd Methridates arrowes, as he lay a sleepe,
not so much as tainting the quiver: and when an infant, his swaddling-clothes with
out other hurt then leaving a fiery mark on his forehead, which he accustomed to
cour with his haire. Upon these accidents he was called Dionysius which is Bac-
cus: if not better merited for ordaining prizes in his feestivals for such darke
stroke, wherein he himselfe had commonly the victory. By attributing variety of lightnings to Jupiter, the Poets, faith Seneca, admonish vs, how all
offenders are not equally punishable: some onely should be terrifyed, some
chastisfied, and others utterly destroyed. And as much was expressed by the rods
and axes which were borne before the Roman Consulls: bound in bundles, to de-
clare that Magistrates should not too hastily execute, but while unbinding, to give

N time
The names of the Cyclops' express their faculties: for Brontes signifies thunder, Steropes lightning, and Pyramon a plier of the fiery anvill. And ancient Authors affirm, that no mechanic arts were invented before the finding out of fire, and he several uses of the same: after which they increased daily, and daily grew to perfection by the industry of man to a publick utility. They were called Cyclopes of the imaginary round eye in their foreheads, so famed in regard of their fictitious employment about thunder and lightning, forged in the aere, which is seated in the midst between earth and heauen: as of the circular motion of those vapours whereof these meteors are engendred. Coelus is their father and Tellus their mother, in that such exhalations are attracted from the earth by the celestial fervor.

But to return to the sense of the story: Cadmus according to Sabinus imports as much as Oriental, in that he came from the East: bringing with him both letters and learning. Semele, his daughter signifies an Image: and like enough he introduced some new superstition, whereupon in that delightfull and well accepted, it was famed that Jupiter was in love with Semele. Ino, another of his daughters, signifies Fortune: either a name imposed upon some new statue and ceremony; or to declare that Empire depends not upon humane counsell, but on secret and fatal causes, whose events are so called. And probable it is, in that vines were first planted in the East, that Cadmus instructed the Graecians in that knowledge: whereas Bacchus, because wine was held to be the gift of God, was said to be the sonne of Jupiter and Semele, which is the divine worship. As for Semele, perhaps her aspiring to the divine honours of Iuno, whom S. Augustine suppofeth to be Aftorchor the Goddess of the Sidonians, as Baal or Bell Jupiter, who was Belus Grandfather to Agenor, and some fatal accidents upon her pride by lightning, might give a ground to this fable. And why might not she affect a deity as well as her great Grandmother?

But as Bacchus physically is taken for a vine, so is Semele for the Earth; and therefore called her son. Jupiter his father, in that wine hath in it a naturall heat, nor ripens but in countries that are hot, or moderately warme. He is said to betaken from the ashes of his mother, in that ashes exceedingly inrich the soyle, and make it bring forth Grapes in abundance: to be sowed in Ioues thigh, because the vine delighteth in heat, nor will rustifie, or live without it, and lastly to be borne twice, once out of the earth, and then from the thigh of the tredder; since it is not wine before the grapes be trodden, for so they anciently press them. The Nymphs are here said to have nourish him: because the vine, the maylefl of all plants, is best nourished by myefture: and morally to informe us, that the malignity of wine should be
Ovids Metamorphosis.

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be allayed with water. So of old they qualified the fury of Bacchus with the sober Nymphs, as now the more temperate doe in hot Countries.

Reconciled Jupiter & Iuno now heighten their delights with full boles of Nectar. The drink of the Gods, importing a privation of death, and therefore power red out by Hecb, the Goddess of eternal youth. In their cups they talk wantonly, Jupiter would have the pleasure of women to exceede, and Iuno of men. Tirefias is made their judge, who had tried both sexes: his sentence is for Jupiter, how men had three ounces of the vigour of love, but that women had nine. Iuno deprives of his sight, which Jupiter supplies with the gift of prophecy. This Tirefias was the sonne of Vexas, one of the five Captaines which survived that unnatural warre, and asisted Cadmus in the building of his City. Women, if we give credit to histories either ancient or moderne, (whereof we shall treat in the transformation of Iphis) have often beene changed into men, but never man into woman. We therefore must fly to the allegory, not solelone among the Grecians as strange, as their fables suspendous. They allude Tirefias to the alternat seacons of the yeare: the spring called Maeculine, because the growth of things are then enclosed in the solid bud; when every creature (expressed by these ingending Serpents) are prompt unto Venus: but separated by his rod, the approaching fervor, he is turned into a Woman; that is, into flourishing Summer, desigued by his name: which season is said to be Feminine, for that then the trees doe display their leaves, and produce their conceotions. The Autumnne is a second time of generation, proceeding from the temperate quality of the aire, when he recovers his former sexe by againe devicing the Serpents: that is, by the approach of Winter, which deprives the Earth of her beauty, shuts up her womb, and in that barren in itself is said to be Maeculine. Last was the judgement of Tirefias betweene Jupiter and Iuno, that is, the two elements of fire and aire: for the aire confers thrice as much as the fire to the generation of vegetables: which marries, as it were, the corn to the gleebe, produces the blade, and swells it in the ear; whereas heat adds little to the materials, though the maine in activity, both producing the forme and causing maturity. He is said to have bene bereft of his sight by Iuno, in regard of the darke and clowdred aire of the Winter: when Jupiter by conceal'd heat insufing a conception of a future growth, is said to inspire him with the spirit of prophecy. But Lucian reports that the Grecians famed Tirefias have beene sometimes a man, and sometimes a woman, because he first divided the wandring flares into Male and Female, in regard of their divers operations.

The first that made his Prophecies famous was the fate of Narcissus. His mother Liriope inquiring whether he should live untill he were old, Tirefias replied: If he know not himselfe, As strange as obscure, and seeming contradictory to that Oracle of Apollo: To know a mans selfe is the chiefest knowledge. The lacke thereof hath ruined many: but having it must needs ruin our beautiful Narcissus: who only is in love with his owne perfecions; though not without store of de-staing rivallis. Among whom the babbling Nymph Eccho: who for being formerly Lyutors Property was deprived by Iuno of speech: more then to reiterate the last word which she heard: and now defiled by the sordour boy, pines away with love, untill at length he consumes to an unsubstanciall voice. Well therefore was vain-glory to affect selfe-love, who reselved, converts into a sound, that is, into nothing. Now Eccho signifies a resounding: which is only the repercussion of the voice, like the rebound of a ball, returning directly from whence it came: and that it reports not the whole sentence, is through the debility of the reverberation. Yet in the garden of the Tuillereis in Paris, by an artificiall device under ground in-
Vpon the third booke of

Vented for musicke, I have heard an Eccho repeat a verse, not loudly uttered, with, out failing in one syllable. Eccho is here said to conceal her selfe in woods and mountains: but chiefly in winding vallies, rocky canes, and sumuous buildings. In many places three of four answers were one another; Laminius writes, that at Chartoune in the Isle of France he heard fourteen distinctly, and that there are not fewer than thirty to be heard at Pavia. The image of the voice so often rendered, is as that of the face reflected from one glass to another, melting by degrees, and every reflection more weake and shaly then the former. Aufonius makes Eccho thus speake to the Painter that would have drawne her;

Fond Painter, why wouldst thou my picture draw? An unknowne Goddesse, whom none euer saw.
Daughter of fair and tongue: of judgement blind.
The mother I, a voice without a mind.
I only with an others language sport:
And but the laft of dying speech retort.
Loud Ecchos mansion in the care is found;
If therefore thou wilt paint me, paint a found.

Thus she, thus many more were undone by the pride and beauty of Narcissus: when some one cryed out with eyes and hands ered to heaven. So may he lose himselfe, and so despaires! Whose curse is granneted by Rhamnusia, name of Nemesis that he had her principal Temple at Rhamnus, a city of Achaea, with her statue (so highly celebrated by Varro) of Parian marble, ten cubits high, and all of one stone: brought thither by the insolent Persians to set up for a trophy of the victory which they promised to themselves against the Athenians, but contrary to the event: and therefore converted by Phidias, that excellent statue, into the Image of this Goddesse of revenge, or Retribution, as her name importeth. Whereof Aufonius out of a Grecke Author.

Metaphorum quandem Persa aduersae trophceum.
VR vinum bellum sunt eum Nemeis.
At Scotia Gracie victoriam atque triumphum
Puuio sa Persus victorique Nemeis.

I, by the Persians for a Trophy brought
Then when a stone, am Nemesis thus wrought.
There a Grecian Trophy now reside:
A Nemefis to scourge the Persian pride.

A Deity severe and inexorable to the proud and arrogant, who are too much elated with the indowments of nature, or felicities of fortune. Her head he adorn'd with a crowne, imbosh with fearfull Harts, and signes of victory. Her shoulders were garnished with wings: in her right hand she held a Launce, & in her left a pitcher, including the little images of Ethiopiaes. By her crowne presenting her unconquered empire; by the triumphal tereon of her prevailing indignation: and expressing the malignant envy of the vulgars who inflame in the fall of great and fortunate crowning, as it were, the applauded Goddesse: by her wings declaring her swift, and unforeseen subversions; the potent and politicke not seldom overthrown by what they contented. By her Launce, her actuall inscriptions, either through warre or thre crowne temerity: and by the Ethiopiaes in her pitcher, the farre extent of her vengeance, or in that she terrifies those, whom she confines not, with black and ominous visions; as with the persidious fesse of friends, the circumvations of enemies, misfortunes, fickness, and death, which incounter them in the midse of their felicities. She is said to be the daughter of Oceanus and Nox, in
Then fell Rhipheus; none more just then he
Of all the Troians: but Ceelestialls fee
With other eyes.

So may we say of the death of Socrates, esteemed the most innocent of men: and of the unparalleled calamities of the noble Belisarius; who having overcome the Vandalls in Africa, triumphed over the Perrians, and more then once delivered Italy, and Rome it selfe, from the bloody invasions of barbarous nations, for recompence had his eyes pull'd out by the Emperor lutfian: reduced with all to that poverty, as glad to shelter his age in a little shed by the high way, begging of those who passed by to give one halfe penty to the poore Belisarius, whom enuy and not error had bereft of his eye-sight.

Narciflus, pursued by the wrath of Nemesis, falls miserably in love with his owne shadow, and dyes in doing on it. Nor are his eyes averted by death:

Who now eternally there gazes fix
Upon the waters of infernall Styx.

To shew how punishments end not with life, but pursue the guilty to another world. The Naiades shrow his course with their hair; an ancient custom at funerals: whereof Homer in the funereal of Patroclus.

His Corps with cutles they cover'd;
Shorne from each mourning Princes head.

He is called their brother, in that faine to be begotten by a Riner on a Water-Nymph: or because the flower into which he was changed, affecteth, and only prospers by the water. Whereof a moderne Poet.

Narcissus, once a Cupid, adde but wings;
Who too-much trusted to deceitfull springs;
A flower, now to the floodincline; that fo
He might by that which was his ruine grow.

Narcissus signifies stupid or heavy; which hath a relation to the manner of his death: and therefore his flower, which we call a daffadill, was dedicated to the infernall Deities.

Some tract of History I find in Paufanias. There is, faith hee, a place neere Thefphia which is called Danacuss: in this is the fountaine of Narcissus: wherein, they say, he beheld his owne likenesse, & not conceaung that it was his shadow, or how himselfe was beloud by himselfe, pined away and dyed by the brinke of the fountaine. But how absurd it is to believe, that any shoule be so distracted or belotted with affeccion, as not to distinguishe a shadow from a sub-

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stance: Yet something like this is recorded, not vulgarly known. Narcissus had a sister born at the same birth, so exceeding like as hardly distinguishable; alike also their hair in colour and trim, and alike their habits; who accustomed to hunt and exercise together, with her brother fell violently in love: and the dying, repaired oft to this fountain, much satisfying his affection in gazing there in, as not beholding his owne shadow, but the image of his dead sister. Others write that he threw himself into the water out of impatience to live without her. Of the miraculous likeness of twins all ages have afforded examples. I have heard a Gentleman yet living say, how his mother knew not his brother from him but by the treading of their footsteps; that both, when schoolmen, were likely whipt for the offence of one; and that being bound Apprentices to two Merchants in London, they would ordinarily write in one another's rooms, and discovered by their Masters or any of the family. But now to the moral.

Narcissus, a youth, that is, the soul of a rash and ignorant man, beholds not his owne face, nor confiders of his proper essence or virtue, but pursues his shadow in the fountain, and strives to embrace it; that is, admires bodily beauty, splendour, and like the fluent water, which is no other than the shadow of the soul, for the mind doth not truly affect the body, but its owne similitude in a bodily form. Such Narcissus, who ignorantly affecting one thing, pursues another; nor can ever satisfy his longings. Therefore he resolves into tears and sighs; that is, the soul so alienated from its selfe, and dotting on the body, is tortured with miserable perturbations, and dyes, as it were, infected with that poison; so that now it rather appeareth a mortal body than a immortal soul. This fable likewise presents the condition of those, who adorned by the bounty of nature, or enriched by the industry of others, without merit, or honour of their owne acquisition, are transported with selfe-love, and perish, as it were, with that madness. Who likely seeking themselves from publicke converse and civil affairs, as subject to neglects and disgraces, which might too much trouble and deject them; admitting but a few to accompany their solitary, those being such as only applaud and admire them, satisfying to what they say, like as many Echoes. Thus depraved, puff'd up with incessant flattery, and strangely intoxicated with selfe admiration, at length they contract such a wonderfull fable, as tempers their fences, and deprives them of all their vigour and alacrity. Narcissus is therefore converted to a flower of his name, which signifies stupid; flourishing only in the Spring, like these who are hopefull in the first of youth, but after fall from expectation & opinion; the flower, as they altogether unprofitable, being sacred to Pluto and the Eumenides; for what bore of it is selfe no fruit, but past and was forgotten, like the way of a ship in the sea, was consecrated of old to the infernal Deities. But a fearfull example we have of the danger of selfe-love in the fall of the Angells, who intermitting the beautiful visions, by reflecting up on themselves, and admiration of their owne excellency, forgot their dependence upon their creator. Our Narcissus, now a flower, instructs us, that we should not flourish too soon, or be wise too timely, nor over-love, or admire our felowes: which although hateful in all ages, in youth is intolerable. And therefore Nemesis is introduced to revenge such pride and insolency, and to make his vices his owne destruction.

This wonderfull destiny givs wings to the fame of Tiresias: yet flounced, and upbraided with the losse of his eyes by violent Pentheus, of whose destruction he prophesies. This was the house of Echion and Agaue the daughter of Cadmus; who now grown old, had resigned unto him the kingdom of Thebes. A mortal enmy to the introduced Rites, and adoration of Bacchus; which fill Cytheron with
Thou who with Ivy deckst thy dangling hair;
We, armed with javelins, to thy Rites repair.
Bright ornament of heaven, thy suppliants heare:
To thee their hands thy noble Theban's reare.
O favour!ether turne thy virgin face:
With thy syderall looks dis pense and chace
These lowring clouds, the threats of Erebus,
And rage of greedy fate, from ours and vs.
It thee becomes to have thy treasures bound
With verme floweres, with Tyrian miter crown'd,
And girt in Ivy wreathes: now liberally
Let flow, and now in knots thy treasures tie.
As when, ofthy fierce step-dames wroth afraid,
With borrowed shape thou counterfeft a maid.
Why art thou so effeminatly drest,
With robes that swepe the earth, and naked brest?
Those Eastern nations who on Ganges drinke,
An breake the ice on cold Araxis brinke,
Could not thy Lyons for thy robe behold,
Drawe in a Chariot roof from with vines of gold.
Thee old Silene on a long-eard jade
Attend's, vine leaues his rugged fore-head shade.
Lacivous Priests thy Orges celebrate,
Troopes of Baffarian frowes upon thee wait.
Now on Edonian Pangs ears tread;
Now on the Thracian Pindus lofty head,
Distracted Menes, ioynd with Theban wiues,
To ferue thy Ogygian Iacobus friues;
Whose loynes a Panthers facred skin invets;
With ruffled hair the matrons hide their brefts,
And brandish leavy jaulins lightly borne.
Unhappy Pentheus, now in peeces torn;
Relenting Thyades, their fury gone,
Behold with grief, nor think that fact their owns.
Faire Ino, with the blew Nereides,
(Thy Aunt o Bacchus) reigns in sacred seas:
The stranger Boy there makes his sleet aboard,
Of Bacchus race, Palemon, no small God,
Thee, lovelly Boy, the Th.ucum rovers sciz d:
Then Nereus the turbid maine appeas'd,
Blew seas converting into flowry meads:
The Plane-tree there his broad-leaf'd branches spreads;
Greene Laurel groues, belou'd by Phæbus spring,
And chanting birds among the branches sing:
About the maif the youthfullivy twines,
The lofty toc imbrac'd with chuftried vines:
Now in the Prow Idea'n Lyons rose,
The trembling Poopo Gangetic Tygres bore:
In sea's themselfes th' affrighted failers threw;
Who turn'd to Dolphins, flying ships purrew.
Paftolus wealthy fireames, thy burden tride,
Whose waters through a golden channell glide.
Meffagians, quaffing blood and milke, ynbend
Their bowes; nor more with Getiick shafts contend.
Thy power ax-arm'd Lycurgus kingdom knows,
The fierce Zedacians; and where Boreas blowes
On hoary fields, thefe climates who shake
With cold, that border on Moenis Lake;
And those whose Zenith is the Arcadian starre;
The Northerne Wagons, and flow Wagonar.
Scattered Geloni he subdued; difarm'd
The braue Virago's; Thermedonias warm'd
d Cold earth with their soft lips; but pacif'd,
Their moone-like shields and quivers laid afide.
Sacred Cytharon he imbrew'd with blood
Of Ilaine Ophians. To the fhaide wood,
And fields, transformed Praeus daughters runne.
The pleafed ftepdam e now affects her fonne.
Naxos, begin with the Agean wane,
A bridal bed to Ariadne gau.
Her liofe repaired with a better friend;
Torrents of wine from barren rocks defcend;
A flood of milke from fluer fountains powres,
With Lesbian hony mixt, perfum'd with floweres,
Which through the medowes murmuring streams produce,
Whofe thirtie banks fuct in the pleaftant juice.
The farry Bride to high archt heaven is led:
Phæbus, his haire vpon his houlders fpered,
Epithalamiums fang that happy night;
Both Cupids now the nupcial tapors light:
Jove laid his wrathfull thunder-bolts afide
And hates his lightning, when he Bacchus fpied.
While radiant starrs shall runne their vniuall race,
While Neptunes armes the fruitfull earth imbrace,
While Cynthia shall her horns together close,
While Lucifer the rosy Morne fore-showeres,
While lofty Aritos thunnes the felt Profound,
We Bacchus praise and beauty will refound.

But beare we him raill'd at as much by Momus. This your so generous Bacchus is scarce a man, and no Grecian by the mother but the nephew of Cadmus a Phoenician Merchant. I will not say what he is, now he hath aspired to immortality, nor tax him with his railing and drunkennesse: you all see how soft and effeminate in his pleasures; half mad, and snifling early of wine: who hath brought amongst vs his whole fraternity, and declared them Gods: Pan, Silenus, and the Satyres, a rable of rusticks and Goat-heards, addicted to dances and gambols; and of ifhape as monstrous as their manners. One of these hath horns on his fore-head, and nouriseth a filthy long beard; his lower parts like a Goat; and all over not differing much from a beast. Another, old, bald, and flat nofed like an Ape; for the most part riding on an Ass; who by birth is a Lydian. Withthose the prick-eard Satyres bald also, and horned like late-faine kids, originally Phrygians. All of these have feemly long tailes. You see with what Gods we are furnish'd with by this Gallant. I omit to speake of the brace of women which he hath brought vs: the one his sweet-heart Ariadne, whose Crowne is by him made a Constellation. The other daughter to Icaris the husband-man: and what, if you Gods, is of all most ridiculous, Erigone hath brought her dog with her; least she should be fad, and want her old companion in heaven.

But now to be serious. Noah was he who immediately after the flood first plantea vineyard, and shewed the use of wine unto men. Therefore some write that of Noachus he was called Bacchus, and after Bacchus, by the Ethnicks: either by contrailion, or ignorance of the Etymologie. The ignorance likewise of the truth hath begot so many fables and allegories: he being neither the Lybian, Egyptian, nor Theban Bacchus, but the ancient Nysian; who flourished long before Jupiter Hammon, or the Cretan Jupiter, the suppos'd fathers of the other. Politer divers wites celebrated this bounty of Noah, and therefore called him by sinner dry names, as Bacchus, Vinifer, and Oenotrius, whereof Italy was after named Oenotria, of the excellent mines which that soyle produced.

Now Pentheus furies to exasperate the Thebans against Bacchus. Hee puts them in minde of their original, their ancient religion, and what a shame to submit to an effeminate boy, supported by franticke women and drunkards: seeing how easily resisted by the example of Acrithus. This Acrithus was king of Argos, the sonne of Abas, and father of Danae; who in that he would not assent of his rites, is said to have chas'd him out of his kingdom. Pentheus sendeth his guard to apprehend him: they wounded, returne with one of his Priests, who seizeth the miracles of the ship sticking fast in the midst of the deeps, and perier'd sailors converted into Dolphins. Yet the first is parallel'd by his story, effected according to Pliny, by a little ship, and therefore called by the Romans Remora, which since so incredible, I will relate it in the words of the Author. This fih frequenterth the rocks, and is supposed by Aristotle to haue many feet, in regard of the multitude of her finnes. Although the windes blow violently, and the tempests rage; yet commands them to their fury, and so curbs their power, that the shippe continues immoveable.
mould, which neither cables nor anchors, though never so strong and massy, could detain; and that only by cleaving thereunto, without her owne labour. But our Armado's are fortified with Castles; from whence they fight on the sea, as from the walls of a Bulwark. O humane vanity; when even those ships, whose beakes are fo armed with brasse and iron to pierce through the sides of such as they encounter, should be forced to obey the arrest of a little ship not half a foot long! At the battaille of Actium one detained, as they report, the Admiral, which carried Antonius, hafting to order his navy and encourage his soldiery, vntill he was constrained to ship himselfe in another; upon which advantage the Cafrians fell on with the greater violence. And in our memory Caligula was so checkt in his returne from Asturato Antium. Not long continued their admiration, having forthwith discovered the cause: for certaine perceiving his Gally, which had five men to every oare, to be only detained of all the rest of the navy, leapt presently into the sea; and searching about the keele of the vessell, found this little ship fast cleaving to the rudder. This shone to the Emperor, with indignation he beheld what could ftopp it, and refuff those oares which were streight by the strength of foure hundred sea-men: renewing his wonder to see it looke that virtue within, which it had when it cleaun'd to the out-side of the vessell. Those who then, and after, beheld it, resembled the fame to a Snaile, but noe a little greater. The like power hee attributes to the Purple ship, annexing this story out of Titianus: Periander dispatching a mandate for Gnidos, to castrate all their boyes which were nobly defended, the shipp was so long moved in the midft of the sea by this shell-fifth, vntill another arrived (the Prince repenting him of his cruellitie) with a countermand. Wherefore the Gnidianos to perpetuate the memory thereof, did confecrate that fifth to their Venus. But these strange effects, which perhaps depend on no natural causes, may rather proceed from the power of the Divell. I have heard of seaving men, and some of that City, how a Quarter-master in a Brittole ship, then trading in the Sraithe, going downe into the Hold, saw a sort of women, his knowne neighbours, making merry together, and taking their cups liberally: who hauing espied him, & threatening that he should repent their discovery, vanished suddenly out of sight, who thereupon was lame ever after. The ship hauing made her voyage, now homeward bound, and were her harboure, stuck fast in the deep Sea (as this of the Tyrhenians) before a fresh gale, to their no small amazement: nor for all they could doe, together with the helpe that came from the shoare, could they get her loose, vntill one (as Cymothee the Trojan ships) shou'd her off with his shouder, (perhaps one of those whom they vulgarly call Wise-men, who do good a bad way, and undoe the enchantments of others) at their arriuall the Quarter-master accused these women: who were arraign'd, and convicted by their owne confessions; for which sixe and twenty were executed. But to proceed with the tale. These Tyrhenians for their pyracies and power at sea, and for that they had transported divers Colonies to sundry parts of the world, were surnamed Dolpins: whereupon this fable was by the Greeks devised; and withall to deterre from rapine and piracy, which some escapes the divine vengeance. The fantastical resemblances of Lynxes, Tyges, and Panthers, are the terrors of confidence, which drive the guilty to despair and ruine. They also are said to have beene turned into Dolpins, because those fishes seeme naturally to affeft the societie of men; following of shippes, and sporing about them, as they saye along: may many, if wee may give credit to credible Authors, have bene caried on their backes to drye land; and therefore the ancient presented safety by a bridled Dolphin.
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

To give the warning of ensuing tempests and advise the mariners, as it were, to hang to their tackling and take in their sails. All which concurs with our corpus, out of doubt the true Dolphin: wherein I am not only confirmed by the authority of Scaliger. For those that are called Dolphins by our East and West Indians, (who likely give knowne names to things which they know not) are fis.

PENTHEUS:

God, in detestation of Atheism, doth reward the devout, though in a false religion, with temporal blessings, as here Actæus advanced from a poor fisherman to the pontifical dignity: who now causeth prison and reserved for tormentors, the shackles fall from his legs, and the doors unlock themselves to afford a way to his safety. This is the more incenseth our violent Pentheus. There is no creature so immune and rabid, but anger addes to his natural fierceenesse. Other affections have their apparent symptoms, but that of anger is eminent, whose fire inflames the looks and sparkles in the eye-balls: proceeding from the sending forth of the spirits in a revengefull appetite: Good counsell converts into bad when unseasonably given, so the dissuasions of Cadmus and Atmos exasperate his fury: who to chastise his kinman, perhaps as much out of envy as zeal, ascends Cithæron. A mountaine of Beoëia, not farre from Thebes, which took that name from Orpheus his harpe, called always sacred; in that there he first instituted the Orges of the Theban Bacchus; transferred by him out of Egypt from the Egyptian. For Cham and his accursed race, first inhabiting those parts, there planted Idolatry: which the Poets brought into Greece, who travelled thither to enrich their knowledge. For almost all arts and sciences had from them their originall: who had besides more impressions of antiquity then any other nation, as appeareth by their Dinasties, stretching beyond the general deluge: who affirme that their first Kings lived twelve hundred yeares, and the latter but three hundred; comming near the ages of man both before and after. But that Tradition delivers obscurely and lamely, is in the scripture entire and perspicuous. Agam fulfills the prophecy of Tirzias in the slaughter of her son: who distracted with the fury of Bacchus, together with her sisters, supposing him a gore, transfixed him with their sailings, tore forthwith in peeces, for all his tears and submission, by the rest of the Bacche. There is nothing more plausible to the vulgar then the innovation of government and religion. To this they here strengthen in multitudes. Wise Princes should rather indescriue to pacifie, then violently oppose a popular fury: which like a torrent bears all before it; but let alone exhausteth itself, and is easily suppressed. Reformation is therefore to be wrought by degrees, and occasion attended: lest through their too forward zeal they reecie the counsell of the expert, and encounter too strong an opposition, to the ruin of themselves and their cause, whereas our Pentheus affords a miserable example. The blind rage of Superstition extinguisheth all natural affec-
Vpon the Second Book of

on. Agaue murders her son, and the aunts their nephew: nor haue the latter ages beene unacquainted with such horrors.

On the other side Pentheus expresseth the image of an implacable Tyrant; hating religion, and suppressing it in others: nor to be diverted by counsell or miracles; till his death approves that tyrants are no where safe; no not among their owne kindred.

Admonisht, justice prizeth, Nor holy Gods despise.

The proud in prosperity are the most deietted in advercity. Who would not be intreated, now basely intreats for mercy: but could not obtaine what he never affor-ded. There is nothing more proud then man, nor more miserable.

OVIDS
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Derce, a Fish. Semiramis a Dune.
Transforming Nais equall Fate doth prone.
White berries Louers blood with blacke defiles.
Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles
Leonothoe, buried quick for that offence:
Grie'd Clytie, turn'd she Flowr, turns with the Sun:
Daphnis, to Stone. Sex changeth Scytheon.
Celmus, a Load-stone. Curets, get by bowres.
Crocus, and Smilax turn'd to little flowres.
In one Hermaphrodite, two bodies boyn.
Mineides, Batis. Sad Ino made divine,
With Melicert. Who Iunos fast uppray'd,
Or statues, or Cadmean Fowles are made.
Hermione and Cadmus, worne with woe,
Prove hurtlefe Dragons. Drops to Serpents grove.
Atlas, a Mountayne. Gorgon toucht Sea-weeds
To Coral change. From Gorgons blood, proceeds
Swift Pegafus; Cryfaor also takes
From thence his birth. Faire haires convert to Snakes.

Bvt yet, Alcithoë a Mineides
The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.
Her sisters share in that impetie;
Who Bacchus for the fonne of Ioue denie,
And now his Priest proclaims a folenne Eatst,
That Dames and Maids from vsiall labour refi;
That wroapt in skins, their hair-laces vnbound,
And dangling Trefles with wilde luy crownd,
They leaue Speares affume. Who prophesies
Sad haps to fuch as his command defpifte,
The Matrons and new-married Wines obay:
Their Webs, their vn-spun Wooll, aside they lay;
Sweet odours burne; and ling:
Lycus, Bacchus, Nysaeus; Bromius; Evax; great Iacchus:
Fire-gor, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,
Father Eleus, Thyon neuer thorne,
Lycus, planter of life-cheering Vines;
Nyelicus: with all names that Grece assignes
To thee, 6 Liber! Still doft thou injoy
Vnwafted youth; eternally a Boy!

O 3

Thou'rt
Metamorphosis.

Thou'rt scene in heaven; whom all perfections grace;
And, when vnhorn’d, thou haft a Virgins face.
Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
Whereat wny Indıa is by Ganges bound.

Proud Penethus, and a Lycurgus, like prophane,
By thee (so greatly to be fear’d!) were flame:
The Thiscans drencht in Seas. Thou holdest in awe
The spotted Lynxes, which thy Chariot draw.

Light b Bacchides, and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'st old  Eumenides, reeling still, doth hallow;
Who weakly hangs, upon his tardie Age.
What place fo-e're thou entreat, founding brasse,
Loud Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confufed eyes
Of Youth and Women, pierce the marbleskies.

Thy presence, we'd issent, implore:
Come, o come pleas’d! Thus they his Rites restore.
Yet, the  Minedas at home remayne:
And with untimely Art his feast prophane:
Who either weaue, or at their distaffs spin;
And vrge their Maids to exercife their fin.

One said, as she the twisted thread out-drew,
While others sport, and forg'd Gods perfew,
Let vs, whom better  Pallas doth invite,
Our vilefull labour feaon with delight,
And storiez tell by turnes; that, what past yeares
Denie our eyes, may enter at our ears.
They all agree; and bad the eldeft tell
Her storie first. Shee pards, not knowing well
Of many which to chooze: T'inuict vpon
The Sad  Dercetis, of fam'd Babylon
(Who, as the Palefines beleue, did take
A scaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)

Or of her 8 daughter speake, with wing'd accent
High-parcht on towres: who there her old age spent:
Or of that  Nais; who with charmes most strange,
And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane shapes did change,
Into mute Fishes, till a Fifth thee grew:
Or of the  Tree whose berries chang'd their hew,
The white to black, by bloods aperision, grewne:
This pleaseth beft, as being most vnknowne.

Who thus began; and draws the following woll.
Young  Pyramus (no Youth so beautifull
Through all the East) and  Thisebe (who for faire
Might with th'immortall Goddesse compare)
Jouy'd houes, where  Semiramis inclos'd
Her flately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred;
That, grew to love, Loue fought a nuptiall bed;
By Parents croft; yet equall flames their blood
A like incenft, which could not be withfood.

Signes
Signes only vnter their vnwitnessed loues:  
But hidden fire the violenter proues.  
A cranny in the parting wall was left;  
By shrinking of the new-layd morter,clee:  
This for so many ages vnscry'd  
(What cannot loue find out!) the Louers spy'd.  
By which, their whispering voices softly trade,  
And Paffion's amorous embasse convoy'd.  
On this side and on that, like Snailes they cleaue;  
And greedily each others breath receaue,  
O envious walls (said they) who thus diuide  
Whom Loue hath joyn'd! O, give vs way to slide  
Into each others armes! if such a blisse  
Transcend our Fates, yet suffer vs to kisse!  
Nor are we ingrate; much we confesse we owe  
To you, who thisdeare liberty beftowe.  
At night they bid farewell. Their kites greet  
The &nfelefl tones, with lips that could not meet.  
When from th'approaching Morn the stars withdrew,  
And that the Sunne had drunke the scorched dew,  
They at the vsual Station meet againe;  
And with soft murmurs mutually complains.  
At last, resolute in silence of the Night  
To scale away, and free themselves by flight;  
And with their houfes, to forsake the Towne.  
Yet, left they so might wander vp and downe;  
To meete at a Ninus tombe they both agree,  
Vnder the shelter of a shady Tree.  
There, a high Mulbery, full of white fruit,  
Hard by a liquid Fountain fixt his Root.  
The Sun, that seem'd too flow, his steeds bestowes  
In restfull Seas: b from Seas, withit Night arofe.  
Then Thisbe in the darke the doores vnbarr'd;  
And slipping forth, vnmissed by her guard,  
Comes maskt to Ninus tomb: there in the cold  
Sits vnderneath that Tree: Loue made her bold.  
When (lo!) a Lyonesse, lin ear'd with the blood  
Of late-flaine Beues, approacht the neighbour flood,  
To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,  
Swift fcare her flight into a Cauae doth guide.  
Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell:  
The fatall Lionesse, as from the Well  
Vp to the rocky Mountaine shee with-drawes;  
Found it, and tore it with her bloody iawes.  
When Pyramus, who came not forth so soone,  
Perceiued by the glimpses of the Moone  
The footing of wild Beasts; his looke grew pale:  
But when he spy'd her torne and bloody vaile,  
One night (said he) too louers shall destroy!  
Shed longer life deferued to enjoy.
The guilt is mine; 'twas I (poore foule!) that flew thee
Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lyons, ô descend
From your aboards! a wretch in peeces rend,
Condemned by his selfe-pronounced doom:
And make your entalls my opprobrious tomb!
But Cowards wist to die. Her mantle hee
Carries along vnto th'appointed Tree.
There having kift, and waftit with his eyes;
Take from our blood, saide he, the double dyes.
With that, his body on his sword he threw:
Which, from the reaking wound, heding drew.
Now, on his back, vp-fpun the blood in smoke:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach breake out,
And hissing, through the æry Region pout.
The Mulberries their former white forfaie,
And from his sprinkling blood their crimfon take.
Now me, who could not yet her feare remove.
Returns, for feare to disappoint her Loue.
Her eager spirit seekes him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her ecap't surprize.
The place and figure of the Tree she knew;
Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hew.
Uncertain, she his panting lims defcry'd,
That struck the stayned earth; and starts aside.
Box was not paler then her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath'd-on Sea, she shooke.
But, when she knew 'twas he (now dispossest
Of her amaze) shee shreaks, beats her fwolne brest,
Puls off her haire; imbraces, softly reares
His hanging head, and fills his wound with teares.
Then, kissing his cold lips: Woe's me (she saide)
What cursed Fate hath this division made!
O speake, my Pyramus! ³looke on me!
Thy deare, thy desperate Thisbe calls to thee!
At Thisbe's name he opens his dim eyes;
And hauing seene her, shuts them vp, and dyes.
But when his emptie scabbard shee had spy'd,
And her knowne Robe; Unhappy man! the cry'd,
These wounds from loue, from thine own hand proceed!
Nor is my hand too weake for such a deed:
My loue as strong. This, this shall courage gue
To force that life which much dislaynes to liue.
In death I'le follow thee! intensified by all,
The wretched Caufe, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) shall not dif-vnite.
O you, our wretched Parents (thus feuered
To your owne blood!) my last Petition heare:
Whom
Whom constant loue, whom death hath joyn'd, interre
Without your envy in one Sepulcher.
And thou, o Tree, whose branches shade the flaine;
Of both our slaughters beare the lasting flaine:
In funerall habit ever clothe your brood;
A living monument of our mixt blood.
This sad, his sword, yet reeking, thee reuers'd,
And with a mortall wound her bosome peare't,
The eafe Gods vnto her with accord;
Their Parents also her desire afford:
The late-white Mulberries in black now moune;
And what the fire had left, lay in one a Vrne.
Here ended she. Some intermission made,

Leucothoë, her sisters silent, said:
This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,
Weake Loue hath tam'd; his loues we now recite,
He first discover'd the adulterie
Of Mars and Venus (nothing fcapes his eye.)
And in displeasure told to b Twna's fonne
Their secret flaeaths, and where the deed was done.
His spirits faint: his hands could not sustaine
The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine;
With nets of braffe, that might the eye deceave,
(Leffe curious far the webs which Spiders weane)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:
This, he about the guilty bed towes.
No sooner these Adulterers were met;
Than caugth in his fo strangely forged net;
Who, struggling, in compeld embracements lay.
The Ivory doores then Vulcan doth display;
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound:
Yet one, a wanton, wish't to be so found.
The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long vphold.

Venus, incent, on him who this diselos'd
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to loue;
Loue's tyranny in just exchange doth prone.

4 Hyperion's fonne, what boots thy piercing sight!
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
For thou, who earth inflameft with thy fires,
Art now thy selfe inflam'd with new defires.
Thy melting eyes alone Leucothoë view;
And give to her, what to the World is new.
Now, in the East thou hast neft thy vp-rife:
Now, lowly set't; even loath to leave the skyes.
And, while that object thus exects thy stay,
Thou adiected hours into the Winters day.
Oft, in thy face thy minde's disease appeares;
Affrighting all the darknes World with feares.
Not a Cynthia’s interpolated Orbe doth move
These pale aspects, this colour springs from lone.
Shee all thy thoughts ingroost: nor didst thou care
For Clymene, for her who Circe bare,
For Rhodos; Clytie, who in love abounds,
Although dehis’d, though tortur’d with two wounds.
All, all were buried in Lencathoe;
Borne in sweete Saba of Euryname.
As she in beauty far surpaft all other:
So much the Daughter far surpaft the Mother.
Great Orchamus was father to the Maid:
Who, & scenth from Belus Priscus, Persia sway’d.
In low Heberian Vales those pastures are
Where Phabus horfes on Ambrosia fare.
There, tyred with the travells of the day,
They renovate what labour doth decay.
Now, while cecleftial food their hunger feeds,
And Night in her alternate rainge succeeds;
In figure of Euryname, the God
Approcht the chamber, where his life abod.
He, spinning by a lamp, Euclothoe found,
With twice six hand-maids, who inclofed her round.
Then kiffing her (her Mother now by Art)
I haue, said he, a secret to impart:
Maids, prefently withdraw. They all obey’d.
He, after he had cleer’d the chamber, said:
The tardie Yeare I measure: I am he
Who fee all Obiects, and by whom all see;
The World’s cleere eye: by thy fair selfe, I sweare,
I love thee abouethout. She shooke for feare;
Her spindile and her di Stafte from her fell:
And yet that feare became her wondrouss well,
Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke:
Though with that vnexpected preience stooke;
Yet, vanquish’d by his beauty, her complaint
Shee laid-aside, and suffered his contraint.
This Clytie vext (not leffe affectionate
Before to her) who with a rivalls hate
Divulg’d the quickly-spreading infamy:
And to her father doth the fact defcry.
Who ferne and fauage, füts vp all remorse,
From her that fu’d, subdued, she said, by force;
And Sol to witnesse calls. He his dihounour
Interrelude, and cafts a Mount vpon her.

Hyperion’s to me this batters with his rayes:
And for her re-aduent a breach displayes,
Yet could not the advance her heavy head:
But life, too halfe, from her body fled.
Neuer did Phaebus with such sorrow morne
Since wretched Phaeton the World did burne.

h The Sunne.

i The Sunne.
The Fourth Booke

Yet friues lie with his influence to beget
In her cold lims a life-revoking heare.
But, since the Fates such great attempts withstand;
He steeps the place and body in a fluid
Offragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:
And sighing, said; * Yet shalt thou heauen ascend.
Forvwith, her body thawes into a dew:
Which, from the moystned earth, an odour threw.
Then through the hill a shrub of Frankincense
Thrust vp his crowne, and tooke his root from thence.
Though lowne might Clytie's sorrow haue excess'd;
Sorrow, her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
She, with distracted passion, pines away,
Detetch company; all night, all day,
Difrobed, with her ruffled hair vnbound,
And wet with humour, fits vp on the ground:
For nine long daies all sufFerance forbeares;
Her hunger cloyd with dew, her thirst with teares.
Nor rote; but, riuetts on the God her eyes;
And everturnes her face to him that flies.
At length, to earth her stupid body cleaues:
Her wan complexion turns to blood-leafe leaues;
Yet streakt with red: her perisht limbs beget
b A flowre, resembing the pale Violet;
Which, with the sun, though rooted fast, doth moue;
And, being changed, changeth not her love.
Thus she. This wondrous story caught their cares:
To some the fame impossible appeares;
Others, that all is possible, conclude,
To true-styl'd Gods: but, Bacchus they extrude.
All whist, Alcithoe, calle'd vp on, doth moue.
Her flivelle through the web, and thus begun.
To omit the pastorall loues, to few vnkowne,
Of young: Idae Daphnis turn'd to stone.
By that vext Nymph, who could not else affwage
Her icaloufie: such is a louer's rage!
And Scython, who his nature innovates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;
With e Celmus turn'd into an Adamant,
Who of his faith to little ioue might vaunt;
The shorne Curetes, gor by falling showres;
Crocos and Smilax, chang'd to pretty flowres;
I outer-paue; and will your cares surprize
With sweet delight of vnkowne nouelties.
Then, knowe, how Salmacis infamous grew;
Whose too strong waues all manly strength vnsoe,
And mollifie, with their soule-softning touch:
The causie vnkowne; their nature knoewe too much.
Th' Idae nymphs nurft, in secure delight,
The fonne of f Hermes, and faire g Aphrodite.

The fauke of Frankincense was supposed to de-
light the Gods in their co-
liffs dwellings.

Clytie.

Daphnis:
& a shepheard of Mount Ida, the fonne of Mercury, belo-
v'd by the Nymph Thalia: who suspeeting his truth, pul-
led out his eyes: but fainned
here to have turned him in-
to a stone.

Scython.
Of this hereafter,

Celmus.
One of the Idae Dafili, who sotter Jupiter.

The Curetes.

Crocvs and

Smilax and

Salmacis and

Hermophroditvs

f Mercury; g being Jupiter's
mellenger,

g Venus; of the frotth of the
Sea whereof she was ingen-
dred.
His father and his mother in his looke
You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.

When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd;
Leaving the fount-full Hills of fower Ide,
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight
Of fortain flame; toyle less'ning with delight.
The Lycian Cities past, he treads the grounds
Of wealthie Carta, which on Lycia bounds:
There lighted on a Poole, so palling cleere,
That all the glittering bottome did appeare;
Inviron'd with no marish-louing Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-rufles, nor barren weeds:
But, lying Turf upon the border grew;
Whole euer-Spring no blasting Winter knew.

A Nymph this haunts, unpractiz'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a frife-full race.

Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed was unknowne.
Her fillers oft would say; Vl. Salmacis,
Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this!
Vpon a Quieuor, or a Iauelin sheaze;
And with laborious hunting mix thine eafe.
On Quieuor, nor on Iauelin, would she sheaze;
Nor with laborious hunting mix her eafe.

But now in her owne Fountain bates her faire
And shapefull limbs, now kembs her golden haire;
Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror dreft;
There taking counsel what became her beft:
Her body in transparent Robes array'd,
Now on soft leaves, or softer mossy display'd:
Oft gathers floweres; so, when she saw the Boy:
Whom seen, forthwith shee couers to injoy;
And yet would not approach, though big with hafte,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't;
Her loue-inweighing lookes set to inflame;
Who merited to be reputed faire.

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the abode
Of blest celesfials! if thou be a God,
Then art thou Cupid! if of humane race,
Happy the Parents, whom thy perfon grace!
Thy sister, if thou haft a sister, blest!
Thy Nurfe, much more, who fed thee with her brent!
But (ô!) no leffe then deifi'd is shee
Whom mariage shall incorporate to thee!
If any such, let me this treaure steale:
If not, be't I; and our deare Nuptials seale.

This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame;
Not knowing loue: whom shamefac't ftreffe became.
So Apples shew upon the funny side;
So Ivory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:

a Hermophrodium.

b Diana, the virgin huntrefs.
So pure a red the siluer Moon doth staine,
When a auxill'ry braffe resounds in vaine.
Shee earnestly intreats a sistres kisse:
And now, advancing to embrasse her blisse,
He strugling, said, lascivious Nymph, forbear;
Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
Faire Stranger, timorous Salmacis reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith he repaire'd:
Yet, looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
She closely crouches, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was obler'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
And, in th' alluring waues his ankles dips.
Caught with the Water's flattering temp'rate,
He forthright disrobes his body; o, how pure!
His naked beauty Salmacis amaz'd:
Who with vnslasified longing gaz'd.
Her sparkling eyes shoot flames through this sweet error;
Much like the Sunne reflectted by a mirror.
Now, she impatiently her hope delays;
Now, burnes t'embrasse; now, halfe-madde, hardly stayes;
He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, with his rowing armes, supports his limbs:
Which through the pure waues, glister as he swims.
Like Ivory statues, which the life surpass'd;
Or like a Lilly, in a crytall glasse.
He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all vnstrip'd:
And, as she spake, into the water skip't;
Hanging about the neck that did resist;
And, with a maistring force, th' vnwilling kist:
Now, puts her hand beneath his cornefull brest;
Now every way invading the distrest;
And wraps about the subject of her lust;
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trus't:
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
And wreaths her tayle about his stretch't-out wings:
So claping Ivy to the Oke doth grow;
And so the Polypos detaines his foe.
But the Atlantides, relentlesse coy,
Still struggles, and resists her hop't-for joy;
Invested with her body: foole, said she:
Struggle thou mai'r, but never shalt be free;
O you, who in immortall thrones reside,
Grant that no day may ever vs divide!
Her wishes had their Gods. Even in that space
Their cleasing bodies intermix: both have one face.
As when wee two divided, fions joyn;
And see them grow together in one rine:
Metamorphosis.

So they, by such a strict imbracement glew'd,
Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.
No longer he a Boy, nor the a maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be said.

Hermaphroditus at himself admires:
Who half a female from the spring retires,
His manly limbs now lostned, and thus prays,
With such a voice as neither sex betrays:
Swift a Hermes, a Aphrodite! him o hear.
Who was your sone? who both your names dothe bear!
May every man, that in this water swims,
Returne halfe-woman, with infceebled limbs.
His gentle parents signe to his request;
And with vnknowne receits the spring infct.

Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no rest;
But Bacchus beside, and still prophane his Feast.

Then, suddenly harsh instruments surprize
Their charged ears, nor extant to their eyes:
Sweet Myrrhe and Saffron all the house perfume.
Their webs (paut credit!) flourith in the loome:
The hanging wooll to green-leau'd Iuy spreads;
Part, into vines; the equall twisted threads
To branches run: buds from the distaff shoot;
And with that purple paint their blushing fruit.
Now to the day succeeds that doubtfull light;
Which neither can be called day, nor night.
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
Appeare to burne; the roome with flashee shines;
Fill'd with fantasticall refemblances

Of howling beasts, whom blood and slaughter please.

The Sistres, to the smoaky rooefe retire;
And, there dispers'd, avoid both light and fire.
Thus, while they corners seek, thin films extend
From lightned limbs, with small beames inter-pend.
But how their former shapes they did forgoe,
Concealing darknells would not let them knowe.
Not are these little Light-detefting things
Born-up with feathers, but transparent wings.
Their voice befits their bodies; small, and faint:
Wherewith they harshly utter their complaint.
These houses haunt, in night: conceal their shame;
And of the loued Euening take their name.

All Thebes now feared Bacchus celebrates:
Whose wondrous powre his boastings Aunt relates.
She onely, of so many sisters, knew
No grief as yet, but what from them she drew.
A happy Mother, Wife to Athamas.

Nurse to a God: these caus'd her to surpasse
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext Inuo forrme; who to her selfe thus said;
The Fourth Booke.

What? could that Strumpets brat the forme defeife
Of poore a Madam Saylers, drencht in Seas?
b A Mother vrg'd to murthre her owne fonne?
And wing the three Murtherer that span?
Can I but vn-reuenged wrongs deplore?
Muft that suffice? and is our powre no more?
He teacheth what to doe; learn of thy Foe:
What furie can, the wounds of Pentheus shew
More then too-much. Why should not in'tread
The path which late her frantick sisters lead?

A steep dark Cane, which deadly Ewe replacet,
Through silence leads to hells infernall feat.
By this dull Styx eiec's a blasting fume:
Hereghoats descend, whose bodies graves inhume;
Amongst those thorns, fitts Cold and Palenelle dwell.
The new-come ghoofts nor know the way to Hell;
Nor where the roomy Stygian City stands;
Or that dire Palace where black e Dir commands:
A thousand entries to this Cicie guide:
The gares still open stand, on euery side.
And as all Rivers run into the Deep;
So all vnhoufed soules doe thither creep.
Nor are they fetterd for want of roome:
Nor can it be perceiuid that any come.
Here shadowes wander from their bodys pent:
Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent:
Some in life-practiz'd Arts impoy theretimes:
Others are torturd for their former Crimes.

b Saturnia flooeping from her Throne of Ayre
(Her hate immortall!) thither makes repayre.
As soone as she had entered the gate,
The threshold trembl'd with her sacred weight.
Still-waking b Cerberus the Goddesse dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doores of Adamant they fit;
And there with combs their snaky curls vnknit.
When they through gloomye darknesse did dircloze
That forme of Heauen, the Goddesse arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.

b Here Tityus, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vftt body on nine Acres spread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From Tantalus, deceitfull water flipp:
And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips:
Thou euer seekft, o routift vp in vaine
A stone, o Sisyphus, to fall againe.
xion, turn'd vpon a refltless wheele,
With giddy head pursues his flying heele.
The Betides, whom Kinf-men's blood accuse,
For ever draw the Water, which they looee.
On all, a Saturnia frowns; b but most of all
At thee Ixion, then, a looke lets fall
On Sisyphus: And why (said thee) remains
This c brother only in perpetuall pains;
When haughty Athamas, whose thoughts despise
Both Ione and me, abides in constant ioyes:
Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,
And what she would: the fall of Cadmus fate;
That Athamas the Furies would distract,
And urge him to some execrable fait.
Importunately she soliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promiseth, with one breath.
IncenfT Tiphone her Trefles shakes;
And toying from her fayce the hisling Snakes,
Thus said: You need not vfe long ambages,
Suppose all done already, that may please:
Forfaie this lothfome Kingdom, and repayre
To th' upper world's more comfortable ayre.
Ivno And Melicertes,
The Ramchow, thc daughter
Of hell-bred Orcus, Cerberus, and Hydra.

\[a\] Who attempted to force her.
\[b\] Tiphone for what the latines named a Fury, the Græcian called Erinyes or the minds of diffention.
\[c\] Tiphone for what the latines named a Fury, the Græcian called Erinyes or the minds of diffention.
\[A\] A Nymph of Hell, like a Serpent from the waft dowaard: the mother of Orcus, Cerberus, and Hydra.
With blood yet reeking, boy'd in hollow brasse,
And stird with Hemlocke. While sad *Artemis*
And Ino quak'd, the powres into their breests
The ragefull poyson; which their peace infects.

Her flam'ry torch then whisking in a round
(Whose circularie fire her conqu'f crown'd) the
To Pluto's empitie regiment she makes
A swift descent; and there ungirts her Snakes.

Forthwith, *Eolides* with poyson boyles;
*Trois*, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your toyles;
Here, late a Lyonell by me was seene
With her two welpees. With that pursues the Queene
And from her breast *Clearchus* snatcht: The child
Stretches forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:
Whom like a fling about his head lie flings;
And cruelly against the pavement flingst.
The Mother, whether with her griefe di'straught,
Or that the poyson on her fenes wrought,
Runs howling with her hair about her cares;
And in bare arms her *Melicertis* beares;
Cryes *Euope Bacchus* ! *Ino* laught, and said,
Thus art thou by thy Foller-child repay'd.
There is a Rock that over-looks the Mayne,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, soeff from rayne;
Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends;
Defcending head-long, with the load the beares;
And strikes the sparkling waues, that fall in tears.

Then, Venus, griefing at *Ino* Neece's Fate,
Her Vnkle thus interets: O thou, whose State
Is next to *Ino*'s, great Ruler of the Flood;
My fute is bold; yet pitty thou my blood;
Not toffed in the deeps *Tonian* Seas:
And joynem tho' to thy warrie Deities.
Some favour of the Sea I should obtaine;
That am ingender'd of the fomie Maine:
Of which, the acceptable name I beare.

*Neptune* affords a fauourable care;
Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;
Then gое to either a Majesticke looke;
In all their faculties divinely fram'd:

And her, *Leucothoe*, him, *Palemon* nam'd.

The *Theban* Ladies, who her fteps perfew'd,
Her left on the firft Pontontorie view'd,
Then, held for dead; with hair, and garments rent,
They beat their breests; and *Cadmus* Houfe lament.

Of little Jutice, and much Cruelty?
All, *Ino* tax. Indure (the faid) shall I
Such blaphemies? I'll make you monuments
Of my revenge. Threats, their threns.

Q. When
When one, of all the most affectionate,
Cry'd, o my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leap into the roaring Flood.
But could not move: her feet fast fixed flood.
Another, who her bosome meant to beat,
Perceiv'd her stiffned arms to lose their heat.
By chance, her hand This stretcheth to the Maine;
Nor could her hand, now stone, unstretch again.
As Shee her violated Treasures bare,
Her fingers forthwith hardened in her haire.
Their Statues now those severall gestures bear
Wherein they formerly surprized were.
Some, Fowles became, now call Cadmeides;
Who with their light wings swepepe those gulpy Seas.

Little knewe Cadmus, that his Children raign'd
In sacred Seas, and deathless States return'd.
Subdew'd with woes, with tragical events,
That had no end, and many dire offents,
He leaves his Citie, as not through his owne,
But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:
And with his wife Hermione, long toft,
At length arrueth at th' Illyrian Coast.
Now spent with grieve and age, whil'st they relate
Their former toyes, and Famelie's first fate:
And was that Serpent sacred, which I flew
(Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw
(An uncouth seed) when I from Sidon came?
If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, ere his wish could end.
Tough scales vpon his hardned out-side grew;
The black, distinguished with drops of blew.
Then, falling on his breast, his thighs vntie;
And in a spiny progresse stretch out-right.
His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he spreeds:
And teares on cheekes, that yet were humane, flies.
Come, o sad Soule, said he; thy husband touch.
Whil'st I am I, or part of me befuch.
Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to shake;
Before I totally enueue a Snake.
His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.
He hift, when he his forrowes fought to vent;
The only language now which Nature lent.
His Wife her naked bosome beats, and cryes,
Stay Cadmus, and put-off these prodigies.
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,
Thy colour, face, and (while I speake) the rest?
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
He lickt her willing lips even as he spake.
Hecuba the sonne of Seneca

b The sonne of Abar.

c Tisinus the father of Eechnus

was the father of Eechnus
great father to Actius.

d The daughter of Actius.

e Bacchus.

f Perseus, whom he exposed with his mother to the mercy of the Sea.

Persevs.

g Medusa's Head.

b The Gorgons were three sisters of whom Medusa was only mortal.

i A constellation neere the Northern Pole.

j A Summer signe in the Zodiac wherein the Sun is at his hightest.

l The morning Starre.

Atlas.

m The Sonne of Torheit.

n The Sunne.
He, mindfull of this prophetic, of old
By sacred Themis of Parnassus told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey shall prove,
'O Japhet's fonde, into the fonde of Love.
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With solid Cliffs, that all accesss oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held,
And from his Land all Forrainers expell'd.
Be gone, said he, for fears thy glories prove,
But counterfeit; and thou no fonde to Love;
Then adds vnctuill violence to threats.
With strength the other seeks his intreats:
In strength inferior; who so strong as he?
Since curreth, nor any worth in me,
Vext Perseus said, can purchase my regard;
Yet from a guest receive thy due reward.
With that, Medusa's vugly head he drew,
His owne revered. Forthwith, Atlas grew
Into a Mountaine equall to the man:
His hair and beard to woods and bushes ran;
His armes and shoulders into ridges spred;
And what was his, is now the Mountaines head:
Bones turne to stones; and all his parts extrude
Into a huge prodigious altitude.
(Such was the pleasure of the ever-blest)
Whereon the heatens, with all their tapers, rest.

Andromeda.
a) Medusa the fonde of Aeget, daughter to Hippoces: King of the windes.
b) See the Comment.

c Where Cadmus the fonde of Phoebus then raign'd,
d Andromeda.
e Cepheus.
f Jupiter Harmony, whose temple flood the Lybian Desert, visited with such difficultie by Alexander.
THE FOURTH BOOK.

Still vrg'd, left she should wrong her innocence,
As if aham'd to vtter her offence,
Her Countrie she discourses, her owne name;
Her beautious Mother's confidence, and blame.
All ye vntrold, the Waues began to rore:
The apparant Monster (haft'ning to the shore)
Before his brest, the broad-lspred Sea vp-beares.
The Virgin shriekes. Her Parents see their fear.
Both mourne, both wretched (but, she inflly so:)
Who bring no aid, but extasies of woe,
With teares that fute the time: Who take the leave
They loathe to take; and to her body cleave.
You for your griefe may haue, a stranger said,
A time too long: short is the hour of aid.
If freed by me, Jone's fonna, in fruitfull gold
Begot on Danae through a brazen Hold,
Who conquer'd Gorgon with the snakie hair;
And boldly glide through vn-inclofed aire:
If for your fonna you then will me prefer;
Ade to this worth, That in delivering her;
I'le trie (fo favour me the Powres divine)
That face, sau'd by my valour, may be mine.
They take a Law; intent what he doth offer:
And further, for a Dowre their Kingdome offer.
Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the fweat of flaves) the Sea doth plow:
Euen fo the Monster furroweth with his brest,
The foming flood; and to the neere Rocke pref:
Not farther distant, then a man might fling
A way-inforcing bullet from a fling,
Forth-with, the youthfull infue of rich fhowres,
Earth fushing from him, to the blew skye towres.
The furious Monster eagerly doth chace
His shadow, gliding on the Seas smooth face.
And as Jone's bird, when fhee from high furvai's
A Dragon basking in Apollo's rayes;
Defends vnfeene, and through his necks blew scales
(To fhu his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:
So swiftlyfts ops high-pircht Inachides
Through finging ayre: then on his back doth feaze;
And neere his right fin fheath'd his crooked sword
Vp to the hils, who deeply wounded, roar'd:
Now capers in the ayre, now diues belowe
The troubled waues; now turn's upon his foe:
Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager hounds
Haue at a Bay, and terrifie with founds.
He, with swift wings, his greedy jawes avoids;
Now, with his fauchion wounds his scaly fides;
Now, his shell-rough-caff back; now, where the tale
Ends in a Fisht, or parts expos'd t'affaire.
A stream mixt with his bloud the Monftr flings
From his wide throat, which wetts his heavy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their fupport. He fees a rocke hard by,
Whose top above the quiet waters flood;
But vnderneath the winde-incipfed flood.
There lights, and, holding by the rocks extent,
His oft-thrust fword into his bowels fent.
The thore rings with th' applaufe that fills the sky.
Then, Cepheus and Caffiope, with ioy,
Salute him for their fonne: whom now they call
The Saviour of their Houfe, and of them all.
Vp came Andromeda, freed from her chaine:
The caufe, and recompence of all his paines.

Meane-while, he walketh his victorious hands
In cleaning waues. And left the beachy Sands
Should hurt the flakie head, the ground he ftre w
With leaves and twigs that under water grew:
Whereon, Medusa's vgy face he layes.
The greene, yet juicy, and attractifue prays
From the tought Monftr stiffning hardnes tooke,
And their owne natiue pliancy forfooke.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie
On other sprigs, and in the iflue ioy:
Who fowe againe their seeds upon the Deepe.
The Corall now that propertie doth keepe,
Receiving hardneffe from felt ayrealone:
Beneath the Sea at twig, aboue a stone.

Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To a Hermes, ioue, and b Her who warre affects:
Minerva's on the right; on the left hand
Stood Mercurie's: ioue's in the midft did stand.
To Mercurie, a Calfe they Sacrifice;
To ioue, a Bull; a Cow, to Pallas dyes:
Then takes Andromeda, the full reward
Of fo great worth; with Dow'r, of leffe regard.

Now, Loue and c Hymen verge the Nuptial Bed:
The sacred Fires with rich Perfumes are fed;
The houfe hung round with Garlands; every-where
Melodious Harps and Songs salute the eare;
Of joycond mirth the free and happy Signes:
With Dores display'd, the golden Palace shines.

The President of Marriage
The d Cepheus Nobles, and each Stranger Guest,
Together enter to this fumptuous Feaft.
The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare
Their heightned spirits: Perfes to hear
Their fations, manners, and originaU;
Who, by Lyncides is inform'd of all.
This told; he faid: Now tell, o valiant Knight,
By what felicity of force or fleight,

You
You got this purchase of the snaky haires.  
Then *Abantiaides* forthwith declares,  
How vnder frosty *Atlas* clifty fide  
There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortif'ed:  
In whose access the *Phorcides* did lye;  
Two siflers; both of them had but one eye:  
How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,  
As they from one another it convey'd.  
Then through blind wastes, and rocky forrests came  
To *Gorgon*’s house: the way vnto the same,  
Befet with formes of men and beafts, alone  
By feeling of *Medusa* turn’d to flone:  
Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,  
In his bright target’s cleere refulgency,  
And how her head he from her moulders tooke,  
Ere heavy sleepe her snakes and her forfooke.  
Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his *brother*,  
Sprung from the blood of their new-flaughtred mother:  
Adding the perils past in his long way;  
What feats, what foyles, his eyes belowe furuay;  
And to what starres his lofty pitch ascends:  
Yet long afor their expectation ends.  
One Lord among the rest would gladly knowe,  
Why Serpents only on her head did growe.  
Stranger, said he, since this that you require  
Deferrres the knowledge, take what you defire:  
Her passing beauty was the onely scope  
Of mens affections, and their envied hope;  
Yet was not any part of her more rare  
(So fay they who have seene her) then her haire.  
Whom *Neptune in Minerva’s Fane* comprest.  
*Jone’s daughter*, with the *Aegis* on her breft,  
Hid her chaste blushes: and due vengeance takes,  
In turning of the *Gorgon*’s haire to Snakes.  
Who now, to make her enemies affray’d,  
Bearcs in her shield the Serpents which she made.
Vpon the Fourth booke of Ovids Metamorphosis.

Bacchys his Ceremonies and Attributes.

Alcithoe and her sisters will neither acknowledge the deity of Bacchus, nor partake in his solemnities, which now are celebrated by the Theban women, who hang the skins of spotted beasts on their shoulders, to express not only the variety of colour, but the nature of wine, which makes the Salvage civill, and the civill Salvage, by the moderate, or immoderate use thereof. They dress their hair as sitting with the furious effects of wine, and crown it with Ivy: in that Ivy resembles the wine, affording garlands, when other is naked. Besides, the berries and leaves inebriate alike, through their hot and dry quality: although others write that they preserve from drunkenness, refilling the fame of wine by their natural coldness, and that therefore they were worse. Each held a Thyrsis in her hand (a faucelain wreathed about with Ivy) to take away terror from their friends, and covertly to wound their enemies: or in that wine deluding with its natural fivacity and fpecies appearance, ever aware overt brawses the senses, and debilitates the body. Superstitious Antiquity did believe that the Gods rejoied in immultiplicity of names: either for their greater glory, or to express the variety of their faculties. As called in this hymne Lyxus, because liberal cups exhilarate the heart, and free it from sorrow.

All things are difficult unto the dry:
Nor fretting cares would else from mortals fly.
Who whet with wine at warres, or want repine?
Or praisenot Bacchus, or thec Erycine.

So Bacchus of that fury and madnesse which flows from excesse: Nyfxus and Dionylus, of Nyla the top of Cytheron, where he was fosserd by the Nymphs; or of Nyfeia a city of India, where the more ancient was said to have beene borne, and concealed in Meros an adjoyning Monmaine. Bromeus of the roaring of thunder which was at his birth: or of the tumultuarie noyse of drunkards. Even, a word used by the Bacchs in their acclamationes. Fire, got in that snatch from the fire of lightning, or of the fiery operation of wine. The some of two mothers: that is of Semele and the thigh of Jupiter; Twice-born, as produced by either: and historically said to be borne of Jupiter's thigh, in that fosserd in a Cane at the foot of Meros which was consecrated unto him. He is called Eleleus, because wine excites audacity and courage.

What will not wine? It secretly brings to light:
Confirms our hopes, and makes th' unwarmed figh.

Thioneus, of Thione, a name of his mother Semele: or of his sacrifices and Orges. Lenaus, of the wine-presse; Nyctelius, in that his ceremonies were celebrated by night: and Liber, which is the same with Lyxus. For the inventer of wine, faith Seneca, was not called Liber of the liberty of the tongue, but that it frees the mind from the servitude of cares, affuences, and makes it more lively and confident. But as of freedome, fo of wine, the moderation is most healthfull. Solomon and Aeschylus are said to have cherished their spirits with wine; and ebrity is objected.
obieoted to Cato: but the obiecor may more easily prove that vice is a virtue, the Cato to be vitious. Although not often to be vied least it induce an ill habit; yet sometimes prolonged, a little to exhalerate, and remove over-fad a sobriety. Bacchus is said to be ever young in that wine refresheth the spirits with a youthful vigour, for a time suppresting those infirmities of the mind which accompany: and a naked boy, because drunkards reveale their owne shame and nakednes, as Noah did his. So the prophet pronounceth we unto him who makes his neighbour drunk to discover his nakednesse: as also because they betray their secrets like little children. For as the over charged with wine cast it up againe, so doe they their counsells: both boylng within, and labouring for a passage. They place him in Heaven, and give him the perfection of beauty: being taken for the Sun by the ancient, as appears by these verses in Virgil:

Bacchus, and bountious Ceres, o you clear
Lights of the World, that guide the sliding yeare.

Presenting also the variety of Starres by the spotted skinne which were borne by his followers. So by their dances they imitated the motion of the Sun, and those vapours daily drawn up by his virtue, which falling in bowres, gie growth to whatsoever the earth produceth: wherefore the Phallus was carried about in his solemnities, as the father of generation, that name perpetually given him. They armes his head with horses perhaps in regard of his radiancy: or in that much wine makes men as salvige and as fierce as bulls; Tunc pauper cornua fumit; that is, grows bold and foole-hardy: but cheerful and gentle when moderately taken, and therefore then said to have the face of a virgin: but this Macrobius ascribes to the Sunne, as the rest of his properties. Historically he is said to be horned in that anciently they drank in horses, and that Bacchus was the first that plowed the earth with oxen: in imitation of whom the Trowes in his festivals bound horses to their foreheads. Diodorus writes that he reigned in Nyla, a City of Arabia the Happy; where first he was conceale from the inquisition of Juno: whence marching Eastward with an mighty army, consulting for the most part of women, he subdued all India to the uttermost bounds of the Earth: there erecting two pillars, beyond which no land was supposed to extend: after imitated by Hercules in the West: of which Dionysius in the situation of the World:

This shire whereon the farthest Ocean flowes
The Columnes of the Theban Bacchus showes
On Indian hills, where gulph Ganges sweepes
Nyfean waues in to the swallowing Deepes.

More probable that Noah (the true Nyfean Bacchus) there feiled after the flood, the Arke restling (according to the opinion of Becanus, and others) upon the mountains of Margiana, called Ararat in the Scriptures; which hath beene mistaken for the mountains of Armenia, because Armenia is sometimes so called: but indeed one continued ledge of hills, seeming to rise in Armenia, but running through many vast provinces: and loosing in the course there of that general name of Ararat which it retaines in the Scriptures, and receiuing according to the severall places, diversitie of appellations. Alexander having conquered these Countries, in imitation of Bacchus returned with his triumphant Army crowned with Ivy, and about Nilea in Margiana staid ten daies, there finding the most
delicate wine: perhaps even then affecting the title of the sonne of Jupiter: informing by Leon the Egyptian Priest under the scale of secrets, and that he should only communicate it to his mother Olympics, how all those Gods were but former-
y men: which made his ambition to hope for like honours. The Thebans sing of the miserable fate of Lycurgus: the sonne of Dryas, and king of Thrace: who per-
ceiving that the Thracians addicted themselves wholly to drunkenesse, commun-
ad the wines throughout all his kingdom to be cut downe: whereupon it was sai-
ded that he purfued Bacchus with such deadly hatred, killing his Frowes who Lay hid in Nya, and forcing the affrighted God to fly unto Nazos. For which fact de-
prived of his fences, in steed of a wine, he cut his thigh affender: but according to Homer struck blind by Iupiter.

Nor Dryas fon furuited many howers;
Who waged warre with the Coelestiall powers.
He furious Bacchus Nurses did purfew
Through sacred Nysas hills, to Earth they threw
Their leasy Iavelins, whom his God depruiues
Of life: in seas affrighted Bacchus diuues;
Whom Tethis in her fluer boforme tooke,
Trembling and panting with a gaffly looke.
This vext, the happy-living Deities
Struck blind by Ione, by all abhord, he dyes.

Ye Diagonas the Theban incur'd no punishment for the like;who by a perpetual
Edict abolished the beastly night sacrifices of Bacchus: suppressed after by the cons-
uls, not only in the City of Rome, but through all their dominions. Plutarch

alaminating the Jews will have their feast of Tabernacles to be celebrated in the
honour of Bacchus, and endeavour to parallel it with his frantic solemnities.
Yet they had a meeting which they called Mishche, of their free and more liberal
drinking. They make his charriot to be drawn by linxes: beasts with spotted skins,
begotten betweene the Wolfe and Hyena: dedicated unto him (as others of that nati-
ure) for their immiinacy and violence, much affecting wine, and by that baite tak-
ken; converning with the affections and dispositions of drunkards: as also in that a
creature of so short a memory: insomuch as they forget the prey which they but
turn their eye from, and seke after other: to declare that nothing which is said or
done in drinke should be remembred, according to that saying, Odi memorem
comptorem. But contrary to the rule of Pythagoras, whom would have their ri-
diculous words and afficions continually repeated, as the only cure of that euill. For
what they were not ashamed to doe, they are ashamed to heare off. His solemnities
are performed by women: being brought vp, and accompanied by them in his In-
dian expedition: called Baccha of his name: & their frantic clamour; so said to be
so associated, in that as Plutarch affirms Women can bear more wine than men,
in regard of their natural humidi: or in that Bacchus is a friend unto Venus.
The Satyres follow in the Reare: lascivious sullenly (for so the name signifies, perpet-
ually attending on wine and effminate immodesty. They are described to differ from
the shapes of men in the lower parts only, which resembles a Gotes, with long tailes,
and horns on their heads, their bodies all hairy. Pliny affirms that there were
of them in the Indian mountains: and Eupheminus of Caria, how that failing into
Spaine he was born by the extremity of weate through the wide Ocean to certain
lands which were called the Ises of the Satyres: that the people were red of colour,
and had long tresses like horses; who coming a board, without speaking one word offered violence to their women: when the terrified Mariners turned a shore a Barbarian vessel, whom the Satyres following, contaminated with all variety of beastliness. Some deny that such ever were. Although Hierome and Athanafius report that one appeared to S. Paul the hermit, who said he was mortal, and an inhabit of those Deserts. Eliay, prophesying of the desolation of Babylon, says that their horses shall be full of doe and bull creatures, and that Satyres shall dance there. So Fairy Roundes have therefore beene much spoken of. I have heard of some who trade to Ginny, that they have scene, and had a board, a beast (if I may so term it) that would goe on his hinder legs, and use his former as hands: that it fed as wee feede, would grease, and weeepe, and could not indure to be laught at. The Moores would say that they would assaile them in the woods, and beat them with cudgells. And perhaps the Baboones for his up-right posture, and witty imitation of man, might be mistaken for a Laplander. But I am confident that this conception of Satyres proceeded chiefly from Saluage and wild men, discovered a farre off in the woods by the ciuil: wearing skinnes of beafls on their tawny bodies, with the tale hanging downe behind, and horses on their heads for ornament or terror; even yet in sre among the Wilt-Indians. Ignorance and Feare having anciently attributed to such a terrefiall Deity.

The Sileni were no other then old Satyres: but one here mentioned more famous then the rest: borne in Indian Nysse, and tutor unto Bacchus. Lucian describes him to be old and bald, riding for the most part on an Ass: low of stature, with a frump, fat, with an ever grownie belly, his eares long and erect, neuer sober, and ever accompanied by the Satyres.

Th' old drunkard recles from his dull Ass: the cries Of Satyres echo, Rife vp, father, rife.

He is fained an attendant on Bacchus, big-bellied, reeling, and old: because in moderate drinke puffis vp the body, making the head light, and the feste inconstant, producing also uneasinesse by ext implanting the naturall with adventitious heat, according to the opinion of Farnelius. He is said to be the Foster-father of Bacchus in that wine is bettered by age: and to ride on an Ass: because habitual drunkennesse offends the senses, and dulls the understanding. The Ass was placed among the stories for a memoriall of this: or rather, as they faile, for putting the Gyants to fight with his horribile brayings: Silenus assisting the Gods in that warre. They give him a ferula in his hand (the stalk of a certain weed) that as drunkards are ready to strike, so they should be unable to hurt: all offences being then to determine in mirth, and not to be the authors of tragical concomitancies. The clamos, loud instruments, and hurrying about in these frantick solemnities, decipher the confused noyses, and undecent behaviours, in such drunken assemblies.

The daughters of Mineus follow their works in contempt of this festival, and lighten their labours by telling of stories. The eldest beginning, touch'd by the way their transformations of Dorcetis, of her daughter Semiramis, and the transforming of Nais. Dorcetis, the Syrian Goddess, is said to have fallen in love with a beautifull youth, as he sacrificed unto her, and by him had a daughter: when she, abased of her incontinency, put the youth away, exposed the infant in the deferts, and overcome with sorrow, threw her selfe into a lake near Alcalon, there changed into a fish, as beloved by the inhabitants: for which cause the Syrians did abstaine from fishes, erecting hard by a magnificent temple, with her image in the likeness of
of a fish from the shall downwards. But the report of Theon is more probable, how that falling into the sea they were supported by fishes to the shore, and therefore worshipped in that form. This was that Dagon the Idol of the Alcalonites, according to N. Hierome, (by interpretation the fish of sorrow) which fell before the Ark of God, the head and hands broken off on the threshold (for which cause neither the priests nor those who entered the Temple would tread thereon ever after) so that no thing but the spine of the fish remained. As at the shrine of this idol, they offered fishes of gold and silver. Moreover, the Syrians would eat no fish, in that they held it injustice to kill these creatures which did them no harme, and were fed on rather for luxury than necessity: from which, for the same cause the Grecian army on the Hellepont, and Phæacians, though dainty in their diet, abstained. Withall, concerning the sea to be the original and father of all that had life, & that man was ingendred of a liquid substance, they adored fishes, as being of their own generation and substance.

Semiramis. Her exposed daughter in that fed by doves was called Semiramis, which signifies a Dove in the Syrian language: who after became the wife of Ninus, and Queen of Assyria. Now when she could no longer detain the empire from her son (which she had managed during his minority, and infinitely enlarged it by her conquests) not interposing to surmount her glory, she with-drew her self; and being fewe more, was said to have been translated to the Gods, according to the Oracle. Others faine, as here our Poet, that she was turned into a Dove: in memorial whereas, or rather of her name, the Babylonians divineously honoured that bird, and gave it in their ensignes. Besides they expressed the same by the Dove, as by fish, the waters reen Crystal both as comprising the nature of all things.

Nais. Of this Nais there is elsewhere no mention, but only in Arianus: who writes of an island in the Eritisian sea, called Nofoa, a hundred furlongs distant from the shore, which those inhabitants affirmed to be sacred to the Sun, and how none salved thither who ever made returne, in that possessed by a Nais, who having fattated her selfe with all that arrived, converted them into fishes, for which she incensed the Sun, and concept it the land, yet granted her request in the core of her inexpleable lust converting those, whom she had changed by her enchantments, againe into men, from whom proceeded that race of people called Ichthiophagi. But Ovid here writes, that she her selfe in the end was transformed into a fish: whereby her burning desires were extinguished. For persecuted Venus is else-where said to have hid her selfe in that forme: and where can that unquenched ardor be better concealed, then in a creature of so cold a constitution, which affords neither food nor heat to revi-ence it? Whereupon perhaps these voyers of chastity are tied to that diet. From which rule all hell fish is to be excepted: and therefore perhaps an abomination to the Israelites.

Pyramus and Thisbe. She resolues on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe: whose wretched ends upbraid those parents, who measpire their childrens by their own out-worne and deadened affections: in forcing them to serve their avarice or ambition in their fatal marriages (apty therefore compared to the tyranny of Mezentius, who bound the loving to the dead till they perished by the sithen; more cruelly therein to their own, then either the malice of foes or fortune; yet undoing, are undone, and bare in the general calamity. Not considering that riches cannot purchase love, nor threats or violence either force or restrain it: which free by nature, as proceeding from the freedom of the will, disdaines compulsion, subduing all, unsubdued by any: and so generous, that whereas all other affections and actions aim at different rewards, none only is contented with lone holding nothing else a sufficient recompence. On the
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

The second Sister relates the love of the Sun, inflamed by Venus for his discovery of her adultery with Mars. Which carries this astrological sense: that those who are born in the Conjunction of Mars and Venus are prone to inordinate affections. Mars sometimes descendent beneath the Sun, and Venus for a part of the year ascendent above him, as it were to meet with each other: whose conjunction may then be said to be discovered by the Sunne, when he ceaseth to obscure them by the proximity of his greater splendor. Vulcan binds them in a yet: that is, with too much fervor subdues their operations. For the fear of Mars is hot, and that of Venus moderate moist; and whereof generation consists: and therefore mutual lovers: by Neptune unbound, in that water extinguisheth fire, which is Vulcan. This fable therefore was invented to express the sympathy that is necessary in nature. Proceede we a little with the influences of these Planets: Mars is malignant, but approaching Venus subdues his malignity; Mars excites the greatness of spirit and wrath in those in whose vanity he predominates; Venus impeacheth not that virtue of magnanimity, but the vice of anger: Venus rubbith in the effects of love, and Mars conjoyneth, makes the force of that love more ardent: wherefore these that are born under that conjunction are most fervently amorous. Mars follows Venus: because audacity is the page unto love; not love to audacity: for none, in that valiant are taken with love, but wounded with love become so, and undauntedly undergo all dangers for the beloved. Mars likewise signifies leisure, and Venus friendship, which, as the ancient held, were the parents of all things. But morally adulteries are traced by this fable: which how potent forever the offenders, though with never so much art concealed, and secrecy concealed, are at length discovered by the eye of the Sun, and exposed to shame and dishonour.

Now Vulcan was truly that Tuball-Caine recorded by Moses; there being no small conformity in the name, who invented the art of working in Brass and Iron: the authors of such benefits by politerity reputed the sonnes of Jupiter, he also being the grand-child of Caine, the first Jupiter, and called the God of fire, because by fire they are forged. So Nauna, his sister and wife, was this Venus: her name importing beauty or comeliness, and intituled the Goddess of love, in that beauty so powerfully unites in our bloods and affections.

Venus revengeth her difference on the discoverer. The caelestial heat is inflamed Leucotho: by a terrestrial: and he who should look in indifferentely on all, now only looks on

R 3

Leucotho.
Leucothea: and descends so low as to assume the shape of a mortal. Love is a desire of beauty; implied by Leucothoë. Beauty, a beam of the divine refulgency: and therefore no marvel if the lower neglect all things for the beloved, without whom there is nothing but darkness and discomfort. His looks pale, a colour suitable to that disease, by which Eurifaces the Phiiitiandiscover'd the concealed affection of Antiochus. This paleness proceeds from a defect of heat and scarlet of blood, when nature is too weak to perform at once two several duties. For the intention of a lovers mind is continually exercised in contemplating the beloved; with it all the powers of the natural complexion: which, besides the reflexion of the spirits, doth cause an ill digestion in the stomach, and as bad a confusion in the liver: so that the blood is but little and crude which flows in their veins. The Sun now neglecteth the rest of his loves; all former affections are buried in a new. But passionate Clytie repines to be thus despatched. Jealousy rose up at once affection and envy. She discovers Leucothoë's flares to her father, who buries her alive. When the Sun unable to relieve her, besprinkles the place of her body with Nećta, from whence a frankincense tree ascended: aptly is he fain'd to be the author of this transformation. To have sprinkled her with Nećta, in regard of the sweete odor of incense, which feasts the Gods with perfumes: and to have produced that tree, because it grows in Sibæa, as naturally affecting inmoderate fervor, and thereupon happily fainted reciprocal lovers. Moreover, in that it delights in open places, and yeasts a gum so useful in physic: nor sweate unwisely be melted by the Sun or fire, like prayers which in themselves have no favour, unwisely inflamed with zeal and devotion, which in the Ceremonial law was expressed by the Censor. But historically Leucothoë perhaps was some vowed Virgin, buried alive, as the Vestals at Rome, for infringing her chastity.

Clytie.

Clytie, resisted for this discovery, pines away with grief, and is changed into a flower which turns about with the Sun: (because that part of the skle is infused whereon his beams besteth) who retaining still her former affection, besprinkles her leaves when he sees, as bemoaning his absence. Wherein the nature of the Heirotrope is described, whose feeble leaves are shut up by the moisture and coldness of the night; but opened and cherisht by the dryness and warmth of the Sun, dispersed from the center to the circumference, receiving thereby an addition of lustre: which newes the concinnity and temperature of earthly bodies with the Heauenly. So faith Lactantius, should we see our thoughts upon Heauen, and follow the guide of the Cœlestial light, by farre more glorious than that of the Sun; which will without error direct vs to the port of eternal felicity.

Daphnis.

Now Alcithoe begins her story, first passing over certaine obscure fables. As that of Daphnis turned into a stone by a Nymph imprag'd with jealousy: so faine'd in that he stylised his senses with a lone-cup. Such an one was gave to the Emprour Calligula, of this whose Juvinall.

He Æonian Philters sells, of wicked might To vex the husbands minde, and lust excite. The foules obscure eclyps, befotted fence, And strange forgetfulnesse, proceede from thence. Lefse horrid, if not madnesse there with all: As did to Neroes vnkle esft behall; To whom his wife Cafonia gaue the whole Infectious front all of a trembling folc. 

Eulebius
Eulebius reports how the Poet Lucrétius was so infuriated with a love-cup that he flew himself: and by the law it is death to administer them to any. Next mentions he Scython, sometime a man and sometimes a woman. Be like of both sexes, and committing with either. Then Selmus one of Idaen Daëtils, who fostered Iove and was beloved by him: but after, for dissouling his mortality, converted into an Adamant: or perhaps so fained in regard of his undaunted fortitude. The Curetes said to spring from flowers, in that mimicks,fooles, and idlers: according to the proverbe, It hath rained fools, when many are together. Called Curetes, because they were shaven like Idiots, as Coribantes, of their dancing with rattles and mimical actions, attending on Jupiter, as their successors not seldom on Princes. Crocus and Smilax, mutually beloved of each other, when they could not in their affections were turned into flowers which preferre their names. Of these a late Author.

Crocus and Smilax, louetier then love; Borne vnder cruel allars, yet worthy love. She might have Nectar find in Hebes stead; And he supply'd the Idaen Ganymed. Who gather flowers, know these, and know their fires: Now fragrant, cleft as flagrant their desires.

Crocus is the same with our Safforne, though of different kins. The Smilax resembles Ivy, bearing a flower like our violet; some white, some yellow; some purple, some white and black, with variety of mixtures. These flowers in regard of the unfortunacy of those lovers; were consecrated to the Eumenedes: nor worn in garlands by any, as ominous and fatal.

The fine Nymph Salmacis delighting only to adorne her person, to couch in shades, and bath in her owne fountain, burns in desire with the son of Hermes Hermaphroditus and Aphrodite partaking the names and beauties of either: Mercury being called Hermes, as the messenger of the Gods; and Venus Aphrodite, in that supposed to spring from the frath of the Ocean. Sinful love is the deformed issue of both and delicacy: and seldom survives his inglorious parents. Of which our Phyllis.}

When thou art fit, and faine wouldst philick take; First practiç this: An idle life forsake. What made thee lose, makes thee a Jouer full! The caufe and nourishment of that sweete ill: Shun Idlenesse, and Cupids bow will breake, His flighted flames fly out; difarm'd and weak. As reeds in marithes affect their Site; As Poplars in the running brookes delight: So Venus ioyes in flothe: let Cupid be By action tam'd, blue busy and blue free. Faint ease, long sleepe, which no commaundt controules, Time spent in sport, and drencht in flowing bowls, Without a wound th'infeebled minde furprize: Then in vnflpide infectious Cupid flies. Which sloth-affecting boy doth toyle detest: Doe something to imply th empty brest.

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Salmacis
Salmacis clinges about the surprized youth like a serpent, till both become one body.

The reason why lovers so strictly embrace, is to incorporate with the beloved, which yet they cannot, can never be satisfied. Thus with the vanity and vexation hereof to the life expressed by Lucretius.

The lovers arder in inconstancy
Of error flyes, whilethey their loues injoy.
Their eyes and hands still shift from place to place:
Who hurt what they too eagerly imbrace,
Stifle with kisses, and their soft lips bite
With ravenous teeth, in that no pure delight.
Wherein those flings thely hid which vrged them so
To hurt th'affected, whence their furies grow.
But Venus gently mitigates those ills:
And pleafant balm into the wound diftils.
For hope, sprung from one fountaine with defire,
Thinks with that beauty to aflwage her fire;
Which natures felfe refifts: The more poftfe,
The more dire loue inflames the tortur'd breft.
For meate and drinke into the body tane,
Becaufe in proper places they remaine,
Our thrist and hunger eafily subdivew:
But in a humane forme and rofate hew
The aery image is injoyd alone:
Which by our vanifht hopes away is blowne
As thofe who sleeping ftriuw to drinke, yet get
No water to aflwage their inward heat
But fecke the shadow, labour in their dreams;
And thirt amidft th'imaginary streames.
So louers loue deludes with Imagry:
Nor can they fatisfie their longing eye;
Nor yet their hands, still griping here and there,
One iot from that beloved body bare.
For this, when thofe with glow heat of loue,
And Venus mifteries defire to prove;
They greedily imbrace, joynne mouthes, inspire
Their foules, and bite through arder of defire:
In vaine, fince nothing they can thence tranflate,
Nor wholy enter and incorporate.
For fo sometimes they would,fo ftriuw to doe:
And cleaue so close as if no longertwo,

Platvs recites a fable, how man at the first was created double, and for his arrogancy diſſected into male and female: the reafon of their affected combination, as coining to returne to their original: an obſcure notion (as we have formerly written) of Eva's being taken out of the fide of Adam. So Hermaphroditus and Salmacis remaine in one perfon both sexes: of whom the like are called Hermaphrodites Aristotele writes that they have the right brest of a man, and the left of a woman, wherein they nourish their children. They were to choose what fex they would ufe, and punished with death if they changed at any time. One not long since burned for
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for the same at Burges: who elected the female, and secretly exercised the male, under the disguise committing many vilaniies. Caliphans reports, how among the Nafamones there were a whole nation of those; who used both with like liberty. There are many at this day in Egypt, but most frequent in Florida; who are so hated by the rest of the Indians, that they use them as beasts to carry their burdens, to suck their wounds, and attend on the diseased. But at Rome they threw them as soon as borne into the river, the Virgins singing in procession, and offering sacrifice unto Tuno. It is here said that Hermaphroditus by his prayers to his parents procured this quality to that fountain, that what man or fower bathed therein should come forth half woman. Whereof thus Strabo: In Caris is the fountain of Salmacis, I know not how infamous, for making the drinker effeminate: since luxury neither proceeds from the quality of the ayre nor water, but rather from riches and intemperance. The Carians therefore addicted to float and filthy delights were called Hermaphrodites; not in that of both sexes, but for defiling themselves with either. Hermaphroditus is famed to be the fountain of Mercury, because whereas the other are called either masculine or feminine, of their more or less vigour, heat, drought, or humidity, the Planet of Mercury participates of both natures, hot and dry, by reason of his vicinity to the Sunne, removed never above 50 Degrees, cold and moist by the neighborhood of the Moon & the Earth: conforming himself also to the auspicious or malevolent aspects of those planets with whom he joyneth his influence.

Menrids:

But now approacheth the fate of the Mincides. These are named in history Leucippe, Arifone & Alcithoe; who longing in their distraction to feed upon human flesh, cast lots among themselves who should kill her child, which fell on Leucippe, who rendered her same Hippalus to the slaughter. For this their husbands putting on black, and Iordinattire, were called Phofoles, which signifies sinicks, and the women Oconolox, that is distempered in senses and so were their posterity long after: whom the Priests of Bacchus in his festivals accustomed to chafe with cursis in his mouth and a sword in his hand, nor held unlawful to kill, if hee over-tooke any of them. One slaine by Zoilus in the daies of Plutarch; as himselfe affirmeth, but not unrevenged with sundry calamities. To this the fable may have some allusion: the processe whereof, with their conversion into Bats may informe us: how the divine vengeance pursues the irreligious and profaners of sanctified daies, with maine discourse or interdicted labours. Their flying in the twilights decipers such as from the light of truth to live in the ambiguity of error. The Bat is the only four-footed creature which flies: and therefore yet disputable whether it bird or a beast, by which the Egyptians presented Neutralitie; hated, and not seldome obnoxious to both parties. Bats are chafed away, or killed with the smoke of rye, which is consecrated to Bacchus: and therefore here introduced as an Antipathy in nature.

IVNO DESCENT TO HELL:

Still Tuno pursues the House of Cadmus with inexpressible hatred: and now, to excite the Furies to the ruine of Athamas and Ino, descends unto Hell. The way thither, steep, too easie, and gloomy with shades of Eme: a fatal and venomous tree; in so much as in sandy countries they die that either solace or sleep under it. Silence, Paleness, Cold, and Stupidity (the symtomes of Death) have here their residence. But those Ghosts only passe the river of Styx whose bodies have their sepulture; and are restored against to their first Original.

All these you see, poor soules, are vnioum'd.

That Boat-man Charon: those he wafts, intomb'd.

S

This

O commisquam ternis, incipti, inhumasti, turbo et.

Peritur ille Charon: bis quaest violis odes, festis:

This
This heavy flood went that horrid shore
None pass, whose footsteps are not at rest before.
A hundred years about those banks they hover:
Then t'uncertain, the wished strand recover.

Of the same opinion was Plato, and before him Homer, who makes Hector, terrify with that fear, to run from Achilles. Which perhaps both the one and the other had learned in Egypt: the Kings of that country accustomed to avert their subjects by threatening to deprive them of inner all: Plato's city hath a number of gates, which always stand open: there is but one passage unto life, but to death a million. Yet for all this infinite concourse it appeareth empty: so greedy is the grave, and hell so insatiable. He introduced the Ghosts to execute those functions which they followed in their life times: according to that of Plato, how the same desires remained in the Soul, which were either in her nature or affection when apparelled with the body. Thus followed by Virgil

The lot of Charities, of bright arms, the care
To feed their fleck'd skin'd fleeces; in death now are
As when alive.—

Which error of opinion ( saith Cicero) was much increased by the Poets; who had, and have, the liberty to frame what they liked.

Cerberus, the three-headed Hell-bound harkes at the approaching Goddess. Belike contrary to his custom: for it is said that he used to feast on all that came thither, but afflicted such with horrible yellings, as endeavoured to return. Cerberus signifies the earth, which devoureth all flesh, and from whence receiveth his name: said to have three heads, in regard of the triple division thereof: to flatter all comers, in that it giveth sepulture to all; but to resist their retreat, since no traveller returns from that silent Region. For this faineth a three-headed Dog, & the infernal Porter.

Consonant to the truth was that opinion of the Poets, how virtue and vice in another world had their rewards and punishments: although erroneous in the definition of the latter, that some were temporary, and others eternal. From whence spring their fictions of the infernal rivers, and abyss of Tartarus. Acheron (according to Ficinus) corresonding with the ayre and Meridian, purging by sorrow and anxiety: Phlegon with fire and the Orient, punishing wrath and conscience, by a more violent fervor: Styx and Cocytus with the Earth and Occident afflicting hatred by tears and lamentations. These were only to purifie; but the pains of Tartarus served not for phisick but example: from whence there was no redemption. Before this Dungeon sate the daughters of Night; severe and implacable Deities, therefore named Bumcides; of their indignation: Erinnyes, and Furies of the terrors wherewith they afflicted the guilty. These were said to bee the Ministers of Divine vengeance upon flagitious offenders; pursuing them not only in this world but the other.

Among these the Gigant Tytius, whose extended body covered nine acres: his hinder part fed on Vultures, and never diminishing; for offering violence to Latomia. But Strabo converts this fable to a history; how Tytius was a tyrant of Panopea, cruel, lustful, and outrageous, whom Apollo slew, as before he had Python: when to deterre others from like violence and impiety; it was fain that he suffered this infernal punishment. A conception translated from the fire of hell; that e
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...ever seeds on the bodies of the damned, which suffer no diminution; but afford un-convincible nourishment. He is said to be the sonne of the Earth of his earthly afflictions, and in opposition to the heavenly seed. As the sonnes of men, in the Scripture, so was a proportion, in regard of the large extension of just.

Tantalus, a friend to the Gods, admitted to their counsells and feitorials, was thrust down into Hell for revealing their secrets; where he hungered and thirsted in the midst of abundance, and as Lucertus, faines, had a maffy stone hanging over his head, whose full be continually feareth (like the sword which Dionylius with a slender thread, at a revolt feast, hung over his flatterer Damocles) Declaring hereby how dangerous it know, and how fatal to discover the secrets of Princes.

Slyphus, the most subtle of men, and one who inflected the Corinthian libnos with his robberies being slime by Thetucus, was faines in Hell to rustle a maffy stone against a scone hill, which creere the top, tumbled downe againe, and eternally renewed his labour. The reward of treachery, injustice, and oppression.

So Ixion, a favorite of Jupiter, for attempting Iuno, (who instead of her, embraced a cloud in her likeness) is turned on a reflex wheel, in perpetual memory of such treason and ingratitude. But histories report, how Ixion having slaine his father in law, devoured and avoided of all men, for sooke his country, and came to a certaine King, by whom he was receeued with bounty, and made of his Counsell. When Ixion not long after attempted the chastity of his queen; wherewith shee acquainted his husband, who hard of belief, made her seeme to content; and caused a weuche called Nephele (her name signifying a cloud,) to supply her place: whereupon he was fain to have embraced a cloud for Iuno. For this, cast out of favour, and afflicted with the horror of so foule an offence, hee was fained to suffer those infernal torments.

Lastly the Belides, so called of their grandfather Belus, for killing their coven germanes and husbands the first night they lay with them, by the instigation of their father Danaus, are here made for ever to pourre water into a vessell full of holes: to shew that the obedience to our parents will not excuse vs, when they command injust things. These sisters are resembled to the life of man, and vanity of all humane endeavours, which leave behind them no impression, but are dont and demolished together.

But all these formentioned punishments are allegorically referred to the perturbations of the minde. As the Vulture which feeds on Tityus liver to the cares of love (since love proceeds from the Liver, whose expense is daily repaired) or irrecovable hatred. The famine of Tantalus to Covetousness, which starves it selfe in the midst of plenty, and may evermore happy Poverty. Ixions wheel, to the desperate remembrance of perpetrated crimes, which circularly pursue, and afflicthe the guilty. Slyphus stone, to still-copying and miserable Ambition: and the leaking wrowe of the Belides, to the inexpiyable desires of the soul. And although Lucertus, a Pagan, and of the sect of Epicurus, held, as the Sadduces among the Iewes, that the soul of man was annihilated by death, together with his body: yet may we receive his verses, as conducing to the interpretation of these fables.

Looke back into eternall times surrav: It nothing vs concerns till our birth day. This mirror Nature vs presents, which shewes That future fate, when death our eyes shall close. What in it horrid? or what tragicall? Which more secure then sleepe invelope all?
What of infernal Acheron was fain'd, Is in our miserable life contain'd.
Nor wretched Tantalus cloth ever dread That falling stone which hangs above his head. Vaine feare of Gods the living rather fright: The feare of fad mishaps and fortunes spight. Nor Vultures Tityrus still in Hell infet: Nor is there so much in his ample bref As can perpetually their hunger feed; Although his monftrous limbs in bulk exceed: Though they, when flretcht abroad, not onely hide Nine acres, but the spacious earth be side; Yet could not he in endleffe torments lyce, Nor with his Liver ever food supply. But Tityrus, on whose brest the Ulyntes tire, Is he who loues, and sufferers through defire; Or other cares, and cureleffe discontentes. So is yphes unto our eyes prefents One who in hope to honouris high aspires: But evermore repulf'd, and fad, retirues. For Empire to affect, but not obtain: So fought with endleffe indufly and paine: Is to enforce a flone against the hill, Which from the top roules to the bottome hill. Still to fupply the ingratefull minde with flore, Which never hath enouf, but thirftis for more: (As doe those bounteous seafons of the yeare, That liberally afford the fruit they bearre, Yet we vnfantified still remaine: ) Ment by these youthfull fifters, who in vaine Still water powre into the fallall tunne, Yet that as empty as when they begunne.

These Mythologies, with others of the like argument, are enlarged by Macrobius: whereby the Epicureans endeavoured to elude the truth of eternal punishments in confusing these fables, under which it was waileted by the more theologicall Poets: As the Sadducnes, who not only denied the Resurrection, but held that there were neither Spirits nor Angels; reiecting the Prophets with the rest of the Scriptures: save only the fine books of Moses, as the ancient Canons of their politicke govern- ment. This hereof, as their name, they derived from Sadoc, the Desiple of Antonius Sochairs, who succeeded Simon the Luff in the Prieff-hood. For when Antignous taught that we should not ferve God, as Servants their Masters, for hope of reward: Sadoc and Baithus miniftering, as if he had utterly denied the future rewards which attend on a good life, first broached those profane and impious opinions.

The Furies.

Typhon, one of the Furies, ascending from Hell to execute the wrath of Juno: carries Sorrow, Terror, Fear, and Frenzie along, who with snakes and infufed posyon excites accurfed mortals to horrible actions: scourging the guilty with whips, and affrighting with flaming torches. All well devised by the wiser Poets, from the contemplation of the divine anger, and causes of humane calamities. For what
what are the Furies but the wicked desires and commotions of the minde? Not un
duly expressed in their names. For Megera signifies Envy; Typhon, a desire
of revenge; and Alcict, a mover of sedition and discord. These rages of the soule
are therefore those Furies who inflict so many calamities upon man; attended by
eternal fears, by sorrow, horror, and distraction. The Serpents, whips, and torches,
are the fings and affrights of the afflicted conscience; which is her owne accuser,
judge, and Executioner. And therefore our Ovid:

No wound vpon their bodies could be found:
It was the minde that felt the deliberate wound.
The effects of the infernal poison being suitable to the ingredients.
She brought besides from her abhorred home
The surft of Echidna, with the fome
Of hell-bred Cerberus, still-wandering Error,
Oblivion, Mifchief, Cares, infernal Terror,
Distracted Fury, and affection fixt
On Murder; altogether ground, and mixt
With blood yet reaking: boy'd in hollow brafe;
And fir'd with Hemlocke.

The Furies are said to be the daughters of Erebus & Night, in regard of the blind
improvidence of man, who to satisfy his revenge, his lust, or ambition incurres
those miseries that have no period: to be three, in that they afflict with the remem-
brance of what is past, with the present; and fear of the future: and lastly to sit
before the infernal prison, in that dying men are most solicitous, and most afflicted
with their former offences.

Infuriated Athamas, now mistaking his wife for a Lyonesse, and his children
for her whores, daubeth out the brains of Clearchus: when Ino, distracted
with fear or fury, throweth her selfe with Melicertes from a Rocke into the
Ionian Sea. Thus farre is in substance historiall. For Ino, a cruell step-
mother to Phryxus and Helle, by laying many traynes for their lives, inflerred
them to seck for safety by flight. Her treachery discovered by Athamas, supposing
the absent to be made away, in a rage slew her son Clearchus, & purfued the Queen
with the other in her armes: who to avoid his fury, threw her selfe with her bur-
then into the Sea, from the rock Moluris. The body of Ino was taken up on the
coasts of Megara, and incomb'd by the daughters of Cellers: That of Melicertes
being driven to the Corinthian Ithmos where Silphius his uncle then Raigne,
who dedicated those games, which before were sac'd to Neptune, unto the honour
of his kinsman, and thereupon called to have beene translated into a Marine deity.
So was his mother: it being the ambition of ancient times to deify their dead an-
cessors, as the flattering Romans did their Princes. But our Poet faines that this
honour was given them at the state of their Grandmother Venus; who the more to
infinace with her vnkle Neptune, profesteth her selfe to be borne of the fprot
of the Sea, and thereof named Aphrodite: so said to be, in that the fperme of man
is no other then the fperme of the blood; and because that feel so much confers to
fecundity, provoking by the natural heat unto Venus, in this respect they ancient
ly erected her Temples on the shore of the sea. Melicertes was called Palesmon and
Ino, Leucothea. For it was their custome to all Antunius, to change the
names of such as they deified, leaff in future times they should be thought to
have bene mortals. Whom the Grecians named Palesmon, the Latines called

S 3

Portunus
Portunus: painted with a key in his hand, as the protector of harbors; so called
they Leucothea, Matuta, or the Morning. Allegorically Palemon is taken for the
force of Tempefs; the fonne of Leucothea, in that the windes begin to arise with
the Morning, and then defcending from the mountains are faid to have thrown
themfelves headlong into the sea: the Morning alfo, by her over-red complexion
fore-fowing succeeding tempefts. These were held for the fons of Sea-faring
me, in that they so much depend on the favour of the windes. This fable may likewise
remember us to fortify our felves in our afflictions with patience and expectation:
when Ino fof perfecuted by Juno for her naturall affectioin and piety to Bacchus,
was after receiv'd into the number of the Gods, and made a partaker of their felici-
ties. The transformation of the Theban Ladies, into fome into flates, and some into
foole, declare that neither our affections nor forrowes, fhould urge us to blast
pheme, or cenfure of their actions, whose displeasure is an implacable Nemesis.

Cadmus, after fo many calamities ftailained in his Family, as ominous aban-
dons his city of Thebes (or expulfed from thence, as others write, by Amphion)
wanders with his wife Hermione to the confines of Illyria: there refing where
the freames of Drift divide it from Liburnia. The Enhilenfes, then infefled
by the Illyrians, had an answer from the Oracle: that they fhould then prove
victorious, when they were conducted by Cadmus and Hermione: who fent unto,
accepted of the charge, and came the enemy a finall over-thrown. So Cadmus acqained
in Illyria: till changing his publicke life for a private; by his obfure retirement,
and politick submission to the laubes and enfomes of thofe barbarous nations, he
was fainfed with his wife to have beene turned into Serpents. And the rather in that
the Illyrians were faid to have two balls to one eye, and to be as fharfe fighted as
dragons; in fow much as they killed, whom they long and fiercely beheld in their an-
ger. It is fainfed that these Serpents were after transported into Elizium by Jupi-
ter: intimating the excellency of Wisdom and fortitude, which not only carry
us through the troubles and dangers of this miserable life, but rewards their de-
pendants with eternal Felicity.

Here end the disasters of Cadmus, and now convert we to the exploits of Per-
feus, begotten by Jupiter on Danae. For Acrifius the Argive king, being told by
the Oracle that he fhould be faine by the fon of his daughter, inclofed her to pre-
vent his deftiny, together with her nurfe, in a tower of brafe: when Jupites de-
sending in a golden fhowre, was receiv'd into her lap, and then into her embrac-
ements. Jupiter, fai'd Laëctius, endeavoring to violate Danaë, with ftre of
gold corrupted her chaftity. When the Poets to preferve the dignity of Prin-
ces, attributed that to the Gods which was done by men; and fainfed that he appro-
ach her in a golden fhowre; as we fay a fhowre of teele, when darts and ar-
rows fall together in multitudes. Who with the like prodigality of gifts
made all passages fly open.

A trowe of brafe, doores strongly barr'd,
Of wakefull maftifes a fierce guard,
Had Danaë safely kept from her
Night-wandering adulterer;
Had Jove and Venus not deluded
Acrifius, who kept th' included:
The way secure, and vncontrold
Vnto a God transform'd to Gold.
Gold loutes to force through guards: then thunder
More potent; cleaning rocks alunder.

Inos attendants.

Cadmus and
Hermione.

Perseus.

Danae.
Another resembles Acrifius to a man induced with excellent learning: that learning his daughter Danaë, but up in a brazen tower, in the head, the turret of the body, and seat of the soul: being there obscured, and sequestred from knowledge, until Jupiter enters in a golden shower, and begetteth Perseus: that is, till the favour and munificence of princes enlarge it to the production of heroicall actions; otherwise buried alive, and utterly invisible.

They hardly rise unto renowne, Whose virtues poverty weighs downe.

Represented in the Emblematism by a student with one hand raised aloft with wings, and the other suppressed by a massy stone. Perseus being borne, Acrifius, not believing his daughter that he was begotten by Jupiter, put them both into an Arke, and commits them to the mercy of the sea; which drawe them ahoure on the isle of Scriphus. Theretaken up, and knowne by King Polideoctes to bee of his kindred, they were bountifullely entertained. But at length, attempting the dishonour of Danaë, he sent Perseus away, as fearing his presence, to warre with the Gorgons; from whence he returned victorious with the head of Medusa: of which we shall speke hereafter.

Now with Mercureys wings on his heele, & girt with his fauchion, defenfibly armed with Pluto's helm, and the shield of Pallas, he flyeth over the Lybian Desarts: the blood that drop from Medula's head converting into Serpents: so wittily fained of the infamy of Serpents which infest those Climates. Perseus is said to be the sonne of Jupiter, for his achievements and perpetual felicity: the wings of Mercury signifies celerity, which are tied to his feet; and to his shoulders, to declare that in warlike affairs men should deliberate in the beginning, but be swift in the prosecution; his fauchion expresses policy and circumspection: Pluto's head-piece, a concealement of counsels; and the shield of Pallas a provident preservation: being all the necessary accomplishments of a Souldier.

Atlas the sonne of Tapet, inhabiting those western partes of Africa which bound on the great Ocean, being told by Themis that the sonne of Tapet (prophesied by Hercules) should carry away the golden apples, which grew in his Hesperian Habit-yard, inclosed the same with a mighty wall, and committed it to the custody of a fleecy Serpent: driving all forrainers from his confines. And now unexpectable unto Perseus, was at the sight of Medula's head converted into that Mountaine which carries his name, on whose high shoulders the stars are fained to take their repose. Some alluding this to a history, report that those apples were flocks of large and beautifull sheep belonging to Atlas, whose fieces were of the colour of gold; and because a river environed those pastures, they were said to be guarded by a Serpent; or that they were kept by one Ladon, a charitlsh and inhumane sheepeard. Or perhaps it was the store of gold wherein Mauritania aboundeth, degg'd up at the foot of that mountaine: the wakefull Dragon those fleecy cares which affliet the covetous in the tuition of their riches: a blessing to the liberal, but to the miser a punishment. Now Atlas flying thither from the invasion of Perseus, and there lurking, was said to have beene converted into that mountaine, and in regard of the altitude thereof, to have fastened the heavens on his shoulders. But astronomically those apples are taken for stars, shining like gold, and in figure orbicular; said to grow in the West, in that they appear not before Sun-set, the Zodiac, or our Hemispheres, being the Serpent: all of them supported, in regard of his excellency in Astronomy, by Atlas. Some say, that ascending aloft, the better to observe the course
VPON THE FOURTH BOOKE OF

ANDROMEDA.

Perceus mounting through the ayre, at length arriveth where the faire Andromeda was chained to a rocke; who at the first sight was enamoured. For certaine hot till rayses expiring from within the heart, where the hottest and sweetest of the celestiall blood hath his residence, dart from the eyes of the beautiful, into the eyes of the admiring beholder, and penetrating from hence into the heart, inflames it forthwith with ardent affections, wherein the sudden glances and dartings of the eye are more powerfull then long gazing. Andromeda was here bound for the pride of her mother Calliope, who durst contend in beauty with the Nereides: for which a sea-monster was sent by Neptun to infelt that country, devouring both men and cattle. So much as Cepheus consulting with the Oracle of Jupiter Hammon (which signifies land, in that his Temple stood in the Libyan Desart) to know the cause of that calamity, and way to remove it: was answered, how the daughter of Calliope was first to be devoured by that monster: whom Perceus now slew, and freed the Lady, the cause and reward of his danger. By this the ancient reprobated their pride and ambition, who would be thought more then mortal, when all humane beauty is worse then deformity, and all glory despicable, compared with the calefaction: declaring besides that the offences of Princes are not seldom punished in their subjects and posterity. Yet Andromeda, innocent Virtue, shall never miss of that sacred succour, which will not only deliver her from the present danger, but match her to Perceus, that is, unto Honour and Felicity: both after conversed in to glorious confessions. So Cepheus, in that obedient unto the heavenly Oracle: and so Calliope, but with her heels upward, to dexter from the like preposterous arrogancy. Ioppa, a city of Palestine, is said by Pliny and Mela to be the scene of this tragical comedy. A city as supposed, more ancient then the Flood: where Cepheus reigned, as divers old Altars inscribed with his title (there preferred by the inhabitants) did testify. Scaurus in his Adelphip produced the bones of that monster, which he brought from hence, being forty foot long, the ribs larger then an Elephant, and the back-bone a foot and a halfe thicker. Ovid here feas not to call Jupiter amius, for so dooming the innocent Andromeda. Such estimation had the wiser Pagans of their deified Divels: say many preferring mortals before them. And surely Socrates would have made a better God of wisdom, Aristides of Injustice, Themistocles of warre, or Cato Vticani the whole rabble: with whom he is paralleled by Lucan:

Tho't sea-weeds turned into Corall alludeth to the nature of that plant; soft under water, but hard above: and therefore called Gorgonia, as if transformed by the head of Meduza: growing likewise in greatest plenty by those islands where the Gorgons were said to inhabit. A greene shrub with white berries; which forthwith hardens in the ayre and changes into red. They write that if it bee but touched by man when it growes under water, it will turne to stone: and therefore they cut it up with sharpes hookes of iron, whereas it is called Corall. Of this plant thus writeth, I knowe not what Poet:

The wife by foraine countries are improu'd:
As tender Corall from the Sea renioud.

It is receaued for a truth that will not be reiectt, how Corall sympathizes with the wearer, and waketh pale with his sicknesse: nor improbable, since any distemper of heat procures the like alteration.

Perceus
Perseus having sacrificed to his father Jupiter, his sister Pallas, and his brother Mercury, by whose aid he had obtained so many, so great victories, now celebrates his nuptial feast in the court of Cepheus. Who importuned, related his beheading of Medusa, sent this by the treacherous Polidectes, or rather by the compulsion of Pallas, in that he transformed who sooner he lookt on, into marble. By the way he came to the Grec, or Phorides, two sisters, the daughters of Phorcus, both having but one eye, which they used in common: by the help whereof (having gotten it as they past it from one to another) he came to the habitation of the Gorgons, where staying Medusa a sleep in the mirror of his shield, he cut off her head before her sisters could awake, from whose blood up-spring Crylloar, and the winged horse Pegasus. This fable declares that no great action should be taken in hand without the advice of Pallas, which is wisdome. That the equity of the cause is chiefly to be considered: for what more wicked than an unjust war? or more noble than to suppress a tyranny, under which the people live prostrate, deprived of life and vigour, as under the aspect of Medusa? He attempts her alone, in that she of all the Gorgons was only mortal: to show that we should pursue what is just; and not such designs as we cast and endlefe. Yet first he deverts to the Grec, interpreted for Conspirators; so named, in that old from their infancy, by reason of the cares and fears which accompany traitors. From these he takes their one eye, the secret intelligence that is between the factions, which shows him sleeping Medusa, or how to surprise his suspectes enemy, who striking lookes on the shield of Pallas, by providence preventing the instant danger and terror. Pegasus, a flying horse, ascends from the blood of Medusa: signifying that fame, which flies through the mouths of men, and celebrates victorious virtue. Perseus is also taken for the reasonable fable: the Grec, for that knowledge and wisdome which is acquired by experience, without whose eye or conduct, Medusa, lust and the enchantments of bodily beauty, which stupefy our senses, make us altogether useless, and converts us as it were into marble, cannot be subdued. Perseus is furnished with the shield of Pallas, the helmet of Pluto, the saucion and wings of Mercury, because in all great difficulties perspicacity, policy, a quickness of wit, and deep apprehension is required, without which no glorious action can be achieved. Thus provided, Perseus kills Medusa, reason corporall pleasure: yet looks not on her, but only sees her deformity in the shield of Pallas (as we view without prejudice to our sight the eclips of the sun in the water) since it is not safe to behold what our hearts are fopron to consent too. From this subduing of our affections, an honest fame, our winged Pegasus is produced. Paulianus reports this Medusa to be the daughter of Phorbus, who after the death of her father raigned over those people who border on the lake of Triton: whom the accustomed with the neighboring Africans, to conduct the wars as then she did against the army of Perseus, and was slaine in the night by a stratagem. Perseus admiring her beauty in death, cut off her head, and carried it with him into Greece for a spectacle: when such as beheld it, in that afternight with this sight, were said to have been turned into marble.

It is here shown that Pallas converted her fairest hair into Serpents, for being vitiates by Neptun in her temple: declaring how insamy is the uglies of deformity, especially in the beautiful. She therefore carries that figure in her shield, to affright such offenders. But her head is held by Perseus in the constellation: called the Driells head by the Hebrews, and Caput Algol by the Arabians: such in ra-
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifth Booke.

The Argument.

The Gorgon's scene, Cepheus' Statues grove:
So Phineus, Prætus, Polydeüs, the foe
To Perseus praise. The fountaine Hippocrene
By Horse-hoofe rays'd. The Muses into Nine
Rape-flying Birds: Picrides, to Pyes.
The Gods, by Typhon chas't, themselves disguise,
Sad Cyane into a Fountain flowes,
Th'ill-nurtur'd Boy a Jtotted Steeple groves,
The sweet-tongu'd Syrens, whose Waters mourne.
Stene Iyncus Ceres to a Lynx doth turne.

Wilt the Danae Heroe this relates;
Amidst th'assembly of the Cephen States,
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;
But such as menace warre. The Nuptial Feast,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life exprest
A peacefull Sea, whose brow no frowne deforms,
Strait-ruffled into billowes by rude flormes.
First Phineus, the rage Author of this warre,
Shaking a Launce, began the deadly iarrow.
Lo, the man, that will vpon thy life
Reuenge, said he, the rapture of my wife,
Nor shall thy wings, nor Iove in forged gold,
Worketh thy escape. About to throwe; O hold!
Perplexed Cepheus cries: What wilt thou do?
What furie, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So soule a fact? Is this the recompence
For such high merit? For her life's defence?
Nor Perseus, but th'incens't Nereides,
But horned Hammon, and the wrath of Seas
(That Orke that fough't my bowels to devour).
Hath snatched her from thee; raiuifht in the house
Of her exposite. But thy cruelle
Perhaps was well content that she should die,
To calle thy losse with ours. May't not suffice;
That she was bound in chains before thine eyes;
That thou, her Vnkle, and her Husband, brought
Her perill no prevention, nor none sought;
But that another's aid thou must envy,
And claim the Trophies of his victory?
Which, if of such effect, thou shouldst have strain'd
Th'have forc't them from thole Rocks, where lately chain'd.
Let him, who did, enjoy them: nor exact
What is his dew by merit and compact.
Nor thinke, we Perseus before thec prefer;
But him, before so abhor'd a sepulcher.

He, without answere, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throwe;
And pausing, his ill-aymed lance at length
At Perseus hurles, with rage-redoubled strength.
Fixt in the bed-strock, vp fierce Perseus flarts,
And his retorted Speare at Phineus darts:
Who suddenly behinde an Altar flep;
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept:
And yet in Rhetus brow the weapon stuck.
He fell: the flece out of his scull they pluck:
Who spurnes the earth, and staines the board with blood,
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Lances fling: and some there be who crie,
That Cepheus, and his sonne in law, should die.
But Cepheus warily quits the clamorous Hall:
Who Faith and Justice doth to record call,
With all the hospitable Gods; that hee
Was from this execrable vp-rove free.
The warlike Pallas, present, with her shield
Protects her Brother, and his courage steel'd.
Young Indian Atys byill hap was there;
Whom b Ganges-got Limniace did bear
In her cleare Waues: his beautie excellent,
Which care and costly ornaments augment:
Who scarce had fully sixeene Summers told:
Clad in a Tyrian mantle, fring'd with gold,
About his neck he wore a carquenet:
His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throwe:
Yet with more cunning could he vfe his bowe,
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand,
Quick Perseus from the Altar snatcht a Brand,
And dash't it on his face: out-start his eyes;
And through his flech the shiuered bones ariue.
When Syrian Lycabas his Atys view'd,
Shaking his formeless looks, with blood imbrew'd:
To him in strictesp bonds of friendship ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide:
After he had his tragedie bewail'd;
Who through the bitter wound his soule exhal'd:
He tooke the Bowe, which erit the Youth did bend;
And said, With me, thou Murderer contend.

a Perseus, the son, and Pallas
the daughter of Jupiter.
b A river of India; Limniace
some adjoyning lake (for fo
taken for a Nymph and his
daughter.)
Nor longer glorie in a Boye's fid fate,
Which faines thy actions with deferred hate.
Yet speaking, from the flying the arrow flew:
Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew.

Achilles upon him prefst;
And sheath'd his Harpy in his groning brest.
Now dying, he for Aris looks, with eyes
That swim in night; and on his bosome lyes:
Then cheerfully expires his parting breath:
Rejoycing to be ioyn'd to him in death.

Phorbas the Syenit, Methion's fon,
With him the Lybian Amphimedon;
Eager of combate, flipping in the blood
That drencht the pauement, fell: his sword with stood
Their re-afcent, which through the short-ribs smote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throate.
Yet Perseus would not venture to invade
The Halbertere Eritheus with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high imboft
And maffe, tooke; which at his head he toft:
Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,
Knocks the hard pauement with his dying crowne.
Then Polydemon (spring from 4 Goddefle-borne
Semramis) Phlegyas, the vnborne
Elyce, Clytus, Scythian, Abaris,
And braue Lyceus (old Sperchius bliffe)
Fell by his hand: whose feet in triumph tread
Vpon the slaughterd bodies of the dead.
But Phineus, fearing to confront his Foe
In clofe aiTault, far-off a dart doth throwe:
Which led by error, did on Ida light;
A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.
He, sternly frowning, thus to Phineus fpake:
Since you, me an vnwilling partie make,
Receive the enemy whom you haue made;
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
About to hude the Dart, drawne from his fide,
With losse of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then, great Odytes fell by Clymens sword;
Next to the King, the greatef Cephen Lord:
Hypsas flew Protenor, Lynceides
Hypsas. Old Emathion fell with thefe;
Who fear'd the Gods, and fauoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue, himfelfe doth interpole,
And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar, loft
His shaking head, which on the Altar drop't;
Whose halfe-dead tongue yet curfes; and expires
His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.
Then Broteas and Ammon, Phineus flew,
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurle-bars, could they quell
The darts of swords. Neere these Alphynis fell,
The Priest of Ceres, with a Miter crown'd,
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou Lampetides, whose pleafant wit
Defeeming discord, in soft peace more fit
To sing vnto thy tuneful Lire, now pref't
With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feaft:
When Petitalus, at him who ftood far off
With his defenfeleffe Harp, strikes with this fcoff;
Goe ling the refte vnto the Ghosts belowe:
And peace't his Temples with a deadly blowe.
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.
This, vnreveng'd, Lycormas could not brooke;
But from the door's right fide a Leauer tooke;
And him be tweene the head and foulders knocks:
Downe falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.
Cimiphane Palates then fought to feaze
Upon the left: when fierce Marmorides
His hand nail'd to the door, poft with a Speare:
Whofe fide ferne Abas peace't as he fluck there.
Nor could he fall, but, giving vp the ghost,
Hung by the hand againft the firme'd poft.
Melanus then, of Perfeus particel fell;
And Doritas, whose riches did excell:
In Nasamonia nonethen he more great
For large poffeffions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The fcele fluck in his groine, which death perfw'd:
Whom Halyomnis of Bacchus view'd
(Th' Author of the wound as he did route
His turn'd-up eyes, and fighed out his foule:
For all thy land, faid he, by this diuorce
Receiveth length, and left his bloodleffe corfe.
The Speare, retengefull e Abanti des drew
From his warne wound; and at the Throver threw:
Which doth his noftrills in the midit diuide;
And, paffing through, appear'd on either fide.
Whilft Fortune crownd him, Clytius he confounds
And Danus, of one womb, with different woundes:
Through Clytius thighes a ready dart he caft;
An other twixt the iawes of Danus paft.
Mindefian Celadon and After flew,
His father doubtfull, gotten on a Jew:
Echtes, late well feene in things to come,
Now ouer-taken by an vnknowne doome:
Theates, Phineus Squire, his fauhion try'd:
And fell Agyrites, that fould parricide.
Yet more remain'd then were already spent,
For, all of them, to murder one, content.
The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
Impugning promisè, merit, and his right.
The vainly-pious Father sides with th'other,
With him, the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother;
Who fill the court with out-cryes, by the sound
Of clashing Armes, and dying streams drown'd.

With streams of blood, and horrid warre renewes,
Fallo Phineus, with a thousand, in a ring
Begirt the Heroe: who their Lances fling
As thick as Winters haile; that blind his sight,
Sing in his eares, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar set;
And with vndaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus preft to his left side:
The right, Nabatian Ethemon ply'd.
As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, heares
Two bellowing Herds within one vale: forbeares;
Nor knowes on which to ruth, as being loth
To leave the other, and would fall on both:
So Perseus, which to strike vncertaine proues;
Who daunted Molpeus with a wound remoues;
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce Ethemon did his force ingage:
Who at his neck vnscrawne: first stroke,
And his keene sword against the pillar broke.
The Blade from vnreleasant stone rebounds;
And in his throte th'vnhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enowght to work his end;
Who fearfully doth now his armes extend
For pity unto Perseus, all in vaine;
Who thrust him through with his 4 Cylleian skeine.

But, when he saw his valour ouerway'd
By multitude: I must say he, fecke ayd
(Since you your felues compell me) from my foe;
Friends turrie your backs: then Gorgons head doth owre.
Some others fecke, said Thessalus, to fright
With this thy Monster; and with all his might
A deadly dart indeavour'd to have throwne:
But in that posurfe became a stone.
Next, Amphix, full of Spirit, forward preft;
And thrust his sword at bold Lynceides breft:
When in the pafe, his fingers stupid growse;
Nor had the power of mousing to or fro.
But Nileus (he who with a forged stile
Vaunted to be the fonne of feuen-fold Nile,
And bare feuen filuer Riviers in his shild,
Distinctly waiving through a golden field)
To Perseus said: Behold, from whence we sprung!
To ever-silent shadowes beare a-long
This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
By such a bratue and high-borne enemie.
His vitterance faultred in the latter claufe:
The yet vnfinifht found fluck in his iawes;
Who gaping flood as he would something say:
And so had done, if words had found a way.
These Erys blames; 'Tis your faint seules that dead
Your powers, said he, and not the Gorgon's head.
Rush on with me, and proftrate with deepe wounds
This Youth, who thus with Magick armes confounds.
Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps lay'd;
Now mutely fixt: an armed Statue made.
These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
For Perseus, bold Acontius, at the fight
Of Gorgon's snakes abortive marble grew.
On whom Aplyges in fury flew,
As if a live, with his two-handed blade;
Which shrilly twang'd, but no incifion made:
Who, while he wounders, the same nature tooke;
And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names, who perifht of the vulgar fort.
Two hundred cap't the furie of the fight:
Two hundred turne to stone at Gorgon's fight:
Now Phineus his vnuitf commotion rewes:
What should he doe? the fenfelesse shapes he viewes
Of his knowne friends, which differing figure bore;
And doth by name their feuerall ayd implore.
And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.
Then turns aside: and now, a Penitent,
With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent;
O Perseus, thine, said he, thine is the day!
Remoue this Monster. Hence, o hence convey
Medusa's ugły looks, or what more strange,
Which humane bodies into marble change!
Not hate, nor thirst of rule begot this strife:
I onely fought to re-obtaine my wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confesse my crime.
For life (o chief of men) I onely few:
Afford me that: the rest I yeeld to you.
Thus he; not daring to reuer his eyes
On him whom he intreates: who thus replyes.
Faint-hearted Phineus, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to such a fearfull Lord)
Take courage, and perfwade thy felfe I will:
No wounding sword thy blood should euer spill.

Moreover
Moreouer, that I may thy wish prevent;  
Here will I fix thy lasting monument:  
That thou by her thou mayst still be seen;  
And with her: Spoufe's image cheare our Queene.  
Then, on that side a Phorcynis head doth place,  
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.  
And as from thence his eyes he would have throwne;  
His neck grew fiffe: his teares conceal to stone.  
With fearfull suppliant looks, submissiue hands,  
And guiltie countenance the Statue stands.  
Vtctorious b Abantiades now hyes  
This native Cite, with the rescu'd prize:  
There, vengeance takes on Prætus, and reftor'd  
His Grand-father, whose wrongs redreffe implor'd.  
For Prætus had by force of Armes expeld  
His brother; and vsurped Argos held.  
Buthim, nor Armes, nor Bulwarks, could protect  
Against the fnaky Monsters grimm aspect.  
Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which thone  
Through fo great a toyle, nor forrowes vnder-gone;  
With thee, d Polydectes, King of finall  
Sea-girt Seriphus, could prevall at all.  
Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:  
Dreareing; and condemning for a fable  
Medusa's death. The moued Youth replies:  
The truth your felfe shall fee; Friends, shut your eyes.  
Then, reprefents Medusa to his view:  
Who prefently a bloodlesse Statue grew.  
Thus long e Tritonia to her brother cleaues:  
Then in a hollow cloud Seriphus leaues  
(Scyros and Gyara on the right-hand fide)  
And o're the toyling Seas her courfe apply'd  
To Thebes, and f Virgin Helicon; there flay'd:  
And thus vnto the learned 8 Sifters faid.  
The fame of your new Fountaine, b rays'd by force  
Of that swift-winged f Medufaean horse,  
Me hither drew, to fee the wondroues Flood  
Who saw him ifliue from his Mothers blood.  
Godlesse, k Vrania anfwered, what caufe  
So-ever you to this our Manfion drawes,  
Y ou are moft wel-come. What you heard is true:  
And from that Pegafus this Fountaine grew.  
Then Pallas to the facred Spring convey'd,  
She admires the warers by the horfe-hoofe made.  
Survey's their high-grown groues, coole caues, fresh bowers,  
And meadowes painted with all forts of flowers:  
Then happy ftiles fhee the Mæonides,  
Both for their Arts, and fuch aboads as thefe.  
O heavenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,  
Most worthy our fociety to guide,
If so your active vertue did not move
To greater deeds: deffer'dly you approye
Our studies, pleasaunt, and happy state,
Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is vnlawfull to the lewd:
And Maids by Nature are with feare indu'd.
The dire & Pyreneus still invades my fight:
Nor haue I yet recouer'd that affright.
He, Daunis with all Phocis, had obtayned
By Thracian Armes; and there vnliuely raigned:
Bound for Parnassus Temple, vs he spies;
And with false zeal dooure our Deities.

When at large fires gouerne, and flowers fall (then fell
By chance a mighty flower) vouchsafe I pray
Beneath the shelter of my rooffe to stay:
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
Vrg'd by the weather, and such words as these;
We to his importunitie affent;
And yet no farther then the Lobby went.
It now held vp: the vanquish South-winds flie
Before the North, which purge the duskie skie.
Pref't to depart: he shut the doores, prepares
To offer force; with wings we scape his snares.
He prefently the highest tower acends;
And, as he would have flowne, his body bends:
The way you goe, said he, will I purs'w;
And from the battlements himselfe he threw:
Who falling, strikes the earth with daft out-braines;
Which with his wicked blood, he dying, staines.
The Mufe yet spake: when, wings were heard to clatter;
And from high trees faluting voices chatter.

Those voices came, including humane sense.
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewailing their deferred deffinies.
The Goddesse to th'admiring Goddesse spake:
They, foyl'd by vs, by vs were thus repai'd.

Pierus, who rich Pella held by lot,
These on Paonian Euippe got.
Nine times shee on Lucina call'd aloud;
The foolish fifters, of their number proud,
Through al Amonia and Achaia came;
And thus vnviuely their strike proclamation.

The Muses and the Pierides.

The contention betw'v' the Muses and the Pierides.

The Goddesse of Childbirth, so called of bringing
Infants to light,
The Muses of the fonnaie acty
Of Resia, where they were
worshipp'd.
A fonnaie of Resia (call'd of old Hyamia) sacred to
the Muses.

Th' Hippocrene, raised by Pegalus,
the Aspis of the Gorgon Medusa.
Th' Emathian Woods to snow Child one
Shall pay our losse. The Nymphs our judges be.
A shame it was to strive: more shame it were
To yeild. The Nymphs by their owne rivers sweare:
And sit on benches made of liuing stone.
Then, vn-elected, rudely stept forth one;
Who sung the Giants ware: their fayn'd acts
Shee magnifies; and from the Gods detracts.
How a Typhon, from earth's gloomy entrails rais'd,
Struck all their pow'r with feare: who fled amaz'd,
Till Aegypt's scorched foyle the weary hides;
And wealthy Nile, who in feuen channels glides.
That thither Earth-born Typhon them purf'd:
When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.
One turn'd him selfe, free fayd, into a Ram:
From whence the horns of Libyan Hammon came.

Dacchus a Goat, Apollo was a Crowe,
Phoebe a Cat, Io's wife a Cow of howe:
Venus a Fish, a Stork did Hermes hide:
And still her voice vnto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,
Nor feature ferves you, nor is't worth your care.
Doubt not, fayd Pallas, orderly repeat
Your long'd for Verfe; and takes a shady seat.
Then fte; On one we did the task impofe:
Calliope, with thy crown'd, yp-ripe;
Who with her thumb firft turn'd the quavering strings,
And then this Ditty to the muse fique fings.

The gleab, with crooked plough, firft Ceres rent;
First gane vs corne, a better nourishement;
First Lawes preferib'd: all from her bounty sprung.
By me, the Goddefe Ceres fhall be fung.
Would We could Verfes, worthy her, cheere:
For she is more then worthy of our Verfe.

Trinacria was on wicked Typhon throwne;
Who vnderneath the lands weight doth groane;
That durt affeect the Empire of the skyes:
Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to rife.

Typhon's right hand
Downe weighis; Pachyne on the left doth stand;
His legs are under Lilybaus spred;
And Aetna's bafes charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire
Thick clouds of duft, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft times he struggles with his load below:
And Townes, and Mountains labours to ore-throwe.

Earth quakes therewith: m the King of shadowes dreads,
For feare the ground fhould split above their heads;
And let-in Day ta'thright the trembling Ghosts.
For this he from his silent Empire pofts.
Metamorphosis.

Drawne by black horses; tracing all the Round
Of rich Sicilia; but, no breaches found.

Him * Erycina from her Mount furray'd
(Now fearlesse) and, her forme imbracing, said,
My Armes, my strength, my glory, for my fake,
O Cupid, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.

The Gods, even lone him selfe; the God of waues,
And 4 who illustrates earth have beene thy flames.

Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway
Inflaige; and make thine infernall Powr's obey.
Yet we (such is our patience!) are delpis'd
In our owne heauen; and all our force vspriz'd.

Seest thou not Pallas and the Queene of Night,
Far darting Dion, how my worth they flight?

And e Ceres daughter will a Maid abide,
If we permit; for thee affects their pride.
But, if thou favour our ioync Monarchy,
Thy f Vnkle to the Virgin Goddesse tie.

Thus Venus. He his Quiver doth vnclote;
And one, out of a thousand arrowes, chose
At her arbitriment: a sharper head
None had; more ready, or that surer sped.

Then bends his Bowe: the string, t'his earc arrives,
And through the heart of a Disthe arrow drives.

Not farre remou'd from Ennas's high-built wall,
A Lake there is, which men Pergusa call.

Cythere's slowly-gliding waters' beare
Far fewer singing Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
With leavy veils, which Phoebus beames keep-out.
The trees creat fresh ayre, th' Earth various flowres:
Where heat nor cold th' eternall Spring devoures.

Whil'st in this groue Proserpina disports,
Or Violets pull, or Lillies of all sorts;
And while the floure with childish care and speed
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;

h Distaw, affected, carried her away,
Almost at once. Loue could not brooke delay.

The sad-fac't Goddesse cries (with fear appalld)
To her Companions, of her Mother call'd.

And as shee toore th' adornment of her haire,
Downe fell the flouer's which in her lap the bare.
And fich was her sweet Youth's simplicity,
That their loose also made the Virgin crie.

The Rauifher flies on swiftly wheeles; his horses
Excites by name, and their full speed inforces:
Shaking for haste the rust-obseured raignes
Vpon their cole-black necks, and flagy maines.

Through
Through Lakes, through a the Palici which expire
A fulphrous breath through earth ingerdring fire,
They passe to where Corinthian Bacchides
b His City buile c between unequall Seas.

The Land twixt 4 Arctacia and Gyane
With strecht-out horses begirts th' included Sea.
Here Cyane, who gave the Lake a name,
Amongst Sicilian Nymphs of especial fame,
Her head advanc'd; who did the Goddesse knowe:
And boldly said, You shall not farther goe;
Nor can you be unwilling Ceres for:
What you compell, perswasion should haue won.
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lou'd me; yet did he intreat;
And me not fritred thus, espous'd. This said,
With out-stretc'h arms his farther paffage ftaid.
His wrath no longer Pluto could refraine;
But giues his terror-stricking Steeds the raigne;
And with his Regall mace, through the profound
And yeelding water, cleaues the folid ground.
The breach t' infernall Tartarus extends:
At whose darke jaws the Chariot descends.
But Gyane the Goddesse Rape laments;
And her owne inuir'd Spring; whose discontent;
Admit no comfort: in her heart she bears
Her silent frowr: now, refolues to teares;
And with that Fountaine both incorporate,
Whereof th' immortall Deitie but late.
Her softened members thaw into a dewe
Her nails leffe hard, her bones now limber grew:
The flegreft parts first melt away: her haire,
Fine fingers, legs, and feet: that foone impaire,
And drop to streames: then, arms, backe, shoulders, side,
And bofome, into little Currents glide.
Water, in flead of blood, fills her pale veins:
And nothing now, that may be grafted, remains.

Mean-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine
The fearfull s Mother fought her childe in vain.
Not dewy-hair'd Aurora, when she rose,
Nor b Hepeirus, could witneffe her repose.
Two pitchy Pines at flaming Arsna lights
And reflteff, carries them through freeing Nights;
Again, when Day the vanquifht Starres uplift
Her vanifh comfort feekes from East to West.
Thirsty with travell, and no Fountaine nye,
A cottage thatcht with straw, invites her eye.
At th' humble gate she knocks: An old wife showes
Her selfe thereat, and feeing her, bestowes
The water fo defir'd, which the before
Had boyl'd with barly. Drinking at the doore,
A rude hard-favoured Boy beside her stood,
Who laught, and calld her greedy-gut. Her blood
Inflamm'd with anger, what remay'n'd the threw
Full in his face; which forthwith fpeckled grew
His armpes convert to legs; a taile withall
Spines from his change'd shape: of body small,
Left he might prune too great a foe to life:
Though leffe, yet like a Lizard, th' aged wife
(That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch it) shunees,
And prenantly into a crevise runnes.

Fit to his colour they b a name elect;
With fundry little ffarres all-over speck't.

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddesse wandred through
Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.
To Steil the returnes: where cre she goes,
Inquires; and came where Cyane now flowes.
Shee, had shee not beeene changed, all had told:
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gae
A certaine signe: who bore upon a waue

Persephone's rich zone, that from her fell,
When, through the sacred Spring, shee sunke to hell.
This scene, and knowne, as but then loft, shee tare,
Without felfe-pitty, her dis-hrieved hair;
And with redoubled blowes her brest invades:
Nor knowes what Land t' accuse, yet all vpraids;
Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t' about:

Trinacria chiefly; where the steps shee found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there shee brake
The furrowing plough: the Ox and owner frake
Both with one death; then, bade the fields beguile
The truth impos'd, shrunk feed corrupts. That foile,
So celebrated for fertilitie,
Now barren grew: corne in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoy's; now, lodging showres:
Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy fowle devours
The new-fowne graine: Kintare, and Darnell tire
The feter'd Wheat; and Quitch that through it spire.

In Elen waues c Alphan Loue appeare'd;
And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd;
O Mother of that far-fought Maid, thou friend
To life, saide she; here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land,
That blameleffe is, nor could her Rape with-stand.
I, here a guest, not for my Country plead:

My Country Tisais, in Elis bred;
And, as an Alien, in Sicania dwell:
But yet no Country pleaseth me fo well.
I, Arethusa, now these Springs poffesse:
This is my feat: which, courteous Goddesse, bleffe.

Why
Why I affect this place, t' Ortygia came
Through such vast Seas, I shall impart the same
To your desire, when you, more fit to hear,
Shall quit your care, and be of better cheer.
Earth gives me way; through whose dark eauerum roll'd,
I here ascend; and long-mighty starrs behold.
While under ground by Styx my waters glide,
Your sweet Proserpine I there espied.
Full sad the waste; even then you might have scene
F�� in her face: and yet she is a Queene;
And yet she in that gloomy Empire stayed;
And yet she will th' infernal Kingdom obeyes.
Stone-like flood Ceres at this heavy newes;
And staring, long continued in a mope.
When griefe did quickned her stupidity,
Shee tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire;
Shee kneeleth to Jupiter, and made this pray'r:
Both for my blood and thine,7 I sue:
If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you
A Father to your Daughter prove; nor be
Your care the lesse, because she spring from me.
Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
The spacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the lesse affairs: but if, to knowe
Her being, be to Find, I haue found her so,
And yet I would the injurie remit,
So he the stolne restored: 'twere most vnfit
That holy b Hymen should thy daughter joyn
Vnto a Thife; although she were not mine.
Then tue: the pledge is mutuall, and these cares
to either equal: Yet this deed declares
Much tue, mis-called Wrong: nor should we blame
Of such a fonne, could you but think the fame.
All wants suppofe, can he be leffe then great,
And be tue's brother? What, when all compleat?
I, but preferv'd by lot? Or if you burne
In endless spleene, Let Proserpine returne:
On this condition, That tue yet haue ta'ne
No sustenance: So Deftinies ordaine.
To fetch her daughter, Ceres pofts in haste:
But, Fates with-flood: the Maid had broke her faft.
For, wandring in the Ort-yard, fimpfly flee,
Pluck a Pomegranet from the flooping Tree;
Thence tooke feven grains and eats them one by one:
Obferved by Aftalaphus alone;
Whom Acheron on Orphne's rift begot
In pitchy Caues: a Dame of special note
Among th' infernal Nymphs. This vter'd, fayed
The fighting Queene of Erebus; who made

THE FIFTH BOOKE.

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* A little bed as the farthest extent of Styx; wherein is the fountain Arachis.

1 Ortygia, or the God of Nuphias.

2 The name signifies an accuser.

3 Acheron (an infernal River) importeth Trouble, and Orphne Dark-side; the reverent parents of an Informer.

4 Infernal of Averna a lake in Campania, over which no bird could fly for the poyous exhalations, and there-of, so called a supped entrance into Hell.

5 Hell of Erebus the Sone of Chaos.
The Blab a Bird: with waues of Phlegeton
His face beprinkles: plume appears thereon,
Crookt beake, and broader eyes: the shape he had
He loft, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head o're-siz'd, his long nailes talons proue;
His winged armes for lacinellse scarce moue:
A filthy, ever ill-prefaging Fowl,
To Mortals ominous: a screeching Owle.
Yet was the punishment no more then due
to his offence. But how offended you
b Acheleoides, that wings and clawes difgrace
Y our goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
Was it, you Sirens, that your deathlesse Powers
Were with the Goddesse when she gathered flowers?
Whom when through all the Earth you fought in vaine,
You wift for wings to fly upon the Main;
That pathlesse Seas might teftifie your care:
The cafee Gods confentfed to your pray'r.
Sreight, golden feathers on your backs appeare:
But, left that mufick, fram'd to inchant the eare,
And so great gifts of speech should be profan'd:
Y our Virgin-lookes, and humane voyce remayn'd.

But love, his fitter's discontent to cheare,
Betweene her and his Brother parts the yeare.
The Goddesse now in either Empire fways:
Six months with Ceres, fix with Pluto f swayes.
Proserpina then chang'd her minde, and looke
(And much as fallen Dis could hardly brooke)
(And clear'd her browes, as Sol, obfcur'd in thowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquifht clowds.
Pleas'd Ceres now bade Arethusa tell
Her caufe of flight: and why a sacred Well?
Th' obfcurous waters left their murmuring:
The Goddesse then above the Cryftall Spring
Her head advanc'd; and, wringing her greene haires,
Shecethus Alphæus ancient loute declares.

Iof Achaia once a Nymph: none more
The Chace affected, or t'introyle the Bore.
By beautie though I never sought for fame;
Though masculine, of faire I bare the name.
Nor tooke I pleasure in my prayfed face,
Which others valew as their only grace:
But, simple, was afhamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to pleafe too-well.
As from Styphalian woods I made retreat
(T'was hot, and labour had increafed the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd, a silent flame I found,
All eddileffe, perfpicious to the ground:
Through which you every pebble might have feene;
And ran, as if it had no River beene.

The
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordering streams, their gratefull shadow sped.
In this cool Rivulet my foot I dip't;
Then knee-deep Wade; nor so content, vnstrip'd:
My selfe forth-with, upon a Sallow futd
My robe I hung, and leapt into the flood.
Where, while I twim, and labour to and fro
A thousand waies, with arms that swiftly row,
I from the bottome heard an unknowne tongue;
And frighted, to the hither margent sprung.
Whither so fast, Ò Arēthusa! twice
Out-cry'd Alpheus, with a hollow voice.
Unclad as I was, I fled for fear
(For, on the other side my garments were)
The farther followed he, the more did burne;
Who naked, seeme the reader for his turne.
As trembling Does the eager Hawkes eschew;
As eager Hawkes the trembling Does pursu'd;
I fled, He followed. To Orchomenus,
I sophis, Cyllene, high-brow'd Manalaus,
Cold Erymanthus, and to Elis, I
My flight maintayned; nor could he come ny
But, far vnable to hold out so long;
He, patient of much labour, and more strong;
And yet o're Plaines, o're woody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.
The Sunne was at our backs: before my feet
I saw his shadow; or my fear did see't.
How-ere his foundling steps, and thick drawne breath
That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.
Diana cry'd: Ah caught! help (ô forlorn!)
Diana help thy Squire, who oft haue borne
Thy Bowe and Quiver! Mou'd at my request,
With muffling clouds shee couer'd the diffret.
The River lekes me in that pitchy throwd;
And searches round about the hollow cloud;
Twice came to where Diana me did hide;
And twice he a Ò Arēthusa cry'd.
Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so feares
When howling Wolues about the Fold the heares:
So Heartlefle Hare, when trayling Hounds draw nye
Her fented Forme; nor dares to moue an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further steps; but guards the cloud and place.
Cold sweats my then-besieg'd limbs posset;
In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreas'd.
Where-ere I step, streams run; my hair now fell
In trickling dew; and, sooner then I tell
My destine, into a Flood I grew.
The River his belou'd waters knew,

X

And
Metamorphosis.

And, putting off th' assumed shape of man,  
Resumes his owne, and in my current ran.

Chaffe a Delia cleft the ground. Then, through blind causes,  
To lou'd Ortigia the conducts my waues;

Affected for her name: where first I take  
Review of day. This, Arcturus spake.

The fertill Go ddeffe to her Chariot chains  
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborne rainges:

Her course, 'twixt heaven and earth, to Athens bends;  
And to Triptolemus her Chariot lends.

Part of the feed shee gave, she bade him throw  
On vntill'd earth, part on the till'd to fow.

O're Europe, and the Asian toile convoy'd;  
The Youth to Scythia turnes, where Lynceus sway'd.

His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,  
His caufe of comming, Countrie, and his Name:

Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;  
And in renowned Athens I reside.

No ship through toyling Seas me hither bare;  
Nor ouer-land came I, but through the ayre.

I bring you Ceres gift: which fowne in fields,  
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yields.

The barbarous King envy's it: and, that he  
The Author of so great, a good might be;

Gives entertainment: but, when fleep oppreft  
His heavy eyes, with fteele attempts his bref't.

Whom Ceres turn's t'a Lynx: and home-wards makes  
The young: Mopsopion driv's her sac'd Snakes.

Our Chiefc concluded here her learned Layes.

The Nymphs, with one consent, giue vs the Bayes:  
The vanquifht raile. To whom the Mufe: Since you

Esteeme it nothing to defirue the due  
To your contention, but must adde foule words

To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords  
Our patience room: we'll wreak it on your heads,

And tread the path which Indignation leads.

The Peons laugh, and our sharp threats defpife.

About to scold, and with difg racefull noyfe  
To clap their hands; they saw the feathers sprout

Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes throughout:

Hard nebs in one another's faces spic;  
And now, new birds, into the Forrest flic.

These fylvan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare  
To beat their boomes; mount, and hang in ayre.

Who yet retain their ancient eloquence;

Full of harsh chat, and prating without fenné.

Vpon
upon the fifth booke of ovid's metamorphosis.

Phineus, the brother of Cepheus, precontracted to Andromeda; who lately durst not attempt her delivery, now impatient that a stranger should carry her away, converts the banquet into a bloody battle, in which is expressed the frightful fury of warre, respecting neither old age, neutrality, divine endowments nor sacred orders; but confoundeth all in a general slaughter. Yet Perseus assisted by his sister Pallas, that is, Valour protected and directed by Wisdom, astonishing his enemies with fear and wonder, as stupified by the sight of Gorgon, obtaineth a glorious victory, the event of a just war, which, as here, is ever favoured by the divine assistance: without which vain is the strength and courage of mortals, whose hands are but the instruments of that power which enables them. And as victory is ascribed only unto God, (the lord of Hosts) by the Pen-men of the sacred Histories: so the ancient Poets either deriving it from them, or enlightened with the same truth, describe no notable achievement without the conduction of a Deity: as every where apparent in Homers, from whom we receive this position,

Ioues spirit mans controules: with fear he shaks
The valiant minde: graffe conquest from him takes;
And hearts, decreasine warre, courageous makes.

And againe,
Be they or faint or bold, the darts they throw
Are tippt with death, on whom Ioue will beillow
The victory; for Ioue directs them all:
On earth their foes dull'd dances idly fall.

So asstisant Pallas here gives our Perseus the victory in so great a dissaray of power. This fable may in generall allude to that which is in pratiſfe so common; How forren sides drawn in by liberall promises, whereof the necesseitated are prodigious, to the reliefe of a distressed kingdom (as Perseus to the rescue of Andromeda) when the danger is past, instead of the promised reward, are ungratefully fleigted, an occasion so seldome of warre betweene the deliverer and those deliverers.

Perseus having extended his conquests far into the East, and left his name unto Perſea, now returning into his country, found Acritus expulsed Argos, by his brother Praetus; whom be queld with the like felicity, and restored his Grandfather to his kingdom, rather expeating a revenge for his, and his mothers exposure. Yet could not prevent his destiny by Perseus: soone after accidentally slain, according to the Oracle.

From Argos Perseus sailles to Scriphus, and conquists the incredulous King Polydectes, the author of his dangers and envier of his glory, with the stupifying head of Gorgon, of which thought I have formerly spoken at large; yet will it not be superflious to add this historical relation. Phorcus, a Cyrenian, the Lord of three Islands, made a statue of Minerua fower cubits high, all of mafy gold. Minerua being called Gorgon by the Cyrenians, a name agreeing with her warlike disposition. But Phorcus dyed before he could inhrine it in her temple: who left three daughters behind him, Siniloe, Euryale, and Meduſa. They vowes virginity, las'd a part in those severall Islands, and equally shared his substance; yet

would
would not divide the Gorgon statue, nor dedicate it as intended; but kept it by
turnes as a publique treasure. They had among them a trusty servant, vigilant in
all their affaires, as their common eye and so called him. Exiled Pericus pray-
ning upon those coasts with a well appointed sloop (For Piracy in ancient times, as wee
read in Thucidides, was held no reproach but glory) and taking this Gorgon for
a wealthy Queene, yet of small resistanse, intended an invasion; but better informed
that nothing there was of value but that golden statue,-played too and fro between
Cyrere and Sardina; till at length he intercepted this servant their eye: nor would
ransume him to the sisters, now met together, unless they would show him this
statue: in the meantime while landing, by the enforced information of the prisoner he
surprized him, and threatened to kill who were not struck. Medusa refusing, was
slaine, but revealed by Sarchelo and Euriale, he restored their servant. Then break-
ing the image, and dispersing the peeces in several bottoms, he kept the head intire
in his owne, and called it Gorgon. Raining about, and everywhere extorting money,
with the death of those who resisted, at length he arrived at this Isle of Scyphius,
where he was strongly repuls (at the first assault by the inhabitants: but entring
at the second, and finding none in the city (for the Citiizens were secretly flied) he
soffingly said that the men were turned into stones at the sight of Gorgon: and
when others elsewhere denied contribution, he would threaten them with the fate
of the Scyphians. Hence sprung those former fables of the Græc and Gorgons,
if we may believe Palephatus.

Minerva now leaves her victorious brother and re)pares to Helicon to visit the
fountain Hippocrene, late raised by the horse of Pegasus, and therefore so called,
which is known by her by the Muses. This may be thus interpreted: How Pegasus,
or Fame, as soon as borne in the mouths of mortalls, begins to fly: and raise the
Muses a fountain in Parnoccus, by ministering an argument to the Poet to
sing the illustrious actions of men. It should seeme that Cadmus gave a ground to
this fable: who rising up and downe Boeotia to finde a commodious site for his City,
first lighted on that spring and because he was held to be the first that invented
letters; therefor dedicated the same to the Muses: which is said to inspire the
drinker with a sacred fury. Of this the Satyrse ironically.

I of the Horse's spring did neuer bowles;
Nor, knowing, fept upon forkt Parnassus bowes
That I, a sudden Poet, should compose.
The Muses, and Pirene pale, to thofe
I leave, whose images the clapping twine
Of Iuy gilt. These rude rimes of mine
A Satyrse offers at the Poets shrine.

And our Ovid in his Elagies,
Let Hindes safe things admire; let Phœbus still
My cupps full of Caftation liquor fill.

The Muses.

Now are wee arrived at Helicon with the Muses, so called of the connexion of
Sciences: and faid to be the daughters of Loue and Mnemofyne, because that excellent
faculte and divine affeccion which is requisite to poetry, is not acquired by art
or industry, but inspired from above, yet fostered and augmented by Mnemofyne, or
a happy memory. in vaine they therefore attempt to enter at the gates of Poety that
are not rapt by the Muses. This gift is evident to be supernaturall, in that illiterate
men not seldom prove excellent Poets, expressing those arts and sciences
wherein
wherein they never were instructed: in so much as when the fury is abated, they hardly understand their own compositions. Eupheme is said to be the Muse's Nurse: in that praise and the desire of glory do nourish all noble undertakings, and are the only spurs unto virtue. Their habitations Parnassus, Tempe, and Helicon, pleasant, but solitary places: for no study so delighteth the mind as Poetry, which causeth a frequent converse and worldly employments: the reason why Poetry and Poverty twine so inseparably: or rather, whereas by other arts thirst after riches as well as renowne, the Poet alone is incited by fame, and desire to perpetuate his memory. The Muses are crowned with Laurell; whose evergreen and bitter leaves express the bitter and constant paines, which is to be undergone in the pursuit of learning. Apollo is their president: not only in that he is the inventor but for playing so harmoniously on the instrument of this world, moving in order and measure, and consorting with every part, so that by his means there is no dissonancy in nature, keeping a true distinction of time, and clearing the voice by his alctivity. They are said to be women, in regard of the pregnancy of knowledge: and nine, of the triple trine which flows from the perfection of number. The Muses are also taken for the Intelligences, of the Celestial Spheres, which by being nearer or farther removed, by their swifter or slower motion, do make a diversity of sounds, and consequently (according to Pythagoras) an incredible harmony. Yet this faith Macrobius is not to be heard, in that so vast a sound cannot enter at the narrow labyrinth of the ear: as the Egyptians believe not the roaring of waters who dwell by the cataracts of Nilus. Some of our curious Moderns divide the opinion, denying with Arifotole, any real sound or tune, but maintaining an exactness of musical harmony and proportion. Caliope is the melody which results from the rest of the spheres: Vrania, of the Sphere of the fixed Stars, so named of her dignity: Polymnia of Saturne, for the memory of antiquity, which he exhibits by his cold and dry quality: Terpichore of Jupiter, propositions to mortals: Clio of Mars, for the thirst of glory: Melpomene of the Sunne, in that of all the World the moderator: Erato of Venus, in regard of love: Euterpe of Mercury, for the honest delights among serous affairs: Thalia of the Moone for the vigour which she infused by her humidity. Apollo is the virtue of the Sun, his harp the body, and his feuerall motions the strings. Their particular faculties are expressed in these verses which are attributed to Virgill.

Clio the acts of former ages fings:
Melpomene, in tragick straines, sad things:
Comick Thalia ioyes in amorous lays:
On sweetely speaking reeds Euterpe playes:
Terpichores harp the rais'd affections moues:
Erato musique odes, and dances loues:
Calliope pens the lofty rage of warres:
Vrania obserues the heaven-imbrodered stars:
Polymnia to her words her gefture fitts:
Apollon soule illuminates their wits:
Who all informing, in the middle fitts.

Jupiter the divine mind, inspires Apollo; Apollo the Muses; and they their legitimate issue. Who are called by Plato the fathers of wisdome, and interpreters of the Gods (among the Heathen the only Theologians, and therefore called by St Paul their Prophets) accustomed to celebrate their prais' and the heroicall actions...
of men, inflaming the hearers with emulation: teaching the causes of things, the knowledge of the Celestial motions, how to order the mind, and curb the rebellious affections. Nor could Ægyptus corrupt Clytimostra till he bad stain her Poet, who confirmed her chastity by singing the praises of virtuous women. Sulliger avers that the reading of Virgil will make a man more honest than the precepts of all the Philosophers: and Horace

I at Prænestæ, while you please at Rome,
Read Homer, who instructs, what doth become,
What's safe, what profits, what not profits man;
Better then Græctor, or Chrystippeus can.

Which he demonstrates in the same Epistle. More over verse hath a greater efficacy then prose: which penetrates deeper, and makes a more lasting impression. For as the voice passing through the narrow conduit of a trumpet breaks forth more clear and musical; even so the sense contrasted by the frict necessity of members. The other is heard with more negligence, and left impulsive: but when the excellent matter is restrained in measures, the same sentence not only allures but incarceh.

The Muses relates to Pallas the intended rape of Pyreneus, their escape by transforming themselves into birds, and his deferred destiny: intimating that no profane and fainfull wit should dare to violate those Celestial virgins, or presume to follow their airy flights, lest they headlong fall to the earth and ruin their Softume by their derided ambition. The Muses are said to be virgins, for that true Poetry is renounced and modest: not fuccest oor, but adorned with a genuine beauty. Now Pyreneus having over-runn all Phocis, subverted with all manner of learning, and therefore it fainned to have offered violence to the Muses: when they escaped with winges, that is, by divine providence, which not seldomly miraculously preserves them from barbarous suppressors. So upon the violent incursions of the Goths and Vandals, the schools and libraries were forced; and all had perished but for this politicke speech of one among the rest: Let vs leave them their bookes, that whiles they anuife themselves with such follies, we may subdue them at our pleasure.

Pallas wondering at the chattering of birds, which imitated humane voices; was informed by the Muses, how formerly they were the nine daughters of Pierius, converted into Fies for faulcy contending with the Muses in Poetry, being vanquished by them. The Pierides sung of the wares of the Gyants, and the flight of the Gods: chafed by Typhon into Egypte, where they hid themselves in severall shapes to avoid his fury. Typhon is the type of Ambition, asceding, as all other vices, from hell; and therefore the son of the Earth and Erebus. He is said to have reached Heaven with his hands, in regard of his aspiring thoughts; to have feste unauried with Trauary, as expressing his industry in accommodating all things to his owne designs; to have flaming eyes, as full of wrath and violence: the tongues of serpents, in that insolent in language, apt to detract, founding his owne glory on the infamy of others, and lastly to have an hundred heads, for that ever troubled with diversity of care and conceitions. But better this horrid figure of Typhon agrees with rebellion; having a hundred heads in regard of his divided forces, fiery mouths, of his inflamed intents, a girdle of serpents for his pestilent malice, and seiges, iron bands, best sitting with slaughter, Eagles talons, with rapin, and a body covered with feathers, in regard of perpetuall rumors, secret intelligences, stears,
fears and suspicions. By such rebellions not seldom princes are chased out of their countries, forced to hide themselves in some obscure angle: as here the Gods, pursued by Typhon fly into Egypt, concealing themselves in the shapes of unreasonable creatures. An invention of the Grecians in derision of the superstitious Egyptians, who adored the like for the benefit they did them. Of which fable perhaps this Priest was author: by Plutarch mentioned to have written a poem of the Muses, here taken for his daughters, and fast to contend with them, in regard of their arrogancy and irreligion.

Iupiter Hammon lurks among the rest in the shape of a Ram: whereupon he was figured with horns, and worshipped in that form in his Lybian temple, assuming his name from these lands. Or rather being the same with Ham the sonne of Noah, from whom Idolatry had her original, who usually wore the carried head of a Ram on his Helmet (the like Amianus reports of Saphores) whereupon his Idol was so fashioned. Diversity of these have I seen in Egypt. But Iupiter Hammon is also taken for the Sun, Hannamah signifying heat in the Hebrew, and because the year begins at his entrance into Ares, he therefore was painted with Rams horns. The feigned change of the rest was derived from the ensignes of those Princes who were held to merit divine honour by the Egyptians. These assumed with ceremony beget superstition in the vulgar: who supposed them no idle spectators, but authors, or at least coadjuvators, not only in their victories, but successful govern- ments, whereupon those beasts did share in their honour and had their images converted into Idols.

The Picrides having ended their song so full of blasphemy and detra- ction, Calliope, for the Muses begins with the praises of Ceres; daughter unto Saturne and Ops; that is of time and the Earth: the parents of all vegetables: Ceres being taken for cornis selfe, or historically for the first who invented the plough, and the sowing of that grain which till then grew wild and neglected: giving the Sicilians bread, who before fed on acorns; and prescribing laws of division, of bound- ders, bargain and sale, and of testaments: whereby affording not only the means of livelihood, but justice to protect it. The Muse proceeds with the punishment of Typhon, struck by Iove with lightning, and thrownne under that Island. The des- troy of audacious Rebellion, which though it rage and raigne for a season, supported by popular fury, yet falls in the end under the arms of vengeance, and weight of cultivated kingdom. Pelorus is here said to weigh downe his right hand, Pachinus his left, Lylius his feete (the three promontories of triangular Sicilia) and Aetna his head: out of which the angry Yanet is fain to breath forth smoke and fire, irregard of the perpetuall burning of that mountain. For Typhon physically is a hot and impetuous wind, not onely above, but under the Earth, which rushing through her hollow cavernes, with violent motion inflames the sulphurous and bituminous matter wherewith Sicilia abounds: the food of this and the like conflagrations. But here with the Philosophical Poet.

High Aetna hollow is through out: alone
Supported well nigh with huge vaults of stone.

No cave but is with wind and aire replete,
For agitated aire doth wind beget,
Which heats the imprisoning rocks when hot it growes;
The Earth shaft by his fury, and from those
Strikes fier, and swifter flame: it felle on high
It darts, and out at vp-right lawes doth fly,
Flakes shedding a farre off, far off dead coles
Transports, and smoke in curles of darkneffe roules,
Exciting ftones withall of wondrous fize:
All which from strength of frightned windes arife.

Besides, againft that mountaines roote the Maine
Breakes her fwole waues, and fivallowes them againe:
From whence vnto the summit of th'afcent
The vndermining caues haue their extene,
Through which the billowes breath, and flames out-thruft:
Vomiting ftones, and darkning fhoures of duft.

Nor is there any mountaine that burnes but borders on the sea. This hath flamed in times past fo abundantly that by reason of the smoke, and aier involved with burning fue and fands, the inhabitants thereof could not see one another (if we may credit Cicer) for two daies together. These extraordinary eruptions were reputed ominous, in fomuch that a little before the fervile warre in Sicilia; wherein threefcore and ten thoufand flaues were flaine by the Pretors, it raged fo violently, that Africa was thereof an abomined witneffe. The floure of Typhon under his burthen is here faid to shake the whole land: the windes imprifoned in the bowels of the Earth, and not finding a vent, being the natural reafon of earth-quakes, to which Sicilia, in regard of the hollowneffe thereof, is much subjeft.

Pluto fearing leaft the earth should crack with thefe tumults, and let in day to affright his Ghosts, ascends in a chariot drawn by black horfes, Singifying darkneffe, burning, night, and conscious terrors; well futting with that sad Monarch, and Monarchy. In the divifion of the World between the three fons of Saturn, the Heauens were allotted to Jupiter, the seas to Neptune, and Hell vnto Pluto, firft named Ageclesaus: the fable disguifing the truth of Jupiter's reigne in the Orient, called by the superior part, and metaphorically Heauen, in that there the ascending light was exhibited to mortals: as the Occident the inferior, or Hell, on the contrary ground, assigned to Pluto. This tradition was derived from the partition of the Earth among the three fons of Noah, Sem, Ham, and Japhet. And because those westerne climates abounded with gold and filver, wrapt in the fecret bowels of the earth, he was called the infernall Deity, as also the God of Riches, his name importing as much: nor unneceffarily was that faine to proceed from Hell which carries fuch a number thither. But physically he is taken for the element of Earth: and therefore not only the king of riches, since all arifes from thence, but also of the dead, becaufe whatfoever humane life, againe refoule into that Subftance, from whence they had their originall: whose occult generations are defigur'd by his Helmet; as his infernall empire by his fhort and crooked scepter. For the foules of the dead, whether good or bad were fuppofed to descend into the womb of the earth vnto severall mansions either of bliffe or punishment; in generall named the house of Hades: an opinion unwarned in the daies of the fathers. Amethyst the wife of Xerxes, buried twelve aline of noble birth, as an offering for the prorogation of her life vnto Pluto: called also Dis and Hades; for that, according to Plato
Plato, being full of humanity to man, kind, wise, and rich with all, he was able to entertain the soules of men with persuasions and demonstrations.

To the inexcusable Tyrant fewes to the stronger tyranny of love: who impelled by his power surpriseth Proserpina the daughter of Ceres, as she was gathering flowers, and carries her away in his charriot: when with blood by Cyane the water nymph, he forces his descent into Hell through her fountain. There is a story in Plutarch how Cyannippus of Siracusa, having sacrificed to all the Gods, but neglected Bacchus: in revenge thereof he so inflamed him with wine that he rushed in the dark his own daughter Cyane: who stealing his ring from his finger referred it to divoscor who it was that had abused her, as Tamar by Judith signet. Upon this an mortal pestilence raged in the City: when consulting with Apollo an answer was given by the Oracle, that they should sacrifice unto the Gods that incestuous wretch, who had provoked their displeasure. The party knowing none to none but Cyane, he had her father by his hair to the altar, and having caus'd him to be slain, slew her selfe on his body. The pestilence ceasing in his death, the Siracusians decreed her divine honours, and called that fountain by her name: which joying streams with the small Anapis discharge themselves into that haven whose conduction gave this invention to their celebrated louses and nuptials, and whose flames the Siracusians erected in the similitudes of mortals. But returne we to the exposition of the rape of Proserpina. Ceres, as we have said, is taken for corn: her Proserpina for the fertility of the seed, which of creeping forth is so called: begotten by Iove, that is, by the aetherall virtue and clemency: when corrupting and dying (for even that which growth dies before it bee quickned,) she was said to be ravishd by the earth or Pluto: and then when gathering of flowers in regard of the fertility, and temperate ayre, of Sicilia, producing flowers in all seasons. Ceres is said to have wandred all the world over in search of her daughter: because of the obliquity of the Zodiac, which causeth Summer at several times in several countries, without whose servor the Corn cannot ripen: and to have sought her with two torches kindled at Atma, in regard of the superior and inferior heat; the one nourishing that part which is above the Earth, the other what is under.

Ceres thirsty in her travell, arraies at a poore cottage: who demands and receaveth liquor of an old woman: her sonne, a hard favoured boy, deriding the Goddess for her haftily drinking, is converted by her into a Stellion or Eveet. Nicander calls the woman Metanira, and her sonne Abas. This envius boy, and therefore hard-faword, since there is no vice more ugly, is aptly converted into that envious creature, who casting his winter skin like a serpent, devours it forthwith, to prevent mankind of so precious a remedy for the falling sickness: and therefore proverbially taken for one that is subtill and envious. Nor leffe malicious when infusd in wine:

The little Stellion start'd with black, that crawles In hollow fepulchers, and ruin'd walls; The Embleme of deceale and envy sowe: Which, ah, too well the jealous matron knowes. Who drinks the wine where in a Stellion dy'd Shall have her face with filthy freekles pry'd.

This creature is little, that want of power might bridle the will from doing much harme, which only stupifies, and not kills with biting. So the light of virtue is ra-
When and then was (that if breaking Ascalaphus, yet found the necer and gaze on his face as it were with affection. An acquaintance of mine fed one of these daily with crummies, frequenting a tree in his garden. Sleeping on a time under the shade thereof, as it was his custom in the heat of the day, the Lizard by running off over his face, and making a pitiful noise, awakened him; when he might perceive a huge Serpent creeping towards him, (whose biting is certain death if not suddenly prevented, and therefore providem Nature hath placed a Basel in her taste to forewarn her approach) who, starting up, killed her with the next weapon he could light on: and thus by this little and grateful beast was his life preferred. 

Ceres at length returning into Sicilia, and comming to the fountain of Cyane finder Proserpina's girdle floating on the water: which renewes her sorrow, as now assured of her detruction. Perhaps alluding to the history, thus related by Firmicus. Proserpina had divers sutors, among the rest one Pluto, a wealthy Franchling, who impatient with love, and desperate of obtaining, having found her one evening in the confines of Ann, gathering of flowers by the pleasant lake of Pergula, forced her into his Chariot, and carried her away. Ceres pursed the rattisher with armedtroops: who now as hopelesse of life as of retaining his prey, dravhe headlong into the depth of the water, where both of them were drowned. This yet unknowne, to comfort the mother, these of Ann fained bow he was raviished by Pluto, the infernal Deity. Others more probably, that Aidoneus or Orcus, King of the Molossians, raviished Proserpina the daughter of Ceres Queen of Sicilia, as Eufebius out of Theodoret. For the Molossians were a people of Ebritus, nere to the mountaine Pindus, from whence Acheron, the famed father of Alcathus, arieth: said to be a river of Hell, in that darke, and obscured by the shades of high trees which grew on his borders. The inhabitants of these parts were much given to Piracy: whereof Liburnian ships are taken for swift ones, and good saylers. Ceres in the mean while wandring through most parts of the world in quest of Proserpina, instructed the Athenians in the art of tillage, the sowing and reaping of Corne: who in gratitude of so great a benefit, decreed divine honours to her and her daughter.

Ceres full of indignation for her Proserpina, strikes the Earth with barrenness; especially Sicilia, where she found the impregnt of her lofe, breaking the plough, killing the Oxeen with their drivers, corrupting the feed in the ground, infecting the ayre: the description of some notable famine and mortality, which happened in that country. When Arctelia a river of Elis, running under ground, and lifting up her head in the fountain of Syracule, (of which hereafter in that story) informeth Ceres how she saw her daughter, now the infernal Empresse, in her former course with Pluto in Hell. This knowne, she ascends into heaven, and complaines unto Jupiter, who signeth Proserpina's returne; provided, that since her descent she had tasted of nothing: meaning, as some suppose, if she had not lost her virginity, alluding to the markes thereof in that fruit; because a rape so consummated is no way repairable but by marriage. A Spaniard of note, and in favour with Spinola, havings raviished a virgin, was advisd by the Margriff to marry her, which he refused, as rather choothing to dye, then disprage his blood by so base a match. Yet when he saw there was no remedy, but that he must either doe the one, or suffer the other; in the end he confented. No sooner were the nuptials solemnized, but he caused his head to be separated from his shoulders: doing therein a twofold injustice, both in giving repairation to the honour of the maid, and in punish...
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

Hither thy flight, of Grecians thou glory, store:
That our songs may delight thee, anchor here;
Never did man in fable barke safely by,
That gave not care to our sweet melody,
And parted pleas'd; his knowledge better'd farre.
We know what Grecians and Troians in Troy's warre
Sustained by doome of angry Gods; and all
That doth upon the foodfull Earth befall.

They were said to be the daughters of Aelouch; of the learned Professors invited thither from Attolia and Acanania, which are watred by that celebrated River; of the Muse Calliope, for the sweetness of their voices. But these noble sciences there exercised with such fame and admiration, were by povertie abused to the destruction of commonwealths, and corruption of manners; especially those more harmonious and delightful, Poetry and Rhetorick: which caused Plato, defiling his owne nest (being indeed a Philosophical Poet) to banish Poets from his Commonwealth; and Socrates continually to gird at the Rhetoricians: yet without displeasure to those Arts, since the corruption of the best degenerates into the worst: the students here wasting their patrimonyes in luxury and riot. Infomuch, that the place grew infames; the Sirens being fained to have been converted into monsters, and to shipwreck such as came neere them: that is, in procuring their poverty and ruine. So that the Sirens are now taken for inviting pleasures, as formerly for the Muses: and their musicke for that eloquence which persuades to destruction. They are called Sirens of alluring: their names Lencofia, Parthenope, and Liqiva, which signifies no other then the motions of the minde to amorous delights, by beauty, youth, and bewitching eloquence. One is said to play on a Harp, another on a Pipe, and

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and the third to sing, that by such variety they might allure the various affections of men, and accommodate their musicke to their lust or ambition, as several bases for several fishes. They are therefore taken by some for Harlots, as according with their craft: and by Horace for sloth, the fuel of lasciviousnesse. They are said to have Achelous, a bull, to their father, in regard of the propensity of that creature unto lust: and Calliope, a Muse, to their mother, for that deceitfull suavity which allures vs unto them: to have wings, in that they swiftly descend into the heart of a lover, and the feet of a Cock, for the wantfull effects of affections. But Pontanus will have them converted by Pallas into Mermaids, for their loose attire, and alterate beauties.

If warned by th'infamous prodigy
Of monstrous Sirens, borrowed beauty fly.
In learning, voice, and feature these surfeit:
But too industrious to adorn the laft.
O why should we fuch heavenly guifts disgrace!
And lay the foules defection on the face!
Now went they to the temple with the reft;
There where Aenarian waves that Heinvft:
Their faces with an oyl y fucus spread,
Their lips of rofy, not with their owne red:
Their necks and breasts fhone with adulterat white,
Bare to the waft, the better to invite,
With painted eyes, and treffes of faire haire,
Which ioynly beare of luft, the badge and fhare.
Whom when Minerva from her fhrine had fpy'd,
She hid her eyes, and turned her head afide.
If a Godiffe, nor in virtue faile,
If right, or force of modesty pretaille,
They fhall not, fay she, herein glory long:
My griefe fhall arme me to revenge this wrong.
Now fcarce departed from her Temple doore,
When scarce their feet had preft the beachy fhore,
Their legs vnitcd in a fealy hide,
And bones in fins thrust out on either fide.
Not yet their former mindes vnchanged keepe,
But hold themfelues for monfters of the Deepe:
Who now vpon the dancing billowes moue:
Fifhes below the waft, and maids above.

This double forme expreftith the angelicall and bruth nature in man: the one suppressed where the other predominates. Some interpret the songs of these Sirens by the flattery of Sichophants: a poefon that takes from a man the knowledge of himselfe, and kills with delighting. They are said to have beene vanquished by the Muses, who pulled their wings, and made themselves coronets of the feathers: in that pleasing which springs from mirth & abundance, swiftly transporting the desires of the Soule, as if with wings, is subdued and bridled by learning and Philosophy, who are raised aloft with the spoyle of the other: the Muse, the mother of the Sirens excepted; which is that superficial & delightfull futility appropriated to Pleasure. They are said to dwell in solitary lands, because pleasure affects the privacy and
and retirement: For which cause Tiberius confined himself unto Caprea, an Island infamous for his incredible baseness. The coasts appeare white as they fable, with the bones of those whom their songs have betrayed to destruction; to shew how the examples of calamities, though newer so clear and perspicuous, not much derrer from those alluring delights, which infinate our sensess. Yet Orpheus failed safely by, who in singing aloud the praises of the Gods confounded their music, for divine contemplations do not only in power, but in sweetness transcend whatsoever is mortal. So Vlfeses secured his men by the stopping of their cares, for the Vulgar are not to be exposèd to the encounter of too prevalent incitements: but himself restraine by his resolution and temper, heareth their charms without further danger, since heroicall spirits in the midst of besieging delights are invincibly fortified by their proper virtue. This fable of the Sirens hath also a topographical allusion: for Archippus tells of a certain Bay contracated within winding fireheights and broken cliffs; which by the singing of the winds, and beating of the billows, report a delightful full harmony, alluring those who strue by to approach: when forthwith thrown against the rocks by the waves, and swallowed in the violent eddys. Some as Gaza and Trapezuntius, affirm that they have seen such creatures in the Seas: either the drudges assuming such shapes to counteract the fable, or framed in the fantasy by remote resemblances, as we give imaginary forms unto Clouds, and call thofe monsters of the deep by the names of Land-creatures, which imperfectly carry their similitude.

Iupiter, compassionating Ceres, decreeth that her daughter should live six months with her husband, and as long with her mother. For the seeds, which is Proserpina, while the Sun is on the south of the Equinnital, lies hid in the earth, which is Pluto: but when he travels through the Northern signes, it shouteth up, and growes to maturity; and then Proserpina is said to be above with Ceres. As also because the moone (which is taken for Proserpina) hath half of the yeare her dominion in our hemisphere: being Lady of the night, and by Idolaters filde the Queen of Heaven (as of the Planets, and therefore called Aproach by the Syrians) worshipped with such solemnity on the first day of every month; not unimitated by the Jews, as complained of by the Prophet.

Now recomforted Ceres is at leasure to heare Arethusa declare the pursuite of Alpheus and Alpheus, and her owne transformation. Alpheus who drew his pedigree from the Sun, having flame by misfortune his brother Cercaphus, threw himself into the river Nixus, which ever after carried his name. This runnes through Arcadia, by Elis and Olympian Pifs, Arethusa springing from the same fountaine: which in breaking from thence, is said to fly from him, and to issue in the end, that they tynded in the beginning. But the fountaine Arethusa here mentio

ned, ascends in a little land at the farthest extent of Syracusa betweene the tvo havens, called formerly Ortygia, and consecrated to Diana. Whereupon it was fained that Arethusa the Arcadian Huntress, and a Nymph of her traine, was turned by her into a river, to save her from the lastfull pursuite of Alpheus, and conducted under the Seato Ortygia: said to be followed in the same current by her violent lover, because that river is swallowed by the earth not far from the shore, and though he rise against this fountaine, in that troubled and smelling of the dugs of beasts in the time of the Olympian festivals when the excrements of the sacrifices were thrown into that river. Yet Strabo writes that Alpheus sinks not at all into the ground, but rushes into the Adriaticke sea with so strong a current, that he preserves his course and sweetnesse a great way off even unto Arethusa, as may be gathered from Virgill.

Her
VPON THE FIFTH BOOKE OF

Her floods so may not bitter Doris ioyne,
Whilst thou glid'st vnder Sicily, with thine.

Anas, now Guadiana, runnes 13 leagues within the Earth, & breaks forth againe by Villa Horta: insomuch as the Spaniards bragge how they have a bridge whereon they feed many thousands of sheepe. But what is this, or the like, to so long a passage under the Sea? yet the same is reported of a river, which from his fountain in Mesina hath an unknowne channel vnder the Sea which conducts it to Panorum a Port of Epirus. So they write of Aesculapius a well in Athens that rendered whatseuer was thrown thereinto at Phalerium, a city of Hetrunia. By this fable of Alpheus and Arartha the ancients expressed the divine affections of the soule, and excellency of virtue. For as them matter seeks after her forme, as her proper and only good, without which she is idle and useless, even so is virtue pursued by the Soul. Alpheus which signifies blots or imperfections, is therefore said to follow Arartha, which is by interpretation Virtue. But Fulgentius more fully, that Alpheus is the light of Truth, and Arartha the excellency of equity, and that can truth more affect then equity; or light then excellency. Alpheus runs unmixed through the sea: because illusrious truth, although invironed with voices, cannot be disfannoned with their bitterness; but unpolluted falls into the bosom of Arartha, or noble integrity. He is said in his passage through Hcll to cause a forgetfulness in the Godds below, that the light of truth descending into the recess of the conscience, procures an oblivion of evils.

Ceres sends Triptolemus, in her chariot drawn by winged Dragons, all over the World, to teach the use of husbandry unto mortals. So famed, in that Triptolemus was the first that invented the sowing of Corn at Eleusis, a city near Athens, receiving that skill from Sicilia, the country of Ceres; whereof called Eulina, and there principally honoured. His travell is no other then the propagation of that knowledge unto other nations: as the volumes which he writ of Tillage, and dispersed abroad, the voluminous Dragons which drew him. Eusebius reports that this Triptolemus was the son of Eleusis king of Eleusis, who in a great dearth sustained his subjects out of his owne granaries: which not able to performe on the like occasion, and fearing the fury of the people, he went abroad a long while which was called the Dragon, and shortly after returned with that ship full laden with corn: wherewith he relieved their hunger, and taught them the art of Tillage to prevent the like necessity. Now Celeus named Lyneus by others, having in his absence usurped his kinglydome, was expelled by him at his returne: who in regard of his treason and ingratitude, was said to have beene changed by Ceres (Triptolemus his faunrix) into that spotted and ravenous beast the image of his mind, which carries his name. But our Ovid maketh this Lyneus to be a King of Scythia: and perhaps out of the ingratefullnesse of that barren soyle, ingratefull to Triptolemus, or the tyller.

Calliope here ends her song: the Nymphes give the Palme to the Muses; by whom the railing Picrides are converted into Pyes. Then these not the Tarro more expressely imitates the voice of man rejoicing in what they speak; but not only diligent to learne, but delighting to meditate, which long their intention by their musings. Plutarch tells of a talking Pye in his days which would counterfeit the language of men, the voice of beasts, and sounds of musical instruments, to the heares no small admiration. That on a time having heard a noise of trumpets, she became mute the day following; insomuch as suspected to have beene poison'd: but as
OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

as appeared by the sequell, in a deep meditation how to frame her voice in the express of those notes, which after she rendred with no lesse art and variety. The aptness in birds, consists not so much in the conformity of the organs of speech as in their attention, and natural delight to practice. The Pye is the hieroglyphick of unseasonable loquacity: deciphering those illiterate Poets, (by the Satyre called the Pye-poets) who boast of their owne compositions, and detract from the glory of the learned. Insly therefore are the Pierides changed into those siluan scoulds, for their arrogancy and impudence, but above all for extolling the flagitious Gyaunts, and vilifying the Gods, since Poesy in regard of her originall, inspired into the mind from above, should chiefly, if not onely, be exercised in celebrating their praises, as here exemplified by the Muses.
OVID'S

Metamorphosis.

The Sixth Booke.

The Argument.

Pallas an old wife. Haughtie thoughts are throw
Harms and Rhodope, who Mountains grow.
The Pigmy, a Crane. Antigone becomes
A Stork. A slaine Cyneras intombs:
His impious daughters stones. In various shapes
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Arachne, a Spider. Niobe yet drownes
Her marble cheeks in tears. Vincirill Clowns
Are curst to Frogs. From teares cleere Marfyas flowers.
His impious daughters.

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His impious daughters.
Yet such a Mistrisse her proud thoughts disclame:
Let her with me contend; if foyld, no flame
(Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.
Pallas, forth-with an old-wives shape indues:
Her hair all white, her limbs appearing weak;
A staff supports; who thus began to speake.
Old Age hath something which we need not shun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorne not advice; with dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but give a Goddesse place.
Craue pardon, and she will thy crime remit.

With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knit,
(Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)
She, masked Pallas with thefe words pronokes.
Old foole, that don't with age; to whom long-life
Is now a curse: thy daughter, or fonnes wife,
(If thou haft either) taught be they by this:
My wisdome, for my felfe, fufficient is.
And leaft thy counfell should an intrefte clame
In my devifion, I abide the fame.

Why comes she not? why tryall thus delays?
She comes, said Pallas, and her feldifie playes.

Nymphs, and a Mygdonian dames the Powreadore:
Onely the maid her felfe undaunted bore:
And yet the bluth, against her will the red
Fluifht in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fley.
Even fo the purple Morning paints the skies:
And fo they whiten at the Sun's vprife.

Who now, as desperately obfinate,
Praise ill affecting, runs on her owne fate.
No more lous daughters labour to difwade;
No more refufe, nor the strife delaye.
Both fettle to their taskes apart; both spread
At once their wars, confifiting of feene thread,
Ty'd to their beames; a reed the thred divides,
Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,
Shot by fwit hands. The combs inferted tooth
Betwene the warp fuppref the rifing woofe:
Strife felfes' ning royle. With skirts tuck to their waife;
Both moue their cunning armes with nimble haufe.

Her crimfon, dyde in Tyrian braffe, they weaue:
The fcarce diuinguifh shadowes fight deceafe.
So wary cloudes, guilt by Apollo, fhowe;
The vaft sky painted with a mighty Bowe:
Where though a thoufand feverall colours shine,
No eye their clofe tranfition can define:
The next, the fame fo neerely reprefents;
As by degrees, fcarce fenfible, diflents.
Through-out imbellifhed with ductil gold:
And both revin'd antiquities vnfold.

a Phrygian: for the Mygdonian, a people of Macedon, planted divers Colonies in Phrygia. Others read Maonites, of Meonia, an ancient name of Lydia.

b The purple Fith that yealded the best scarlet was taken about the Coasts of Tyre.
c The Sun-beames beating on a drooping cloud beget the Raine bowe.
TALLAS, in Athens, a Mar'se's Rock doth frame:
And that old strife about the Cities name,
Twice fix Coeleftiallts fit in their'd on her;
Repleat with awe-infusing gravitie:
Tone in the midst. The futed figures tooke
Their liuely forms: Tone had a royall louke.
The Sea-god flood, and with his Trident frake
The cleaving rock, from whence a fountain brake.
Whereon he grounds his blame. With speare and shield
Her selfe she armes: her head a murrion fted:
Her brest her Aegis guards. Her lance the ground
Appeares to strike, and from that pregnant wound
The hoary olive, charg'd with fruite, afcends,
The Gods admire: with victory the ends.
Yet she, to show the Rivall of her prayse
What hope to cherish for such bold afayres,
Add's foure contentions in the vertue bounds
Of very angle, wrought in little Rounds.
One, Thracian Rhodope and Hemis fhows,
Now mountaines, top with never melting fnowes,
Once humane bodies: who durft emulate
The bleft Coelaftialls both in fitle and state.
The next contains the miserable doome
Of that Pigmie matron, ouer-come
By Ioue, made a Crane, and forc'd to jar
With her owne nation in perpetuall war.
A third pretends Antigone, who ftroue
For vnmatch beaute with the wife of Ioue.
Not Ilium, nor Loue, Latmedon her fire,
Prevail'd with violent Saturn's ire.
Turn'd to a Storke, who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is ever by her creaking bill felfe-prais'd.
In the laft circle, Cynaras was plac'd;
Who charg'd with griefe, the temples ftaire imbrac't; 
(0f late his daughters by their pride o're-throwne)
Appeares to weep, and grovel on the ftone.
The web a wreath off peacefull Olive bounds
And her owne tree her worke both ends and crownes.
Arachne weaves Europa's rape by Ioue:
The Bull appears to liue, the Sea to moue.
Back to the shore she cafts a heavy ey.
To her distracted damfells feemes to cry:
And from the sprinkling waues, that skip to meet
With fuch a burden, shirks her trembling feet.
Afteria there a strugling Eagle preft:
A Swan here spreds his wings o're Leda's brest.
Ioue, Satyr-like, Antiope compels;
Whofe fruitfull womb with double iftie fwafts:
Amphryso for Alcmena's loue became:
A fhowe for Danae, for Aegina flame:

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE NAMING OF ATHENS.

a Peripatet (the fstreet or court of Mars) where the A-
repagius the Athenian Magif-
trates late in judgement.
b Divers lay a Horse: reading
Forum for Freium, allending
Virgils authority: but the o-
ther, both by the history, and
condition of Athen, as fa-
mous in navall fights, as in
the act of Peace, ap poes
to bee the meaning of the
Author.
See the Comment,
The name of her shield,

HEMAS AND RHODOPE.

GERANIA THE PIGMIE.

ANTIGONE.

e King of Ifium or Troy.
d Ioue, the daughter of Sat-
urne.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CYNERAS.

e King of Alphius.

THE SYMBOL OF PEACE, and
dedicated to Pallat, in that 
Peace is the end for which
war is made. Or expreffing
her virginity, since Oile will
neither corrupt, nor mingle
with any other liquor

ARACHNES WEB.

Of thefe following tranfor-
mations, see the Comment;
For beautifull Mnemosyne he takes
A shepheard's forme; for a Deois a snake.
The a,Neptune, like a luftful Stere,
She makes the faire b Aolian Virgin beare:
And get th' c Alcides in Enipe's shape:
Now turn'd t' a Ram in sad d Bifalis rape.
The e gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening Seed,
The f snake-hair'd mother of winged Steed,
Found thee a Stallion; thee Melanthe finds
A Delphine. She to every forme affignes
Life-equal lookes, to every place the fame
Aspect. A Heardl man Phaebus here became;
A Lycon now, now falcons wings displays:

b Libcr, a grape, Erigone comprest:
And Saturne, horse-like, Chiron gets, halfe-beast.

About her web a curious trail'd designes:
Flowres intermixt with clapping ivy twines:
Not Pallas this, not Envy this reprooves:
Her faire successe the next Virago mouses;
Who cares the web, with crimes coelestiall fraught:
With shuttle from b Cytorian mountains brought,
Arachne thrice vpon the fore-head stone.
Her great heart brookeit not, About her throte
A halter knits. Remorseful Pallas stayd
Her falling weight; liue wretch, yet hang, she said,
This curle (leaf of succeeding times secure)
Still to thy issue, and their race, indures,
Sprinkled with i Hecat's banefull weeds, her haire
She forthwith sheds: her nose and eares impaire;
Her head growes little, her whole body so;
Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers growe;
The rest all belly. Whene a thred she sends:
And now, n a Spider, her old webs extends.
All Lydia storms; the fame through Phrygia rung:
And gaue an argument to every tongue.
Her, Niobe had knowne, when she a maid,
Yet flights that home example: still rebells
Against the Gods: and with proud language fvely.
Much made her haughty. Yet Amphion's towne,
Their high descents; nor glory of a crowne.
So pleas'd her (though she pleas'd her felle in all)
As her faire race. We Niobe might call!
The happiest mother that yet ever brought
Life vnto light; had not her felle fo thought.

n Siphon is a citie of Phrygia
And Maon is the fame with Lydia; both under the sublevation
Of her father Tamos.

p Tiresian Manto, in frefages skild,
The streets, inspirt'd by holy fury, fild
With these exhortes: a Ifmenides, prepare:
To great Latona, and her Twins, with prayer
Mix sweet perfumes, your browes with Laurell bind:
By me Latonabids, the Thebans wind
About their temples the commanded Bay:
And sacred fires, with incense feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queene in height of state appeares:
A Phrygian mantle, weant with gold, she weares:
Her face, as much as rage would suffer, faire.
She flops; and shaking her disheued hair,
The godly troop with haughty eyes survaies.
What madneffe is it Vsene Gods ( the fayes)
Before the fene Coelfialls to prefer?
Or while I Altars want, to worhip her?
Me Tantalus (alone allowd to feaft
In heaven) begor, my mother not the leaft
Pleias; greatest Atlas fire to thofe,
On whose high shoulders all the fars refofe.
Take the, my other Grandfather, and he
My father in law, a double grace to me.
Me Phrygia; Cadmus kingdoms me obay:
My d husbands harp-rais'd walls we ioynly sway.
Through out my Court behold in every place
Infinite riches! adde to this, a face
Worthy a Goddefe. Then, to crowne my ioyes;
Seuen beauteous daughters, and as many boyes:
All thefe by marriage to be multiply'd.
Behold, haue we not reafon for our pride?
Dare you Latonathen, by e Caued got,
Before me place: to whom a little spot
The ample Earth deny’d, ’twasne his wombe:
Heauen, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddefe roome:
A Vagabond, till f Delos harbour gaue.
Thou wandrefl on the land, I on the waue,
It fared, and granted an unftable place,
She brought forth two; the feaventh part of my race,
I happy am! who doubts? So will abide:
Or who doubts that with plentie fortif’d.
My fate too great for fortune to bereave:
Though much the raviifh, the much more muft leave.
My blessings are aboue low feare. Suppose
Some of my hopefull fones this people lofe,
They cannot be reduced to fo few.
Off with your bayes; thefe idle Rifes efcheu.
They put them off; the facri ficc forbore:
And yet Latona silently adore.
As much as free from barrenneffe, so much
Difdain and griefe th’ infaried Goddefe touch.
Who on the top of S Cynthus thus beginnes
To vent her passion to her sacred Twins,
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
(Excepting Inno, second vnto none)
Am question'd if a Goddess: and must loose,
If you affist not, all religious dews.
Nor is this all: that curt a Tantalian Seed.
Ads foule reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her children before you prefer;
And calls me childleffe: may it light on her!
Whose wicked words b her fathers tongue declare.

About to second her report with prayer,
Peace, Phoebus laid, complaint too long delays
Conceau'd revenge: the same vext Phabe layes.
Then swiftly through the yeelding ayre they glide
To Cadmus towres; in clouds their glories hide;
A spacious plaine before the city lyes,
Made dusty with the daily exercise.
Of trampling houes; by strifefull Chariots trackt.
Part of Amphions aChie sons here backt
High-bounding steeds, whose rich caparison
With scarlet bluft, with gold their bridles shone.
Iphigenus, from her womb who first did spring,
As with his ready horse he beats a ring,
And chacks his fomy jaws; ay me! out caryes;
While through his groaning brest an arrow flies:
His bridle flackning with his dying force,
He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.
Next, Siphilus from claffing quiver flies
With flackned raignes: as when a Pilot spies
A growing storme; and, leaft the gentle gale
Should fcape before him, claps on all his faile.
His haffe th'vneuitable bowe o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow ftook.
Who, by the horfes mane and speedy thighes
Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.
Now Phaedimus; and Tantalus, the heire
This Grand-fires name; that labour done, prepare
To wraffle. Whilst with oyled limbs they preft
Each others power, close grasping brest to brest;
A shaft, which from th'impulflue bowe-ftring flew,
Them, in that sad Conjunction joyntly flew.
Both groane at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend:
Their rowling eyes together fet in death;
Together they expire their parting breath.
In ruft Alphenor (bleeding in their harms)
And raised their heatleffe corfes in his armes:
But in that pious dutie fell. The threds
Of life, his heart-stringes wrathfull d Delius threds.
Part of his lungs clae to th'extracted head:
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
But vnborne Damasichthon laughterd lies
Not by a single wound: shot where the thighes

Knit
Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty joint.
Striving from thence to tug the fatal point,
Another at his neck the bow directs.
Thick-gushing blood the piercing shaft ejects;
Which spinning upward cleft the past tide aye.
Left Ilioness, with luccelesse prayer,
His hands vp-heaves: You Gods in general
Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pitty me! The Archer had remorse;
But now irrevocable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound dispatch'd.
His heart but onely with the arrow scratcht.
Ill newes, the peoples griefe, her households teares
Present their ruine to their mothers eares:
Who wonders how the Gods their lives durft touch?
And fweels with anger that their powre was fuch.
For sad Amphon, wounding his owne brest,
Had now his sorrow, with his soule releaft.
How different is this Niobe from that!
Who great Latona's Rites suppreft of late,
And proudly pac't the streets, enui'd by thofe
That were her friends, now pittied by her foes!
Fraunctick the doth on their cold corfes fall,
And her last kiffes diſtributed to all.
From whom, to heaven erecting her bruiz'd armes:
Cruell Latona, feaft thee with our harmes:
Feaft, feaft, she faid, thy faluage fromack cloy;
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our sorrow joy:
Seaven times, upon feaven Herfes borne, I dy.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why
Victorious < hapleſfe I haue not fo few:
Who, after all thefe funeralls, fubdew.
This faid, the bow-string twangs. Pale terror chills
All hearts faue Niobe; obdur'd by ills.
The fifters, in long mourning robes array'd,
About their herfes stood, with hair defplay'd.
One draws an arrow from her brothers fide;
And joyning her pale lips to his,fo diſte.
Another striving to affwage the woes
That rackt her mother, forth-with speechleſſe growes;
And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
Shuts her fixteeth; the soule already fled.
This, flying falls: that, her dead fifter makes
Her bed of death: this, hides her felfe: that quakes.
Six flaine by sundry wounds, to shield the laft,
Her mother, ouer her, her body caft.
This one, she cries, and that the leaft, o faue!
The leaft of many, and but one, I craue!
Whilft thus she fues, the fu'd-for Delia hits.
Shceu by her husband, fons, and daughters, fits

5 Diana: of the land Delia, where she was borne.
A childless widow; waxing stiffe with woes.
The winde wags not one hair; the ruddy rose
Forfakes her cheeke; in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix: through-out appearing dead.
Her tongue, and pallat robed of inward heat
At once congeale: her pulfe forbears to beat:
Her neck wants power to turne, her feet to goe,
Her armes to move: her very bowels grow
Into a stone. She yet retains her teares.
Whom straight a whistle-winde to her country beare;
And fixes on the summitt of a hill.
Now from that mourning marble teares distill.
Th' exemplary revenge fruick all with feare:
Who offerings to Latona's altars beare
With doubled zeale. When, one as oft befalls,
By present accidents the past recalls.

In fruitfull Lycon once, said he, there dwelt
A fort of Peants, who her vengeance felt.
'Twas of no note, in that the men were base:
Yet wonderfull. I sawe the poole, and place,
Fam'd by the prodigie. My father, spent
Almoft with age, ill brooking travell, went
Methitter for choice Steeres: and for my Guide
A native gaue. Those pastures search't, we spy'd
An ancient Alter, black with cinders, plac't
Amidst a Lake, with fluidering reeds imbrac't.
O favour me! he, softly murmuring, saied:
O favour me! I, softly murmuring, praid:
Then askt, if Nymph, or Faune therein reside,
Or ruefull God. The Lycon thus reply'd.

O youth, no mountaine Powres this altar hold:
She calls it hers, to whom Iones wife, of old,
Earth interdicted: scarce that flooting Ile,
Waste-wandering Delos, sinkt her exile.
Where, coucht on Palmes and Oliues, she in spight
Of fritfull Ino, brought her Twins to light.
Thence also, frighted from her painfull bed,
With her two infant Deities she fled.
Now in Chimara-breeding Lycon (fit'd
By burning beams) and with long travell y'red,
Heat raifing thirt the Goddesse fore opprest:
By their exhausting of her milke increaf't.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A Lake of shallow water she defcries:
Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,
With shrubby Ofiers, and plath-louing reeds.
Approacht', Titania kneelles upon the brink:
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drinke.
The Clownes with flood. Why hinder you, said she,
The vse of water, that to all is free.
The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar, a publick gift I cline.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
My tongue wants moisture, and my laves are drie:
Scarce is there way for speech: For drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live;
'Tis by your favour: life with water giue.
Pity these babes: for pity they advance
Their little armes! their armes they stretcht by chance.
With whom would not such gentle words prevale?
But they, perfifting to prohibit, raile;
The place with threats command her to forfake.
Then with their hands and feet disturbe the lake:
And leaping with malicious motion, mowe
The troubled mud, which rising, floats above.
Rage quench't her thirst: no more Latoms sues
To such base fluæs: but GoddefTe-like doth use
Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd:
May you for euer in this lake refide!
Her with suceeds. In loued lakes they trie;
Now sprawle aboue, now under water die;
Oft hop upon the banke, as oft againe
Back to the water: nor can yet restraine
Their brawling tongues: but setting shame aside;
Though hid in water, under water chide:
Their voyces still are hoarse: the breath they fetch
Swells their wide throates: their laves with railing stretch:
Their heads their shoulders touch: no neck betweene,
As intercepted. All the back is greene:
Their bellies (every part o're-lazing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in flimy pooles delight.
Thus much, I know not by what Theban, said:
An other mention of a Satyre made.
By Phæbus, with a Tritonis reede, o're-come:
Who for presuming felt a heauy doome.
He from my felfe, al why doe you destray?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deferes not such a vengeance! Whilfe he cry'd,
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
His body was one wound, blood every way
Streames from all parts: his finewes naked lay.
His bare veins pant: his heart ye might behold;
And all the fliers in his brefe haue told.
For him the Faunes, that in the forrests keepe;
For him the Nymphs, and brother Satyres wepe:
His end, o Olympus (famous then) bewailis;
With all the shepherds of those hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiued with their teares;
Which in her penetrated wombs the beares,
A a

Marystas.

a Minerva's Pipe, whereby Marystas the Satyre played. See the comment.
b The words of Marystas.

c An excellent Piper remembred by Plato, and beloved of Marystas, of whom that mountaine in Myia was so called,

Till
Till big with waters: then discharg'd her fraught.
This purest Phrygian Stream a way out fought
By down-falls, till to toying feas he came:
Now called Marsyas of the Satyres name.
The Vulgar, these examples told, returne
Vnto the present: for Amphiom mournes;
And his loft issue. All the mother hate.

Pelops alone laments his sisters fate.
While with torne garments he pretends his woes;
The iurious piece on his left shouder shoues.
This once was flesh, and coloured like the right.
Slaine by his Sire, the Gods his lims vnite:
His scattered parts all found; faue that alone
Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.
They then with iury fupply'd th' unfound:
And thus restor'd Pelops was made found.

The neighbouring princes met: the Cities neare
Intret their kings: the b deloate to cheare.

Renown'd Mycena, Sparta, th' Argive State;
And Calydon, e not yet in Dia's hate:
Fertill Orchomene, Corinth, fan'd:
For high-priz'd braffe Messene, neuer tam'd,
Cleone, Patra, Pyles, Nelius crowne:

And Trazon, not as then d Pithon towne;
With all that e two-fea'd Ithmos Streights include:
And all without, by two-fea'd Ithmos view'd.
Athens alone (who would beleue't) with-held:
Thee, from that ciuill office, war compeld.
Th' inhabitants about the Pontick coast
Had then befiege'd thee with a barbarous hoaft:
Whom Thracian Tereus, with his Aids, o'rethrew;
And by that victorie renowned grew.

Powerfull in wealth, and people, from the loynes
Of Mars decrui'd: f Pandon Proney loynes
To him in marriage. This, g nor Iuno blest;
Nor Hymen, nor the Graces grace't that feast.
The snake-haird furies held the fluttering light
From funerals snatch't, and made the bed that Night.
Th' ill boading Owle upon the rooffe was set.

Prone and Tereus with these omens met:
Thus parents grew. The Thracians yet reioyce;
And thanke the Gods with one united voyce.
The marriage day, and that of Iths birth,
They confecrate to vnuerfall mirth.

So lyes the good vnfeene. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run:
When flattering Prone thus allureth her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favour, that I may my sisters fee:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me.

Promis:
Promife my father that with swiftest speede
She shall returne. If this attempt succeed,
The summe of all my wishes I obtaine.
He bids them lanch his flops into the maine:
Then makes th' Athenian port with failes and ores;
And lands up on the wifhe. 
Brought to Pandion's presence, they salute.
The King with bad prefage begins his fitte.
For loe, as he his wifes command recites,
And for her quick returne his promise plights,
Bright Philomela came in rich array;
More rich in beauty. So they vfe to say
The fately Naiades, and Dryad's goe
In Syluan fhaudes; were they apparel'd fo.
This fight in Tereus fuch a burning breeds,
As when we fire a heap of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd ftubtle hurt.
Her face was excellent; but in-bred luft
Inrag'd his blood, to which thoie Climes are prone:
Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.
He freight intends her women to intice,
And bribe her Nurfe to profecute his vice;
Her felfe to tempt with gifts, his crowne to spend:
Or rauifh, and by warre his rape defend.
What dares he not, thurf on by wilde defire?
Nor can his brefte containe fo great a fire:
Rackt with delay, he Progne's fute renewes:
And for himfelfe, that but pretended fues:
Loue made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would say. Thus charged he,
And moving teares (as she had fent them) sheds.
You Gods! how dark a blindnessr ouer-fpreds
The foules of men! whilffe to his fin he climes,
They think him good, and prafie him for his crimes:
Euen Philomela with the fame! now she
Hangs on her fathers neck: and what would be
Her utter ruine, as her safety prefet:
While Tereus by beholding pre-poffeft.
Her kiffes and imbraces heat his blood:
And all afford his fire and furious food.
And wifhe, as oft as she her Sire imbract,
Him-felfe her Sire: nor would have beene more chaft.
He, by their importunitie is wrought.
She, ouer-joy'd, her father thankes: and thought
Her felfe and fitter in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labour of the Day now neere an end,
From stepe d Olympus Phoebus fedes defcend.
The boards are princely feru'd: Lyres flowes
In burnifh gold. Then take their soft repofe.

\[ a \ Pifces \ was \ the \ Hauen \ to \ Athen; \ so \ called \ of \ the \ ad-
joyning promontory, \]

\[ b \ Nymphs \ of \ fountains \ and \ woods. \]

\[ c \ The \ Thracians, \ a \ warlike \ people, \ were \ much \ addited \ to \ Venu\ng and gloried in the \ multitude \ of \ their \ wines, \ as \ recorded \ by \ Melan \ and \ Sotnii. \]
And yet a th'O'drysian King, though parted, fries:
Her face and graces ever in his eyes.
Who parts vnfeeue into his fancy faines;
And feeds his fires: Sleep fies his troubled braines.
Day rose: Pandion his departing fon
Wrings by the hand, and weeping, thus begun.
Deare Son, since Piety this due requires;
With her, receive both your and their defires.
By faith, aliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a fathers loue
And suddenly fend back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages onely stay.
And Daughter ('tis enough thy fitter's gone)
For pity leave me not too long alone.
As he impof'd this charge, he kift with all:
And drops of teares at euery accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands
('Which mutually they give') their plighted hands.
To Prague, and her little boy, faid he,
My loue remember, and salute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewell: foobs foingage
His troubled speech; who dreads his foules prefage.
He reftor'd vnto her mind, her rufled haire,
As at a wofull funerall she fette:
Her amies with her owne fury bloody made:
Who, wringing her vp-heaued hands, thus faid.
O monfter! barbarous in thy horrid luft!
Trecherous Tyrant! whom my fathers truft,
Impos'd with holy teares, my fitters loue;
My virgin state; nor nuptiall ties, could moue!
O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!  
I, an adulterer to my sisters bed;  
Thou, husband to vs both, my only hate;  
And to expect a miserable fate.  
Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;  
By forcing life from her abhorred heart?  
O would thou hadst, ere I my honour loft!  
Then had I parted with a spotless ghost.  
Yet, if the Gods have eyes, if their Powers be  
Not meekly names, nor all decay with me;  
Thou shalt not escape due vengeance. Sense of shame  
I will abandon: and thy crime proclame:  
To men, if free; if not, my voice shall break  
Through these thick walls; and teach the woods to speake:  
Hard rocks resolve to ruth. Let heaven this hear;  
And Heaven-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!  
These words the faluage Tyrant moves to wroth:  
Nor leſſe his fear: a like provok't by both.  
Who draws his sword: his cruel hands he winds  
In her loose haire: her arms behind her bins.  
Her throate glad Philomela ready made:  
Conceiving hope of death from his drawne blade.  
Whilſt she reviles, invokes her father; sought  
To vent her spleene; her tongue in pincers caught,  
His sword devideth from the panting root:  
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.  
And as a serpents taile, diffuse'd, Leaps:  
Euen fo her tongue: and dying fought her steps.  
After this fact (if we may rumor truth)  
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.  
Yet to his wife, euen after this, retires:  
Who for her fitter haſtily inquires.  
He funcrialls belyes, with fained grieve:  
And by instructed teares begetts belief.  
Progne her royall ornaments rejects;  
And pafs on black: an empty tombe erects;  
To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burns:  
Her fitter fate, b not as she should, she mournes.  
Now through twelve Signes the fun had borne his light.  
What should fail Philomela doe: her flight  
A barbarous guard restrain'd; the walls were strong;  
Her mouth had loft the Index of her wrong,  
The wit that mischief begetts is great:  
Great forrow addes a quicknede to conceit.  
A woofe upon a Thracian loome the fpreds;  
And inter-weaves the white with crimfon threads;  
That character her wrong. The clofely wrought,  
Gau¢e to a servant, c by her looks befought  
To beare it to her 4 Miftrefle: who pretends  
The Queene therewith, not knowing the contents.  

\[\text{As they ancienly vied for the absent in some fort observed by Princes at this day.}\]  
\[\text{b As dead, and not as dishonoured.}\]  
\[\text{c By Signed.}\]  
\[\text{d Progne.}\]
The wife to that dire Tyrant this vnfolds:
And in a woefull verse her fate beholds.
She held her peace: 'twas strange! griefe struck her mute.
No language could with such a passion suite.
Nor had the time to wepe. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts; her foule on vengeance fixt.
It was that time; when, in a wild disguife;

a Thessian, of Sithonias a province of Thrace.
b Triester Bacchi;
c A mountaine of Thrace.

a Sithonian matrons vie to solemnifie
b Lycur three-yeares Feaft. Night spreds her wings:

By night high c Rhodope with timbrels rings,
By night th' impatient Queene a lutein takes,
And now a Bacchanal, the Court forakes.
Vines shade her browes: the rough hide of a Deare
Shogs at her side: her shoulder beare a speare.
Hurried through woods, with her attendant froses,
Terrible Progne, frantick with her woes,
Thy farre more sober fury, Bacchus ftries
To counterfeit. Now at the lodge arrifes:
Howles, a Euebe, cries: breaks ope the doores, and tooke
Her fitter thence; with iuy hides her looke:
In habit of a Bacchal arrayd:
And to her Citie the amaz'd convoyd.
That hated roofe when Philomela knew;
The poore foule flooke; her vifage bloodleffe grew.
Progne with-drawes the facred weeds vnlos'd;
Her woefull fitters bafefull face disclos'd:
Falls on her neck. The other durft not raife
Her downe-caft eyes; her fitters wrong furvayes
In her dishonour. As she flroue t'haue fwoone
With vp-raif'd lookes; and call the Gods t'haue borne
Her pure thoughts witneffe, how he was compeld
To that loth'd fact; the hands, for speech,ypheld.
Sterne Progne broiles; her bofone hardly beares
So vaft a rage: who chides her fitters teares.

No teares, said he, our loft condition needs:
But fleele; or if thou haft what fleele exceeds.
I, for all horrid praftifes, am fit:
To wrap this roofe in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforke,
T'extirp; or with a thoufand wounds, divorce
His guilty foule. The deede I intend, is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came Iys in, and taught her what to doe.
Beheld with cruell eyes, Ah, how I view,
In thee, faid shee, thy father! then intends
Her tragick Scene: Rage in her lookes ascends.
But when her fonne faluted her, and clung
Vnto her neck, mixt kifses, as he hung,
With childish blandishments; her, high-wrought blood
Began to calme, and rage diftracted ftood.
Teares trickl'd from her eyes by strong constraint.
But when he found her resolution faint
With too much pitty, her sad sister viewes,
And said, while both, her eyes by turnes peruse.
Why flatters he? why conghedelle weepes the other?
Why sister calls not she, whom he calls mother?
Degenerate! thinke whose daughter, to whom wed:
All pietie is finne to Teires bed.
Then Tyss trailes: as when by Ganges floods
A TigrelTe drags a Fawne through silent woods.
Retiring to the most fquefed roome:
While he, with hands vp-heau'd, fore-sees his doome;
Clings to her bosome: mother! mother! cry'd;
She stabbs him: nor once turn'd her face aside.
Histhrote was cut by Philomelas knife:
Although one wound suffic'd to vanquish life.
His yet quick, lims, ere all his soule could passe,
She piece-meale teares.
Some Boyle in hollow braTe,
Some hils on Ipits.
The pauements bluflit with blood.
Progne invites her husband to this food:
And faines her Countries Rite, which would afford
No servant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now Tereus, mounted on his Grand-fires throne, proth;
With his sonnes, caused entrails stufles his owne; and call
And bids her (so Soulé-blinded!) call his boy.
Progne could not disguise her cruell joy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haft, said she, within thee thy desire.
He lookes about: asks where. And while againe
He asks, and calls: all bloody with the flaine,
Forth like a Fury, Philomela flew;
And at this face the head of Tyys threw.
Nor euer more then now deire d a tongue;
T'expresse the joy of her revenged wrong.
He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repel:
And calls the Furies from the depth of hell.
Now teares his breft, and, fcribes from thence in vaine
To pull th' abhorred food: now weepes amaine.
And calls himselfe his sonnes vnhappy rombe.
Then draws his fword; and through the guilty roome
Purfues the Sifters, who appeare with wings,
To cut the ayre, and so they did. One sings
In woods; the other naer the house remains,
And on her breft yet beats her murders flaines.
He, swift with griefe and fury, in that space;
His perfon chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace;
His shining crowne; his fword a bill became;
His face all arm'd; whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing newes, ere halfe his age was spent,
Fandion to th' infernall Shadowes lent.
Metamorphosis

Erichtheus his throne, and scepter held;
Who, both in justice, and bold arms excelled.
To him his wife four sones, all hopefull, bare:
As many daughters: two, surpassing faire.
Thee, Cephalus, thy Procris happy made:
But Thrace and Tereus, Boreas nuptiall stayd.
The God belou'd Orithya wanted long;
While he put off his powre, to vfe his tongue.
His fute rejected; horridly inclin'd
To anger (too familiar with that Wind.)
I justly suffer this indignity:
For why laied he, have I my armes laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.
'Tis my dishonour to have vs'd in treats.
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I drive;
Tfef the blew billowes, knotty Okes vp-riue;
Conceale soft snow, and beat the earth with hail.

The winds were fained to be the sones of the Gyant
Athenian Dame Guæ to the Icie author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings and mothers shape.
Yet not so borne. Before their faces bare
The manly ensignes of their yellow haire,
Calais and Zetes both unplumed were.
But as the downe did on their chins appeare;
So, soule-like, from their fides soft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood,
In the first vesell, with the flower of Greece,
Through viknowne seas, they fought the Golden Fleece.

Boreas and Orithya.

Calais & Zetes.

A People of Thrace.

For the Rape of Philometor.

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Vpon the Sixth Booke of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

Pallas excited by the example of the Muses, proceeds to the punishment of Arachne, who dares compare, and challenge her in that art, which her selfe had taught her. Yet first the Goddess endeavours to reclaim her by persuasion: and for that purpose takes upon her the shape of an old woman, as in experience and counsel of greater authority and opinion: advising her not vainely to contend with immortals, but to ask forgiveness for her arrogancy, with assurance of obtaining. So unwilling she is to punish, and so glad to bee prevented by repentance. But Arachne wickedly resolute, the Goddess renews her own shape: when either setting themselves to their loames, put their skil to the trial.

Pallas weanes the ancient contention betweene her and Neptune about the naming of Athens: the Gods their indiges; who propose the victory to him or her, who should produce what was most beneficall to mortalls. The place Arceopus; after, the place of publice indicature among the Athenians: focalled Mars, who there had his triall for the slaughter of Halirrhotus. The fome of Neptune, that had revilled his daughter Alcippe. A story which Varro endeavours to disprove, as too much detracting from the honour of their Gods, but yet admits of the former contention. Pallas portrays Neptune striking the rock with his Trident; and the Sea from thence gushing: her selfe with a shield, a lance, and a helmet; accompanied as when first she sprung from the Head of Jupiter. For the fable reports how Jupiter having married Metis and got her with child, devoured her at once together with her burren. When, having caused Vulcan to cleanse his skull, his braine was delivered of the armed issue. Pallas is taken for the Intelligence of Jupiter. (A notion, as some Authors report, derived by Tradition of the second Person, and soberly delivered by the Sybils, Trifincgiftus, and other Ethnicks, but after defaced by mixture of the Grecian vanities.) And therefore the Temples of Wisdom were erected by the Ancient, in her honour, and that on high places, as in the Tower of Athens, in reference to the head, the principall seat of the soul. His devouring of Metis doth intimate, how none can attain unto Wisdom without the receipt and digestion of Counsell, for to her name signifie. Vulcan is said to have plaid the part of a mid-wive: because fire, which demonstrates the wonder of Nature, is the instrument of humane industry, which brings to light what is occult and secluded, reducing the Theory of Art into practice: intended by Homer, when he speaks of a cunning workman instructted by Vulcan. Pallas is said to have been armed from her birth, in regard of the active & passive fortitude of Wisdom, of power to encounter all opposition, and dispose of Fortune.

Where Wisdom, there the Gods: a Deitie
Wee thee, o Fortune, make, and place on high.

This fable by the Vicount of S. Albanes is referred to the politick use which Princes make of their Counsellors; to whom they are set as it were (like Jupiter to Metis) in a nuptiall conjunction: whereby they not only preserve their authority and dignity, but augment the one and advance the other, in popular opinion: seeming it no diminution (and truly) to deliberate with them in their weighti-est affairs. But when their designs are elaborately formed, as it were in the womb, they
they devote this Metis, in appropriating all to themselves, (except in matters distasteful and obnoxious to Envy) as the issue of their brains; no less then the execution to their power, which because it implies a necessity, is elegantly digested under armed Minerva. Who in this contention produces an olive tree; and by the sentence of the admiring Gods, obtained the victory. As here she is celebrated for the Olive, and else where for the author of others arts: so was she the最爱, and adored for their Gods in general: because of that admirable wit, and little lefser then divine inventions which flow from the fountain of the braine, the Temple of this Deitie. The fable of the former contention, sprang from the change of that City's name: first called Pofidonium, of Pofidonius, or Neptune, and after Athens, of Athena or Minerva. And the Athenians have a Month, beginning with the first new Moone in December, called in memory of this strike Poseidon. But morally it prefers the excellence of peace and publique tranquility, expressed by the Olive, before the trouble and dishemper of a State, decipherd by the Ocean: the one being the symbol of Peace, and the other of Turbulency; the first appropriated to Minerva and the latter to Neptune. More over, this fable decides, and by the sentence of the Gods, that a City is not to be so much renowned for riches and empire, purchased by naval victories, as by civill arts and a peaceable governmen. Decified also, as Plutarch alledgeth, by the wiser Athenians to withdraw the people from their slyly intending of maritim affaires, to the planting and cultivating of their country. It is by Baptitus Pius reported out of Varro, how in the aigne of Cecrops an Olive tree sprong up by the Tower of Athens, and hard by a fountain of water, Consuting with the Oracle of Apollo concerning this prodige, hee replyd, that the Olive signified Pallas, and the fountain Neptune; who were in strive about the naming of their City, which was by the suffages of the people to bee decided. The Athenians therefore put it to the Balloting: when the men were for Neptune, and the women for Minerva; who carried it only by one pebble. Whereupon incensed Neptune surrounded most of their territories: (which was, according to the truth of history, the Deluge of Deucalion: about the time of the Israelites delivery from the thrall of the Egyptians) but after appeased by thus punishing the women: That they should have no voices in publique decrees, that their children should not carry their names, nor themselves be called Athenians. Which forfeited privileges, their Plato would restore in his imaginary Republicke. Neptune was more easily reconciled to Minerva; both being in Athens one Temple, wherein an Altar was erected to Oblivion.

HÆMUS and RHODOPE.

Pallas, to shew her rival Arachne what she was to expect for her presumption: in the angles of her web, within little Ovals adds four contentsions. In the first she delineates Hæmus and Rhodope, both begotten by one father, and in love with each other: insomuch that Hæmus called his sister Iuno, and Rhodope her brother Jupiter: for which presumption, they were fined by the angry Gods converted into these Thracian mountaines, bordering on the river Strymon, who was said to have beene the mother of Rhodope.

The second contained the miserable fate of the Pygmean matron, by others called Gerranica (which signifies a Crane.) She, the male line failing, became the Queene of that nation: adored by her subiects, as if more then mortal, for the excellency of her feature. Wherewith she pleased her selfe so much, that she began to neglect the service of the Gods, but especially Iuno's: who, as here fined, and perhaps in regard of her name, transformed her into a Crane, and made her war with her owne Nation, as a punishement for her arrogancy: and to a punishment unto those who had given her undue honours. It should seeme she was low of stature (and consequently
Like Cranes who with lowd clangors fill the sky,
When they from cold and stormy winter fly
To th' Ocean, and that aires more temperate breath:
Infligiting on the Pygmies wounds and death.

By which it appears that they dwell'd, if any such were, not only in one country, Pliny also writes, that they were driven out of Thrace by the Cranes, frequenting the river Strymon in infinite numbers. Of this thus Iuvenal,

At view of Thracian foule, and cloud-alarmes,
The little Pygmy fouldier runes to armies:
Strait, over-matcht by his fierce enemie
The Crane,trust't vp, and carried through the sky.
You'd flake with laughter, should you see this fight
Here in our Clime: but there the vifall fight
Begets no merriment, where none of all
Their army is about twelve inches tall.

Though Iuvenal will have them but one foot high, to make them the more ridiculous, yet Pliny and Aulus Gellius advance them to two and a halfe. And perhaps there hath been as low in all ages. Nicephorus, an Ecclesiastical Author, tells us of one in body no bigger then a Partridge: yet indued with reason and eloquence: & Cardan, that he saw a man at full age in Italy, not above, a Cubit high, carried about in a Parrot's cage. This would have past my beleif, had I not beene told by a Gentleman of a cleere reputation, how he saw a man at Siena about two yeares since not exceeding the same stature (a French-man of the country of Limousin) with a formall beard: who also was shoune in a cage for monye; at the end whereof was a little hutch, into which he retired: and when the assembly was full, came forth, and plaide on an instrumment. We will conclude this section with that relation of Aristotle, how the Cranes doe fly in the beginning of winter from the Scythian fields to those Lakes of Ethiopia, which are filled by Nilus, and there are said to fight with the Pygmies. Nor is it, saith he, a fable, but certaine; that there be in those parts a race of Dwarces, who are called Troglodites, in that they liue in Caves; and have little horfes proportionable to their stature.

The third Oval presents the transformation of Antigone, the daughter of Laomedon, into a Stork, for presuming to preferre her beauty before Luna's. The metamorphosis well suitting with a proud and talkative woman; for this fonde, though a stranger to all musicke, so affects her unmanageable crackings, that she claps her wings in her owne plaudite. And perhaps the fable had an original from her husbands giving a Stork for his Impresse.

In the fourth angle Cyneras was figurer weeping and embracing the staires of the Temple, in which his daughters were converted for the like presumption. His name signifies lamentation, to his fortunes agreable. But this seems not to be he whom as both grandfather and father to Adonis: nor is here of him else where any mention. Now Pallas both feasteth and crowneth her labour with a wreath of
VPON THE SIXTH BOOKE OF

Arachne Web.  

Iupiter a Bull. 

An Eagle. 

A Swan. 

A Satyre. 

Amphitryon. 

A shoure of Gold. 

A Flame. 

A Shepeard. 

A Serpentine. 

Neptune a Bull. 

The River Eniphus. 

A Ramme. 

A Horfe. 

A Delphine.

her owne tree; for the Olive was not only the Symbol of peace, but also of victorie. 

These were for instruction. But profane Arachne sets forth the rapes and adulteries of the Gods. She makes Jupiter in the likeness of a Bull to fleece away Europa, of which he has spoken already. To compress Petria in the shape of an Eagle. For Iupiter having violated Latona, fell in love with her sister: who to avoid him, intreated the Gods to change her shape, who transformed her into a Quaile: but converting himselfe into an Eagle, pursued, and caught her. Declaring how difficult it is, even for the most skillful to prevent the temptations, and in solem

of Great ones. Iupiter here beguileth Leda in the likeness of a Swan. For she not knowing how to guide accesse, is said to have changed herselfe into that foule, and caused an Eagle to pursue him: who flew into her lap, as it were, for succour. Pitty introduceth Lune: Beautie, and the harmony of the tongue (expressed by the Swan) his prevailing solicitors. He doth honour Antiope in the shape of a Satyre: a forme well sitting with his lust, expressed both in his nature and name: getting on her Amphion and Zeus. But some affirm he that came disguised in the habi

t of a Pefant; the ground of this faile. So to Alcmena in the semblance of her husband Amphitryon: a deceic not overall. But Iupiter signifies the virtue of the mind, and Alcmena fortitude: the parents of Hercules, or noble achievements. In a golden shoure, which is with gifts, he corrupted Danae. He couples with Europe to a flame: heat and moisture (Iupiter the etheriall heat, and Europe the daughter of the river Alopus) being the parents of generation. Besides divine purity expressed by elemental fire, infused from above, begetted Jason on Europe, or a minde indited with sincerity and Inclite. Her comprehensif Mnemosyne in the shape of a shepheard: Memory replenished with celestiall knowledge, and delighting in contemplation, producing the Muses. And Deois (the same with Proserpina) in the forme of a Serpentine. For etheriall heat, which is Iupiter, by trall of time, deciphered by the Serpentine, whose extension and circular windings, express (according to Cicilus) the series of dates and yeares sliding silently by; both cherish Proserpina, or the seed in the ground, and makes it to fruitifie: In memorialis whereof, the Egyptians, as Eufebius reports, exhibited a Serpentine contraid in folds, among their sacred Mysteries.

Arachne portrays Neptune defiling Arne in the forme of a Bull: said to take that figure, because the bellowing of a Bull resembles the roaring of the Sea, he being so called by the Boeotians, in that Bulls were usually sacrificed unto him. But historically for wearing a head-piece of Bulls leather, said in that shape to have lain with Arne; for being gotten with child by Neptune, and banished to Metapont by her father, she was there delivered in an oxenfall. To beget the Aloides in the shape of Eniphus a turbulent river, and therefore the father of those Terrible Gyant, Othus and Epithalides, who waged warre against the Gods, begotten licentiouly on Ephimedia the wife of Alous. To ravish Theophane the daughter of Bifaltus in the shape of a Ram, having borne her away from the rest of her sisters, in a ship which carried that figure on her prow. To have lain with Ceres; in that Neptune or mayfloure, foole the corn in the earth, which is Ceres, the cause of her pregnancy: and in the shape of a horse, in regard of the unridded fury of water. And said in the same forme to have defiled Medusa in the temple of Minerva, for the brutifluef of headstrong appetite, which violates all lawes both divine and humane. To defloure Melanthe, the daughter of Proclus, in the shape of a Dolphin; because Neptune was worshipped in that forme: expressing the empire of the Ocean, as swifter then all other creatures, and next to man in intelligence, affecting his conversation, and subject to the passions of sorrow and love (the hieroglyphick of the
Ovid's Metamorphosis.

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But Niobe was exalted on high in pursuit of a boy whom she loved: the youth was made Neptune's Priage by Alexander the Great, and supposed to be affected by the Sea-god. An other not far from the same city, accompling to carry one Hermius on his back, on a time over-taken with a tempest, wherein the boy was drowned, the Dolphin brought the dead body to land, & thrusting himself ashore there dyed, for company. To these add we a third, reported by Pliny on the testimonies of Maccenas, Flavianus, and Flavius Albus, who inferred it in their Annals, happening in their own times, in the Reign of Augustus. The Dolphin was enamoured on a poor man's sonne of Baiae, that went daily to school at Puteoli: who about noone accustomed to stand on the shore, and call upon the Dolphin by the name of Simo: and by feeding him with bread so allure him, that in a short time he would come at his first summons, and offering him his back, convey him to Puteoli, and back again. Appian doth witness as much, and Solinus, that it became so ordinary a spectacle as no man admired it. But what was stranger, the Dolphin long missing the deceased boy, pined away with sorrow: and being found dead on the shore, was buried in his sepulcher.

Arachne (its forth Apollo in the shape of a beards-man (whereof we formerly have spoken.) In the shape of a Falcon, agreeing with the Sunne high mounted, swiftmee, cleare-sight, and devouring fervor: and therefore worshipped under this figure. In the likeness of a Lyon, because the heat of the Sunne is most hot and violent when he enters that signe. In the form of a Shepheard, that is, in such a dispose to have deflowered Ifa, the daughter of Macarius King of Lesbos.

She portrays Bacchus to decense Erigone in the likeness of a grape (perhaps because wine is a provocativeness to Venus, and takes from a woman the guard of her honour.) This was the daughter of Icarus, to whom Bacchus had taught the planting of vines: and on the Attick rurals revenged their deaths with a pestilence. Of which more largely hereafter.

Lastly she produceth Saturne to beget the Centaure Chiron on Philyra in the likeness of a Horse: in regard of the furious luft of that Creature: excited in mortals by the secret operations of his Planet, those exorbitant desires being nourished by melancholy. But why Chiron is said to be his sonne, and of his double forme is formerly declared.

These personages, with the places, being written to the life by Arachne, sheinseth the web with a tissue of IVY, well suitting with the woman argument and her owne ambition. Worne in garlands at lascivious meetings, and climbing as ambitious men, to compass their owne ends with the ruine of their supporters. Minerva teares in pieces what ever could not but commend, because it published the vices of great ones; and beats her with the shattle to chastise her presumption: who not incurring the indignity hangs her selfe; and is by the Goddess converted into a Spider: that she might still retaine the art which she had taught her, but toile without profit. For ye gods and worthies labors are expressed by the spiders web: by which the Psalmist presents the infirmity of man, and vanity of his actions; which woven with infinite industry and care, in regard of their imbecillity, are broken through by every occasion. The common people who envy the eminent, and pity those whom they envied in adversity, form that of so excellent an artist. Niobe in times past had knowne Arachne, yet could not be admonished by her example, but exceeded her in insolency: proud of her high parentage, and of her husband Amphion: both descending from Jupiter. He then King of Thebes, who first compassed that city

Apollo, a Hearid-man.
A Falcon.
A Lyon.
A Shepheard.

Saturne.
A Horse.

Niobe.
with a wall, to defend it against the assaults of Plegyas. But fainted here to have drawn the stones together, and built it with the musick of his harpe: in that by his wisdom and eloquence he brought the fleeing people to civility, and caused them to inhabit. Niobe, graces besides in her beauty, her riches, her dependancy, but especially in her children, exalting her self above the reach of fortune, or degree of a mortal, affects divine honours: enraged at those which were given to an other. Her anger transports her beyond decency, and eclipseth her beauty; whose impenetrancy disports the sweetnesse of the affect, extends the veins, disfolons the blood, and darts those flames from the eyes which love never kindled. The prescrib'd remedy for this evil is a glass, wherein they may see how they change themselves into Gorgons, and take an affright from their shadowes. For women who are enamoured on their pretious beauties, had rather have their soules deform'd then their faces. She now suppresseth the sacrifices of Latona; who complaining to Apollo and Diana, Niobe, by the slaughter of her children, and self murderer of her husband, is left a childlde, despised, and desolate widow; congealing with sorrow into a statue of marble, and is rap't by a whirling wind to the Sphyralian mountains, who now might say if she had a tongue, and reason to direct it;

Who proudly raigne in Princely towers,  
Nor feare the ealy-changing Powers,  
But too-much truft their happy state,  
My change behold: for neuer fate  
Produc't a greater Monument  
Of flipperty height, and Prides decent.

Niobe is said to be the daughter of Tantalus, and Taygeta one of the Pleiades, or rather of Eurynatia, that is, of Avarice and Riches, which ingender pride in hearts of Mortals: from whence proceeds the contempt both of God and man, and an insolent forgetfulness of humane infallibility: when such not seldome from the height of Glory are reduced by the divine vengeance to the spectacles of calamity, and subject to their pity whom they formerly despis'd, who neither having the vertue to make use of, nor the courage to support their afflictions: are aptly fain'd to be turned into stone, as bestowed and unjustified with immoderate sorrow. But to return to the history. It is written how Niobe left all her children by the pelitence, which then cruelly raged in Boetia; and therefore saies to have beene suddenly slaine by Apollo and Diana, with their arrows of exceffine heat and contenacious vapours: whereof Zetzes among others.

All Niobe's children in one day were slaine  
By Phoebus and Diana. This they faie,  
Because the Sun and Moone dire plagues beger,  
Through swift vicissitude of cold and heat.

At which disaster, Niobe (her griefe too great to be expressed) neither lamented, nor shed a teare, but standing like a staine, was faied to bee converted into marble. Palapaphus will have the fiction to proceed from her erecting of a monument for children; whereas she had set her owne image in a mornnefull posture. There is this epigram extant (renderd in latin by Auonius) of her statue carved by Praxiteles:

I liud;
I liu'd, became a stone: now polished
By thee Praxiteles, no longer dead.
All by thy art restor'd: fence wants alone:
And I, when I provok the Gods, had none.

She is said to have been transported to the top of Siphylus; in that solitude best
fates with sorrow. But Paulanias reports, how himself ascending that mountain,
beheld this figure of Niobe, the place full of rocks and broken precipices, where no-
thing near a hand could be seen: But when a farre off, a woman, weeping, with a
submiss and sorrowfull countenance: the teares no other in all likelihood the
sweating of marble, which proceeds from the thickning of the moist aire against a
hard and unpenetrable body. Of her statue thus Autonius anigmatically.

This is a sepulcher without a body:
A body this without a sepulcher:
Both sepulcher and body vnlo to her.

Terrified with this fate of Niobe, the Thebans worship Latona with the great-
er devotion: when one among the rest relates the metamorphosis of certaine Lyci-
an Clownes for their contumely towards her, as he fled from Iuno with her little
infants. Latona is formerly said to be the daughter of Caerus, and the Ionne of
Coelus; because oblivion of evils proceeds from divine composion, which cures
those maladies of the mind which are incident to mortalls: and to be the mother
of Apollo and Diana; in that mufique hath the fame subordinate quality, the affec-
tions inflamed by the one, and allayed by the other. But Latona Physically is taken
for the Earth, from whence the sterres as first were imagined to ascend, among
which the Sunne and Moone, Apollo and Diana. Their births here fained to have
beene long prostratd by Iuno, because the grosse and moist ayre obscured those
greater lights at the beginning, which being then invisible, were said to be restrai-
ned in the womb by her envy: Until Delos, which signifies apparent, rose above
the Deepe and afforded Latona a place for her delivery: which is, those mists and
fogges being dissipatd by heat and drynness, the Sunne and Moone, became ap-
parent, as newly produced. These exhalations were figured by Python: and there-
fore fained to be flames by Apollo, (that is consumed by his rays) for purifying his
mother. But to draw more nearer to the history: After the flood of Ogyges,
there was such abundance of thick fogges, that in Attica, and all along the coast of the
Aegean sea, neither Sunne nor Moone for many daies could be seen: still at length
the aire beginning to clearre, the inhabitants of Ortygia a little before day espyed
the Moone, and the same morning the Sunne: who were said hereupon to be borne
in Ortygia, called after Delos, of their manifestacion.

Latona, in her flight from Iuno, is chirulously intreated by the Lyrican peasants, Lycian Parsants.
denying and publicke benefit of water: for which incontinency these bawling
Clownes are changed into croaking frogges, and confined unto that Lake for ever.
A kind of halfe-sould men, as malitious as unmannerly, insolent when they have
the power: and made by intreay inexcerable: added to raile and clamor aloud,
the latter, as obsered by Aristotle, an unfallable signe of rusticity. And therefore
to such this transformation is not misapplied: the frogge being the Hieroglyphick
of impudence and clamor. It is written that the frogges about a certaine Village
grew silent at the command of offended Augustus (then but an infant) and so con-
tinued ever after. In reference to this, his favorite Meccenas had the figure of a
frogge
frogeingrauen on his sculc as promising secrecy and silence. Yet the Emperor would complaine of his two friends, Agrappa and Mecenas, that the one wanted patience, and the other taciturnity. These were sent as a plague to the Egyptians; these drove the Abderites out of their country, whom Caflander planted in Macedonia: these depopulated a city in France, and now not a little infest Virginia in Summer: called Pohatans bound by the English, of their continual yelping. And as they croake & ride one upon another in shallow places so Pefants baule and gamball at their meetings; fouled in liquor, as frogs in the water. It is worth the observation, that a frogge, though he haue her heart and likeness pulled out, will skip up and downe notwithstanding. There is a story how the men of Delos siding with those of Rhodes against the Lycians, landed to water at a certaine lake, where they were resistfull by the Pefants of Lycia, whom the Delcans flew, and threw into the water. The warre now ended, and they returning by that lake, could disconser none of their bodies floating above, but heard an outrageous croaking of frogges, whereupon grew this fable of their metamorphosis.

This story is seconded by another of the excoriating of Marfsyas: a Musician excelling in wind instruments; and called a Satyre, for his rude and lascivious comportations: who finding the flute, which Minerua cast away, when she beheld in the ycker how the blowing thereof didst her vigne, was the first of mortals that played thereon: and so cunningly, that he presumed to challege Apollo with his Harpe by whom overcome, he had his skinne stript over his body by the victor. It is said that Minerua threw the flute away, not only for deforming her face, but that such musique conferred nothing to the knowledge of the Muses, presented by that Goddesse, the patronesse of wit and learning. The fiction of the Satyres punishment was invented not only to deterre from such self-exaltation: but to dehort the Athenians from the practise of an art so illiberal, whereunto the Thebans were generally addicted. To which purpose thus spake Alcibiades: Let the Thebans play on the flure, who know not how to speake: but for vs Athenians, we have Pallass and Apollo for the Patrons of our country, of whom in times past, the one threw away the pipe, and the other vnauned the Piper. Marfsyas is famed to have the taitle of a swine, in that audacious attempes haue but shamefull ends. But the Rurals deplore the death of their piper, and raise a river with their tears which carries his name: the Phrygians themselves believing that it sprmne from the blood of the Satyre. A violent flame, which meeting with Mæander hath his speede abated by the slownesse of the other.

By Mycale into th’Icarian Deepe Vnited Marfsyas and Mæander crepe.
Straight Marfsyas wondrous swift while yet his owne; Now, dul’d by crook’t Mæander tardy growne. Far otherwise, smooth Araris slowr pace Is ravish’d Rhodanus, by thy swift race.

So haue I seene, where those fine turrets reare Their glittering tops, which farall lightning feare; The silent Araris so flowly passe By Rhodanus, as if of solid glasse.
When with a louers speed, d’impatient flood There meets her, where the fane of Penu flood.
Yet run vommixt together; till at length
He forces her with long resisted strength.

Maander and Marfyas were worshiped by Gods by the idolatrous Gentiles; and to increase their superstition, whatsoever was offered to Maander would not mingle with the streams of Marfyas; and what to Marfyas, was cast up by Maander. Curtius reports that the river Marfyas falls from the top of a mountain on subjacent rocks with a mighty murmur, and passing from thence, glides on in a quiet current; fains a Peper, and being stript of his skinne, to have dissolved into waters, because that murmur renders a kind of harmony; the river suddenly changing by his abated violence, as if unceded of his skinne, assuming another colour, and becoming more chrystalline. Marfyas, the inventor of wind instruments, may resemble ambition and libertine glory, which delight in loud shouts and applauses: but virtue and wisdom have a sweeter touch, though they make not so great a noise in popular opinion.

These stories told, they convert their discourse to the present occasion. All pity the wofull end of Amphion and his issue; but none the arrogant Niobe, her brother Pelops excepted: who whilest he teares his garment, a cusomne at funerals, discovers his ivory shoulder. This Pelops was said to have beene cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, and set before the Gods among other viands: either to see if they could discern it, or for the greater magnificency, in sacrficing unto them what was most in his estimation. But all forborne to eat thereof: only Ceres, distressed with griefe for her ravished daughter, fed ere aware on a piece of his shoulder. When the Gods, commiserating Pelops, rejoyned his limbs, supplying that part which was wanting with ivory: and revoked his soul to his body. The feasting of their Gods with the blood of their owne children was a wretched custome, introduc't by the subtilty of the devil, and derived, as Vives conjectures, from the immolation of Iaack: used not only by the Heathen but the Jews; who offered their fones and daughters unto Molock, which bloody sacrifice was connivd by the spirit of Darkness unto the salvages of Florida; in the same manner as Diodorus describes them to be offered unto Saturne. But this was detested and held odious to the Gods, by the more sober Ethnicks. Tantalus his feasting the Gods with his sonne, taken allegorically, and in the better sense, doth declare that nothing should be so dear unto us, which we would not voluntarily sacrifice to God and religion; whereas what we give in a greater perfection. For he, being rich, is said only to have intended the service of the Gods (called elsewhere their friend, a title giuen to Abraham who first offered his sonne) despising riches, with all bodily pleasures, and therefore was famed to flarte in plenty. To say something of the history: it is conjectured that Pelops was cruelly and inhumanely handled by his father: and therefore famed by him to have beene cut in pieces, and served to the Gods at a banquet: who rejoyned his limbs and restored him to life; in that they rempenced his sufferings with future reputation, power, and abundance: for ivory signifieth riches, as the shoulder strength and potencie. Such Pelops, whose infinite wealth grew proverbially, great his power, and great his fame, having subdued all Peloponelius, and left his name to that country; where in he found divers mynes of gold and fluer, which greatly enrich'd him.

The neighbour Citties intreat their Princes to visit and condole with Pelops. Tereus and only the Athenians could not performe that civill respect; being strictly besieged by those barbarous Nations that dwell about Pontus. But soon after relieved by the valour of Tereus: to whom Pandion in recompence gave his daughter Progne.
But neither Juno, Hymen, nor the Graces, who use to accompany successful nuptials, were present at that wedding. Juno is fain’d to be the President of marriage, in that all things are proved to light by the are: to whom they offered before the solemnities, and threw the gaff of the sacrifice behind the altar, to declare that there should be no bitterness and disension between the married couple. Hymen a beautiful youth of Athens, disguised in the habit of a maid for the love of another, was surprized with the rest of the virgins of that City as they celebrated the feast of Ceres Eleuthina, and carried away by Pyrato: who taking him for the same he seemed, caken’d him with his belov’d. But he, when the Pyrato were a sleepe, cut all their throates, and then outrunning the rest to Athens, told their parents that he would restore their daughters, if they would assure him of her he affected. This granted, and that marriage proving extraordinary happy, it grew a custom among them, to invoke and reiterate the name of Hymen, as a lucky presage, in all their nuptial solemnities: imitated as well by the Romans as the rest of the Grecians, as appears by this of Catullus.

Thou that dweltst on Helicon,
Heavenly faire Phoebe sone,
That to men doth Virgins hale;
Hymen, o thy browses impale
With sweet-flowred Margerum;
Take thy Saffron vaile and comb:
With a smiling looke appeare,
Yellow focks of wollen weare.
Let this day with Beauteous spring,
Shrill Epithalamiums sing;
Nimbly dance, the flaming Pine
Shake in that faire hand of thine.

Maltis: Julia (Venus’ do
Did to Phrygian Paris shew)
With good auguries shall wed,
Spotleffe Maid, to a happy bed:
Like a mirth, ever greene,
On the shore of Cyprus see;
Where the Nymphs their sports pursue,
Fostering it with roly doo,
Come, o with a willing mind!
Leaue th’ Aonian caues behind,
Sunk in Theseian rocks, where chill
Aganippa’s waters drill.
To the Bride-grome call the bride,
In affections fetters tyde:
As when Ivyes creeping vines
Clap the oake in amorous twines.
Chaste first virgins, you who may
Taf't the like another day:
Make the aire with Hymen ring:
Hymen, Hymeneus sing.

Iuno and Hymen are accompanied by the Graces; the bestowers of whatsoever is amiable
Amiable or worthy: daughters to Ione & Antonæ, Divine bounty and Prudence, or a wise distribution. One is called Aglaia, or cheerfull, in that benefits should bee conferred with alacrity: the second Thalia, or still-florescing, because they should ever live in the memory of the receuver: the third Euphroine, of delight; since to give and to take should be equally delightful. They are said to bee naked, in that gifts should be given without fraud or second respeffts: and linked together, in that the league of benevolence should be endleffe. But the Furies kindle the nuptiall torches with funerall fires at this wedding of Tereus and Progne; the ominous owl screeching sad prefaiges, confirmed by the sequel: Tereus ravishing Philomela, and revengefull Progne fealing her husband with the flef of her owne son, as he before had contaminated his table with the flef of others. Affyages so sturned his favorite Harpalus, who hauing suffered him to glut himselfe with his misfortunes, produced their heads, and ask him how he like his viands: who replied, that all feafts were pleafant with a King. An answer which set him in the highway to safety: as it would have done to revenge, had he so intended. Nor doth the former story leffe agree with the truth, but only in the transformations: the two fisters fain to have beene changed into birds, for their speedy flight unto Athene, by which they escaped the revenge of Tereus. Philomela into a Nightingall, and Progne into a Swallow, in that no Nightingalls are seen in Thrace, as hating the country of Tereus: nor Swallow ever builds there, as is observed by Paufanias. Such alfo fained for their mournfull songs and feeming lamentations. The Nightingall chanting in the solitary woods, defcriedly called Philomela, or a lover of myfike, in that no bird hath so sweet a voice among all the fylvan muftians: singing feyteene days and nights together, when the leaves begin to afford her a shelter, with little or no intermission. So firm a voice in fo little a body, and a breath fo long extended, is worthy admiration, she alone in her songs expressing the exact art of Musick in infinite variety. Neither have all the same tunes and divifions, which shews their skill to be more then natural. They frieue among themfelves in fervent contentio: the vanquished not seldom ending her life with her song, through griefe, or over-straining. The young ones heare with attention, prattife, and repeate their leffon, which they old correct, and being perfect in that, proceed to a new. The spring near an end, they fucceafe, as fattied, or weary: and in the summer, in that neither heard nor seen, are faid to change both their voice and colour: the latter disproved by such as are kept in cages. Perhaps the Sleepes, or lies senseless all the winter, as her fister the Swallow. For Swallows, when the cold comes in, and flies, their only fuffenance faileth them, crepe into cells of rocks, and fink to the bottome of waters: insomuch as no extraordinary thing in Germany to draw them among fishes out of their ponds: these, seeming dead, when brought into their Stones, or laid by the fire, will after a while revive with the heat, and betake them to their wings. As the other the woods, fo these frequent houses building their nests under arches, and in the cornifhes of windowes, with wonderfull architecture (which to robe, or purl downe, was held not only unfortunate, but sacrilegious) recording their complaints on the tops of chimneys. Yet surely birds rather fong for delight then forrow.

Now Tereus, when he could not reduce his subjefts to obedience, who for his cruelty towards them, and violence to Philomela, had rebelled against him, slew himself at Megara: where he had a hill of Earth raised over him; an ancient fashion among the Thracians of intombing their Kings, whereof many are to bee seen at this day in that Country. Strabo places the Scene of this Tragedy in the territory of Phocias; with whom Thucidides seemes to accord: and Paufanias discovers
The tomb of Tereus hard by the rock Mergis in Attica: which may well agree with the speedy escape of the sisters unto Athens. For Daulis was a Colony of the Thracians; there planted perhaps by Pyreneus: of which our Poet in the former book.

He Daulis, withall Phoecis had obtain'd
By Thracian arms; and there vniust raign'd.

Concluding both to be of one nation, and now a confederate with the Athenians, Tereus is said to be the some of Mass not only for his valour, but propriety to Venus (the reasons we have alleged in the fabulous loves of that God & Goddess) Mars also being principally adored by the Thracians, a furious and barbarous people: of whom Sidonius in his panegyrick to Antonius.

The Souldier-bearing Thrace thy Empire knowes.
Here infants cough on ice, and Cimbrian snowes
Their soft limbs harden, then when newly borne.
Few nourish't by the breath, but from thence torne
Suck blood, their milke, from horses wounds; who grow
Thereby the fiercer. Now more strong, they throw
Their darts in cruel sport, whom itrokes incite.
Boyes, apt for hunting, savage beasts delight
To route from Dennes. The youth, inrith with spoyle,
Make swords their lawes; esteming spent Age vile
Which steele lends not to death. Even such a life
Lead Mars his brood.

A people who in their lusts were no lesse outrageous. So Tereus infected with the vice of his country, burnes with love of Philomela, by giving liberty to his eyes to gaze too much on her beauties, and drawe in that affectiion, which should have beene avoided by preventing the occasion.

The object fly, and baits of love efchew:
Divert thy minde, and other hopes pursuwe.

It therefore furiously affects, and ravisheth the affected. For over-violent love is little lesse then madness: which imboldens the frantic lover to rush on whatsoever is forbidden and horrid: one wicked deed begetting another, who violates first his faith and her honour: and then cuts out her tongue to conceal his offence, with as great an impiety, But flagitious crimes cannot long ly hid. All knowne to Progne, she bends her thoughts on a strange revenge, and through her owne bowells strikes at her husband. So cruel is the rage of an injured woman. Of the sisters swift flight, and his fierce pursuite, they were said to have beene changed into birds. The lustfull Tyrant into a Lapwing: in that faith Paulamias, the Lapwing was first discovered upon that hill, under which he lay buried. A filthy foule, delighting in dang, and therein making his nest. His long harp bill represents the sword of his tyranny, the shaft on his head resembling a Diadem. The other have their bosomes blainned with red: the eternal brand of their crueltie. All are said to have certaine articulate notes, whereby they express their infortunities: which I omit to rehearse, since they no way accord with our language.

The Nightingaille & Swallow are allud'd to Poetry & Oratory called sisters, because there is in both a similitude of Harmony: the one affecting solitary places; sequestred from the converse of men, but frequented by Gods & Muses; differing in argument.
ment, as in affection, from the other: who delights in cities, exercising her eloquence before tribunals, in Senates and assemblies. Yet as the Nightingall excels the Swallow in sweetness, skill, and variety, so doth Poesy Oratory.

Pandion dying with grief, hath his throne supplied by Erichtheus: a Prince highly extolled for his justice and valor, the subject happy in the one, and that happiness protected by the other. The Thracian Boreas solicits his daughter Orythia: but Thrace, and the memory of Tereus, cross his desires: who laying interests aside, now beares her away by force. Wherein the quality of the Northerne winde is nicely described: with the causes of hale, and thunder, lightning, & earthquakes. The story reports how it was not the winde, but one of that name, the sonne of the Thracian Strymon. But Plato in his Phadrus, that she was blowne from a cliffe into the river Iffis, and being never more scene, was fained to have beene borne into Thrace by Boreas: said to be a Thracian because the Northerne windes blow bitterly on Greece from those mountaines.

Calais and Zetes are said to be the sonnes of Boreas and Orythia: not onely because male children are likely begotten when the winde is in that quarter (as females when Southerly) but in regard of their violent and fierce dispositions. They are said to have wings, of the fashion and changeable colours of their garments: or, according to Zetes, of their faire long-dangling haires, which covered their shoul-
ders. Why not of their swift running, or celerity in warre, especially in Navall fights, wherein the sailes doe carry their similitude? These winged brothers accompany Iafon in his expedition to Colchos for the Golden Fleece; in the Argos, the first long ship that ever was made, so called of the builder. The voyage imposed on Iason by Peleas, his treacherous uncle, who had his kingdom in tryst: and endeavoured his destruction under the pretence of a glorious enterprise. But of this in the next.

Boreas and
Orythia.

Calais and
Zetes.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Senaenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Men, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their yeares
By odors cast. A ser'ue branch Olines beares.
Drops sprout to Flowres. Old Elon young became.
So Libers Nurses. An old Sheepe a Lambe.
An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Mera barker unknowne.
Hornes from the Coan dames. The Telchines
All change. A Dive-turn'd Maid. The hard to please,
Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie weepes
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe keeps
Her son-soughte Life. A King and Queene esrang'd
To flight full Foule. Cephius Nephew chang'd
Into a Snake. A Snake-like Stone.
An Oxe-a Stag. Sad Merabarkes unknowne.
Homes front the Coan dames.
The Telchines All change.
A Soue-turn'd Maid. The hard to please,
Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie weepes
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe keeps
Her son-soughte Life. A King and Queene esrang'd
To flight full Foule. Cephius Nephew chang'd
Into a Scale. Eumelus daughter flies,
Through tracelesse regions. Men from Mushrumps rise.
Phinius and Periphas light wings assume.
So Polyphemons niece. From Cerberus fume
Springs Aconite. Inst Earth a grave denies
To Scyrons bones, which now in rocks arise.
Arne, a Cough. Stout Myrmidons are borne
Of toyling Ants. The late releied Morne
Marks Cephalus. The Dog, that did pursue,
And Beaf pursi'de, two marble Statues grew.

With a Pagafian keele the Minye plow,
The curling waues; and Phineus see, who now
In endlessse night his needy age consumes.
The youthfull 4 Fonnes of Boreas, rais'd with plumes,
Those greedy Harpies, with the virgin face,
Far off from his polluted table chace.
They, vnder Jason, having suffer'd much;
At length the banks of flimy Phasis touch.
Now Phryxus fleece the hardy Minye askc:
And from the King receive a dreadfull taske.
Meane while 5 Aetias fries in secret fires:
Who strugling long with over strong'defires,
When reason could not such a rage restraine;
She said: Medea, thou resists in vaine.
Some God, unknowne, with standards. What will this prove!
Or is it such as others fancie loue?

Why
Why seems the Kings commands so too sever?
And so, in truth, they be. Why should I fear
A strangers ruine, never seene before?
Whence spring these cares? Why fear I more and more?
These furies from thy virgin breast repel,
Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, should I be well.
A new-felt force my struing powres invades:
Affection this, discretion that, perfwades.
I see the better, I approve it too:
The worse I follow. Why shouldest thou pursue
A husband of another world; that art
Ofroyall birth? Our country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate;
Or liue, or dye, tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he liue? I such a fute might moue
To equall Gods, although I did not loue.
Payment, that I thou hast done: his hopefull Youth
Would moue all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
His birth, his valour. Set all these apart,
His person would: I feele it moues my heart.

The element of Earth.

The armed men which ascended from the Earth.

The God of marriage,
Grece, a part taken for the whole.

Challone, formerly married to Phryxus, who favored Iason.

The Cureties in their voyage to Greece, for the reasons of their fathers patrie.

Hyrmn shall crown, and mothers celebrate.
Their Jonnes Predestresse through the Achian State.

My sister, brother, father, country, Gods,
Shall I abandon for unknowne abodes?
Fierce is my Father, barbarous my land,
My brother, a child, my sisters wishes stand

With
With my desires, *the greatest God of all
My bref thrivnes. What I forfake, is small;
Great hopes I follow. To receive the grace
For *Argo's* safety: know a better place
And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,
Are famous; with civilitie, and arts:
And *Echidne* Rome, whom I more dearly prize
Then wealthy Earth and all her Monarchies.
In him most happy, and affected by
The bounteous Gods, my crown shall reach the sky.
They tell of *Rocks that Juttle in the maine;
*Charybdis* that sucks in, and casts againe.
The wrackfull waues: how in *Sicilian Straights,*
Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waites.
My love posseth; in *Iasous* boleme laid;
Let feas twell high: I cannot be dismaid
While I infold my husband in my arms.
Or should I fear: I should but feare his harmes.
Callist thou him husbands: will thou then thy blame
*Medea,* varnish with an honest name?
Consider well what thou intendst to doe:
And, while thou maiest: fo foule a crime eschue.
Thus she. When Honour, Piety, and Right,
Before her flood, and *Cupid* put to flight.
Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;
O're-shadowed by a darke and secret wood.
Her broken arder she had now reclaim'd;
Which *Iasous* presenche forth-with re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks blush fire; her face with ferverous flames.
And as a dying cinder, rak't in ashes,
Fed by reviving windes, augmenting, growes;
And toss'd, to accustom'd fury growes:
So fickly Loue, which late appear'd to dye;
New life affum'd from his inflaming eye.
Whose looks by chance more beauty now discouer
Then heretofore: you might forgive the Louer.
Her eager eyes the rivets on his face;
And, frantick, thinkes him of no humane race:
Nor could divert her lookes: As he his tongue
Began t'vnloafe, her faire hand softly wrung,
Implor'd her aide, and promis'd her his bed:
She anfwere made, with teares profusely shed.
I see to what events m'intentions moue:
Nor ignorance deceives me thus; but loue.
I by my cunning will preferre your life:
But fweare, that done, to take me to your wife.
He, by the Altar of the *Triple Powre,*
The groues which that great Deity imbrowe;
Her Fathers Sire, to whom the hid appears,
His owne successe, and to great danger, fweares

---

*Dd* Beleue'd
Belceu'd: from her th'enchanted hearbs receivies;  
With them, their vfe; and his Proce'trefe leaves.

The Morrow had the sparkling flares deface:
When all in Mars' field amble; place't
On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,
The iuory-scepter'd King in scarlet shine.

From adamant nofrills bras-hou'd Bulls now caft
Fierce Vulcan, and the graffe with vapors blast.
And as full forges, blowne by art, refund;
As lime of flints, infurneft vnder ground,
By sprinkled water fire conceaue: fo they
Pent flames, inoulu'd in noysful brefts, display,

So sore their scorched throates. Yet a Efsoms Haire
Came brauely on: on whom they turne, and flare
With terrible aspect; his ruine threat
With fleele-tipt hornes. Inrag'd, their cleft hoones beat
The thundring ground, whence clouds of dust arife;
And with their smoky bellowings rend the skyes.

C The Minya feare congeales, but he remaines
Vntouch: such vertue Sorcerie contains.
Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he strokes.
Infore't to draw the plough with vnknowne yokes.

The Colchians at fo strange a fight admire:
The Minya shout, and set his thoughts on fire.

Then, in his caske, the Vipers teeth affumes:
Thole' in the turn'd vp furrowes he inhumes.
Earth mollifies the poys'nous seeds, which spring;
And forth a harvest of New People bring.
And as an Embriion, in the womb inclos'd,
Assumes the forme of man within compos'd
Through all accomplifiht numbers; nor comes forth
To breathe in ayre, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, the gaue mens perfect shapes their birth.
And, what's more strange, with them, their armes ascend:

Who at d th' Aemonian Y outhern their lances bend.
When this e th' Achaian's law, they hung the head:
And all their courages for terror fled.
Even he, who had fecur'd him was afraid,
When he beheld so many one invade.

A chill cold checks her blood; death lookes leffe pale.
And left the hearbs she gaue should chance to faile;

Vnheard auxiliarie charmes import:
And calls th' assittance of her fecret Arts.
He hurles a maiffe flone among his foes.
Who on themelves convert their deadly blowes.
The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds destroy,
And civill war. The Grecians skip for joy,
And throng t'embrace the Victor. Her the fame
Affection spur'd, but was with-held by ruffle.

Ye
Yet that too weake if none had lookt upon her:

Not virtue checkt her, but the wreck of honour.

Now, in conceit, shee huggs him in her armes:

And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charmes.

To make the Dragon sleepe that never sleept,

Remaines; whose care the golden purchase kept.

Bright crested, triple tongued; his cruel jaws

Arm'd with sharpe phangs, his feet with dreadfull clawes.

When once besprinkled with Lathean juice,

And words repeated thrice; which sleepe produce,

Calme the rough seas, and make swift rivers stand;

His eye-lids vall'd to sleepees vnknowne command.

The Heroe, of the Golden Fleece possett,

Proud of the spoyle, with her whole favour blest

His enterprize, another Spoile, now bore

To sea, and lands on safe Ilician shore.

Aemonian parents, for their fonnes returne,

Bring gratefull gifts, congested incense burne;

And cheerfully with hone-gilt offringes pay

Religious vowes. But Alfon was away;

Opprest with tedious age, now neere his tomb.

When thus a fonides: O wife, to whom

My life I owe; though all I hold in chiefe

From thy desert, which far furpaße believe;

If magick can (what cannot magick doe?)

Take yeares from me; and his with mine renew.

Then wept. His pietie her passion fiers;

Who sights to thinke how she had vfed her,

Yet this concealing, anfwers: What a crime

Hath flipp'd thy tongue? thinkeft thou, that with thy time

I can, or will, another life invent?

\[g\] Hecat fore fend I nor is't a true request.

Yet lafon, we a greater gift will give:

Thy father, by our art renew d, shall liue,

With out thy losse, if fo the triple Powre

Assift me with her prefence in that howre.

Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could ioyne

Her growing hornes. When with replenifht shine

She view'd the earth; the Court the leaves; her hair; her garments loose, her ankles bare:

And wanders through the dead of drowsie Night

With vnseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,

Deere Reft bad bound in humid gyues; the crept

So friendly, as if her selfe had sleept.

No Alpen wags, moyft ayre no found receivs;

Starres only twinkled who to those vp-heaues

Her armes; thrice turnes about; thrice wers her crowne

With gather'd dew, thrice yawnes; and kneel'd downe:

O Night thou friend to Secrets; you cleare fires,

That, with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:
Great Hecate, that know’st, and aid impart
To our designs: you Charms, and magic Arts:
And thou, Earth, that to Magicians yields
Thy powerfull simples: airs, winds, mountaine, fields;
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers clear:
You Gods of woods; you Gods of night, appear!
By you, at will, I make swift streams retire
To their first fountains, whilst their banks admire,
Seas tose, and smooth, clear, clouds, with clouds deform;
Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calm a Storme.
With spels and charmes I break the Vipers jaw,
Cleanse solid rocks, oakes from their features draw,
Whole woods remote, the ayrie mountaine shake;
Earth force to grone, and ghosts from graves awake.
And thee, Titan, from thy sphere I hale:
Though brazen refunding, thy extremes avail.
Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poys’nous weeds,
That blushing Goddesse which the night succeeds.
Flame-breathing bulls you tam’d, you made them bow
Their stubborne necks into the fervill plow;
The Serpents brood by you felte-flaughterd Iyes;
Your flumbers clofd the wakefull Dragons eyes;
At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towers of Greece,
Now need I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flowre of youth reneue.
Which you shall give. Nor blaze thesee flames in vaine:
Nor Dragons vainly through the ayrie maine
This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot rests,
Mounting, the strokes the bridled Dragons crefts,
And shakes the raignes. Rapt vp, beneath her spels
Thessalian Tempe, and her snakes applies
To parts remote. The hearths that Ossa beare,
Steepc Pelion, Othrys, Pindus; ever-clear
Olympus, who the lofty Pindus tops;
Vp-roots, or with her brazen Cycle crops,
Much gathers on the bank of Apidan;
By Amphyrysus much; and where Enipeus ran.
Nor Sperchius, nor Penus, barren found:
Nor thee smooth Babes with sharp rufhes crown’d.
And ravishd from Euobian Anthedon,
That hearb, as yet by Glauceus change unkowne.
By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine daies,
About the romes; and every field surrayes.
Return’d: her Snakes, that did but only finell
The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.
Her feet to enter her owne rooffe refuse
Rooff by the sky: the touch of man eschues.
Two Altars builds of liuing turfe: the right
To Hecate, the left to Touth. These eight
With
The Seaventh Booke.

With Vervin and greene boughs; hard by, two pits
She forthwith digs: and sacrificing, slits
The throtes of black-fleece't Rams. With reaking blood
The ditches fills and powres thereon a flood
Of hony, and new milke, from turn'd-up bowles;
Repeating powerfull words. *The King of Soules*,
His ravish't Queene, invokes; and Powers beneath,
Not to prevent her by old *Æfons* death.
They with long murmuring and prayers appeas'd:
She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
Her sleepe-producing charm: his spirits deads:
Who on the grave his senfelesse body spreeds.
Charg'd *Iason*, and the rest, far-off with-drew:
Vnhallowed eyes might not such secrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her haire vnbound,
About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.
The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
And on the Altars fires th'infected wood
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.
Meane while, in hollow brasse the medicine boyles:
And swelling high, in somy bubbles toyles.
There feethes the what th' *Amonian* vales produce;
Roots, juyces, flowres, and seeds of soveraigne vfe,
Addes stones, from Orientall rocks bereft:
And others by the ebbing Ocean left.
The dew collected ere the Dawning springs:
A Screech-owles flesh, with her ill-boading wings:
The entrailes of ambiguous *Wolues*; that can
Take, and forfake the figure of a man.
The liuer of a long-liu'd Hart: thentakes
The scaly skins of small *Cimiphean* snakes.
A Crowes old head, and pointed beake, was cast
Among the reft; which had nine ages past.
These, and a thousand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame
For humane benefit. Th' ingredients now
She mingles with a withered Olive bough.
Lot from the caldron the dry stick receauces
First virdure; and a little after, leaves;
Forth-with, with over-burd'ning Olites deckt.
The skipping froth which vnder flames eject,
Upon the ground descended in a dew:
Whence vernall flowres, and springing pasture grew.
This scene, she cuts the old mans thro't; out-ferus'd
His scarce-warm blood, and her receipt (infus'd)
His mouth or wound suckt in. His beard and head
Black haire forth-with adornes, the hoary shed.
Pale colour, morphe, meager looks remove:
And vnder-rising flesh his wrinkles smoothe.

D d 3

*Of Cypheres a River of Libya
which runs into the Sea between the two Syces*
Metamorphosis.

His limbs wax strong and lustie. *Æfop* much
Admires his change: himselfe remembers such
Twice twenty lifmers past. With all, indu’d
A youthfull minde: and both at once renew’d.
This wonder from on hight *Lyceus* views:

By *Cylc* his gift his *Medus* date’s renewes.
Leaff fraud should caufe, she, with her bed’s Confort
Difcontent faines, and flies to *Pelas* Court.
His daughters (for sad *Agates* King arretts)
Her entertaince. Who foone with fly protestes
Of forced loue allures their quick believe.
Her many merits mentions, but in chiefe
Of *Æson* cure, insifting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might to their father’s vanitt youth restore:
Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
She, mufing, seemes to doubt: and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in suspense.
But when she had a tardy promife made;
To winne your steadfast confidence (the faid)
Take from your flocks the moft age-shaken Ram;
And suddenly he thall become a Lamb.
Straight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew
A funk-e’y’d Ram; whose youth none living knew.
Now, at his rived thro’te, out-lancing life
(Whose little blood could hardly flaine her knife)
His carkaffe she into a caldron throwes:
With it, her drugs. Each limb more flender growes;
He cafts his hornes, and with his hornes his yeares:
Anon a tender bleating strikes their ears.
While they admire, ovs skips a frisking Lamb;
That sports, and feakes the vdder of his dam.
Fift with amaze, they, strongly now pofted,
Her promife more improtunately preft.
Thrice *Phobus* had vyntick this panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian Seas*; whilst Night succeeds,
Studded with startes; when falls *Medea* tooke,
With vfelefe heartes, meere water of the brooke.
On *Pelas*, and his drowzie Guard, she hung
A death-like sleepe with her inchanting tongue.
Whom now the fo-instructed filters led
Into his chamber; and besiege his bed.

Why paffe you thus, faid she, o flow to good!
Vnfeall your words, and thid his aged Blood;
That I his veins with sprightly juicce may fill:
His life and youth depend upon your will.
If you have any virtue, nor purfue
Vnfruitfull hopes, performe this fillall due.
With feele your fathers age expulfe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeale her speeches verge.

Who
Who were most pious, impious first became:
And, by avoiding, perpetrated the same.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
But, with averted looks, blind wounds bestowed.
He, blood-imbrow'd, his hoary head advance'd;
Half-came, stroue to rife. Who now intranc't
Amidst so many swords, his arms vp-hold;
And, Daughters, cry'd, what do you! what compel'd
Thole cruel hands t'innade your fathers life!
Downe funke their hands and hearts. Medea's knife,
His following speech and throte afunder cuts:
And his hackt limbs in seething liquor puts.
And had nor Dragons wrapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies
Ove stately Pelion, God-like Chiron's Den,
Aspiring Othrys, his renown'd by men
For old Bercebus safety: who, by aide
Of favouring Nymphs, reliefe full wings displaide,
While swallowing wates the weightie earth confound:
And sionwe Dencalions surges feap't and drown'd.
Eolian Pitane on her left hands leaves;
That marble which the Serpents shape receaves;
Idean groves, where Liber turn'd a Steere
To cloake his fomes by thefte) into a Deere;
The land-heap which Corythus Sire contains,
And where new-barking Mero frights the plaines:
Euryphlius towne, where horses the Matrons thun'd
Of Co, when Hercules the Coons tam'd;
Thebeian Rhodes, Ithyan Telchines,
Drench'd by Iones vengeance in his brothers fea,
For all transforming with their vituous eyes:
By Cae's old Carthian turrets flyes,
Where fates Aelidamn with wonder moue,
To think his daughter could become, a Doue.
Then Hymne lake, where the Cyaenian Temples view'd,
Gract by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd;
For Phyllis there had, at a Boyes command,
Wild birds, and falvage Lyons, brought to hand.
Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perfec'd,
Yet at fo fervre a loue not feldome form'd,
And his left purchase to the Boy deny'd;
Pouting, You'll with yo' had gin him me, he cry'd;
And jump from downe-right cliffs. All held him frail
When spreding wings a silver Swan sustaine.
His mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping; which they Hymne name.
Next Pleuron lies; where Ophiom Combe fluns,
With trembling wings, her life purifying fones.
Then neere Latoma-lou'd Calanrea rang'd;
In which the King and Queenne to birds were chang'd.

a The left Centaure.
b Who is turned to hame bin
banged into a bee and
b goue houes into the top
b of Piscifon.
c The Ithian Serpent whereof
is in the first Booke.
d Tyrsus being flone an
Ox, and being purined of the
Head, was converted
inti a Hunter, and the Ox
into a Stag, by his father
Heracles.
e Patrocles' same suppose,
was burned neere Calabria, a citie of
Irons: Callias being his
fonne by Olymper.

This fable is not fubject to
conjecture: yet it is
meant by Ithaca; who was
tumed into a Bitch not far
from the place before men-
tioned. The Poet receiv-
ing the fables which happen'd
in fole places long after the
day of Medea.

Cora a city and Iland of that
name, where Eniphilus rang-
nd whom Hercules flew to-
gether with his fans, for de-
ning him his daughter
Chalcene.

b Converted into Ione by
Peneus a fable afterother un-
known.

i The lie of Rhodes was facred
into Phoebus, because there is
no day there paffeth where-
in the fun thine not.

b Idas, is a city of Rhodes
inhabitied of old by the
Telechines, a people addicded to
forcery and witch craft. O-
thers write that they were
excellent artisans, and had
that defpersion call'd upon
by the envy of fuch as were
of their owne profession.
They were faid to be dor-
ned by Jupiter, because their
city was surrounded by the
Sea.

An land of the Aegian fees,
wherein the city Carthian,

m Not the Thesalon, but the
Bacchian Temples, and also the
Teumfean (for the other lay
not in Alexia coufe) here
called Thesalon, of that boyes
conversion into a Swan.

A city of the Bacchian rather
it should be Bano, which
lies on the Attic shore not
far from the lake Hymne.

b The daughter of Olimus:
this fable is loth.

p An Iland between Crete &
Peloroneus, where Latona was
worthhipped.

A fable vulgarly.

Cyllene 9 A fable vulgarly.
Cyllene on the right hand (where that beast
Menebron would b his mother haue comprest)

Cephus spie (who for his nephew mourned ;
Into a Sea-calfes by Apollo turn'd).

Eumelus Court, e whose daughter fads her Sire,
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire.

To the burning Ephor ; 8 men, if Fame say true,
Here at the first from shower-ray'd mushrumps grew,

But after b Colchis had the new-wed Dame,
And Creous Palace, wrap in Magicks flame;
When impious steele e her childrens blood had shed,
The ill-reveng'd from Iason fury fled.

Whom now the swift Titanian Dragons draw
m To Pallas tovres. n Thofe thee, iuft Phineus saw;
And thee, old Periphas, together fly:

Where Polyphemons Nece new wings supply.

Ågeaus enteraines her (of his life
The onely Staine)and tooke her for his wife.
And now arryues vnknowne Ågeaus feede :

Who great in name had e two-lead ἱβίμος freed,
Whole vndeferued ruin π Φασιας sought

By mortal Aconite, from Cyclia brought.
This from 9th Echidnae Dog dire effence drawes.

There is a blinde sheepes caue with foggy jawe,
through which the bold Tirynthia Heroe straynd
Drag'd Cerberus, with adamant inchain'd.

Who backward hung, and fouling, lookt a skew
Onglorious Day, with anger rabid grew;
Triche howles, threie barks at once, with his three heads;

And on the grasse his fomy poyson fled.

This sprung, attracting from the fruitfull foyle
Dire nourishment, and powre of deathfull spoyle.
The rurall Swaines, beacuse it takes delight

In barren rocks, furnam'd it e Aconite.

Ågeaus, by her fly perswasions wonne ;
As to a doe, presents it to his fonne.

He too the cup : n when by his ivory hilt
He both his fonne discovered, and her guilt ;
And truch the potion from his lips. With charmes

Ingendring clouds, she escapes his lengthleffe armes.
Though glad of his fones faticie, a chilli feare
Shooke all his powres, that danger was so neare.

With fire he feed's the Altars, richly feasts

The Gods with gifts. Whole x Heclatombs of beasts
(Theires hornes with ribands wreathed)imbrew the ground.

No day, they say, was euer so renoun'd
Amongst the Athenians. Noble, vulgar, all,
Together celebrate that Festiual.

Thus singing, when full bowles their spirits raise:

y Great Theseus, Marathon refounds thy praiue
For slaughter of the Cretan Bull. Secure

They
They live, who Cremyonis wasted fields manure,
By thy exploit and bounty, *Vulcans Seed
By thee glad Epidaure beheld to bleed.
Salvage Procrustes death Cephisa viewd:
Elusis, Cercyon's, Scinis ill indued
With strength so much abus'd, who beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodies twist their branches rent,
Thou flew'st. The way which to Alcathoe led
Is now secure, inhumane Scyon dead.
The Earth his scatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which to fled and fro, in time became
A solid rock: the rock we Scyon name,
If we thy yeares mould number with thy acts,
Thy yeares would prove a cypher to thy fads.
Great foule! for thee, as for our publique wealth,
We pray, and quaffe * Bacchus here taken for wine.

The Pallace with the peoples praifes rings;
And sacred joy in every bofome springs.
Ægeus yet (no pleafure is compleat:
Griefe twines with joy,) for Thebes late receit
Reapes little comfort. *Minos threatens war:
Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far
Through vengeance of a father: who, his harms
In flaine Androgeous, scourgeth with inft armes.
Yet wisely first indeavours forraine aid:
And all the Ilands of that Sea furuaid.

Who *Anaphe and Asipalea gain'd;
The one by gifts, the other war constrain'd:
Low Mycone, Cimolus chalkie fields,
High Scyros, Stphon, which rich metallis yields,
Champian Scriphos, Paros far displayd
With marble browes, and Cythnos il-betrayd
By impious * Arne for yet-loued gold,
Turn'd to a Chough, whom fable plumes infold.
Olaros, Didyme, the Sea-lou'd foyle
Of Tenos, Peparethos fat with oyle,
Andros, and Gyaros, thefe their aid deny'd.
The Gnosian fleet from thence their failes apply'd
Vnto Oenopia, for her children fam'd.
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd:
But *Aeacus, there reigning, call'd the fame
Ægina, of his honour'd mothers name.
All strong to fee a Prince of fo great worth,
Straight Telamon and Pelem, iffuing forth,
With Phocus, youngest of that royall race,
Make haft to meet him. With a tardie pace
Came aged *Aeacus, and askt the caufe
Of his repair. When after some short pause,
With sighs, which his imbofom'd griefe diplaid,
The Ruler of the hundred Cities said.

Aslift our armes, borne for my murdred son;

And in this pious war our fortunes run:

Giu comfort to his grace. The King reply'd:

In vaine you aske what needs must be deny'd.

No Citty is in firicter league then ours

Conioynt to Athens: mutuall are our powres.

He, parting, said: Your league shall good you deare.

And held it better to threat, then beare

An accidentall warre; whereby he might

Confume his force before he came to fight.

Yet might they see the Cretans vnder faile

From high built walls: when, with a leading gale,

The Attick ship attaint'd their friendly shore:

Which Cephalus, and his embassage, bore.

Th'Atticidies him knew (though many a day

Vnpdence) embrase, and to the Court convey.

The godly Prince, who yet th'impreffion held

Of thofe perfecions, which in youth exceld,

Enters the Palace; bearing in his hand

A branch of Attick Oliue. By him stand

Clytus and Butes; valorous and young:

Who from the loynes of high borne Pallas prung.

First Cephalus his full oration made,

Which flew'd his meffage, and demanded aid:

Their leagues, and ancient loues to mind recalls;

And how all Greece was threaten'd in their falls:

With eloquence infor't his embaffie.

When God-like Eacus made this replie

(His royall fpeerer himing in his hand)

Athenians, craue not succour, but command:

This Ilands forces yours voucheafe to call;

For in your ayde I will adventure all.

Souldiers I have enough, at oncet oppose

My enimies, and to repell your foes.

The Gods be prais'd and happy times, that will

Bear no excuses. May your Citty fill

Increase with people; Cephalus reply'd.

At my approach I not a little joy'd

To me so many youths of equal yeares,

So freth and luftie. Yet not one appears

Of thofe who heretofore your towne poffeft;

When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.

Then Eacus, (in fighs his words ascend)

A fad beginning had a better end.

Would I could vter all: Day would expire

Ere all were told, and twould your patience tire.

Their bones, and afhes, filent graves inclofe:

And what a treasure perifhed with thofe t

By Iuno's wrath, a dreadful pestifence

Devour'd
The Seaventh Booke.

Devour'd our liues: who tooke vnjust offence;
In that this Ie & her Rivals name profefst.
While it seem'd humane, and the caufe vnjust;
So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:
But thole diseases vanquished art deride.
Heauen first, the earth with thickned vapors shrouds;
And lazie heat involveth in fullent clouds.
Foure pallid moones their growing horns vnite;
And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light.
Yet still the death-producing b Anfier blew.
Sunke springs, and standing lakes infected grew:
Serpents in vntild fields by millions creepe;
And in the streames their tainting poysons steepe.
Doggs, oxen, sheepe, and salvage beasts first dy:
Nor birds can from the swift infection fly.
Sad Swaines, amazed, fee their oxen shrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes sink.
The fleecie flocks with anguiffh faintly beat;
Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.
The generous Horfe that from the Race of late
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize.
Grones at his manger and there deadleffe dyes.
The Bore forgets his rage: swift feete now faile.
The Hart: nor Beares the horned Heard affaile.
All languifh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer beare)
Are fild with carkaffes, that fench the aire.
Which neither dogs, nor greedy fowle (how much
To badminir'd!) nor hoary wolues would touch.
Falling confume: which deadly Odors bred,
That round about their dire contagion fprede.
Now raues among the wretched country Swaines:
Now in our large and populous Citty raignes.
At firft, their bowels broyle, with fervor ftrech't:
The fymptoms: rednefe, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their fur'd tongues fwell their drie laves galp for breath,
And with the aire inhale a swifter death.
None could induce or couertrue, or bed:
But on the ftones their panting bodies fpressed.
Cold ftones could no way mitigate that heat:
Euenthy beneath thole burning burdens sweat.
None cure attempt; the fterne difeafe invades
The deadleffe Leech, nor art her author aids.
The neere ally'd, whose care the fick attends,
Sicken themfelves, and dye before their friends.
Of remedy they fee no hope at all,
But only in approaching funerall:
All their defires obey: for helpe none care:
Help was there none. In flamelleffe throns repaire
To springs and wels: there cleane in bitter strife.

a Regina, the mother of E-"

b The South wind; which
blowing long without raine
(as here 4 months together)
in the author of Pestilence,
T'extinguifh thirst, but first extinguifh life,
Nor could th’or’e-charg’d arife, but dying, sink:
And of those tainted waters, others drink.
The wretches lothe their tedious beds, thence break
With giddy steps. Or, if now grown too weake,
Roule on the floore: there quitted houses hate,
As guilty of their miserable fate;
And ignorant of the caufe, the place accuse.
Halfe-Ghofts, they walke, while their legs could vfe.
You might fee others on the earthy mourning;
Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning:
Stretching their arms to heauen, where euer death
Surpris’d them, parting with their figh’t-out breath.
O what a heart had I! or ought to have!
I loth’d my life, and with it them a graue.
Which way fcover I convert my eye.
The breathleffe multitude dispers’d lyce.
Like perifht apples, dropping with the frokes
Of rocking windes; or acornes from broad okes.
See you yon Temple, mounted on high ftaires?
’Tis Jupiter. Who hath not offered prayers,
And flighted incenfe there! husbands for wifes;
Fathers for fons: aud while they pray, their lives
Before th’inexorable altars vndert.
With incenfe in their hands, halfe yet vnspent!
How oft the axe, vnto the temple brought,
While yet the Prieft the angry Powers befought,
And powr’d pure wine betweene his horns; fell downe
Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne!
To Jupiter about to sacrifice,
For me, my country, fons, with horrid noyfe
Th’nunwounded Offering fell: and now the wound
Scarce blood, to wet the knife, that made it, found.
The Inwards loft their signes of heauens prefage;
Out-razed by the terme Difeales rage.
The dead before the sacred doores were laid:
Before the Altars too, the Gods ’vpbraied.
Some choke them/eluies with cords: by death eschue
The feare of death; and inftant Fates pursue:
Dead courfes without Dues of funerall,
They weakly beare: the ports are now too small.
Or vn-interr’d they ly: or elfe are throwne
On wealthleffe pyles. Resist these guilt to none.
For Pyles they friues: on those their kinsfolke burne,
That flame for others. None are left to mourne.
Ghofts wander vndeplor’d by fonnes or fires:
Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.
Aftonift with these tempefts of extreames:
O love,aid I, if they be more then dreames
That laid theeby Aegina; nor thy ire

---

a A ceremony among the ancient Pagans.

b By which their Priefts accustomed to divine.

c Of old they burnt their dead on high Pyles of wood,
with great expense and solemnly according to the quality of the person.
THE SEVENTH BOOKE.

Incensed be, that I should call thee fire;
Render me mine, or me afford a grane!
With a prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gave:
I take it, said I, let this Omen be
A happy pledge of thy intents to me!
Hard by, a goodly Oake, by fortune, stood;
Sacred to Ioue; of Dodenian wood:
Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,
Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthens draw;
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
While I admire their number: O divine,
And ever helpful! give to me, said I,
As many men, who may the dead supply.
The trembling oke his lofty top declin'd:
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I shooke with feare, my treees stood an end:
Yet on the earth and oake I kisses spend.
I durst not feeme to hope, yet hope I di'd:
And in my brest my cherifht wishes hid.
Night came, and Sleepe care-wafted bodies cheard:
Before my eyes the selfe-same Oke appeard;
So many branches, as before, there were,
So many bufie Ants those branches bear;
So shooke the Oke, and with that motion threw
To vnder-earth the graine supporting true.
Greater and greater straight they seeeme to figbt:
To raise themselves from earth, and stand vp-right.
Whom numerous feet, black colour, lanknefe leaue:
And instantly a humane fhape receiue.
Now sleepe with-drew. My dreame I waking blame:
And on the small-performing Gods exclame:
Yet heard a mighty noyfe; and feem'd t'haue heard
Almost forgotten voyces; yet I feard
That this a dreame was alfo. Where vpon,
The doore thruft open, in rulft Telamon;
Come forth, said he, O father, and behold
What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
Forth went I, and beheld the men which late
My dreame prai'd: such in every f fate
I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Ioue prai'd: a party to the towne I bring;
Leaue to the reft the empty fields; and call
Them C Myrmidons of their originall.
You see their persons: such their manners are
As formerly. A people given to spare,
Patient of labour, what they get, preferue.
Thy, like in years and minds, these wars shall ferue,
And follow your conduct; when first this wind
(The wind blew Easterly) that was fo kind
To bring you hither, will to your availe

Ee 3  
Conuere
Convert it selfe into a Southerne gale.
Discourse thus entertain'd the day; with seats
They crowne the Evening: Sleepe the night posleft.
The morning Sun projects his golden rayes:
Still Eurys blew; and their departure stayes.
Now Pallas sons to Cephalus return,
And Cephalus, with Pallas sons, to Courr,
With early visits: (sleepe the King inchaines.)
Whom Phocus at the entrance entertaines.
For Peleus, with his brother Telamon,
To raise an army were already gone.
Phocus meanwhile into an inward roome,
Offaire receipt, the Athenians led: with whom
They seated hirself, he sits: His fancy fed
Vpon the Iavelin with the Golden head
Held by Aholides: of what tree made
Being ignorant: some speeches past, he said:
I haunthe the defart woods: delight in blood
Of slaine beasts; yet know not of what wood
Your dart consists: For if of Ash it were
'Twould looke more browne, if Cornel,'twould appeare
More knotty: on what tree fo 'ere it grew,
My eyes fo faire a dart did never view.
One of th' A'leans brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at not by fortune led;
And of it selfe returns with slaughter red.
Phocus the cause desirreth much to know:
From whence it came; and who did it beftow.
He yelds to his request; yet things well knowne,
Refraint'd by modesty, he lets alone.
Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance; thus with teares proceeds,
This Dart, 6 Goddes-borne, provokes these teares:
And ever would, if endleffe were my yeares.
This me, in my vnhappy wife, destroy'd:
This gift I would I never had inoys'd!
Procris Orithya's sister was; if Fame
Have more inform'd you of Orithya's name.
Yet she (should you their mindes and formes confer)
More worth the rape. 8 Erechtbeus, mee to her,
And loue, vnite. Then happy! happy, I
Might yet haue beene. But o, the Gods envy!
Two months were now consum'd in chaft delight:
When gray Aurora, hauing vanquisht Night,
Beheld me on the ever-fragnant hill
Of steepe Hymettus: and, against my will,
As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence:
Though rostie be her cheeks; although the sway

The

a The East wind.
b Cyran and Batee.
c Cephalus, the son of Deian-iris, who was the fonne of Aeolus.
d Cepheus, or Batee; so called of their country.
e Phocus begotten by Aeolus on the sea-nymph Pjamaides, sister to Thetis.
f Of this in the former book; g King of Athens, and father to Procris and Orithya.
h A mountaine of Attica for flowers and bony renowned.
The deawy Confines of the night and Day;
And Nectar drink, my Procris all possest:
My heart was hers, my tongue her praise professt:
I told her of our holy nuptiall ties;
Of wedlocks breach, and yet scarce tasted joyes:
Fire-red, the said, thy harsh complaints forbear:
Possesst thy Procris. Though so faire, so dear:
Thou'lt wish hast never knowne her, if I know
Infuing fate: and angry, lets me goe.

Her words I ponderd as I went along:
Began to doubt she might my honour wrong.
Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:
Her vertue checks those feares, as moft vnuit:
But I was absent: but an example fed
My jealousie: but louers all things dread.
I seek my sorrowes: and with gifts intend
To tempt the chaste. Aurora proues a friend
To this fulpition; and my forme translates,
Unknowne, I enter the Athenian gates;
And then my owne. The house from blame was free:
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thousand fighes I gaine a view:
Viewd with astonishment, I scarce purfue
My first intent: scarce could I then forbare
Due kisses; scarce not what I was appeare.
She still was sad: yet louelier none then she,
Even in that fadneffe: sorrowfull for me.
How excellent, & Phocus, was that face,
Which could in griefe retaine so sweete a grace?
What need I tell how often I affailed
Her vexed chastity! how often faild!
How often said the! One I only ferue:
For him, wherever, I my bed preferue.
What mad man would such faith have farther preft,
But I industrious to my owne vnrest.
With fervent vowes, and gifts still multiply'd,
At length the waters. Falle of faith, I cry'd,
Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer,
But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this tryall erre.
She made no anfwer, preft with silent blame.
Th'vnhappy house, and me, far more in blame,
Forsaking: man-kind for my fake eschewes:
And Dian-like the mountayne chase pursues.
Abandon'd hotter flames my blood incense.
I pardon beg'd, confessing my offence:
And said, Aurora might haue me subdu'd
With such inticements, had but she so woo'd.
My fault confess, her wrong revenged, wee
Grow reconcile'd, and happily agree.
Besides her felfe, as though that gift were small,
A Dog thee gave: which Cynthia giving; All, 
Said she, surpassing in swiftnesse: and this Speare 
You to commend, which in my hand I bare.

Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?
Rreceue a wonder: and the fact admire.

Dark prophesies, not vnderstood of old,
The b Naiades with searching wits vnfold.

When sacred c Themis, in that so obscure,
Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.

A cruell Beast infects d th' Aonian plaines;
To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,
Both for their cattle, and themselves. I met
The neighbouring youth, our toyles the fields befet.

He nimly skips aboute the upper lines:
And mounting ouer, frustrats our designs.

The dogs vnouple, from them all he springs
With no leafe spced, then if supply'd by wings:
All bid me let my Lapaps slip (for to
My dog was call'd) who frugling long agoe,
Half-throtelled, straitned the leafe. No sooner gone,
Then out of sight, his foot-steps left vpon
The burning fand: who vanisht from our eyes
As swiftly as a well-driu' d iaucelin flies;
Or as a singing pellet from a sling,
Or as an arrow from a c Cretan string.

I mount a hill which ouer-topt the place;
From thence beholding this admired chace.

The beast now pincht appeares, now shuns by flight
His catching iawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right;
Nor trufts his hecles: with nimble turnings shunning
His vrgent foe; cast back by ouer-running.

Who preft, what only might in spced compare;
Appeares to catch th' vncaught; and mouths the aire.

My dart I take to aid: which, while I shooke,
And on the thong direct my haffie looke
To fit my fingers: looking vp agaime,
I saw two marble statues on the plaine.

Had you thefle scene, you could not choose but say
That this appeard to run, and that to bay.

That neither shoulde each other ouer-go.
The Gods decree'd: if Gods defend so low.

Thus he here pau's. Then Phocus: Pray vnfold
Your darts offence. Which Cephalus thus told.

Ioy griefe fore-runs: that ioy we first recite.
For o, those times I mention with delight,
When youth and e Hymen crown'd our happy life:
She, in her husband blest; I in my wife.

In both one care, and one affection moves.
She would not have exchang'd my bed for Ioues;
Nor Venus could have tempted my desire:
Our bofomes flam'd with such an equall fire.
When *Sole* had rais'd his beams above the floods;
My custome was to trace the leavy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, I solitare went,
Without horse, huntsmen, toyles, or dogs of sent.
Much kild! I to the cooler shades repair'd.
And where the vallie breathes a frether aire.
Coole aire I seek, while all with fervor gloes:
Coole aire expect, the cause of my repose.

Come aire, I use to ling, relieue th'oppreft;
Come, most welcome, glide into my breast;
Now quench, as eft, in me this scalding heat.
By chance I other blandiments repeat;
(So Fates inforce her soul's delight)
By thee I am sed and chear'd: thy sweets excite
My affections to these woods: she may thy breast
Still mix with mine, and so preserve from death!
A busie ear these doubtfull speeches caught:
Who oft-nam'd aire some much-lou'd Dryad thought:

And told to Pocris, with a leeder tongue,
His falfe furmis, with the song I sung.

Love is too credulous. With griefe she faints;
And scarce reviling, bursts into complaints:
My spotles faith with furic execrates:
Woe's me, she cries, produc't to cruel fates!
Transported with imaginary blame,
What is not, feares: an unsubstantiall name.
Yet grieues (pocrs foule!) as if in truth abus'd:
Yet often doubts; and her distrust accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lye:
Nor will trust other witnesse then her eye.

Aurora re-inthron'd th'infining Day:
I hunt, and speede. As on the graffe I lay,
Come Air, sayd I, my tyred spirits cheare.
At this an unknovnse figh invades my eare.
Yet I, O come, before all joyes prefer'd.
I then among the leaves a rustling heard,
And threw my dart; supposing it some beast:
But o', 'twas Pocris! wounded on the breast,
She shriek't, ay me! Her voyce so well I knew:
And thither, with my griefe distraeted, fled.
Halfe dead, all blood-imbru'd, my wife I found:
Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.
I rais'd her body, then my owne more deare:
To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare;
And flauce to flench the blood. O pity take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty soule forfake!
She, weake, and now a dying, thus replies
(Her last of speech) By all our nuptiall ties;
By heaven-imbowred Gods; by those belowe,
To whose infernal monarchy I goe:
By that, if ever I deserted well;
By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,
Yet now in death most constantly retain;
O, let not Ayre our charter bed prophane.
This said, I show'd, and the perceived how
That error grew: but what avail'd it now?
She sinks; her blood along her spirits took;
Who looks on me as long as shee could looke.
My lips her soule receive, with her last breath:
Who, now resolved, sweeter smiles in death.
The weeping Heroe told this tragedy
To those that wept as saith. *The King drew nye
And his two lons, with well-arm'd Regiments,
New-rais'd, which he to Cephalus presents,

Vpon
Vpon the Seuenth Booke
Of Ovids Metamorphosis.

The Argonautes now sailing to Colchos, touch by the way at Paphlagonia, where Phineus the sonne of Agenor then reigned: deprived of his sight and spending his old age in penury. For he, having pulled out the eyes of Crambus and Orythus, his sons by Cleopatra daughter to Boreas and Ortythia, as the instigation of their stepmother Idara, the daughter of Dardanus; was struck blind himselfe by the divine vengeance for his unnatural cruelty; the Harpies being sent to devour his foode and contaminate his table.

More horrid Monsters, dier plagues then those,
Or wrath of Gods, from Styx yet never rose:
Like foule with virgin faces, purging still
Their filthy panches arm’d with talons; ill,
And ever pale with famine———

But now the Argonautes, being nobly entertained by Phineus, (a Prince of their blood and alliance having likewise informed them concerning their voyage, and given them a pilot) sent Calais and Zetes, the winged issue of Boreas (now reconciled for the injury done to their innocent nephews) to chase them away. Who pursuing them as farre as the Strophades, were commanded by Iris to offer no farther violence to the Dogges of Jupiter. The Harpies are so named of Rapine: said to be virgins in that barren; because goods so gotten descend but seldom to povertie: to fly, in that swift in extorting: to be covered with plumes, for cloathing their prey: and to have the talons of vultures, of griping, and fast-holding of their ill-got riches. These qualities are also caracter’d in their names, Aello, Ocepius, and Celeno: signifying a taking away which is an others, celerity in the all, and subtlety in concealing. They are famed to be the daughters of Neptune and Tellus, of old efecom the parents of prodigies and are called Jupiter’s dogges; that is infernal Furies: here introduced to snatch the meat from Phineus table, because those were said (as Servius observeth) to be afflictled by the Furies, who covenantly abstained from the use of their own: thus expressed by Virgil in the punishment of Tantalus,

On golden frames the lofty couches shine:
The board with ronall banquets feast his eyes:
Hard-by the greatest of the Furies eyes;
Who, when about to feed, start from her place,
Whisks her dire torch, and thunders in his face.

Phineus therefore is said to have lost his sight, and to suffer perpetual famine, in that so blinded with avarice that he could not see into himselfe, nor afford those necessaries to life, which is contented with a little: the Harpies called else where his daughters, that is, his covous desires, not suffering him to eate of the meat, which was set before him, himselfe polluting it with his fordid disposition. But Calais and Zetes, a calling of himselfe to an account, and a diligent inquiry into his owne condition, by a feeds reformation expel those ravenous Harpies. But are forbidden vilerly to destroy them, in that the dogges of Jupiter: the minissters of

Phineus.

Harpies.
Iason now arrived at Colchos, demand'd the golden Fleece brought thereto by Phrixus. This Phrixus, with his sister Helle, to avoid the cruelty of their father Athamas, provoked by the treachery of their stepmother Io, were mounted, as was said, by the compassionate Gods on a Ram with a golden fleece, and carried swiftly through the air: when fearful Helle fell from his back into that strait of the sea, which is of her called the Hellespont. But Phrixus arriving at Colchos, in gratitude sacrificed the Ram to Jupiter (converted into that Celestial Signe) and hung up his fleece in the Grouse of Mars. Lucian will have Phrixus to be a man much affected to Astronomy: and therefore fain'd by the devisers of fables to be carried into heaven on a Ram: rather shewing how they drew near the immortals, who wisely and truly knew how to make use of the present, wherein Helle failing, fell downe and perished. But to clear the history from the fable: This Ram was Aries (his name the same) the careful and faithful Tutor to Phrixus: who fled with him and his sister to preserve their lives from the malice of their stepmother: and in that he carried with him a maffe of treasure for their supportance, he was said to be invested with a fleece of gold. When Helle accidentally drowned by the way, they arrived at Colchos: where Phrixus married Calciopè the daughter of Aeta: Aries dying, in perpetual memory of his fidelity they called that celestial Signe by his name, and therefore fain'd to have beene sacrificed unto Jupiter, keeping the treasure he brought thereto, expressed by the Golden fleece, in the temple of Mars; which Iason, as Phrixus before, now seekes to recover.

Iason and Medea.

Phrixus and Helle.

... Quae monitis seius
Vera eft Natrix, fed furor cogit, cumque
Parens, visita animis in pressis cenos,
Romanijs, fubfraans consilia apertens:
Sic cum gratiam nautis averterat
Tragiscis visibus, client in vacuo labor,
Et ccla praeterea paucorum ut certum
Quod ratio posita, sinuas, as regnum suum
Persegit, uta mene dominans Deus.
Hipp.

Good Nurse, thy counsell I confesse is true
But force't by fury I the worst purifie.
I know my mind to ruine runs amaine;
Which oft lookes back, and help defires in vaine:
So when with bootleffe toyle the Sayler fritues
To flum the Tide, the current backward dries
The labouring Barke. Loue all my powers ore-lwyes
To whose command the conquered foute obeyes.

Yet Medea in the end subdues her selfe to her Judgement: but at the review of Iason (to have beene avoided by the rules of Sciences) falls into a relaps. Who now, upon prouise of marriage, secures him against those horrid encounters, to the ruine of her father and country, with her counsell, magicall druggs, and incantations. His first taske was to tame those furious Bulls, and subject their necks to the yoke: suppos'd no other than a garrison of mercenary soldiours of Taurica (called therefore Bulls) who kept the Fort which Aeta had built about the temple of Mars where the treasure lay; who in regard of their robustous bodies, and fierce dispositions, were said to have hones of Itron, hooves of brasse, horribly to bellow, and
and throw flames from their nothills. Hither Medea conducting the Argonautes by night, and calling to the watch in the Tauricus language to open the gates unto the daughter of the King, by that policy brought them in. When Iason, slaying the serpents' teeth, that is, raising among them some fighting in the defence of their charge, and others siding with Medea, they became masters of the place. Lastly with fiery serpents he induced sleep on the wakeful Dragon: Draco the priest of Mars, and keeper of the treasure, being corrupted with hopes, and charming persuasions. Others write that Iason, not to recover the treasure of Phrixus, but for the thirst of King Aetol's infinite wealth, made warre on the Colchians. For by the testimony of Strabo that nation abounded with gold, by reason of the vicinity of Caucasus: from whence it descended in little vills, which the inhabitants gathered with filies, and fleeces of wool, the ground of this fable. The fiery Bulls, the armed men rising out of the ground, and wakeful Dragon, may allude to the rocks, straits, quick-sands, and other hazards in their perilous pas sage: the like described by Homer in the wandering of his Viclles, neither is it improbable that in the search of those mines they encountered with wild beasts and ser pents, the inhabitants of such rough and unrenowned places. So Solinus affirms that certain rich mountaines in Scythia Asiaatica are defended by winged Griffins against the Amalians, as the piores in the mines of America are not seldom endangered by Tygers and Lions: and the Divers for Pearle in the inland Lakes oft devoured by Allegatas; not as if those creatures had any care of the treasure, but either for prey, or being disturbed, and fearing danger to themselves or their young ones. But Strabo interprets the actions of Iason to the knowledge of Chimcry: the Golden fleece to the Philosophers stone, obtained with such difficulty, and after so many transmutations of bodies: others that the golden fleece was a booke of ship skins, wherein the making of Gold by that art was comprised. But who would know too much of this, let him read Mavcrus: who that way allegorizeth most of the fables. Now Iason by the Mythologists is interpreted for medicine: not for the body, but the mindes diseases, as Medea for counsell, which inermes and directs is, otherwise of it selfe wasteful. So that Iason, assisted by Medea, suppresseth anger, imbofom'd confidents, and reflecteth every furious Bulls, intelline warres, and cleanse serpents (serpents) with all the turbulent passions of the soule, and subjests them to his reason: by which he obtained the Golden fleece, and returns with honour into his country. Philip Duke of Burgundy, instituted an order of the Golden Fleece, in the yeare 1429, now retainted with most of his Signories, by the Spaniard.

Aeson

Her words to poynion the bright Moone alpire,
First pale, then red with darke and terren fire.
As when deprived of her brothers light,
F s 3

Earth
Earth interposing his celestial light;
Perplexed with tedious charmes, and held below,
Till she on vnder hearbs her gelly throw.

---quod, Medea magis
Far: fi precord, molis atque Chaos,
Adversa (opera regae, pace crepusc.);
Dominum, regis tibi, & Dominum fili
Medrea raptores----
Adse, adf minimum: diright Dee,
Cum tuae squalide ferspension.
Sen, Med.

You rather whom Medea should of right
Imploresthou Chaos of eternal Night;
The Depths to heaven oppos'd: you infernal Soules,
The King who that fad monarchy controules,
And better riufteth Queene: Eumenides
With fnaque curles, that on the guilty faece;
Ascend.

By whose aid she boast to have affected such wonders: forcing Rivers to retire
unto their fountains, calmmg the fea, and arming it: performed as reported at
this day by the witches of Lapland and Norway: who fell winds in bagges, or in
handkerchers tiedy with three knots, the first to be unknot when they fell faile, the
second at Sea, but the third not at all; for it includes a contrary tempest: who com-
monly croufe those with uproare flormes, that refuse to buy them. And no maruaile,
since the Divel ver Maifer is the Prince of the Aire. An old practice, as appears by
these wondres, which æolus gave in a bagge to Vlistes. The breaking of serpents
vanes with charmes, is likewise recorded by Aristotile and Pliny, as thus before
by the sacred Poet: They are like the deafe Adder that stoppeth her eare, which
will not harken to the voice of the charmer, charme he neuer to wifey. And
Jeremiah: Behould, I will lend serpents among you, that shall not be charmed.
But these wondres, and the rest here rehearsed, were not effect by the vertue of
words, or skill of Medea; but rather by wicked Angels, who seem to subiect them-
selues.
By Moone-light hearbs with brazen Sickle crops:
And poyntous weeds that bleed in fable drops
Either in that grace is so operative in phisick; or here conducting to the purpose of Medea in the restoring of Youth: for a braken knife being stuck in a piece of flesh will longer keep the same from corruption. Medea being now returned, avoids her house, and the imbracements of Ialon: for Magicians were to abstaine from Venus (such an ape is the Divell) when they went about their infernal sacrifices. So none (as they report) at this day can see any thing in magical glasses, that have been polluted with women: in so much as ordinarily they set boys to looke therein, and receive what is seen by relation. Or rather in that Belzeb and Imagination more easily workes on their spirits. She erects two altars of turfe, the one to Hecate the fautrefce of witches; and the other to Hebe the Goddesse of youth, of whom wee shall speake hereafter: tricking them with Verum, an heare to which the ancient Magicians did attribute wonders; as that those who were annointed therewith should obtaine their petitions; that it procured friendship, subdued the force of poysyon, and pacified the anger of the Gods: whereupon it was called sacred. This was borne by the Roman Embassadors, out of a superstition opinion, that their persons could not be violated, as long as they carried it about them. There is a tradition, faith a moderne Author, which was old when I was young, and believed for canonically by luch as told it; how a maid that liked well of the Divell, who courted her in the habit of a gallant youth, but could not injoy his company, nor he hers, as long as she had S. Iohns grasse and vervin about her: and to that effect he brake his mind vnto her. But if this should be so, how ill was it applied by Medea in her infernal sacrifice? Hard by the diggs two pits: for as to the celestiall Deities, they sacrificed on Altars; to the terrestrial on the earth; so did they in ditches to the infernal: to whom black castle, and by night, were offered, their heads held downwards, contrary to the other: cutting their throates (as here) over those trenches into which the blood gushed; pouring in milke and hony, and turning upward the bottome of the goblet. To these they sacrificed, not for any good they did, but to appease their wrath; and that they should not, as malicious to man-kind, prevent them in their purposes. For this Medea prays to the Gods below, but especially to Pluto (held for the divine mind infused through the Maffe of Earth, and penetrating to the center, there governing whatsoever is subterren) as also to Proserpina, not suddenly to take away the life of old Æfon, before she could make a tryall of her art. For Proserpina was supposed, when their time was come, to divide the soule from the body: as in Virgil of the untimely death of Dido.

Yet had not Proserpine bereft her head
Of her faire haire; nor doom'd it to the dead.

And that they could not dy before this ceremony was by her performed; and that in all the arbitres of life and death: perhaps because sheedged or sick doe commonly dy, a little before, or presently after the full of the Moone, which is Proserpine. The infernal powers appeased with sacrifice, prayers, and tedious murmurings (words softly muttered barbarous and insignificant, lest they should disturb the Imagination: although held by the deluded of a compulsative power) Medea causeth Æfon to be brought forth: and casting him into a dead sleepe with her enchantments (none now suffered to stand by) proceeds to her black and frantick ceremonies. Meane while her medicine boyles in a braken Caldron, composed of sundry heards and roots of magical virtue, and precious stones of like nature; the one dissercedly mentioned by Pliny, and the other by Albertus, to which she adds the dew of the Night.
Night, the famous of the Moone (whereof a little before) with the flesh and wings of infamous Screech-owles: so branded, in that they were thought to suck the blood of infants as they lay in the cradle.

By night they fly on babes, by Nurfes left
In cradles, cease, and feast upon their theft;
Tearing their tender breasts with crooked beakes;
Who drink the blood which from their entrails breaks.

Some have beleived that Witches have converted themselves into those solitare
birds, by a certaine ointment, and committed the fore-mentioned cruelities, as they
have confessed upon examination: as at Pompelona in the yeares 1583. Yet surely but
illused by the Divell and their melancholy to their owne destruction. And divers
wife Judges have admonished, that men should not gine too rashly a beleive to the con-
fessions of Witches, nor yet to the evidence which is brought against them: because
witches themselves are imaginaire, beleewing oftentimes that they doe, what indeed
they do not; with all the vulgar are credulous in this kind, too prone to impute
more accidents, and natural operations, to the power of Witch-craft. Another in-
grident is the entrails of a Wolfe, that could resume the figure of a man, of which
we have spoken in the Table of Lycoeu. Yet will we add this story reported by Sa-
binus: how one, accustomed to change himeself into a Wolfe, and againe into a
man, was lately taken, and brought before the Duke of Prufliz, accused by the Pe-
sants for worrying their cattle. A deformed fellow, and not much unlike a beafl. He
had a scarfe on his face, the marke of a wound which was given him by a dog when
he was a Wolfe, as himselfe reported. Upon examination he confessed, that twice
evrey yeare he was converted into that shape, first about Christmas, and againe at
Midsummer: at which times he grew savage, and was carried with a certaine na-
tural desire to converse with Wolves in the Woods, afflicted with paine and horror
while the haire was breaking out of his skin, and before he was thoroughly changed.
For a truant he was shut up in prison, and carefully guarded, but continued enraged.
By which it appeares that this, as the like, proceedeth from a kind of disfraotion,
and strength of the abused imagination: the Divell doubly deluding both them-
selves and such as behold them with fantastick resemblances: although Bodin af-
firms, and strives to maintain the contrary. The rest of Medeas ingredients feeme
effemall to her purpose: as the Liver of a Harte, and the head of a Crow (of all that
have life the longest livers:) especially Snakes: whereof the viper is a kind whose
flesh prepared and eaten, clarifieth the eye, tight, strengthens the sinewes, corrobor-
ates the whole body, and according to Dioscorides, procures a long and a healthfull age.
In somuch as they proverbially are said to have eaten a Snake, who look younger then
acquainted. Nor is the wine of vipers lesse soveraigne. I have heard it credibly re-
ported by those who aree eye-witneses, how a Gentleman, long deesperately sick, was
recovered by these means into health, with more then accustomed vigour: his gray
haires, whereof he had many, falling all from his head, and so continuing for seaven
years after. And why might not the fable of Medea's renewing old Efion's
youth, proceed from these and the like receipts: being so skillfull in the nature of
simples and knowledge of Physick; purging his body, and by incision letting out his
corrupt blood to supply his veins with better? making of a decrepit man an able
and lustie, causimg him to fledge his gray haires, and with renewed weale and faithfull
smoothing his wrinkles? The Germans have written of a bath of that nature:
which may in some sort effect it by clarifying the blinde, and suppling the body.
have read in the histories of the West Indies of a ridiculous Spaniard, who with much cost and labour, travelled in quest of a fountain, famous for rendering youth into age, which is rightly ranked among incurable Diseases. But Medea also restores a youthfull mind unto Aeson: that is, by curing the body she expelld that mortality and melancholy which accompanies sickness.

And now Medea, to bee revenged of Pelas for the injuries done to Alexander in slandering his kinfolke, and detaining from him the kingdom of Thessaly, counterfeits a disaffection with her husband, and flies to her country, as it were for succour. Where being entertained by his daughters, & insinuating herself into their favour, by her relating of her merits, and the restoring of old Aesons youth, gave them promise that the like might be effected for their father: whereunto they importune Medea, whom with some difficulty assents: and to strengthen their belief, by the virtue of her bath converts an old sheep into a lamb. Whereupon become confident, by her advice they murder their owne father, boilng his corps in one effectual waters, she avoiding their revenge by her winged Serpents. It is said that Medea was the first that invented Physical baths, whereby she cured sundry diseases, especially consumptions, and restored men to their former alacrity. But least her skill should grow common she practiseth it in private. When only knowne to seeth water in a caldron, and because her composition was called a decoction, they feigned that she effected her cures by the boiling of her patients. But Pelas being old and weak, is said to have died in the bath through extreme imbecillity: the ground of this faile, Which also deciphereth those, who seduced with deceitfull hopes, attempt impossible things, with fruitelesse labour, and irreparable detriment. Such are they (faith Euripides) who give themselfes to the vanity of Alchimy: for as the daughters of Pelas, by the persuasion of Medea, put their father (out of a desire to revive his youth) into a seething caldron, and so destroyed him: for those who are drawnne to that art by the cunning of Impostors, while they promis mountains to themselfes by turning tyme into siluer, and cupper into gold, miserably loose both their labour and cost, to their vter undoing.

Medea escaping by enchantments, is drawn through the ayre by her Dragons over places where sundry transformations had formerlie hapned (which I passe over, as altogether obscure) and at length arriveth at Corinth: whether Ilon was fled from the revenge of Acaustus for the murder of his father Pelas: entertained by King Creon, upon condition that he should repudiate Medea, and marry his daughter Creusa: accepted off out of his necessity, and not his election. Banished Medea is full of dis TEM and horrid concepotions.

Her cheeks now glow with fragrant fire,
Now paleneffe makes that red retire:
Her looks no constant colour show.
Frantick, she hurries too and fro:
As a robb'd Tigress scours the wood
By Ganges cauffit of her brood.
Now curbs her lune, though not her hate:
Now ioyne to make one desperate.

Paleneffe, the going and comming of the colour, are caused in the passion of anger by the burning of the spirits about the heart; which call in more spirits from the outward parts to refhesh them. No hatred is so deadly as that which proceedes from alienated love: the one for the most part imitating the violence of the other. Shee
Shee intretes a dayes respite of Creon; in the interim sends a Crowne and a robe to Creusa, infected with magickal poisons: which being put on, sets her all on a flame; consuming Creon also, who came to her rescue: and then murdered her children by Iason in sight of their father. This appeareth, the manner of her flight excepted, to be meerely historickal. That, wherewith she annointed the garment, is called Naptha by Plutarch: the use thereof first found out by her: and therefore named Medea's enchantment. Betweene this and fire there is such a sympathy, that it draws it unto it, as the Load-stone doth Iron: and is also intensed by the natural heat of the body: iraged rather then subdued by water.

Fire feeds on water, by suppressing burns: What should extinguish, into tuell turnes.

It is found in Parthia, especially about Ecbatan. Alexander at his being in those parts, for his sport made the garments of one of his Pages to bee secretly annointed therewith, set on fire: which burnt him to death, although all possible means were used to preferve him. This is a kind of stymie chalk engendered among the rocks: Petrole, being the liquid Napthe, and almost of like operation. Whereof Mathiolius relates a wonderful story: told him by a Hungarian Earle: who had a Well in his grounds into which the Petrole distilled through the canies of the Earth, together with the water. This Well being ruined in the bottom, a Mason was hired to repair it: who, not able to see without a light, carried a lanthorne and candle downe with him, that as close as possible could be: when the Petrole suddenly attracting the flame, threw up the workman, blowing the cover of the Well into the ayre, and burning whatsoever was about it. But the Italians are no lea superfutil in mischief then we are Medea: who have inventted certaine hollow bees of metal inclosing artificial fire, and planted about with little pistoll barrels. These burn in a box with a superscription & direction unto those to whom they intend the mischief: as soon as opened the traine takes fire, and the pistolls suddenly discharge: mortal not seldom unto the flanders by: as well as to him that received the present. This diabolical device hath beene put in practice at Florence, Millain, and Venice: where, in the Arsenall they keepe a box which was prefentiated to one of their Dukes by a seeing petitioner: who in the delivery thereof, by pulling a string with his finger, discharged four pistolls at once in his bosom.

From Corinth, Medea fled unto Athens: whom Ægeus esposed, and had by her a sonne called Medus: who after left his name to Media. Now Theseus, imitating the example of Hercules, having purged those parts of the world from thieves and oppressors, arrived at Athens; neither knowne, or ever seene by his father. Medea had perverted Ægeus to poysone him as a man full of danger (but indeed that the kingdome of Athens might descend to her sonne) and for that purpose had invited him to a feast: preparing for him a step-mothers love-cup infected with Aconite. This beare is here said to have sprung in regard of the venomous quality, from the same of Cerberus; which droppt from his innnes when Hercules drag'd him out of Hell through the Cane of Tenaros, called Acanthia, not farre from Heraclia, where Aconite grows in abundance: & indeed the poysone both of Serpents and mad dogs, is chiefly in their some, and flavor of their teeth. Cerberus by others is said to have bee a horrible serpent, there slaine by Hercules: whom Homer first called a Dog, but left him undescribed. His name doth signify (as wee have formerly declared) a devourer of flesh; and allegorically is taken for the grave: whom Hercules inforced; in that virtue breakes through death and obliu-
on, and giveth to it selfe a glorious immortalitie. The Graine is ever ravenous, but never satisfied: and such is Cerberus the type of covetousnesse, tormented and mad with griefe, when forfaued to bounty: for this cause was it the sight of light to commit his poysion. He is fagged to have many heads, in that covetousnesse is the root of all flagitious offences: to skulke in a darke Cave, and in the passage to Hell; because no vice so obfuscates the understanding, nor leads a reader way to perdition. But Hercules, the virtue and magnanimitie of the mind, hates Cerberus from infernal darkness, to his perpetual glory: since no heroical act can proceed with out treaures, the fineves of warre, and fuel of magnificence. Porphyrus faith that the badge of Serapis and his (the same with Dis, & Proserpina) was a three-headed Dog; representing that triple natured Divell, which haunts the aire, the earth, and the water. But to returne to the history. Aegeus at that instant knowing Theleus for his fame by the hilt of his sword, which he had left with his mother Ethea at the time of his conception, struck the poysion out of his hand, and so preserved him from the practice of Medea. Who now detected avoids his revenge by her accustomed arts, and returning into her country recovered her fathers kingdom. After her death the Colchians gave her divine honours: it being lawful for no men to be present at her sacrifices, nor at any time to enter her Temple, in regard of the ingratitude of Iafon.

Aegeus sacrificeth to the Gods for the deliverance of Theleus from so imminent a danger. The Athenians celebrate his praisie in their Songs; their spirits exalted with liberal cups, and mention his particular merits.

The Cretan Bull.

The Cretan Captaine so called, who infected those parts with his Pyracies. Then flew the Cromonian Sow, surnamed Phaethon, that is, overgrown with age: who was indeed a licentious woman, a robber, and a murtherers, committing several outrages: and called a Sow, for her beastly life and savage disposition.

Periphetes.

In the territories of Epidaurus he slew Periphetes, saith in regard of his rapine to be the sonne of Vulcan, or fire, who fought with a club, which ever after was carried by Theleus, as a mark of his conquist, and to shew, how that which hee had forced from the hands of another, was invincible in his owne.

Procrustes.

He put Damastres (called also Procrustes, of compelling) to that kind of death which he had inflicted on others: who ract out, or cut short, to the length of his bed such strangers as came to Harmonia.

Cercyon.

Robustious Cercyon (who, among other insolencies, constrained passengers to wrestle, and murdered those whom he had vanquish'd) was over-come and slain by Theleus, who first devisd the sights of wrestling, which once by strength was carried before.

Sinis.

He tied Sinis (a cruel thief, who robb'd in the freights of Peloponnesus) by the armes and legges to the bow'd-borne branches of trees; which ierking up-ward, tore him in pieces: himselfe having so abused his strength in the torturing of others. For according to the example of Hercules, he made such tyrants to under go their owne cruelties.

Scyron.

Lastly he threw Scyron head-long from a cliffe, who in cruel pastime caused those whom he had robb'd to wash his feet; and while they were about it, spurn'd them into the sea. Certaine Rocks below, by the way which leads betweene Megara and the Corinthian Ifithmos being called Scyron, gave an argument to the fable of his conversion into a Rock (the waters thereabout ever turbulent & unimagable) the land, nor sea, affording him sepulture.

These were the atchievements of Theleus, while yet a youth: and thus the joyfull Athenians
Athenians extoll his virtues, making publicque vows for his safety, and drinking his health, a custome which can only challenge antiquitie: observing yearly this Festivall in his honour, which they called Theseia.

But no humane felicity is either perfect or permanent.

A|e|g|a|u|s and his subiects have their joys disturbed by a dreadfull preparation of warre: now threatened by Minos, the Cretan King, for the murder of his son Androgeus, secretly slaine by their enemy, because at the Solemn Games he had wonne the prize from the Athenians. Others say that he claimed the Crowne of Athens or some yearly tribute from Aegaeus by the request of Eriphonus: who being aided by Aetiius, called otherwise Zanthus, the father of Minos, in a great and dangerous warre against Eumolpus the sonne of Neptune, thereby obtaining the victorie: made Zanthus his heire, or engaged his country in an annuell tribute: for which Androgeus being sent by his father, was treacherously murdered. They had a Feast at Athens which they called Speedy Helpe, in memoriam of their delivery by Aetiius. Minos, although strong in men, and the justice of his cause, yet providently seeks to augment his power by confederate forces, and sallies for that purpose to the adiacent Islands: winning some to his party by liberall promises, and others by armes. Cythnos betrayed unto him by Arne for a reward, and therefore here famed to have beene turn'd into a Daw: a birde that delights in steepeth, but especially of gold and silver. Minos releashed by others, at length arriveth at Aegina, the kingdome of Aegaeus, and in treates his asilliance: who refuseth in regard of the ancient animity betweene him and the Athenians. But he, holding it at that time better to threaten, then confome his forces by an accidentall warre, which if unsuccesfull would have much impaired his estimation, departs from Aegina.

No sooner was the Cretan navy out of sight, but Cephalus entered their haven. A Prince of noble endowments, and in his youth of extraordinary beauty: sent now from Athens upon the like occasion. To whom Aegaeus promiseth asilliance: and relates (upon his admiring to see so many of equal yeares, yet none of those whom he formerly knew at his first being there) the miserable mortality, which befell them through the wrath of Iuno, because he had called that Island Aegina, of the name of his mother her rival: where in the naturall causes, symptoms, and lamentable effects of the pestilence are most accurately described. But the supernaturall cause is ascribed by our Poets to his mothers adulterie with Iupiter, and his honouring of the adulteresse: nor can the divine vengeance by humane helpe be diverted or mitigated. To this may that be compared, which befell in the reign of Edward the third: when the Luing were so few as to bury the dead, and the King enforced to forsake his kingdom. The former is said to proceed from the anger of Iuno, in that she was, corrupted by the venomous vapours of the earth, or rather accidents, is the author of infection. Nor are nayles so suitably, which suddenly strike to the braine, and posson the spirits: lamentably experienced at the Solemnne
lemneAffizes at Oxford (so called of that sad event) when Bell and Barham, the Judges, the High Sheriffs, and most of the Justices of the Bench, were killed by the flench of the Prisoners. Nor are those smells most pernicious which wee reiect and abhorre, but such as have some similitude with our bodies, and so insinuate and betray the spirits. Now Æacus flies to his devotion, the only way to repair his losses: who receaues a visible full signe from Jupiter by lightening and thunder. Of thefe they held of old that there were two forts: the one to punife the guilty, and the other propheticall, which if proceeding from the left side, was a signe that their petitions were granted. For although the left was in other things esteemed unlucky, yet prosperous to such as prayed or sacrific’d, because it is the right unto those who are adored: as Virgill intimates in the prayer of Anchises.

Almighty Jove, if prayers doe pierce the sky,
O now looke downe: and if our piety
Be pleasing, helpe, this omencertaine make.
As loone as laid, a clapp of thunder brake
On his left side: a long train’d Starre in night
Shot through the aire, and ran with blazing light.

And in true divinity the descending of fire from heauen to consume the sacrifice, was a note of acceptance: perhaps the ground of this counterfeitt Tradition, which not without some absurdity, since thunder in winter is very rare, and alwaies esteemed unlucky. Æacus expelling a multitude of Ants at the root of an oak, defir’d as many men from Jupiter to supply the number of those, whom the Pevity had dcacour’d: who dreams in the night of what he had scene in the day, and with all, that they were turned into men, which proved true in the morning. These he called Mermidons, a name expressing their difenter, and affinity in disposition; given to parcimony, patient of labor, diligent in getting, and keeping what they have gotten. And such are these painfull and provident creatures, which provide for winter in the Summer: to whom Salomon sendeth his flaggard. Of whose industrue thy Virgill.

As Ants that prey upon a heap of Corn,
To their darker caues, of winter mindfull, borne.
The black bands issue forth, who bear their spoyle
Through narrow waies, and with indiffruent toyle
The graine shoue with their shoulders: some the flow
Drieue and chaftife the paths with labor glowe.

This fable was also invented of the few inhabitants of that Island; who by reason of the frequent piracies and incursions of other nations, dwelt in obscure caues; hid under the Earth like Pisimes. When Æacus taught them to build flibs, and exercized them in martial discipline: where by they were both animated, and inabled to resist the iuries of strangers. So that in the end they forsooke their retreats, and inhabited in Cities (saeid therefore of Pisimes to be converted into men) who of all those seas obtained the dominion. But Strabo reports them to be fatisfied in, that in they digged the earth like Ants to prepare it for the Sower, and dwelt in Caues, because at the first they wanted materials for the building of houses. Lastly in this is intimated the prevalency of prayer which proceeds from just men; for such was Æacus: and therefore not unworthily fained to be the fome of Jupiter, and
and in another world to judge the Souls of the Deceased. Yet in this fable there is (according to Laertius) a glimpse of the truth for that doctrine of the Prophets, how the Son of God should judge the dead, being derived to the Ethnics; they not knowing any other God, who govern'd in heaven, but Jupiter, declared that the Son of Love was a judge of the infernals; not Apollo, nor Bacchus, nor Mercury (for these they esteemed cælestialls) but such a Son who had been a mortal, and excelled in justice, as was this Euritis: the truth poetically corrupted, or rather impaired by the progress through so many wretches, and to places far distant.

Pelteus and Telamon, the fathers of Euritis, now employed in raising forces for Cephalus and Phocus, his yongest, entertains him in the meantime. When Cephalus, taking an occasion from the commendation of his javelin, relates the properties of the same, with the unfortunate end of Procris his wife, proceeding from their alternative jealousies. He is said to have been beloved and ravished by Aurora, in that he actually sent the Morning in the woods, transported with the delight of hunting: To receive her, in fore-flowing his accustomed exercises, as not inducing to be so long absent from his beloved wife: the foundation of his jealousy (here laid to be induced by Aurora, or the præfence of a rival) an humor easily raised, and augmented by his owne example. For jealousy springs from the abundance of love, which makes the lover under-value him-selfe, and over-value the affected; imagining that no eye but that of necessity looke with the like admiration & desire, of every mans worth, and prone to believe what he feareth. In so much, that the felicity of life, consisting in the fruition of beauty and noble endowments, by a melancholy and groundless suspicion, converts to the death-sigh of deseases, in the blood a continual heat, and in the mind a Fury. Cephalus, seeking out what he feared to find, returns disguised unto Athens (and therefore said to have been changed by Aurora) where he found his house in good order, and his wife perplexed for his absence. But not so contended, he vainly attempts her with all the subtleties of a lover, by multiplying gifts, she seems to him in the end to suuer. When discovering himselfe and upbraiding her display, she overcomes with shame and indignation to be so unworthily suspected and betray'd, abandoning her house, her husband, & for his sake the society of men; fyes unto the solitary woods, & devotes her selfe to the service of Diana. By this Arion both'd his Pityfion, & the derider of Romancies Curious Inpertenientall tending to set forth the force of gifts, and danger of unecessary trials. The fear of losing what we love, suppresseth all other passions and more violently inflames the distracted affections. So Cephalus importunately sollicits, accuses himselfe, intreateth her pardon, and at length obtains it. She gives him a javelin (now held in his hand) & a Dogge, both given her by Diana. The virtue of the one was never to misufe the marke it was throwne at, and to returne of it selfe to the owner: of the other, to surpasse all others in running.

Cephalus reports the wonderful change of his Dogge unto Phocus. For the Thebans neglecting in regard of their obscenity, the oracles of Themis, preferring before them those of the Naiades, had their fields infelled by the vengeful Goddeff with a cruel beast, which destroyed their cattle with their keepers. This huntted by the youth of Greece, and now pursu'd at the heels by Celaps, Cephalus his Dogge, they both in an instant were converted into marble, that neither might be outrun of either. The Oracle of themis signifies good and wholesome advice, (the being the Goddefe of Counfel, persuading only what is just and bonell) as that of the Naiades foolish. So while the Thebans for sake the better to follow the worse, they draw on themselves a publice calamity: in all estates not rarely exemplified.

This
This beast was called the Fox of Tymeiianus, because he lurked in that hill; but that so little a creature should do so great mischief, is altogether incredible. Palaephatus reports him for a man of Thebes; who was called Alopix (by interpretation a Fox) the most prudent and subtile among all the Thebans, whom the king, suspecting his popularity, banished the City. He, gathering a great army, entrenched himself on Tymeiianus; from whence he pillag'd those quarters: whereupon it was said that the Tymeiian Fox, alluding to his name, so wast'd their country. Whom Cephalus with his Athenians, in aide of the Thebans, slew in a set battle, and over threw his forces. Tzetzes writes that Lelaps was also a man; formerly sent by Minos unto Cephalus, by whose intercession he was reconciled to Procris: who after encountering Alopix by sea, both perished together by falling on the rocks: and therefore famed to have beene transformed into Marble. I have heard of a Hare and a Gray-hound in the Warren of Hampton, which ran so eagerly, that both, even then when the one was ready to seize on the other, expired in an instant; and in that posture are there figured in stone. Why therefore may not this fable of the dogge and the Fox proceede from the like accident? Now the Iavelin which never missed the mark it was thrown at, doth only demonstrate the skill of the thrower: Cephalus being numbred among the excellent hunters of that Age by Zenophon.

He concludes with the miserable death of Procris, proceeding from her suspicion, as much as formerly his own: grounded on mistakes and false informations. But lovers are full of feare, and apt to believe: in that no ardent affection is without some mixture of jealousy; arising from the care of preserving the affected to themselves, who no more then Princes will admit of partners:

My life, my fortunes, all are thine: my love
Forbear, nor will I rival'd be by love.

Yet Procis' fear is encountered by her hope, derived from her owne innocency: in so much as she will not credit the hated informer without the witnessse of her eyes: and therefore secretly feasible into the woods; where she found her husband courting the Aire, supposed some wood-nymph: where at the sight, and by rustling among the leaves was mistaken for a beast, and wounded to death by his iavelin. Who dying concures him by all the obligations of love and religion, never to take Aire to hissed and embracements. So farre doth jealousy extend beyond life, that even in death it feares a Successor. But wretched Cephalus informs her of her error, in taking a name for a substance: who fumes, as glad to be so deceived, and dyes contentedly. Petrarach alluding to this, devises the name of his Mistress Laura into Laura: such is the favourabl' breath of the beloved, as essential to the content of the soul, as the aire to the life of the body. This fable was devised to deter from ill-grounded jealousy, and to show how execrable they be who sow suspicions among the married, whose events are ever bitter, and not seldom tragical.

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OVIDS
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS:

The Eighth Booke.

The Argument.

Harmonious walls. Lewd Scylla now despaires;
With Nisus, chang'd: the Lark the Hobby dares.
Ariadne's Crowne a Constellation made.
The invention youth a Partridge, still afraid
Of mounting. Meleagers Sisters mourne
His Tragedie: to Fowle, so named, turne.
Fine water Nymphs the five Echinades
Demonstrate. Perimede, neere to these,
Becomes an Island, Ioue and Hermes take.
The forms of men. A Citie turn'd t a Lake:
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Bucis and Philemon, changed are
At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes
Blew Proteus sports. Of selfe-chang'd Metra scape.
Scorn'd servitude. The Streame of Calydon
Forsoaks his owne, and other shapes put on.

NOW * Lucifer exalts the Day: to hell
Old Night descends. The Easterne winds now fell;
Moylt clouds arose: when gentle Southen gales
Befriend returning Cephalus. Full failes
Wing his successefull course: who, long before
All expectation, toucht the wish'd shore.
Meane-while inft Minos waftes Λ Lelegia's Coaft,
Andgirt's Alcobaes Citie with his Hoot.
This Nisus held, whose head a Purple haire,
'Mong those of honourable fitter, bare:
His Kingdomes firenent. Six aged Moones grew young:
Yet warres successe in equall ballance hung:
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,
With doubtfull wings 'twixt either armie flew.
A royall Tower, with founding walls, there stands;
Erected by Apollo's sacred hands:
Whereon, they say, he laid his golden Lyre;
Whose strings the ftones with harmonic inflire.
This, Nisus daughter oft ascends alone;
And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;
In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,
From thence the conflicts of Sterne Mars beheld.

Hh
Metamorphosis.

By this delay, the Princes names he knowes;
Their arms, horfe, habits, and a Cydonian bowes.

More then the rest, more then twas fit to doe.
For when he wore his fairely plumed cask;
She thought him lonely in that warlike mask:
Or when his braffe-refulgent shield heraids;
His gracefull gesture infinitely praisd.

Nor could his practis'd armes let flye a dart;
But straight th'extolls his strength, informd by art.
If he an arrow drew, th'would Iware that fo
Apollo flood, when he dischargd his bow.
But when, his helmet off, he shewd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace;
He on his hor-high bounding Courier fits:
O then the scarce was misfris of her wits!

Happy th'cals the lance his hand sustaines:
Happy th'cals his hand-sustained raigthes.
And had the powre, she would haue madly past
Through all the hoftile ranks, her selfe haue catt
Amid the Cretan tents, even from that towre;
Or ope the braffe-rib'd gates to Minos powre:
Or what he else could with. Shee then furuay'd
The e Gnoftian Kings white Tente, and softly said:

Whether I shoule for this fo sad a warre
Or joy, or grieve, within my selfe I farre.
Alas, that he I loue should be my foe!
I had not knowne him had it not beene so.
Yet me in hoftile might he take: of peace
A pledge, his spouse, and bloody broyles surceafe.
No marvell though a God her beauty tooke:
If shee that bare thee had fo sweet a looke.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
This dull delay, and fly to Minos tent.

My selfe I would disclose, confesse my flame;
And buy him, with what dowry he should name:
But to betray these towers: dye, dye desire,
E're I by treason to your ends aspire.
Yet, through the Victors clemency, it sorne,
Nay many, hath avail'd, th'have beene o're-come.
Iust warre he wagheth for his Sonnes sad end:
His caufe is strong, strong armes his caufe defend.
Sure we must fall. If such our Cities fate:
Why shoule his powre inthronc him in this State,
And not my loue? better, without delay,
His souldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.
For il-prefiging feares my reft confound,
Left some, not knowing him, should Minos wound:
For no heart is so hard, that did but knowe,
And would a lance against his boseme throw.

Then
Then thus: with me, my country I intend
To render vp, and giue these warres an end.
What is't to intend? Each passage hath a guard;
My father keeps the keyes, and fees them bard.
'Tis he deferres my joyes, 'tis he I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
Tush, we are our owne Gods. They thrive, that dare:
And Fortune is a foe to slothfull pray'r.
Long since another, scorneth with such a fire,
By death had force't away to her desire.
And why should any more adventurous prove?
I dare through sword and fire make way to Loue.
And yet here is no use of fire nor sword;
But of my fathers hair. This must afford
What I so much affect, and make me blest:
Richer then all the treasure of the East.
This said, Night, nurfe of cares, her curtaines drew:
When in the darke the more audacious grew.
In prime of rest, when tyr'd with day-bred cares
Sleepe all in foldes; the silently repaires
Into her fathers bed-chamber, and there
Picks out (ô horrid act!) his fatal hair.
Seaz'd of her wicked prey, with her she bore
The guilty fpoyle; vnlocks a Pomfere doore:
Then past the foe (bend by her merit made)
Vnto the King not vn-aftonish'd, said.
Inforc't by Loue, I Scylla, Nisus Seede,
Yeld vp my Country, and my Gods: no meede,
But thee, I craue. This purple hair receaue,
My loues rich pledge: nor thinke a hair I giue.
But my old fathers head. And therewith thhe
Prefents the gift with wicked hand. But he
Receivts her proffer: and much terrify'd
With horror of so foule a deed, reply'd:
The Gods exile thee (ô thou most abhor'd!)
Their world: to thee a nor Land nor Sea afford.
How-cre b Loues Cretes, the world wherein I raigne,
Shall such a Monfter never entreate.
This said: the most ilustr Victor doth impose
Lavim, no leffe ilust, vpon his vanquish'd foes.
Then orders, that they forthwith ores convey
Abord the brasse-beakt ships, and anchors waye.
When Scylla lawe c the Gnaosian navy swim;
And that her treason was abhor'd by him.
To violent anger the conuer'd her prayers,
And Furie-like, with streight arms and sped haires:
Cry'd; Whither fly'lt thou? leaving me, whose lone
With conquest crown'd thee? ô prefer'd aboive
My Country! Father! 'twas not thou didst win;
But I that gane: my merit, and my finne.

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a Alluding to the punishment inflicted anciently on Parricides: who were found into a skin with an Ape, a Cock, and a Serpent; that they might not see Heaven, nor rest on the Earth or water.

b Of Scylla, the chiefe city of Crete.

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Hh 2 Not
Not this; not such affection, could persuade:  
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid. 
For whither should I go, thus left alone?  
What' to my Country' that's by me o're-throwne. 
Wert nor my treason doth me to exile.  
Or to my father, given unto thy spoyle?  
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:  
And neighbours fear eth' example in their State. 
I, out of all the world my selfe have throwne,  
To purchase an access to Crete alone.  
Which if deny'd, and left to such despaire;  
Europa never one so thankful to bare:  
But swallowing a Syrt's, b Charybdis shaft with wind;  
Or some fell Tygres, of th' Armenian kind.  
Woe's not thy father; e nor with forged shape 
Of Bull beguild, thy mother suffer'd rape.  
That story of thy glorious race is fain'd:  
For thee a wild and loueless Bull suffateth.  
O father Ni phi s, thy revenge behold!  
Rejoyce, o Citie, by my treason fold!  
Death, I confess, I merit. Yet would I 
Might, by their hands whom I have injureth, dye.  
For why shouldst thou, who only didst subdue 
By my offending, my offence pursue?  
My Country and my father felt this finne:  
Which vnto thee hath meritorious beene. 
Thou worthy art d of such a wife; as flood 
A Bulls hot lust within a Cow of wood;  
Whose chamelese wombe e a monstrous burthen bare.  
Ah! doe my sorrowes to thy cares repaire?  
Or are my fruitless words borne by that wind  
That beares thee hence, and leaveth a wretch behind?  
No marvel though Paphos prefer'd  
A Bull, thou faire' more salvage then the Herd.  
Woe's me! make haste I must; the waues with ores  
Refound; his ship forsakes, with vs, our shores.  
In vaine! I t'le follow thee vngratefull King:  
And while I to thy crooked vessell cling  
Be drag'd through drenching seas. This having said, 
Attempts the waues, by Cupids strengthening aid,  
And cleaueth his ship. Her father, now high-flowne  
Strikes ayric rings (a red-maild Hobby growe)  
And floopes to cuffe her with his golden faire. 
Shee slips her hold, infeebled by her feares.  
While yet a falling, that she might elcheue  
The threatening fea, light wings t' her shoulders grew,  
Now changed to a bird in flight of all:  
This, of that ravish haire, we f Ciris call.  
No sooner Minos toucht the Grettas ground,  
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlandes crown'd,
His vowes to conquest-giving Iove he payd:
And all his pal lace with the spoyle arrayd.
And now his families reproach increas'd.
That vncoth profidie, halfe mans, halfe beast;
\[a\]The mothers foule adulterie defcry'd.
Minos refolves his marriage shame to hide
Innumerable of roomes, perplex'd, and blind.
The worke excelling Dedalus assign'd.
Who fence distracts, and error leads a maze
Through fubtill ambeages of manner wayes:
As Phrygian Maander fports about
The florrie vales; now winding in, now out;
Himfelfe encounters, fees what follows, guides
His freams into their springs, and, doubting, guides
To long mockt feas; so Dedalus compil'd
Innumerable by-waies, which beguid
The troubled fenes; that he who made the fame,
Could fcarce retire; fO intricate the frame.
When in this fabrick Minos had inclofed
This double forrne, of man and beast compos'd;
The Monfter, with Athenian blood twice fed,
His owne, the third Lot, in the ninth yeares, flied:
Then by a Clew reguided to the doore
(A virgins counfell) neuer found before;
Aegides, with rapt Ariadne, makes
For Dia: on the naked shore forfakes
His confident and feepe-oppreffed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the desolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts: and that fhe
Might glorious by a Conftellation bee;
Her head vnburthen of her crowne, and threw
It vp to Heaven: through thinner ayre it flew.
Flying, the jewels that the verge incheace
Convert to fires; faft-fixed in one place;
Th' old forme retaining: They their station take,
Twixt Him that Kneels, and Him who holds the Snake:
The Sea-impris'ned Dedalus, meane while,
Weary of Crete, and of x his long exile;
Toucht with his countries lone, and place of birth;
Thus faid: Though Minos bar both sea and earth;
Yet heauen is free. That course attempt I dare:
Held to the world, he could not hold the ayre.
This faid, to arts vnknowne he bends his wits,
And alters nature. Quils in order knits,
Beginning with the leaf: the longer still
The short succeeds, much like a rising hill.
Their rutall pipes, the flireheards, long agoe,
(Fram'd of vnequall reeds) contined to
With threds themidift, with wax he ioynes the ends:
And thefe, as naturall wings, a little bends.
Young _Icarus_ fled by, who little thought  
That with his death he played; and finmilng, caught  
The feathers tossed by the wand'ring ayre:  
Now chafes the yellow waxe with busie care,  
And interrupts his Sire. When his left hand  
Had made all perfect: with new wings he fand  
The ayre that bare him. Then instructs his sonne:  
Be sure that in the middle course thou run.  
Dank seas will clog the wings that lowly fly:  
The Sun will burne them if thou soart too high.  
Twixt either keepe: a Nor on _Bootes_ gaze,  
Nor _Heliec_ nor _Orion's_ rayes:  
But follow me. At once, he doth advise;  
And vknowne feathers to his shoulers yses.  
Amid his worke and words the salt teares brake  
From his dim eyes, with feare his fingers shake.  
Then lift him, neuer to be kiss'd more:  
And rais'd on lightsome feathers flies before;  
His feare behind: as birds through boundleffe sky  
From ayrie nefts produce their young to fly;  
Exhorts to follow: taught his banefull skill;  
Waves his owne wings, his fones obseruing still.  
Thefe, while some Angler, fishing with a Cane;  
Or Shepheard, leaning on his staffe; or Swaine;  
With wonder viewes: he thinkes them Gods that glide  
Through ayrie regions. Now on his left side  
_Leaves_ _Iuno's_ _Samos, Delos, Taros_ e white,  
_Lebynthos_ and _Calydna_ on the right,  
Flowing with hony. When the boy, much tooke  
With pleasure of his wings, his Guide forooke:  
And ravifh with desire of heauen, aloft  
Ascends. The odor: yeelding wax more soft  
By the swift Sunnes vicinitie then grew:  
Which late his feathers did together glew.  
That sway'd: he shakes his armes, which now were bare,  
And wanted where withall to gather ayre.  
Then falling, _Helpe_ o father, cries: the blew  
Seas stopp'd his breath; d from whom their name they drew.  
His father, now no fat her, left alone,  
Cry'd _Icarus_! where art thou e which way flowne e  
What region, _Icarus_, doth thee containe.  
Then fipes the feathers floating on the Maine.  
He curr'd his arts: interres the corpee, e that gau  
The land a name, which gau his fonne a graue.  
The Partridge from a thickeit him furuy'd,  
As in a tombe his wretched fonne he laid;  
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd  
T' express his joy: as then an only bird.  
So made of late (vknowne in former time)  
O _Dedalus_, by thy eternall crime.
To thee thy Sitter gave him to be taught;
Who little of his deifying fore-thought:
The boy then twelue yeres aged, of a minde
Art for instruction, and to Arts inclind.
He saues inuentry, by the bones that grow
In fihes backs, the flece indenting fo.
And two shank Comaffes with river bound;
Th'one to fland still, the other turning round
In equall distance. Dædalus this flung:
Who from Minerva's sacred turret flung
The envi'd head-long; and his falling fau'es.
Him Pallas, fauitor of good wits, fuffaines:
Who straight the figure of a foule affumes;
Clad in the midit of ayre with freckled plumes:
The vigor of his late swift wit now came
Into his feet, and wings: he keepe his name.
They never mount aloft, nor trufts their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as lowe as earth,
And lay their egges in tufts. In minde they beare
Their ancient fall, and lofty places feare.

Tyr'd Dædalus now in Sicilia lights:
In whole defence hospitious Cretus fights:
Now Athens by Ageus glorious Seed
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crowne their Temples: warlike Pallas, Iove;
Invoke, with all the Deities above,
Whom now they honour with the large ex pense
Of blood, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.
Vait Fame through all th' Argolian cities spred
His praise; and all that rich Achaia fed
His aid in their extremities entreat,
And Calydon (though Meleager's feat)
His aid implores. A Bore by Dian sent,
As her revenge, and horrid instrument.
For Oeneus, with a plentuous harueft blest,
To Ceres his first fruits of corn addeft,
To Pallas oyle, and to a Lycaon wine.
Ambitious honours all the Powres divine
Reape from the rurals; who neglect to pay
Diana dues; her Altars empty lay.
Anger affeets the Gods. This will not we
Vnpunctf beare: nor vnrevenge'd, saide she;
Though vn-adored, shall they vant we be.
Which that she sent into Oeneus fields
A vengefull Bore. Rank-graft Epirus yeelds
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
Burthofe are leffe which in Sicilia feed.
His eyes blaze blood and fire; his stiff neck bearés
Horrible brigles, like a grove of Speres.
Aboyling hame vpon his shoulders flowes
From grinding jaws: his tuskes equall those
Of Indian Elephants: his fells mouth cafts
Swift lightning: and his breath the pastures blafts.
Now tramples downe the corne, when in the blade,
The husbandmans ripe vowes now frustrat made,
And reaps the waigthy cares. Their vifual graine
The Barncs and threshing flootes expect in vaine.

Broad-spreading vines he with their burden sheares:
And boighs from euer-leaue olues teares.
Then falls on beasts: the Herdsmen, now vnfeard;
Nor Dogs, nor raging bulls, defend their Heard.
The people fly: securitie scarce finde
In walled townes: till Meleager, joynt'd
With youths of choyceft worth, inflam'd with praiere,
Attempts his death. The twain'd Thyndaries:
One for his horfemanship, the other fam'd.
For b Whorl-bats, Ifon, who the first ship fram'd;
Theem with his Firiathos, a paire
Of happy friends: and Lynceus, Aphare's heire,
The two Thestia, Leucippus crown'd
For stength; Aeclius, for his darrenown'd:
Swift Idas, Caneus, a woman then;
Hippothous, Dryas; Phaenix (beft of men,)
Amyntors fons; th' alike Achorides,
And Phyleas fent from Elis, came with thefe:
S Peretes hope; adventu'rous Telamon;
And he who call'd the great Achilles fonne;
HYantian Telamon, the well-grace'd
Eurytus: and Ecbion, who furpfad
In running, Lelex the Nargian,
With Panopius, Hyleus, Hippafan
Now youthfull Nepser: fonne to that intent
Hippocoon from old Amycles fent:
Penelopes father in law, Parrafa-bred
Auneus, wife Ampycides well read
In fates; Oicles, not as yet betray'd
B'his wife, Tegean Atalans' a maid
Of paffing beauty, sprung from a Scherius race:
Of high Leyean woods the onely grace.
A polisht Zone her vpper garment bound;
And in one knot her artleffe haire was wound
Her arrows ivory guardian clattering hung
On her left shoulder: and a bow well ftring'd
Her left hand held. Her lookes a wench disp'y'd
In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maid.
The o Calydonian Hera her beheld
And wish'd at once: his wishes fate repelled.
Who lurking flames attract's: and faid, O blest
Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joyes invest?
But time, and modesty his couerdhip fray

By
The Egith Booke.

By a more press'd action call'd away.

A wood o're-growne with trees, yet never feld,
Mounts from a plaine, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thrilling Gallants this ascend.

Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend,
Some hounds uncouple; some the tract of feet.
Together trace; and danger long to meet.

A Dale there was, through which the raunc'd flood
Oft tumbled downe, and in the bottom flood:

Repleat with plyant willowes, marsh weeds,
Sharpe rufhes, ofiers, and long slender reeds:
The Bore from thence dislodg'd; like lightning
Through offtling clouds, among the hunters rufh;
Bearcs downe the obvious trees; the craiking woods
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
With high-rais'd shooes in flame; who keep their stands:
And shake their broad-tip'd speares with threatening hands;

The dogs he scatters; those that durft oppose
His horrid furie, wounds with ganching blowes.

Echion firft his iavelin vainely cast,
Which struck a beech. The next his sides had palf,
But that with too much strength it outer-flew:

The weapon Pagafus an Iafon threw.

O Phæbus, said Ampeides, if I
Have honour'd, and doe honour thee, apply
Thy succour in successe of my intents.
The God, as much as lay in him, affents:
But from the dart the head Diana took;
Which gave no wound, although the Bore it strooke:
The beaft like lightning burns, thus chaft with ire:
His grim eyes shine, his brest breathes flames of fire.
And as a stone which some huge engine throwes
Against a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:
The deadly Bore with fuch fure violence
Assaults their forces. The right wings defence,
Eupalamos, and Pelagonus, caft
On founding earth: drawne off with timely haft.
Enasimus, great Hippocoons fon,
Could not fo well his slaughtering rufhes fhun:
Which cut the thrinking fineukes in his thigh,
Euen as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.

And Neftor long had perfifted, perchance,
Before Troyes warres but, vaunting on a lance,
He tooke an tree, which there his branches pried:

Who, full of rage, his vengefull rufhes whet
Vpon an Oke and dire destruction threats:

When, trulling to his new edg'd armes, the Bore
The manly thigh of great Orithus tore.
The b Brother Twins, not yet celestiall starrs;

Conspi-
Metamorphosis

Conspicuous both, both terrible in warres;
Both mounted on white steedes, a loft both bare
Their glittering speares, which trembled in the air:
And both had spe'd, but that the swine with-drew
Where neither horse nor iauelin could pursue.
In folowes Telemach, hot of the chase,
And tumbling at a roote, fell on his face.
While Peleeus lifts him vp, a winged flight
}
His shields diuffer, thrurts his deadly spear
They all with cheerfull shoute their joyes vnfold;
Shake his victorious hands, the Beasts behold
With wonder, whose huge bulke possett so much.
And hardly thinkes it faile the flaine to touch.
Yet dye their iavelins in his blood. He lay'd d.
His foot vpon his horrid head; and said:
My right recitce belon'd a Nomine.
And let my glory ever flaire with thine.
Then gaue the briftled spoyle, and gaftly head
With monstrous tufhes arm'd, which terror bred.
She in the Gift and guier pleasure tooke.
All murmur, with prepofterous envy strooke.
On whom the violent b Theftiade frowne;
And cry aloud with stretch'd-out armes; Lay downe:
Nor, Woman, of our tides vs bereate,
Leaft thee thy beauties confidence deceiue;
He no fit judge, whom loue hath left of right:
And snatch't from her, her gift; from him, his right.
(Said he) the distance betweene words and deeds;
With impious fteele fecure Ploixippus bleedes.
While Taxeues, whether to revenge his blood,
Or shun his brothers fortune, wavering flood;
He clears the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods Althea brings
For her sons victorie; and d Psalms sings.
When back the faw her flauhered brothers brought;
At that far object heed: and griefe-diftraught,
The Cicy fil's without-cries; of the tears
Her royall robes, and funerall garments weares.
But told by whom they fell; no longer mournes:
Rage dies her eyes; her teares to vengeance turnes.
The triple Sifters cast a brand convay'd
Into the fire; her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they fpun the fatall twine:
O lately borne, one period we affigne
To thec, and to this brand. The charm'e they weacre
Into his fate, and then the chamber leaue.
His mother snatcht it with an haftie hand
Out of the fire, and quench't the flagrant brand.
This in an inward clofet clofely layes:
And by preffuring it, preferues his dayses.
Which now produc't; a pyle of wood the rais'd,
That by the hostile fire infinued, blaz'd.
Foure times she proffers to the greedy flame
The fatall brand: as o'th with-drew the fame.
A Moother, and a fitter, now contend:

MELAEGER.
d Hymnes in praise of Apollo
anciently sung vpon the obtaining of victorie.

The three Delphics,

Hymnes on the defeate of Meleager.

Hymnes on the defeate of Meleager.

Hymnes on the defeate of Meleager.
Metamorphosis.

And two contending names, one bodom rend.

Oft feare of future crimes a paleneffe bred:

Oft burning Furie gaue her eyes his red.

Now feemes to threaten with a cruell looke:

And now appears like one that pitie tooke.

Her teares the fervor of her anger dryes:

Yet found she teares againe to drowne her eyes.

Euen as a ship, when wind and tyme countends,

Flees both their furies, and with either bends:

So Theflius, whom vnfeetdie passion drives;

By changes, calmes her rage, and rage revives.

A sisters loue at length subdues a mothers:

That blood may calme the ghosts of bleeding brothers,

Impioufly pious. Flames, to ashes turne

This brand, saies she, and my loth'd bowels burne.

Then, holding in her hand the fatall woade

As she before the funerall altar stood.

The three Furies; called Eunomides, in that without remorse.

The three Furies, called Eunomides, in that without remorse.

a Albed, the daughter of Theflius.

b The The three Furies; called Eunomides, in that without remorse.

Eunomides, these Rites of vengeance view.

I act the crime I punishe. Death must be

By death atton'd. On murder, murder we

Accumulate; redoubling funerals.

This cursed house by throngs of mischief falls.

Shall omenjoy in his victorious son?

Sad Theflius rob'd of his! One fortune run.

Looke vp, o you my brothers ghosts, you late

Dislodged soules, see how I right your fate.

Accept of this infernall sacrifice,

Which cost me deare; my wombs accursed prize.

Ay me! d whether am I rapt! excuse

A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse

Their fainting aide. He merits death yet by

A mothers rage me thinkes he should not dye.

Then shall he scape? Alive, a victor, feast

In proud success; of Calidow posset?

You, little ashes, and chill shades, forborne?

I'll not induce it. Perith Villaine, borne

To our immortal ruine. Ruinace

With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state.

Where is a mothers heart? a parents pray'r!

Th'vnthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?

O would, while yet an infant, the first flame

Had thee devour'd, nor I oppos'd the same!

Thy life, I guew, by thine owne merit dye

A just reward for thy impiery.

Thy twice-given life refigne, first by my womb,

Last by this ravilh brand; or me intomb

With my poore brothers. Faine I would pursue

Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I doe!

Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:

And
And the sad image of foul a deed,
Now pity, and a mother's name controul
My stern intention, & distracted soul!
You have won, my brothers; but, alas, ill, won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand
To trembling flames expos'd the funereal brand.
The brand appears to fight, or flames expires:
Wrapped in th'embrace of unwilling fires.
Vainly Meleager, absent broyles
Even in those flames: his blood, thick-panting, boyles
In unsee'd fire: Who fuch tormenting pines
With more then manly fortitude sustains:
Yet griefes that by a loftfull death he falls
Without a wound: *Anceus* happy calls.
His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,
Now groaning names, with his last words of life:
Perhaps his mother. Flames and pines increafe,
Again they languish, and together cease.
To liquid air his vanishing spirits turne:
The fable coalesces in shrouds of allies mourn.
Lowlyes high *Calydon: the young, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all, their griefes unfold.
The *Calydonian* matrons *cut their hair*;
Deflowre their beauties: cry, woe and despair!
His hoarie head with dust his father hides;
Lyes grouling on the ground: and old age chides,
For now his mother, by her guilt purli'd,
Revengeing feele in her owne breast imbru'd:
Though Phæbus would an hundred tongues beftow,
A wit that should with full invention flow,
All Helicon infuse into my brest;
His sifteres sorrowes could not be exprest.
Themselfes forgetting decency, deface:
While he retains a body, that imbrace;
Kisse his pale lips: when turn'd to ashes, they
The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay:
Fall on his tomb: his name, that there appears
Imbrace and fill the characters with teares.
But when Diana's wrath was satysfie
With Oenius miscry: they all (beside
Faire Gorge and the louely Deianire)
On plumy pinions, by her powre alpire;
With long extended wings, and beakes of horne:
Who through the air in varied shapes are borne;
Meane while to *Dallas towres* *Egides* yses
(His part perform'd: in that joynt enterprise),
Whoie haft rain'd raine-raift *Achelous* liad.
Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River saide,
Vouchsafe my roofe: nor to th'impetuous flood

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Com-
Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken rocks, downe-tumbled, lowly rore.
Herds with their staues not feldome heretofore
Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force
To keepe his stand; nor swiftnesse fau'd the Horse,
And when dissolved snow from mountaines pour'd,
Their violent whirlleips many hauce devour'd.
More faie to stay until the current run
Within his bounds. To whom a Egeus son:
'Twere folly, if not madnnesse to refuse
Thy house and counsell: both I meane to vfe.
Then enters his large caue, where Nature playd
The Artifian; of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tofus floor'd with humid moss:
The rooffe pure white and purple shels imboffe.
Now had b Hyperion past two parts of day:
When Theseus, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and c Lelex the renowne
Of Trazen, now appearing gray; fat downe:
And whom the Riuier, glad of such a guest,
Preferrd into the honour of his caue.
Forth-with, barefooted Nymphs bring in the mead:
That thai away, vpon the table set
Crown'd cups of wine. When Theseus turnd his face
To vnder seas; and poynting, said; What place
Is vnn?: and of what name, that stands alone?
And yet me thinks it should be more then one.
It is not one, the courteous Flood replyes;
But fife; their neighbourhood deceuies your eyes.
The leflet'admire Diana, late defpis'd;
Fife Nymphs they were: who hauing facrisis'd
Ten beeses, invited to their feastfull
The rurall Gods; my selfe forgot by all.
At this I swell: and never greater, roule
With streames as much iraged as my foule.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare
In exile to the deepes: whose waues, with mine,
That Then-vnited maffe of earth dif-foyne
Into as many pceces, as in seas
Are of the flood-imbrac't e Echinades.
Yet see one Ille, far, 0 far off remou'd!
Call'd Perimele; once by me belou'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke.
Hippodamas his daughter could not brooke;
But cafl her from a rock into the deepe.
Whom, while my louing streames from sinking keepe;
I said: O Neptune, thou that do'ft command
The wandring waues that beat vpon the land;
To whom wee Riuers run, in whom we end;

Incline
Incline a gentle care. I did offend
Whom I support: o kind and equal praise
Had but Hippodamas a father's love,
Or had he not beene so inhuman; he
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
Her whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
When in the troubled waues he cast his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place
Which I may ever with my streams imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward hooke:
And, in affenting, all the Ocean stooke.
The Nymph yet swim: although with feare opprest,
I layd my hand upon her panting breast:
While thus I handled her, I might perceive
The earth about her stifling Body cleave:
Now, with a maffé infolded, as she swim'd,
An Iland role from her transformed limbs.
He held his peace. This admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions son:
By nature rough, and one who did despise
All-able Gods: who said; Thou tel'ft vs lyes,
And think'ft the Gods too potent: as if they
Could give new shapes, or take our old away.
His saying all amaz'd, and none approu'd:
Moft Lelex, ripe in age and wildome, mou'd.
Heauen's powre, immense and endless, none can shun;
Said he; and what the Gods would doe is done,
To check your doubts; on Phrygian hills there growes
An Oke by a Line-tree, which old walls inclofe.
My selfe this faw, while I in Phrygia stain'd;
By b Pittheus sone: c where erft his father dwaid.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Cootes and fishing Cormorants abound,
*Ione, in a humane shape; with Mercurie;
(His heele v nose wing'd) that way their steps apply.
Who guest-rates at a thousand houses are;
A thousand flut their doores: One only gaue.
A small thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife
Old Baucis, and Philemon, led their life.
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent;
In this, grew old: rich only in content.
Who pouer'tie, by bearing it, declind:
And made it ease with a cheerfull mind.
None Master, nor none suuant, could you call;
They who command, obey; for two were all.
*Ione hither came, with his d Cyllenian mate;
And stooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit downe, and take your ease, Philemon said.
While buffet Bausis straw-stuffed cushions layd;
Who fird abroad the glowing coles; that lay

---

Philemon and Baucis.

b His father.
c Who this should be is vn-
knowne vnkle Tantalus, or
Pelops, was the father of Pit-
theus.

d Mercury, of Cylamus a mon-
taine of Arcadia, where hee
was borne,
In smothering ashes, rak't vp yester-day.
Dry bark, and withered leaves, thereon she throwes:
Whole feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
Then flender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And ouer all a little kettle sets.
Her husband with the cole-flowrs, cutts their leaves;
Which from his gratefull garden he receives:
Tooke downe a flitch of bacon with a prung,
That long had in the smokie chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantity he cuts:
And it into the boying liquor puts.
This feething, they the time beguile with speech:
Vnfeensible of day. A bowl of b相识, There, by the handle hung vp on a pin:
This fills he with warme water; and therein
Washes their feete. A moffe-fluft bed and pillow
Lay on a homely bed-feede made of willow:
A courset, vs'd but at feasts, they spred:
Though course, and old; yet fit for such a bed.
Downe lye the Gods. The palfie shaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs; one lame,
And shorter then the rest, a pot-share reares.
This, now made levell, with greene mint the clearer,
Whereon they party-colour'd dices set,
Autummall a Cornels, in tart pickle wet;
Coole endiffe, radish, new eggs rosted reare,
And late-preft cheese, which earthen dishes beare.
A goblet, of the selfe same filuer wrought;
And bowles of beech, with waxe well varnish'd, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, preuent.
This ta'ne away; the second course now comes:
Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,
Sweet-smelling apples, dih'd in offer twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines:
I'th'midst, a honey combe. Aboue all thes,
A cheerfull looke, and ready will to please.
Meane-while, the maple cup it selfe doth fill:
And oft exhaufted, is replenisht still.
Afternight at the miracle, with feare
Philemon, and the aged Baucis, reare
Their trembling hands in pray': and pardon craue;
For that poore entertainment which they gaue.
One Goode they had. b their cottages chiefre guard;
Which they to hospitable Gods award:
Who long their owne pursuit deluding, flies
To Jupiter, so sau'd from sacrifice.
W'are Gods, said they; Revenge shall all destroy:
Y ou in this ruine shall your liues injoy.
Toge-
Together leaue your houfe; and to you’thill
Follow our steps. They both, obey their will;
The Gods conducing; feebly both ascend;
Their statues, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-shot from the top, review they take;
And see all swallowed by a mighty lake:
Their houfe excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruine, and desire.
To see their cottage, which doth onely keepe
Its place; while for the places fate they weep;
That humble shed, too little even for two,
Became a Fan. To columns crotches grew;
The thatch and roofe shine with bright gold; the doores
Divinely car’d; the pauptement marble floores.
While fearfull Bautis and Philemon pray’d,
*Tou me with a chearefull count’nance laid
Thee, I wish’d thou goodman, who
Deferu’st so just a husband:
What do you
In chiefe desire?
They talke a while alone;
Then thus to loue their common will make knowne.
We craue to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
And since in all our liues we never jarr’d;
Let one houre both dissolue: nor let me be
Intomb’d by her, nor the intomb’d by me.
Their fate is sign’d. The Temple they possess;
As long as life. With time and age oppreft;
As now they stood before the sacred gate,
And call to memory that places fate;
Philemon saw old Bautis freashly fpronout;
And Bautis saw Philemon leaves thrust out.
Now on their heads aspiring branches grew.
While they could speake, they fpake: at once, adieu
They jointly faid: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos’d, at once their shapes refigne.
They of Tyana to this present how
Their neighbour trees, that from two bodies grow.
Old men, nor like to lye, nor vaine of tongue,
This told. I faw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging frether, faid: Who Gods before
Receiu’d, be such: adorers, we adore.
The tale, and teller, wonder, and believe,
But Theseus moves in chiefe.
Who couetous to heare fuch deeds as this:
The Aulidian River, prefet to pleafe,
In this fort, leaning on his elbow, fpake.
There be, who euer keep the forme they take:
Others haue powre themselues, at will, to change.
As thou blew Proteus, that in seas do’st range,
Who now a Man, a Lyon now appears.
Now, a fell Bore: a Serpents shape now beares.
A Bull, with threatening horns, now seem't it to be:
Now, like a Stone; now, like a spreading Tree.
And sometimes like a gentle River flows:
Sometimes like Fire, averse to Water, showes.

Erisichthon.

a Metra: on whom he begat
Anticlea, the mother of Phe-
et.

Erisichthon.

b See the Comment,

c Nymphs of the Woods.

a Antolicus: his wife, the daughter to
Leud Erisichthon, things as strange could doe.
He was her father, who the Goddes defpis'd:
Nor euer on their Altars facrifi's d.
Who Ceres groves with steel profan'd: where flood
An old huge Oke; even of it fell's a wood.
Wreathe's ribands, gratefull tables, deckt his boughs:
And facred stem; the Dues of powerfull Vowes.
Full oft the Dryades, with Chaplets crown'd,
Danc't in his shade, full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Fiue cubits three times told
His ample circuit hardly could inflold,
Whose stature other trees as farre exceeds;
As other trees surmount the humble weeds.
Yet this his fury rather did provoke:
Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oke.
And snatches, while they paus'd, an axe from one:
Thus storming: Not the Goddesse: lou'd alone;
But though this were the Goddesse, she should downe:
And swoope the earth with her aspiring crowne.

As he advance't his armes to strike, the Oke
Both figh'd and trembled at the threatening stroke.
His leaues and acornes, pale together grew;
And colour-changing branches sweat cold dew.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood
Gush't from th' incision in a purple flood.
Much like a mighty Oxe, that falls before
The sacred altar; spouting streams of gore.
On all amazement feaz'd: when One of all
The crime deterres; nor would his axe let fall.
Contracting his sterner browses; receaue, said he,
Thy pieties reward: and from the tree
The stroke converting, lops his head; then stroke
The Oke againe: from whence a voice thus speake;
A Nymph am I, within this tree infhrin'd,
Belou'd of Ceres. O profane of mind,
Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath
I prophesie: a comfort to my death.
He still his guilt pursues: who overthrows
With cabs, and innumerable blows;
The sturdy Oke: which, nodding long, downe rush't
And in his lofty fall his fellows cruith.
Their sifter, and their grove, the Nymphs lament;
Who, hid in fable vales, to Ceres went;
On Erisichthon iuft revenge require:

Who
Who readily confents to their desire.
The faire-brow'd Goddesf shakes her shining haires:
With that, the fields shooke all their golden cares.
Who to a mercifull revenge proceeds
(Had he deferred mercy by his deeds)
By flaring. But, since not by fatall doome;
Ceres and Famine might together come:
A Nymph, one of the light Oreades,
Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.
In frosty Scythia lies a land, forlorn
And barren, bearing neither fruit nor corn.
Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide;
And meager Famine. Bid that Fury glide
Into his curfed entrailes, and devour
All plenty: let her rage subdue my powre.
But, since not by fatall doome.
Ceres and Famine might together come:
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But, since not by fatall doome.
Ceres and Famine might together come:
A Nymph, one of the light Oreades,
Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.
And for affected food devours the ayre.
Awak't, hot famine raves through all his veines:
And in his guts, and greedy palate raignes.
Forth-with, what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,
Acquires: complaines of starving at full bords.
In banquets, banquets seekes, What might alone
Have Townes and Nations fed; suffice not one.
Hunger increaseth with increas'd repast.
And as all rivers to the Ocean haste;
Who thirsty still, drinks vp the stranger floods:
As raucous fires refuse no proffer'd foods;
Huge pyles receive, the more they have, the more
By much desire, made hungry with their store.
So Erifichthon, of a mind profane,
Full dieth empties, and demands againe.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat;
Who ever empie, still prepares to eat.
His bellies gulfe his pratrimonie wafts:
Consuming famine yet unreliev'd lasts;
And his inaffiatible thrott's extent.
Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent:
A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,
The beggar fold to feed his hunger's fire.
Her noble thoughts base servitude disdaine:
Who now her hands extending to the Maine;
O thou that hadst my mayden-head, said she,
Thy rauih'd spoyle from hated bondage free!
Neptune had this: who to her prayer consents.
And, though then by her master scene, prevents
His following search: transforming of his Rape
Into a man, maskt in a fisher's shape.
Angler, her master said, that with thy hait
Conceal'st thy hook; so prosper thy deceit,
So rest the sea compus'd, so may the fish
Be credulous, and taken at thy wish;
As thou reveal'st her, who in garments poore,
And rufled hair, lateft ood upon this shore.
For here, but very now, I saw her land:
Nor farther trace her Foot-steps in the land.
She, Neptune's bountie finding, well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her felfe, thus said.
Pardon me Sir, who e're you are, my eyes
Have beeue attentive on this exercise.
To win belief, so may the God of Seas
Assist my cunning in such arts as these:
As late nor man nor maid I saw before
Your felfe, my felfe excepted, on this shore;
He credits, and beguil'd, the shore forlorn:
When she againe her former figure took.
Her father, seeing she could change her shape.

Met.

Metamorphosis.
The Eighth Booke

Oft fold her; who as often made escape.
Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare:
And fed with hunger with ill-purchaft fare.
But when his malady all means had spent;
And he had given it the last nourishment;
Now to devour his proper flesh proceeds,
And by diminishing, his body feeds.

What need I dwell on forraine facts? even we
Can vary shapes, though limited they be.
Now seems I as I am; oft like a Snake:
And many times a Bulls horn'd figure take,
But while I horns assum'd, one thus was broke,
As you behold. This, with a sigh, he spoke.

Kk 5

VPON
Vpon the Eighth Booke of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

Now Cephalus with his auxiliary Eginetes sets saile for Athens. Meanes while Megara is besieged by Minos. Victory flying with doubtfull wings between either armies, declaring thereby the uncertaine event of Bataille. Anciently she was painted with one foote on a globe, to shew her mutability: to whom the painter Aglaophonix first added wings; because the glory obtained thereby flies farre and wide in an instant: who by her agility remoues all barks and impediments. They faine her the daughter of Stix; but forsook by Pallas; that is, of Execution directed by counsel: or of the infernal effects of war, and distribution of Victory by the divine appoyntment: and therefore held in the right hand of Jupiter, as appeared by divers of her statues. Which since, (faith Cicero) of so great a power as not to be governed without a God, they gave to the thing it selfe the name of a Goddesse: adoring the gift for the givers, and honoured by superfluous Antiquity with temples and altars. Nifius, one of the sons of Pandion, reigned in Megara: who had on his head a purple haire, wherein consisted his owne, and his countries safety. So the strength of Sampson, a vowed Nazarite, consisted in his long haire: from whence the wearing of locks might proceed; and by abuse those Elfe-locks, whereunto so much was attributed by superstition. This story of Nifius and Scylla may allude to that of Sampson and Dalilah, who were in a manner contemporary. And perhaps from Sampsons losing his strength with his haire, the inventors of Hieroglyphicks preffented imbecillity by a woman with her haire cut short: as among the Grecians in a man it was the badge of Serwitude. In this city of Megara, our Poet describes a tower with harmonious walls: which is in part confirmed by Paulanius that country-man. The Megarians, faith he, report, how Apollo helped Alcathous in the building thereof; and laid his harpe on a stone, which struck with a pebble, ever renders the same mufick, to my no small admiration. Others say that this tower was built like a labyrinth with many hollowes and windings: the cause of so strange a reverberation. I have seene a stone within the Egyptian Pyramis, which being struck, would ring, and retaine the sound as long as a bell, by reason of the places and its owne concavity. Scylla the daughter of Nifius, from the top of this tower accustomed to behaule their daily conflicts: and now by continuance knew the persons and names of the Cretan Captaynes: but takes to much notice of Minos, and over-admires his several graces. Love springs from admiration; and from love superlative praises; however undeserved. She intends to oblige him unto her by betraying her Country: and insnites her intention by the insinuate of his cause, his invincible power, and the benefit they should receale by being conquered by him. There are no vices that have not their appologies. She recealeth religion, piety, and feare, with this wicked assertion:

Vpon the Eighth Booke of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

N

Weeto our selues are Gods: they thriue, who dare:
And Fortune is a foe to flothfull pra'r.

Thus resolved she pulls the purple haire from the head of her sleeping father; and carries it through the enimies haft unto Minos: that is, revealed unto him the secrets and counsells of Nifius, with all, how to suppress the City: by whose assistence he took it, with the slaughter of her father, and general overthrow of the Athenians.
Now Nisus, touring in the liquid aire,
Doth punish Scylla for his purple haire.
Which way fo-ever fearfull Scylla flies
Her cruell foe pursues her through the skies;
Which way fo-ever Nisus takes his flight
Scylla with feare-fiwift wings avoids his flight.

And may not the terror of an afflicted conscience becoment by this fable, which
fally pursues the guilty? punished in expectinge punishment, and ever expecting
what they have deserved. Skulking and trembling, as the Larke that is dared by the
Hobby for feare of detection, and merited vengeance.

Be this thy tower of brasse, to lodg with-in
No guilty secret, nor looke pale with fin.

Some write that Minos drage'd Scylla at the Sterne of his Ship; and so drowned her.
Minos now landing in Crete, pays his vowes to Jupiter; and offers an hundred Oxen on his altars, the greatest of sacrifices, called a Hecatomb. He adorns
his palace with the spoiles of his enemies: an ancient custom, more then particu-
lariz'd by Virgill.

Much armes beside on sacred pillars hung:
Captiued Charriots, Battail-axes strong
High-crefted Helme; huge barrers from towne-gates borne,
Shields, lancebrazent beakes from Gallies torne.

Athenians. So in the raigne of Oreancis, the successor of Ottoman, was Abydos,
betrayed to the Turk by the barrister's daughter: who bewitched with the person
of Abdurachman and his valour, often scene from the terraces of the Castle; as he
approached the walls, threw down a letter tied to a stone, where in he manifested
her affection, and promised the delivery of the Castle, if he would persuade the Gene-
ral to remove the seige, and returne himselfe in the dead of night to follow her
directions. The Defendants over-joyed at the enemies departure, drank freely, and
slept soundly; when Abdurachman, with a select Crew, was let in at the porsorne
by his attending loyer, who conducted him to the gates, where he slew the guard, and
let them open to the rest of the army: supposing the Governour in his bed, whom he
was carried away, and fortiied the place with Mahometans. But our noble Minos
(for his justice fained to be the son of Jupiter, and after his death an infernal
judge) although he made s:t of the treason, releas and execrates the traitrefse:
who impoind just laws on the vanquished, fees sake. For Cretec, and leaves her
behind him. With the like & greater generosity, the Romans acquainted Pyrrhus
with the treason of one, who offer'd to pay son him, and in corrupter times under the
raigne of Tiberius, releasted Andragasterus, that proffed them to payson Arminius,
the great protector of the German Liberty: who would not make use of so de-
teasted treason. Now desperate Scylla, looking the reward of her guilt, but retaining
the sting, and more inflamed by her repulse, threw her selfe into the Sea, overta-
king, and clinging to Minos his ship: but is beaten off by her father transformed into a Hobby, she her selfe now changed into a Larke, to express her natural anti-
pathy to the one pursuing, and the other hating, as fearing her pursuer.
These also they hung on the trunks of trees, (as wee their Ensignes at this day in Churches). Trophies erected in honour of the Conquerors valour and fortune: by such a glory inflaming the minds of others: to illusrious altions, and gratifying the Gods for their prosperous successes. But in these Triumphs and solemnities the Romans exceeded all others: as they did in the greatness of their achievements.

**The Minotaur.**

Pafiphae in the absence of her husband Minos falls in love with a Bull: who inclosed by the art of Dedalus in a Cow of wood, enjoyed her infamy: and brought forth a monster, in his upper parts resembling a man: and in his nether, a beast: which of her husband and the brutish adulterer was called a Minotaure: whom Minos would not kill, in that a brother to his Children: but inclosed him in a Labyrinth invented by Dedalus: to whom he threw the ninth yere Tribute of seven Athenian youths and as many Virgins, to be devoured, in satisfaction of the murder of his son Androgus. When Theseus in the eighteenth yeare allotted, with the rest, to that destiny, by the assistance of Ariadne, slew the Minotaur, and wound himselfe out of the Labyrinth. Nero, as Suetonius records, made this fabule of Pafiphae a history, presenting that more then bestiall and unnatural act in the publique Amphitheater: imitated by that other monster Domitian: whereof his flatterer Martial.

The Cretan Bull Pafiphae backs in view
Of all, and what was fabulous, is true.
No more let Old Time boast: what fame records,
Cesar, thy Amphitheater affords.

Although less prodigiously yet with less cruelty, impos'd be the part of Scævola, on an other: who performed it with equal resolution: thus extolled by the former Poet:

Now Cesar's Amphitheater displays
The only glorious act of Brutus dayes.
See how he grasps the flames! in paine delights!
While his triumphant arm the fire affright.
His owne spectacle, loues the funeral
Of his right hand, and sacrificeth all.
But that with-hold, more eagerly aspires
To thrust the left amidst the fainting fires.
This done, let not his former deeds be found.
Suffice it vs t'haue knowne that noble hand.

Galba would boast that he was descended by the fathers side from Jupiter; and by the mothers from this wicked Pafiphae, the daughter of the Sun, setting up her Statue among the rest of his Ancestors; rather glorying in a high, then a virtuous Original: when the more moderate Vesalian would frequently professe the mean-ness of his Family: holding it perhaps more noble to be the son of his owne mer-rit. Although like prodigious lufts are forbidden by the Lawes of Moses, as by ours, which argue a possibility of the prohibited offence: yet rather believe we with others that this Taurus was Minos Secretary, or a Captain of his Army; who, with the privacy of Dedalus, in his haue dishonomed Pafiphae: the child begotten in that adultery being called by the names of both his fathers, the one in repute, and the other in suspicion: and in that Taurus signifies a Bull, he was fained from the
the novel downward to have carried that shape, whom Minos would not put to death for the reason aforefaid; but caused Dedalus that excellent Architect to build the Labyrinth, (no other person under the earth, contrived with many intricate windings, to prevent the escape of such as were imprisoned) where-in he inclosed him. Into this he also threw the Athenian tribute: who, neither more scene (either remaining there ever, secretely, as some write, conveyed from thence, & employed in husbandry) were said to have beene discovered by the Minotaur, But Thetis, with others, being now to be committed to prison, Ariadne, falling in love with his person, by the advice of Dedalus, conveyed a sword into his hand, and a cloud ofthread, with whom the one is said to have slain the Minotaure, or rather the keepers of the prison; and with the other to have conducted himselfe and his country men out of that intricate Labyrinth: who forthwith fled with Ariadne to Sea, in the selfe same ship, which had brought him thither. The Cretan Labyrinthe was made in imitation of the Egyptian; yet hardly comprising the hundredth part. Pliney writes that no traiter thereof remained in his time: yet at this day the inhabitants undertake to shew it unto strangers. For betweene the ruins of Gortina and Grusilus, at the foote of Ida, are many Meanders, bowne out of the rock, under ground: so much as not to be entred without a Conductor. I have heard a Marchant say, who had seene it, that it was so intricate and safe, that a Guide who for twenty years together had bowne it to others, there left himselfe and was never more heard of. By a Labyrinth the Antient decipered the perplexed condition of man, combred and intangled with so many mishiefes: through which impossible to passe without the conduct of wise-dome, and exercise of vnsfainting fortitude. But now to the moral, thus rendered by some: Paliphae, the daughter of Sol and Peris, is the Soule of man, inrriched with the greater reason and knowledge, by how much the body is more sublimated by the virtue and efficacy of the Sun, Peris being that humi- dity where of it is engendered. This Soule, espoused to Minos (Justice and Integrity) where carried a way with sensual delights, is said to forsake her lawful husband, and to commit with a Bull: for so bruish and violent are the affections when they revolt from the obedience of Virtue, producing Monst- ratons, by defaming Nature through a wicked habit, and so become prodi- gious. Nor possible to get out of that intricate Labyrinth of Vice, without the counsel and wisdom of Dedalus, imparted by Ariadne, or sincere affection. Lucian reports, how Paliphae, informed of the Celestial Bull by Dedalus, and much affecting the art of Astronomie, was therefore faine to fall in love with that beast, and to know him by his procurement. The Romans bore a Minotaure in their ensigns, to declare that the counsels and stratagems of a general should be mufled in the unsafchable darkness of secrecy, such as not to be traced or discovered by the Enemy; may often to be concealed from their nearest friends, according to that saying of Metellus. If I thought that my heart knew my purpose, I would tear it from my body.

Now Thetis arriving at Ida, forgetful of the many merits of Ariadne, steals a way by night, and forakes his sleeping Preserver: whom Bacchus recom- forts, and takes to his wife: who, the more to honour her, converts her Crowne into a Celestial Conellation. Love not seldom makes freinds of enemies, as here appears in the person of Ariadne, who saith Thetis, when the Athenians were the murderers of her brother, and foes to her country. But no benefits can oblige the ungracftfull, or those unkind which are alienated; who render exill for good, and seek their destruction from whom they received their safety. Yet Bacchus, or the divine power is ready to relieve the innocently miserable, by whose affliction they

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR.

ARIADNE.
overcom their calamities, and receave an ample reward for their virtues. For those benefits which we do unto others, are done, as it were, unto God, who ioyes us for the same unto himselfe, and crownes us with true beatitudes, that flourishing Gar-land of immortal flowers.

Which Boreas frosts shall not defeat;  
Nor scorched be by Sirius heat.

Ariadne therefore is not unaptly saide to have beene married unto Bacchus (called Lycur, a ffre from cares, as Eleus was of compasion) and to have her crowne con-verted into stars. This, for the excellent workmanship, was saide to have beene made by Vulcan: and that the refulgency thereof gaue a light to Theseus through the errors of the Labyrinth. The Constellation consisteth of eight stars, whereby there is on of the second magnitude.

Now Dedalus, weare of his long exile, makes himselfe and his son artificial wings, to escape the restraint of Minos: (the first, according to Thucidides, who collected an ancie, and held those seas in subjection) when Icarus, neither following the advice nor example of his father, by soaring to neere the Sun, made that sea fames by his fall, and the neighboring land by his sepulture. This fable applaudes the golden Meane, and flight of virtue betweene the extreames. Icarus falls in as-fpring. Yet more commendable than those, who crepe on the earth like contemptible worms, such the other extreames: whereas this hath somthing of magnanimity, and mounts like the bird of Ioue to his kindred Heaven. So that of two cees, the one is the braue, and the other the fifer. But he who flies in the middle course, a-bowe the lownesse of contempt, and under the malice of Enemy, shall neither clog his wings with the dull vapors of the Earth, nor melt their wax by the Suns ex-temper.

Wing'd Dedalus through empty aire  
To Latium made his safe repaire,  
While he the middle courfe did keepe;  
Nor gaine a name vnto the deepe.  
While Eagles Icarus out-flies,  
Whofethoughts his fathers pitch defpife,  
And mounts, o Phaebus to thy flame;  
To vknowne seas he gaine a name.  
Great highees great downe falls ballance still.  
Begreat and glorious they that will:  
Let none for potent me adore,  
May my small Bark coaft by the shore  
Vnforc't to sea by lofty windes:  
Calme bayes prou'd Fortune never mindes:  
But ships on high-wrought Seas affailes,  
Whofe top-failes fwell with cloudy gales.

But for men to fly is impossible, although I am not ignorant that the like is repor-ted of Simen Magus; which others, by the breaking of their necks, have as miserably, as foolishly, attempted. Nero exhibited this spectacle to the Romans in their Amphitheater: the poore youth fell not far from his throne, whose blood, to up-braid his cruel pastime, be sprinkled his garments. But the fable hath an allusion to the
For Calidoni-Perdix.

For Dedalus being by Minos shut up in the prison of the labyrinth, in that of council with Ariadne about the delivery of Theseus, got out by a wise, and put to fear in two small vessels, the one guided by himself, and the other by his son Icarus: when by the help of their failues, invented by Dedalus, they out-swept their pursuers. And because they were displayed like wings, and carried them with so strange a celerity, they were fainned to fly. But Icarus, by bearing too great a haste, over-set his barke, and perished in that sea, which as yet is so called. Lucian will have Dedalus an excellent Astrologian, who instructed his some Icarus in that art: when he, not content with a competent knowledge, but searching too high into those heavenly mysteries, and so swearing from the truth, was said to have fallen from aloft into a sea of errors.

The Partridge rejoiceth at the miseries of Dedalus, now while he interred his son. Who was once a youth, and so called, the sonne of his sister, committed to his care and instruction. He envying the bores excellent inventions of the Saw and the Compasses; threw him from the top of Minerva's tower in Athens; supported by the Goddeffe, and by her converted into a bird of that name and nature. There is no envy so great and deadly, as is between men of the same profession. And perhaps it is only among such: who will violate all obligations to remove the ruins of their prafes, and those who may in time obscure them. But Pallas, or admirable Arti, suilanes, and gives them life in their happy deavourrs. But to return to the history. Dedalus, for the death of Perdix was banished Athens by the Arcopagites, from whom he fled into Creta unto Minos, who entertained him with extraordinary respect and bounty. For excellent artificers are every where acceptable; so that banishment to such is rather a preferment, and not in policy to be inflicted. Men of other condition doe hardly gain estimation abroad: but the admiration of an excellent workman, propagates, and is increased among forerunners: it being a general inclination to value a stranger in any profession, before those of our own country. Such a rare artificer was Dedalus, who beautified the Earth with Temples and other admirable edifices: insomuch as all delicate structures were called, as they are as this day, Dedalian. So cunning a stainer, that Aristotel writes how his statues would goe by themselves: and Plato, that they would runne away, unless they were bound like fugitive servants, which report proceeded from this: that whereas all statues were formerly made in one posture with their feet connected together, hee carved his to the lively representation of all variety of gestures. No marvaile therefore, though Minos were loth to part with such a treasure, who purffhed him into Sicilia: When Cocalus the King, taking armes in his defence, slew Minos in battle. Others record how he entertained him at Camara: when discoursing in a bath about the surrender of Dedalus, he detained him therein so long, till hee was stifled. Virgil writes that Dedalus first arrived at the Italian Cume, mistaken for the Ionian, as appears by the course of his flight: those seas being called Icari, and an Island in them Icaria.

Theseus meanwhile arriving at Athens, is magnified by his Citizens for their delivery from that lamentable Tribute, who consecrated his ship to Apollo, and sent it yearly to Delos (whereon it was called Delia) to carry certaine annual sacrifices. Untill the returne of the same, it was not lawful to put any to death: the occasion that Socrates was so long detained in prison, before they executed his condemnation: who kept it in repair, supplying the old timber with new, even to the days of Demetrius Phalereus. Glory is the shadow of virtue, and accompanies even those who would reft her: which now had so heightened his actions, thus Meleager invites him, with the rest of the Grecian worthies, to the hunting of the L 1 2
Calidonian Bore, which wasted their country: sent by Diana as a punishment for her neglected sacrifice. For there is no evil befalls unto man, but either proceeds from his omission of divine duties, or actual impiety. And although they often seeme to proceed from natural causes, in that concealed from our understandings, yet are they ever inflicted by the Supreme appointment. Strabo will have this Calidonian Bore to be borne of Phæns, named the Cromonian Bow, of whom we have formerly spoken. A sonne not degenerating from such a mother: both cruel robbers, ravenous, wasteful, beastly of life, and no lesse in behaviour. Wherefore every way agreeing with Swine, who delight in uncleanness, and detest the contrary.

The nafty Swine sweet-Margerum flyes, and hastes
All fragrant oynments: for what recreates
Our fences, vnto theirs is pestilent:
What we thinke filthy, what offends our sent,
To them is cleare and pleasan: who desire
Infatiable to wallow in the mire.

And no marvel although so many Græcan princes, as here are mentioned, tooke arms against this savage and inhumane theif: when the Senate and People of Rome led all their forces (and no more then sufficient) against the Fencer Sparticus; who lay in the concave of Vestivius, and depopulated Campania with his robberies. Atalanta, a Virago of excellent beauty, first wounded this theif. Nor is there any hisstory almost, that makes not mention of warlike women, whom conduced armes successfully, and fought in their owne persons. Not only allowed off, but commannded in Platos Republike: whose opinions since not a little poetically expressed, are best apperelled in numbers.

But heare we him whom men doe call divine.
I dare affirm that martiall Discipline
As well to women asto men pertaines.
And now where Saramatian shore restraines
The Pontick floods, we know a people dwell;
Where women in bold deedes of armes excell:
Who mannage steedes, subdue the flubborne Bow;
And several vse of every weapon know.
Some, like Diana, painted quivers beare:
Minerva-like, some arm’d with shield and speare:
As if descend’d from th’impoverisht skies;
Or stroue to imitate those Deities.
Such are to women men; to men a mirror:
And well befit the field, were’t but for terror.
So should our dames, the one-halfe of our might,
For honour, freedome, and their children fight.
Their weapons therefore let them exercice;
And dance in armor: learne how to spurnife;
To order battailes; to affaile, retire,
Remoue, or fortify, if neede require.
So either they the city may defend,
While on the foe we all our forces bend:
Or, if vnequall multitudes oppresse,
Put armor on; and succour our distresse.
A maiden it is into the publique state,
That women should become degenerate
By sloth and servill breeding; of lesser sprite
Then feeble birds, who for their yong ones fight
With ravenous beasts: but to the altars fly,
Half-dead with fear, and intimate thereby,
That none, by wide Earth nourish't, are so base,
And poore in spirit, as our humane race,

But returne we to the stable. Toyfull Meleager first espied the wound which the virgin gave. A lavers eyes are always intent upon the beloved: laying hold upon every occasion to extoll and divulge their praisies. Who now killing the Bere, presents her with the spoyle; and attributes to her merit what was due to his owne Paulanias writes that a tusk of this Bere, being halfe an ell in length, was brought out of Greece by Augustus Caesar, and hung up for a wonder in the Temple of Bacchus, which stood in his gardens: there placed perhaps as the spoyle of an enemy, since the Bere is so great a destroyer of Vineards. Now Plexippus and Toxus Mealeagers uncles by the mother, envying that a woman should carry the honours, took the gift from Atalanta, and the right from their Nephew: who saw them both in his rage for the disgrace they had done her: an injury, to a lover implacable and mortal. The like befell to the arrows Horatio: who, after his victory over the three Curati, returning in triumph, and meeting with his sister, who frantickly upbraided him for the losse of her lover (one of the three brethren) impatient to have his glory and the publique acclamations blenched by her unseizable griefe and resentings, stab'd her to the heart (for as lone in her, Soambling in him, forgot all the bonds of Nature) and from a triumph was presently drawn to a trial for his life, as a murderer: although he sped better then our unfortunat Mealeager. For Althea was then a sacrifying to the gods for the victory of her son, when neues was brought her of the slayther of her brothers: in whose person our poet hath unimitably described the miserable conflict betweene the affections of a sister and a mother: but the former prevails, and her son must suffer by her enmity. This may seeme strange, and contrary to opinion: yet we read in Herodotus, that Darius, having left it to the choice of the wife of Intaphernes, whether her son or her brother should be deliver'd out of prison, she elec't the freedom of her brother.

Althea now throws the furr'd brand into the fire: wherewith the life of Meleager consumes, and extinguisheth. This it should seeme she effected by witch-craft: the brand perhaps being carv'd with his image. Plato speaks of the waxen images that were made by Magicians, which our latter ages have more amply disconcevered, wherewith they wrought on the lines of the presenters. One I will relate from Buchanan, in that it so parallels this of Meleager. Duff, the three score and eighteenth King of Scotland, laboured with a new and unheard of disease; no cause apparent, all remedies bootless; his body languishing in a perpetuall sweat, and his strength apparently decaying, insomuch as suspected to have been bewitched; which was increas'd by a rumour that certaine witches of Forrest in Mury practis'd his destruction; arising from a word which a girle let fall, that the King should dye shortly. Who, being examined by Donald, Captaine of the Castle, & torures shoyne her, confess'd the truth; and how her mother was one of the assembly. When certaine soldiers being sent in search, surpris'd them arroasting the waxen Image.
Image of the King before a soft fire: to the end, that as the wax melted by degrees, so should the King dissolve into fume by little and little, and his life consume with the consummation of the other; as here is described in the death of Melager. The image broken, and the witches executed, it is reported that the King recovered his health in a moment. Pilo haftned by such ducelsfli means the untimely death of Germanicus. There were found, faith Tacitus, pull'd out of the ground, and from hollow walls, the relics of humane bodies, charnel and inhumanments; the name of Germanicus ingrown on sheets of lead; ashes half burnt, and tempered with putrid'd blood; with which forcrices it is beleued that foules are dedicated to the Powers Infernall. But Homer will have the death of Melager to proceed from magical impresentations.

He, by his frantick mother curst, retires; And inly burns with discontented fires. She vengeance for her slauhtred brothers threats. 

With impious hands the foodfull Earth he beats; Invoking Pluto and fad Proserpine (Fixt on her knees, her eyes drown'd in there brine,) To take her fomes loth'd life. Which o, too well Implacable Erynnis heard from Hell.

Nidorus also reports, how he saw a witch who could kill with cursing; and no doubt, but the devil is ready, if permitted, to accomplish any thing this may tend to the destruction of man. The curses and impresentations of Parents are often raised by the divine efficacy: to be trembled at, when causeless; but upon preceding demerit ever ominous and fatal. So Melager dies by the impety of his mother: by her desperate hands on her selfe revenged. Her daughters distrac'd with griefe for the loss of their brother, were all converted (saing Gorec and Dionira) into a kind of fowle which are called Melagrinds: taken by some for Gimny Cocks, or Turkeys: by the description of others resembling a Haue, black of colour, and feeding only on seeds: which at certaine seasons of the yeares, from Africa fly into Bactria, and in multitudes frequent the place where Melager was intomb'd, screaming, and tearing one an other. Faimed for this to have beene his transformed Sisters, and yearly to lament at his sepulcher.

Theseus, with his freind Perithous and Lcelex, returning from the death of the Calidonian Bore, are entertained and feasted by the river Achelous: who tells of his converting of five Nymphs into as many Ilands, for forgetting him at their sacrifices; declaring how the neglect of divine duties are seldom unpunished. And ancienly men by the Answeres of the Oracles, were often commanded to sacrifice to Achelous: as desiring the purity and virtue of water, from whence all things were supposed to have had their original, being taken of old for the water in generall: as appears by this of Virgils, in imitation of Orpheus.

Bacchus and Ceres; If the Earth hath borne, By you, in stead of ackornes, strengthening Corne And mingled Acheloan cups with wine.

Now rivers were honoured for Gods, not only in that so diversly benificiall to mortals: but in regard of their perpetuall motion and succession of waters, without any visible supply or original. These Ilands, the Echinades (so called of their abounding with Vrombs) lay at the mouth of his river, which flows from Pindus, and divides Atolia from Acranania: named formerly Thoas: and after Achelous, of
an Aetolian King therein drowned. They are said to have beene by him converted into lands, because those parcells of land were wornne and borne from the continent by the violence of his waters: as the Nymphs were fained to neglect their sacrifice, when through a mighty drouth they could not pay their accustomed tribute to that River.

He tells with different passion of another island, a little more remote, into which Perimel, whom he had disengaged (and therefore throwne into the river by her father) was, by his petition into Neptune, converted. From which we may gather, that no blame is so great, or ingenders a deadlier hatred in parents, than to have their blood contaminated by the lust of their issue. Who so offend at this day in Italy are commonly made away by their brothers or nearest of kindred: whereof the Dutcheffe of Meli affords an memorable example. Now why Perimel is said to have beene made an island by Neptune, proceeds from a naturall reason: such newly appearing, either by receife of the Sea, or by violent windes imprisoned in the ground underneath, which struggling to burst forth, lift up the refracted Earth above the superficies of the water, as not long agoe the New Mountain arose out of the sea at the bottome of the Bay of Puteolus. And there are two islands of the Azores, amidst the great western Ocean, in sight and not many leagues distant, called Flores and Corvees, whereof it is credibly reported, that the one was discovered by the Spaniard many yeares before the other: which approves the former assertion.

Prophane Perithous derides Achelous, and denies that the Gods have any such power, as to take away our old, and give us new figures: who is reprehended by religious Lelex;

Heavens power, immense, and endless none can shun;
(Said he) and what the Gods would doe, is done.

Confirming this by the story of Philemon and Baucis: the patterns of chaft and constant conning all affection: as of content in poverty, who make it easy by hearing it cheerfully. A condition as full of innocency, as security: & no meane blessing, if wee could but think.

A turfe, more soft then coverlets
Of Scarlet,peacefull sleepe begets.
The guilded roode Repole affrights:
And Purple caufeth wakefull Nights.
O could we of the mighty know,
What bofome Fears high fortunes throw
On those they flatter! Bulous waues
Not fo upon the Erytian waues.
The Poore poiffe fecurity Soules:
Although they drink in Beechen boles,
Yet tremble not their hands with feare.
Although vn bought, and courte their cheraed;
Their eyes are on no terrors fixt.
Blood is in golden Goblets mixt.
A wife to a meane husband wed,
Though not the bounty of the Red-
rich-fea in carquenet the weres,
Nor orient pearl ore charge her carens.
Nor robes, as far from cost as pride,
Be twice in Tyrian purple dide;
Nor by Moxonian needle wrought,
With filk from fartheft Seres brought,
Subiacent to the Suns vp rife;
But every hearb her wollen dies,
Cource wonen, of a home fpun thred;
Yet warmes she no adulterate bed.
Their foules Erynis torch affright,
Whose births are crown'd with fumptuous Rites.
The poore themselves vnhappy call,
Vntill they fee the happy fall.

These cannot want much; who desire but a little: nor they ever have enough, whose desires are unbounded. Neither are means wanting to the poore to be happy, when they afford what they have, and entertaine with alacrity: as Jupiter and Mercury, difguiz'd in humane forms, are here at the humble Cottage of Philemon and Baucis, by others every where excluded whose homely and hearty entertainment is most conceitedly expressed by our wittieft of Authors: They discovered their Guests to be Gods by the wines replenishing of it selfe in the cup, as often as emptied; and fall to adoration. So upon the miraculoue care of the Cripyle, the Lyphrians cryed out that the Gods were come downe amongst them in the likeneffe of men extending Barnabas, Jupiter, and Paule, Mercury in regard of his eloquiation, who might have robbed these Gods of their honours, and by the furtherance of their owne Priests, if they would have contented. But this our fable was devise to deterre from inhumanity, and perswade to hospitality: when the disguised Gods not seildome converse with men, and in remcompence of their charity and devotion, snatch them from a general destruction. Which may be alluded (if rather not taken from thence,) to the history of Lot. Lot receiued two Angels, and Philemon two Gods (by the rest of the citizens envyfully intreated in the shapes of men, and prest them in their houses. The Angels revealed themselves to the one, and the Gods to the other, together with their intentions of destroying those places for the impiety of the inhabitants. The Angels conducted old Lot and his wife out of Sodom; for these Gods old Philemon and Baucis, that they might not perish with the rest of their citizens. The fire of Sodom, the towne being burnt with fire from heaven, was turned into a lake, and so was this Phrigian City: the names of Gods and Angels confoundify by the Poets, held the minifurers to that supreme Power, their father and director. But the fiction proceedeth declaring how their poore cottage was only preferred, and changed by the remunerating Gods into a glorious Temple. As the body is the Temple to a virtuous soule, fo is that house to the body: where religion and piety is exercis'd. The Gods bid them ask what they would: who, after a short consultation, desire that they might have the custody, and during their lines live as priests in that Temple: which is, not to change their contented condition, but to spend their old age at home, as in the temple of the Gods, in prayer, and devotion. As this part of their petition was full of zeal, so was the following of mutual affection: That since they had lived ever lovingly together, they might together dye, nor either survive to grieve for the other. A happy life's death to be en- ed. Nor could the Gods deny a request so full of divine & humane piety: who now in the extremity of age, convert the boist that one instants into flourishing trees before the
the sitres of the Temple, that the memory of the good might have a sacred respect, and be never forgotten: whereon the religious hung garlands; that is, celebrate their praises, reverencing their memories, who had so reverenced the immortals.

This story told, Achelous sequel the same with the transformations of Proteus. Diodorus writes, how the Egyptians (the line of Menis failing in the fifth descent) elected Ceres, called Proteus by the Grecians, for their king; hard upon the time of the Trojan wars. A man who was said to excel in knowledge; and to have changed himself into sundry shapes; now seeming a beast, now a tree, now fire, or what else he pleased; as registred in the records of the Egyptian Priests: attaining to that skill by his continual conversation with Astrologians and Magicians, of whose strange, and not inferior performances, the sacred Scriptures do testify. In memorials of whom the succeeding kings wore the shapes of Lyons, Bulls, and Dragons, on their heads, as marks of regality: sometimes trees, fire, and fragrant ointments; either for ornament, wonder, or Superstition: from whence the Grecians derived their fiction. But Proteus rather was a wise and politique prince, who could temper his passions, and shape his actions according to the variety of times and occasions, in the administration of government: now using clemency, and again severity, said therefore to convert into water, into fire, sometimes a fruitful tree, and then a terrible beast, of his rewarding virtue and punishing offences: now proceeding by force like a Lyon, and now like a Fox with subtlety and stratagems. For those of high undertakings were to have a versatile wit, that can accommodate themselves to all times and dispositions. Such Alcibiades in Sparta, homely in his diet, austere and laborious, in Iorica voluptuous and dissolute; in Thrace, drinking hard, or on horseback, and in Persia, voluptuous and magnificent. Alciph

Proteus physically is taken for the First Matter, converting into all diversity of forms; which again resolve into their own original: and said to be the forms of Neptune, because the operation and dispensation of Matter is exercised chiefly in liquid bodies. So is he taken for air, (and therefore said to rest in a Cave, which is under the celestiall Canopie) which ariseth from extenuated matter: by whose secret operation both plants and living creatures are produced from the selfe same Matter, and the matter is selfe converted into Elements: which the Ancients expressed by Proteus his multiplicity of changes.

Achelous proceeds with the story of Metis, the daughter of Erisichthon. A man who contemned the Gods, nor ever sacrificed on their Altars: who now had cut down the sacred Grove of Ceres: For Groves were ever consecrated by the Ancients to some Deitie or other. Because such shady and delightful places affected the mind, and reduced it to equestrd contemplations: composing the thoughts, and inspiring a secret propensity to devotion, begetting an approchement of some latent and invisible Power. In every good man, faith Seneca, there inhabits a God; but what God is uncertain. If thou light on a thick Grove, adorned with ancient trees of vulnurable height, which deprecute thee of the fight of heaven with their interwoven
terwoven branches: the stately taleness of the woods, the secrete of the place and admiration of that dark and continued shade, present they believe the presence of some Deity. But what if well applied, might nourish devotion, was conversed by abuse to Idolatry; wicked Spirits most haunting such places, as conducted to divine contemplation, that they might perceive it to their service. The Iews were oft guilty of this superstition; who made those Groves the sepulchral bowers of their Idols: exclaimed against by the Prophets, & beween downe by their best Princes. Yet continued in such estimation among the heathens, that to offer them any violence was reputed a sacrilege so fearful, as would instantly draw downe the divine vengeance: as here exemplified in Erichthon, who not only violated the Grove of Ceres, but laid the axe to the root of that stately Oke which was in particular consecrated unto her, and, as appeareth, gave Oracles like that of Dodona: being garnished with tables, hung up by such as there had paid their vows either for their recovery of health, or deliverie of dangers, wherein the manner of both were painted. An ancient custom among the Pagans, and now in use, is to be scene, and not seldom in statue, through out all Italy, especially in the Churches of those Saints who are chiefly celebrated for miracles; where one hath hardly roome to hang or stand by another. This Oke is described to be stately cubs in circuit, and of an answerable altitude. Perhaps a Poetical hyperbole yet over top both by an Historian and a Philosopher. For Bembus writes in his Venetian History that trees were found under the Antartick Circle, which twenty men could not frame: & Cardan, that there is a tree in the Indies called Ceiba (by the Spaniards Gorda) which riseth in three disjourned stems from the earth, every one twenty feet in compass, and distant below as far from each other, in so much as a cart well laden might drive betweene either; but when they unite in the hole, which is above fifteen feet from the ground, the tree is no leafl then fine and forty feet in circumference, and from the bottom of the upright trunk to the spreading out of the branches, four score, having a top of an incredible extention: which so huge a magnitude, faith he proceeds from the fomandite of the Soile, the vigor of the Sun, and nature of the tree, for the wood thereof is light, partaking little of earth, and abounding with moisture. But this of ours is violated by the sacrilegious Erichthon, blood gushing from the gashes as it were from a wound: when the included Driad, now dying, prophesies of his destruction. For these Nymphs were supposed to have the motion of trees; to bee borne, and to dye, with them. Whereof Apollo-nius, speaking of the unfortunate Parabius:

He suffered for his Sire: who durst provoke
The Dryades, by cutting downe their Oke.
The Nymph full oft petition'd him with tears
To spare her Tree, of equall birth and yearaes;
Since both their liues did flourish in that bole.
But no intreats could his rafh youth conteole;
Who hewes it down. The Nymph revenged her fall:
To him, and to his issue, tragical.

They are called Dryades, and Hamadryades, because they begin to live with Okes, and perish together. If these be mere fictions; then were they invented by superstitions antiquity, to beget a reverend fear of the Gods, by informing that they were every where, and in every creature. But if believed by the shooters, then were they Diuels that appeared, and speake out of trees unto mortals: as that of the Donian.
These were said to be the first that diverted men from the eating of flesh, giving an example by feeding on Chefsunts & Akornes. When one of them, named Melitsa, finding by chance a comb full of honey, gave it at first thereof to the rest of the Nymphs: who delighting in the sweetness, and rejoicing in the invention, called the Bees themselves Melitsa's in her honour. Wherefore certaine Priests in the names of those Nymphs were ancinty admitted to the solemnities of Ceres: in that they, as Ceres, gave unto man a better kinde of sustinance. From hence proceeded their affinitie. The Nymph delivres her message to Famine, whom she found in the farthest extent of Scythia, accompanied with Paleneffe and Trembling: the effects of hunger and cold, as the latter is the cause of the barrenesse of that Country, so far removed from the Sun, the fountain of heat, & fruitfull productions. Yet this meagre FURY, for the punishment of man, not seldom visits the most fertile Climates: as she did our Island in the raigne of Edward the Second; when horses, yea men and children, were stone for food. And what more horrible, those the fowls committed to the prison, were torme in pieces, and eaten halfe alive. by those who had beene longer in despair. But no life can be added to this figure of Famine here painted by our Poets: who now breathes her venom into the bowels of sleeping Erichthon; who dreams of eating, and chaws the aire with his labourous iaws. Anoked with hunger, by feeding he increaseth his appetite, and consumes his whole patrimony on his belly. Wood of Hollingborne in Kent would have star'd him sooner had bee beene of his father, who being a landed man, and a true labourer, could hardly compass better food then the liners of Bullocks. He hath devoured at one meale as much as was provided for twenty men. I have heard those say that knew him, how he eat a whole hog at a sitting: and at another time thirty dozen of pigeons. Now beggerly Erichthon, having confirmed all but his hunger, was forced to sell his daughter for food: who often deceasing her severall Masters by the changing of her shape, returned againe, and so for a while prolonged the life of her miserable father. But that not sufficient, he devours his owne flesh, and feeds his body by diminishing it. Erichthon is said to have beene a prodigall Glutton; and by his vast expenses to have reduced himselfe unto beggary; insomuch as he was glad to prostitute his daughter for his sustinance: who had horses, oxen, sheepe, and the like provision, given her by her Lovers: whereupon it was reported scornfully, that Metra was changed into those severall creatures. For in those days, having little use of silver or gold, they made cattle their money (called Pecunia of Pecus) which they gave in dowry.
dowry, exchanged for other commodities. Whereof Homer on the death of Iphidomæs.

The Eighth Booke Of

There fell, and slept a brazen sleepe, in aid
Of Troy; farre from his Spoufe, as yet a maid,
Nor reapt the pleasure of his loue, that howre
Bereft of all: yet much had giuen in dowre,
A hundred Becues, sleepe, Gotes, a thoufand more
Had promis'd her; his fields inricht with store.

And againe,

There, Glaucus mind, inlarg'd: who Diomed gaue,
For armes of brafe, his armes of burnifht gold:
Thofe for nine Steeres, thefe for a hundred fold.

We read that Judah sent such a reward to his mistaken daughter in loue Thamar,
This punishement of Erichthon may perhaps have bene a Wolfe in his breast: as unfaftiable as uncurable: if not taken in time, eating into the body untill it gnaw on the heart. There be also those who have a dog-like appetite, ever hungry, and never thriuing: of which disease Eusebius reports that Herod, the cruel murderer of the Innocents, pined, and perished. But the fable affordeth this morall: that none who despise the Gods, or neglect their service, can long avoid domesticall calamities: Misery being alwaies the companion of Impiety: and that an impudent man must of necessity fall into many disasters. As irreligious and foolish Erichthon, who baying consumed his estate in gurmandizing, was constrained to feed his hunger by base and infamous courses; which faile in the end, and suffer him to famish.
OVIDS

Metamorphosis.

The Ninth Booke.

The Argument.

A Serpent Achelous: now a Bull: His severed Horse with plenty ever full.
Lichas a Rock. Alcides sunke in flame,
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Weasel. Lotus, flying lust, becomes
A tree: the like sad Dryope intombs.
Old Iolaus waxeth young agen.
Callirhoes infants sodenly grow Mer.
Byblis a weeping Fountaine. Iphis, now
A Boy, to His pates his maiden Vow.

He, a who his high descent from Neptune drawes,
Of his so fad a sigh demands the cause,
And maimed brow. When thus b the God proceeds:
His dangling curles impal'd with quivering reeds.
A heavy taske you impose; his owne disgrace
Who would revive? Yet was it not so base
To be subdued, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth my soyle defend.
Hast you not heard of faire-cheekt Dikenire?
The envi'd hope of many: the desire
Of all that knew her. Wee, with others, went
To Oeneus Court, to purchase his content.
Parthanaus son, make methy sonne in law,
I, and a Alcides said: the rest with-draw.
He, with his father Ione, his Labours fame,
And e Step-dames vanquifht tasks, infcor't his clame.
'Twere shame, said I, that deathlesse Gods, to men
Who dye, should stoope. (A God he was not then).
Thefe ever-living waters I command,
That wind in endleffe currents through thy land.
Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He:
But of thy country and a friend to thee.
And be't no prejudice, that Iuno's hate,
Nor punishing imployments preffe my fate.
If from Alemena you your being drew:
Ione's your false father, or the crime is true.
You fecke a Father in a mothers shame,
Or be not Ione's, or take a bastard's name.
Metamorphosis.

He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,
Upon me frownd: and weakly rules his ire.
Then onely said: My hand my tongue exceeds;
Winne thou with words, lo I subdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To speake so big, and shrink,
I shame: and let me a wauie-greene Mantle fink;
My armes oppose, my hands for feature preft;
And euer fitted part for fight addrest.
He throwes b duft on me with his hollow hand:
And I againe be sprinkled him with sand.
Now catches at my neck, now at my thighs;
Or proffer makes and euer lim applies.
But me my weight defends, in vaine he strives.
Much like as when a roaring billow dries
Against a rock: the rock repels his pride;
By his owne poifure firmly forthi'd.
Both for a while with-drew: againe we meete,
And strongly keepe our flands; feece ioyne to feece.
With that I ruffh vpon him with my breft.
My fingers, his, my brow his fore-head preft.
So have I feece two Bulls with horrid might
Together close, the motuie of their flight
The fairest Cow in all thefe fields: the Heard
With fear expentiing which should bee preferr'd.
Thrice Hercules did all his force incline
(As oft in vaine) to free his breft from mine.
The fourth affay my strong imbrace vnbound:
And from my grasping armes his body wound.
Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
Upon my back with all his burden hung.
If I haue faith (this ly can find no way
To praife) on me, me thought a mountaine lay.
Scarce could I claf my armes, all froth with sweat:
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get
Still prefing on, he giues nor time to breathe.
Nor gather strength: my powers my trust deceaue.
At laft, his yoking armes my neck command:
When, pul'd vpon my knees, I bit the fand.
My natuie flight my weaker forceupply'd:
I from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward fpring:
Horridly hisfting with my forked tongue,
He laughs; and flouts my cunning in this fort:
To strangle Serpents was my cradles fport.
Though other dragons to thy conqu'eft bow:
To dire Lernæan Hydra what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitful: from each feu'r'd head,
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
More strong by twining heires. These thus reu'n'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice subdu'd.

What
What hope haft thou, a forged Snake, to scape?
That fight it with others armes; and begift thy shape:
This saide; my neck his grasping fingers clinche:
And scrue’d my throat; as if with pincers wrench’d:
While from his gripes I troue my jawes to pull:
Twice ouer-come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible assaults oppose.
His armes about my swelling cheast he throwes,
And following, hales my head (my head turn’d round)
Fixt on the earth; and threw me on the ground.
My brow (that not sufficing) did adorn;
By breaking one of my ingaged homes.
The Nymph, with fruits and flowers this fill;
Wherein abundant plenty riot.
Here Achelous ends.
One lonely-faire,
Girt like Diana’s Nymph, with flowing haire,
Camce; and brought the wealthy Horne, repleat
With Autumnnes store, and fruit feru’d after meat.
Day sprung; and mountaine shone with early beames.
His Guests depart: not stay till peacefull streams
Glyde gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.
Sad Achelous now his rushtick face
And maymed head within the current throwes.
This blemish much his former beautie clouds:
All else compleat. The dammage of his browses
He shades with flaggie wreathes, and fallow boughes:
But Deianira, Neffus, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Who, fearing both the flood, and Neffus, quakes;
Charg’d with his quieter, and his Lyons skin
(His club and bow before the owne ouer) in
The Heros leapes, and said; How’er vaft,
These waues, since undertakcn, shall be past.
And confident, nor seekes the finestheft waies:
Nor by declining entertaines delayes.
Now ouer, loping for his bow, he heard
His wives thrill threekes; and Neffus faw, prepar’d
To violate his trust. Thou ravinher,
What hope saide he, can thy vaine speed confer?
Holla, thou halfe a beast; with-hold thy flight;
I with thce heares; nor intercept my right.
If no respect of mean fix thy trust:
Yet, let thy Father's wheel refrain thy lust.
Nor shalt thou escape revenge, how ever fleet,
Wounds shall or take thy sfeed, though not my feet.
The last, his deeds confirm, for as he fled,
An arrow struck his back, the barbed head
Part through his breast. Tug'd out, a crimson flood
Spouts both waies; mixt with Hydras'poy's'ous blood.
This Nessus tooke, and softly said: yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged dy.
And gave his Rape a robe, dipt in that gore:
This was (said he) the heat of love restore.
Long after (all the ample world possest
With his great acts, and Junos hate increas)
From raz'd Oechalia hafting his remove,
To sacrifice unto Ceres love:
Fames bablings Deianira's cares surrifice
(Who falchhood adds to truth, and growes by lies)
How tole, Amphitryonides
With love intransl'd. Stung with this strong disease
The troubled loyer credits what she feares.
At first she nourisheth her griefe with teares:
Which weeping eyes diffufe. Then said: but why
Wepe we? the Strumpet in these teares will joy.
Since she will come, some change attempt I must;
Before my bed be stained with her lust.
Shall I complaint? be mute? shifft houses? stay?
Return to Calydon, and give her way?
Or call to mind that I am siter to
Great Meleager, and some mischiefe doe?
What iniur'd woman, what the spleeneful woe
Of jealousie, by harlots death, can show?
Her thoughts, long toyld with change, now fixed stool
To send the garment dipt in Nessus blood,
To quicke fainting loue. The Present the
To Lycas gauze (as ignorant as he)
And her owne sorrow. Who with good intent
And kind respects, the robe her husband lent.
Which now the vnsubecting Heroe wore:
Wrapt in the poysen of Echidna's gore,
Who praying, new-born flames with incence fed:
And bowes of wine on marble altars shed.
The spreading mischiefe works: with heat diffolu'd,
The manly limmes of Hercules involu'd.
Who, whilst he could, with vsuall fortitude
His groans suppress. All patience now subdu'd
With such extremes, the altar downe he flings:
And shady Oeta with his clamor rings.
Forth-with, to tear the torture off, he striaues.
The riven robe, his skin that lines it, ripes;
Or to his limmes vnseparably cleaues;
Or his huge bones and finewes naked leaues.
As fire-red sleetie in water drencht, so toyles
His hiffing blood, and with hot poisen boyles.
No meane! the greedy flames his entrails eat;
And all his body bowes with purple sweat:
His scorched finewes crack, his marrow fries.
Then, to the starrs his hands advancing, cries.

Feast, Juno, on our harms. O, from on high
Behold this plague! thy cruell stomack cloy.
If foes may pitty purchase (such are we;)
This life, with torments yest; long fought by thee;
And borne to toyle, receuie. For death would prove
To me a bleffing; and a Step-dames loue
May such a bleffing give. a Haue I this gain'd;
For flaine Bafiris; who Ioue temple flain'd
With strangers blood? That from the earth earth-bred
Antanys held? Whom Geryons triple head
Nor thine, Cerberus, could once difmay?
These hands, thefe made the Cretan Bull obay
Your labours, Elis; smooth Stymphalian floods,
Confesse with praiife, and Parthenian woods.
You got the golden belt of Thermidon:
And apples from the fleeleffe Dragon won.
Nor cloud-borne Centaures, nor th'Arcadian Bore,
Could me refist: nor Hydra with her store
Of frightfull heads; which by their loffe increas.
I, when I saw the Thracian Horfes feast
With humane flesh, their mangers ouer-threw:
And with his steeds, their wicked Mafter flew.
These hands the Nemean Lyon chokt; these queld
Huge Cacus, and these shoulders heauen vp-held:
Ioues cruel wife grew weary to impofe:
I never to performe. But & these woes,
This new found plague, no vertue can repel:
Nor armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
Shooe through my veines; and on my liuer prey.
Euryheus yet tryumphs: and some will say
That there be Gods! Here his complaints he ends;
And high-raifd steps or'lelofty Oeta bends,
Hurried with anguiish: like a Bull, that beares
A woundinge laufin; whom the wounder feares.
Oft should you fe him quake, oft groane, oft ftriuing,
To teare his garments; fold trees vp-riuing,
Inraged with the mountains, and then reares
His scorched armes vnto his fathers sphareces.
Hit in a hollow rock, he Lycas fpies:
When torture had poiffert his faculties
With all her furies: Lycas didst thou give
This horrid gift, said he? Think'ft thou to liues:

a Of thee his feueral let.

b Who had vnfiitly impofed his fo many labours.
I dying by thy treafone While he quakes,  
Lookes gaffily pale, unheard excufes makes;  
While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung,  
Caught by the heeles, about his head thrice svong,  
Him into depe Eubean furies threw;  
(As engines stones) who hardned as he flew.  
As falling fhoures congeal'd with freezing winds  
Converf to snow, as snow together binds,  
And rouling round in solid laile defends:  
So while the aire his forced body rends,  
Bloodleffe with terror, all his moisture gone;  
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged stone:  
And fill within Eubean gulphye deepes:  
A finale rocke lies, which mans proportion keeps:  
Whereon the mariners forbeare to fall,  
As if't had fence. And this they Lycan call.  
But thou, b Jones God-like fon (a Pyle with floue  
Of trees advance, which lofty Oeta bore)  
Thy Bow and ample Quiuer c (wherein ly  
Thofe arrows, that againe muft visit Troy)  
Bequeath't to d Peans Heire: who catching fire  
Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aspire;  
Thou on the top thy Lyons fpoyle didt spread:  
And layf therecon (thy club beneath thy head)  
With fuch a looke; as if a crowned Gueft  
Amidft full goblets, at a mirthfull feast.  
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:  
And their Contemners patient limes invade.  
The Gods much thought for Earths Defender tooke:  
When thus d Saturnius, with a cheerefull looke:  
This griefe, you Gods, is our delight: with all  
Our foule we ioy, that fuch a people call  
Vs King and Father, who fo gratefull are,  
And of our progeny exprefte fuch care:  
For though his noble acts deferue as much;  
Y ou vs oblige. But leaft vaine terrors touch  
Your loyall hearts; let not thefe flames difpleafe:  
Who conquered all, shall alfo conquer thefe.  

f The God of fire, hete taken for fire it felte.

g Vulcan, or fire.
And Hercules, not knowne by face, remaines;
Who nothing of his mothers forme retains:
Now only Iove-like, As a snake his years
Cafts with his skin, and sprightly young appears
With glittering scales: so, the Trytonian,
Hauing put off the habit of fraile man,
Shines in his better part, and seems more great:
With awe-infusing maiefty replacet.
Rapt in a charriot by almighty Ione,
Through hollow clouds, ynto the staries aboue.

b Pref Atlas feeles his weight. Eurystheus ire
Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire
Purses his race. Alcmena, worne with care;
Had Iole to whom she might declare
Her old-wives plaints, her Sonnes hard labours (knowne
Through broad-fred Earth) his fortunes, and her owne:
Her Hylas, by Aleides testament;
Tooke to his bed, with loutes vnforc't content;
And fild her wombe with generous seede: when thus

Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time drawes neare
To calle Ilithyia, whom sad mothers feare:
To me made difficult by Iunus's light.
For ten accomplifht signes did now excite
My trauell to Aleides birth, whose weight
My belly freteth: which bare so great a fraught;
That you might sweare it was begot by Ione:
When with intolerable paines I floure;
Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart:
And griefes remembred adds to griefe a part:
Seauen nights, seauen days, thus rackt; with anguish tir'd,
My hands vpheld, with out-cries, I defir'd
Luctina's aid, my burden to vnty.
She came indeede, but pre-corrupted by
Iones wife, to execute her deadly hate.
Hearing my groanes, she fate before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee vpholds
Her croffe left ham; whose fingers knit in folds
Delair'd deliury: and with mutter'd spels
Of secret powre, the pressing birth repels.
I flirue: and rauing, task vngratefull Ione:
Defire to die; and breath complaints might moue
Relentlesse flinte. The Cadmean Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my despaire.
Red-hair'd Galanthis, one of meane descent;
In all employments stoutly diligent,
Beloued for her durtie; doth mild doubt
Malitious Iuno. Passing in and out,
She saw the Goddesse on the altar sit;
Her armes about her knees her fingers knit.

A name of Lucius, in that
affillant at the Labours of wombe.

The Goddesse of child-
birth so called in that hee
brings them to light.

Theban, of which city Cad-
mus was the founder.

Galanthis;
What are you, reioyce with vs, the sayd: Joystfull Alcmene hath her belly sayd.
a
The Goddesse, ruling child-birth, startings, rose:
And parting her linckt fingers, eas'd my Throwes:
They say Galanthis laught at this deceas:
Whom straight the flushed Goddesse, in a fret;
Drags by the haire; nor suffer her to rise:
Forth-with her armes convert to legs and thighes:
Agility and colour still abide:
Her shape transfornd. In that her mouthupply'd
Help to that child-birth, at her mouth she beares;
Nor now our still-frequented house fears:
This fad, the fighes for her old fermants fake:
To whome b her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.
You, Mother, forrow for no kinreds fate:
But what if I the wondrous change relate
Of my poor Siter? Teares, and forrow seaze
My troubled speech. Of all the Oechalides
Forforme few might with Dryope compare:
The onely child her dying mother bare:
Born by a secon wife. Her virgin flower
Being gatherd by d that ouer-mafting powre;
Who in Delos, and in Delphos doth reside,
Andramon weds her: happy in his Bride,
A Lake there is, which sheluing borders bound,
Much like a shore, with fragrant myrtles crownd.
Hither came simple Dryope (what more
Afflicts me) to thoé Nymphs she garlands bore.
Her armes her child, a pleading burden, hold;
Who suckt her breests: not yet a twelve.month old:
Hard by the lake a flowry Lotus grew,
(Expecting berries) of a crimfon hew.
Thence pulling flowres, she gave them to her son
To play with all; so was I like th'haue done:
For I was there. I saw the blood defend
From dropping twigs: the boughs with horror bend,
And heard, too late, how that a Nymph, who fled
From luftfull Eriapus: to quit her dread,
Asfum'd this shape: the name of Lotus kep.
My Siter, this not knowing backward flept;
And would depart, as soone as he had prayd:
But rootes her feete, for all her strugling, sayd.
Who only moves aboue. The bark increas'd:
Afceding from the bottome to her breft.
This scene, she thought th'haue torn: her haire: but teares
Leaves from their twigs: her head greene branches beares.
The child Amphitus (for his grand-father
Enrytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his mothers breests both stiff: and dry:
I, a spectator of thy tragedy,

Deare
Dearesister, had in me no power of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I stay'd,
Clung to thy spreading boughs; and with that I
Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotusly
Behold, Andromèn comes; with him, her Sire;
(Both wretched!) and for Dryope inquire:
When I for Dryope the Lotus show'd.
They kissesthe on the yet warme wood bestow'd:
And, groaning on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, deare Sister, but thy face
Th'incroaching habit of a tree receiv's.
With teares she bathes her new created leaues.
Who, while she might, while yet away remain'd
For speaking passion; in this fort complain'd.
If Credit to the wretched may be giuen:
I sweare by all the Powres in bowr'd in Heauen,
I never this defcru'd. Without a sin
I suffer; innocent my life hath bin.
Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:
And, feld with axes, on the fire be laid.
This Infant from his dying mother beare
To some kind Nurse: and often let him here
Be fed with milke; oft in my shad'ow play.
Let him falute my tree; and sadly say,
(When he can speake) This Lotus doth containe
My dearest mother. Let him yet refraine
All lakes; nor euer dare to touch a flower;
But think, that every tree inshrines a Pow're.
Deare Husband, Sifer, Father, all farewell.
If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,
Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughs;
Nor on my leaues let hungry cattail brousse:
And since I cannot vnto you decline,
Ascend to me; and joyne your lips to mine:
My little son, while I can kisse, advance.
But fate cuts off my failing vterance.
For now the fofter-fine my neck ascends:
And round about my leaue top extend's.
Remoue your hands: without the helpe of those;
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.
So left to speake, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a feat.
While I'd this story told, her eyes,
Fille'd with her teares, the kind Alcmena dryes;
And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change
With joye defers their forrow: nor leefe strange.
For Iolau's, twice a youth, came in:
The doublfull downe now budding on his chin.
Faire Hebe, at her Husbands site, on thee
This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she

\[ \text{N n 3} \]

\( ^d \) An ancient cuftome for the necerl in blood or affi-
ction to close the eyes of the dying.

Iol au s:

\( ^b \) The son of Phidius, who was Alcmena sone by Am-
gestria.

\( ^c \) The Goddesse of youth, espoused in Heauen unto Herew.
Would never give the like; wife \textit{Themis} said,

Forbear, \textit{Warre} ruines in \textit{Thebes} by discord fway'd:

And \textit{Capanes} but by \textit{Ione} alone

Can be subd'd. \textit{The brothers} then shall grone

With mutual wounds. The facred \textit{Prophet}, loft

In swallowng earth, alice shall see his Ghost.

His \textit{sons red hands} & his mothers life extract.

T'appeafe his Sire: a lift yet wicked fact.

Rapt from his home and fenches, with th'affright

Of faying furies, and his mothers Sprite,

Vntill \textit{his wife} the fatal gold demands:

Her husband murd'rd by \textit{Phegides} hands.

Then \textit{Acheloian Callirrhoes}

Shall \textit{Ione} impotent, that her infants may

Be turn'd to men: and due revenge require

(\textit{As he}, for \textit{his}) of those who \textit{flew} their fire;

Her prayers shall win content from \textit{Ione}: who then

Will bid thec make \textit{Callirrhoes} children men.

This, \textit{Themis} with prophetick tapture fung.

Among the Gods a grudging murmure sprung,

Why this gift should not to others giue.

\textit{Aurora} for \textit{Ione} husbands age doth grieve;

\textit{Ceres} complains of \textit{famin} hoary hair;

\textit{Vulcan} would \textit{Erichthonius} youth repaire;

And cares of time to come in \textit{Venus} raigne,

That her \textit{Ancisiles} might was young againe.

All fire for some: feditious favour frowne

In hight of tumult, thus suppress by \textit{Ione}.

What mutter you? Or where is your respect?

Think ye, you can the powre of Fate subiect?

Old \textit{Ioalus} was by fate renew'd:

By fate \textit{Callirrhoes} babes shall be indew'd

With youth: not by ambition, nor by warre.

Enue we, that you may better brooke it, are

Prescrib'd by Fate. Which could we change, not thus

Should time suppress our God-like \textit{Aecus}:

Eternall youth shoulde \textit{Rhadamantus} crowne:

Nor shoulde our \textit{P Minos} looke his old renowne;

Defpised now through age: who heretofore,

With fuch a braue command his scepter bore.

These words of \textit{Ione} yeelding Gods affiance;

Sith \textit{Rhadamantus} and \textit{Aecus}, with age

Decline: and \textit{Minos}, whose youths actue flame

Made mighty nations tremble at his name.

But now in mind and body impotent,

\textit{Deionides Miletus} fear'd alcent

'T his throne suspeoffs, adorn'd with youth, and fitle

Of \textit{Phebus} fon: nor durt his feares exile.

But thou, \textit{Miletus}, of thy owne accord

Forfook't thy native home: and now abord,
Through deep Aegaen seas to Asia came:
 Erecting there a city of thy name.
 He, as the Nymph Cyanee (excellent
 For beauty) daughter to Meander, went
 Along his winding banks, compted her there:
 Who Byblis at one birth with Caunus bare.

 Byblis, example lawlesse lour reprouces:
 Byblis Apollinean Caunus loves,
 Not as sister should a brother doe:
 Nor at the first her owne affections knew.
 Nor thought it fine so eagerly to kisse:
 Nor by imbracing to have done amisse.
 Whom shadow of false piety beguil'd;
 Loue by degrees corrupts.
 Her dreffe, and smile, she frames to attract,
 To seeme too faire desires:
 And enuis whom so ever he admires.
 Yet knowes not her dispaire: no wishes rife
 In sighes as yet; and yet within the fires.
 Now calls him Lord, the due of blood disclaim'd:
 Who would be Byblis, and not sister nam'd.
 Nor waking durst she harbor in her brest
 A wanton hope: but in dissoluting rest
 Her lour oft enioyes; her senfes kepe
 A festivall, yet blushes in her sleepe.
 Sleepe fled, long mute, her dreames againe renues.
 By repetition: which she thus pursues.

 Woe's me! what bode these fantasies of night!
 If true, how wretched! why should such delight?
 His heavenly forme by envy is approv'd:
 And merits my affections (too well)
 If I were not his sister: there's my hell!
 While waking, I indoeavour no such ill,
 May these bewitching dreames incant me still!
 No Spie could blab that imitated joy.

 O Venus, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
 What pleasure, what content, had I that night!
 How lay I all dissolued in delight!
 With how much joy rememberd! short those joyes;
 And haftie Night our happineffe envies.
 Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
 Or he the intrest in his blood resigne!

 How well, o Caunus, might our father be
 A father in law, or to thy selfe, or me!
 O would to love we all in common held,
 Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!
 Who then (o fairest!) wilt thou make a mother?
 How ill hath Nature linkt vs to each other!
 Still must thou be my brother: what I hate,
 I loneely hate. What then prognofticate

 These
These flattering visions? What in these extreames,  
Can dreams attaie? or is there weight in dreams?  
The Gods forbid! Yet Gods their Sifiers wed.  
_Saturne_ and _Ops_ had both one womb: and bed.  
So _Tethys_ with _Oceanus_, to _Louve_  
Combines with _Inna_ in eternall loue.  
Gods have peculiar lawes: how dare I draw  
From them examples, bound t'another law?  
Die, die forbidden flames: or let me die.  
Then may my brother kiffe me when I ly  
On fable here. Besides, the joynt content  
This craue of two. Say it should me content:  
He may abhorre it. _Yet_ a _Roides_  
Imbraced his. Whence spring such proffes as these?  
_O_ whether rapt you wicked flames, remove:  
A brother, as befits a sister, loue,  
Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then  
His loue might cherish, and affect again.  
Then shall I, who would not his fate receive,  
Sue first? What, canst thou speak thy thoughts direct?  
I can. Loue prompts. If shame my speech suppress;  
Yet letters may my hidden flames confess,  
This pleas'd her, and a little satis'd de  
Her doubtful mind. When rais'd on her let flide,  
And leaning on her elbow; Hap what may,  
We will (said she) our franck loue display.  
O, whether flide I! _δ_ what flames excite  
These thoughts? then fits her trembling hands to write:  
One holds the wax, the _style_ the other guides.  
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides:  
Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approues,  
Throwes all aside, resumes what she remoues;  
Her will she knowes not, no comphoir brookes:  
Soft shame and impudence stiue in her lookes.  
She had writ Sifter: that, as most vnfit,  
Defacing, tooke the tables, and thus writ.  
    Health to her only Loue that Louer sends;  
    Whose health alone upon your loue depends.  
    To tell you who I am, alas, I shame.  
If you would know my fate, without a name  
O let me plead, nor be for _Bybis_ knowne,  
Vntill my hopes be to assurance growne.  
Pale colour, leanneffe, ruthfull lookes, wet eyes,  
Long fighes which from concealed paffion rife,  
Frequent imbracements, and (if you so much  
Obferved) kiffes of too hot a touch  
To fute a sisters coldneffe; thefe expref;  
The deepe distemper of my wounded brest.  
And yet, although my soule the wound sustaine'd,  
Although in me a firy fury reign'd;  

Heavens
The Ninth Booke.

Heavens witnesse, that I might at length be well,
I try'd the utmost, striving to repell
The violent darts of Cupid: and farre more
Then you would think, a woman could, I bore.
Against my will, I now become your slave:
And with afficted language pitty craue.
You may preferve, you mayely can vnloose:
Choole which you will. Nor fumes a foe to you;
But who, too neere allay'd, would neereer joyne:
And in a strickeier league of luye combine.
Let old men know what's lawfull, good, or ill:
And to their frosty rules subject their will.
Rall Venus fits our yeares. Yet knowe not we
Intangling lawes: let vs thinke all things free;
And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe;
Respect of fame, nor feare can vs with-draw:
Alone all diffidencie lay aside.
Our casting fealesths a brothers name will hide.
We may in privat talk, converse, and kiffe,
Whoeuer be. What wants to crowne our blisse?
O pitty me, who haue my loue confest;
Nor would, had not my utmost ardor preft:
Leaft thy remorsefull cruelty be read
Vpon my monument, when I am dead.

The wax thus fild with her successefull wir;
She verses in the utmost margent writ.
Then seals her shame: her parched tongue deny'd
To wet her gemme, which weeping eyes supply'd
She, blufhing, calls a fervant of knowne truft
And flattering him a while: My friend, thou muft
See thefe with care, and fecrecie, convaid
To my (there paus'd, and after) brother, said.
In their deliverie the tables fell:
She, at that Omen, starts, yet bids farewell.
The wary messenger attends his time:
And gies to Caunus, her infolded crime.
Amaz'd a Maenadus high in choller grew:
And on the ground the halfe-read tables threw.
About to strike; Thou wicked instrumint
Of horrid luft, said he, by flight prevent
My fwords revenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publishe; villain, thou shalt not dye.
He, frighted, flies; and to his mistrefse beares
The wrath of Caunus. Byblis quaking heares
Her fad repulse; a death-refembling cold
Befieg'd her heart, and vitall heat controld.
Yet, with her foule, her frantick love returns:
Who, with scarce mouing lips, thus softly mounes.

And worthy. Why, 0 too rafh! have I
Difclo'sd this wound: affection fecrecie.

O o Who
Who would fo foone to heady lines commit?
First, with ambiguous words it had beene fit
Th'haue felt his thoughts; and train'd him to pursue.
I should haue noted how the weather grew;
And chosen a safe Sea: but now my failes
Swell desperatly with vnexcepted gales.
Now borne on crushing rocks, the floods or'ce-beare
My sinking bark; nor can I back-ward steere.

Could not that Omen check the cherisht scope
Of my defires: when, with our blasted hope,
The tables fell? should I not haue affign'd
Another day; or wholly chang'd my mind?
O no, the day. This, Heauen fore-flic'd, by sad
And fure prefages, had not I beene mad.
My selfe, before my letters, shou'd haue fit'd;
And linciely loue exprest: he shou'd haue view'd
My mooing tears: a Louers pleading eyes:
More could I haue spoke then letters can comprife.
About his neck my armes I might haue wound:
And, had he caft me off, appeared to found;
Clung to his feet, and grouling, life implore.
This passion might haue acted, and much more:
Whereof, though each particular had faile:
Yet altogether oy'n'd might haue prevail'd.
Perhaps the blame-deferuing messenger
In choice of time, or circumstance, did erre:
Nor tooke him when his mind was pleas'd and free.
This wrack'd my hopes. For of no Tygresse he,
Nor Lyonell, was borne: his gentle breast
Rough flint, hard steel, nor adamant invert.
He must be won: no fowre repulse shall make
My soule surcease, till life my breast forfake.
The best, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t'attempt: next, what w'tempt, to win.
For never would he, though I shou'd ore-fway
My strong desires, forget this lewd affay.
Defisting, would condemn my loue for light;
Or that I tri'd to intraphim by this flight:
Or may conceaue that brutifh luft did moue
These extasies; and not the God of loue.
Nor can I but haue had a wicked mind;
My will polluted, which my hand hath sign'd.
No giving back can make me innocent:
Nought can I adde to sinne, Much to content.
This said; one thought another doth controul:
So great a discord wracks her wavering foule!
Dislikes; yet acts, who never satisfi'd;
(Accurft) attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This scene, he flies his country for her crime:
And builds a Citty in a fortaine clime.
When woeful Byblis, raging through despaire,
Her garments, from her bruised body fare;
Striking her arms through fury, and proclaims
In high distraction, her infectious flames.
Hopeless, her hated mansion the effus:
And frantically, her brothers flight pursues.
And as *Iphianian Bacchanals* (great son
Of Semel) struck with thy <Thyrsus, run
In thy 4 Trienials: so *Eubacean Dames*
Saw howling Byblis hurrying o're their plaines.
From these the wanderers through the Carian bounds,
The warlike Letages, and Lycian grounds:
Crages, Lymira's streams, the scifler waves
Of Xanthus past; and where *Chimera raves*
On craggy rocks, with Lyons face and mane,
A Gotes rough body, and a Serpents traine.
The woods were past: when thou, o Byblis, faint
With long pursuit, and passions strong restraint,
Sunk'st downe, thy rufled hair on earth dispaire:
Thy face upon the withered leaves low lay'd.
The kind Lelegian Nymphs oft in their arms
Attempt to raise her: and with powrefull charms
Of counsell, strive to cure her loue-sick'st mind.
Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
Shee, grasping the greene rushes, silent lyes:
And bashes them in the rivers of her eyes.
The Naiades thrust under thefe a spring:
Their bountie could not give a greater thing.
As pitch distillet from the barks black wound,
As stifte i Bitumen fliues from the ground;
As floods, which frosts in icic fetters bind,
Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southerne wind;
Even fo *Thebean Byblis* spent in tears,
Becomes a living fountain, which yet beares
Her name: and under a black Holme that growes
In those rank vallies, plentifully grows.
The fame of this so wonderful a fate
Had fil'd Crees hundred Cities, if of late;
The change of Iphes, generally knowne,
Had not produced a wonder of their owne.
For *Phaeus*, neere to Gnaus, fostered
One, Lygeus, of vn-noted parents bred:
How ever, free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincerely iuft, and of a blameleffe life,
Who thus befoke his now downe-lying wife.
Two things I with: that you your belly lay
With little paine; and that it proove a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poore to match her. If a girl it be,

---

*The Travian women (so called of *Samos*, a mountain in that country) which celebrate his festivals,*

*Eubactus.*

*Eburnon covered with Ivys, here taken for his fury.*

*Eubac tus feafls; in that folemnitiext every third yeare.*

*Of Eubactus, a Province in Caris.*

*A River of Iyss: and not that by Troy.*

*See the Comment.*

*b The water Nymphs.*

*A clammy and combustible mineral.*

*Of her Grandfather Phthues.*

*Iphies.*

*It was visible among the Grecians to ex; of, or make those children away, which they would not, or were not able to foster.*
I charge, what I abhorre (o Pietie
Forgie me !) that, as soone as borne, it die.
This hauing vttcr’d, the Commanded wept
And the Commander, tares no measure kept.
Yet Telethusa still with fruitlesse praire,
Desires he would not in the God’s despaire,
But he too constant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burden fretsht her heauie womb
When Inachis, with all her sacred band
In deade of night, or stood, or seem’d to stand
Besides her bed. Her browes a crowne adornes,
With care of shining corne, and Cynthia hornes.
Barking Anubis, and Bubaltis bright,
Black Apis spoted variously with white,
He whose mouth-seeing finger silence taught,
With care of shining corne, and Cynthia hornes,
My Telethusa, be not thus dismaid;
Receiue these cares, thy husband difobay’d
And when Lucina shall thy belly lay,
Foster what er’it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Distresse am I;
Ready to helpe, and easily implor’d:
Nor shall it grieue thee that thou haft ador’d
Vngratefull Isis. This admonifh’d,
Shee leues the roome. When, rizing in her bed,
Her hands to heaven glad Telethusa threw:
And humbly prays her vision may prove true.
Increaseth throwes at length a girle dafsos’d.
Both by the father and the world suppos’d
to be a boy, so closely hid: and knowne
But to the mother, and the nurse alone.
He paies his vowes, and of his Fathers name
It Iphis calls; which much reioyce’t the dame,
to each sex common; nor decauses thereby:
Who still with pious fraud conceales her lie.
A boy in tow; whose looks should you affirm
To boy or girl, loue would in either shine.
At thirteene yeares her Father her affide
To yellow-tieft tanthe: the pride
Of Pheurian virgins for vnequald faire:
Telethes daughter, and his onely heire,
Like young, like beautifull, together bred,
Inform’d alike, alike accomplifh’d:
Like darts at once their simple bofoms strike;
Alke their wounds; their hopes, o far unlike!
The day they expeact. Tanthe thought time ran
Too slow; and takes her Iphis for a man.
Poore Iphiz loues, despaires; despaires elects
Farre fiercer flames; a maid, a maid affects.
What will become of me (the weeping said)
Whom new, unknown, prodigious loues invade!
If pittifull, the Gods should haue destroy’d:
Or else haue given what might haue beene injoy’d.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare pursues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes.
So Birds together paire.
Of all that moue, No Female suffers for a Female lone.
O would I had no being!
Yet, that all Abhord by Nature mould in Crete befall;
a Sol’s Luft-incenfed daughter loud’d a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, o farre more full
Of uncouth fury! for the pleats’d her blood;
And stood his error in a Cow of wood:
Shee, for her craft, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should Dædalus his waxen wings renewe,
And hither fly; what could his cunning doe!
Can art convert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit hint he for a maidens joy?
No, fixe thy minde, compose thy vaft desires:
O quench these ill advis’d and foolish fires!
Think of thy sex, b or euen thy selfe abuse:
What may be, seeke, and loue as females vse.
Hope wings desires, hope Cupids flight sustaines:
In thee thy Sexes this deads. No watch restraines
Our dear embrace, nor husbands jealoufies,
Nor rigorous Sires; nor she her selfe denies:
Yet not to be injoy’d. Nor canst thou bee
Happy in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now also all to my desires accord:
What they can giue, the easie Gods afford;
What me, my father, hers, her selfe would please,
Disspleaferth Nature; stronger then all these.
Shee, shee forbids. That day beginsto shine,
Long wither wherein Iambe must be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortalls most accurst!
I starue at feasts and in the river thirst.
As well as others, by seeking what thou art nor.

We both are Brides: but where is the Bride-groome?
Here ended. Nor lefse burnes the other Maid;
Who, Hymen, for thy swift appearance pray’d.
Yet Telethus afeares what he affects;
Protracting time: oft want of health obiects;
Ill-boding dreams, and auguries oft faines:
But now no colour for excuse remains.
Their nuptiall rites, put off with such delay;
Were to be solemniz’d the following day.

When
Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
When she vnbinds, hers, and her daughters' haire;
And holding by the Altar form'd this prayer:
Ifis, who a Paratonium, b Pharos Ile,
Smooth c Mareotis, and feuen-annelled d Nile,
Chear'flt with thy presence; thy poore suppliants heare:
O helpe in these extremities, and cure our feare!
Thee Goddesse, thee of old, these ensignes, I
Haue feene, and know: thy lamps, attendancie,
And foudning e Timbrels: and haue thee obey'd.
To me, impunitie; life, to this maid,
Thy fauing counfell gaue: to both renew
Thy timely pitty. Teares her words pursue.
The Goddesse shakes her Altar, when the gate
Shooke on the hinges: horses that imitate
The waxing Moones, through all the Temple flung
A sacred splendor: noyfe-full Timbrels rung.
The Mother, glad of this successefull figne,
Though not secure, returns from Ifis shrine,
Whom Ifhis follows with a larger pace
Then vsually, nor had fo white a face.
Her strength augments; her looke more bold appears;
Her shortning curles scarce hang beneath her cares;
By farre more full of courage, rapt with joy:
For thou, of late a Wench, art now a Boy.
Gifts to the Temple beare, and f To sing!
Sing Ioy! Their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And add a title; in one verse display'd:
What Ifhis vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd.
The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame:
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Ifhis the Boy, to his Iamthe ioyne.
UPON THE NINTH BOOKE
OF OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

Achelous, esteeming it no disgrace to be over-come by such an adversary, re-
lates his contention with Hercules for the Love of Deianira, such a com-
1

pement Hannibal in Livy befoles upon Scipio: My comfortis, that by Her-
2


cyless, the I am infornced to flye for a peace. Achelous in strength inferior, flies to his
flights, and converts himselfe into a Serpent: subdued by Hercules with a scotch
as he exercis and conquists of his infancy. For Luno is said to have sent two ser-
pents to destroy him in his cradle, who strangled them both before he was so old as
3

to know them: the Grecians naming him Hercules of the glory he had achieved
by Luno, by which they would have us to know, that those who are markt for great
actions, and are covetous of a virtuous prais, should betimes, and as it were from
their cradles, accustome themselves to dangers, and exercise their fortitude in sub-
duing of pleasures, which infeble the mind, and destroy it with serpentine im-
braceaments. Nor is pleasure and lust unaptly expressed by serpents, not only for
their natural subtilty and inverteate hatred to man, but also for their inbred lazi-

"nices: the femal viper (our Adder) according to Pliny, out of a frantick de-
lights, biting of the Head of the Male in the time of their coitare. And we read in
Plutarch that sometimes Serpents have bene in love with women, manifesting all
the signes of a wanton affection. As one with a maid of Aetolia, which nightly
crept into her bed, gliding to and fro, and winding about every part of her body;
retiring always about the dawning of the Day. This observed, the maid was forth-
with removed by her Guardians. The Serpent missing her for divers daies toge-
other, at length found her out: who now not loving and gentle as accustomed, but
horrid and full of danger, leapt upon her, pinning her armes with his foldes, and
leashing her thighs with the remainder of his length: yet with such an anger
as seemed to be mixt with indulgence, as rather intending to chastize, then to hurt
her. A Serpent was said to have beene found about Olympia’s bed, that

night wherin she concieved with Alexander, which gave a colour to the claime
of his descent from Jupiter. The like the Romans divined of Scipio Africanus,
both report no doubt but proceeding in part from the Serpents amorous inclination.
The Scythians painted Araxa, a woman infamous for her lust, with the tale
of a Serpent. But Achelous, well nigh suffocated by Hercules in that counterfeit
shape, now pouts on the forme of a furrous Ball: but speedes no better than formerly,
haueing one of his hones broken off by the Conqueror, which the Naiades replenis-
with fruits and flowers, ever after called the Horne of Plenty. These Nymphes
take their names from fluency, supposed of old to be the Deities of springs,
and originals of Rivers: being indeed that moisture of the Earth which so much con-
feres to fertility and propagation, thus delivered by Orpheus.

Lyans Nurjes, whom the Earth imbowers,
Ferrick and follick in your frutes and flowers,
Who catell feed, and men sustaine with feasts:
Ceres and Bacchus nourisht by your breasts.

And therefore aptly hereained to bring in the Horne of Abundance to Achelous
his table. Diners of the Roman Emperours stampled this on their Coynes: some ex-

pressing

Naiades.

Natricus Bacchi, quibus est acutus donum,
qui

Fulcere & lice praetumus floriuns effa:
Plafid & pseudos, opem mortalis tefsa,
Cum Ceres & Baccho vitam portantis alurn-

ne,
In Hymn.
presing thereby (as appeared by their Inscriptions) Liberty, others Felicity, Concord, Peace, and Plentie, &c what so ever was deligfifull or profitable to man, now the strife betweene the Aetolians and Acarnanians (whose Countires are warred by that River) concerning their bounderies (arbitrated for want of umpires by the word wherein the stronger prevailed) was the ground of this fiction of Hercules his fabulizing of Achelous: Deianira the daughter of Oeneus (for it should seeme the Aetolians had the better) the reward of his victory. Achelous is said to convert himself into a Serpent, because of the wriggling and many flectures of his Current; as into a Bull, for the bellowing of waters, and their violent Course, when raised by rain. But Hercules is said to over-come his fury and to brake off one of his horns in that to gratify his father in law, he restrained the riu-ner with bands, extermating his force by digging of sandy trenches, & draining those grounds which his overflows had surrounded; whereby they became extraordinary fruiteful; which here is deciphered by the horne of Plenty. This fable hath also a relation to the condition of warre: Hercules, the stronger, and invading partly, proceeding with maine strength and expedition: Achelous, the weaker and invaded, by delay and policy, who changeth the forme and order of his fightes according to occasion, now like a subtle Serpent, avoiding, or with stratagems circumventing his enemies, now like a furious Bull upon advantage affailing. When beaten in battale, he is enforced to retire into his holdes of strength, and leave the riches of his Countrie (the horne of Plenty) to the joye of the Conqueror.

Hercules returning with Deianira to Thcbes from Caledon, bane their pas-sage impeached by the dwelling of Euenus, to whom the Halfe-horse Nessus, as acquainted with the ford, doth tender his service, and undertakes to transport his wife, while he himselfe doth over, who now being landed on the other side, the per-fidious Centaure attempts to ravish her; but is prevented, and his speede overtaken, by a mortal wound received from his arrow. This Nessus was one of those who fled from the Battale betweene the Centaures and the Lapthites (which is in the twelphe booke related by Nestor) where in Hercules was a principal actor: who now contrary to humane policy, giveth credit to a reconciled enemy; wherein an Italian would sooner have offended, who rather hate whom they have injured, as ever suspecting them. But credulity proceeds from amans owne integrity: a vice more honest then safe; the overthrow and death of the Great Duke of Burgundy, who committed a maine part of his army to an Earle whom he had formerly strucken, the repects and services of such, being no other then a maske to disguise their treacheries. Nessus, though dying, meditates on revenge, and giveth Deianira a garment dipht in his blood, infected by the impojnded arrow, as a receipt to rev-ive in the wearer decedent affection. A prentice to tempt a woman's acceptance, who are either too affectionate, or too apt to be jealous. Not considering with all that it was the gift of an enemy, which ever tendes, as this did, unto Mischeife. But more circumspeic was that Troian, if he could have bene beliede

The Greekes, though bringing gifts, I feare.

For Hercules, having now fil'd the world with the fame of his actions, was about to sacrifice unto Centaear Jupitier: when newes was brought to Deianira of his love to Iole (of whom we shall speake hereafter) who safely beleeves what he feares, and greedily swallows that mortal posson, which infects her soule with all varieties of distemper: now full of indignation, and purpose of revenge, which she thus expressteth in his tragedy,

Upon the Ninthe Booke of

Hercules.
O forrow, which no vengeance can suffice!
Some vnknowne horrid punishment device.
What hate can doe, let Inno learne of me.
She is too patient.

But againe retracts that cruel intention, out of the alternate rage and affection, which then is most great when most in danger of loosing: confirmed sometimes in the truth of the wrong, and presently hoping the contrary. All disses of the Mind but Doubt have their remedies. Nor are the affections of the Body lesse inconstant: content which no one place, or settled posture, sorrow wandring throw the visage in like variety of aspects and complections. Deianira at length resolves to regain her husband with the garment which Nepius had given her; But according to Seneca he gave her his infected blood in one of his hoores, with this instruction

Dimne with approching death, the gore that didl
From his black wound he tooke, and gave me, fild
In his tuffe hoofe, thence violently rent:
And said, This will looke fickle flight prevent.
Thus Mycale Thessalian Martons told:
Whose powerfull arm the strugling Moone contrould.
Whith this, if thy inconstant husband rouse,
And give an other daughter unto loue,
Annoint his robe. That it the virtue may
Retaine, conceal it from the sight of Day.

The poison likewise which was given to Alexander was so strong as nothing but the hoofe of an Asse could containe it. Diodorus reports that he had her take of the fceede which he had fied to mix it with oule, and the blood which drop from the arrow, infected with the blood of Hidra: and soe it as aforesaid, when he had occasion to practive the experiment: which now he doth, and finds it by Lycas. But on by Hercules, he broys with heare, which subdues his fortitude with intolerable torments: who in his anguish disputes: with the Gods, for so rewarding his virtues (an impatientness vnto which the brest of mortal men have been subjecte as Germanicus and Titus charged the Gods with their untimely and undefered deaths), then brefly relates his particular merits.

Bufiris, a king of Egypt, who built Bufiris and Nomos in aburren and unhospitable part of his Countrey, was said to have killed his guestes, because the passengers by the Heards men there about were rob'd and asotesimated. Or, according to Diodorus, that they sacrificizd only redcex and red-hair'd men to the soule of Olyris; for that Tiphon his brother, who slew him, had his hair of that colour. Insomuch that Egypt hazzing few red-heads, and other countrees many, it was reported that he sacrificd strangers at the tomb of Olyris: the cruelty rather proceeding from that inhuman custome. Yet was he a wicked Tyrant: of whom that Countrey was delivered by Hercules. He is held to be that king of Egypt who so farre covenently oppressed the Israelites: and the author of that inhuman Edict of drowning their male-children: whence arose the tradition of his sacrificing strangers: his daughter supposd to be the same who fostered Moles. Reinesius proues that he was a king of a new Familie, who usurped that crown: as intimated by this text in Exodus. There arose a new king, whom knew not Joseph.

Antaeus was a Gyant of Lybicia, the supposd son of the Earth, who compelled for everes.
forreiners to wrastle, & strangled them with his unmatchable strength. Him Hercules encountered: who as oft as thrown to the ground, rose up againe with redoubled vigour. This percieued, he held him aloft so long, till he had crushed the breath out of his body. Hercules, here taken for the heat of the Sun, over-throwes Antaeus, which signifies the contrary, with his too much fervor: when by the touch of the Earth, being naturally cold, his strength is reftored: approving that Axiome in Physick, how contraries are to be cured by Contraries: Yet neither too much to exceed, lest the one be made more violent by the opposition of the other: which holds as well in a Politick body. But the morall is more fruitful: Hercules being the symbol of the Soule, and Antaeus of the Body, Prudence the essence of the one, and sensual Pleasure of the other, betwene whom there is a perpetual conflict. For the Appetite alwaies rebells against Reason; nor can Reason prevaile, unless it so raise the body, and hold it aloft from the contagion of earthly things, that it recover no more force from the same, till the desires and affections thereof, which are the foes of the Earth, be altogether suffocated. Antaeus is also said to be the sonne of the Earth, in that the Tinecian whose king he was, did boast themselves to be originally Africans. By which City, faith Mela, there is a little hill in the forme of a man, lying with his face vp-ward, which they report to be his sepulcher: and that when at any time diminuished, how it never ceaseth resuming vntill it be againe repaired.

Geryon was a Prince of Spaine, as great in power as in riches, who is said to have had three heads; if so to have be not impossible. For some Historians have written of the like: and one abated, this land in the memory almost of the living hath exhibited an uncontroverted example; which I will insert for the rarenesse. This Monster was below the vastly an ordinary man; but had amongst his body, of exact proportion, and every limme of vigour and use. King James the forth took an especiall care of his education and instruction: but chiefly in musick, where in he became most excellent, as in divers languages. In these two bodies were two different wills: sometimes they would bitterly contend in argument, sometimes fall together by the cares; and often consult about their common utility. But what more memorable, both under the name were sensible of one hurt, but neither above felt the anguish of the other: which was in their death more apparent. For the one body dying many days before the other, the survivour pined away with the lefse thereof: This Monster lived eueny and twenty years; and dyed when Ione was Regent in Scotland. Which I hate write, faith Buchanan, with the greater confidence, in that yet many liue of honest reputation, who have seen it. But the triple figure of Geryon was famed of three brethren, who governed the three Islands, Maiorca, Minorca, and Yvica with such unanimity, as if they had all but one will: whereupon Geryon the eldest was said to have three heads to one body: by their concord, mutual counsell, and sticke, becoming both wealthy and formidable. With the like union the Scribonian brethren governed the Upper and the Lower Germany: untill Nero growing jealous of their greatness, they were both accused: when by opening their owne weanes they dyed together. So the other were a baited to the anarice, and a spur to the valour of Hercules: who disposseth them by force of arms, and bore away their substance. Palephates will have this fiction to grow from his dwelling in Tricaricia (a city on the Euxian Sea) which signifies three-headed. Others allude it to the three foules in men, the vegetative, the sensitive, and rational; as concord to the number of three, and strength to the triangular figure.

Of Cerberus we have spoken more then in one place: to which we will add this historical relation, together with the allegory. Aideus (from whom came the name of
of Ades, for the receptacle of the dead) the king of Molossia, called himselfe Plato, his wife Ceres, his daughter Proserpina (or rather his wife whom he had stolen) and his ban-dog Cerberus of his fierce and hurlish conditions. Theseus and Perithous, attempting to steal away his daughter, were both taken prisoners. Theseus returned in shame; but Perithous worried by his Maleine Cerberus. Hercules delivered Theseus soon after by force: and brought the ban-dog away with him. Hereupon grew the fable of Hercules descent into Hell, and of his dragging the Hell-heads thence. Molossia ordinarily called Hell, in that it lyeth west of Attica and Boeotia, whereof we have formerly rendered the reason. Now Cerberus was after stolen by the procurement of a noble man of Myceria, and shut up with divers butterflies in the cave of mount Tenarus; whereof Hercules having intelligence fetched him thence: upon this it was famed that he drag’d him from Hell through that Cave, the supposed infernal passage. From hence we may collect, that the reason and virtue of the Mind, which is Hercules subdues all vice and base earthly affections (Cerberus being taken for the Earth) but especially Gluttony (his name importing a devourer of flesh) which is said to have three heads, of his triple desire, consisting in the superfluity of quantity, of the expense of time, and pilaging of the Palat. All which are suppressed by virtue, who moreover redeemes from Hell whatsoever is captivated by the minds : infernities.

The Cretan Bull representeth the Cretan Generall Taurus; Patiphæas, sweet hart. A cruel enemy to the Athenians; whom Hercules vanquished (not without the connivence of Minos who mortally hated him) and brought into Peloponese; which also allegorically declares the conquest over brutish affections.

Augus was king of Elis; who had a stable of full of danger, that it became proverbial. This Hercules cleansed upon a compact between them by turning Alpheus thoroit: or rather by means of diverting that River, made a barren part of his Country fertile. But Augus refused to give him his reward, as done with so little difficulty: for fools more consider the labors of the body, then that of the braine. Whereat incensed, he demolished his city, and drave him out of his kingdom. This stable relation representeth the Court of Augus; contaminated with luxury, and all sorts of uncleanness; which by the expulsion of the vittuous king and his Parasites, was said to have been purged by Hercules.

The Stymphalides were birds so called of a lake in Arcadia, which they chiefly frequented; chased away by Hercules; partly with his arrows, and partly with the sound of a brazen Cimbale which was given him by Pallas: A greedy and filthy fowl which fed upon man’s flesh: killing men with their feathers which they fell from their bodies as they flew; or possoning them with the stench of their ordure. Alluding to the avarice and filthy converse of Harlots, who devour the substance, pollute the fame, and infect the bodies of their desperate lovers. Such therefore are to be chased away with the arrows, or indignation of Virtue: But especially by Minerva’s Cimbale, divine inscriptions, and precepts of Philosophy, which penetrate the care like the sound of a Trumpet. Nor are they unaptly said to be manesters, who suck their blood like leeches, and devour them like the ravenous Lame, but historically the Stymphalides are taken for theeeus who forraigned that Country, as appeares by these versets of Claudian.

I, Stymphilus, heard of thy fowle, that thow
Thick showes of darts, and slaughter’d as they flew.

Parthenus is a mountains of Arcadia, which took that name from the virgin The Parthenian.

\[PP 2\]
Huntress, where Hercules with indefatigable labour pursued and caught the Hart, which had feet of brass and horns of Gold: signifying not only his subduing of Fears, expressed in the nature of that creature, an enemy to all noble inducts, but that unwearied and constant course of Virtue, by which immortal fame can only be obtained, more durable then brass, then gold more refulgent.

About the river of Themedoron, which runnes through Cappadocia into the Euxine Sea, the Amazons were said to inhabit. A race of warlike women, who suffered no men to line among them, but such as they employed in their drudgeries: managing courageous horses; expert themselves, and instructing their daughters in military exercises. For during two months in the spring they accompanied with their neighbours, and when they were delivered, sent back the male issue to their fathers: fearing the right brout of the females (from whence they took their denomination) that it might not hinder their shooting, nor the throwing of their arrows. These became so famous and formidable, that in the end it drew on the courage of Hercules, together with the desire of Hippolita's rich Belt, to assist them: who slew Antiope their Queen, and took Hippolita prisoner, whom she gave to Theseus, his companion in that warre. In this battle he so weakened their forces, that they became a prey to their neighbours; who after a while extinguished in those parts both their name and nation. Penthefilea with the remainder, flying her country, assisted Priamus in the warres of Troy.

With Amazonian troops, and moone-like fields
Penthefilea courses the trampled fields;
Her feared brout bound with a golden Band;
Bold maid, that durst with men in arms contend.

Who there was slaine by Achilles. Pliny reports that he was the first that invented the Battallaxe. Plato affirmes that there was a nation of Amazons in his time in Saramatia Asiatica at the foot of Caucasus: from whence it should seeme that their Queen Thalefrisia came into Hircania unto Alexander, that she might have a daughter by him; who participating of both their spirits, might conquer the whole universe. But Strabo doubts by the uncertainty of authors, and unlikelihood thereof, that there ever were any such woman: and Ptolemaius writes that the Amazons were a people courageous and hardy, who wore linen flashes on their heads, and gowmes to their heates (as now the Turkishes doe) suffering no houre to grow on their faces: and therefore in contumely called women by their enemies. Gortopius, a late author, conculcates them to be the wives and sons of the Sarmatians, who invaded Asia, together with their husbands, and after planted in Cimbria which he endeavours to prove by certaine Dutch etymologies. Francis Lopez, and Vlrichus Schimdel finde them in the River Orclanna in America, called thereof the River of Amazons: and Edward Lopez affirmes that there are of these in Monomotapa in Africa, nineteen Degrees Southward of the line; the strongest guard of that Emperor, as the East Indian Portugalls acknowledge.

The Golden Apples of the Hesperides, with the Dragon that kept them, we have interpreted at large in the story of Perseus. An adventure referred for Hercules: who killing the Shepherd Ladon, called a Dragon for his immortality, brought away the Golden Apples, which was Atlas sheele with the yellow fleeces; the same equivocal to either: sheeple being so honoured by the ancients for enriching their owners, that riches in many or cattle was of them so named. But allegorically, Hercules, or Virtue, cannot reap the fruit of his inducts, these golden Apples, untill he have killed
Corruption boyles away with heat,  
And forth superfluous vapours sweat.

Or rather the Sun, (presented by Hercules, according to Macrobius) with his extraordinary fervor dried up those noysome and infectious waters. Another writes that Lernus was a petty King, who built a strong fort on the confines of his kingdom, and called it Hydra, placing therein a garrison of fifty soldiers. This Hercules besieged. As often as any one was slain on the battlements, two slept in his place, not inferior in fortitude; nor would yield until the fort itself was consumed with fire. And there be who write that this serpent with many heads were as many brothers united in inviolable concord: when one cut off in battle, others seemed as it were to rise in his place with fresh and more strong preparations. Like the Band among the Grecians, which, in that continually reinforced, was called Immortal. Plato delivers Hydra for a Sophister whose confusion begat more wrangling. Therefore to cut off a head from Hydra, is to take away one inconvenience that more may succeed: like sires in law, which begin where they end, and continually multiply. But Hydra in truth is a kind of water-snake, which will turn on the assailant, and repulse him with his flaming exhalations: whose mortal & terrible poison is noted by the infected arrow dipt in her gall, and razing death of the Heroe.

Diomedes, that bloody king of Thrace, fed his horses with mens flesh: whose Hercules fed with the flesh of the Tyrant. A punishment agreeable to the law both of God and man, that offenders should suffer what themselves inflicted. But Palephates, a confuter of such like stories, reports how Diomedes was one who had wasted his estate by keeping of Horses: a prodigality derived from the Greeks to the Romans:

He dares presume t'except a Regiment,  
Who all his substance hath in mangers spent.  
And, what his Ancestors had left, for fakes;  
While he Flammis with swift charriot rakes.

For which cause Diomedes friends call'd his horses man-eaters. But other An.
hers affirmes that Diomedes horses were his lascivious daughters, who wasted the substance and strength of their lovers: horses being the ancient Hieroglyphick of lust, as such desires in the sacred Scriptures are compared to their neigbours. For there is no creature soproone unto Venus as a Mare; and therefore framed to conceal with the Wind:

But Mares most furious: then by Venus sung
When Potmean Charriot wretched Glauce sung.
And rare in peeces. Led by love, they skud
O're Gargarys, Afcania's roring flood;
Swim rivers, mountains climb, when that fire newes
Their greedy bowels, and the Spring renewes
Heat in their bones. They to high cliffs require;
And yawning to the well, that gentle aire
Suck in with pleasure: when (what's strange to tell)
Vnbact by horse, with Foles their bellies fivell.
O're craggis, high hills, and lowly dales they rumme:
Not to the Cene the rising Sunne,
Borea, nor Caerus; or where Auster vailes
Sad haunt with howses, and earth with howses affailes.
That poyson trickles from the groynes of these,
Which rightuly rualers call Hyppomenes:
Hyppomenes, which oft dire step-dames vfe;
With wicked charmes, and balefull woods influfe.

Others apply this fable to his riotous followers, maintained by his excesse tributes & exactions, feeding, as it were, on the bowels of his miserable subiects. But Diomedes horses, together with their master, were famne by Hercules: cruelty, avarice, and uncleanenesse, chastized, or confounded by the Zeale of virine.

A Lyon of huge proportioun, whose skin no steele could penetrate, frequenting the Nemean woods and fields of Mycena, was encountered and strangled by Hercules; who ever afber was his hide for defence and terror. This may be no fable, since the like was performed by Sampson (supposed by some the same man) and after by little David. Yet hereby is understood the fortitude of the minde, against which no bodily strength can prevail, being ever adorned with the spoile of the vanquished. But Heraclides conceaues that the same was devised in regard of the self-cure of his owne furious melancholy, producing a temporary distraction, which gave an argument to the tragical Poets. And surely these his conquests over beasts and monsters were chiefly invented to express the excellency of Virtue in subduing inordinate affections: as Intemperance by the Bore, rash Temerity by the Lyon, by the Bull Anger, Panick Fear by the Hart, Uncleanesse of life by Angues his sable, by the Sympalides Avarice, by Hydra Ignorance, by the Cenzaures lust, &c. And therefore many of them placed by Virgil, as vices, before the gates of Hell.

There Cen aures, there the hissing Hydra stands,
Seylla, Briarius with his hundred hands,
Fir-arm'd Chimera's, Harpyes full of rape,
Snaky hair'd Gorgons, Geryons triple shape.

Hercules is mystically taken for the Sunne, to whom the Lyon is sacred, in that his main
Cacus,

heaven supported by Hercules.

He thawes by bearing Heaven how he may gain
Heaven by his force. Whole shoulders did suffaine
The world by no thrunk so great a fraught;
Preest with the Poles, the flares, what more, might weight.

For the fable goes how Atlas, who sate on a mighty mountain, and supported Heaven on his back, desired Hercules, having heard of his surprising strength, to ease him for a while in bearing of his burthen, who readily undertook it. As Atlas was said to have supported Heaven in regard of the heigh of that mountain which carries his name, and of his excellency in Astronomy: so Hercules, skillful in that art, having travelled to the utmost bounds of the Earth to increase his knowledge by conferring with Atlas, is said to have assisted him, by informing him in many secrets which before he knew not. Nor wants the fable a moral, declaring how those who patiently undergo the burdens which are imposed by Heaven, shall at length with Hercules into even Heaven it selfe, the reward of their suffersance.

And here is an end of the Heroical actions of Hercules: whereof those mentioned in these ensuing verses have only the repute of his labours.

First the grim Cleonian Lyon flew:
Next Hydra did with sword and fire subdue:
The Erimanthian Bear, with Jauelin stroke:
The Braffe-bou'd Stage with golden antlers tooke:
The chace d Sympalides his arrows felt:
From th' Amazonian won her precious belt:
Then cleans d Augeas falls with ordure full:
And vanquished the furious Cretan Bull:
Screne Diauned; his ravenous horses threw:
Three-headed Geryon in Iberia flew:
The Hesperian Dragon-guarded Apples won:
And skowling Cerberus shewed to the Sun.

Although there were many Herculeses, as the Egyptian, the Lybian, and the Thrinthian; yet the acts of them all were attributed by the Poets to this our Theban, the sonne of Jupiter and Alcmena.

He continues his complaints against the malice of Iuno: not without some doubt that
that the Gods regarded not the actions of men, when the wicked prospered, and the
good were opprest with miseries and torments: cruel and unjust Euritithus liv-
ing in prosperity, the instrument and imposer of all his calamities. But his tra-
gical end approv'd the contrary. This Euritithus was the sonne of Stheblius king
of Mycen, who by Iuno's infligation impasted the labours on Hercules with pur-
pose to destroy him, being commanded to obey him in all things by Jupiter: the
Oracle at Delphos fore-telling, how he, having finish'd these enterprizes, should
obtain a Deity. So are the virtuous not seldom advanced by the malice of their
enemies, and so craggy and thorny is that steep ascent which leads unto Glory.

Discovered Ithas, who brought the impoysoned garment halfe dead with feare
now clings to the knees of Hercules: the custome of such as implored pity, as ap-
ppears in all histories, and therefore the knee was call'd the seat of Mercy. But li-
dorous renders a natural reasoning, in regard of the affinity between the knees and
the eyes, since they were contiguous in the womb of the mother: insomuch as the
knees relent, and the eyes (the silent petitioners) shed tears when they rejoice, as
renewing in the memory their former neighborhood, and affecting the mind with
a mutual sufferance. But infuriated Hercules, not giving time to the plea of his in-
nocency, swings him about his head the hickory, & throws him into the Eubean
seas: thence turn'd into a rock which carries his name, and signifies Impulsion.
Expressing thereby the effects of fear, which conceals the blood, and fluidifies the sen-
tes, as if altogether forlorn. Nor was this throne of his incomparable; for it is repor-
ted by Mayolus, an Italian Bishop, how he saw a man as As in the presence of the
Marquef of Pescara take up a pillar of marble, three feet in length, and one in di-
dermeter, oft tossing it aloft in the aere, and catching it againe before it fell to the
ground, with as much facility as if it had been a tennis-ball. But this fable with-
all presents the usual infortunity of such, who minister to the excorbitances of
Princes, though unacquainted with their secret intentions. This Rock lies against
the Campana Promontory, and gaue in that it resembles a man, an argument to the
fiction.

Now Hercules ascending the funerall Pyle, giveth Philoctetes his bow and fi-
tall arrows to set it on fire: who lying on his Lyons skinne, and making his Clubbe
his pillow, entertaineth death with as much alacrity, as if so composed at a festivall.
For paine and sorrow, together with all the injuries of malice or fortune, are swal-
lowed up by the immenity of Virtue: and loike flowers that fall into the Ocean.
Some say that his disease was a settled melancholy, breaking forth all over his body
in burning viles: which happeid in the thirtieth yeare of his age, but according to
others in the two and fiftie. There are who write that he being an excellent Ath-
nomer, burnt himselfe hard before a great eclipse of the Sunne, to confirme the op-
inion of his divinity. As the Sicilian Empedocles with the like ambition threw
himselfe into Attna. But the earthly parts of our Hercules being consumed with
fire, his calestiall in a more glorious figure, having put off the robe of Mortality, is
carried up unto Heaven in a triumphall charriot, and deified by Jupiter. The foules
of all men, saith Cicero, are immortal; but those of the good and valiant, di-
vine: and for that cause divine honours were given unto such by the Ancient. But
never before their funeralls, when cenuse is neither infected with Flattery nor
Envy. Yet could not Alexander stay so long, who would in his lifetime be stiled
the fonne of Jupiter, a preface of his vntimely death: as was that vote of Cere-
alus Anicius to him whom he flattered, which was, that a temple should be erect-
ed to divine Nero. But more modest was Agefalus, who thus saith at the Thalli-
ans that would have decreed him divine honours: If your city have the
OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

art of making of Gods, let us see what Gods you can make of your selves: and then perhaps I will be a God of your making. Tet Hercules better deserved a Deity then all the rest of the Heroes: who conquered nothing for himself, who ranged all over the world, not to opprefs it, but to free it from oppressors and by killing of Tyrants and Monitors preferred it in tranquillity.

High vertue neuer sinks to Hell.
Be valiant mortalls, and live well.
Nor shall severe Fates hole you through
The floods of Lethe: but when you
Shall have accomplished your last day;
Glory to heaven shall make your way.

As they held that the soules of such Worthies ascended into Heauen, and that their bodies resolued to Earth; so they supposd that their naked and incorporeal remainances descended to the infernal habitations: whereof Homers Vlitches when in Hell.

Then saw the idol of great Hercules:
He feasting with the deathlesse Deities;
White ancd Hebes spoule; the Thunderers
And Iuno’s feede, who golden sandals weares;

Deianira hearing of the death of Hercules, procured by her error, slew her selfe at Trachin: and had her sepulcher at the foot of the mountaine Oetus, which was to be seen in the daies of Paufanias. Hercules was said to be the sonne of Jupiter, for his noble actions and eminent virtues, and besides it was the custome to derive those worthies, whose ancestors they knew not through the obscurity of History (wherein althings among the Ethnickes, before the subversion of Thebes and wares of Troy, were involved, if not lost) from one God or other: as we imagine the earth and the sky to touch, when our sight is bounded by the Horizon. As Jupiter his father, so was Alcmena his mother, which signifies strenuity. Hercules therefore, or the fortitude of the mind, the sonne of the Divine goodnesse & valour, purchaseth among mortals an immortal fame, together with that name: a word compounded of Iuno, or the aire, and glory, in that atchieued by her instigation, being called before Alcides, which signifies strong. Hercules is, also taken for the Sun, as his twelve labours by Porphyry for the twelve signes in the Zodiac. Hercules, faith Macrobius, is the power of the Sun, which actuates virtue in the minde of man to the similitude of the Gods, nor was Latnia the country of Alcmena, nor he at the first called Hercules, but long after was honoured with that name, meriting by his admirable fortitude to be filled the God of virtue. For what signifies Hercules but the Glory of the Aire? and what is the Glory of the airc, but the Sun illumination, which expell eth the Spirit of Darkness? The Constellation of Hercules is by Ariadnes Crowne, wherebee scenes to leave, and kneele on one knee, as weare with his labours.

Euriftheus prosecutest his hatred to him, upon his posterity: (or rather out of splee that in time they should seek to revenge his injuries, and deprive him of his kingdom) who fled to Trachis, and from hence to Athens, as to the altars of the Gods for refuge. Euriftheus importunes the Athenians to deliver them by his Embassadors: who contrively furnish them with an army under the conduct of Io—

Qq
laus the kinsman of Hercules, and Hillus his son: who kill Eurytheus in battle, and crush him under the wheels of their chariots. Meantime while Alcmena had only Iole for a companion in her sorrow; the daughter of Eurus, and bequeathed by Hercules for a wife to his son Hyllus. To whom (now great with child) Alcmena mistook better success; then she had in her travail with Hercules, restrained with miserable torments by the envy of Iuno. For it was answered by the Oracle, that he who first was borne of Hercules, or Eurytheus, should have the command of the other. Which knowne unto Iuno, she haslisb the birth of Eurytheus, who was borne in the seuenth month, and prorogued the others untill the Tenth. This same have referred to the influence of the stars, portending Empire to the one by their fortunate Aspects and Conjunctions in his nativity: and glory by their different dispositions to the other, to be attainted with much labour and danger: and because these secretly worke according to the quality and inclination of the Aire, the food of our Spirits, which we first draw in, they are therefore said to be borne either sooner or later by the favour or malvolency of Iuno. But Lucina, the President of Child-birth (so called because she brings them to light; as Ithia by the Græcians, in that it is the laund at the labours of women, being no other then the Moon; and expressing her operations in that kind) precorrupted by Iuno, is here saied by sitting crooked, knitting her fingers within one another, and mattering of charmes to have hindered Alcmena's delivery. Which in likelihood hath a reference to the practice of Witches in former ages, and perhaps not practised in ours: as well as the Græcians and Frenchmen at this day, by knitting a knot on a point, can disable the bride-groom from touching the Bride. In Gaffonie called Nover l'eguillet, and practis'd always at the marriage: which is of no light regard, since by the Civill law it is punishable. If this be natural, it must be refered to the imagination of him that tied the point: which is conceaued to have the laste affinity with witchcraft, in that not onely witches, but any other may performe it. Nor was this unknowne unto Virgill.

Three knots knit on three threads of different dy

Haft Amarillus: say lines bands I ty.

But as these are deliered by the unknitting of those knots; so here the womb of Alcmena by Lucina's unlocking her legs and fingers: suspected and decaued by Galanthis, a stout and witty Goosp, whom the angry Goddess turns into a Wofel, to produce her young at her birthmes, as her mouth had procured the Ladiy deliver.

But Aristotule confutes that vulgar opinion, proceeding onely from a mistake, in that they carry their young ones in their mouths from one place to another. I have feene a Beale, with the Indians call a Poffoun, that hath two flaps beneath her belly, which she can shut and open at pleasure: within which, when affrighted, she receaves her broode, and runnes away with them: where upon, by a like mistake, it was suppos'd at first by some of the English that they reenter'd her belly. Now the wofel is the hieroglyphick of a Virago, red-hair'd, frequemng houses, and therefore every way fitting with Galanthis. A beale, for this service to Alcmena, as Alianus reports, much honord by the Thebans.

Dryope.

Iole relates a sadder story of her sister Driope: devirgined by Apollo, and after married to Andromon the son of OEnus: who playing with her child under a Lotus tree, into which a Nymph was converted to avoid the lust of pursuing Priaput, by pulling a strig from the same was her selfe converted into a Lotus. So famed perhaps in that Driope signifies woko, of the affinity of those trees: both
Nor did the Lotophagi ill intreat
Our men, but made them of their Lotus eat.
Who ever tasted of that pleasant fare,
Forgot their messaige, with their countries care;
And with the Lotophagi would remaine,
To feede on Lotus, nor returne againe.

In so much as they are proverbially said to have eaten Lotus, who linger in foreign countries, as forfert of their owne. Which Erasimus aplyes unto those who once have tasted of honest delights, nor can be drawn back to their former vices.

So should we abandon whatsoever is dear in our estime, that may be a hindrance to our piety, having tasted once of the heavenly Lotus. Among the fortunate trees this was reckoned for one: under which the Vestall Virgins buried their haires, cut when they entred into that order.

By the Nymph converted formerly into this tree, to escape the pursuit of Priapus, that ancient opinion is unfolded how every tree had his Genius, which they called Nymphs or Hamadriades, and therefore fained to bleed when their branches were violated: thereby to increase the superstitious reverence which they bare to their Grees, of which we bare formerly spoken. She is said to be purfied by Priapus of the fecundity of Orchards; wherein he had his image erected, as their protector, and the God of Propagation. Fained therefore to be the son of Dionifus and Nais: Dionifus taken for the Sun, and Nais for moisture whereby all things are conccned; his name no other then the generall seede of things. It is said that Venus bid him for his deformity: to show how many things are necessary in Nature, which are yet to be concealed for their unfeemelincse. But his obscene flane and filthy Ceremonies can neither be spoken of, nor heard with modesty. St Hierome and Hierodorus were of opinion that this Priapus was the same with Bel-peor, the God of the Midianites: worshiped so by Maach, whose Idol her son Afa burnt; and removed her from all her dignity, in that the principal in those beastly customs.

The sorrowes of Alcina and Iole are some thing abused by the approach and wonderful change of Ioalles their kinsman: his youth now restored by Hebe, at the fuite of her husband Hercules. This Hebe was held for the Goddess of youth, her name importing as much, and to have beene married unto Hercules in heaven, to reconcile all displeasure betweene him and Luno, she being her daughter by Jupiter: signifying how strength and youth are to concurre in those, who are qualified for...
for noble achievement. This Goddess was chiefly honoured by the Phlyaei (a people of Peloponnesus) in so much as whenever fled to her Altar was delivered from punishment: at the entrance of whose temple they hung up the chains and fetters of captives. She had her statue in the form of a beautiful young woman, crowned with flowers, and her mantle variegated with orient colours. She was famed not only to restore youth unto men, but to the Gods themselves; as if even they grew old like a garment: and said to be the daughter of Jupiter and Luno, in that all vegetables shone up and bad through the gentle temperature of the air derived from Jupiter, or the etherial fervor. Now Iolaus was reported to have grown young again, for that in his old age he performed great things, suffering little or no alteration either in the vigour of his mind or strength of his body. So Moses, when he was sixscore years old had his sight, and the habit of his natural powers unimpaired. Although in him miraculous, yet in ancient times, before luxury had made a breach for idleness to enter, they acquired a lusty age through abstemious from wine and a temperate diet; the noblest part, and most assured, of this sick.

Callirhoes Children.

Hebe, about to sware that she would never again give unseasonable youth: to any, is with held by Propheticall Themis: who obsequiously toucheth the warres of Thebæ between the two forms of Oedipus by his mother Ioacita. For they are grieving to governe by turns, Eteocles, the elder, refused at the expiration of his yea to resigne his throne to Polyneices: who fled to Adrastus for succours, marrying his daughter Argia, was by him assised: drawing Tydeus, Hypsoponcedon, Parthenopaeus, Capaneus, and the Prophet Amphaiaras into their confederacy. Capanex, seeling the walls of the Thebæ, was stricke dead with lightning, Eteocles, and Polyneices flew one an other in single combat: and Amphaiaras, was swallowed alive by the Earth: who fore-knewing how he should perish in that warre, had concealed himselfe: till in the end betrayed by his wife Eriphile, for the service of Hermiones carquenier, given her by Polyneices. This discovered, he commanded his son Alcmeon that after his death he should kill his treacherous mother; which he performed accordingly. When agitated by the Furies, the terror of his conscience, he fled to Phegeus, to be purged of that guilt, and married his daughter Alphafibæ, having won her consent with the fatal carquenier. But finding there no cure, he repaired to Achelous by the advice of the Oracle: whose daughter Callirhoe he likewise espoused; upon promise of that Iuell. Returning to fetch it from Alphafibæ, he was slaine by her brothers Thememenus and Axionus as they by there sister, for the death of her inconstant husband. But our Poet will have them slaine by Alcmeons sonnes by Callirhoe: he here petitioning Jupiter, that of Infants he would make them sodenly men, to renenge the murder of their Father, which Hebe was now to performe at his commandment. Expressing thereby the forward courage of these noble youths, whose illustrious actions transcended their ages. So writes he in his Arts of Caius, the Nephew to Augustus:

He leads an Army in his tender yeares:  
A boy, not like a boy in act appears.  
For care the birth-days of the Godsto tell:  
The Caesar's virtues far their age excell.  
Their heauenly wits, more swift then time, display  
Their birth, nor brooke the loffe of dull delay.  

They must begin betimes, that aim at great actions. Alexander had conquered the world ten yeares before he could have beene Consul, had he beene a Roman: which made
made Caesar sigh when he saw his image at Gades in the temple of Hercules, ascribing his own fate; who then as old as Alexander when he had subdued the Orient, could boast of no memorable achievement, although inflamed with as great an ambition.

The Gods demand of Hebe the like restoration, which he had bestowed on Iolus for their affected mortals: whose tumult Jupiter composes, as not able himself to revoke the youth of decrepit Minos, who formerly was feared by all, but now both feeble in body and mind, doth not the aspiring of youth still Iolus, the son of Apollo. Let he to clear his suffusion (so advised by Jupiter) forsake then Creet, and ere'tis Iolus in Aion: there marrying Cyane the daughter of the Meander.

Yet this is not spoken by the Poet, as if Rivers could ingender men, but that those men were begotten by such, as left their names to these rivers. Cyane by Miletus at one hour had Caunus and Byblis, whose incestuous love to her brother is our present argument. Afording neither allegory nor historical allusion: but lively displaying the impotency of Raison, and of a wicked affection: insifying her own vices by the example of great ones, who corrupt the world with a fatal contagion. These were their Gods: but in truth of history Caune and his sons (as formerly declared) who out of necessity married his sisters, but after forbidden by the Law of Nature, as acknowledged by all Nations: although Cambises, persuaded by his sicophants that a king was liable to no law, durst infringe it. Nay among the Romans, Claudius was the first who married his Neice: followed one by one, faith Tacitus, to flatter the Emperour. She extenuates her offence by lones unreflectable compulsion: so apt were we to palliate our beloved vices, imputing that to an over-ruling Power, which proceeds from our owne deprav'd affectioins. But Phedread's Nurse could have told her

Luft, bally favouring vice, a Deity
First made of love, and to become more free,
A forged Power to that wild Fury adds:
How Capid, sent by Ercina, gadd
Through all the Earth, flies up to Heaven, there stays,
And flutes his shafts: whom every God obayes.
Thus frantic Minds, to excute their guilt, beftow
A Power on Venus, on her Son a Bow.
Who too much in prosperity delight,
And riote with unbridled appetites;
Thofe, wicked Luft, the dire associate
Of high-twolrc fortune, driue' the desperat fate.

Praxiteles made two images of Venus, one naked, and the other covered with a vail: this latter is adored by our Biblis, which corrupts her by degrees, beguiling her at the firft with the disguise of fraternal piety, seconded with too much familiarity and liking of his Person: next inflaming her with desires which the durft not think of; contracted in her cheeks, and revealed in her blushes: then incites her to attempt, and lastly to condemne her fame, the height of all impudence. But Caunus to avoid her importunity abandons his country, and builds a city in Cattia which carries but name, whom frantick Biblis pursues: who now tired with travel, and pining with defpaire, disjoines into a fountain, the monument of her punishment and eternal sorrow, which had not beflode her had she practifed this precept.
But Canace and Camulia, the one a Grecian Lady, and the other a Roman, found their brothers (Mucareus and Papyrius) more pitable: when conceiving, and discovered, their fathers left a naked sword unto either, who rightly interpreting their meanings, fell upon the points thereof, and were seconded by their inconstant lovers.

Our Poet in the wandering of Biblis speaks of that Carian mountain, the receptacle of Chimaira: a monster which vomited fire, having the head of a Lyon, the body of a Goat, and the tail of a Serpent: which by Fulgenitus his morall may something fort with the former fable. For Chimaira demonstrates the changeable condition of Love in the beginning thereof, the fruition, and ending: assaulting with the fierceness of a Lion, possessing with the luxury of a Goat, and concluding like a Serpent with shame & detestation. But Scribius gives it a topographical composition: the Chimaira described to be such, because that mountain flamed at the top, the upper part frequented by Lyon, the middle by Goats, and the bottom by Serpents. Bellerophon for making it habitable was said to have slain the Chimaira. Acofta makes almost the like description of the Andes in Peru. Others interpret Chimaira for a cruel Pyrat of Lycia, whose ship had in her prow the figure of a Lyon, in the midst of a Goat and on her poop of a Serpent: whom Bellerophon took with a Gally of such swiftnesse (by reason of the newly invented sailes) that is was called Pegasus or the flying horse, the ground of that fable.

The fame of this wonderfull change of Biblis would have filled Creeds hundred Cities, had not Pheflos at that time produced a wonder of their owne. For Lyctus had charged his wife Telethufa, now great with child, to kill, or expose it to the mercy of the Desarts (a Custome among the Græcians to those, whom they would not, or could not for their poverty foster) if so be it should prove a daughter. But the Goddesse Isis appears unto her in her sleepe, and commands the contrary: here described with hones, in that taken for the Moone, as the Moone for Ceres (of which we have formerly spoken) and therefore crowned with the rays of Ceres, accompanied with a bable of Egyptian Gods. Barking Anubis, fained to have the head of a dogge, and so figured in his statues; whereof I brought one out of Egypte, taken out of the belly of an inbalmed body. This Anubis was said to be the sonne of Olyris, who following his father in his warres, gave a dog for his creft, and therefore worshipped in that forme. But more probably Mercury, who came into Egypte with Isis, (then 10) and informed her in sundry knowledges: Who by reason of his sagacity and quick apprehension, was both so called and carned. Bubastis is a name of Diana, adored by the Egyptians, a City and a province in Egypte so called, taked also for Isis. Apis was a black ox with a white square in his forehead, or on his right side, his hones reversed like a Cresent, as acred to the Moone or Isis. When he dyed or was drowned by the Priests (for he was suffered to live but to such a time) with much sorrow seeking, and never ceasing until they had found an other in all respects like the former. This beast they adored for a God, kept secretly in a Parke at Mamphis. When they led him abroad, he was vnder his priest in great solemnity, followed with strange devotion by the multitude, not seldom, as reported, allowing forth prophesies. Some derive the worshipping of this Ox from the institution of Isis and Olyris, in that so rifefull in villagge. It is recorded that Olyris himself
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Aspe.
Sun in the Zodiac, obliquely winding to and from the Equator, resembles a Serpent (in which respect the course of the Moon, which is oblique to the Eclip-
tick is compared to a Dragon, the two points where she cuts the Eclip-
tick being called the Dragons head, and his tail) but even his diurnal course is not perfectly circular, but passeth as it were with Serpentine windings.

But to return to the fable. Telethusa being brought a bed of a girl, made her husband beleive that it was a boy; who called it Iphis (a name which fitted with either sex) by their parents at the age of fifteen espoused to Ianth: both fervently affecting each other, but the one as much beguiled in her hopes, as the other was desperate of hoping. The evening before the appointed nuptials, Telethusa and her daughter repair to the shrine of Isis: from whence Iphis by the favour of the Goddess returns a boy, and marries his beloved Ianth: the marriage grace with the presence of Juno, Venus, and ambitious Hymen. By this the Ancient declared, that men should desaiere of nothing; since allthings were in the power of the Gods to give; and give they what was suitably implored. And by the example of Licust we may observe, how Poverty not seldom provokes even the good, distrusting the di-
vine Providence, to use unlawful and unnatural means to procure themselves from the oppression of necessity, not remembering how dangerous a premissio
it is, to prescribe him rules, who knowes our wants far better then our selves, for the dissipation of his benefits. Now shall we be hardly induced to believe that women have been changed into men, if we give any credit to Authors either ancient or moderne. Pliny writes that is recorded in the Roman Annals, how a maid of Caffinum, in the Consulship of Licinius Crassus and Caius Longinu, be-
ing under the tuition of her parents, became a boy, who by the command of the Arupson was transported to a desert Island: How Licinius Mutianus reports that he saw one Areco in Argos, formerly a married woman, and named Areco, who had then a beard, and was married himselfe to another: and that himselfe had seene in Africa a virgin turned into a man on her wedding day, called Lucius Coficus, a Citizen of Tedrita. Pontanus, who lived in the last Century, makes mention of a Fishermans wife of Caleta who sodenly became a man, after she had beene fourenge yeares married: of another, called Emilia, the wife of Antonio Spenla, a citizen of Ebulano who married and begot children: and of another when she had had a child. That in the time of Ferdinand King of Naples, Caroletta and Francisca, the daughters of Lodovico Quarna of Salern, at fifteenye yeares old exchanged their sexes. Montaigne reports that he saw by Vitry in France a man, whom the Bishop of Soyon had then in Confirmation, called German (known from her childhood to have bin a woman, until the age of two and twenty, by all the inhabitants there about, and then named Mary) well shrunken in yeares, and having a long beard who said that on a time by straining to over-leap an other, he sodenly felt those parts to descend. And how at this day the Maidens of that Towne and Country have a merry song wherein they admonish one an other not to leap too much for fear of the fortune of Mary German. But it is with out ex-
ample that a man at any time became a woman. From whence we may derive this moral, that as it is preposterous in Nature, which ever aims at perfection, when men degenerate into effeminacy, so contrarily commendable, when women aspire to manly wisdome and fortitude.

OVIDS
OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The Tenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fear turns a man to Flint. Lethæa's blame
Olenus beares: now stones, their shapes the same.
Next Cybele to Pine her Atys turns.
Sweete Cyparissus in a Cypresse mournes.
Enamoured Ioue an Eagles wings displayed;
And lonely Ganymed to Heauen convayes.
Slaine Hyacinthus fighes in his new Eowre.
The cruel Sacrificers by the powre
Of Venus turnd to Hulls.
The Proflitute To Stones. Pygmalion wedd the lining fruitt
Of his rare Art. Erigone doth shine
In heauen, converted to the Virgin Signe.
Myrrha, a weeping Tree. Hippomenes
And Atalanta, Lyons. Cyprides
(Inform'd by Mentha's chance) her Paramoure
Turnes to a faire, but quickly fading fowre.

Hence, to the Cicones, through boundlesse skies,
In saffron mande, b Hymenaeus flies:
By Orpheus call'd. But neither vsuall words
Nor chearefull lookes, nor happy signes afferds.
The torch his hand sustain'd, still pattering, rais'd
A fallen smoke: nor yet, though shaken, blaz'd.
Th'event worse then the Omen: As c his Bride
Troopes with the Naiades by Hebrus side;
A Serpent bit her by the heele; which forc't
Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes divorc't.
Whom when the Thracian Poet had aboue
Enough bewail'd; that his complaints might move
The vnder Shades, by e Tenarus descends
To Stygian floods; and his bold stepp extends
By ayrie shapes, and fleeting Soules, f that boast
Of sepulture, through that unpleafant coast
To Plutos Court. When having tun'd his strings,
Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet sings.
You Powres that swayne the world beneath the Earth;
The laft abode of all our humane birth:
If wee the truth without office may tell;
I come not hither to discouer Hell,

Orpheus and Evridice.
A People of Thrace, by the Riper Helius.
The God of Marriage.

Evridice.
Nymphs of that Riper.

A Promontory of Latmus; wherein a Cave, as they held,
descended to Hell.
For none could passe before, before their funerall Rules were performed.
No bind that scouling a Curre, who barking thakes About his triple braves Medusa's thakes. 
My wife this iournay vrg'd; who, by the tooth
Of rod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.
I would, and stroue t'haue borne her losse: but Loute
Won in that strife. A God well knowne aboue:
Nor here, perhaps, vnknowne. b If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you alfo felt his flame.
By thefe obscure abodes, fo full of dread;
By this huge c Chaos, and deepe Silence, Sprad
Through your vaft Empire; by thefe prayers of mine;
Eurydice too-haftie fate vntwine.
Wee all are yours: and after a short stay;
Early, or late; wee all must runne one way.
Hither we throng; for our laft home affign'd:
Th' eternall habitation of man-kind.
She, when her time by nature shall expire,
Againe is yours: I but the vfe defire.
If fate deny me this, my second choice
Is here t'abide: in both our deaths reioyce.

While thus he sung, and thrack the quatering stringes,
The bloodlesse Shadowes wepe: d nor flattering Springs
Tempt Tantalus, Ixions Wheel: food still:
Their Vrne the Belides no longer fill:
The Vultures feed not; Titys left to grone:
And Sisyphus late lifting on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquift by his verfe, were seene
To wepe, that never wept before. e Hels Queene,

f The King of Darkneffe, yeeld t'his powrful plea.
Among the late-come Soules, Euridice
They call: the came, yet halting of her wound.
Guen Orphes, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale Avernus paffe, if back thou eft.
Thy carefull eyes, thou looeft what thou haft.
A steepe acsent, dark, thick with fogges, they clime
Through euerlafting Silence. By this time
Approach the confines of illustrious Light.
Fearing to loose, and longing for a fight,
His eyes th' impatient lover backward threw:
When he, back-foiling prefently with-drew.
He catches at her, in his wits diftraught;
And yeelding aye for her (vnhappy!) caught.
Nor did she, dying twice, her spoile reprooue:
For what cou'd the complainte of, but his loue?
Who takes her laft farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his cares; and fo revolues to death.

Her double losse fad Orpheus stupi'd,
With equal terror vnto his, h who fpo'd
Three-headed Cerberus: whom feare alone,
Oppressing nature, turn'd into a stone
THE TENTH BOOKE.

Or like Olenus, who t'execute his wife
Accus'd himselfe, and taxt his guiltleffe life:
With the Lethas a whose proud beauty late
Drew on thy selfe and him a curled fate:
Vnited bodies once, but for thy pride
Now Marble statues on fount-fruitfull Idc.
He kindly (pressing to returne) intreats
The B Ferry-man: who anfweres him with threats.
Upon the banks feauen daies he fate, forlorn
And comfortleffe; all sorts of food forbore:
Care, griefe of mind, and tears, his only cheare,
Calling the Gods of Erebos feuere,
At length to snowie Rhadope he hafts:
AndHorus, beaten with the northerne blasts.
Now e Titan thrice had finifhed his yeares
In waterie f Piffes. Orpheus till forbears
The loue of women. Or through bad successe:
Or former vowses. Yet many, ne're the lefte
Th'affecled Poet feeketh, but none injoyes:
Who beauty first admir'd in hopefull boyes.
A Hill there was, a plaine vpon that hill;
Which in a flowrie mantle flouriht full:
Yet wanted shade. Which, when the h Gods Descender
Sate downe, and toucht his well-tun'd instrument;
A shade receiv'd. Nor trees of Chauncy,
The Poplar, various Oakes that peircr the sky,
Soft Linden, smooth-rinde Beech, vnmarried Bayes,
The brittle Hafl, Ah, whose speares we praye,
Vnaknotic Firre, the f folace finding Planes,
Rough Chefsnut, Maple fleete with different granes,
Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus louing Lakes,
Tuffe Boxe whom never fappie spring forfakes,
The slender Tamarske, with trees that bear
A purple figge, nor Myrtes absent were.
The wanton Ivie wreath'd in amorous twines,
Vines bearing grapes, and Elmes supporting Vines,
Straight Service trees, trees dropping Pitch, fruit-red
Arbutus, thefe the reft accompanied.
With limber Palmes, of Victory the prize:
And vp-right Pine, whose leaves like briftles rife;
Priz'd by k the Mother of the Gods: for thee
Her luft-flain'd Aty turned into that tree.
The spyre-like Cyprife in this throng appeares.
Of late a Boy: lou'd by n that God who beares
The fluer bow, and strikes the quauering Ipringhs.
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt Carthaus Springs
A Stag there was; whose hornes, on high display'd
With spreading Palms, afford his head a shade.
His antlers shone with gold; a carcuquet
His neck imbract, with sparkling Diamonds set.
A glacer bell vpon his forehead hung
By silken strings, which every motion rung.
Round pearle, of equal size, from either ear
Hung on his cheekes: who, void of native feare,
Frequented houses; and well pleas'd, would stand
The gentle frokings of a strangers hand.

This, Cypris, was thy only joy,
(Of all that * Cabred, the fairest boy!)
By thee full oft, to change of pasture led:
To purling streams that part the ranker mead.
With various flowers now wouldst thou trick his horses:
Now on his back (who no such burden scornes)
About the spacious fields in pleasure ride;
And with a purple raigne the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high Noone: Daies burning e'e
Made Cancer's crooked claws with fervor fyrce.
Vpon the ground the panting Hart was laide
Coole ayre receivng from the spreading shade.
Whom filly Cypris wounds by chance:
And seeing life perfue his tug'd-out lance,
Refolues to dye. What did not Phoebus say,
That might a griefe, so slightly caus'd, allay?
He answers him in fighes: this laft good-turne
Implores; That he might never ceafe to mourne.
His blood now fled in teares, a greenith hie:
His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew
Vpon his joyry fore-head, bristling rile;
And pointing upward, seeme to threat the skies.
When Phoebus, fighing: I for thee will mourne:
Mournethou for others: Hesles still adorn'd.

Such trees attracting, and inuiron'd round
With birds and beasts, vpon the rising ground
The Poet fits: who, hauing tun'd his strings,
Though difsonant, yet mufical, thus fings.

From Ioxe, O Mufe, my Mother, draw my verfe;
All bow to Ioxe: Ioxe powre we oft rebarce.
And late, of Giants fung, in loftie ftraines,
Foil'd by his thunder on Phlegyean plains.
Now, in a lower tune, to lovelye boyes
Belou'd of Gods, turren our fofter layes:
And women well defearing punishment,
On interdicted luft, with fury bent.

Heauens King, young Ganymede inflames with Ioxe:
There was what Ioxe would rather be then Ioxe:
Y et daies no other shape then hers, that beares
His awfull lightning in her golden feares.
Who forthwith floping with deceitfull wings,
Truft vp 8 Hades by Idas fprings.
Who now, for Ioxe (though jealous Iuno fcooles)
Delitious Nectar flies in flowing bowles.
And Amyclides, the in azure skies
Had Phoebus fixt, if cruel Destinies
Had not prevented; yet in some fort made
Eternall. For, as oft as Springs invade
Sharpe winters, and to Aries Pisces ycleps:
So oft renu’d, thy Floure adorns the fields.

My Fathers love to thee did mans excell.
Their presidet the Delphians miffé, who dwell
On round Earths Navills, while the God of Beames
Haunes 4 wall-lefe Spars, and Eurotas streames.
Now, neither for his Harp, nor quier, cares:
Himselfe debasing, beares the cordined snares;
Or leads the dogs; or clambers mountaines; led
By Lordly Loue, and flames by cufome fed.

Now Titan bore his equal-distant Light,
Between fore-running and enfuing Night:
When lightned of their garments, if either Shawne
With suppling oyle, in fire to throw the flone.
This swingeing through the ayre first Phoebus threw:
The obious clouds dispering as it flew;
On solid earth, though flying long, at length
Defcends; and shewes his art-enabled strength.
Th’ imprudent Boy attempts with fatal haft
To take it vp, when Earth, by bounding, caft
The flone, 6 Hyacinthus, at thy head,
The Boy lookt pale, lo lookt the God, who bled
Euen in his bleeding. Raifed from the ground;
He fought t’affwage, and dry the bitter wound.
And would with hearbs his flying foule haue stay’d:
That wound was cureleffe; art affords no ayde.
As violets, or lillies louing streames,
Or Poppie, bruized in their yellow stemmes,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads;
Nor raise thenselfs, but bow to their first beds:
So hung his dying lookes; so uner-swaid.
His limber neck upon his shoulder laid.
Sweet flowr’d said Phoebus, blasted in the prime
Of thy faire youth: thy wound prsents my crime.
Thou art my griece & shame. This hand thy breath
Hath cruft to ayre: I, author of thy death.
Yet what my fault? vileflct haue playd with thee,
Or lou’d thee ( 6 too well ! ) offences be.
I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
Or die with thee! but since the fates deny
So deare a wish; thou shalt with me abide:
And cuer in my memory reside.

Our Harpe, and verse thye prayses shall resound:
And in thy Flowre my Sorowe shall be found.
A valiant Heroe shall intime to it
And other add, and in the same be writ.

While
While thus Apollo truly prophesi'd:
Behold! the blood which late the graffe had dide;
Was now no blood: from whence a flowre full-blowne,
Farre brighter then the Tyrian scarlet thone;
Which feem'd the fame or did resemble right
A Lillie; changing but the red to white.
Nor so contented; (for the youth receiu'd
That grace from Phæbus) in the flowre he weau'd
The fad impression of his fighes; which beares
As! As! displeas'd in funeral Characters.
Nor blame to a Sparta Hyacinth procures;
Whose adoration to this day indures:
For now, as then, they yearely celebrate
The Hyacinthian Feast in Solenne State.
Perhaps if b Amathus you ask (whose earth
Abounds with mettals if she like the birth
Of her e Propætides, she would reply:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monftrous homes defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were c Geraph nam'd.
Before their doores the tragick Altar flood
Of Ioue e the Hospitable; stain'd with blood
Of stranger guests. Who had this flambilies scene,
Would thinke that blood the blood of calues had beene.
A Guest new Sacrifice'd; faire c Cypides
Offer'd with fuch cruel Rites as thefe,
Her townes and b Ophiuda's fields prepares
T'abandon. Yet faid she what guilt of theirs
In me fo great a deteftation breeds.
Rather with death reward fuch bloody deeds;
Or exile; if from these extreames they fcape,
What middle course, but to transforme their fhape?
When musing to what forme, the caft her looke
Upon the horned Heard, who from them tooke
A refolution fo to arme their skills:
And turns their mighty limbs to monftrous Bulls.
Yet durft th'o'bscne propætides deny,
O Venus, thy all-ruling Deity.
The firft that euer gav'd themfelves for hire
To prostitution, urged by thy ire.
Their lookes imboldned, modestie now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.

h Pygmalion feeing thefe to fpend their times
So beast-like, frighted with the many crimes
That rule in women, chose a fingle life:
And long forbore the pleafure of a wife.
Meanwhile, in ivory with happy art
A Statue carues; fo gracefull in each part,
As women never eual'd it: and handes
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.
It seem'd a virgin, full of luting flame; 
That would have mou'd, if not with held by flame. 
Such Art his art conceal'd: which he admires; 
And from it draws imaginary fires: 
Then often feels it with his hands, to try 
If 'twere a body, or cold ivory. 
Nor could resolve. Who kissing, thought it kist: 
Oft courts, embraces, wrings it by the wrist; 
The flesh impressing (his conceit was such) 
And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch. 
Now flatters her; now sparkling stones presents, 
And orient pearle (loves witching instruments) 
Soft-singing birds, each severall colour'd flowre, 
First Lily's, painted balls, and tears that powre 
From weeping trees. Rich robes her perfondeck; 
Her fingers, rings, reflecting gems her neck; 
Pendants her cares; a glittering zone her breit. 
In all, she would, but she would, when naked, best. 
Now lays he her upon a gorgeous bed: 
With carpets of Sidonian purple spred. 
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow preft, 
Of plumy downe, as if with sense poufed. 
Then came the Day of Venus Festiual: 
Through wealthy Cyprus solemniz'd by all. 
White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by strokes 
Of axes fall; ascending incenfe smokes. 
He, with his gift, before the Altar stands: 
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands, 
Give me the wife I wish: one like, he said, 
But durst not say, give me my ivory Maid. 
The golden Venus, present at her feast, 
Conceives his wish; and friendly signes express: 
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aspires. 
To his admired Image he retires: 
Lyes downe besides her, rais'd her with his arm, 
Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme: 
That leisuen oft repeats: her bofome oft 
With amorous touches feeleth, and felt it soft. 
The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks 
Accustom'd hardness: as Hymettian waxe 
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce 
To plant forms, by handling fram'd for vs. 
Amaz'd with doubtfull joy, and hope that reeles; 
Again the Louer, what he wishes, feelthes. 
The veines beneath his thumbs impression heat: 
A perfect Virgin full of iuyce and heat. 
The Cyprian Prince with joy expressing words, 
To pleasure-giving Venus thanks affords. 
His lips to hers he joynces, which seem to melt: 
The blushing Virgin now his kisses felt;

And
Metamorphosis.

And fearfully erecting her faire eyes,
Together with the light, her Lovers spies.
Venus the marriage blest which she had made.
And when nine a Crescents had at full display'd
Their joyning homes, repeat with borrowed flame,
She Paphus bore: who gave that Ile a name.
He, Cinyras begot: who might be still'd
Of men most happie, if with-out a child.

Sing of Horror! Daughters, farre, o farre
From hence remoue! and You, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verse your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will beleue the namee for true:
Beleue with all the judgements that influe.
If nature could permit fo foule a Crime:
I joy for you b Ithmarians, for this Clime;
This world of ours, so distant from that earth,
That guate to such a cursed Monster birth.
In Coftus, Cinnamon and Amomum,
Rich let c Panchaia be: let pretious Gum
Swear from her trees: affected flowers bring forth;
So't Myrrha beare: No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t' haue vs'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from fuch a Sinne.

de Aletto, with sowlne snakes, and e Stygian fire
That furie rais'd.'Tis finne to hate thy Site:
This Loue, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leave in all parts; and for thee fall at oddes:
Of all, o Myrrha, make thy choice of one;
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't: and fruing, to her selfe thus spake:
Ah whether rapt! what is't I vndertake!
O Gods! O Piety! divine Repect
Of Parents guard me! and this sinne eicat!
If so a sinne it be, No piety.
Condemnes such Vema; Natures commontye.
Horphes their fallies back, fires Heifers beare;
Gotes kids beget on those whose kids they were:
Birds of that seede conceive, whereof but late
Conceiu'd themselues: nor they degenerate.
Happie in this are those! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant lawes: and we who are
By nature free: malicious customes bind.
Thereis f a Nation to their blood more kind;
Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
Woe's me, that there I was not borne! the place
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these! Hence base;
Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy bee:
Yet, as a father, must be lou'd by thee.

Were
The Tenth Booke.

Were I not daughter to great Cinyras; 
All I conceive in my desires might pass:
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximitie
Dilloynes vs, neerer, were we not so nigh.
Hence would I fly by vn-returning waies
To shun this sinne: dire Loute my journey stayes;
To feast my hungry eyes with his deare fight,
Talke, touch, and kiss, or more, if more I might.
O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound!
Knowst thou what lawes and names thy lufts confound!
Thy fathers whore! a rival to thy mother!
Thy owne sonnes sister! mother to thy brother!
Nor fearst the Furies with their hilling haire,
Who on the faces of the guiltie stare,
With dreadful torches! From thy foule exile
This mischief, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
Of powerful Nature: but in time withdraw.
Would I, he would not: too well inclin'd.
O that like furie would inflame his mind!
Thus she. But Cinyras prist with the store
Of worthie suiters who his voice implore;
In his owne choice irresolute, demands
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.
Shee, thoughtfull silent, gazing on his face,
Flushd with imbofom'd flames, and wept apace.
He, taking this for maiden feare, Desir'd
From weeping, said: then drid her cheekes, and kist.
This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who
She best could like: repli'd, One, like to you.
Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
She hung the head, as confciouss of her blame.
Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep the bestowes
On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.
But Myrrha watches, rapt with raging fires;
Retracting her implacable desires.
Despairs, hopes; will not, will now shame, againe
Desires; nor knowes what course to take. As when
A mighty Oke (now almoft feld) his fall
On each fide threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Euen so her minde, impair'd with various wounds,
Waues to and fro, and changes still propounds.
No meanes, no cure, was left for loue but death:
Death pleas'd, Refolu'd to choke her hated breath;
Vp-starting, to a beam his girdle ties.
Deare Cinyras farewell (she softly cries)
And of my ruine vnderstand the cause.
That said, the noose about her neck he drawes.
Her wakefull Nurset faithfull cares, they say,
A whispering heard: who in the Lobby lay.

S't Straight
Metamorphosis.

Straight rofe; unlockt the doores; the instrument
Of death beholding, scheete: together rent
Her hare and bosome; and, with trembling haffe;
The girdle from her pallid neck displaët.
Now had the time to weeper; t'imbrace her Cure:
And ask the cause of such accurst despair.
She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes.
And grieues at deaths prevented enterprise,
Bearing her hoary haires and empty breast,
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, preft
Her grieves disclosure. *Myrrha* turns aside,
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so denied:
Nor onely promis secretie, but said:
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.
My old age is not fruitlëse: we haue,
And powerfull med'cines, if it furie be:
If witchcraft, magick shal thy tormentes ease:
If wrath of Gods; the Gods we will appease
With sacrifice, What can be else surmise'd?
If incurrions vnfurpriz'd: Thy mother, and thy father;
Drew from her soule a sigh, that fcorcht like flame.
Nor in the Nurse did this fufpition moue
Offuch a Crime: and yet the law 'twas Loue.
Importunate to knowe what leaft she feares,
Layd in her lap now warred with her teares,
She infold her in her feeble armes, and said:
I knowe thou lou'ft: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maist on my fedeity rely:
Nor shall thy father ever this defcry.
At that, in furie from her lap the spring;
Then on the bed her prostrate body flung;
Muffling her guilty looks: Be gone, she faid,
And spare the blufhes of a wretched maid.
Still urged: Begone, replyde; or else forbear
T'inquire of that which is a finne to heart;
The Nurse loft in amaze: her hands with yeares
And terror trembling (kneeling to her) reares:
Now fpakes her faire, now threatens to disclose
(Vindle she made her privie to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to prowe
Both secret, and affi{tant to her loue.
At that, her head she rais'd; her Nurses breft
With weeping bathes; oft froue to haue confef;
As oft with-held: at length she hid her head;
And faid, 'O Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then grones. The Nurse cold horror shooke;
Now too much knowing; with a gaffly looke,
Her hoarie haire star'd on her head: Who faid,
What not? that might fo foule a huift diflude,
The Virgin could not such a truth deny:  
But stands resolved, or to possesse, or die.  
Liew, said she, and possesse (there stoppe, as loath  
To lay, thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.  

Now Matrons celebrate the yearely Feast  
Of Ceres, whom long linnen flores invest;  
And offer garlands of their first ripe corne;  
Forbidden Venus for nine nights forborne;  
And touch of man. In spotlesse ornaments,  
With thefe, the Queene her secret Rites frequents.  
Lying alone, a the leadly diligent  
Doth Cynthia, o’re-charg’d with wine, present  
With proffer of true love, though falsely maskt:  
And prais’d her beauty, Of what age being askt?  
Of equall age with Myrrha, she replies.  
When bid to bring her: home in hate she highes;  
Rejoyce, said she, I bring thee victory.  
Th’ unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;  
Such ill success her troubled Soule divin’d:  
And yet she joy’d: such discord ract her minde.  

Now Silence over all the world did reign:  
And low b Boites had declin’d his Waine.  
(To finde addreft) from heauen bright c Cynthia flies;  
Starres shrowd their heads in clouds: Night loft her eyes.  
Erigone, Icarus, first remoue:  
She plac’d in Heauen for her paternall loue.  
Thrice stumbled she; the funerall Owle thrice rent  
The ayre with ominous shreakes: yet on the went:  
By pitchy Night, of modesty bereft.  
Her Nurfe’s right hand holding with her left,  
And groping with the other hand, explores  
Her blind accesfe. Now came she to the doores  
Of that dire chamber; now the way to finne  
She boldly openes; and now enters in.  
Yet blood and courage her at once forsooke;  
Her knees, vnknitting, one another strooke:  
The neerenede to her crime remoues desire:  
Who now repents, and would vnknowne retire.  
Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led;  
And, having rendred her unto his bed,  
Here Cyneras, said she, receive thy owne.  
And ioynes their cursed boffoms. He, vnknowne,  
His bowels to his bed assumes: and cheares  
With comfortable words, her mayden feares;  
By chance he call’d her daughter, (being old)  
And the him father: that their names might hold.  
Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaues.  
With wicked feed her cursed wombe conceaues:  
Who beares about the burden of her flame:  
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the fame.  

S 2  

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a Her Nurse.  
b A constellation following the Waine, or thole heauen starres, which wheel about the Northern Pole.  
c The Meone, of Cynthia a mountaine of Delos.  
d Converted into the signe of Virgo, and her father into Arcturus. See the Comment.
When Cinnyras, who longs to see his Louer,
So oft embrac' t; did with a light difcover
His finne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could vter: he vnfeaths his shining sword.
Shee swiftly flies: whom nights black shelter shields
From threatned death; and frayes through spacious fields.
Palme-clad a Arabia, and Panchea part;
Now hauing wander'd by nine Moones, at laft
Reft to her weare limbs SabuM gaue.
Charg'd with her womb, not knowing what to craue;
Betweene the hate of life, and feare of death,
Those thoughts she vters with her fainting breath.
You Powers! If Penitency pierce your care;
I have deferued, nor refuse to beare,
Your iust inflictions; yet leas I prophan
Or those who liue, or who in death remaine,
O banifli me from either Monarchie;
That, chang'd by you, I may nor liue, nor die!
Confession some ceclefiall pitie found.
Those wishes had their Gods. Euen then the ground
Coun'd her legs: a downe-ward-spreading root
Burft from her toes, whose ever-fixed foot
Sustain'd the lengthfull bole. Bones turne to wood,
To pith her marrow, into sap her blood:
Her armes great branches grow, her fingers spine
To littletwigs, her skin converst to rine.
Now her big womb the rising tree posseth,
Her bosome folds, and now her neck oppreft:
When shee, delay ill-brooking, downeward shrunk
And vales her vifage in the cloathing trunk.
Though fefe, with shape, the loft, still weeping, she
Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree:
Teares of high honour; these their Miftrife name
As yet preferue, and still shall bear the fame.
This ill-got infant, now at perfect groth
Within the tree; indeavour to get forth.
The strict embracing barke, her belly wrung,
With torment ftrech't; nor had that grieve a tongue:
Nor could she call b Lucina to her throwes:
And yet the tree like one in labour showes;
Boves downe with paine, and grones, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches flood;
Her hand impos'd, and utterd powerfull words.
The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
A paffage; whom thofe Nymphs receive with joy:
And in his mothers teares annoit the Boy.
Nor Envy could but prais his beauty: so
Thenaked Cupids, luely painted, show.
But, leas their habits some diftinction make;
A quiver glu'e, or his from Cupid take.

\[ a \text{ Arabia Petraea; } b \text{ The Goddess of Childbirth.} \]
Time glides away with undiscovered haft,
And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly to faft.
He, whom his fitter bore, his grandsires fan;
Late tree-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
But now a moft sweet infant, now as rare,
A boy, now man, now then hims elfe more faire.
And now on Venus for his mothers fires
Revenge inflicts; who dotingly admires.
For kift by quiver-bearing Loue, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender brefl; with fmart
Incent, fhe thrust him from her nor then found
The wounds deceifull depth, yet deep the wound.
Not now a Cythera could the Louer pleafe;
Nor b Paphos, grazped with refulting Seas.
High Gnidos, d Amathus, renown'd for braffe,
Nor heaven frequents: her heaven Adonis was.
Him woo's, accompanys, befides him lies
In gratefull fhares, and ftriues to pleafe his eyes.
Now like Diana the her felfe attires;
And trips o're hils and rocks, through brakes and briers:
Hollowes the hound, purfuing beafts of chace,
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Hares, who fly apace:
But rapefull Wolues, rough Beares, fell Borees efchues;
And Lyons, whom the blood of Beeues imbures.
And thec Adonis, her middoubts dilivade
From fuch encounters, had they beene obayd.
Who fly, faid fhe, be bold in following thofe:
Valour vnfafeely copes with valiant foes.
Sweet Boy! fubjed not me to fortunes froke;
Nor cruel beafts by nature arm'd prowess,
For feare fuch glory but too coyly pride.
Thy youth and beauty, though they Venus moue;
Nor briftled Swine, nor fhaggie Lyon touch:
Pitty ne'rt pierc't the hearts nor hearts of fuch.
Borees, in their crooked tufhes lightning haue:
And Lyons with impetuous furie raue.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
Old crimes, fai'd fhe, and wonder-fatling fate.
But now vn-vaftual toyle my strength invades;
And loe, you Poplar courts vs with her shades;
The graffe affords a bed, there let vs reft.
When, lying downe, the graffe and him the pref't.
Her head now in her Louers bofonie laid:
Thus (words with kiffees intermixing) faid.
Perhaps you of a maid haue heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the swifteft man.
'Tis true; She, won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her fpeed or beauty did excell.
Enquiring of a husband, this reply
Apollo gaue. The vfe of husband fly

Venus and
Adonis.

Hippomones and
Atalanta.
O Atalant! yet thou shalt vainly strive
Against thy fate; and loose thy selfe alue.
Frighted herewith in dead woods the liues:
And troopes of pressing Sutors from her drues
With this reply: Except out-runne I be,
I am a wife for no man; Runne with me,
My bed, and I, are both the winners meede:
The Tardie dies. Upon this law proceed.
She, cruel! yet to powerfull was her looke,
That many a youth the peril vndergoe.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick strife.

Will any through such danger seek a wife?
(Said He) and taxt their follies that pursuwd;
But when her face and naked forme he viewd;
Such as is mine, or Thine, her to a Maid:
Amaz'd! with hands vpheau'd, forgie (he said)
O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
The Prizes worth. Loue full by praifing grew:
Who wishes now that none might runne so fast:
Envies and feares. Why linger, I, nor haft
(Said he) to trie my fortune? Gods full aid
The adventurous. While this in thought he said;
The Virgin with a winged pace paft by.
Though seeming to a th' Aonian Youth to flye
As swift as Scythian shafts; her forme he more
Admires; by motion louelie then before.
The winde reverberates her ankles b wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple frings,
Toffing her haire, on ivory shoulders spred.
Her pure white body so receaues the red:
As when carnation curtaines are display'd
On pure white walls, & dye them with their shade.
While this the stranger viewd, the race was run:
And Atalanta's brows the garland won.
The vanquish'd fighe, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could so fast succes his fear procure:
Who rofe; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why seek you praise by easie victories?
Contend with vs: if we obtaine the Bayes,
Our victory will not eclipse your praise.
Megareus me begot, e Onchelius blood,
He Neptune, Ruler of the sacred Flood:
Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name
Will honour, and immortalize your fame.
This while, a wel-pleas'd eye She on him threw:
Nor knowes her with; to loose, or to subdue.
What God, a Foctor beauty, would deftoy
This Youth, said she, who seekes my bed rinojoy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The judge, there is not so much worth in me.

\[a\] Hippomenes of Aonia, after called Bactis.
\[b\] Those who anciently ran races, wore little wings tied to their heelees (in imitation of Mercury the mellenger of the Gods, and Instance of the Planet) to express the cer

\[c\] The sonne of Neptune, and father of Megarius.
Nor is't his beatitude mov'd, though it might move;
But that a Boy. We pitty, and not love.
Besides, his courage, and contempt of death!
Who from great Neptunes son denies his birth?
And then, his Loue; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his wife!
Be gon, o Stranger; shun my bloody bed,
While yet thou maist this March will loose thy head.
No Virgin is there who would not be thine:
And such would feke, whose lustres darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, so many flame?
Looke to thy selfe, or perili: since in vaine
Admonisht by such numbers, whom this stripte
Hath sent to death. That art weary of thy life.
And must he dye, because hee'd liue with me?
Must death, adventurous Loue, thy wages be?
This murder will our victory defame;
And purchase hate: yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldst defist, and danger shun!
Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run!
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
A ho poore Hippomenes! O would this place,
Th'hadst never scene! thou well deserv'dst to liue.
Were I more happy, and hard fate would giue
Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
To whom my bed and beauties should be knowne.
Thus she: Who raw, and pierc't with loues first touch,
Erres in her thoughts, and loues, nor knewe so much.
Now King and People call upon the Race:
When b Neptunes Issue thus implor'd my grace.
O Venus, favour my attempts, he said:
And thofe affections, which you gave me, aid!
This friendly winds convaid unto my care:
I pitty, and no longer helpe forbeare.
A field there is, so fertile none, through all
Rich Cyprus, which they Damasceus call.
Antiquity this to my honour vow'd:
And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.
A Tree there flourish'd on that pregnant mold,
Whole glittering leaves, and branches, thone with gold.
Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, so as none could see,
Himselfc excepted, to Hippomenes,
Together with their vict'ry, deliver'd thefe.
The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start;
Whole nimble steps scarce touch earths vpper part.
Their feet, vnwept, the fad might well have borne:
Or vnspresst falles of standing corn.
Favour and Clamor, joyning in remorfe,
The youth thus hearten: Now thy speed inforce,
Make haste Hippomenes, delay decline;
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtfull whether, what the people said,
More joy'd the Heros or Scheneian Maid.
How often lag'd the, when the might o're-goe!
And gazing on him, sigh't t'out-strip him so!
Short breath from panting bolomes scorching flew;
The Gole farre off: when Neptunes Nephew threw
One apple of the three. The Maid admires:
And greedy of the shining fruit, retires.
To catch the rowling gold: the Youth paft by;
And all the field resounded shouts of joy.
This hindrance the repaires with winged haft;
Again Hippomenes behind her caft.
The second fruit, throwne farther then before,
Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more:
The Race now neere an end, he saie, 'tis faue!
Great Goddesse, giue successe to what you gane!
And threw the shining gold another way
With all his vigor: to prolong her stay.
When I compeld her, doubtfull what to doe,
'To take it vp, and added weight thereto:
With-held: both by diverting her pursuite.
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
But leaft my words the Race in length exceed;
She was out-run, and he receiued his Meed.

Deferu'd not I both thanks and frankincense?
Thinke you Adonis, for his lifes defence?
He neither gane, Provokt with sudden rage
At this contempt, and leaft the future age
By such examples shoulde my God-head flight;
Against them both I due revenge excite.
The Fane, erectt by a Echions vow
Vnto the * Mother of the Gods, they now
Had paifd obfcur'd by dark and secret shades:
When their long journey them to rest perswades.
Hippomenes, incendt by my fires;
Here lufteth with vnleas'table desires.
A gloomie grot, much like vnto a Cauce,
Stood neere this Fane, to which light pumice gaue
A naturall couer, by devotion grac't:
Within this Cell the reverent Priest had plac't
The wooden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring, he pollutes their chaffe abodes.
The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, * crownd
With towres, had fruckt them e to the Stygian Sound:
But that the thought that punifhment too small.
When yellow maines on their smooth shoulders fall;
Their armes, to legs, their fingers turne to nailes;
Their brefts of wondrouss strength: their tufted taines

Whisk
Whiske vp the dust; their lookes are full of dread,
For speech, they tore: the woods become their bed.
These Lyons, feed by others, Cybel checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their stubborn necks.
These, my Dear, and all such kinds of beasts
As will not turne their backs, but bend their braets
'T encounter with the rash Afflant, Shun:
Least by thy courage We be both undone.
This said: thence flew Shee, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour such admonishments with stands.
By chance the dogs, pursuing long before
His fented footings, had dislodg'd a Bore.
Whom, rushing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth
Withes out the jauelin, with his blood imbrude.
Who now his lafitie seeking Foe pursuie;
Sheathing his tushes in his groyne: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idaia's weightless charriot through the aire,
Yet reacht not Cyprus: when the heavenly Faire
Thence heard his dying groans; and wheeling round,
Her silver birds direct to that sad sound.
But when she saw him weltring in his Gore,
Downe jumping from th' skies, at once she tore
Her haires and bosom: then her breast invades
With bitter blows; and Deftinie vpbraids.
Not all, shee saith, is subie& to your waft:
Our forrowes monument shall euer laft.
Sweet Boy! thy dearth's sad image, euery yeare
Shall in our solemniz'd Complaints appeare.
But be thy blood a Flower. Had Proserpine
The power to change a Nymph to Mint? is mine
Inferior or will any envy me
For such a change? This hauing wter'd, the Powr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant smell.
Sprinkled there-with, the blood began to swell:
Like shining bubbles, which from drops ascend.
And c'ran hour was fully at an end,
From thence a Flower, alike in colour, rose.
Such as those trees produce, whose fruits inclose
Within the limber rine their purple graines.
And yet their beauty but a while remains:
For those light-hanging leaves, infirmly plac't,
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blait.
Vpon the Tenth Booke
Of Ovids Metamorphosis.

Orpheys and Evridice.

Inooked Hymen repairs to the Nuptials of Orpheus and Evridice: but with woeful silence, and an ominous sadness. He is said to be clothed in a mantle of a saffron dye, in that Brides accustomed to cover their faces with veiles of that colour: not only for modesty, and to conceal their resembled blushes, but as a happy preface, since continually worse by the winces of the Flamins, between whom and their husbands there could be no divorcement. The nuptial Torches among the Romans were borne by five comely Tantalus of her kindred, pretending concord by that uneven number, which cannot be divided into an equal fraction: but one will remaine to compose the difference: and declaring by their light how the wife is the splendor and glory of her husband. But among the Grecians they used only a single Torch, and that carried by one who represented Hymen: which, if it burnt not clearly (as here) but crackled, and cast up a black and cloudy vapour, was held to prognosticate infidelity; and therefore they not seldome made the staffe of White Thorne, which afforded but a little light, yet free from smoke or ill savour. But true presages they are of the weather: if the lights burn bright, of faire, if blew of frosty, if obscurely and with fumpenous weikes, of foul and rainy.

Night-working Spinfters know, when they behold Oyle fputter in the blazing lamp, or view The fpungy weike, foule weather will infue.

So the trembling and flexuous burning of the flame prognosticates windes and a troubled sky; because no wind, till it hath driven the Aire is apparent to the Senec, the flame then the Aire more easily shaken. These omens fore-roune the death of Evridice; bit on the beeke by a Serpent, as he spported with the Naiades, and followed by her husband to the infernall Kingdom.

---- To Hell descends an easy way:
Black Plutos gates stand open night and day.
But to retire to that pure light above,
Moft hard! A few belou'd by equal light,
By ardent vertue rais'd to blest aboads,
Could this atchieue: the sonses of powerfull Gods.

Such was our Orpheus, the sonne of Apollo, and Calliope one of the Muses: who with the sweetnesse of his musick and sad lamentations draws teasers from the eyes of the remorses Furies, and a consent from Pluto and Procris of his wives restitution: provided that he looked not back to behold her, before they had past the confines of the Stygian Empire.

True loue deceivs, and no delay can brooke:
Hastling to fee, he left her with a looke.

I have heard a fable (sath Sabinus) not unlike unto this; if it be to be reputed a fable.
a fable, which the testimonies of many affirm for a history. A Gentleman in Bavaria of a noble family, so extremely grieved for the death of his wife, that he abandoned all the comforts of life and fed his constant sorrow with sighs and tears, until at length he regained her: who told him how she had finished the time prescribed by Nature: but by his importunate prayers was restored to life, and commanded by God to accompany him longer: upon these conditions, that their marriage dissolved by death should be again solemnized, and with all, that she should abstain from his former blaspemous executions, for which he loathed and should loose her again, upon the like commisison. This took him so far, that he laid her husband affairs as before, and bare him some children: but was ever pensive and of a pale complexion. Diuers years after, the Gentleman, heated with wine and coller, rapt out horrible oaths, and bitterly cursed his fermants: when his wife, with drawing into another room, was never more heard off: her apparrell, without her body, standing upright, as if an apparition. This (faith he) have I heard from many credible persons, who affirm that the Duke of Bavaria told it for a certaine truth to the Duke of Sax. ony. Pausanias reports, how Orpheus after the death of Euridice, repaired to Aorrhous in the country of the Thelports, where Oracles were given by raising of the dead (not in the power of Negromancy to effect), the dweller rather assuming their forms to delude his votaries when imagining that his wife followed him, but looking back, and finding the contrary, forth-with for sorrow flie himselfe. In emulation of Orpheus the dames of his Country accustomed to throw themselves into the funeral fires that burn their dead husbands (used not only of old, but frequently at this day in divers places of the East Indies) to testifie their affection, and out of hope to injoy in another world their beloved societys. So Dido who layd the foundation, and Aldrubals wife who beheld the ruin of Carthage, followed their husbands to the infernall Mansions. But the fable seems to allude to the former story, differing not much but in the Catastrophe: and invites us to a moderation in our desires, lest we lose what we affect by so much affecting. Hell, the Furies, and infernall torments, being no other then the perturbations of his mind for the death of his beloved sacrificed, and at length composed by the harmony of reason: when looking back, that recalling her to his remembrance, he falls into a deparete relapse, and as it were a second time losst her.

Orpheus retires to Haminus and Rhodope, who with the mufick of his harp and voice, attracts even beasts and senecele trees to hear and admire him. The mor. Attracted Trees. all of which fable may parallel with that former of Amphion: where of Horace in his art of Poetry.

Orpheus, the Gods interpreter, from blood Rude men at first deterr’d, and savage food. Hence said to have Tigers and fell Lyons tam’d. Amphion so, who Theban bulwarks fram’d Thauled the flones with mufick of his lute; And mild requestes. Of old in high repite Publique from privat, facred from profane, To separe, and wandering lust reftaine With matrimonial tyres; faire Citties raise, Lawes stam in brasile. This gave the honourd bayes To facred Poets, and to verie their prayle.
Yet musick in itselfe most strangely works upon our humane affections. Not in that the Soule (according to the opinion of the Platonists) consisting of harmony, & rapt with the hearefull musick before it descended from Heauen to inhabit the body, affectes it with the like desire (there being no nation so barbarous, or man so assurance and stupid, which is not by the melody of instruments and numerous compasses, either inciting to pleasure or animated to Virtue) but because the Spirits which agitate in the heart, recieve a warbling and dancing aire into the bosome, and are made one with the same where with they have an affinity, whose motions lead the rest of the Spirits dispersed through the body, raising or suppressing the instrumental parts according to the measures of the Musicks, sometimes inflaming: and againe composing the affections: the sense of hearing stricking the Spirits more immediately, then the rest of the senses. So those who become frantic by the mortal biting of a Tarantula, are only appeased with Musick, when the Musitian lights upon such a straine as sympathize with their Spirits: and by continuing the same are perfectly cured. Homer makes the Gods to pacify their dissention with musick: and Achilles with his owne to digest his anger.

His mind with his sweete harp he solace'd, brought
From fackt Eetian Thebes, divinely wrought,
Which at a baldrick, purl'd with filter, hung;
To this the deeds of great Heroës sung.

David (who with his Harp subdued the evil Spirit which vexed Saule) introduced harmony into the Temple, as setting well with that divine service: Ten even the glorified Spirits are described with harps in their hands, and singing the praises of the Almighty. But the fable of Orpheus, and the walking trees that followed his harp and ditties (more sensible then the Emperor Tacitus, who could not endure the melody of numbers) had an originall, as they say, from this story. The Bacchides, having much dammified the country by their furious solemnities, and the citizens fearing an increase of mischief, intreated Orpheus to reduce them by one stratageme or other. He having ordained a feast to Bacchus, so calmed their rage, and altered their affections with his musick, that he drew them downe from the mountain where they were assembled: who laying a side their iauelins, took branches of trees in their hands; and appeared a far off like a moving wood so such as beheld them. whereupon it was said that he attracted the fencele of trees with his Harmony. William the Conqueror was so deluded by the Kentishmen; and the usurper Macbeth by the expulsed Milcolm.

Among these assembled trees, which made a theater for the Sacred Singer, the Pine was one, into which the Phrygian Atis was converted. A beautifull boy, beloved of Cybil the mother of the Gods, and created the president of their Solemnities: who for affecting the Nymph Sangritis was castrated by her icelousy, as all her Priestes ever after whom they called Galli, of Gallus a conqueror of Phrygia, whose masters made the drinkeur franticke. Atis is said to have his members cut off, and to be transformed into a Pine, in regard of that trees infertility, as to be beloved by Cybil, in that consecrated unto her. But this fable is also referred to a history: How Cybil, daughter to Menos king of Phrigia, so called of a mountaine where she was expos'd, fell in love with Atys, a young man of that country, by whom she was gotten with child. This knowne to her father, he caus'd Atys to be slain, together with her Nurfe, and interdight their burials. When Cybil, distraught with love and sorrow, ran about the Country, her hair disbeveled, dancing, and playing on a timbrel
timbrel; insued after by her gelded Priests, in the celebration of her solemnities, gospeling with all their faces and bodies; like the Priests of Baal in their contention with Elijah. Not long after afflicted with a grievous pestilence, the Phrygians consulting with the oracle, were commanded to give Athis interment, and worship Cybil for a Goddess.

The Cypros tree crowded his her with the rest: the firelike monument of Cy-par pillus. A lovely boy beloved of Apollo: who killing by chance, a fig which he childishly affected, stoned away with sorrow; and desiring the Gods that he might ever mourn, was changed into that funereal tree. Weske and effeminate Spirits are afflietl with trifles. He is famed to have been beloved of Apollo, in that he was studious in Poetry, for such are said to be affected by Apollo and the Muses. And because the Cypros tree, being cut down or loft, (as men by the sight of Death) restored itself no more, it therefore was used at funerals. Yet only at the exquisites of the more noble: and vertues were also smitten of the fame to inclose their bones who suffered death for the publicke utility; upon an opinion that it preserves from putrefaction. The branches they stuck at the doores of the deceased, least any ignorant entering should be polluted by the dead body, according with the Leucinie law. Our Orpheus had his statue in Lycethrius (a city of Macedon) made of this wood, which swet exceedingly in the days of Alexander. The people not a little frighted with the prodigy, Aristander said, How it was to be hoped that Alexander was now in accomplishing, what would make all the Poets sweat to celebrate in their verss.

Orpheus begins his song, containing the rest of this book; with the praises and omnipotency of Jupiter; it being the true and original use of Poetry, to sing the praises of the Highest, and to inflame the mind with zeal and devotion. Such Moses among the Hebrewes, among the Grecians, Orpheus: who seems to make mention of the former in one of his hymnes by the name of the river-borne. And although he is said by the personing of qualities to have introduced Idolatry, the allegory forgot, and thefable receiv'd for history: or mingling bad seede with the good, in imitation of Trismegistus, who concludes his divine speculations of the Trinity, borrowed no doubt from Moses, with his own idolatrous fancies: yet is it apparent by his Testament to his scholler Muses, whereas certain verses are recited by Tullus Martry, that his opinion in divinity was in the maine part agreeable with the sacred Scriptures, which he bad learnt in Egypt (there left by the Israelites) and brought from thence into Greece. As of one God, the creator of Heauen and Earth, the author of all good, and punisher of all evil, exhorting him to the hearing and understanding of that knowledge, which was revealed from Heaven.

This sacred faw with all thy heart attend
(Thy reasons throne) the right high way ascend,
And see the holy king of Heauen and Earth,
Borne of himselfe, from whom all take their birth:
Who move in all vincence by mortall eyes,
Yet nothing from his sight concealed lies.

As for the many names which he gives to the Gods, no other thereby is meant, but divine and natural Virtues: shadowing God himselfe under the name of Jupiter, to avoid the envy and danger of the times, as is evident by these attributes.

Omnipotent
Omnipotent Love, the first and last of things.

The head, the midst: all from his bountie springs.

Foundation of the Earth, and starrd sky.

A male, a female: who can never dy.

Spirit of all, the force of a full fire.

Source of the Sea, Sun, Moone, th'originall

The end of all things: and the King of all.

At first conceal'd, then by his wonderous might,

And laced Goodness, all produc'd to light.

A place deeps sunk in yawning cliftes, twixt great

Dicarcheos and Parthenope, replant.

With black Coctus wantae: for winds that straine

To ruth forth there, a deadly heat containe.

Th'earth fruits in Autumnne bearers not, nor fad field

Once puts on greene, nor sprouting branches yeild

Their vernall fongs: but Chaos and rage'd stone,

Smircht with black pumice, there infufl, o're-growne

With mornenfull Cypresse. Dis his head here raises,

Cover'd with ashes pale, and funerall blazes.

Orpheus now sings in a lower straine of boyes beloved of Gods, and inordinate affection of women. And first of all of Ganymedes, rapt by Jupiter, in the forme of an Eagle. Wherein he differs from his former charater, if not vindicated by the allegory. This Ganymede was the sonne of Tros, the brother of Ilus and Affaraccus. A youth of surpassing beautie: soleme away from Ida by Jupiter. And because he wore an Eagle on his ceref (for that, as he sacrific'd before the battale with the Titans, an Eagle flying over his head, gave a happy angry) he was said to have rauished him in that forme. But others report that he was secretly murdered by the envy of his brothers and as secretly interred: when to comfort his penfue parents, the people gave him divine honours, and deviz'd this fable of his assumption, and conversion into the signe of Aquarius. And because that Celestiall conclusion is resembled to a boy, powring water out of a goblet, he is staine to fill Nectar for Jupiter in the ronnes of Hebe the daughter of Iuno: supposed not the least occasion of her hatred to the Trojans.

Old seeds of wrath, and bitter hate, insett

As yet her mind. Deep rooted in the breast
Tell me, where growest those flowers, whose leaves inflame
The names of Kings; and Phyllis shall be thine.

But no such impression there is in that which we call a Hyacinth. Yet Lazarus Bo-
namicus, affirmeth that at Venice he once saw a flower, brought thither from A-
xandria, which agreed with our Poets description. This flower first in the end of
March and beginning of April: which not only presenteth the season and beauty of
youth, but keepes the bace from sprouting on the chin, if annoymed with the yle
thereof. Now Apollo, the God of wit, of learning, and the Muses, is tained to af-
fect the young Hyacinthus for his beauty, and after his death to have turned him
into a flower: because the natural understanding, when innocent and uncorrupted,
refembs a boy; that is, wanting wisdom, yet repleat with beauty, in that it excit-
eth the mind to a felfe contemplation: whereby at length putting off the affections
and fervor of youth, by his own vigour it produceth the flower of knowledge and
wisdom, sweetly smelling with the fragrant odours of Virtue whose memory by mo-
numentall letters is derived to posterity. The Poets, shadowing under their fables
Philosophical and Theological instructions, by the love of the Gods unto boyes ex-
press the graaciusness of simplicity and innocence: and like little children, or not
at all, must we ascend the celestiall habitation. Now flowers are Physically said to
be beloved of Apollo, because they receive by the heat and virtue of the Sun their
growth and production.

Hyacinthus
Hyacinthus was an honour to Sparta; whose festivals they celebrated yearly. But no less a shame were the Propaetides, then the Cerastæ to Cyprus, transformed by Venus into Bulls for their inhospitality and humane sacrifices. Few Nations there are, that were not contaminated with this barbarous superstition: yet found it always some opposers. Diphilus King of Cyprus made this Idol of Jupiter, contented with an ox in stead of a man, and Hercules taught the Italians to drown a man made of straw, in stead of theListing. But when civility and knowledge had informed them better, they were generally abrogated. Tibertius crucifying the African Priests, even in those groves where they had butchered so many; and Adrian suppressed this abhorred custom of our Cypriots in Salamina. But although abolished among civil nations, yet the Devil whose malice is still the same, hath introduced these bloody Ceremonies among the savage Americans, not differing from those in the cruel sacrifices to Saturn, described by Diodorus; to shew that both had one teacher. Ceraste signifies horned; and these Cypriots were fain to have been changed into Bulls, in regard of their brutish immunity: or rather taking their name from that Island, called formerly Ceratia, of her many Promontories so called of their similitude, as in Phyllis to Demophon:

A bay there is, like to a bow when bent;
Rough horns advancing on the shores extent.

Yet would the obscene Propaetides deny the Deity of Venus: by whose revenge inflamed with lust and avarice, they prostituted themselves unto every stranger. The fable derived from the ancient custom of the Cypriots who at certain times of the year brought their daughters to the Sea coast to purchase their dowries with the loss of their virginitie: and willingly offered their forfeit Chastities to Venus. A law which was left them by their lascivious Goddess: the first that taught them to play the mercenary Carrians: being her selfe the concubine to Cyneras king of Cyprus who built her a temple, and instituted sundry new Ceremonies to this his Cyprian Venus, amongst the rest, that those who would be iniciated, should secretly convey a halfpenny into the hand of her Statue, in name of a reward. Well therefore (faith Firmicus) did the lover Cyneras obserue the rules of a trumpet, in commanding her Priests to give her a hire, as unto a profitorate. The Armenians had the like Custom in selling the honour of their daughters: and the Babilonians, being poore so purchased their subjection. There is nothing so impudent as a woman, when once she begins to contemne her fame, & is harded by Customary cuil. And therefore the Propaetides abandoning their shamefastnes, are aptly fain to have their blood congealed in their face, and little to differ from the boar whereinto they were converted: where of Menander.

Who have no fear, nor blush at their offence,
Are hardened with a frantic impudence.
Pygmalion (not that King of Tyrus who was Dido’s brother, but the son of Cilax the Cypriote) deterred by the beauty of the Propetides, and the many cases which raged in women, resolved to live a single life: who caring the image of a Virgin in ivory surpassing the perfection of Nature, fell in love with his own workmanship. Nor is it extraordinary for artists to admire their own skill, which adds to industry as industry to perfection. And perhaps the life which was given it by the Goddesse, was no other then the grace and beauty of the figure; which Apelles, in his picture, called the Venus, which made it live in the estimation of those times, and admiration of Posterity: as his son by her might be taken for the honour acquired by his admirable art; the Greeces and the Roman statues, after so many hundred years, affording as long a life to the fame of the Arti- cer. But taken historically, this statue may be some Virgin on whom Pygmalion was enamoured, who long as obdurat as the matter whereof she was made, was modified at length by his obstinacion: the ivory expressing the beauty of her body, and her blusses the modesty of her mind.

His lips to hers he ioynes, which seeme to melt.
The blushing Virgin now his kissee felt:
And fearfully erecting her faire eyes,
Together with the light her lowerl pics.

Blushing is a refert of the blood to the face, which, in the passion of shame, labours most in that part, and is seen in the breast as it ascendeth: but most apparent in those that are young, in regard of their greater heat and tender complexion: Which proceed not from an inquietude of the mind, but the novelty of the thing; nor can bee either put on or restrained. The ensigne of native Modefly, & the colour of virtue. A beautifull and modest wife is therefore here said to be given him by the Goddesse, in reward of his devotion, as the greatest temporall happiness. Neither may Pigm- alions being in love with an image be altogether fictitious: since both Pliny and Lucian make mention of a Tooth of no ignoble family (his name suppressed for the fouleness of the fact) who grew so desperately enamoured on that celebrated Statue of naked Venus, carved in Parian marble by Praxitiles, and enshrin’d in her Tem- ple at Gnudos; that all the day long he would gaze thereon, moving his lips as if he saw for acceptance, sigh, change colour, and expressing all the dis temperatures of a lover, offering at her Altar whatsoever his means would afford. And so farre his fury increas’d, that hiding himselfe one evening in the Temple, and being lock’d in by the Sexton, he ran to the Statue, embrac’d it strieckly in his arms, warming the cold marble with his burning kisses, and so contaminated it with his lust, that the flames ever after remained, as a monument of his impiety. Who either struck with the horror of the deed, or that it was not in Nature to satisfie his desires; threw himselfe from a rocke and so perisht. Beautiful women, though metamorphized into stone, would not want their lovers.

Pygmalion on his wife Eburnia begot Paphus; who gave a name to the Island, and that celebrated City where Venus was principally adored.

The pleasant Queene to Paphos then retir’d,
Where stood her temple: there a hundred fires,
Whose fragrant flame Sabaen gums devours,
Blaze on as many altars crown’d with flowers.

Vv

Paphos
Paphos begot Cyneras, and Cyneras Myrrha. Cupid (which is a desire of generation according to the order of Nature) denies to have kindled her unnatural flames: imputed to inframmal Alecto, or the Divell, who beget the impious soul, deferted by Virtue, such hellish affections. She excuses, accuses, her fury, and despairing attempteth to hang herself: the last and surest of these three remedies prescribed by Crates.

Fames amorem sedat; hic fata percutit.\footnote{Pinfamorem fedat, hic fiscus percutit.}\hfill\footnote{Pinfamorem fedat, hic fiscus percutit.}
Hae aequam tempestus efficit: nigro\footnote{Pinfamorem fedat, hic fiscus percutit.}
Preiater tempus hic quae: pretium falsos\footnote{Pinfamorem fedat, hic fiscus percutit.}
Eis laqueos, quem aptos tibi.--

Myrrha.

Hard fate will famish loue: if not, then will Time and long absence cure that farall ill.
If neither of these remedies succeed,
Then take a halter; that will doe the deed.

But Myrrha is prevented by her Nurse\footnote{Pinfamorem fedat, hic fiscus percutit.} who comforts, inquires and promiseth the assistance of her Arts: as cunning like as the Maflilian Priest:

She can with charmes releache the loue-sick mind:
And whom she will in amorous fetters bind.

Which is neither in the power of the Divell, nor those black arts to effect: as appeared by the vaine affairs of S. Cyprian, at first a Negromancer, and after a souldier of Christ, as recorded by Laurentius Surius. Bodin obserueth that Witches for the most part are old women (not one among an hundred a man) as more easily seduced by the Divell in regard of their melancholy and envy. Though Myrrha at the first was ashamed to confess she detested a guilt; yet could the experienced old woman discover it to be love; which as other diseases hath his unfiillible symptoms: being too strong an affecction of the soule, allied, and like unto Melancholy: which continually agitates the mind, and inflames it with the conceived beauty & graces of the beloved; let in by the eye, and in throne in the heart of the lover. This ardor increaseth daily, incensed by desire, and fomented by hope, until it attaine to fruition. Their eyes grow immoderate dry, wanting teares to relieve the oppressed heart, unless they fall into a violent weeping. Their eye-lids twinkle in a frequent motion: in so much as their looks sometimes express a smiling alacrity, as if with delight they either saw or heard the object of their contemplations. Their affections are transported with joy, sorrow, hope, fear, audacity, and disdaine: especially when the power of Loue is in discourse, the toyle, the injuries, and miseries thereupon depending. Their looks are macilent and pale, their eyes hollow, their eyelids galled with tears, and blew with inordinate watchings. Often they sigh, to refresh the hot and labouring heart with a greater quantitie of breath; the voice expelled in groans by the strugling of the over-charged spirits. Their pulses keepe no time, but either beat too faintly or too fast, according to the disposition of their tempestuous minde, by which their affections, and to whom, may be known: however they intend not to conceal it: for if the beloved come in by chance, or many names be repeated, when you light upon his or hers, the pulse will suddenly change, and pant with extraordinary violence. So Ephraïtratus discovered the concealed affections of loue-fick Antiochus. Yet this discovery may bee the better confirmed by the reiterated praises of the beloved: and withall, the joy thereof inligithen the looks, and gives a vigour to the eye, through the dilating of the spirits, and drawing of them forth to the outward parts. But Myrrha with much a doe confessing her impious affections, is dissuaded in vaine, and at length assisted by her Nurse, who basely prefers her life before her virtue or honour.

Contemne
Contemne we fame: fame feldome truth befriends;
Oft blasts the good, as oft the bad commends.

And drives whom she could not restraine unto ruine. The Witch and Band now puts in practive her horrid desigene:

Not Stygián Pluto ever durft pursue,
What a bold Monk, or fraudulent Hag durft doe.

Who takes her opportunity at the Festiwall of Ceres: to which none were admitted that were either uncleane, or whose confciences accused them of any secret crime: the Ceres proclaiming, Fly, fly furre hence; O you that are prophane. Wherefore Nero durft not come to the like, in regard of his guilt: and Antoninus would needs be invited, to prove himselfe innocent. The Queene, a votaress, and separated for that time from her husband; Cyneras, full of wine, is tempted and deceaen by the Nurfe. Wine is a spur unto Venus, and prodigall cups beft the underflanding: exemplified by Lot who then lay with his two daughers (wherewith this fable agrees in sundry particulars) at that time removed from his knowledge. But drunkenneffe confounds the memory, and so bemifs the eye, that things appere not the fame that they are: and therefore said to fee all things double:

Mad Pentheus such, whom troopes of furies fright:
Who faw two Sunnes, Thebes doubling in his fight.

But Myrrha at the knowledge of her Nurfe's deceaese, is diuerted at once with all the soure effects of the minde, whereof two are delightfull, and two sorrowfull. Of the frit, the one belongs to things prefent, which is joy; and is an opinion of a present good; the other, defire unto the future, and is an opinion of a good to come. Of the two ladones, sorrow is an opinion of a prefent evil; and feare, of a future. Hence all immoderat perturbations are derived. Now led by the Nurfe to the bed of her father. The flames bid their heads in clouds as detesting fo horri ble a speciałe, but firft of all Icarius and Erigone.

This Icarius was a Gueff to Bacchus, who gave him a Boracio of wine, and bad him communicate it to others. Certaine sheeheards, in his returne into Attica, drinking thereof immoderately, intoxicated fell on the Earth: and imagining that he had poifoned them, fliew him with their hands. His dog Neraca, by running before and bowling, shew'd Erigone his father where he lay unburied: who after he had interred him, ascended the mountaine Hymettus, and there hung her selfe. It is fained that Jupiter, at the intreatie of Bacchus, changed them both into Confcellations: calling Erigone, Virgo; one of the fix Northerne signes, who carries in her left hand an ear of corn with a flarre of the firft magnitude; and her father Boetes, between whose legs shines the eminent Arcturus, which in revenge of his murder arifteth in tempests. The Athenians, afflicted with pestilence, had an answer from the Oracle, that it then should ceafe, when they offered their firft fruits to Icarius and Erigone, who moreover erected Altars unto them, and appointed festivall duties, devising certaine games of swinging in the aire, to represent the manner of her death. The like were introduced by Afcarius for the lafe of his father Anchises: in use among the Turkes at this day; as I have scene at the feast of their greater Eram. But Icarius his dog, which died at the feet of his hanging Misiris, was called Aftricyon, by vs the Dog-star: his malignancty, as they fay, proceeding.
In the former occasion, causing burning fevers, frenzies, and infections, whose eaigne determines with the rising of Arcturus, the season then suffering an alteration. The rising and setting of these, and the like notable stars (or rather their dispiration from the beams of the Sun, and their being obscured by his greater light) was to the mariner and husbandmen instead of a Calendar.

Myrrha attains to an horrid fruition. And least this should seeme fabulous, it is paralleled in history, if not transcended, by Lucretia the daughter of Pope Alexander the sixth: who not only lay with her father (not unknowne to him, as Myrrha to Cyncias) but with her brother the Duke of Candy, who was slaine by Cesar Borgio, for being his rival in his sisters bed. Of whom this Epitaph is extant:

Her Lucrece lyes sa Thais in her life.
Pope Sextus daughter, daughter in law, and wife.

And Sanazarus

Muft Sextus, Lucrece, still burne in thy fire?
O fatall! this aduuterer thy Sire.

Myrrha at length discovered by her father, flyes from his fury; and wandring as far as Sabaa, fearing to dy, and not desiring to live, is changed into a tree (so faine, in that she concealed her selfe ever after) by the compassionate Gods, who accept of her repentance; and although infinsitive, shed her bitter teares (meaned by the odorous Gum which distilleth from thence) for her former transgressions. This tree grows only in Arabia the Happy, of which Sabaa is a part; being high and thorny, proffering the better by boring the root, and lancing the rime; and then when the windes most bluster, shed her precious juice in the greater plenty; which preserves the bodies of the dead from corruption. So a Mind upright and constant to itself remains unviolated by the turbulent tempers of Envy; but rather so exercised, produceth the fruit of virtue with the greater alacrity; and becomes thereby more perficious.

Nor wicked way of popular heat,
No nor the haughty Tyrants threat,
Can shake the uift and solid Minde
To virtue true: nor high South-winde
Which Adriastyling waues commands;
Nor thunders Iones almighty hands.
Who, should the heavens disfoule, would beare
Their fearfull ruine without feare.

The tree, according to the time of women, is delivered of Adonis: which signifies sweetness, and may be taken for that fragrant gumme, as the story of Myrrha's affecting her father for the sun, the father of all vegetables; this plant delighting, and fruifying only with immoderate fervor, which chaps the rime, and opens a passage for that delicate liquor.

Adonis now grown a boy, and of mortals the most beaulliful, is beloved by Venus (so faine, perhaps in that Myrrha is so great a provocative to lust) who preferreth earth, and the fruition of a mortall, before heaven (a wise not rare in a lover) and now turns Huntress to comply with her beloved: for loue begets a similitude in

Venus and

Adonis.
in disposition, and facilitates all labour, even in the naturally lazie. Out of a lower fear he persuades him to avoid such beasts as are naturally cruel; and by her expressed hatred to the Lyon, relates the story of Hippomenes and Atalanta. She, deterred from marriage by the Oracle, delivers with her sisters, that he only should have her (the lover rewarded with death) who had the power to out-run her; which Hippomenes performs by the deceit of three golden apples, which were given him by Venus. This fable is said to signify the contention between Art and Nature. Art expressed by Atalanta, which in her own virtue, if not interrupted, is swifter by far than Nature, or Hippomenes, and sooner arriseth at the proposed end, as almost is evident in all things. Fruits are long ingrowing from kernels, but quickly produced by grafting: clay long ere it generate a stone, yet suddenly changed into brick by the fire. So in morality, continuance of time procures an oblivion of sorrow, and comforts as it were by the benefit of Nature: but Philosophy, which may be called the Art of living, expects not time but prevents it. Yet these Golden Apples give impediment to this prerogative and vigor of Art, to the infinite detriment of humane affairs. Neither is there any of the arts and sciences which constantly proceed in a true and legitimate course to the end prefixed; but interrupt their undertakings, and desert the Palm, like Atalanta diverted by inciting la
cre. And therefore no man will though Art overcome not Nature, and destroy not the vanquished, according to the compact of their contention: when contrarily it falls out, that Art is under her command, and obeys her as a wife doth her husband. This fable discourses also the unconfiant minde of a woman, diverted by gold, or pleasure, from her intended course, and obedience to the heaukely Oracle, to her fore-knowne and assered defraction. Now apples were consecrated to Venus, by which the fruits of love were expressed: and therefore she was stampt on divers coynes with her left hand holding by a tree, & proffering an apple with the right, with one of these inscriptions, Venus s.c. or Venus Felix.

Hippomenes ingratitude to the Goddess for her timely assistance, by her invocation pollutes a sacred Grove with his unseasonable lust: when both he and his wife are converted by Cybel into Lyons, and forced to draw in her chariot. Ingrati
tude to man is a hotful vice, but to God a flagitious. It is seconded, says Xenophon, by impudence, and impudence is the conductor to all uncleanness. Wherefore ingratitude Hippomenes becomming impudent and unchaft, defiles even holy places with his unbridled concupiscence: and in regard of the salthome fury of lust, is famed with Atalanta to have beene changed into furious Lyons. The Images of the Gods are here said to turne their faces aside from so beastly a spectacle: nor greatly to be wondered at, if possessed by hypocritical Divels, according to the opinion of Trinmegittus. Our fathers, faith he, exceedingly erring in incredulity concerning the Deity, and never penetrating into the depth of Divine religion, invented the art of making of Gods: whereunto they joyned a virtue out of some part of the nature of the world, alike to the other, and conjoyning these two, because they could create no Soules, framed certaine Images, into which they invoked either Angells or Divells, and so by these mysteries, gave those Idols power both to hurt and helpe them. To this addes hath that of Lactantius. These subtil and vagrant Spirits perturb the quiet of all things, mingle falseheds with truths, and low the seeds of errors in the mindes of mortals. And surely both the sweating, motion, weeping, & speaking of Images, was formerly frequent: wherewith at this day the common people in sundry countries are not rarely illuc
ded. But Hippomenes and Atalanta were not punished by Venus, to whom they proved ungrateful; because it becomes not them, who bestow a benefit to punish in

gratitude,
gratitude, least thereby they lose the glory of their munificence; wherefore Venus, as if thereof unwise, leaves them to bee confounded by the wrath of Cybel, who is fain to be crowned with towers, in that taken for the Earth which supported them. Said to be the mother of the gods; or rather the general mother of all things; from whom we have both our substance and sustenance; who when we are cast from the abodes of the living, receaues us againe into her peacefull bosom. She is said to be drawn by Lyons, in regard of their heat and capacity, representing the Heavens wherein the Ayre, which carrieth the Earth, or Cybel, is contained. Marcus Antonius, after the battle of Pharsalia, had his charriot drawn by two Lyons: as after Heligalabals, which by him were named Cybelencs.

Venus, having admonished Adonis, is drawneth through the aire by her silver Swans: a sole dedicated unto her in regard of his beauty and cleanliness. But the courage and youth of Adonis, uncapable of advice, thrust him unto encounter with a Bore; by whom he was slaine: whose dying groanes revoke the afflicted Venus, who bewailes his death, and converts him into a flower now called Anemoy. Men of excellent beauties have likely beene subject to miserable defuncts.

Of which Muretus and Cantarus produce a number of examples. Now beauty consists not only (as some imagine) in the favour of the face and delicacy of the complection, but in the dignitie of the stature, the apt composition of the limbs, and harmonious symmetry of the lineaments; whose smallest disorder is forthwith apprehended by the eye, and as soone dissipated. The face is to be thrice the length of the nose: the half of circles of the ears are joyned together, and to equall the wideness of the mouth when extended; so are the united eye-brows. The length of each lip, of the nose, and of either ear holding one proportion, being measured as before. The circles of both the eyes and the mouth alike. Eight times the length of the face should be the length of the body, of equal breadth when the arms are displayed. Into these are to be added a bright sparkling of the eye, well mixed colours and a concinnity of the lineaments. This being annexed to the beauty of the body, which Athenaeus, Euripides and Iliocrates hold to be most exquisite. Hippocrates observeth that those who are tall of stature are most comely in their youth, but in their age most deformed: yet surely that is the best which neither procureth contempt nor wonder.

The feast of Adonis were yearly celebrated by the Phenicians (of which countrie they report him to be) beating their breasts and tearing their garments, with universal sorrow: offering sacrifices to his Manto; yet affirming the day following that he lived, and was ascended into heaven. The women that would not cut their hair, were enioyed to prostrate themselves unto strangers, and to offer the hire of their bodies unto Venus. This lamentation for the death of Adonis is mentioned by the Prophet Ezekiel: for so Thamuz is interpreted in the vulgar translation, although Tremelius take it for Ofysiris: howeyer, both are the same in the allegorie. Salomon is said in the first of the Chronicles to have followed Affarten; which some interpret to be this Venus, the goddess of the Sidonians. She had her statue in mount Libanus in a mounts full posture: her head covered with a vail, leaning her cheek on her left hand, and sustining her mantle with the other, into which her teares appeared to descend. Now Adonis was no other then the Sun, adored under that name by the Phenicians; as Venus by the name of Affarten: for the Naturalists call the upper Hemisphere of the Earth, in which we inhabit, Venus;
nus, as the lower Proserpina: Therefore they made the Goddess to weep, when the Sun retired from her to the fixe winter signes of the Zodiacke, shortening the dates, and depriving the earth of her delight and beauty: which againe he restores by his approach into Aries. Adonis is said to be slaine by a Bore, because that beast is the Image of the Winter, saluage, horrid, delighting in mire, and feeding on eackones, a fruit which is proper to that season. So the Winter wounds, as it were, the Sunne to death, by diminishing his heat and lustre: whose losse is lamented by Venus, or the widdowed Earth, then covered with a raile of clouds: Springs gushing fro thence, the teares of her eies, in greater abundance, the fields presenting a sad aspect, as being deprived of their ornament. But when the Sun returns to the Equator, Venus recovers her alacrity; the trees invested with leaves, and the earth with her flowrie mantle: wherefore the ancient did dedicate the month of April unto Venus. And not onely the Phoenicians, but the house of Judah did worship the Sun under the name of Tamuz, the same with Adonis: for Adon in Hebrew signifies Lord, and he the Lord and Prince of the Planets: they calling his entrance into the signe of Cancer, the revolution of Tamuz.

The lovely Adonis is famed to have bene changed into Anemone, a beautifull, but no permanent flower: to expresse the fraile condition and short continuance of Beautie.

Beauty, a doubtfull good, the grace And bounty of a little space,
How more then swiftly doft thou run!
Not fo the fervor of the Sun
Deflowers the meddows of their pride
When in his Solftice, at noon: tide;
And Night on hafty charriot flies.
The Lilly languishes and dies;
Nor Roses long thy garland grace:
So the sweet splendor of the face
Fades in a moment: and no day
But beares from thence some spoile away.
O fleeting thaddow! who is wife,
Thar on fo fraile a good relies!

Thus ends the tenth booke, together with the song of Orpheus.
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS,

The Eleventh Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough harks infold
The cruel Bacchanals. To flaring Gold
All turnes at Midas touch: He's bodie lanes
In clare Pactolus, whose inriched waies
Wash off his gold and gilt: an Ases ears
His folly shame: the whispered Secret bearers
Like sounding-Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide
Of sacred Seas, in humane shapes reside.
For't Thetis varies formes. Daedalion
To a Falcon turn'd. A Wolfe congeal'd to Stone.
Morpheus to mortals, Phobetor to Brutes,
And Phantafus to shapes inanimate fuses.
Transform'd Haley one and Ceyx'tye.
So Ajax, who vainly strives to dye:

Thus while the Thracian Poet with his songs
Beasts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold Ciconian dames (their furious brefts
ez Clad with the spotted skinnes of faluagc beasts)
The sacred Singer from a hill epy'd,
As he his dittie to his harp apply'd.
Of thefe, One cry'd, and toft her flaring haire;
Lo he who hates our fex! then threw her fppeare
At his melodious mouth, which inie-bound,
Kift his affected lips without a wound.
An Other hurles a fong, this, as it flew,
His voice and harps according tunes subdue.
Which felfe-accus'd for fuch a rude affay,
Before his feet, as in submission lay:
Rash violence, the meane exil'd, increaf'd.
And mad Erinny's reign'd in every breft.
His fongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyfe
Of Cercyphan fhalmes, elapt hands, loud cryes,
Drummes, howling Bacchanals, with frantick found
Had not his all-appealing musique drown'd.
The ftones then blush with filent Orpheus blood:
But frift on rauifht beafts that lifting flood,
On Fowle, and Serpents, they their flightinferre;
And raz'e the glory of his Theater.

X x

a Orpheus.

The Thracian Bacchides.
b Of the Cicones, a people of Thrace.

c Thyfiae.

A Furie, signifying the di

Ration of the mind.

e Instruments vied in the

featts of Ephes, called Bero

ephalas, called Bero-
synthia, of Berythlon, a city
and mountains of Phrygia,
dedicated unto her.

f By dispersing those who

flood about him in that
forms.
Then all with cruel hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day fly;

a The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,

b In the Amphitheater now made a prey
To eager hounds; so they together flung
Their leasy speares, not fram'd for such a wrong,
Some clods, some arms of trees, some itones let fly,
And leaft wilde Rage should weapons want, hard by
By chance flow Oxen drew the furrowing plowghes;
And swaines, prouiding food with sweating broues,
Dig'd with their brawny armes: who feare-inclind,
Before them fled, and left their tooles behind.
Their mattocks, rakes, and spades dfferfed lay
About the empty fields: thefe snatcht away,
(Thel ploughs from threatening Oxen torn) their hate
Hurries them back vnto the Poets fate.

Him, holding vp his hands, who then in vaine
First spent his breath, nor pity could obtaine,
That Rout of sacrilegious Furies flew!
Euen through that mouth (o Jupiter!) which drew
From itones attenation, which affection bred
In saluage beasts, his forced spirits fled!
Sad birds, wilde Heards, hard flints, and woods, of late
Led by thy verfe, then wepeat thy sad fate

c Trees fled their leaves, streams with their teares increafed:
The Naiades and Dryades inuelfe
Themselves in full enhanced, and display
Their scattered haire. Thy limbs dfferfed lay.

His head and harp they into Hebrus flung,
The harp founds something, fadly; the dead tongue
Sighs out fad ditties: the bankes sympathize
(That bound the riter) in their fad replies.
Now them to Sea their native current bore;
Both caft vpom Methymnian Lesbos shore.

A Dragon on the forraigne land prepares
To feaze his head, and lick his dropping haires.

When gaping to devour the Hymnifs face,
Phebus descends: and in that very space
Into a stone converts him by his powre,
With jawes extended ready to devour.

His Ghoul retires to under shades: once more
He fees, and knowes, what he had feene before.
Then through the Elysian fields among the blest
Seekes his Eurydice. Now reproffed
With strict imbraces, guided by one minde,
They walke together: oft he comes behinde;
Oft goes before: now Orpheus safely may
His following Eurydice furuay.

Yet Bacchus renders vengeance for their hate:
Who vexed at his Prophefs cruel fate,
The Eleventh Booke.

Fist all these Edonian Dames that then were by
With spreading roots, and who more eagerly
Purfu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the solid earth, which down-ward grew.
And even as towle whose feet intangled are
Within the subtile foulers secret snare.
Become by fearefull fluttering faster bound;
So, each of these, now cleaing to the ground,
With terror strugge to escape in vaine;
For faster-binding roots their flight reftraine.
One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twining legs in timber meet;
In passion, thinking to have struck her thighs,
She strikes hard oke, hard oke her breasts supplies;
Her shoulders such: her arms appeare to grow
In naturall branches; and indeed did so.

Nor thus content, their fields Lyus leaves:
Whom c Timolus, with a better troope receiues,
And swift d Pasbolus, who did then infold
No precious sands, nor grains of eu'n d gold.
Satyres and Baccbanals to him repair,
His vifual traine e Silenus then not there.

Him eke the Phrygian Rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with ivie crown'd,
To Midas bring: whom Orpheus f Orgies taught,
And sage g Eumolpus from h Cecropia brought.
When knowne to be his partner in those Rites;
For in this his partner hee, the succeeding nghts,
He entertain'd him with a spumtuous feast.
Eleuen times i Lucifer the flarres supprest:
When, with wild mirth, he treads the Lydian fields;
And to the God his Foster-father yeelds.
He in his safe returne doth much reioyce:
Whose bountie Midas trufrates by his choice.
For, wil'd to wish, let all, said he, I touch
Comert to gold. His ignorance was such.
Forth-with to him his with k Lyus gives:
And at his folly nor a little grieues.
But in his curse the Berecythian ioyes:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tries,
Scarce trusting his owne fenfe, a tree bereaues
Of flender boughs; they shone with golden leaves.
Takes vpa stone; that stone pale gold became:
Takes up a clod; the clod presents the fame:
Crops flake of corn, these yeeld a sheafe of gold:
An apple pulls; therein you might behold
m Th' Hefferian purchase; toucht by him alone,
The marble pillars with rich mettall shone.
And when he waffit; that water, howr'd in raine,
Might simple n Dam'e haue deceu'd againe.

X x 2

Midas,

b Bacchus.
c A mountaine of Lydia.
d A river of Lydias.
e An old Satyre, Foster father to Bacchus.
f The Rites of Bacchus.
g The Ion of Mufaeus; a Prophet, and Priest of Bacchus.
h Athens; of Cecrops, the first King of that city.
i The morning Starre.
j Bacchus.
k Midas; of Berecythia, a city of Phrygia.
m The golden Apples of the Hefferian.
n As formerly bytjuicer.
Metamorphosis

His brief scarce holds his hopes, whose fancy wrought
On golden wonders: when his servants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toouch a Ceres bounty, but that proud'd to be
A flaming maffe: the caried viands straight
Betwene his greedy teeth convext to plate.
About to drinke mixt wine, you might behold
His thirstie jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with so strange a plague, (both rich and poore;
He hates and flumes the wealth he wilft before.
His plentie feeds him not; he burns with thirst:
By loa thed gold deferredly accurst.
Then, lifting vp his fnining armes, thus praid:
Father Ceres, c, afford thy aid!
I have offended, pitty thou: and me
From this so glorious a mischiefe free.
The gentle powre the penitent refor'd:
And for his faith, affords what he implo'red.
Left ill-willt gold about him till abide;
Goe, said he, to those Crifall freames that glide
By potent Sardis: keep the bankes that lead
Along th'incountring Current to his head.
There, where the gulling fountaine fomes, due in:
And, with thy bodie, waft away thy finne.
The King obayes: who in the fountaine leaves
That golden verue, which the Spring receiveas.
And ftill tho ancient feeds thefe waters hold:
Who gild their fhores with glittering grains of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestowes
His time with Pan, whom mountaine Caues inclofe.
Yet his groffe wit remains: his shallow braine
And ftrift fences punifh him againe.

High Tmolus with a steepc alcent displayes
His rigid browes, and vnder-feas furvais:
Whose fretcht-out bafes here to Sardis joyns;
There to Hypepis, girt in small confine.
Where bafting Pan, while he his verfe doth praise
To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rurallayes;
Before Apollo's duft he his fongs preferre.

They meet (ill-matcht) great Tmolus arbiter,
Th'old Iudge on his owne Mountaines fits; and cleares
His cares from trees: alone a garland weares
Of Oke, with akernes dangling on his brow.
Who thus belpake the God of Shepheards: Now
Y our iudge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds:
And Midas fancie with rude numbers feeds.
Then facred Tmolus to divine Apollo:
Concerts his lookes: his woods his motion follow.

He, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,
Clad in a Tyrian robe that swept the ground,
A Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes incand'c't
And * Indian teeth, the bow his right hand gracie't.
A perfect Arift shew'd. Then svedly plaid
When Tmolus, rauight with his muffick, said,
* Turn to the Violl yeeld thy rudre reed.
All like of what the Mountaine had decreed,
But * Midas only; whose exclamies traduce
The Centurie, Phoebus for this grossie abuse
Transformes his cares, his folly to declare:
Stretcht out in length, and couer'd with gray haire:
Instable, and now apt to moue. The rest
The former figure of a man posseth,
Punifh't in that offending part; who beares
Vpon his skull a flow'pac't Affes cares.
He strues to couer such a foule defame:
And with a red * Tiara hides his shame.
But this his servant saw that cut his haire:
Who bigge with secrets, neither durft declare
His Soveraignes scene deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who diggs a shallow pit,
And therein softly whispers his disgrace:
Then turning in the earth, forsooke the place.
A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes; Which comming to maturitie, difelope
The husbandman; and by soft South-winds blowne
Repeat his words, and his Lords cares make knowne.
Revang'd Apollo, leaving Tmolus flies
Through liquid ayre; and on the land which lies
On that fide * Helles straightned surges stands:
Where far-obayd Lamosden commands.
Betwenee Rhetaum and * Sygauum flood
Anancient Altar, high aboue the flood,
Vowd to the f Panomphaen Thunderer:
From whence he saw the King begin to reare
New Troy's scarce founded walls; with what ado;
And with how great a charge they flowly grew,
Who, with * the Father of the dwelling Maine,
Indues a mortall shape: both entertaine
Themselfes for vnregarded gold to build
The Phrygian Tyrants walls. That worke fulfill'd;
The King their promised reward denies:
And falshoody forswearing multiplies.
Reuengefull Neptune his wild waues vnbound
Which all the shores of greedy Ilium drown'd;
And made the Land a Lake; the country Swaine
His labour loft beneath that liquid Plaine.
Befides the * daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rock exposes stands
To feed a Monfter of the Sea, yet free,
By strenuous Hercules. Yet could not H:
X x 3

* Adorned with Elephants.

b An ornament for the head, worn of old by the Esterne Princes, much like a Turkish Turban.

g Neptune.

* Anciently called Tyrants.

h Loamisdead: all Kings being
The horses of Laomedon enjoy; His valours hire: who sacks twice periur'd Troy: And gives his fellow Souldier Telamon.

Hesione: for Peleus now had won
b A Deity; nor in his Grandfather Took greater pride, then in his Sire by her. For Jupiter had nephewes more then one: But he a Goddeffe had epous'ed alone.

For aged Proteus thus fore-told the truth To waue-wet Thetis: Thou shalt bear a YOUTH, Greater then him from whom he tooke his birth In armes and fame. Leaft any thing on earth Should be more great then love, love hunches the bed Of Sea-thron'd Thetis, though her beauty led His ftong defires: who bids Bacides
Succeed his loue, and wed the Queene of Seas.

A Bay with in Eampaign lies, that bends Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends: Which were, if deepe, a harbour lockt by land; Where shalow feas o're-spred the yellow sand. The follid shore (whereon no sea-weed growes) Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shoues. Hard by, a mirtle-groue affords a shade:
In this, a caue, rather though doubtfull, made By art then nature: hither Thetis swimmes: On Delphins back, here layd her naked limbs. In this the sleepeing Goddeffe Peleus caught: Who, when she could not by his words be wroght, Attempts to force, and clapst her in his armes.
And had she not affum'd her vsitall charmes In varying shapes he had his will obtain'd.
Now turns t a fowle, yet he her flight refrain'd: Now feemes a maffie tree adorn'd with leaes;
Close to the hole th'inamor'd Peleus cleaues. A spotted Tygrefle the prentes at laft: When he, with terror firuck, his armes vnclapst.
Who powring wine on seaus, those Gods implores; And with perfumes and facricfe adores:
Till the Carpathian Prophet rais'd his head, And said, Bacides, injoy her bed.

Doethou but bind her in her next furpris, When in her cold moist caue she sleepeing lyes: And though she take a thousand shapes, let none Dilmay; but hold, till she refuse her owne. This Proteus said, and diued to the Profound: His latter word in his owne waters drowead.

Now hafty Titan to Heretian seas Descends; when bearius Thetis, bent to eafe Forsooke the flood, and to her Cauo repair'd. No sooner she by Peleus was infrant'd,
But forthwith varies formes, vntill she found
Her virgin limbs within his fetters bound.
Then, spreading forth her armes, she singing saide,
Thou haft subdued by some immortal aid:
Appears her selfe; nor his imbrace repelled;
Whose pregnant wombe with great Achilles swel'd.

Happy was Peleus in his sonne and wife:
And had not *Phoebus* murder foil'd his life,
All-fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
Theoe *Trachis* harbours, from his home exil'd.
Where courteous Ceyx, free from rigor, reign'd;
The sonne of *Lucifer*, whose looks retain'd
His fathers luft: then difconforte,
Nor like himselfe, for his loft d brothers fate.
Hither, with trauell tyr'd, and clog'd with cares,
The banifh'd with a flender traine repaires:
His Flocks and Heards, with men for their defence,
Left in a thadic vale not farre from thence.
Conducted to his royall presence, Hee
With Oliue brancht, downe bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murder masks
With forged caufe of flight - a dwelling askes
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies:
Our hospitable bounty open lies
To men of vulgar rankes: what owes it then
To your high spirit, fo renound'd by men?
Of monumentall praise? Whose blood extracts
His founfe from *Ioue*, improued by your Acts?
To sue, is times abusive: your worth affures
Your full defires, of all, the choice is yours?
I with it better. And then wept. The caufe

*Ioues* Nephew askes: when after a short pause;
Perhaps you thinke this Bird which lies by rape
To all a terror, euer had that shape.
He was a man, as constant in his minde
As fierce in warre, to great attempts inclin'd.
*Daedalion* nam'd, sprung from that Star which wakes
The deawie Morne, the last that heauen forfakes.
Affecte peace I foster'd, with the rites
Of nuptiall joyes; He joy'd in bloody fights.
His valour Kingdomes with their Kings subdued
By whom the Thibian doues are now pursu'd.
His daughter Chione, whose beautie drew
A thousand tutors, ripe for marriage grew.
By fortune *Phobus*, and the sonne of *Mai*.
From Delphos, and Cyllene, came this way:
Here meeting *Hooke*, and like. The God of Light
Deferr'd his joy-imbracing hopes till night.

Hermes ill-brookes delay: who on her laid
His drowsie rod, and forc'd the sleepie Maid.

---

*a Shaine out of envy by Peleus & Telamis, in that midst beloved by their father Aeneas for his versaces.*

*b A city at the foot of the Mountaine Ofius.*

*c The Morning Star.*

*d Daedalion.*

*e The signe of Pe, when wound about, and willingly taken of a suppliant.*

*f Pelous, the son of Laxus, the son of Jupiter.*

*g Daedalion.*

*h Of Thibla, a city of Bastia, abounding with Pigeons.*

*i Mercury the sonne of Maia, one of the Pleiades.*

*j His Caduceus.*

**Night**
Night spans the skie with starres. An old wifes shape
Apollo tooke, and seconds Hermes rape.
Now when the fulneffe of her time drew nye,
Autolichus was borne to Mercury.
Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights;
Who could with subtillte deceaue the sight;
Converting white to black, and black to white.
To Phoebus (for the bare two fonnes) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harpe and fongs.
What is t'hauc had two fonnes: two Gods' inflame?
A valiant father: Jupiter the fame?
Is glory fatall? sure t'was for to Her;
Who to Diana durst her face confer,
And blame her beautie. With a cruel looke,
She said, Our deeds shal right vs. Fortwith tooke
Her bow, and bent it, which she strongly drew,
And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
It bleeds: of speech and found at once bereft:
And life, with blood, her falling body left.
What grieue (o Pietie!) oppreft my heart!
What said I not, to affwage my brothers smart!
Who heares me so as rocks the roaring waues;
That beat their browes; and for his Daughter raues.
But when he saw her burne, four times fail'd
To sack the flamie Pile; as often fail'd.
Then turns his hecles to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull:
Yet feem'd to run far faster then a man,
As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
Who swift in chace of wifhed death, ascends
Parnassus top. As he his body bends;
To jump from downe-right clifles, compassionate
Apollo, with light wings, preuents his fate:
With beake and tallons arm'd, with strengthe replete
Aboue his size: his courage still as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all fowle purfeth:
And griefing, is the cause of common ruth.
As Ceyx thus his brothers change relates:
Of Phoebus, a Regio of Greece: Procean Anetor
rutheth through the gates;
(Who kept the Heard) and cry'd (halfe out of breath)
Peleus, I bring thee newes of loffe and death.
Report, said Peleus, we are bent to beare
The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afeard:
To winding shores we draue the wearie Heard,
When Phoebus from the heighth of all the sky
The East and West beheld with equall eye.
A part on yellow lands their limbs disply,
And from their Rest the wanie fields suruay:
While other slowly wander here and there:
Some swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads rear:
A Fane, vndeeft with gold, or a Parian stone,
Of blocks adiownes, within a group of re-growne;
This the b Nereides and Nerces hold:
By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.
Neere it, a Marisft, thick with fallowes, stood;
Made plashie by the interchanging flood.
A Wolfe, a monstrous beast, with hideous noisyce:
That frights the confines, from those thickets flies.
His lightening jawses with blood and foame before:
In whose red eyes two darting flames appeare'd.
Though fell with rage and famine, yet his rage
More greadie far: nor hunger seckes t'affwage.
With blood of beastes, and fo furceafé, but all:
He meets with wounds, infulting in their fall.
Nor few of vs, while we his force with hold,
Fell by his cruel phangs. The thore with blood,
With blood the sea-brimme blitsh, and bellowing lakes:
Delay is lost, who doubts, himselfe for fakes.
Arme, arne, while something yet is left to lofe:
And joyning force, this mortall plague oppofe.
\[\text{Aecides; remembering his offence:}\]
Borne, as the juicte of lad d Pflamath,
To celebrate her Phocus Obfcleue.
The King commands his men to arme: provides
To goe in pefon, Bufie rumor guides
This to Aclyore: her paflion bare
Her swiftly thither, running with her haire
Halfe vncompos'd: and, that difordering, clung
About his neck: then weepes, and with a tongue
That fcarce could peake; intercates, that they alone
Might goe; nor hazard both their lues in one.
To whom e Aecides: Faire Queenes forbears
(Too much your bounty flouris) your vertuous feare:
No force availe in fuch extremities as these:
'Tis prayer that muft the fsea-thron'd Powre appeare.
A loftie towre within a fortrefle flood
A friend to wandering ships that plough the flood.
They this afend: and fighing, fee the thore
With carrell strewe'd, the Spoyler drencht in gore.
Here Peleus fixt on feas, with knees that bend,
Blow Pflamath implores at length to end
The juicte of her wrath. Shee from his speech
Diverts her cares; till h Thetis did befeech,
And got her husbands pardon; nor yet could
The fallage Wolfe from thirft of blood with hold.
Till she the beast, as he a heifer flew,
Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew:
\[\text{Peleus the son of \textit{Eurystheus}.}\]
\[\text{d The daughter of \textit{Nerces}, \& mother to his brother \textit{Poseidy}, whom he had murdered.}\]
\[\text{e Peleus the son of \textit{Euclid}.}\]
\[\text{f Pflamath, a Sea-goddess.}\]
\[\text{g A Sea-mark.}\]
Metamorphosis

All else intire. 
Sheuws him no Wolfe: now terriblc to none.

Yet Fate would not permit b 
To harbour here; nor foundin exile calf;

Till at Magnesia, in a happy time
Acastus purg’d him from his bloody crime.

Meane: while perplext with former prodigies
Both of ‘d his niece and brother; to aduizc
With sacred Oracles, the joyes of men,
Ceyx prepares for e Claros. Phorbas then,
With his Phlegyan hoant, alike prophane,
The paffage flopt to f Delphian Phœbus Fane.

Yet ifst to thee his secret purpose told,
Faith-crown’d Alcyone. An inward cold
Shot through her bones; her changing face appears
As pale as box, bedewed with her teares,
Thrice ftroue to fpake, thrice weeps through deare constraint:
Sobs interrupting her diuine complaint.

What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang’d thy minde?
Where is that love that late fo clearly thin’d?
Canft thou thy felfe enjoy, from me remou’d?
Doc long waies pleafe? is now my abfence lou’d?
Yet didst thou goe by land, I shou’d alone
Grieue without feare; now both combine in one.

Geas fright me with their tragi-cal aspect.
Of late I faw them on the shore eieft
Their fcttered wracks: and often have I read
Sad names on fepulchers that want their dead.
Nor let falfc hopes thy confidencie pleafe;
In that my father, great Hippotades,
The ftrugling windes in rockie caurnes keepe.
And at his pleafure calmes the raging Deeps.
They once broke loose: submit to no command;
But rage through all the Sea, on all the land;
Perplex the clouds, with fterne encounters rore,
And strike forth flames; I feare, by knowledge,more.
These knew I, and oft faw their rude comport:
While yet a Girle, within my fathers Court.
But if my prayers no fauour can procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too fire;
Take me along: let both one fortune beare;
Thenshall I onely what I fufer feare.
Together failc we on the toyling Maine:
And equally what eu’er hap fuffaine.

Thus fpake Alcyone: whose forrowes melt
Her b ftar-like fpoufe; nor he leffe paffionfelt.
Yet neither would his first intent forfake
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much faid he to affwage her troubled breft:
As much in vaine. This addes vnto the reft,

(Which}
The Eleventh Booke.

(Which answer only could her passion tame)
All stay is ikefome; by my fathers Flame,
I iu care, if Fate permit, returne I will
Ere twice the Moone her shinning Crescents fill.
Reu'd with promise of fo short a stay;
He bids them lanch the ship without delay,
And fix her tacklings. This renewes her fears;
Prefaging ill succeffe: abortive tears
Flow from their springs; then kisita sad farewell,
Long first, at length the tapers, and fwooning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oares, vp-riifing from their Banks
With equal strokes. She reares her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the Poope espies:
Shaking his hand: that, answers. Now from shore
The vefTell driues, and thence her obieet bore.
Her following eyes the flying ship pursuе:
That loſt, the failes her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
And on the emptie bed her body throwes:
The bed and place, with teares, to minde recall
That absent part, which gaue eſteeme to all.
Now fare from Port; the windes began to blow
On quiuering Shrowds; their oares the Sailers ftow:
Then hoife their Yards a trip, and all their failes
At once let fall to catch th approching gales.
The ship scarce halfe her courfe, or fure no more,
By this had runne; farre off from either fhorе:
When, deepc in night, fierce b Eurus lightly blew,
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamie grew.
Strike, strike the Top-faile, let the Maine-fhear fly,
And furle your failes, the Mafter cri'd; his cry
The bluftring winds and roaring seas fuppreffe.
Yet of their owne accord in this diftreffe
They plie their tasks: some feeling yards beftride
And take-in failes, some flop on either fide
The yawning leakes; some faes on faes eiec."
While thus Diſorder toyles to small effect,
The bitter Storme augments; the wild Windes wage
Warre from all parts, and ioyne with Neptunes rage.
The Mafter, loft in terror, neither knew
The state of things, what to command, or doe;
Confessing ignorance, so huge a maffe
Of fills opprefle; which flighted Art furpaffe.
Lowd cryes of men refound, with ratling throwds,
Floods iuffling floods, and thunder-crashing clouds.
Now rofing Seas appeare to touch the sky,
And wrap their curcles in clouds; fiotht with their fpry:
The fand now from the bottom claue, and take
Their swarter dye, now black, c as Stygian lake;

Y y 2

Some- c A lake of Hell.
Metamorphosis

Sometimes deprived, with hissing foame all white.
The a Trachin ship such horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountain rocks with flames,
Viewes vnder-vaies, and b Acheron darkes jaws:
Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell;
And heaven furuyes from that low depth of Hell.
Her waue-beat sides a hideous noyce report:
As when a battering c Ram beats downe a Fort.
As chafed Lyons, whom no terrors fright,
Rush on extended fleele with horrid might:
So Seas invade with storme-imbatled powre
The ships defence, and o're her hatches towre.
Her yielding planks now spring: d terme Neptune raues,
Charging her breaches with his deadly waues.
The prodigall clouds in showres their substanse spend:
Ambitious seas to gloomy heaven ascend;
All heaven descending to the lostie Maine:
At least so terme. Sailes suck the falling raine;
Showres joyne with floods. No friendly star now shone:
Blind Night in darknesse, tempests, and her owne
Dread terrors loft; these horrid lightning tunes
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burns.
Now vaulting floods her upper deck opprest.
And as a Souldier, brauer then the rest,
Tempting to scale the walls with loft affilies,
At length intoys his hopes; and proud with praife,
Among a thousand only stands the shock:
So while affailing waues the vesseall rock,
The d tenth bold Billow rusheth in, nor shrinks
Vntill the ship beneath his furie sinks.
Those seas, without the labouring Bark affaile:
These rack her Hold. All tremble, and looke pale;
As at a siege, when foes enforce a wall;
While some within to execution fall.
Art foiles, hearts sink; on euery rising waue
Death sitts in triumph, and presents a graue.
He weepes; He stands amaz'd: He calls them blest.
Whom funerals grace: He vowes to heavens adprest;
Looking at what he fees not, and befought
The Gods in vaine: He on his parents thought,
His children, house, and what he left behinde.
Eleyone possesse all Ceys minde;
Her onely names: now in her absence joy'd
Whose presence was his heauen: and had impoy'd
His eyes afft duty to descry the way
To her abode; but knew not where it lay.
The giddie seas so whirle, such pithec clouds
Obfure the skie: Night, two-fold darknesse throuds.
Low'd howling whirle-winds over-boor'd now bore
The shitered mast; and now the rudder tore.
A Billow with these spoyle incourag'd, ruates:
Who Victor-like contemneth the under waues:
Nor lighter falls than if some God had frame
A Pindus and Athos from their roots, vp-borne
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.
Nor could the ship such force and weight sustaine;
But to the bottome sinks. Most of her men
The feas infold; who neuer scene againe
Accomplish'd their fates: while other swim
On scattered plankes; a planke vp-holding Him
Who late a scepter held, b His father in law,
And e father now invokes: but could not draw
(Alas !) from either succour. Still his wife
Rummes in his thoughts in that short span of life.
He wifts the waues would cast him on the sands
Of Trachis, to be buried by her hands.
Who swimming, sighs Alcyone, her name
His laft of speech: in feas conceaueth the fame.
Behold; an arch of waters, black as hell,
Afunder breaks: the breaking surges quell
Their finking Butthen. Lucifer that night
Became obscure, nor could you see his light.
And since he might not render vp his place,
With pitchy clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Meane-while Alcyone, (his fate vnknowne)
Computes the tedious nights: by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord: another makes
To weare her selfe: whose flattering hope mistakes
In his returne. Who holy fumes preffets
To all the Gods; but most of all frequent
The Fame of Iuno: at her altars prayd
For him that was not. Grant successe! (the said)
A quick returne! Give he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the laft succedes alone.
The melting Goddess could no longer brooke
Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar fhooke
Her tainted hand, and thus to e True spake:
Hafte faithful Meflenger, thy journey take
To drowfe Sleepes dimme palrace: bid him fend
A dreame that may prefent the wofull end
Of Ceyx to Alcyone. This faid:
She, in a thousand-coloured robe array'd,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode defends.

Necere f Gibmerian lurks a Caue, in sleepe
And hollow hills: the Mansion of dull Sleepe:
Not scene by Phoebus when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor flopping: gloomey mists arise
From humde earth, which still a twi-light make:
No crested fowles thrill crowings here awake

Y y 3
The chearefull Morne: no barking Sentiell
Here guards; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excell.
Beasts tame, nor faluage; no wind-shaken boughs,
Nor tire of tarrying tongues, with noysey rout
Secured Eafe. Yet from the rock a spring,
With dreams of a Lethe softly murmuring,
Purles on the pebbles, and invites Repose.
Before the Entry pregnant b Poppie growes,
With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleepe, and sheds it on the Earth.
No doores here on their creeping hinges tarry'd:
Through-out this court there was no doore, nor guard.
Amid the c Heben cause a downie bed
High mounted stands, with fable coverings spred
Here lay the lazie God, difficul't in rest.
Fantastick Dreames, who various forms exprest,
About him lay: then Autumn's cares far more;
Or leaves of trees, or lands on Neptune's shore.
The Virgin entering, parts the obsious Dreames:
And fills the sacred Concaue with the beams
Of her bright robe. The God with frirte diffoyes
His feel'd lids; againe his head declines,
And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
Sleepe casts off Sleepe; and softly leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knewe her) why
She thither came? when Iris made reply:
Thou Reft of things; most mecke of all the Gods;
O Sleepe, the Peace of mindes, from whose abodes
Care euer flies; restoring the decay
Of toле-tir'd limbs to labour-burdening Day:
Send thou a Dreame, remembring truth, in poft
T'd Herculean Trachis: that like Ceyx Ghost,
May to Alcyone his wrack vnfold.

a Built by Hercules.

d Into the daughter of Saturn c Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleepe
Resift no longer. When she found it creepe
Upon her yelding senes, thence the flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire among a thousand fommes, excites
Shape-faining f Morpheus: of those brother Sprites
None (bid t' assume) with subtler cunning can
Vsurp the guefture, visage, voice of man,
His habit, and knowne phrafe. He onely takes
A humane forme; an Other fheues a snakes,
A birds, a beasts. This & Icelos they call,
Whom heauen imbowre: though h Phobetor by all
Of mortal birth. Next i Phantasis; but he,
Of different faculty, indues a tree,
Earth, water, fire, the severall shapes of things
That lice enjoy nor. These appeare to Kings

And
And Princes in deepe night: the rest among
The vulgar stray. Of all the airy throng
Their aged father only Morpheus chose
To act Thaumantia's charge. His eyes then close
Their drowsie lids, and hanging downe his head,
Opprest with slumber, shrinks into his bed.
His noisefull wings by night fly Morpheus straines;
And with the swiftnesse of a thought attaines
Th' ^Eamonian towres: then laid them by, and tooke
The forme of Ceyx. With a pallid looke
He naked stand, like one depru'ed of life,
Before the bed of his unhappy wife:
His beard all wet, the haire vpon his head
With water dropt; who, leaning on her bed,
Thus spake, while teares from leeming passion flow;
Doft thou, o wretched Wife, thy Ceyx know?
Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Loft:
And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.
Thy pious prayers no fav'or could obtaine:
Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vaine.
Cloud-crushing South-winds in ^Aegaeum caught
Our rauifht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught.
My voice the floods opprest, while on thy name
I vainely call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtfull author tells; this I relate,
I, that there perisht by vntimely fate,
Arise, weep, put on black: nor vndeplor'd
For pitty send me to the d Stygian Ford.
To this he addes a voice, such as she knew
Exprest her Lords, with teares appearing true,
And gesture of his hand. She sigh't and wept;
Stretch out her armes t'imbrace him as the flept,
But claspt the empty ayre. Then cry'd: O stay!
Ah, whether wilt thou! Let vs goe one way.
Wak't with her voice, and husbands ghost, with feare
Shee looks about for that which was not there.
For now the maids, rais'd with her threkees, had broughe
A taper in. Not finding what she sought,
She strikes her cheeks, her nightly linnen tare,
Invades her breft; nor stays t'unbind her haire;
But tugs it off. Her Nurfe the caufe demands
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the passion of her griefe repli'd:
There's no Aegyone; none, none! the dy'd:
Together with her Ceyx. Silent be
All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did fee
My shipwrackt Lord. I knew him; and my hand
Thrust forth t'haue held him: but no mortall bands
Could force his stay. A Ghost: yet manifest:
My husbands Ghost: which o but ill express.
Metamorphosis.

His forme and beautie, late diuinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping haire.
Here flood the miserable, in this place:
Here, here (and sought his airy fleps to trace.)
O this my fad mif-giving foule diuin'd;
When thou forsookeft me to pursue the winde.
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to sea: a happie fate for me!
Then both together all the time affign'd
For life hath liued, nor in our death disjoyne'd.
Now here, I periift here; on that Profound
Poore I was wrackt; ye thou without me drown'd.
O, then floods more cruel; should I flrieue
To lengthen life, and such a grieffe fruifie!
Nor will I, nor forfake thee, nor defcer.

Though one \( b \) so clearly hold not both, one sepulcher
Shall joyne our titles: though thy bones from mine
The seas diuere, yet our names shall joyne.

Grieffe choak't the refl. Sobs every accent part:
And figbes ascend from her aftonifht heart.
Day springs: she to the shore addreft her haffe,
Euen to that place from whence she faie him luft.
And while she failely vter, here he faide;
Here parting, kift me; from thence anchor waited;
While she such figbes recalls; her flieey eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off the something flyes;
But knowes not what: yet like a cor's. First the
Doth doubt: diuenu neerer (though not neere) might see
A body plainely: Though vnknowne, yet much
The Omen mot'd her, since his fate was such.
Poore wretch, who're thou art: and such (she faide)
Thy wife (if wed) by thee a widdow made!
By floods diuenu neerer; the more neere, the more
Her spirites faint: now nigh thy adjoyning shore.
She fees now what she knowes; her husbands Cor's.
Woe's me! 'tis He, the cries! at once doth force
Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends
To foule-leffe Cellx, and then faide: Here ends
My laft of hope: thus, & then life more deare;
O Husband, thus return'ft thou! Art a Peere
Had stretch't into the surges; which with-flood,
And brake the first incursion of the flood.
Thither forth-with ( & wonderfull!) the springs;
Beating the passuan ayre with new-growne wings.
Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes:
About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes
A mourneful noyse; lamenting her divorce:
Anon she toucht his dumb and bloodleffe Cor's;
With stretch't wings imbrace' her periift bliffe;
And gaue his colder lips a heatleffe kiffe.

Whether
Whether hee felt it, or the floods his looke
Vpraif'd, the vulgar doubt: yet faire he tooke
Sinf from her touch. The Gods commiforate.
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As late, they lone:their nuptiall faiths they shew,
Now little birds; ingender, parents grow.
Seauen winter daies with peacefull calmes possett,
_Alecyon_ fits vspon her floating neft.
Then fafely safe; then _Aelous_ incaues
For _his_ the winds; and finoothes the flouping waues.
Some Old man feeing thefc their pinions moue
O' her broad-spread Seas, extolls their endless love.
By theirs, a Neighbour, or Himself, revues
An others fate. _You_ fable fowl that diues;
(And therewith fhewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Ofroyall parentage may alfo vant.
Whofe ancestors from _Tros_ their branches fpred:
_Hus, Assaracus, Thoas Ganymed,
Laomedon_, and _Priamus_ the laft
That raign'd in Troy: to _Hecfon_ (who furpafs
In fortitude) a brother. _If_ by powre
Of Fate vnchanged in his youths firft flowre,
He might perhaps as great a name haue wonne:
Though _Hecfon_ were great _Dymas_ daughters fonne.
For _Alcinoe_, a country Maid,
Bare _Aias_ by ftealth in _Ithas_ shade.
He, hating Cities, and the discontentes
Of glittering Courts; the louely woods frequents,
And vnambitious fields; but made repaire
To _Ilium_ rarely: yet, he debonaire,
Nor vnexpugnable to loue. Who fpyle
_Eperia_, oft defir'd, by _Cebren's_ fide
_Her fathers riuer) drying in the Sun
Her flowing haire. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a fhrifted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;
Or like a fearfull fowlie thruf't over-land
Beneath a falcon. He perfues the chace:
Fear wings her feece, and loue inforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this strife,
Cez'd on her heele; suppressing flight with life.
Frantick, his trembling armes the dead include:
Who cry'd, _Alaffe_ that euer I purflude!
I fear'd not this, nor was the victory
Worth fuch a loffe. Ay met two, one deftroy,
Thy wound the Serpent, I the occaf on gaue:
I, 6 more wicked! yet thy death fhall haue
My life for satisfaccion. There-with flung
His body from a cliffe which over-hung
The undermining Seas. His falling limmes
Vpheld by _Tethys_ pity; as he swimmes
_With_
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying giues.  
To be compel'd to liue the Louer grieues:  
Disdaining that his soule, so well appaid  
To leaue her wretched feat, shou'd thus be flaid.  
And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas  
His body throwes: the fall his feathers caue.  
With that, inrag'd, into thedeepe he diues:  
And still to drowne himselfe as vainely strues.  
Loue makes him lean. A long neck doth sustaine  
His fable head; long-joyned legs remaine.  
Nor euer the affected Seas forfaikes:  
And now a sued name from diving takes.

* Called in Latin Mergu,  
which signifieth a Diver.


This to the Goddesse giue: they enter straignt
Thofe joyfull Fields; and Groues, call'd Fortunate:
The pleafant habitation of the bleft.
Which larger skies with purple light inuen:
Where their peculiar fun and stars are scene
Some exercife upon the flywy greene,
Contend in sport; and wraffle with fine flight.

Zz 2

Others

THE THRAICAN BACCHIDES.

The Thracian Bacchides, by drowning with their owne eyes the mufick of Orpheus, made his dispatred auditory fly back to their former retreats & conditions: and then frantickly invade the life of their Prophet for the contempt of their sex, avoided as a hinderance to the study of philosophy, & administration of civil affairs: he efterming the propagation of wifdom & virtuous endeavours, more noble and immortal then that of pofterity. As Epaminondas answer'd his friends, bewailing his death and want of issue, That he left two faire daughters behind him, the Battailes of Leuctra and Mantinet, in whom his memory should flourish. Therefore well may these drunken Bacchides be taken for the heady rage of mutiny and Sedition, which silence the authority of the law, and infringe that concord (the mufick of Orpheus) which had reduced wild people to cieuitly, returning now to their former pravity and natural fierceenesse: himselfe, the life of philosophy, tore in pieces by their fury. Moreover, nothing more endangers the harmony of government then the distemper of Bacchus, which by inflaming the spirits, make them deafe to perswation, and intractable to Authority: those Nations which are the greatest drinkers, either not receiving or some casting off, the yoke of obedience.

Orpheus his head and Harp being thrown into Hebrus; are borne away by the murmuring current. So the scattered reliques of learning, expelled from one country, are transported to another, as here unto Lesbos: Pittacus, Arion, Sappho, & Alesius, being all of this Island, who succeeded Orpheus in the fame of Lyricall Poetry. A Serpent attempts to devour his head; presenting Detraction and Jperfec- tine Evils: whom Apollo, the eternity of divine composures, converts into a stone, or confounds and slays. His Harp was feigned to have bene translated into that celestiall constellation which consists of nine starrs, in reference to the nine Muses; and one more bright then the rest, expressing Apollo. But indeed hung up it was in Apollo's Temple at Lesbos: when Neanthes, the sonne of the tyrant Pittacus, emulating the glory of Orpheus, by corrupting of the Priest, conveyed it from thence: who supposing that the taming of wild beasts had bene inherent to the instrumt (as Mahomet attributed the wonderfull exploits of Scanderbeg to the admirable temper of his sword), retired by night into the suburbs, & playing therupon, was tormed in pieces by the dogs that gathered about him: imitating herein not his skill, but his deftiny. But the Sonne of Orpheus descends into Elizium: and now without fear of looing reimythes his Euridice. The ancient Ignorants of the true beatitude, conceived that the reward after death (as now the Mahometans doe) consisted in the fruition of sensual delights: and therefore, the better to incite the mind unto virtue, invented this fiction of those happy fields (perhaps derived from the terrestrial Paradise) thus described by Virgil.

Nix dimus exulii, proficcia matri Diva,
De numine locis, et amena vites
Fortissima vero nemorum, fed autem, beatas,
Laertes for poma, et ulta lumine velitis,
Pars, pachycaetum flammis, flammaque Eternos
Foro, gaminum exsorum membra palefris,
Contendens luteo, & fulce lauantur ere

Others
Others soft dances lead, and verse recite.
The Thracian Priest, clad in long garments, sings
In numbers to the tune of his fene't firing:
And strikes as earst his Ivory instrument.
Here th' ancient lineage, Teueres faire decent;
Great Heroes: borne in better times:

But first they were to be purged from the staines of their vices by temporary torments.

Nor with their liues doe wretched mortalls end
Their miseries, since their foule crimes transcended
That mortal bound. The long contract'd staines
Drawne from the body, the sick soule retains.
And therefore punisht; the affliction finde
Of their old guilt. Some hang in th' empty wind;
Some rince in vaft deepess; some pur'd by fire;
All tortures feele. From whence a few retire
T'Elijium, and possesse that happy place,
Till length of time, and the prefixed space
Cleanse all their spots; with purtiee repaire
Th' atheriall sense, and fire of fimple ayre.

The salvage and truculent Bacchides (such usually feign'd, to have beene produc'd by Oakes, and againe converted into the same, by the Poets) are now changed into those trees by Bacchus in revenge of his Prophet. For Orpheus was the first that instituted his Orgies in honour of the House of Cadmus; by whom hee had beene highly advanced; now defernded falling by those frantic Rites, which himselfe had introduc'd: being taught, and professing, as before declareth, a more divine religion. These, abolisht in all cistull Common-wealths, whereby the author of euill transported to the salvages of Peru, and New Spaine: Where they solemnize (faith Acosta) their principal times of devotion with drunkenesse (procured instead of wine, by certaine intoxicating roots and berries) accompanied with all kinde of impudence, as a seruice acceptable to their Idols. Bacchus abhorring the flag of this tragedy, remov'd to Tomolus, a mountaine of Lydia: bearing better & more generous wines then Rhodope: the ground of his feign'd transmigration.

Midas. King of Phrygia entertains his foster father Silenus, and feasts him for tenne daies: by whom demanded what was best for man, or what hee should chiefly desier? It is sad, that after along silence, and much importunity, he rendred this answer: O generation of a small continuance, wretched and miserable! the feed of laborious Deftiny, and ifhue of Fortune! why would you know your owne deplorable condition, whereof it is better to be ignorant? The best is notto be borne at all, & the next to dye quickly. A trueth discovered to others by the light of Nature, and to os by the wiseft of Men. But this made no impression in the simplicity of Midas; to whom Bacchus granted his wish for restoring unto him his foster father Silenus, which he converts into a punishment, in defiring that all might be gold which he touched. How much wiser and happier had he beene, had he followed this instruction.

Shall
Shall men with nothing be advis'd, referre
That choice vnto the Gods, who cannot erre;
For better then our felues we want they knowe,
And will true ioyes, for false delights, bewtowe:
Their louer vs their owne transcends. By blind
Affections fprun'd, and fury of the minde,
We wife and fonnes desire, the Gods above
Knowe what this wife, and how those fonnes would prove.
Yet to ask some thing, when in temples thou
With sacrificfe present it thy holy vow,
A found minde, pray for, in body found;
A courage which death's terror cannot wound,
Exteming thy last houre among the chiefes
Of natures guifts; not subject vnto grieve
Defire, or rage: whose judgement, Hercules
Difaffers, and hard labours, better please;
Then Sardanapalu's lust, high food, and eale.
All this is inthy pow'r: one way alone
Leads to a happy life, by virtue shone,
Where wise done, there the God: a Deity.
We thee, O Fountain make an end place on high.

So Solomon being promised what soever he would desire, elected wiselome: receiv- ing also both honour and wealth as the shadows of that substance. Midas is the image of a conteous man, who while he seekes to augment his riches, denies to him- selfe the use of his owne, and stame in abundance. Contousnesse is Idolatry, and of this divine verty the barbarous Indians had a natural note: who imagined that gold was the God of the Spaniards, in that they hunted after it so greedily. There is a stoie in Plutarch, not unlike, nor unworthy the recital, of one Pythius, an a- varitious Prince, in the days of Leroses, who exhauisted his subjectts in the diging and refining of gold. When his wife, commiserating the cries of the people, caused certaine admirable workemen, in the absence of her husband, to make a golde table with variety of viands, all of the same metall; which at his returne she caused to be set before him. Whose feasting his eyes with so rare and belouned a spectacle, at length called for meat to satisfy his hunger; when the like artificial food was set before him: who in rage crying out to famish, his wife replied: We haue nothing Sir to entertaine you with but this: for while you impoy the labours of the Citizens, and their art in the getting of golde, a number dying in the Mines, and all for that which is left viefull, the fields lie uncultivated, the vineyards vndrfeet, and the Hortyards vnplanted: so that you must eat your golde, or prevent the cause of this scarcity. Bymthich device hee reformed his avarice: as now our Midas uppon a survey of his miserable condition, enlargeth his minde, and desires to be rid of that, which he formerly coust; effecting by wa- shing himselfe in Pactolus, which beareth gold ever since in his Channell. The fa- ble alluding to the precious productions of that River; from whence Creffius and his ancestors had their treasure. And almoast all the golde, that is gathered at this day, desends in small graines downe little drills from the mountains (as here from Timolus, where Pactolus hath his fountaines) into the hollowes of rocks, made by nature or of purpose; there retained by the heaminesse thereof; from whence it is taken. They also fish for it in rivers with hollow Canes. But the finding of that which

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which is under the earth; as of all other Mines of metall, is almost miraculous. They cut up a ground hazel of a twelve-months growth, which divides above into a forke, holding the one branch in the right hand, and the other in the left, not graft too lightly nor too strictly. When passing over a Mine, or any other place where gold and silver is hidden, it will discover the same, by bowing downe violently. A common experiment in Germany, nor proceeding from any incantation, but a natural sympathy, as iron is attracted by the loadstone. Now Midas is also famed to have washed off, and left his golden vertue to Ptolemus, because he derived that river into a number of branches: making the Country extraordinary fruitful, by the presence of that, which he had gotten by his avarice. Midas signifies a fool: and such are they who make their riches their masters, which were created for servants.

His conversation with Pan, denotes the brutish and ignorant life, which he led: cleansed from comtousness but retaining his folly. For Pan contending with Apollo in musicke, the mountaine Tmolus being their Judge, gave the palm to Apollo: but setteth Midas protest against the sentence, for which Apollo produceth his cares to the length and instability of an Asses. Pan presents illiterate rustick, Apollo a mind imbued with the divine endowments of art and nature. Midas an ignorant Prince, unable to distinct between that which is rude and excellent, and therefore prefers the one before the other, for which he is justly branded by the learned with the Ensignes of folly. But to foremore high: the contention betweene these musitions, and the event thereof, exhibits a healthfull doctrine, which may restrain our vanityglory and judgements with sobriety. For there is a twofold harmony or musicke, the one of divine providence, and the other of humane reason. To humane judgement (which is as it were to mortality) the administration of the World, of the creature, and more secret decrees of the highest, sound hard and dissonant, which ignorance, though it be discerned marketh with the cares of an ass, yet is it not apparent, or noted for a deformity by the vulgar.

These long cares are also attributed to Midas, as being a suspicious Prince, who heard whatsoever was done a farre off by his spies and intelligencers: who by their false informations, becoming suspected of his best serving seruants, and confident of their worth, might well be faile to heare with such ears, ignorant of the true estate of his affaires; irrefolute, and wanting through generall suggestions. But then most dangerous when (as here) unexamined and concealed, the accuser never brought before the accused, but all taken upon trust: so that not seldom the most noble are subverted by the female instruments of his vices, whose safety neither innocency nor discretion are available. Calilthene makes mention of two hills in Phrygia, which were called the Asses eares, whose tops were crowned with two strong fortresses possessed by Thineus. These assailed and taken by Midas it became proverbial, that Midas had got the eares of an Ass.

These he hides with a Tiara, an ornament for the head appropriate to Princes. The deformities and follies of great ones, being covered or qualified at the leaf, by the awe and repute of their dignity; yet knowne to their servent attendants, as this of Midas to the servant that trimmed him, who dares not reveal: nor yet could conceal it, therefore whispers and buries the secret in a pit, which after by the reeds, which grew from the same was discovered. The vices and defects of Princes are likely palliated or obscured in their life time: but dead, these vocal reeds arise, the pens of historians to divulge them to posterity. This Midas, in the end much troubled in his mind with dreams and apparitions, fell into so deep an melancholy, that he made himselfe away by the drinking of Bulls blood.

Apollo
Apollo flies from hence into Phrygia: who inducing a mortal shape, together with Neptune, returns Laomedon, for a propos'd reward, in the immuring of Troy. Theable derived according to Herodorus from Laomedons employing the treasure, which had been offered to Apollo and Neptune, in the building of the walls of his City, so Nero robbed the temples at Rome (as those of Greece, not only of their gifts, but of the golden Idols to whom they were consecrated,) to rebuild the City, set on fire by his appointment. But the treasure not restored by Laomedon, it was signified, that Neptune surrounded his Country, and commanded the exposure of his daughter Hecate, to be devoured by a whale. Polyphemus would have this a King of that name, who powerfull by sea, made many incursions upon the Coasts of Phrygia, and took away, with their wealth, their daughters, among whom Hecate, delivered some after by Hercules. Incensed in this, Laomedon denied him the promised horses, he sall't his City, and gave his daughter to Telamon, by whom he had Aiax and Teucer. From hence we may produce this allegory, that no commonwealth or City can be raised but by the divine assistance; or continue without religion, justice and performance of promise, which violated, is the caufe to of not of other ruin, of infinite calamities. Plutarch observeth, that Troy was thrice ruined by horses: first by these withheld, from Hercules through the periury of Laomedon; next by the Epean horse and treachery of Sinon, and lastly by a horse which stood in the Port (the same periury pursuing them,) so much as they could not shut their gates soon enough, against the sudden surprize of Chryseus.

Telamon had married Hecate; but his brother Peleus a Goddesse, by the appointment of Jupiter, who drest not himself, though desirous, approach her, in that Proteus had prophesied, how Thetis should beare a sonne, who shou'd become more great than his father. Proteus was a man of great wisome, and account'd a Prophet, in that he could foretell what would happen by the disposition of the heavens; aiming also at the future, by the times foregoing. By his Counsell Peleus obtained Thetis, who by changing of her formes had deluded him long. Thetis is take for the water, whom Jupiter expressed to Peleus, which signifies clay; for of earth and water they hold that man was engendered. Wherefore Ioue would not be with Thetis, for fear he should begot a greater than himself, who might deprive him of his kingdom: for Iupiter, which is fire, is extinguisht, if it issue, by the humidity of water. And therefore the Persians accustom'd to carry their Idols'd fire to the rivers, threatening to extinguish it, if it would not grant them their petitions. But there is no discord betweene Peleus and Thetis, for of the concord of these two elements man is begotten: of Peleus the flesh, and of Thetis the humors, both quickened by the soul, or the fire of Jupiter.

Thetis is said to have changed herself into sundry shapes e're Peleus could possess her, which is the various transmigration of water, before it produce that moisture, which is serviceable to the body. Jupiter is signified to have invited all the Gods to this marriage, because they held that every part of a man belonged to a particular deity: Jupiter governing the head, Minerva the eyes, Iuno the arms, Neptune the breast, Mars the loines, Venus the reynes, and Mercury the feet. Betweene Peleus and Thetis, Achilles, an absolute man, is begotten: whose mother dips in the river of Styx, that is, hardens his body to labour, and fortifies his mind against dangers. But historically taken, this borrowed name of Thetis should be some Lady of an excellent beauty (perhaps Philomela the daughter of Acton the Meridion,) said to be a Goddesse of the Sea, in that a Queene of some maritime Citties or Islande; who long reioying the suite of Peleus, then king of Thesaly.
faly (seign'd to vary her shape for the variety of her minde and sundry disguises) at length was fix't in her proper forme, and obtained by his importunity. And it may be she was called Theis, in that such an abundance of water fell at her wedding; as observed by Staphilus; wherein they sign'd for her greater honour, that the Gods descented to celebrate her nuptials; this also hapning in a great drought when rain was most welcome. Neither is it unsual in the Ethnicks divinity, to call the Gods by the names of the second cares, or to suppose them in person to accompany their operations, as in that of Virgil.

And cheerfull tine descends in plenteous showres.

The felicities of Peleus were eclips'd by the murder of his brother Phocas; whom he slew, as it were by chance, in throwing the Stone, at the games of the Pius Excerciters; either to gratifie his mother, for Phocas was the sonne of Aecus by another, or envying him, in that, more respeet'd by his father for his virtues. Expuls'd for this he fled into Trachis, a city at the foot of the mountaine OEtus, where peaceable Ccyx, the sonne of Lucifer then reign'd; by whom hee was bountifull receav'd, though pensiv'e at that time for the slaughter of Chione his Niece, and the wonderfull fate of his warlike brother Dedalus. This Chione, for called for her beauty, was got with child by Mercury, and againe the night following by Apollo, which seems to dissent from the old philosophie, and opinion of the ancients: yet is, by the distant births of divines, not rarely confirmed. A Dutch woman in Southwark, some twenty years since, having invited divers of her neighbours to her up-sitting, found her selfe not well on a sudden, and rising from the table, was forth with brought a bed of another. This falling on a time into our discourse, one then present reported, that the like befell a sister of his, whose three months after the birth of her first sonne was delinued of a second. But can we believe that Devils, for these Gods were no better, can carnally lust and indinger with mortals? Yet Vives reports, that there is a nation at this day, which glorifies in such an original. That such there were, was almost the general opinion of the ancients: not only of the Pagens, but of some of the Fathers: among whom Laetanus; The Angells whom God had appointed to guard mankind, being commanded to beware of looing their celestiall dignity by earthly pollution, notwithstanding were allure'd by their daily conuerfation with women, to knowe them carnally: For which they were kept out of heaven and thrown downe to earth; whom the Diuell enttertain'd for his agents. But those whom they begot, being neither absolute Angells nor men, but mixt of either, were not cast into Hell, as their parents, nor yet affum'd into heauen. Thus became their two sorts of Devils, the one celestiall and the other terrestrall. And thus was this father deceav'd, by taking the sonnes of God (meant by the sonnes of Seth), which lay with the daughters of men, for Angells. That tale related by Orpheus and Heftiod, how the Gyants were the sonnes of heaven and earth, is suppos'd to have beene drawne from this parcel of Scripture: by heav'n intending the sonnes of God, and by earth the daughters of men, which misanderstood, begot that opinion of the Incubi, and that the Gods had a reall copulation with women, from whence proceeded that multitude of Gods and Semi Gods, which the Ethnicks adored. But the Gods, saith Plato, cannot indinger with mortals: and Seneca.

Nor can the seed divine
With that of mortals ioyne.
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

Which cleanse one throws the genealogies of the Heroes, who are said of our folk to spring from catoes still parentage.

Plutarch affirms that the line of the Gods to mankind, hath reference to their piety and virtue; and that neither Gods, nor the Genii (that is Angells) are delighted or content to mix with corporall beauties. The contrary opinion is confirmed by S. Chryseolome, and exploded by Scaliger. Yet by a French Gentleman I was told a strange accident, which befell a brother of hers, who saw on S. Germans bridge by the Louvre a Gentlewoman of no mean beauty, sitting on the stones (there laid to finish that work) and leaning on her elbow with a pensive aspect. According to the French freedome he began to court her, whom she intreated for that time to forbear, yet told him if she would bestowed a visit on her at her lodging about eleven of the clock, he should finde entertainment agreeable to his quality. He came, she receaved him and to bed they went, who found her touch too cold for her youth, when the morning discovered unto him a Course by his side, forsaken by the soul the evening before: who halfe distracted ran out at the door and carried with him a care for his incontinency. Although this story have no place in my belles-lettres; yet is it not incredible that the Diuell can enter and actuate the dead by his spirits, as sufficiently appeares by that kind of witchcraft, which giveth answers by dead bodies, reported by divers historians.

By Chione Mercury had Autolicus, a notable Imperator: reigned to be his son, as borne under his Plume, or participating those conditions who by his thefts & confonnage attain'd to great riches. He had a daughter called Anticlea; after wife unto Laerces, and mother to Villices, who nothing degenerated in subtility from his grandfather. From the same reason Philammon was said to be the son of Apollo, insuffing virtue, and a natural inclination to knowledge. A man admired for his excellency in Musick and Poetry: the father of Tamyriss the celebrated musician, who lost his eyes for contending with the Muses. An ambition derived from his Grandmother Chione; who relented with her beauty, the love of two Gods & height of prosperity, durst preferre her selfe before defiled Diana. For which she was slain by her arrows. A fate defervedly inflicted on those, who date on their owne gifts, and value them more then the giver: Diana's arrow not unusually taken for the pessimist.

Dadalion, distraught for the death of his daughter, throwes himselfe from the top of Parthamus: but is by commiserating Apollo converted into a Faulkon. Sorrow is the greatest of all the minds perturbations, which dethrones the reason, and headlong driveth to desperation. Dadalion, a fierce and turbulent fowle, is aptly changed into a creature, which delights in blood, & lives by the slaughter of others. The transformation effectd by Apollo, because the Egyptians effected the Sun by a Faulkon, in regard of her vivacity, fruitfulness, and celerity, towning aloft, and seeing all beneath her, who can gaze on his beams with undazzled eyes, and oppose them, without hurt to the lightning. And as the Sun is the soul of the world, so the soul of man was presented by this Fowle, which mounts from earth unto heaven with the wings of divine speculation. Sacred therefore she was to Apollo, and is called by Homer his messenger, in that a bird of presage at bee the God of Divination.

This said the Faulkon, with good augury;
Apollo's speedy messenger, flew by.

While Ceyx relates these disasters, afflicted &cocor accounted Peleus with Psamathes sonne of his men and called by a vracuous Wolfe, & craves his infant assistance. Wolfe.
A a a

But
But he beares it patiently, as a punishment inflicted by the divine justice for the murder of his brother Phocas: nor will take arms but flies to his prayers; the only way to divert what no force can encounter. When Pfamante, appeased by Theis entreaty, the beast was by the Goddess converted into marble. This was a kinman to Pfamante the mother of Phocas, sent by her to revenge the death of her sonne; who persecuting Pelcus and his followers with fire and sword, was for his cruelty and rapine called a Wolfe: for into such beasts, the foules of such men were supposed to enter. But the mother pacified by his repentance, and her sisters entreaty, she cease to afflict him: and therefore the Wolfe, restrained from further mischief, was seigned to have beene so transformed. The banished Pelcus departs to Magnaeta, where Acaltus purgeth him of his murth. For he who had slaine a man in those times was so avoided, that none would entertaine him untill his offence was expiated by certaine Charmes and ceremonies, washing him all over with the water of the Sea, whereunto they attributed a purifying virtue. But Plato saith that temperance purgeth the minde, the only cure of an infected conscience: and that no lotions nor enchantments can cleanse the foule from corruption.

Ceyx is seigned to be the sonne of Lucifer, or the Morning Starre, in regard of his excellent beauty, and early hopefulnesse: happy in his faire and affections wife, in his peaceable governement, and other felicities of fortune: which shewed him, as others have written, so farre above the sense of his mortality, that he caused himselfe to be called Luperus, and his wife Aelycne Iuno, for which by the divine en- gance, he was shipwrackt and drowned in his voyage to Claros. Our Poet hath ex- celled himselfe in the description of this tempest: wherein is to be observed the tur- mor of the Sea before the winde arifes, a certaine presage of a following storme, proceeding either from a naturall instinct, or the impulsion of the water from the waues at huge off. The windes incounter one another: yet Aristode writes that they cannot blows at once in an opposite diameter, though the contrary was manifested in that inundation, raised by the North and South windes which surmounted Buris and Helice: and Virgil.

Eurus, black Notus, Africus, from Caues
Rush out at once.

I have seene two winde-mills goe together with contrary windes: neither is it to be doubted, but they were concurrent, which blew downe the foure corners of the house, where the children of Job were a feasting. The Sea sometimes appears troubled on either side, and smooth in the middle, an argument that the windes, comming from contrary parts, break the force of one another at their meeting, succeeded by a generall calme. We see the Rack carried one way, and the windes blowing right against it: the high clouds to be carried, and passe by the lower, as it were by contrary currents. Certainly therefore they may blow together, though long left they cannot, because the one of necessity must quickly yield to the overmastering strength of the other. This darke and dismal night is onely enlightened with lightning: if not alfo with those Meteors which often hang in tempests about the Masts and yards of ships, by the ancient named Caffor and Pollux, of those celebrated Twins the tempests of Jupiter and Leda: who were said to be propitious to Sailors, because they cleared the seas from Pirats. Diodorus writes that in the voyage of the Argon- nauts, when the windes began to rage, and Orpheus had made his songs, these two well loading lights sat on the heads of those brothers: whereupon the tempest mira- cute
Celousy caeafe: called ever after by their names: as now by the Italians S. Nicholas and S. Hermes, and by the Spaniard Corpus Santos: whereby if two appear, they proffer to save safety; if one, extreme danger; if these resign to a third, unavoidable shipwreck. But here the tenth billow accomplished the design of Ceys, which is observed to exceed the former, going in greatness: whereas the word Deconomus is ordinarily taken for great and mighty.

1. In Alcyone appareth all the Gods for the safe returne of her husband, but especially Juno, the Goddes of concord and all affections, who pitying her presented prayers, shakes her polluted hand from the Altar, (for they were held to cals for a season who had any dead in their family, nor could enter the temples of the Gods before they were purified, borrowed alike from the Leviticall Law) and by her Messenger Iris commanded Sleep to send a Dream that might present to Alcyone the fate of Ceys. The Pallace of Sleep is aptly placed among the Cymerians, a miserable people inhabiting about the Scythian Bozphorus, lodging incased in the rocks, the eye ever dull and oblique by reason of the distant Sun and high-hanging mountains, whence spring the proverb of Cymerian darkness. And there be valleys in Wales, wherein the sun shines not for six months together; if we may credit their owners. No Cock here were to disturb his repose and awake the morning. A creature, saith Pliny, ordained by Nature to sentinel the night and route vp mortalls to their labours; by which in their Hieroglyphicks they present vigilancy. It is feigned that Alcetrius, which signifies a Cock, was a youth beloved by Mars, and conscious to his adultery with Venus; who accustomed to watch at the doore, and give notice if any approached: but falling on a time asleep, they were discovered by the Sun, and caught in a net by Vulcan; for which angry Mars converted him into a Fowle with a Crest on his Crowne, representing his Helmet, who mindfull of her former neglect, continually crows before the Same vp-risen, lest he should take any one tardy. But the Cock was sacred unto Mars in that so courageous a Bird, and the Swistle, a martial people, as heretofore, so now when they go to the vairies have them always in their pavilions. It is generally believ'd, that the Cock crows thrice, and thofe at set times, in the night; which Scaliger condemns by his experience for fictitious. But to omit other reasons of his nightly crowing, as that of his burning desire unto Venus, all creatures have in their kind a peculiar instinct proceeding from their quality and temperature: so that a Cock, being extraordinary hot, and of a quicke digestion, awakens alwayes about mid-night with hunger, at which time he crows & clasps his wings out of the infinite of his pantage. No Dog solicits for his Masters safety (and therefore the symbol of fidelity) was here heard to barker: or more wakefull geese to gaggle, by whose clamour roused, the Romans repulsed the Gaulses, who then had ascended the walls of the Capitol: in memory whereof they ever after fed geese in that place at the public charge, by whose image they represented Safe-custody. A creature naturally fearfull, and therefore fable to finde any appearance of danger, and easily awaked. These, nor any other noyes, were here to disturb him, only a strem of Lethe, which invited sleepe by pouring on the pebbles. To worke the like effect, Augustus Caesar had water poured long and constantly by his beds-head into a Colerome. Four Rivers there be which were named Lethe: one suppos'd infernal and most friendly to the miserable: for their Ghosts having drank thereof, forget forthwith whatsoever in this life had befall'n them. So seem'd, because death procureth a general oblivion; the name of Lethe importing as much: and therefore web placed by the manfon of Sleep, who seldom giets their <s>braves with poppy</s>, that are perplexed, till restless a remembrance. For such do purifier our needs grow here
in his garden, repealing sleepe by cooling and moistening of the braine before exiled by intemperate heat and drincke. The Sycionians painted Sleepe subduing of Lynons: in that no sorrow was so outrageous, which sleepe could not vanquish.

O Sleepe
Thou charme to all our cares, that art
Of humane life the better part:
Wing’d issue of a peacefull mother,
Of rigid death the elder brother,
Father of things, of life the Port
The daies repofe, and nights comfort;
To Kings and vaillants equal free,
The labor—tis’d refresh by thee:
Who man (whom death doth terrify)
Invt’st continually to dy.

Now dreams are those images which are formed in our sleepe by the various discorision of the spirits in the braine (the spirits being the Chariot of the soule) which follow conceit, when the blood is least troubled, & the phantafy uninterupted by affending vapors. These our Poet divides into three kinds: the one imitating the Rational, the other the Animal, & the third the inanimate: the first called Morpheus, which signifies Formed; the second Icelos by the Gods, which is similitude, but Phobetor or Fear, by mortalls; in regard of the terrors apprehended by beasts & Monsters: & the last Phantafius, of the Imagination. And as the cognizances of Princes farre differ fro those of the vulgar, so their dreams are enunvulgar & different. But Sleepe among a thousand of his sons (for sleepe is the parent of dreames) makes choice of Morpheus to performe the command of Iuno, who so lively presents her drowned husband to Alcione, that she weeps in her sleepe, and is wakened by her owne sreeches; proceeding from an appetit of expelling that which suddenly striketh our spirits. We dreame of those things for the most part, which wee most think of waking. And as sleepe was created to recreate the body, and free the minde from care for a season; so, dreames are oft sent to terrify the guilty, to conforme the good; and were not feldome propheticall. Yet such divine revelations were often imitated by spirits of darkness, to beger a superstition, which in the end so increased, that Aristides compiled an Ephemerides of his owne dreames; and Mithridates of those of his contubines. But the Romans finding the inconveiniences thereof (because all dreames without distinction of causes were drawne to dissimulation), forbade the same by a publick decree. W[e]e read that Alexander was taugh a care in his sleepe for Ptolomies wound, being made by a poynoned weapon: and Antonius a remedy for two grievous diseases. Saint Augustine reports how a Millanoife, being demanded a debt already paid, was told by his dead father in a sleepe where the acquittance lay. And here our Alcyone is in her sleepe presented with the fate of her husband; whose floating Corps she beholds the day following.

Parce pius temere Deus misericandae que- relis.
Nam tibi iam sit coaeerteri virt.
Terra dedicat pectoris semen aequi eti.
Parti pater est horum pars ex istis, & evit.
Scaliger.

Force not the Gods with thy divine complaint,
Thou from thy husband shalt have no restraint.
Earth gane, Seas tooke, th’aire holds him; partly hee
Heauen-borne: of these thou wert, art, and shalt bee.

For the Gods compassionating her sorrow, convert them both into birds of her name.
Ovids Metamorphosis.

name, which we call Kings-fishers, who still retain their comingall affections. For they keep in pares, and never part but when the hen sits, the one feeding, and supporting the other when old and feeble; lamentably deploiring the death of her fellow, and not long surviving. These if mindful of their former shipwreck, build their floating nests of thorns and the fins of fishes in form of a gourd, with such admirable art that they cannot sink nor be submerged by the water. They breed in the winter, being not apt to propagate in the summer by reason of the dryness of their bodies, which become more moist, when their pores are closed by the cold. Seven days before the Solstice she is laying of her eggs, and hatcheth them seven days after: in which season the sea is for the most part calm, especial about the shores of Sicilia. And therefore Alcyone is famed to be the daughter of Aeolus, who is said to imprison the winds in his favour: in so much as by the Alcyonides they desire peace and tranquility. Nor is this unremarkable, and perhaps conducing to the same, that the Kings-fisher being dead and hung up by the Neb, turns always her belly to the wind.

Neither might the Cormorant warrant of less noble parentage; Once Æacus the son of Priamus by the Nymph Alichothoe. Who bites the glorious miseries of the Court, enjoys his freedom in the open fields and Forests of Ida.

O happy fwaines, too happy if you knew Your blest estate! lust earth prepares for you Vin-purchaft food; farre from warres dire debates. Though no proud palaces, with lofty gates, Streame with the breath of elements cry Moroe; Nor Ivory the carved poasts adorne; No fratte of Corinths, rich imbroadeery, No wool infected with Alcyon dys, Nor oyle with Caffian mixit: you gentle peace Enioy, pure innocence, the rich increafe Of various guifts; what pleasure the broad fields, Caves, lining waters, and coole Tempe yeilds; Lowing of beafts, sweet sleepes by shades obscur'd, Woods, salvage chace, the hardy youth inv'rd To live with little, whom no labour tires Celestial Gods ador'd, and sacred Sires. Inuifice here left her laft impression, when She fled from the defir'd abodes of men

But Loue, who is winged with exceffe and ease, finds Æacus out amidst his home-ly fare, and laborious exercises. When pursuing the Nymph Eperia, by the biting of a serpent her flight and life were at once suppressed. He, driftrnet with sorrow, threw himself from a rock, into the sea, and by the pity of Tethis was turned into a Cormorant; who disclaiming to be forced to live, still attempts to drown himself. Wherein the nature of that fowle is expressed, which is called Mergus of his often dining: and by his leannesse presents the macilency of lousers: whereof Virgil.

How leane my bull lookes in a fruitfull pasture? Loue macerates the bull, and the bulls master.

Proceeding from bad digestion, and too great an emission of spirits, through their restless thoughts and consuming Melancholy. From hence we may gather how men

Ehau quam phalat mater: si multi turrent in avar!....

Idem mentem eximium ext noctem, precipue magis.

Virgil Ec 3.
men not seldom loose what they most affect by too eagerly pursuing: when too late repenting, and too timely despairing, they endeavour to ruinate what they should defend; but are often prevented by Tethis, or the divine protection. This fable is thought to have been derived from a Merchant; who, by dining into the Sea to recover a part of his shipwrack goods, was alluded to a Cormorant. And the like have I seen by certain sailors of Simo, continuing so long under water as if it had beene their habitable Element. But the fishing with the Cormorant is a sport no less rare than delightfully; who pursues the fishes under water with incredible celebrity; and having taken, brings them to land, and lays them at the feet of his master, a ring about his neck impeaching his swallowing; who taking it off, rewards him with a part of his booty. This fowle by flying from the Sea foreshewes a succeeding Tempest.

OVIDS
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Twelfth Booke.

The Argument.

A Snake, a snake-like Stone. Cycnus, a Swan. Caknis the maid, now Cancus and a man, Becomes a Fowle. Neleius varies shapes: At last an Eagle, nor Alcides Escapes.

Old Priam mournes for Ascanus, nor knew That he survived, and with light feathers flew, While Hector and his brethren dues, with tears, Pay to the tombe which his inscription bears. But Paris, absent from that obsequy, Straight with his Rape, brought ten yeares warre to Troy. A thousand ships, in one confederate, Pursue his stealeth, with all the Achaian State. Nor vow'd revenge so long had beene delayed; If wrathfull leas had not their passage stayed: At simie Anais, Bceotia, Their wind-bound Nauic in expectation lay. Here (as of old) to Ione they sacrifice. While from the antique altar flames arise; Ablows-leaft'd Dragon, in the Armies view; Ascends a tree, which scarce the altar grew. A net there was upon an upper bough, With twice foure birds: these, and their dam (which now Flutter'd about her young) the greedy snake At length devoured. This all with wonder strike. When Chalchas cry'd (who could the truth divine) Rejoyce, d Pelagias, tis a happy signe! Proud Troy shall fall; though with long toyle and care: These thrice three birds, thrice three yeares warre declare: She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape, Became a Stone, that held the serpents shape. Still e Nerces in f Aoadin surges rates: Nor warretransfers. Somethinke the God of Waies Would Troy prefere, and late the wailes hemade. h Thestorides dissent; who knew, and said, i A Virgin's blood must Diana reconcile. Now did the publicke caufe the priuate foyle; A King a father; k Iphigenia's blood Before the altar to resigne her blood.

\[a\] See the Comment.
\[b\] Helene, the wife of Mezentius
\[c\] The Grecian Princess under the command of Ajacicus
\[d\] Grecians.
\[e\] A Sea-God.
\[f\] That part of the Argus sea which borders on Bithia.
\[g\] Neptune, who with Apollo built the walls of Troy.
\[h\] Chalchas the son of Thestor.
\[i\] See the comment.
\[j\] Iphigenia.
\[k\] The daughter of Agamemnon.
The Priest then wept, so pitty did subdue
The Goddesse, who a cloud about her threw;
And while they proteste her Rites, and praid;
Product a Hinde to represent the Maid.
When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage;
Her furie, and the Seas, at once affwage.
A fore-winde then their thousand Vesseles bore:
Who, sufferinf much, attain'd the Phrygian shore.

A place there is; the confines to all these.
Where all that's done, though far remot'd, appeare:
And every whisper penetrates the eare.

The Houfe of Fame; who in the highest towre
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre
Innumerable ways conduct; no way
Barr'd, the doors stand open night and day.

Things heard, reports; and every word rebounds,
No rest within, no silence: yet the noyfe
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
Such as from farre by rowling billowes sent;
Or as founts fainting Thunder almost spent.
Hither the idle Vulgar come and goe:
Millions of Rumors wander too and fro;
Lyes mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these, with newes unknowing eares Some fill;
Some carry tales: all in the telling growe;
And every Author addes to what he knowes.

Here dwells rash Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Feare, and vainly grounded Joy;
New rais'd Sedition, secret Whisperings
Of unknowne Authors, and of doubtfull things.
All done in Heauen, Earth, Ocean, Fame furriewes:
And through the ample world inquires of newes.

She notice gaue, how with a dreadfull hoaft
The Grecian Nauie fleered for their coaft.
Nor vnexpe&ed came; the Troians bend
Their powers t' encounter, and their shores defend.

By Hellor's fatall lance; the battle cost;
The Grecians much noble blood: so clearly shone
Their fortitudes; great Hellor yet unknowne.
Nor no small streames of blood their valours drew
From Phrygian wounds, who felt what Greece could doe.

And now their mingled gores b Sigeanm flaine:
Now e Neptunes Cycnus had a thousand flaine.

Seeking for Cycnus, or for Hellor, round
About the field; at length braue Cycnus found:

See the Commentary.

The sea adjoyning to that Promentory, where the Grecians landed.
c Cycnus the son of Neptune.
Achilles wounded

And in his lacerations great Hector death sustains.

Cheering his horses with the shaven maimed,

His thundering chariot drives against his foe,

And shakes his trembling lance about to throw;

O youth, he said, what e’er thou art, rejoice;

Achilles honours thee with death. His voice

His (heave pursues; the steele no wound imprest

Though strongly thrown. When bounding from his breast

He said, Thou Goddesse-borne, Fame brutes thee such;

Why wondrest thou? (Achilles wondred much)

This helmet with horse-hairde, this shield I beare;

Defend not me for fashion these I wearable.

So Mars his perfon arms. Should I display

My naked breast, thy force could finde no way.

The grace to be Nereis Ionec is small;

If this, who Nereus, who his Nymphs, who all

The Ocean guides: Then at Achilles threw

His lance, that pierce’t his plated shied, and through

Nine Oxe-hides rufht; the tenth did it restraine;

The Heroe caught it, and retorts again;

The singing steele; againe it gane no wound.

The third aflag no better entrance found,

Though Gycus bar’d his bosome to the blow.

He rages like a bull in a Circian flow;

Whose dreadfull horses the skarlet, which prouoke

His furie, roffe with still deluded strokes.

Then searches if the head were off; that on;

What, is my hand, saide he, so feeble grown.

On one is all my vigour spent? my powre

Was more, when first I raz’d Lynessus towre;

When Tenedos, Eetian Thebes, were fild

With blood of theirs, by my encounters fpild;

The red Cucur slaqhted natives dyde:

Twice Telephus my jaulin powrful tryde,

Behold these heapes of bodies! these I slew;

Much could my hand have done, as much can doe;

This said, his former deeds almost sufpechts,

And at Menetes brent his ayme direc’ts,

(A Lycean of meane ranke) the thrilling dart

Quite through his faithlesse curass’ pierc’t his heart;

Whose dying body truck the groning ground;

Snatching the weapon from his recking wound;

This hand, he said, this now victorious lance

Shall vedge thy fate: affhst me equall chance!

With that, th’venering dart at Cycnus flung;

Th’vencinated on his shoulder rung;

Which like a rock the lance repelled againe;

Yet where it hit it left a purple flame;

By vainely glad Aulicides defcry’d:

He woundlesse: this Menetes blood had dy’d.

Then
Then roaring, from his charriot leaps; and made
A horrid on-fer with his flaming blade:
Who breaches in his helme and shield beheld;
Yet he fecure: his skin the fteele repelled.
Now all impatient, with the hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades with thick redoubled blowes:
Preft on as he gaue back, pursuues, inflicts;
Nor lets the aftonift breath. He faints; blew mifts
Swim ouer his dim eyes: whose backward steps
A ftone with ftood. On whom Achilles leapes
With all his strength, and Cynus vp-ward caft
On fouding earth: there held the Heroe faft.
Then fets his fhieland knees upon his breft;
And drawing hard his helmet ftrings, oppreft
His gafting jawes: the breathing-path and way
Of life shuts vp. About t'vnarme his prey,
The body mift. To a Fowle as white as Snow

By Neptune chang'd, whom by that name we knowe.
This toyle, this fight gaue many daies of reft:
And either part from deeds of armes furceaf.
While on their walls the watchfyll Phrygians ward,
A good was kept; where in Acides
For Cynus death with heifers blood did pleafe
Propitious Pallas. When the entrails laid
On burning altars, to the Gods contuad
An acceptable fmiell: a part addrefst
To facred vfe; the boord receau'd the reft.
Downe lay the Heroes, fed on roffed ftefh,
And generous wines their cares and thirft refreh.
Nor mufick now, nor fongs their cares delight;
But in difcourfe confume the thronted night.
The fubiecft, Valour: of the valour ftowne
By their couragious foes, and of their owne.
Promifcuoufly of paffed dangerstell,
And former enterprizes. What fo well
Could great Achilles speake of or what were
A fitter thame for great Achilles care?
Then fpake he of his conqueft, in the fall
Of noble Cynus: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no powre to penetrate
His woundlefe body, which could fteele rebate.
This is the Pelafgians, this Acides
Himelfe admires. When Neftor faid to thefe:
Cynus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned fteele, and could be hurt by none.

I faw a Perrhabian Caneus once indure
A thoufand frokes, yet he from wounds secure.
Perrhabian Caneus, excellent in deeds,
Of both dwelt: and what beleefe exceeds,
A woman borne. This prodigie begets
Their greater wonder. Every one intreats;
Achilles thus: Diuinely eloquent;
O thou the wildome of our age, content
To our desires, for all desir'd the same:
Of Cenis tell, how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battle knowne;
By whom, if so by any, overthrown.
Then He: Though age impaire my memory,
And much beheld in youth my knowledge fly;
I much remember: yet, of all that are
Among so many acts of peace and warre;
None deeper is imprinted in my braine.
And if the length of time, not spent in vaine,
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two Ages finisht, in the third I liue.
Not all the Virgins that Thesalian bare
With Elateian Canis could compare
For beauty. From the cities bordering,
And those, Atraces, which call thee King
(For she her birth to your Amonia ought)
A world of lovers her affection fought.
And Peleus too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed;
Or else assured. Canis still forbore
All nuptiall ties. As on the secret shore
She walked alone, the Sea-god her diffent
Inforc't to Rape: for so the rumor went.
Rapt with the joy of loues first tasted fruit;
All shall, said Neptune, to thy wishes suite;
With what thou wilt. So Fame the story told:
My wrong, said Canis, makes my wishes bold;
That neuer like inforcement may befall,
Be I no woman, and thou giue it me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice expresse,
Much like a mans; for now it prou'd no lesse.
The Sea-god had appentened to her will:
And further addes, that feele should neither kill
Nor wound his person, Yong Atracies
Departs, rejoicing in such gifts as thefe:
Who great in euerie manly vertue growes;
And haunts the fields through which Penaeus flowes;
The Isonne of bold Ixion now had wed
Hippodame: the faithful Centaures, bred
Of clasped Clouds, his imitation grac't;
In shady bowres at lundry tables plac't.
There were th Amonian Princes, there was I;
The palace rung with our confident joy.
They Hymen sing, the altars fume with flames:
Forth came th' admir'd Bride with troopes of dames.

\[a\] An Age was accounted an hundred yeares.
\[b\] The daughter of Elata the Lapathia.
\[c\] Achilles.
\[d\] Thesaly, the country of Achilles.
\[e\] To Theis.
\[f\] Neptune.
\[g\] Cenis: of Atrax, a city of Thesaly.
\[h\] A river of Thesaly, which runnes betweene Ossa and Olympos.
\[i\] Periboea.
\[j\] See the Comment.
\[k\] Marriage songs in honour of Hymen.
We call Piritous happy in his choice:  
But fcarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.  
For Eurytus, more heady then the rest,  
Foule rapine harbours in his faluage bref:  
Incent by beauty, and the heat of wine:  
Luft and Ebricry in out-rage ioyne.  
Straight, turn'd vp boards the fealt prophane: the faire  
And tender Ipoufe now haled by the haire.  
Fierce Eurytus Hippodame; alltoke  
Their choice, or whom they could: fackt cities looke  
With fuch a face. The women ftreeke: we rise.  

When Theseus firft; & Eurytus, ymwife!  
Dar if thou offend Piritous as long  
As Theseus liues: in one two suffer wrong.  
The great-fould Heroe, not to boafe in vaine,  
Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce diſdaíne  
The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;  
Such facts could not be iuſted by words:  
But with his fifts the braue redeemer preft;  
Affails his face, and strikes his generous bref:  
Not farre off ftood an antique goblet, wrought  
With high rais'd figures: this a Aegides caught;  
Hurl'd at the face of Eurytus: a flood  
Of reeking wine, of braines, and clotted blood  
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;  
And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.  
The Centaures, fornicke for their brothers death,  
Arme, arme, refound, with one exalted breath.  

Wine courage giues. At firft a vncoth out flight  
Of flagons, pots, and boles, began the fight:  
Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyles.  
Firt Amycus, Opbius illue, fpoyles  
The facred places of their gifts; who ramps,  
Teares downe a brafen Creffe fluck with lamps:  
This swinges aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull  
The Sacrificer strikes; which cruft with the skull  
Of Celado, the b Lapiſhtes, and left  
His face vnknowne; confufion forme beret.  
Out flart his eyes; his battered nofe betwixt  
His fhiuer'd bones flat to his pallet firc.  

The b Lapiſhtes were a people of buffy, dwelling about  
Pindus and Othria; over who  
Piritous then raigned,  
Of Pella city of Thesaly,  
And not that of Macedon,  
A Aegus the Centaure.  

Of Pella city of Thesaly, and not that of Macedon,  
A Aegus the Centaure.

The Centaure.

a Thefes, the son of Aegeus.

b The Laphites were a people of buffy, dwelling about  
Pindus and Othria; over who  
Piritous then raigned,  
Of Pella city of Thesaly, and not that of Macedon,  
a Aegus the Centaure.

Orions
Orions mother Mycale, with fear
Could pale the Moone, and hale her from her sphere.

Exadius cry'd, nor shalt thou so depart
Had I a weapon. Of a noted Hart
The Antlers from a pine he pulls; they fixe
Their forks in Gryneus darkned eyes: one sticks
Upon the hornes, the other in thick gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand C Rhaetus bore,
Snatcht from the altar, and Charaxus head
Crackt through the skull, with yellow trefles spred.
The rapid flame his blazing curls surround,
Like corne on fire; blood broyling in his wound
Horribly hisses: as red fleete that glos
With fervent blasts, which pliant tongs dispose
To quenching coole-troughs, spurters, liuties, consumes;
And hissing vnder heated water, fumes.
The Wounded from his finged trefles takes
The greedy flame, and on his shoulders takes
A stone torne from the threshold, which alone
Would load a waine, at distant Rhaetus throwne.
This, falling short, Cometes life invades:
And sent his friend to euerlafting shades.
When Rhaetus, laughing; May you all abound
In strength so try'd, and aggruates his wound
By blowes redoubled with his burning brand.
Cruft bones now sinke in brains. Then turns his hand;
On Coritus, Euvagrus, Dryas flew:
Who Coritus, a youth, too timely flew.
What glory can the slaughter of a boy
Afford, Euvagrus said; nor more could say:
For Rhaetus e'r his jawes together came,
Hid in his throte and breft the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his browes, affailes
The valiant Dryas, but no more preuailes:
For through his shoulder, who had triumphed long
In daily slaughter, Dryas fixt his prong.
Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
And soild with blood, now faues himselfe by flight.
So Lycidas, Arneus, Medon (red
With his owne blood) Pisenor, Caumus, Aed:
Wound-tardie Memerius, late swifte of pace;
Meneleus, Pholus, Abas, ye'd to chace
The Bore; and Asylus, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bad his friends that war eftchue;
And fai'd to frightened Nessus, Fly nor fo;
Thou art refer'd for great Alcides bow.
But yet Eurynomus, nor Lycidas,
Arneus, nor Imbrenus, vnlaughtred paffe:
All flame by Dryas hand. Thee Caneus too,
Though turn'd about to fly, a fore-wound flue:

Fb b 3
Metamorphosis

For looking back; the point between his sights,
There where the sole ioyne with the fore-head lights.
Wanawken with the tumult of this fray;
Diffolu’d in death-like sleepe, a Aphidias lay
Vpon a Beares rough hide on Olym kild;
Whose lazie hand a b mixed goblet held.

c Phorbas farre off the vaineely hurtleffe fpy’d:
And to the thong his fingers fittting, cry’d,
Thy wine henceforth with Stygian water brew.
This fayd, at flumber-bound Aphidas threw
His trembling dart: the steeld ash made way.
Through’s naked neck, as he supinely lay.
Death was vnfelt: his full throte voids a flood:
The hide and goblet, drown’d and fild with blood.
I saw Petruus tearing from the ground
A well growne Oke: while he imbrac’t it round
With his strong armes, now, this, now that way hal’d;
Perithous to the bole his bofome nail’d.

d All Centaures.

Stout d Lyces by Perithous valour fell:
Perithous valour d Chromis funke to hell.
The fefte the glory of his acts elate

Then Helops death, and d Dictys stranger fate.
His eager jaulin Helops temples cleft:
Which at the right care rushed through the left.
But Dictys from a broken mountaine fildes,
As he e Ixions furious fonne auides,
And head-long fell: his weight afunder brake
A mighty Ash; the ftumps his entrailes take.

f A Centaure.

In rufht revengefull f Phereus with a fone
Torne from a rock: his mighty elbow-bone
(ABOUT to hurle) in fhuiers Theseus crackt:
Nor leafure had, or further care, t’exact
His vfelefTe life. Then nimbly vaults vpnon
b Byanor’s back, before beftrir’d by none,
His knees claps to his fides: his fhaggie hair
His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly stare
And threaten, crushes with his knotty Oke.

A Centaure.

h Dart-fam’d Lycephes, and Medimnus froke
To humble earth: so Hippasus, whose head
Reacht to his bref: and Riphemus, who appear’d
More tall then trees, with Theseus, who caught
Wild beares on Othris heretofore, and brought
Th’inraged purchafe to his home alieue.
Demoleon frets to fee e Agides thrue
With fuch useffe, and from the center ftries
To teare a Pine: which when he could not, rues
The yelding bole, and darts it at his foe.
Theseus farre off espi’d the deadly throw;
Who by Mineru’s counfell (for fo he
Would haue vs thinke) with-drew: and yet the tree

Not
Not idly fell; but Crantor's shoulder, brest,
And throte divides; which torturd life releaft.
He was (c Aeacides) thy b fathers Squire;
Giv'n by subdu'd Amyntor to thy fire
(c Amyntor the well-train'd Dolopians Guide)
In hostage for their peace, and faith affide.
When Teleus saw that spectacle of ruth;
Receiv'd, c Crantor, c beloued youth,
This sacrifce, he said: and sent a dart
With all the rigor of his hand and heart
At proud Demoleon; which the bones that IoTune
His ribs transfixed; and quarter'd in the chine,
His hands from thence the headle'sse Iaulin pluck
And hardly that: the head behind it stuck.
Anguish it selfe the heat of wrath improves:
He reares aforc, and paws him with his hooues.
Who with his shield and burganet defends
The founding strokes: yet still his sword extends,
And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore
d His double brests. Yet had he flaine before
c Thlegreus, Hyles, with his lances flight;
Hiphinous and D anus, in close fight.
Addes Dorylas to thefe; who wore a skull
Of Wolfe-skin tarn'd; the sharpe horses of a Bull,
Instead of other weapon, fixt fbefore,
And dyde in crimson with Lapithian gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd, 8 I said in scorne;
Behold how much our fleee excels thy home.
And threw my lance: not to be shun'd, he now
Claps his right hand vpon his threatened brow;
Which both together nailed. b They rore: and while
Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toyle:
Thy father, who was neerest, neerer preft:
And thrust his sword depe in, below his brest.
He bounds aloft, on't earth his bowels trailes;
The trailed kicke, the kicke in pices hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legges and thigges:
So falls, and with a headle'sse bellie dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, Cyllarws, could faue:
If such a two-form'd figure beautie have.
His chin began to bud with downe of gold;
And golden curls his story back infold:
His looks a pleasing vigor grace's his brest,
Hands, shoulders, neck, and all that man expres;
Surpassing arts admired images.
Nor were his bestial parts a blame to these:
Adde but a horfes head and creft, he were
For k Caftors vfe; his back fo strong to beare,
So largely cheffed, blacker than the crow:
His tale and feet-locks, white as falling snow.
A number of that nation fought his love;
Whom none but faire Hylonome could move;
None for attracting favour so excell,
Of all the halfe-mares that on a thras dwell.
Shee, by sweetly words, by louing, by confefl
Affection, only Cyllarus posfelf.
With combs the smoothes her hair; her person trimmes
With all that could be gracefull to such limmes.
Of rofes, rosemarie, and violets,
And oft of lillies curious dreffings pleats.
Twice daily waft her face in springs that fall
From Pageean hills; twice daily all
Her body bathes in cleansing freames: and ware
The skinnes of beasts, such as were choice and rare,
Which flowing from her shouder croffe her breast,
Vaile her left side. Both equall love posfelf:
Together on the shady mountaines stray,
In woods and hollow causes together lay:
Then to the pallace of the Lapithe
Together came; and now together fight.
A jaulerin from the left hand flung thy breast
O Cyllarus, beneath thy neck impriff.
His heart though lightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)
Grew forth-with cold, and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limmes receivies;
Foments his wound: close to his lips he cleanes,
To stay his flying soule. But when the found
Life's fire extinct: with words in clamour drown'd,
Euen on that stele, which through his bolome paft,
She threw her owne; and him in death imbrac't.
Methinkes I see grim Phenocomes yet:
Who with two Lyons skinnes, together knit,
Protects his double forme. A log he tooke,
Which scarce two teeme could draw; his darted, strooke
The crowne of Phenolenides; his braines
It through his barded skull deeper cinnies freames;
Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrills gush'd,
Like curds through wickar fqueas'd; or joyces cruft
Through draining calenders. As he the dead
Prepares t'varme, my sword his bowels shred.
"Your father saw his downefall. Chironius too,
And stout Telebow our fawchion flew.
The first a forked branch, the other bore
A lance, the lance this wound had given before;
Whereof you see the ancient scarce. Then I,
Then should I have beene sent t'haye ruin'd Troy.
Then might I have refrain'd, if not of-throwne
Great Hector. But, he either then was none,
Or else a child. Now spent with age, I waine.
What speake I of two-lhapt Pyretus, flaine

By
By Periphas: Thy dart, without a head,
Brave Amynus, four-fooned Oicles sped.
Macæus, borne by Pelethronian rocks,
Huge Erigdus, with a leaner knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart Cymæus theath'd
Deep in Neæus groyned, and life bereat'd.
Nor would you thinke Ampyces alone
Could fate fore-tell: a lance by Mopsus throwne
Odities flew: this, as the Centaur rail'd,
His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his boforme nail'd.
Flies Cænæus flew; Bromus, Antimachus,
Axe-arm'd Pyramus, Helius, Stiphæus,
Although forgetful by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well.
Giant-like Lærenus lightneth to these broyles;
Arm'd with Emathian Aleus ijoyles:
His yeares, twixt youth and age; nor age impaires
The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray haires;
A Macedonian ijoyre, a fword, and shield,
Confirm his pride: o'ẽ-views the well-fought field,
Clashes his armes; and trottting in a round,
Infore'd the ayre with this disdainefull found.
Shall I indure thee Cænis? still to me
Thou art a woman, and shalt Cænis be.
Thou haft forgot thy births original,
And for what fad rewarded, by what fall
Advanc't to this man-counterfiting shape.
Thinkst of thy births; thinke of thy cafe rape;
Goe, take a spindle and a distaffe; twine
The carded wooll, and armes to men resigne.
While thus he scotces; and circularly ran,
Cænæus his sides gores with his lance, where man
And horfe wate: He, mad with anguish, flings
His ijoyre at the Phyllcan yoyght, which rings
On his vnwounded face; and back recoyles,
As pebbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tyles.
Then rushing on, with thruts affayes to wound
His hardned sides; the fword no entrance found.
Nor shalt thou scape; the edge shall lanch thy throate,
Although the point be dull: This said, and sinore
At once. The blow, as if on marble, founds:
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds:
When he his charmed limbes had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, Cænæus said:
Now will we try, if thou our fword canst feel.
Then 'twixt his shoulders thruts the fatall ftoole
Vp to the hils; which too and fro he waues
Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaures with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their darts rebated full, but draw no blood:
For Cacus still in-vulnerable stood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, Monsichus exclaymes,
One foyle vs all, to all our endlesse shames!
He scarce a man ! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was; fo poore our actions be.
What bootes our mighty limbs? our double force?
The strongest of all creatures, man and horse,
In vs by nature ioynd' d sure we are not
A Goddesse birth; nor by Jxion got,
Who durft the Queene of Deities imbrace.
This f Halfe-man conquers his degenerace.
Stones, maiffe logs, whole mountaines on him roule,
And with a pyle of trees crush out his foule.
Let woods opprefse his jawes: ore-whelme with weight,
Instead of idle wounds. Thus he; and straight
An Oke, vp-rooted by the furious blasts
Of frantickie winds, on valiant Cacus casts.
The example quickly d Otherys difformaide
Of all his trees; and d Pelion wanted shade.
Preft with fo huge a burthen, Cacus sweats:
And to th'o' r-whelming Okes his shoulders fets.
But now the load about his stature climes,
And choakes the passage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then struggles to advance his crowne
Abouve the Pile, and throw the timber downe.
Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes;
As when an earth-quake e high-brow'd Ida shakes.
His end was doubtfull: some there be, who tell
How with that weight his body funke to hell.
Mopsus diffents, who law a fowle arise
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies.
(The first I cuer law) which flying round
About our tents, sent forth a mournefull sound.
This he pursuing with his foule and fight,
Cry'd, Haile thou glory of the Lapithite!
O Cacus, late a man at armes; but now
An vnmatcht fowle! His witnesse all allow.
Griefe whets our furie; brooking ill, that one
By fuch a multitude shoulde be ore-throwne:
And forrow fo long executes the fight,
Till halfe were faine: halfe faint'd by speed, and night.
The Ion of Hercules.
Since in the repetition of that warre,
Of Hercules he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you fo forget (he said)
Alicides prais'd me my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-borne Centaures fell.
To this sad Nestor anfwer'd: Why should you
Compell me to remember; and renew
My sorrow lost in time " or iterate
Your fathers guilt, together with my hate *.
His acts transcended belief, his high repute
Fills all the world: which would I could refute,
But not a Polydamas, Desphobus.
Not valiant Hector, are extold by vs.
For who commends his foe? b Mefene's walls
He raz'd: faire e Elis, Pylius, in their falls
Drest his fury, Citties which his hate
Had not draw'n: with them, did ruinate
Our Houfe: with sword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his fierce out-rage fell,
Twice fix faire fam'd c Neleida were wee;
Twice fix d Alcides flew, excepting me.
Others have beene subdue'd: but more then strange
Was Periclymen's slaughter I who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great Neptune gaue, the root of Neleus race.
He, for to varie formes, at length appeares
Like f Jones loud Fowle, who in her tallons beares'
Impetuus thunder, and in his defcent
His face with his strong beake and pounces rent.
At him his bow, too sure, e Alcides drew,
As towring in the lofty clouds he flew,
And struck his side-toy'd wing. The wound was flight;
But fundred d nerues could not sustaine his flight.
When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow finore
In at his side, and thirt it through his throte.
Now braue b Commander of the Rhodian Fleete;
Thinkst thou Alcides praise a subiect meet
For my discourse? Alone, with silence wee
Retenge our slaughtred brothers; and lose thee.
When Neftor with mellifluous eloquence
Had thus much ver'd: they, with speech dispence;
And liberall Bacchus quaffe: then all arose;
And gave the rest of night to soft repose.
1 The God, whose Trident calmes the Ocean;
For strangled Cycon turned into a Swan,
Grieues with paternall grieue. Achilles fate
He prosecutes with more thencuill hate,
Ten yeares now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
Thus vnshorne f Sminthias his fierce rage exciteth.
Of all m our brothers fones to vs most deare;
Whose hands, with ours, Troy's walls in vaine did reare:
O sight thou not to see the Asian towres
Someere their falls: their owne, and aiding powres
By millions flaine: the laft of all their joy
Dead Hector drag'd about his fathers Troy?
Yet dire Achilles, who our labour gues
To vter spoyle, then Warre more cruell, liues.

Achilles:

1 Apollo, so called of Mie (the
caulc too long to intinct) or of the furious rakes of the
Sunne.
2 Jupites.

Cec2 Camè
Came he within my reach, he then should try,
The vengeance of my Trident: but since I
Cannot approach t'encounter with my foe,
Let him thy close and mortal arrows knowe.

Delius affents: his vnlkes wrath intends;
With it, his owne, and in a cloud descends
To th' Iliaon hoast: amid the battle sekes
For Paris, shooting at vn-noted Greeks.
Then flew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou loose
Thy shafts so safely? nobler obiects choose;
If thou of thine at least haft any care:
Thy brethrens deaths revenge on Telus heire.

There flew'd him stern Achilles, as he flew
The Trian troopes: and, while his bow he drew,
Dired the deadly shaft. This one only might
Old Priam, after Hectors death, delight.

Him, who with conquest cloy'd the jaws of death,
A faint adulterer deprives of breath.
If by the effeminate to be o'r-throwne,
Then should the Pollax of the Amazon
Haue forc't thy fate. The Phrygian fear: the fame,
And strong protection of the Gracian Name,
Invincible: Aecides now burnes:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.
And of that great Achilles scarce remains
So much as now a little Virne containes.
Yet still he liues: his glory lightens forth,
And fills the world: this answers his full worth.
This, a divine Pelides, soares as high
As thy great spirit, and shall never dye.
And even his armes, to instance whole they were;
Procure a warre, Armes for his armes they beare.

Ailax, Diomedes, nor
The klefe Atrides, not in age and war
The Greater: no one: but the Son
Of old Laetes, and bold Telamon,
Durst hope for such a prize, Tantalides,
To shun the burden, and the hate of these,
The Princes bids to fit before his tent:
And puts the strife on their arbitrement.
Vpon the Twelfth Booke
Of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

AEacus, suppos'd dead, is lamented by Priamus, and his brethren: who performe his funeralls and erect him a sepulcher. For such was the custom of the ancient, even then when the body was not to be found: supposing that the Ghosts of those who wanted these rites, wand'red up and downe on the banks of the infernal river, and could not passe over to the abodes of rest, until their exequies were accomplished: pouring milke, hony, blood, and wine, on their tombs, and invoking the souls of the departed. But Paris was abs't at these ceremonies: then on his fatal voyage to Sparta, who brought back the revenge of his guilt, and subversion of his Country: recar'd to Hecuba in a dreame, while yet he lay in her belly.

She dreamt her wombe brought forth a mighty flame:
Affrighted, wakes, to Priam told the fame:
He to his Prophets, they this fentre returne,
How Paris fires should loftly Ilium burne.

Wherefore Paris as some as borne was expos'd by his father. So Afiages dreamt that his daughter Mandane made water in so great quantity, that it surround all Asia. Whereof the Astrologians gave this judgement, that the child in her belly (which was Cyrus) should subd't all that part of the world to his dominion: whereupon his Grandfather expos'd him to the mercy of wild beasts; the infant fortune of sundry great Princes. But Paris through the care of his mother was taken up and secretly nourisht by the shepherds on Ida with the milk of Goats, whereupon he was called Paris: so Alexander (as himselfe testifieth in his Epistle to Helena) for the recovery of the Kings Heard that was solon, and daughter of the Pirats. By obtaining the vict'ry in certaine publique exercis's, performed with great strength and activity, he was knowne to the King, and recea'd into favour. Priamus had sent Antenor into Greece to negotiate the surrender of his fitter Hesione, taken from Troy by Hercules, and given to Telamon. But his embass'y was ill accepted, and himselfe no better entreated. This injury added to the other, the King intends a warre, and for that cause assembles his Princes. Their opinions differ according to their severall conceotions and courage's: when Paris interrisses that a Fleet may be prepared and committed to his conduct, not doubting but to recour his Aunt, and revenge the death of his Grandfather Laomedon. For he had dreamt in Ida, how Iuno, Venus, and Minerva, were present'd unto him by Mercury, that their contention concerning their beauties might be decreed by his judgement: Venus promising him the fairest Dame among all the Greeks in reward of his giv'g her the prebeminency, and therefore he knewe, that shee would be propitious to his enterprise. No maruaile then, though the success was tragi'cal, when Pleasure was preferred before Glory and Virtue. For such was Venus: whose Cesar Zone is thus described by Homer:

Then from her brest her Zone divinely wrought
Vnties, with all inciting pleasures fraught.
In it, Loue, Longings, courtly conference,
Faire language, which inches the wife's fentre;

Cec 3

Paris his Rape of Helena.
And therefore the image of Venus, as Plutarch observeth, was anciently placed by the image of Mercury. But Suidas approaching nearer the truth, derives this fable of the judgement of Paris, from an eloquent oration which he made (being learned in the knowledge of the Grecians) in the praise of Venus, preferring her before either Iuno, or Minerva: who also composed a Hymn in her honour. A while after she was sent by his father into Greece, not to offer violence, but to sacrifice to the Gods of that country: although he had the rape of Helen in his intentions. He puts to sea for all, the propheticall deborations of Helenus and Caffandra, and arrives at the Island Cythera, at such time as Menelaus was on his voyage for Pylos, and Castor and Pollux, the brothers of Helen, were gone to Argos: with whom pretending occasions, he thereby pacifies the fear of the Ilanders. Helena had an eager desire to see him, and under a show of devotion repaired to a maritima city of her name, where stood the temple of Apollo and Diana. This knowne to Paris, he there acsoits her, confident in his owne perfection. For he was of a comely stature, and delicate composition: his skin white, his eyes shining, his aspect full of favour and sweetness, his hair yellow, and soft, of speech alluring, and in ambition untamable. They are taken with the beauties of each other; and by their eyes contract a fatal affection. For the Platonists hold (agreeable with the their affections, how sight proceeds from the emission of beams to the Object, and not by receaving the species of the object into the eye, as maintained by Aristotle), that the spirits of the lower passe through the eye into the spiritus of the beloved; which procures a desire of returning into that body from whence they were emitted, whereupon instate that appetite of conjunction betweene lovers. The night following this interview, Paris surpriseth Helena, and together with many Prisoners and much treasure, carries her aboard; then hysing sailes, shapes his course for Phrygia. Menelaus at his returne from Pylos, incensed with the wrong, commits the Grecian Princes, who take it as a publique inury, and iroune in the revenge, electing Agamemnon for their General, who now imbarqued in one thousand fourscore and six ships, lies windbound at Aulis, a Haven of Beotia, which tooke that name from their long detention. As the Grecians sacrificed to Jupiter, a Serpent in sight of the army, creeping vp stree, devouring eight young sparowes, together with the old one. Thus the Augean Calchas thus interprethes, that Troy after nine yeares siege should be taken. For by the Harpy the Egyptians deciphered the yeare, as time the Serpent, which devoureth all things (and therefore the Serpent is the Hieroglyphick of Saturne) here turned into a Lion, to express the irreconcilable decree of destiny. Not unlike was that which befell unto Marius when he burnt himselfe in the Marithes of Minturnae, who having found an Eagles nest with seven young ones, reassum'd his courage upon his interpretation; that be should surmise to be seven times Confidius, which fell out accordingly.

The Serpent at Aulis.

Iphigenia.

The winde doth continue still contrary through the wrath of Diana; in that Agamemnon, as Ciceron writes, had not paid his vow, who vowed unto her the fairest of that yeares birth: falling out to be his daughter Iphigenia, which Calchas vorgeth him to accomplish for the publicke utility. Superstitious was more prevalent then the truth in the blindly denoted. But undisused vows are punished in the performance, not required by God, but persuaded by the author of impiety. This bloody scene thus described and confin'd by Lucertius.

"I fear you thinke that wicked reasons I Inforce, which lead unto impiety. As how religion it selfe oft-times Hath"
Hath perpetrated foule and bloody crimes.
As when the Grecian Chiefes of prime repute
Unveid Diana's altar did pollute
With Iphigenia's blood, by Aulis found.
The sacred fillet which her temples bound
In labells hang; who seeing her sad Sire
By th' Altar stand in funerall attire;
And how the Priest the sword concealed kept,
While all the people round about her wept;
Strucke mute with fear, the lowly knees on earth:
Nor then poor wretch auid'd her princely birth,
Her fathers regall title. The trembling maid
Now to the Altar by thearmes conu'td,
(Not so, as when in Hymeneall rites
The bride is led to nuptiall delights)
Where the pure marriagable sacrifice,
By her sad fires confirm impurely dies;
That profritous gales their flagging failes might fill.
Religion could perfuade so great an ill.

And indeed the Diluell was so greedy of humane blood, that few great enterprizes there were which found not some interruption, until they either offered their own, or the Childrens unto him. And to this purpose were the solemn sacrifices of their Warders, and Oracyles. So in the warres of Thbebs Menoeus the sonne of Creon (as the last of the race of Cadmus) must vow himselfe unto Mars; Codrus King of Athens designd his person to be flame, Curtius leaped into the yawming gulf; the Decii demonged themselves to the infernal Gods: and so far the Diluell had prevailed, that those wicked sacrifices, performed before but upon extraordinary occasions, were brought into ordinary practise; and the most effectuall & acceptable oblations. When the light of the true religion (faith Tertullian) had abolished these inhumane superstititions, he revenged his losse on the innocent Christians; if Tiber over-flown, or Nilus overflow not, if there happen either Drought or Earthquake, Famine or Pestilence, the Christians as a remedy must be throwne to the Lyons. Timantes the painter presenting this sacrifice of Iphigenia, drew Chalchas, Vilifes, and Menelaus, with sad and afflictid countenances; but made a waile over the face of Agamemnon; in that no pensill could expresse so frantick a sorrow. Or perhaps having spent the height of his fantasie in drawing the other: as hapned to Euphranor, who about to portrait the twelve Gods at Athens, and beginning with Neptune, represented him with such exquiste Art, that desparing to finish the rest with the like felicity (especially Jupiter) he forbore to proceed any farther. If this be fabulous it alludes; if historickally it parallells that act of Tepha; who to performe a raph vow inhumanly sacrificed his only daughter. So Marius in his warres against the Cymbrians sacrificed his daughter Calphurnia, promised in his dreame, that in so doing he should obtaine the victorv. Yet our Poets makes Iphigenia not to suffer, but to bee conveyd from hence by Diana; a bird in the room supplying the sacrifice. Which might (faith S. Augustin) be done by the subtility and power of some wicked Angell. The Mythologists will have this (as many have their originals from the sacred Scriptures) to be feigned from the history of the immolation of Isacc, and the Hinde put in for the Goat: Whereof the unwarrantable imitation (faith a moderne Author) produced that Sonne sacrifici-
VPON THE TWELFTH BOOKE OF

Protesilaos.

Fame.

Protesilaos, b'in infinit of Fate:
The first that fell in Grecia and Troyes debate.
That boldly leap't on the Syracus shire,
Deceiv'd by fly Vishes, who before
Appear'd to haue trod upon the fatal strand,
But lighted on his shield, first throwne to land.
Why grievances my Ghost? this death the fates proclaim'd,
When at my birth Protesilaos nam'd.

For by the Oracle it was foretold, that he should die, who first set his foot on the Trojan earth. Upon his Sepulcher, close by the Hellepont, grew certaine trees, whose branches toward Troye foone flourished, and as suddenly lost the ornament of their leaves; the rest continuing greene, presenting his untimely death, being flaine in the twentieth yeare of his age. This Pliny reports to have indured till his time.

Achilles
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

Achilles encounters Cygnus, the son of Neptune, but can with no weapon penetrate his skin, which causeth him to misdoubt his former exploits, whereas he makes a recital. Among the rest of Telephus, King of Mytilæa, wounded and cured by his spear. Which Naturalists impute to the brazen point (for the ancient Heroes had all their weapons forged of braze) which hath in it self a juncture virtue. Others report, that his wound being ill healed and inwardly impessamated; was lanced in a second fight by the same hand & spear, which gave an issue to the corruption, as that vallant, and after cowardly soul'd, under Antigonus, was cured of an inconstant griefe by a wound receiv'd in battle. The like is reported of Iasus Phereus, who being given over by the Phisians, and desirously rushing on to seek his death, found an unexpected cure from the sword of the enemy. But why could the cure be only effected by that weapon which hurt him?

Who hurt me (as Achilles' speare alone
Could cure the wound it gae) must heale or none.

It may therefore be conjectur'd, that Telephus was cured by the Magneticall instrument applied to the speare that wounded him, which many at this day (and some in my hearing) affirme that they have used with feldome failing success. The receipt is at large set downe in Grollius his Dispensatory, extrac'd out of Paracellus; but this is by a neerer way, and little trouble some effect'd: without any Astronomical observations, or ingredients hard to be had, (which perhaps are inferre to a make the reader, and make difficult the performance) as I have received from those whom I cannot but credit. For a handkerchief (as they say) dipped in the blood of the wounded, or any part of his garment whereon it had fallen, being put into a wide mouth'd glass or gally pot containing a quart of faire water, wherein an ounce of a certaine Mineral, every where to be had, is dissolved and closely covered, will performe as much without further trouble. If the blood of a part thereof be easely wash'd out with the aforesaid water, it is a certaine signe of recovery: if not, of death: so the powder of the Mineral being sprinkled upon the cloth, before the blood be dry, if it incorporate therewith it assures the cure; but if otherwise the contrary. If you take the handkerchief out of the vessel and expose it to the ayre, it will put the patient to much paine, but if held to the fire to intolerable; which againe will cease when closed in the water. And this may be done when the party is farre distant.

But returne we to Achilles, who could give no wound unto Cygnus, though he expos't his breast to the blow; intimating that he was an expert foullard, and so skillfull in his weapon as hardly to be touch'd by his adversary; confirmed by the finding of his body unweound (for he was throwne backward and strangly by Achilles) whereupon droug'd and unvulnerable. As Julius Caesar, who receiv'd not one wound (although upon all occasions expos'sing himselfe unto danger) in two and fifty set batailces. Yet why not preferred from wounds by Enchantments? as many are said to be at this day in the Low Countries and Germany, some sticke-free, others shot-free. The Divell deludes his servants with imaginary safety. For although a bullet of lead, as they report, will not enter, one of Silver will: Not unknowne, as they say, to those Peasants, who are oppressed by these Charmed Free-booters. Now Cygnus is seign'd to have been converted into a Swan partly in regard of his name and partly of his white hair.

Or Neptunes youthfull sonne o'rethrowne:
Whole head with snowy tresses shone.

D d d
Said to be the home of Neptune; because that Fowle affecteth the water; or rather in that efeemed a Heroe for his heroicall actions; and such were held to descend on one side from celestiall parentage.

The Troians retire to their walls, and the Grecians to their Camp; when Achilles at a festivall relates the wonderfull story of Cygnus; which is parallell'd by Nefor with another of Cencus, one a maid, then called Cenis and devirginated by Neptune; who bid to with what he would, defines that he might no longer continue a woman to be obnoxious to the like violence; and thereupon was changed into a man. Of such conversions were have formerly spoken. But this by Plutarch (and before Plato) is said to have beene signified of Cencus; in that of a soothfull and effeminate youth; he became a couragiuous and expert solemaker. As among the Romans Valeriuus Placcus; who having behaved himself so unworthily, that his nearest friends were ashamed to acknowledge him; shewed so suddeaine a change in the execution of a publicke office, that he became an example of moderation and fortitude. So here our valiant Cencus in the bataille with the Centaures and the Lapithes at the muptials of Perithous, to which they were invited.

Be they admonisht by the wine rais'd fight Betweene the Centaure and the Lapethite, Who too much in their liberrall cups delight.

Ixion is said to have begotten them on a Cloud, formed like, & mistaken for Iuno, representing the vaine pursuite of imaginary glory, attempted by unlawful meanes; and the prodigious conceptions of Ambition; for from the navel downward they carried the shapes of horses. But this was meerey fictitious.

For neuer was, nor euer could there be Such two fold shapes; nor can in one agree So diportion'd limbs; nor sympathy In strength or time: what man will this deny? A horse at three yeares growth is in his prime An Intant hardly weaned in that time: And when the horsegrows old, and worn with yeares, The other in his pride of youth appeares: Nor theirs defies the fame. Bee't then decreed, No Centaure can from man and horse proceed.
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

The Lapethites revenge the death of Cænus with the slaughter of the Centaurs, and flight of the survivors, who driven out of their Country, the reward of their insinuce and insinuence, seated themselves in a part of Arcadia.

Neleus, having finished his discourse, is reproved by Telephus the son of Periclemenes: "Hercules, for making no mention of his father, the prime Actor in that enterprise, which he excelled, as not fit for him to magnifie the subverter of his country and killer of his brethren. For Hercules had besieged Pylos, because Neleus Dd 2 would..."
would not purge him for the slaughter of Iphitus: as also for the insolency of his twelve sonnes: who glori'd in their number, and fame of their actions. The warre continued long, nor could the city be taken but by the death of Peryclimenes, who could change himselfe into any shape, and in the end was slaine by Hercules in the forme of an Eagle. Then dismasting Pylius, he slew the rest of his brethren; Neleus only escaping, before conuoy'd to Grecians. Peryclimenes transformations represent the subility of envy, which changeth itselfe into all shapes, to eclipse and ruin the renowne of herculell actions, and now an Eagle (the symbol of pride) is wounded by the arrows of Hercules; the same which ascends from noble endeavours, finally confounding envy and arrogancy. Others write that Peryclimenes, concealing himselfe in the shape of a fly, was discovered by Pallas, and so killed by Hercules: from whence his other mallice is drawne by Delticus. Peryclimenes, as he will have it, signifies to forge, a name suitting with a parasite, prepared to invent, and transforming himselfe into any shape to claw the abuser, who Camelot-like can assume all colours: where in uncheck'd until he arrive at the height of impudence: when growing intolerable, discover'd, and hated, even by those who formerly swallowed his flatteries; at length he tumbles downe from his ill purchased advancement into contempt and ruine: flame by Hercules; or virtue, in the likeness of a fly, the figure of Impudence; and that by the iniquity of Pallas, or wifedome.

But Nepheu enraged for the death of his sonne Cygnus, inviteth Apollo to ruine Achilles; who kills him by the arrow of Paris. So fell the illustrious by the most effeminate: to shew how the weakest hand can confound the most strong, when directed by the deity. Yet is it a misery above death to the valiant to fall by an awke and unworthy instrument. Euen they faith Germanicus, who envi'd me lusting, will be grieved that he, who sometimes flourished, and survived so many great battles, should fall by the treachery of a woman. Our Poet declares how he shot him in the field, as he purfued the Troians. Others that falling in love with Polyxena, and drawne into the Temple of Apollo, borne in hand that hee should there espouse her, he treacherously shot him in the heele, in which part he was only vulnerable. For his mother Thetis had dipt him in the river of Styx, which is, had harden'd and forti'd his mind against all dangers and encounters: but the scales of his feete, by which hee hold, were untouch't by the water. Which fable is thus unfold'd by Euclatisus: that the wounding in the heele doth signify the slings of lustfull desires: for from the heele as Physicists affirm, runne certaine veins, and slender sinewes, which cut a sender according to Hyppocrates make the party cold and unfruitfull: the heele being therefore called the fear of incontinency, by Orpheiuss, which declares how humane virtue, how ever confirmed against other vices, yet open eyes to the wounds of lust. So our vbegin Achilles perisheth by his love to Polyxena, and is slaine in the heele of incontinency. For Polyxena signifies a various wanderer, either for that love makes the mind to wander from his owne discretion, or else because lust delights in variety, Achilles so glorified by Homer, the onely scope of his immortal Iliads is thus introduced by Scaliger.

Quia magnum momenta Aegy qui fata potentum
Vulcis, & Romulidum Semina dia Denuum,
Quatuor adiecat mortalis invincent homine
Jupiter, locum non sic dant tuli. 
Terrae heroum vita est mortis ibus. Ante
Fei ego quam summe pone simere Iovem. Scaliger.

I Asia's strong supports, my fathers fame 
And Roman Godlike Ancestors, are came.
Immortal Honours, which to mortall feed
Euen Ione envy'd, I purchas'd by my meed.
Heroick lines with terror men invade;
But I, before I was, made Ione afraid.

Alluding
Alluding to that prophecy in the Eleventh booke.
For aged Proteus thus forstold the truth
To wave-wet Thetis: thou shalt beare a youth
Greater then him from whom hee tooke his birth
In armes and fame. Leaft any thing on earth
Should be more great then Iove. Iove fluns the bed
Of Sea-thon'd Thetis, through her beauty led
His strong desires: who bids AEadic
Succede his Iove, and wed the Queen of Seas.

He was buried on the Promontory of Sigean.
Achilles tomb, loe on Sigean Shores:
Whom here faire footed Thetis oft deplores.
This still-greene Amaranthus doth imply
How that great Heroes fame shall never dy.
The Grecians Bulvarks, Hectors bane: for forth
By Homer, as much honour'd by his worth.

This Amaranthus, of colour purple, and something figured like the cares of Corne (called by others the flower of Iove, in that frequently worn by virgins in their garlands) so named of immortality, because it never fade: symbolizing the still-flourishing fame of that Heroe. Sothe Mahometans at this day plant Semprevivum, a kind of Aloes, on their graves. The Thessilians every yeere, by the admonition of the Dodonian Oracle, brought expiations and sacrifices to his sepulcher, with all that appertained to those Ceremonies, out of their owne Country. As two tame Bulls, one white, and another black: Wood cut from mount Pelion, fire from Theffaly, meale and water from Sperchius, but especially Garlands of Amaranthus, in that they would not wither with the Sunne, the wind, or length of the voyage. But man no more permanent then the leaves of trees, which sometimes are blasted in the spring (as here our Achilles, to all but death invincible) oft torn from their branches in the Summer, but ever falling in the Autumnne: whereof incomparable Homer.

**Hypolachus** illustrious sonne replies:
Great fowl'd Thetides, why vaine progenies
Explore you thus mans race, the race of leaves
Preferts, which now Autumnnus breath bereaves
From lofty trees: now tender buds dispaly:
So fomnes of mortalls flourish and decay.

Vliess and Aliax Telamon durt onely contend for the Armes of Achilles, which Agamemnon refuseth to arbitrate: but referris it to the Colonells of the Army: declaring how wise princes should decline both hatred and offence in deciding such controversies, and leaue them to a legall triall. Which yet not alwaies answers expectation: Because all, saith Tacitus, draw the glory of worthy actions to themselves, but the burden of blamc lights vpon the Principall.
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

The purple flowers which Aiax name display,
His blood produce. Irraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnon's cinders rise
Selfe slaughtring Fowle: a yeerely sacrifice.
What ever Anius daughters handle, prunes
Corne, wine, or oyle: themselves transform'd to Doves.
From honour'd virgins ashes Sonnes ascend.
The Ambracian Judge a Stone. Light wings defend
Molossus royall Issue. Scylla groves
A horrid Monster. Murderd Acis flows
With speedy streams. The kinde Nereides
For Glauclus sue: in thron'd sacred Seas.

The Princes fay, the Souldier crownes the field:
Vp rose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his stern eyes survey
b Sigam, and the Navy which there lay.
Then throwing vp his hands, & lone, he faid;
Before the Fleet must wee our title plead?
And am I riuall by Vlyses clame?
Who made no doubt to fly from Hellen's flame.
This I, fay I, from this that Nauie freed.
'Tis faier to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talke, nor can he fight; as farre
His tongue excells, as I exceed in warre.
Nor need I to reheare what you haue scene
In aet renowned Greeks: what his hath beene.
Let Ithacus declare, perform'd by flight,
Without a wince, only knowne to Night.
Great is th'affected prize, I must confess:
But fuch a Riuall makes the value lesse.
For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,
(Though great) what ever he could hope to gaine.
Who now in this is honour'd, that can boast
He fhoue with me, when he the palmemath loft.
But were my valoure question'd, I might on
My birth inifi, begot by Telamon,
Who vnder Hercules & Troy's bulwarks fcal'd:
In f Pages an keele to Colchis fail'd.

The contention for Achilles Armor.
a Aiax.
b A Promontory neere Troy, vnder which was the station of the Grecian Fleet.
c Hecas, pursing the Grecian into their trenches, attempted to let their Navy on fire.
d Vlyses: of Iobates an land in the fantastic, where he was borne.
e In the reigns of Leonides.
f With Iapetus for the Golden Fleece, in the Argos built at His Pages acut of theffly.
Metamorphosis.

His father, Aegus, the Judge of Souls, Where Sisyphus his reftless torment roules. High Jupiter vpon a mortall Loue Got Aegus: IAX third from Iove. Not let this pedegree affift my clame, If great Achilles joynd not in the same. He was my brother, his I ask, Why thus Should Ift thou, thou fone of damned Sisyphus, Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to Achilles race, the right of his purfue. Because I first affumed armes, defcryde By no detector, are these armes denyde. Or rather for the laft in field design'd: Who with fain dựng the warre declin'd: Till Palamed more politicke, though more Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore, And drew him to avoided armes? Must he Now weare the beft, who all efchewed? and we Unhonour'd, robb'd of a kinship's right Because we at the first appear'd in fight? And would to Iove he had beene truly mad; Or still fo thought: nor this companion had, This tempter to foule actions, ever fene The Phyrgian towres. Then fouldift not thou haue beene O Sisyphus fone, exposed by our crime To Lemmian rocks: where thou confum'd thy time In lonely caues obscun'd with woods, the ftones Prouok't to pitty with thy daily grones, And wilfheft him, what he defueres, thy paine, If Gods there be, thou wilfheft not in vaine. Now our confederate (a Prince of braue Command) to whom his shafts Alcides gaue; Broken with paine and famine, doth impoy Thofe arrowes, that import the fate of Troy, For food and clothing: yet he lives the while, In that remoued from Vlyffes guile. And Palamed might with I haue beene fo left. Then had he Iiu'd, or beene of life bereft Not by our crime. He, hellifhly inclin'd, Beares his conuicted madneffe in his mind; And falfely him accus'd to haue betraid Th' Achaian hoaf, confirmaning what he faid By fheuing fummes of gold, which in his tent Himfelfe had hid. Thus he by banifhment Or death, our strength impaires; for this preferv'd: So fights, fo is Vlyffes to be feared. Though faithfull Neffor he in eloquence, Supraffe, his leaving Neffor, no defence Of words can false: who flow, though his hurt bore, And clog'd with age, implor'd Vlyffes force
To fetch him off, who left to oddes of foes
His old acquaintance. This Tydides knowes
Forno forge'd crime, who vainely cald, to stay
His trembling friend, reuniting his dismay.
The Gods with justice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late assist, assistance needs:
And now to be forfaken by the law
Himselfe prescrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and saw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yield
His ghost for fear. I interpos'd my shield;
Beftrid him as he lay, and from that strife
Redem'd (my leaf of praise) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, reioyne we there;
Reioke the foe, thy wounds, and visuall fear;
Behind my target fullk: then plead. This man,
Who reeleth with wounds; freed as unwounded, ran.
Now Hector came, and brought the Gods along;
Rush't on all parts: not thou alone, the strong
And be't resolved shrink: so great a deed
He drew on all. Him, as he Conquest led
Through blood and slaughter, with a mighty stone
I frack to earth: Him I fuftain'd alone,
When he to all fo bold a challenge made,
When for my lot you all deouerly pray'd
Nor pray'd in vaine: if you enquire the summe
Of this our fight, I was not overcom'e.
With bloody weapons, flames, and none, the men
Of Troy invade our nauie: where was then
Your eloquent Vlyfes? I, even I
A thousand ships prefered; whereon relie
The hope of your returne. These armes for all
Your Fleet afford. The need more honour shall
Receiu: then giue: our glories justly praise;
These armes doe Aias feck, not Aias these,
Rhesus surprise, with ours let him compare,
That poore Spie Dolo's, Hellens despare;
The rapt Palladium: nothing done by day;
He of no worth, take Diomed away.
If to such meane defects these armes accrue;
Divide them: to Tydides most is due.
Why would he these: who still vnarmed goes,
Conceal'd: and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask that shines with burnish gold,
Will his deceit, and lurking steps vnfold.
His neck can scarce Achilles helmet bear;
Nor can his feeble arme imploie this spear:
His shiled, whose orbe the figured world adorns;
A cowards arme, inure'd to theathing, unknown.
O fool, that thus thy owne vndoing feckes!
If gien thee by th'error of the Greeks,

Eee
It

A Diomedes, the son of Tydus.

by Then whenee Euclidaine
Some being woeed by him,
and pref' you by the cama.

Homer, Iliad. 15.

Homer, Iliad. 14.

Homer, Iliad. 7.

Homer, Iliad. 15.

A King of Thrace who came
to the end of Troy, surprized,
and slaine the first night after
his arrival by Vlyfes and Diomedes.

Homer, Iliad.

Homer, Iliad.

Homer, Iliad.

Homer, Iliad.

The son of Priamus, a Pro-
phet, and despairing of the
safety of Troy; whom Diome-
des and Vlyfes slole from
thence in the night time, who
revealed the Trallas fates to the Grecians.

An image of Paris, which
they slole away at the same
season. For as long as the
Trallas were pollested there-
of their city could not bee
taken.

Diomedes, the son of Tydus.

Of this see the Comment.
Metamorphosis

It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe,
But give occasion of thy overthrow.
And flight, wherein thou only dost exceed,
Clog'd with so huge a weight, will faile thy need.
Besides, thy shield in battle rarely borne,
Is yet entire; but mine, all hatch and torne
With storms of blowes, a new successor needs.
What boots so many words? behold our deeds.
These arms deliver to the foes defence;
And let him keepe, that takes the prize from thence.

Here Ajax ends. The Souldier in the clofe
A murmure rais'd; till Ithaca arose:
Who having fixed on the earth a space
His eyes, ynto the Princes rais'd his face;
And now expected, spake vnto this senfe;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.

Grecians, if heaven, with yours, had heard my praire;
What now we seek had found no doubtfull Heire;
Th'hadst kept thy armes, Achilles, and we thee,
But since thine Fate, auerfe to you and mee,
So coucted a happinesse denies;
(With that appears to wepe, and wipes his eyes)
Who great Achilles with more right succeds,
Then he, who gaine you great Achilles deeds?
Fauour not him because he feemes to be,
And is a fote; nor blame this wit in me,
So blest in your affaires; or take offence
That for my selfe I arme my eloquence;
(If I haue any) oft for you imploide.
Let none the glorie of his owne avoid.
For Anceftors, divine originall,
And deeds by vs not done, we ours mis-call.
Yet in that Ajax vants himselfe to be
Great-Grandchild vnto Ione, no leffe are we.

Laietes was my Sire, Ares his his,
His, Jupiter: in this deffcent none is
Condemned nor banifht. By the mother I
From Hermes spring: in both a Deitie.
Not that more noble by the mothers side,
Nor that my father had his hands vndide
In brothers blood, doe I enforce this clame:
Weigh but our worths, and censure by the fame.
That Telamon and Peleus brethren were,
In Ajax is no merit. Not the Neere
In birth, but Great in act, deliverue this grace.
Or if proximitie in blood haue place,
Peleus his father, Pyrrhus is his Sonne:
What right remains for Ajax Telamon?
To Phthis then, or Seyros carry thefe.

Tence is cozeno Achides: As
As well as he; yet stirres not he herein:
Or if he should, should he the honour win?
Then since our actions must our fate advance;
Although my deeds surmount my utterance,
Their abstract yet in order to relate:

*Theis, fore-knowing great Achilles fate,
Disguis'd her sonne: so like a virgin dreft,
That all mistooke, and *Aias with the reft.

When, Armes, with womens trifles, that might blinde
Suspect, I brought to temp't a manly mind.
Yet was the Heroe virgin-like arraid;
Who taking vp the spear and shield, I said:
O *Goddefse-born, for thee the fate of Troy
Her fall refurnes: why doubts thou to destroy
Great *Pergamus: then made him leane those weeds:
And sent the Mighty vnto mighty deeds.
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus
Fold with our lance, the suppliant *our'd by vs.
Strong *Thebes we fackt: fackt *Lesbos, etc. renownes
*Chrysa and *Tenedos (A *Apollo's townes)
*Cuila, and Sea-girt *Syros, in their falls
Our fame advance: *we raz'd *Lyntes's walls.
To paife the reft, I gaue, who could subdue
The brave *Priamides: *Heitor flue.
For the'armes that found *Achilles, thefe I craue:
He dead, I ask but what, alue, I gaue.
The griefe of one, with all the *Greeks preuailes:
En b *Aulis held a thousand failes.
The long-expect'd winds oppofed stand,
Or fleepe in calmes. When cruel *Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon to affwage
With *Iphigenia's death, *Diana's rage.
But he diftincts, the Gods themselves reproose:
And in a King a fathers passion moves.
His noble disposition are the leffe:
I to the publike wonne, and muft confede
(A *Atrides, pardon) we did profecute
Before a partial judge a hatefull fute.
Yet him his brother, *hispter, publike good
Perfwade to purchase endlesse peace with blood.
Then went I to *the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorcted, but beguilde.
Had *Aias thither gone, our flagging failes
Not yet had fwithd, with ftem expected gales.
Then on a bold embassage I was sent
To haughtie *Troy: to th *Ilian Court I went,
Yet full of men, and fearfull, vrg'd at large
The common caufe committed to my charge.
Falsc *Paris I accufe: rapt *Helena
I re-demand, with all they bore away.

See 2

Old
Old Priam and Antenor just appeare.
But Paris, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that stead, from wicked blowes
Could scarce refraine. This a Menelius knowes.

b The first of dangers wherein you and I
Together joyn'd. But what my policye
And force perform'd, behoefull to this State,
In that long war, too long is to relate.
The first great battle fought, our warie foes
Long liue immur'd; nor durst their powers expose.
Nine yeares expir'd, warres all the fields affright.
Meane-while what didst thou, onlyl fit to fight?
What vce of thee e inquire my actions; I
The foe intrap, our trenches fortie,
Encouraging the weary Souldiar.

To brooke the tedioussesse of lingering warre
With faire expectance: reach them waies to feed,
The vce of armes. Implodie at every need.
c The King deluded in his sleepe by Ioue,
Bids vs the care of future warre remove.
The author was his strong apologie.

Aiax should haue with-floud: the lack of Troy
He should haue vrg'd; done what he could, haue fought.
Why was the nobler feige by him vnfought?
Why arm'd he not e a speech he might haue made,
That would the waering multitude haue staid:
To him not difficult, who looks so high;
And speaks so bigge. What, if himselfe did fly?
I saw, and them'd to see thee turne thy back
To hoyfe thy failes into thy honours wrack.
What doe you? 6 what madnesse, mares, said I
Prouokes you to abandon yeelding Troy?
Ten yeeres nigh spent, what will you bear away
But infamie? It this, and more did say;
Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:
They thus perfwaded, altered their intent.
The King a Councell calls; distrusts afford
No sound advice; durst Aiax speake a word?
When base b Theristes durst the King prouoke
With bitter words: who felt my scepters stroke,
Their doubts with hope of conquest Inspire:
And let their fainting courses on fire.
Since when, what e he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.
Befides, what one of all the wiser Greeces
Makes choice of thee, or thy assistance feeke?

f Dismedes, the son of Tydides: who in all of his enterprizes made choice of Ulisse, for his companion.

f A那就ing Grreke, not lef deformed in body then in mind.

c Agamemnon.

e Tydides vs approves, builds on our will;
Is confident in his Ulisses still.
Among so many, 'tis a grace for me
To be his comfort; and the choice so free.
The danger of the foe, and night despised;
I Dolor, then a counter-flow out, surpris'd:
Nor him, till I had search'd his bofore, flew;
Informed what peridious Troy would doe.
All knowne, and nothing left to be inquir'd:
I now with praise enough might have retir'd.

b Yet not so satiety, I forward went;
And Rhesus flew, with his, in his owne tent.
When like a Victor, on his charriot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles armes, whose horses were assign'd
For one nights hazard? Aiax is more kinde.
d What should I of Sarpedon's forces tell,
O'throwne by vs: by vs Carados fell,
Iphitides, Alastor, Chromius,
Alcander, Pyramus, Noémomus,
Halius, flout Thoon, bold Theridamas,
With Charopes: Eunomus fatall Paffe
Sign'd by my lance, and many more in view
Of hoftile Troy, of meaner rance, I flew.

And I, o Countrymen, haue honour'd wounds.
Faire in their fearres; nor truft to empty founds;
Behold (said he, with that his bofore bares)
This breft, till exercis'd in your affaires.
No blood for Greece in all these lengthfull warrs
c Hath Aiax shed: let him produce his fearres.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve;
That for our fete he fought with Troy and Ioue?
I grant, he did for: nor will we depraet
With harded enemie from a noble act.
So he ingrosse no to himselfe alone
A common prais'd, but render vs our owne.

f Adorides (for great Achilles held)
Troy's flames and g Fautor from our ships repeld:
He vainly glories that himselfe alone
Could anfwver Hector's opposition:

b The King, this brother, and my felfe forgot;
k Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
But what euent, so great in valour, crown'd
Your famous combat? Hector had no wound.
Woe's me! with what a tide of griefe I call
That time to mind, where in the Gracian Wall,
Achilles, fell! tears, feares, nor sorrow flaid
My forward zeal'd, his raifed corps I laid
Vpon these shoulders; these, euen these, did beare
Him and his armes; which now I hope to weare.
Our strength can fuch a weight with ease sustaine:
Our knowledge can your honou'red gift expayne.
Was Thetis so ambitious for her Son;
That fuch a braineleffe Souldier thould put on

Eee 3

This


Thus heauenly gift, of to divine a frame?
Whose figured shield his ignorance would shame.

Metamorphosis.

Wherein, the Ocean, Earth with citty's crown'd,
Skies deckt with starres; cold e Aries neuer crown'd;

Orion, sad Pleiades;

The raine Kids, He seeks, yet knowes not, these.
Vpbraids he me, that I this warre did shun,
And time defer'd till others had begun.

Nor can consider how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime tbe
To counterfeit, e we ioyne in that defame:

If, in that tardy: I before him came.

Me, f my kinde wife, g his mother him with-drew:
Our flourre to them we gave, the fruit to you.

Nor fear I, should I quit my owne defence,
To suffer with so cleare an Excellence.

Nor was it Ajax found out me: and yet
Achilles was discover'd by my wit.

Leaf I should wonder, why his foolish tongue
Should flander me, he you vpbraids with wrong.
If Palamedes was accus'd by me
Without iust cause, must not his judgement be
To you reprochfull? neither b Nautilus Seed
Could justifie his cuident a deed:

Nor heard you only of his treachuries,
The hire of treason laid before your eyes.

k Paantius in Lemnos left, was none
Of my offence, doe you defend your owne.

You to his stay contem'd. Yer againe
I must confess I aduiz'd him to abstaine
From travell, toyles of warre: and to appease
The anguish of his bitter wound with eafe.
He did: he liues. Th'aduice was good: succeffe
As fortunate approvts it for no lesse.

Since Fate designes him for the fall of Troy:
Spare me, and Ajax industrie imployle.

His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will
Appease: hee I fetch him with some reach of skill.
First in Sinois shall retire, b Ida want a thade,

Achaea promisfe to the Troians ayd.

E're my endeavours in your feruice fail,
And sottish Ajax, with his wit, prejudice.
And, Philoctetes, though obdure, thou be
Incent against the King, these Lords, and me,
Though curles lighten from thy lips, though stifft
Thou coue my acceffe, my blood to spill;

Yet I'll attempt thee, and will bring thee back;
That neither may, p what we so wilt for, lacke.

Thy shafts I mult poaffe, (to Fauour Fate)
As I poaffeth the Dardan Prophet late;
As a I vnknit the Troian destiny,
And doubtfull anfwer of the Gods as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe
Of Phrygian Pallas рауiщ from her shrine.
Compare with me will Ajax? this vntane,
Troy's hoft-for expagation had bene vaine.
Where was strong Ajax? where the glorious boaste
Of that great Souldier? why interror lofte?
How durft Pylles trust himselfe to night,
Paffe through the watch, their threatening weapons flight?
The walls not only, but the highest towre
Of Ilion scale: and from her Fanes the Powre
That bears his fate inforse: and with this prey,
Repaffe the dangers of that horrid way?
Which had not Iachieved, Yet in Field
Had Ajax vainly borne his feuene-fold Shield.
That night Troy fell before Laertes fon:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Why do'ft thou sleere on my Tidides so:
And nod'ft at me: our praifes ioynly grow.
Nor for our Nauie didst thou fight alone:
Thou by an hoft affifted, I by one.
Who knew that wildome valour should command;
That $ thefe belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
Elfe he himfelfe had ioynd in this debate;
Or th' other Ajax, far more moderate;
Braue Thoas, fierce Evryplus: with these
Idomeneus and Meriones
Of Creet; or Menelaus. For they are,
As strong, nor second vnto thee in warre:
Yet yeeld to our aduife. Thou, fit for fight,
Doft need my reaion to direct thy might.
Thy valour wants fore-caft; my care is set
Vpon the future: thou canst fight; and yet
The time and place must be by vs affign'd:
Thou only strong in bodie; I in mind.
Askilfull Pilots thofe furpaffe, who row;
As wife Commanders, common Souldiers, fo
I thee excell. Our vigor is leffe great
In bones and finews, yet my foule compleat.
Then do remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for fo many yeeres expence
In anxious cares, this dignitie extend.
To my deferts. Our worke is at an end:
With-standings fates remou'd: I, in that I
Haue made it fefable, haue taken Troy.
Now by our mutuell hopes, Troy's overthrow,
I Thofe Gods which late I rauifht from the foe;
If ought remaine to be discreetly done,
That courage crutes, through danger to be won,

Pallad,

The Image of Pallas, that fatall Palladium.

A partner in all his enterprizes.

Achilles his Armes,

Pilots,

A reveale by the Prophet Ier- 
leau, whom he had taken pri- 
sone.

Voyas to Dardanus in doury: after 
set vp by Troy in the moft fe-
crect part of her Temple at 
Ilium: an oracle for-telling,
that as long as they keep the 
Palladium, fo long their city 
should Bournish.
It in the Iliam definic there bee
A knot yctto vnknit, remember mee,
Or if you can forget, these Armes refigne
To this: and shewes a Minerva's fatall Signe. (charmes:
The Chiefes were mou'd. Here words approu'd their
And Eloquence from Valour wins those armes.
Hce who alone, Ioine, Hector, sword and fire
So oft futfain'd, yelds to one stroke of ire.
Th'conquered, ferrow conquers. Then his blade
In haft vnfaileth: Sure thou art mine, he fai'd;
Or feekes Pyliffes this? this fhall conclude
All fene of wrong. And the, to oft imbrude
In Phrygian blood, thy Lord's muft now imbrue:
That none but Ajax Ajax may subsue.
This fai'd, his bref't, till then with wounds vngor'd,
The deadly fword, b where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could draw back the ftteele with all his ftreng'th;
Expel'd by gulling gore. The blood at length,
A purple flourre engrendred on the ground:
c Created first by Hycinthus wound.
The tender leaues indifferent letters paint;
Both of d His name, and of e the Gods complaint.
The f Conqueror, now hoying failles, doth f tand
For mild Hycinth's and Thoas land;
(h Defam'd by womens cursed violence)
To fetch the f shafts of Hercules from thence.
These, with their owner to the camp conuaid,
On that fo long a warre an end they made.
Now Troy and Priamus together fall.
Th'vnhappy f wife of Priamus after all,
Her humane figure loft: whose raving Sprite
And vncouth howlings forrein fields affright.
The flames of Iliam stretch their hungry fire
To narrow Hellenfants; nor there expire.
1 That little blood which Priamus age could shed,
Ioines altars drinkes. By her annointed head
m Apollo, Priest they drag, her hands in vaine
To heauen vp-held. The Victor Grecians conftraine
n The Dardan Dames, a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their countrie Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
o Abyanax threw from thar towre; from whence
He had fenc'd his father, by p his mother fhowne,
Figt for his Kingdomes safetie, and his owne.
North-winds to feas inuite, and prosperous gales
Sing in their shrowds: they fhaft to trim their failles.
The Trojan Ladies cry, Deare foyle farewell!
Wve are hal'd to loth'd captuities; then fell
On earth now kif: and leaue, with much delay,
Their countrie smoking ruines. Hecuba
The Thirteenth Booke.

Her mad departure to the last defires:
Now found among her children's sepulchers,
(A fight of roth!) spread on their tombs: bewails;
Their cold bones kissing: whom Vlysses hales
From that sad comfort. Some of Hektor's dust,
Vp-sharpt, deliver'd to her bofoms truft.
Vpon his tomb she left her hoarie haires
(A poore oblation!) mingled with her teares.

Oppos'd to Ilium's ruins lyces a land,
Till'd by the Bisons; in the Command
Of Polymnestor. Danger to prevent,
To him * his father Polydorus sent.
And wisely; had he not withall consign'd
A maffe of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.

His foster-child, when lingering Ilium drew
To her last date, the Thracian Tyrant flew.
Whom, as if he his murder with the flaine
Could cast away, he casts into the Maine.

Now rod * Atrides at the Thracian shore;
Till winds forbore to forme, and feas to rore.
When from the yawning earth Achilles rose;
Like mighty as in life: whose looks diplomè
As ferne a wrath, as when his lawlèffe blade
Was on Atrides drawn; and frowning, said:

Achaites, o ingratefull! can you thus
Depart're our deserts intomb'd with vs?*
Now honour me with what I couet moft:
Let flaine b Polixena apafe my Ghost.

Then vanith. They th'vngentle Ghost obaid,
And from her Mothers bofom drew the Maid,
(High-foold, vn happie, more then feminine,)
To his b refembled tomb; life to resigne
With Rites infernal. Of her birth she thought:
And now vnto the bloody altar brought;
Seeing herfell the sacrifice prepar'd,
And that * Neoptolemus vpon her Itar'd
With fword aduanc'd; she faied, vn toucht with dread:

Our generous blood to your intentions shed:
Dispatch'd in throte or breft (I am prepar'd)
Your weapon sheath. (With that her bofom bar'd)

Polixena doth feritude despife:
And yet no God affects such sacrifice.
I onely wish my death might be vnkowne
To my afflicted b mother. She alone

Disturbs the ioyes of death: though Priamus wife
My death should leffe bewaile, then her owne life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free foule may to the Stygian shade
Vntainted paffe. If this be just, remove
Your hand: I shall more acceptable proue
Vnto that God or Ghost, what ere he bee
To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free.
And if a dying tongue proueall at all;
I, late great Priamus' daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicit that my corps may not be fold;
But gien my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of sepulture. In former yeares
Sh'had gold to giue, now poore, accept her teares.

This hauing fai'd, for her, that would not wepee,
The people wept: the a Priest could hardly keepe
His eyes from teares; yet did what he abhor'd;
And in her proffered bosom throst his sword.
On doubling knees shee sinks, with silent breath;
And chearefully imbraceth smild-on Death.
Then when shee fell, shee had a care to hide
What should be hid, and chaftly, decent die.
Her corps was carried by the Troian dames:
Who in a funerall song repeat the names
Of Priamus moun'd for Seed; what streams of gore
One Houfe had spent. Thee, b Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, c roall Wife, entitled late
The mother Queene, and Glory of that State:
A Captive now, caft by a scorned lot
On conquering d Ithacus; refus'd, if not
For bearing Hector. Hector, so renoun'd,
A matter hardly for his mother found.
She hug's e the corps that such a spirit kept.
Who for her countre, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weepes for her: her lips the preft,
Her wounds fits with her teares. Then beats her breste:
Her hoarie hair beclined with clotted gore,
And bosom torn, this spake the, and much more.
Poore daughter, our last forrow: (what is left
For Fortunes spight f) by bloody death bereft.
On thee I see my wounds. That of my seede
None may vnwounded dy, euen thou must bleede,
In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
But thou, a woman, suff'rest by the sword.
This Bane of Troy, our vster ruine, who
So many of thy princely brothers flue,
Hath flaine the also. When he a corse was made

By Paris and Apollo's shafts, I said,
Now is Achilles to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to vs as dreadfull as before.
Against my race his athes rife: his tomb
Prepares a foc. O my vnhappe womb!
This furie fruitfull! Ruind Troy descends,
And fad succeffe the publick sorrow ends:
Yet they are ended, g Ilion alone
To vs remaines: our forrowes frethly groane.
I, late so potent and so fortunate
In husband, sons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hale’d and torn.
From my own sepulchers, from Phrygia borne
To suffer.* Penelope; that while I live
Or spin at her commandment, he may shew
Her flave to Ithacian dames, and lay,
Loe, Helen’s mother, Priam’s Helenus.
My sorrowes sole reliefe, so many loft;
Is offered to appease an hostile Ghost.
Infernall sacrifices to the dead,
Euen to my foe, my cursed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why breakst thou not? What hopes ingage
Thy expectation? Mischievous Old-age,
For what referst thou me? You cruel Powres,
Why lengthen you a poore old womans hours
To see new funeralls? O Priam, I
May call thee happy, after ruin’d Troy.
Happie in death. Thou feest not this sad fate:
Thou lofst thy life together with thy state.
Rich funeralls attend thee, royall Maid:
And by thy Ancestors thou shalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers teares, a heap of sad,
Must now content thee in a forrein land.
All, is lost! Yet liues a little boy
My latt, and yongest joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condescend to liue a space;
Here foster’d by the courteous King of Thrace.
Meane while why stay we with the cleansing flood
To wash these wounds, and looks besmeard with blood?
Then with an aged pace, her hорic haires
All torn and scattered, to the sea repaires.
And while the wretched said, You are Troades,
A pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:
She faw the caft-up corps of Polydor
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachie shore.
The Ladies shriek; the dumb with sorrow flood:
Whilst inward grieue her voice, her teares, her blood,
At once devourd. And now, as if intranc’t,
Stares on the earth, sometimes to heauen advance’t.
Her scouling browes: oft on his village gaz’d;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais’d,
Arm’d, and instructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queene like, determins his punishment.
And as a Lyoness, rob’d of her young,
Perfues the vnseene-hunters steps: So, stung
With furie, when her sorrow with her rage
Had ioyn’d their powres; vnmindfull of her age,
But not of former greatness, ran with speed
To Polymnestor, author of this deed.

* Wife to Priam, whose flave the now was.
† Dames of Tibura.
‡ In Thrace.
§ Polydorita.
* Women of Troy.
Metamorphosis.

And crazing conference, the Tyrant told
How she would shew himummes of hidden gold
To give her Polydor. This held for true;
He thirst of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, Hecuba, enrich thy fonne:
By all the Gods we justly will restore
What thou shalt giue, and what thou gauft before.
She with a truculent aspect beheld
The falsely swearing King: with anger swel’d.
Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies;
Who hides her fingers in his peris’d eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then usual strong
With thirstie vengeance, and the lenfe of wrong;
Her hand drownes in his skull, the roots vp-tore
Of his lost sight, imbrude with guiltie gore.
The men of Thrace incendied for their King,
Weapons and stones at Hecuba, now flying.
She, gnarling, bites the follow’d flints, her chaps,
For speech extended, barke. Of whose mishaps.

That place is nam’d. She, mindfull of her old
Mis: fortunes, in b Sithonian deferts howld.
The Troians, Gracians, those who loue or hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate.
Euen c spitefull Iuno did to this descend;
That Hecuba deserv’d not such an end.
Aurora had no leisure to lament
(‘d Although those armes she favour’d) the event
Of Troy or Hecuba. Domesticall
And neeter grieue, afflicts her for the fall
Of Memnon, whose life blood the lance imbrude
Of ferne Achilles. This when first she viewed,
The rose die, that deckt the Mornes vp-rise
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur’d the skies.
Nor could inure to see his body laid
On funerall flames: but with her haire displaid,
As in that seafon, to high love repairpes;
And kneeling, thus, with teares, unfolds her cares.
To all inferior, whom the skie jutfaines
(for mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddesse yet, I comne: notto desire
Shrines Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, doe,
The night confine, and sacred Day renue,
I merit such such fate not now our fate;
Not such desiries aucte the desolate.
Of Memnon rob’d, who glorious armes in vaine
Bare e for his vnkle, by Achilles flaine
In flowre of youth (to would you Gods) come I.
O chiefe of Powres, a mothers forrow, by

Some
To Their Together Innumerable Into Day Memnon'tdes. Firft those Remembring Now And From Deubui'd Eecomfbrt! Her Aurora, While The Cuffc And Of By Of I Apelo's With Defil'd The Into Entrailes Incenfc 1 And When His I was am was two civil! Yet fhooke his head, with facred fillets bound, And fishing faid: 6 most renound of men, I was the father of fine children then: F F 3

The Thirteenth Booke.

Some honour gitten him, leffen: death with fame Recomfort! fpone affents. When greedy flame Deoutr'd the funerall Pile; and curling fumes Day ouer-caft: as when bright a Sol affumes From freames thick vapors, nor is scene below. The flying sparkles dying joynly grow Into one body. Colour, forme, life, spring To it from fire, which lightnelle now dorth wing. Firft like a fowle, forth-with a fowle indeed: Innumerable fifters of that breed Together whistle their feathers. Thrice they round The funerall Pile, trifled a mournfull sound. In two battalions then divide their flight; And like two frenuous nations fiercely fight: Their oppofites with beake and tallons rend; Cuffe with their wings; in sacrifice descend, Now dying, on the ahes of the dead: Remembring they were of a Valiant bred, Thefe new sprung fowle, men of their author call Memnonides. No sooner b Sol through all The Signes returns, but reinforft againe In civill warre they dye vpon the flaine. While others therefore doe commiferate Poor'e barking Hecuba in her chang'd fate: Aurora her owne griefe intends; renewes Her pious teares which fall on earth in dewes Yet fates refift that all the hopes of Troy Should perriff with her towres. c The Sonne and Ioy Of 4 Cythera, with his e houfhold Gods, f And aged Sire, his pions shoulders lodes. Of fo great wealth he onely chose that prize, And his b Aftenius: from h Antandros flies By feas, and fhuns the wicked Thracian shore, Defill'd with blood of murdered Polydore: With prosperous winds arriving with his traine i At Phæbus towne, where Anius then did raigne; Apollo's holy Prief; who, with the refl, Into the Temple leads his honour'd Gueft: The city, with the facred places, fhowes; And k trees held by Latona in her fhowes. Incenfe on flames, and wine on incenfe pow'r, Entrailes of flau'ghtred beeues by fire devour'd; His Guefts conducts to Court: on carper fpred, 1 With Ceres and Lyceu bountifie fed. When thus Anchifè: 6 to Phæbus dceare! I am deceiu'd; or, when I firft was here, Foure daughters and a fonne thy folace crown'd He bhooke his head, with facred fillets bound, And fishing faid: 6 most renound of men, I was the father of fine children then: F F 3

4 The Sun

b A. accomplishing the yeare.

c The Sonne: Of the land Cypri
can conccranted vnoe her,

c Their Images,

c Anchises.

c His fonne by Cretis,

h A port towne of Porphys.

i Dela, a city of the fame name with the land.

f A Palme and an Olive: then when deliver'd of Apol. land Dian.

1 Bread and wine.
Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see
Halfe childlisse: for my absent sone to mee
Is of small comfort, who, my Vice-roy, raigges
In sea-girt a Andros, which his name retains.

Him, b Delius with prophetick skill inspir'd.
A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,
My daughters Bacchus gave: about their fute:
That all they touch should prefently tranfinate
To wine, to corne, and to Minerva's c oyle.
Rich in the vfe. To purchafe such a spoile,
Great Troy's Depopulator, d Atreus Heire,
(Left you should thinke wee haue not borne a Share
In your mis-haps) with armed violence
Infore't them from me; charged to difpence
That heavenly gift into the Argolian Hoe.
They fcape by flight: two to Euboea croft;
Two fled to Andros: thefe the Souldier
Perfuade, and threaten (if vnrender'd)warre.
Feare nature now subdue: his fifters were
By him reign'd; forgive a brothers feare.
Not Hefter not Aeneas then were by
To guard his towne, who fo long guarded Troy;
About to bind their captiue armes in bandes;
Rearing to heauen their yet vnchained hands,
O father Bacchus helpe! While thus they praied,
The Author of that gift prefents his aid.
(If fuch a loffe may be accounted fo)
Yet how they loft their fipes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It felfe the fequell proues,
Converted to thy f Wius white-feather'd Doues.
With fuch diuerey they entertaine the fealt:
That ta'ne away, difpofe them felves to refl.
With day they rofe; the Oracle expoure:
Who bids them to their vncient Nurfe retire,
And kined shores. Now ready to depart
The King prefents rich guifts, wrought with rare art
A scepter to Anchises gues: a braue
Robe, and a quiver, to Ascanius gauf:
A cup to Aeneas, which furpaf eth the refl;
By Thesan Therses lent him once his Gues:
Mylean Alcon made what Therses lent;
And car'd thereon this ample argument.

A Cittie with feuen gates of equall grace;
These fereue for names to charactrize the place.
Before it, exequies, tombes, piles, bright fires.
Dames with fpred haire, bare breftes, and torne attires,
Decipher mourning: Nymphs appeare to weep
For their dire Springs: fap-fearing cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodleffe ground.
In midft of Theser, k Orius's daughters crownd

Metamorphosis

a An land of the Ægean Sea,
the birth of the Cyclopes,
b Apelles of Delos where he
was borne, and honoured.

c For Minerva produced the
Olive tree.

d Agamemnon,

e Grecian.

f Venus the wife of Anchises,

i Italy, mistaken by Anchises
for Crete.

Orions
Daughters.
h Thebes
i See the comment.

k Melchera and Menippa.

With
With fillets stand: This proffers to the sword
Her manly breath; Her hands her death afford,
For common fafety. All the people mourne;
And with due funerals their bodies burne.
Yet leaft the world should such a lineage lose,
Two youths out of their virgin alices rofe.
These Orphans wandring Fame Corone calls:
Who celebrate their mothers funerals.
The antictrape with burnifht figures shin'd:
Whofe brim neat wreaths of guilt * Acanthus bind.
Nor were the Troian gifts of leffe expence:
Who gau a Cenfor for sweet frankincenfe,
An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
With thefe a crowne, that shone with gemmes and gold.

In that the Teucrets sprung from * Teuca's blood,
They faile to Creet: * but love their stay with-flood.
Leauing thofe d hundred Cities, now they stand
For wilte * Aulionia's deffinat'd strand.
Toft by rough Winter and the wrath of Seas,
They anchor at the faithlife Strophades.
Thence frighted by * Jeilo, faile away
By kepe * Dulichium, fanie Ithaca,
Samus, high Neritus clap'd by the Maine,
All subjicct to the flye * Vlystes raigne.

Then are Ambraciastouch, the strife and grudge
Of angrie Gods; * the image of the Judge
Behold, by them converted into stone:
Now by * Attican Apollo knowne.
Then the Dodonean * speaking Oke they view;
Chaonia, where * Moloflius children flew
With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
Next to Phocea, rich in Orchards came;
Then to Epirus: at Bathrotos flaid,
Whose keepere now the * Phrygian Prophet swaid;
And fee refembled Troy. Fore-told of all
By Priam's Helenus, that would belfall,
They reach * Sicania. This * three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. * Pachynus bends.
To fhowrie Auster, fhowrie Zephyr bowes
On Lilybæus browes; Pelorus bowes
His Cliffs to Boreas, and the frozen Beare
That flueth the Ocean. Vnder this they flere
And stretch their oares; who foundfad by the ride,
That night in Zante's a crooked harbor ride.
The right-fide dangerous: Scylla, turbulent
* Charibdis keeps the left; on ruine bent.
Shee becalkes fpawled ships from her profound:
Her fable wombs, dogs, euer rau'ning, round;
Yet beares a virgins face: if all be true
That Poets finge, the was a virgin too.
By many fought, as many she despis'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-nymphs highly priz'd,
She bears her visets; and to them discovers,
The historic of her deluded lovers.
To whom thus a Galatea, fighting, said;
While Scylla comb'd her hair. You, lovely Maid,
Are lou'd of generous-minded men, whom you
With faeteric may refuse, as now you doe.
But I, great Nereus and blue Doris Seed,
Great in b to many fitters of that breed;
By thinning of the c Cyclop's loue prouok't
A sad revenge. Here tears her utterance chok't.
These cleans'd by the d marble-finger'd maid;
Who, having comforted the Goddesse, said:
Relate, ó most ador'd, nor from me kepee
The wretched causeth that makes a Goddesse wepe;
For I am faithfull. c Nereis confrets,
And thus her griefe to f Cratis daughter vent.
The Nymph Simethis bore a lovely Boy
To Faunus, Acis cal'd; to them a joy;
To vs a greater. For the sweetly-Faire
To me an innocent affection bare.
His blooming youth twice-told eight birth-dayes crowne;
And clothe his cheekes with scarce-appearing downe.
As I the gentle boy, to Polypheme
My loue persuade, our loues a like extreme.
Whether my loue to Acis, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! d Venus, what a powre
Hath thy command! He, still austerer and sower,
A terror to the woods, from whom no guest
With life escapes, accustomed to feast
On humane flesh; who all the Gods aboue,
With them h Olympus corn'd; now flocks do loue.
Forgetfull of his flocks and causeth, a fire
Fedde in his breast, inflamed with desirre.
His feature now intends, now bends his care
To please: with rakes he combs his blemish'd hair;
His bristles barbes with scites: and by the brook's
Vnlod mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:
His thirst of blood, and love of slaughter cease;
Leffe cruel now: ships come and goe in peace.
When Telemus came from Sicilian seas,
The Augur Telemus i Eurymidies,
And said to Polypheme, thy browes large sight
k Shall by Phyfis be depru'd of light.
O fool, he laughing said, thou selst a lye;
A female hath a little fire that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
And with extended paces stalks upon.

a A Sea Nymph, the daughter of Nereus and Dori.
b The Nereid, of whom there were fifty.
c Polypheme.
d So called of their whiteness.
e Galatea the daughter of Nereus.
f Scylla, the daughter of Cretus, a River of Caledria.
g The daughter of the River Simethus.

Galatea & Acis.
The burdened shore; or weary, from the wave-Beat beach retireth to his gloomie cave,
A promontory thrifts into the maine;
Whose cliffe sides the breaking Seas restraine:
The Cyclop this ascends: whose fleecie flock
Unforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His stiffe, a well-grown Pine, before him cast,
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast,
He blows his hundred reeds; whose squeaking his
The far-refounding Seas, and echoing his,
Hid in a hollow rock, and laid along
By Aes side, I heard him sing this long.

O Galatea, more then lilly-white,
More fresh then flowrie meads, then garlic more bright,
Higher then Alder trees, then kids more blithe,
Smother then shells whereon the surges drive,
More wist then winters Sun, or Summers aire,
More sweet then grapes, then apples farre more rare,
Clearer then Ice, more feemely then tall Plane trees
Softer then tender curds, or downe of Swans,
More faire, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
Of springs incha’t. Though thus, thou art withall
More fierce then faluage bulls, who knowe no yoke.
Then waues more giddy, harder then the oke,
Then vines or willow twigs more car-ly bent,
More stiffe then rocks, then fireames more violent,
Prowder then peacocks prais’d, more rafh then fire.
Then Beares more cruel, sharpe then the brier,
Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on snake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take;
More speedie then the hound-pursued Hind,
Or chaced clouds, or then the flying wind.
If knowne to thee, thou would’s thy flight repent;
Curle thy delay, and labour my content.
For I have caves within the living stone;
To Summers heat, and Winters cold vnknowne:
Trees charg’d with apples; spreading vines that hold
A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.
For thee I thefe prierue, affected Maid.
Thou strawberries shalt gather in the shade,
Autumnal cornels, plumes with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
Nor shalt thou chest-nuts want, if mine thou be;
Nor scalded wildings: fero’d by every tree.
Thefe focks are ours: in vallies many stray;
Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
Nor can I, thou howd you ask, their number tell:
Who number theirs, are poore. How thefe excell,
Believe not me, but credit your owne eyes:
See how their vdders part their stradling thighes.

G g g
I in my sheepe-coats have new-weaned lambs;
And frisking, kids late taken from their dams.
New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheese well preft,
Are never wanting for thy pellate feast.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of cæfe purchafe, or what are not rare:
Deere, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
Nefts scal’d from cliffs, and Doves product by paires.
A rugged Beares rough twins I found vpon
The mounctaine late, scarce from each other knowne,
For thee to play with: finding thefe, I said,
My Miftris you shall ferue. Come louely Maid.
Come Galatea, from the furges rife,
Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts defpife.
I knowe my felfe, my image in the brooke
I lately faw, and therein pleafure tooke.
Behold, how great! not Jupiter aboue
(For much you talke I knowe not of what Love)
Is larger fix’d: curles, on my browes displeased,
Affright; and like a grove my shoulders fade.
Nor let it you refpecte of me impaire,
That all my bodie briftles with thick haire.
Trees without leaues, and horfe without maines,
Are fights vnfeemely: graffe adorns the plaines,
Wooll sheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face
A beard becomes: the skin rough briftles grace.
Among my fore-head shines one onely light;
Round, like a mighty shield, and cleere of figh.
The Sunne all objeets fees beneath the skie:
And yet behold, the Sunne hath but one eye.
Besides, your Seas obey my father’s throne:
I giue you him for yours. Doe you alone
Vouchfafe me pity, and your supplicant heart:
To you I onely bow; you onely feare.
Heauen, Jupiter, his lightning I defpife:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
And yet your fcorne my patience leffe would move,
Were all contenm’d. Why fhould you Aes loue,
And fhite the Cyclop? why to him more free?
Although himfelfe he pleafe; and pleafeth thee,
(Which frets memoft) could I your darling get,
He then fhould finde my strength and me like great.
His guts I would extract, fqueaze out his braines,
Throw his diffeuered limbs about the plaines:
And if with thee he mingle, mixe thy waue
With his hot blood; and make thy deepfe his graue.
For 9, I fay I defpiff affection burnes.
With greater rage: my bulke to Aeta turnes,
And all her flames are in my bofome pent:
Yet Galatea, wilt not thou relent.

---

See the Comment.

b Neptune.

c A burning mountaine whereon he dwelt.
This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well;)  
Nor could I find still; but terrible and fell,  
Hurries about the woods and well knowne coast;  
Much like a bull that hath his heifer loft.  
Who me and Acest, too fierce, elpy’d:  
And with a voice that sutes a Cyclop, cry’d,  
This hour shall be the last of all your ioyes.  
Afrighted Aetna roared with the noise.  
I under water diu’d; he flying said,  
Helpe Galatea! you, 6 parents, aid  
The vertely undone; and entertaine  
Your issue in the Empire where you raigne.  
A torne-off rock the following Cyclop threw:  
Whose corner over-whelmèd Acest flew.  
We did, what could be licensed by Fate:  
Refusing Acest to his Grand-fires flame.  
The purple blood from his crusti body fled;  
Which presently forfooke the native red:  
First like a rainte-discoloured streame appeares;  
Then chriftalline. The rock in funder teares:  
Whose cunnies with vp-starting reeds abound;  
And in the breach infulting waues refound:  
From whence a youth arofe about the waft;  
His horned browes with quitering reeds imbrac’t.  
Twas wonderful strange; but that his looks appeare  
More blew, and he more great, it Acest were.  
And fo it was: although he now became  
A living streame, which still preferes his name.  
Here Galatea ends, th’asemblie brake:  
To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselues bethake.  
Scylla returning, dares not trust the Deepes:  
But naked, nigh the thristie grauell keepes;  
Or warie, in the more-frequented waues  
Her comely limmes in cooling water bathes:  
Loe, Glauce in the Sea but lately knowne.  
Transformed neere Euboea Anthedon,  
Through yeelding waues arriues: rapt with her fithe:  
By gentle words attempts to stay her flight.  
She faster fled: who swift with fear acends  
A lofty hill, which neere the shore extends:  
Whose round congefted summit, crownd with wood,  
Did ouer-pee the vnder-swelling flood.  
There flayes, secured by the place, nor knew:  
If God, or Monfter: much admires his hew,  
His fpreading locks, which all his shoulders veile;  
And hinder parts, that beare a fishes tale,  
Perceiued, leaning on a rock, he said:  
I am no beast, nor prodigie, faire Maid:  
Not Proteus, Triton, Athamantides,  
Are greater Gods; or more command in Seas.  
Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent  

Glauce.  

A Uthina is a city of Socra, here called Euboea, the Hand of Euboea joyning by a bridge to Eartie.
Metamorphosis

Th' affected Seas. On those my labour spent.
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land.
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
The shore meadow bounds; whereof one side
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tyde.
On this nor horned cattle ever fed,
Nor harmlefe sheepe, nor goats on mountaines bred.
No bees from hence their thighs with honie lade;
Those floweres no marriage garlands ever made:
That grasfe ne'r cut with fitches. Of mortals I
First thither came; my nets hung vp to drie.
While I expos'd the fifties which I tooke;
By their credulity hung on my hooke,
Or maflit in nets—(what would a lye behoue?
Yet fuch it feemes) my prey began to moue,
Difplay their finnes, and swim as on the flood.
While I neglect their stay, and wondering flood;
They all by flight avoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the caufe I sought,
If either God, or Hearb, this wonder wrought.
What hearb, faid I, hath fuch a powre: in haft 
An hearb I pul'd, and gae it to my taft.
No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke:
When forth—with I another nature tooke.
Nor could refraine, but faid, 6 Earth, my laft
Farewell receive: in seas my felfe I caft.
The Sea-gods now vouchfaffing my receit
Into their facred fellowship, intreat
Both Tethys and Oceanus, that they
Would take, what ever mortall was away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bade me diue beneath a hundred freames.
Forth-with the riuers rufht from fundrie Realmes;
And fsea-rais'd furges roule aboue my crowne.
As foone as freames retire, and fneas were downe,
An other body, and an other minde;
Unlike the former, they to me affign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well:
Thenceforth inefinible of what befell.
Then firft of all this fea-greene beard I saw,
Thefe dangling locks, which through the depe I draw;
Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;
And thighs which in a fifies taile vnite.
What bootes this forme? my grace with Gods of feas?
Or that a God? If thou afect not thefe?
While this he fpake, and would have vttred more,
Coy Scylla flies. He with impatience bore
His loues repulfe: whom strong defires transport
To great Titanian Circes horrid Court.

The daughter of the Sunne,
of the Race of the Titaen.

VPON
UPON THE THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

That our Poet was one of the best Orators of his times, need not much the more be considered. The contentions of Seneca the elder, his admiring auditors; it being abundantly con- formed by these his unparalleled Orations of Ajax and Illyricus, for the arms of Achilles, engaged to have been forged by Vulcan, at the entreaty of his mother Thetis: and so admirably tempered as not by weapon to be penetrated. By which is to be understood, how they continue invulnerable, mangre all the assaults of men, and malice of Fortune, who are invested with the divine protection. His mysticall Achilles shield: (here objected to be too heavy for the one, and not understood by the other) is rarely described by Homer. Of which to give only a touch.

He tyme, hard brasse, rich gold, and siluer, caft
Amidst the fire, then his huge anuill plac't
On the broad flock: his tongs in his left hand;
His right a mally hammer doth command.
First forg'd a strong and ample shield, of new
Most rarely diuerse: round about he threw
Three radiant rings (a filter lore behind
The shield charg'd with fine files, in which his mind
Expressed in divine variety
The fruitful earth, blew trees, the fam'd sky,
The neuer-wearied Sun, the Moone vnhorn'd,
And heaven with all his sparkling fires adorn'd,
The Plei'ds, Hades, Orion stout,
The Bear sur-nam'd the Waine, which wheeles about;
Heauens Axetree, and still Orion eyes:
Repulsed by the warrie Deities.
Two goodly Cities he erect'd then
Inhabited by divers-languag'd men.

The one folkick in mゅrials, distributing Justice, 

Making the plenty 

Of peace: the other besieged, exercised with mariall stratagems and conflicts. Another part presented the culture of the earth, with her harvests and vintages. Here, Heardmen grazed their Heard's: there shepherds their flocks, 

And solaced themselves with their rural pastimes: the confines of all was the Ocean. To conclude, as contained the whole world, expressed by the orbicular forms of the shield: the four mettals whereof it was made the foure Elements: Gold present of fire, in regard of his purity, Brass, Earth, in that hard and solid; Time, Water, of its softness, and facilitie in melting, and Silver, Aire, in regard of the dulnesse & obscuritie thereof: before it be refined. The three incircling rays desiging the Zodiack, treble in respect of the breadth (comprehending six Degrees on either side of the Ecliptike, as is usually computed for the latitude of the Planets, although some expatriate farther, and others not so far) in which the twelve signes have their motion, and rising in that way of the Sun. The silver handle is taken for the Axetree, above which the heavens rule: and by the five files the Equator, the two Tropicks the Artick and Antarick Circles. How ever this may be carpt at, as the more conte-
The miserable easily life despise: More valiant he who bears his miseries.

_Ax._

And expect's the resolution opportune: As Iolephus, who constantly rejecting the advice of self-slaughter, was delivered beyond all humane apprehension: when Cassius contrarily falsely misinterpreting the gratitude of friends, even within view and hearing, for the insolustion of enemies, by a precipitate dispaire, both lost himself, and the publice liberty. Yet the killing of a man's self was by the Stoick in some cases allowed of; and dignified by the practice of former ages. At Marsiles in France, a city, faith Tacitus, well tempered with the Grecian civility and Provincial frugality, they accustomed to keepe poyson for such as desired to make themselves away; first having their reasons approved by the Senate. But a deceitfull physic! which by curing the short sorowres of this life, transmits us to another, where we vaineisly with our former condition, and ever labour with a fruitlesse penitence. A truth not unknowne to the ancient Pagans: vindicated by the Poet from the tyranny of custome, and seducing Philosophy.

The next thole pensiue wretches hold, which flew Themselves, and cast away their soules, to chew The hated light. How faine would they againe Returne to want and toyle! But Fates restraine, And the unrenuagible Stygian found, Whose nine times winding streames their mansions bound. His
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

His blood was signified to have been converted into an Hyacinth; either because that flower was after his death first discovered by the inhabitants of Salamina, which was his city, or that it prefixed the two first letters of his name, both the one and the other expressing lamentation. Of the Hyacinth enough hath been spoken in the fabule of Hyacinthus. Ajax was intomb'd on the Promontory of Rhœanthum. The Aetolians, who inhabited reedified Ilium, reported how after the shipwreck of Ulisses, the arms of Achilles were cast by the sea on the basis of his monument.

Achilles shield, which Hector's blood daint'd
By partial sentence fly Ulisses gain'd:
Whose wrack, on Ajax tomb if Neptune threw,
Though men with-hold, the Gods give each their due.

So their owne Apollo gave the devoted Palace of wisdom to Socrates, whose unrightly condemned of Atheisme. Vlyses after his victory, sets sale for Lennos: and brings backe Philoctetes, with the arrows of Hercules: without which Troy could not be taken, as foretold by the Oracle, so declare how no great matter can be atchieved without heroicall assistance.

Now Ilium flames in one summer all Eile and suffers whatsoever a remorselesse enemi
could inflict, but no calamity was like that of Hecuba, to whom old age became the worst of punishments.

Pria, Troy flourish'd, in pompe had gone
To great Assaracia; then borne up on
The necks of his braue sonnes amidst a throng
Of weeping Ilians, ere Caißandra sung
Neglected truths, or faire Polixena tore
Her golden harie, if he had dy'd before
Bold Paris built his ships. What did his age
Produce? He faw all ruind by the rage
Of sword and fire, the Asian Powers ore-throunwe.
The feble Souldier puts his armour on,
And at Iones Altar falls: resembling now
An aged Oxe, borne by th'envygracefull pow:
Which his lame withered throte and vielese life
Submits unto his cruel Mafter knife.
Yet men thus dy: but his luruiuing Queene
Barkt with fierce iawes. Old age too much had seen.

Shee having lost by violent death so many of her valiant sonnes, see her husband slaughtered before the Altar of Jupiter, Caißandra ran'st in the Temple of Minerva, Assianar throunwe from the top of a tower, Polixena sacrificed on the tombe of Achilles, fallen from the greatness of birth, and glory of Empire, to that contempt and poverty, that none would have accepted her for a servant. had she not been cast by lot upon Vlisses: which affords a sad consideration of humane infla-

""
Thracians she became a bitch, and bit the stones they threw at her. This feigned conversion was not only derived from her contemptible condition, but from the acerbity and fury of her sorrow, expressed in revellings and execrations: for which they threw so many stones at her, as buried her under their burden. On whom Antonius bestows this Epitaph.

A Queen, great Dima's daughter, Priam's wife,
Who gave the all illustrious Hector life.
Here lies, oppressed with stones upon me flung,
Yet first reveng'd with curses of my tongue.
Truly they to thrones, high birth, and glorious seed,
Who on the Bitches monument this read.

In the Thracian Chersonesus there is a place called Cynosena, which signifies the tombe of the Bitch, renowned for her sepulcher.

Memnon.

Tythonius.
which flow by the river Belus in the valley of Acre, not far from a City of that name, where her upon were called Memnonides. This Metamorphosis was like-wise devised to glorify their dead Prince, and flatter his successor. Alluding also to the conquest of those Easterner Countries where the nearest servants and favorites of Princes, having compassed the Funeral piles with bawlings and lamentations, threw themselves into the fire, that they might bee ready in another world to give their attendance. So farther East, the wives of the Indians would eagerly contend for the honour of burning themselves with their dead husbands: performed with great alacrity and triumph: nor out of use in these parts at this day, if we may give credit to Linfoc and the relation of others. The whole fable of Memnon perhaps expressed the lamented ends of such hopefully youths, as bad possess the world with high expectation. Who like the sons of the Morning, related with empty and external appearances, attempt what is above their abilities: pronouncing and inquiring with those valiant Heroes, by whose odds of strength they fall and extinguish whose deaths are accompanied with great commiseration. For nothing in humane destiny is more deplorable, or so powerfully works upon our compassion, as when budding virtue is cut off by an untimely accident. For the first age of man neither gluts with fatety, nor lasts to bee enused, which might lessen sorrow at their deaths, or moderate pity. Wherefore grievance and lamentation, not only like these funeral birds fly about their Piles, but continue and propagate: especially when reared in our desires, as by the rages of the morning Sun, through new occasions, motions, and enterprises.

Yet Aenact surviving, all the hopes of Troy were not reunited with her walls: this prophecy of Homer confirm’d in his posterity, who dyed before they were of any esteem.

--- Fate doth his scape intend
For fear the flock of Dardanus should end:
Whom Ione, (who now doth Priam’s race deter)
Of all begot on mortall dames loud best.
Æneas and his children children, shall
The Troyans rule and re-erect their fall.

Who now by bearing away his house-borne Gods, and aged father on his shoulders (as his chiefest treasure) purchased the perpetual attribute of Pious. Nor much inferior was the piety of those women, when Conrade the third besieged the Duke of Bautaria, who having their lives granted them by the Conqueror, upon the surrender of their City, with as much of their goods as they could carry about them, took up their husbands and sons on their backs: and by that honest deceit preferred them from slaughter. The like liberty being given at the taking of Cales, by that victorious and noble Earl (desirous to secure the honour of the women) a Spanish Lady, neglecting what soever was precious, though young and beautiful, bore away her old and decrepit husband, whom before she had hidden. This piety of Aeneas was rewarded in his posterity with the greatest, & longest continuing Empire, that ever virtuous fortune afforded. Nor shall the fame of the Sicilian brethren, for the like preservation of their parents from the Conflagration of Æneas, be ever forgotten, if statues of brass, or the Muse of Claudian, can promise eternity.

Lo! how they sweat beneath their reverent loads!
Who merit equal honour with the Gods.

H h h
The furious flame in reverence retires:  
And wandering Ætna checks her wandering fires.  
Their hands their parents on their shoulders lay,  
And with erected looks enforce their way &c.  
O youths well taught in nature's sacred laws:  
Of young and old the glory and applause.  
Who flying wealth, ruth through the violent rage  
Of fire, alone to rescue feeble age.  
The virtue which in these triumphed thus,  
Shut vp the awes of feïrce Æneladus,  
Eu'n Vulcan, to prepare these monuments  
Of piety, chokes Ætna's flaming vents.  
The Elements had fenne Their father Aïe  
And mother Earth affiths them with their care.  
If the two Lacon's won immortal fame;  
Or he who bore his father from Troy's flame:  
It glory the Arcolian brethren crown,  
Who to their mothers yokes their necks held downe;  
Why should not the Sicilians temples raise  
T' Amphion's, and bold Anapis praise.  
Although Trinacria have great things brought forth  
Yet none that can compare with so great worth,  
Nor should flce mourne her losf, her people burn'd,  
Her feilds laid waift, her towres to cindars turn'd:  
Elfie such a piety she had not shoune;  
Now by calamity renowned growne.  

Æneas flying from Troy, tooke ship at Antandros, and failed from thence unto Delos, where Anius the Prieff of Apollo, then reign'd. The concurrence of these two dignities in one person, declare that supreme authority should ever be accompanied with the care and protection of Religion. Of divers such we read both in sacred and prophane stories; Trismegiftus taking his name (as obseru'd by Alexander ab Alexandro) from being a King, a Prieff, and a Philosopher. And Iulius Caesar, the High-Prieff, obtaining the Empire; that office, with the other, was ever after united in the person of the Emperor, until Gratian cast off both the name and attire as contrary to the profession of a Christian. Anius relates the change of his foure daughters, who could turne whatsoever they handled into Corne, Wine or Oyle, and for that cause were surrised by Agamemnon to sustaine his Army, but by being converted into Doves, they anoynd their durance. This Anius was a careful and provident Prince in providing for his family, and his daughters as frugall in disposing, whereupon it was figned, how all that they toucht converted into sustenance. Now the Grecians suffering much scarcity at the Siege of Troy, and hearing thus Delos abounded with all necessaries (the Islands thereabouts prohibited to trade) they enforced Anius to furnish them with provisions, and carried away his daughters in hostage. When the plenty of the Islands being utterly exhausted and they fent back, they were said to have been converted into Doves; (as great denouements of Corne) because all was consumed. A hungry conceit: but Sabinius is my Author.

Anius presents Æneas with a Goblet, whereon was ingraven the Story of Orions daughters who sacrificed themselves for their Country: from whose funereal Pile,  

Annius Daughters.

Orions Daughters.
two youths ascend, who celebrate the obsequies of their mothers: The names of the virgins, Meliocha and Menippa; of those who sprung from their abodes, Oruchen. And what were these, but the Crowning of their merits, and propagation of their glory to posterity? For Boeotia labouring with a deadly drought, it was answered by the Oracle, that the anger of the Gods was appeased by the sacrifice of two virgins. When these Thebanc Ladies, all other refusing, offered themselves for the publick safety. It is sagacious how Pluto and Proserpina, commiserating their deaths, took away their bodies, and raised two stars in their room, which forthwith ascended the Firmament. This may unforcedly admit of the former interpretation. A temple was dedicated unto them in Ochcumenus, whether the young men and virgins of that Country brought presents yearly, and celebrated their memories.

Æneas here consulting with Apollo, to know where he should plant himselfe and his Trojans, the Oracle replied.

You Dardans, let that fruitful Land, the Seat
Of your first fathers, harbor your retreat
Y our ancient mother seeke.

Which Anchises interprets for Creet, in that Teucer their ancestor came from thence into Phrygia: Thence they came where they began to build and manage the earth, when a mortal pestilence caused them to suspect the mistaking of the Oracle: who were thus reformed by their Penates.

This Soyle is not design'd you, launch your fleet:
Nor did Apollo bid you, plant in Crete.
There is an ancient Land, Heresia nam'd
By men of Greece, for warre and plenty fam'd,
Till'd by th'OEnoethi, by their offspring since
Call'd Italy of Italus their Prince:
There mutt we fix. From whence great Dardanus
And Italus sprung: the roote of Troy and vs.

Æneas therefore departing from Creet in the search of Italy, is driven by tempests on the lands of the Sterophaides, the seat of the Harpies, of whom we have spoken before, proceeding on their voyage they passe by Dulichium, Ithaca, Samos, and Nerusus; all under the command of Ulysses. From thence to Ambracia, a City of Epirus: where our Poet mentions the strifes of the Gods, and an idice converted into marble. A fable no where else to be read of. Upon the top of the Cliffs, over looking the Sea, stood the temple of Apollo; from whence by leaping into the Sea, it is said, that such, as unfortunately loned, were cured of that fury. To this the Poet Sappho was thus advis'd.

Hiets to Ambracia, since unequal fires
Consume thee. From a rock that there aspires;
Phoebus doth all the ample deep sea furaye:
Men call'd Aetumn and Lencadia.
Descension, mad for Pyrrha, griece to gaze,
Leap downe from thence, and safely prefet the seas.
With changed dace fled from the carelesse breaf.

Artimelia, after the death of Moulous, committed by Dardanus, a youth of Abdo, in revenge thereof pulled out his eyes: notwithstanding still desperately affecting, repaired to this rock for a remedy, who perished in the fall, and had here her sepulcher. Next came they to Dodon, a City of Chaonia: close by a grove of Oakes stood the temple of Jupiter: in his oracle, of all among the Graecians the most ancient. It is reported (as here by our Author) that the Oakes themselves gave oracles, others that they were given from their boughs by Pigeons. Whom Herodotus interprets to bee certaine old women with beards, transported thither from Egyptian Thebes, appearing at the first to cool like Doves, in that their language was not understood, and thenceupon so called. Then entrance they the bay of Chaone, where our Poet tells of the Sons of a Molossian King, converted into birds, to avoid the flames that consumed them, a fable altogether unknowne. From hence they sailed into Phaeacia, (now called Corycæa) an Island famous for the Horns of Alcinoe, and wonderful pregnancy of the foyle (a fable derived from the terrestrial Paradise) whose happy inhabitants, (beloved of the Gods for their hospitality) in that excellent sea-men, were flegned to descend from Neptune. And now they arrive at Buthrotas, where amazaed Aneas meets with the Prophet Helenus, and Andromacha his wife, late widow unto Hector. These among the foyles of Troy became famous unto Pirhus the son of Achilles, who now soliciting the marriage of Hermione the daughter of Menelaus, gave Andromache to Helenus, who succeeded him in a part of his Kingdom, (Pyrrhus being murdered by his rival Orestes before the altar of Apollo) which he called Chaonia of his brother Chone, whom he had formerly flame accidentally: so called he the City Troy, and the river Simois, in memorial of his native Country. Aneas informed by him of his future affairs, puts againe to Sea: and after a few days sailing, thrusts into the straits of Lycæe, now called Meffena. On the left hand lay Charibdis: once, as they fable, a ravenous woman, struck with lightning by Jupiter, and thrown into the Sea for slaying Hercules Oxen. This whirlpoe is said to belch up her swallowed wracks as farre as Tauromenia.

But Scylla ariseth aloft neere the opposite shore: her warf hem’d round with barking dogs, yet retaining in her upper part the face and proportion of a Virgin. For such she formerly was: who making her many suitors the subiect of her scorn, accustomed to repair to the Nymphs of those seas, and acquaint them with the stories of her frighted lovers. But Galatea could not so safely put off the pursuit of Polyphemus: whose hated affection, with the tragical end of her beloved Atis, she relates unto Scylla. This Polyphemus was one of the Cyclops, and chosen Prince of the rest, in regard of his bodily strength, and more than Gyauntlike proportion, who inhabited that part of Sicilia which borders on Atina. Yet is this monster, as well in mind as in body, mollified by love, if lone can harbor in so monstrous a bosom: rather a furious desire, and natural impulsion to Venus, wherein the reasonable soul is no agent, and proper to beasts as well as to men.
Fierce bulls, when Venus stings incite,
Loud-bellowing, for their heifers fight.
The jealous heart, not then incline
To fear, dares combate for his hind;
And ambient aire with braying teares,
The Indian then the Tyger fears.
Fell bores their wounding Tusbies whet,
And froth'd with chamfed lauer fret.
Their manes then Lybian Lyons shake;
And with their hideous roarings make
The forrest groane. The Elephant,
Nor huger whale, these furies want,
All are oblig'd in natures band;
Not one exempt. At loues command
Hate finks to hell, and wrath expires;
Consulm'd to athes in his fires.

So Polyphemus puts off for a while his fierce disposition, and vents his amorous passions in songs which our Poet hath so fitted to his person and character, as not to be esteemed the worst of his master pieces. At length proving unhappy Acis, lay'd in the bosome of his Galatea, he quafheth him under a rock; whom the compassionate Sea-Gods convert into a river. By the huge proportion of Polyphemus, the Physiologists present wrath, violence, and dissolute appetites: by his shaggy locks and skin all hairy, a cruel disposition: according to that of Tyvennal.

Rough limbs, all bristled o're with haire,
A filane and savagel minde declare.

He was saigne to have had but one eye, of the round visor in the front of his helmet declaring how oppression and injustice is ever armed to doe mischief, said to be the sonne of Neptune, in regard of the rage and immaturity of the sea, which is called the father of prodigies. His violent love to Galatea, no other then brutish conceitence; of whom he is hated. For Galatea, begot by Nereus on Doris, to express her divine original, signifies beauty: and what sympathy hath beauty with deformity, be it either in persons or manners, who contrarily delights in her loving and beloved Acis: For love is the cement of love, and beauty affords her own similitude in another. But by the jealousy and envy of Polyphemus their happy union is divorced; yet now a river makes haste (for Acis signifies swift) to mingle his streame with Galatea, nor are they in their immortal parts to be separated. The phisicall construction of the fable of Polyphemus wee have formerly delivered in that of the Cyclops: and of him more hereafter.

Scylla returning along the shore, is no sooner scene then affected by Glaucus, when fraught with his uncoath shape, he relates unto her the story of his selfe:

Glaucus, a fisher man of Am hernod, a town of Boxtia, transformed by the Marine Gods, and received into their society. But first they cleanse him from his humane corruptions, since no impurity can partake of immortality; by sponging him with sea water, which the ancients held to have a purifying virtue. Philoltratus describes him to have a woife beard, of colour blow, his haire shagg and dishevel'd; thick & arched eye-browes which touch one another, arms formed to fume, his breast all fur'd with sea-weeds, his belly lank, the rest of his body like a fish.
with a tale reversed. On the Boeotian shore there is a Promontory called the leap of Glaucus. He was said to have his original from the Genius of the sea; in that so excellent a swimmer: who often would swim from the haven of Antheodon, the Townsmen looking on, so far into the sea, as they could no longer discern him: when concealing himself in some desart place, and swimming back a day or two after, he would make them believe, that all the while he had seasted with the sea-Gods, and enjoyed their conversations. But in the end being lost in the sea (devoured belike by some fish) they reported that he was changed into a Sea-God: and with all to be Nereus his Prophet, in that out of long observation at sea, by the rising of the stars, and complexion of the sky, he could foretell what weather would follow. But the later age hath produced a man more deserving this honour; his name Colon, his Country Sicilia: of the City of Catane, who was called the sea-fish, for his admirable swimming and affection to that Element. Who abode in the water, more then on the land; not onely out of his inclination but a strong necessity, and would say how he neither could breath nor live, should he long forebear it. From what fate or influence this strange surpasseth all humane apprehension: which grew to such a habite, that he would swim like a Dolphin about five hundred furlongs together, even in a Tempest and against the rate of the billow, with incredible celerity. And what is as strange to report, would overtake a ship when under sail before a stiff wind, or with contrary Gale, and calling the Mariners by their names: so well knowne to them all thereabouts, that as a lucky signe they would receive him on board, enquire from whence he came and whether he went, with the accidents which had befallen; refreshing him with their best provisions. Who after a while (having undertaken to deliver their several messages, and to dispatch what they trusted him withal) would leap from the Poop of the ship into the midst of the surges, now swimming to Catana, now to the coasts of Salentia, Bruttia, or Lucana; and sometimes to his native Sicilia: performing faithfully his several engagements. This was his practice: when at a solemn festyval, in the Phare of Melena, the King of Naples before a multitude of people causeth a piece of Plate to be thrown into the Haven a reward for him who should fetch it from the bottom, which Colon attempted, but was never seen after. Either devoured by a fish or engag'd in the concavities of the rock (whereof there are many) cast in, and choaked by the violent eddies and turnings of the waters; where he found a concealed sepulchre. But by the deifying of Glaucus they declared, that there is none so humble and mean a condition; whom an extraordinary eminency in commendable arts cannot make immortal: as this of Glaucus may not improperly allude to the skill of Navigation, by which Barbaro's of a fierer mans some became King of Tunis; Andrew Doria was courted by Charles the fifth, and Francis the first; steering as it were the fortunes of those powerful Monarchs; and Columbus by his glorious discoveries more infily deserved a place for his ship among the Southerne Constellations, then ever the Argonauts did for their so celebrated Argo.

OVIDS
OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The Fourteenth Booke.

The Argument.

Inchanted Scylla, emb'd with horrid shapes,
Becomes a Rock, Cerceopans turn'd to Apes.
Sibylla wearest a Voice, Vlysse men
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd again.
Picus a Bird; his Followers Beasts. Despair
Resolves sad-singing Canens into Aire.
The Mates of Diomed wrouzconc'd
Idalia turns to Foole. An Olive wild
Rude Apulus deciphers. Turnus burns
Aeneas ships; these Berecynthia turns
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcinous ship with joy
Behold a Rock. The Troian flames destroy
Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs
A meager Herne, that bears them on her wings.
Aeneas, Deiss'd, Vertumnustries
All shapes. Rhamnus, for her cruelties,
Congeales proud Anaxarete to Stone.
Cold Fountains boyle with heat. T'a heavenly throne
Mars Romulus assumes. Herfilla
Like grace receives: who ioyns in equall sway.

Now Glaucus, thron'd in tumid floods, had past
High Ætna, a on the iawes of Typhon cast,
 Cyclopian fields, b where never Oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;
Crook'd Zancle, d Rhegium on the other side;
The wrackfull Straights, whose double bounds divide
Sicilia from Æ inspiring forward drines
Through spacious Tyrrhen Seas; at length arrisses
At the hearbie Hills, e Phocean Circes ear,
With fundry forms of monstrous beasts repleat.
When, mutually saluting, Glaucus said:
A God, a Goddefe, pittie: on your aid
Alone relies (if my desert might move
So deare a grace) with th'affwagement of my Loue.
For none then I. Titania, better knows
The powre of heabs, that was transformed by those.
T' informe you better, in Italia
Against Massena, on a fandie Bay,

Scylla.

aWherest in the fift booke.
bThe Cyclops, who dwelt about Ætna were all of the Shepheardes & Heardfmen.
cMassena built in a semicircle.
dA city in Caelaris, opposite to Massena.
eItaly.
fA Promontory in Italy called Cretum abounding with medicinal simples.
gThe daughter of Phocean.  

hCirce, descended of the Ty-

i plauus.
I Scylla saw: it shames me to recite
My flighted court-ship answered by her flight.
My thought of charms avail'd in charms untied.
Thy sacred tongue: or foueraigne Hearbs apply,
If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Loue: like heat let her indure.
But Circe (none to such desires more prone,
Or that the cause is in her selfe alone;
Or stung by Venus angrie influence,
In that her Father published her offence)
Reply'd: The willing with more eafe persue
Who with the same, whom equal flames subdue.
For Thou o well deserv'st to be persue'd:
Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
Rest therefore of thy beauty confident:
Loc, I, a Goddess, b radiant Sols descent:
In hearbs so potent, and no less in charms;
Proffer my selfe, and pleasures to thy armes.
Scorn her that forceth thee; her, that feakes, persue:
And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glaucus reply'd to her who fought him so:
First shadie groves shall on the billowes grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remoue,
Ere I (and Scylla living) change my loue.
The Goddesses frets: who since shee neither could
Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would
On her, prefer'd before her, bends her ire:
And high-incented with repulst desire,
Forthwith infectious drugs of dire effects
Together grinds; and Hecat's charmes inicts:
A sea-greene robe puts on, the Court forsakes
Through thongs of fawning beasts: her journey takes
To Rhigium opposite to Zancl's shore;
And treads the troubled waues that lowdly roar.
Running with vnwet feet on that Profound;
As if she had trod upon the solid ground.
A little Bay, by Scylla haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow, confined from the Seas and skies
Diftemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hottest beams, and shortest shades.
This with portentuous poylons she pollutes;
Befrinkled with the iuyce of wicked roots:
In words darke and perplexed nine-times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.
Now Scylla came; and, wading to the waft,
Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbract.
Stars backe: at first not thinking that they were
Part of her self, but rates them, and doth feare
Their threatening iawes: but thole, from whom she flies;
She with her hales. Then looking for her thighes,
Her legs, and feet, in stead of them she found
a The mouths of Cerberus, inviron'd round
With rau'ning Curses: the backs of salvaze beasts
Support her groine, whereon her belly rots.
Kind Glauce wept, and Circe bed refus'd:
Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.
But Scylla, still remaining, Circe hates;
Who for that cause deftoy'd Phlyses mates.
And had the Trojan navic drownd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate
Into a Rocke: the stonic Prodige
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men flie.
This, and Charybdis past with fretched cares;
The Trojan fleet, now near the'd Ausonian shores,
Croffe windes, and violent, to Libya drace.
There, in her heart, and a pallace, Did o gue
Aneas harbor: with impatience beares
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile the reares,
 Pretending sacrificc, and then doth fall
Upon his sword: deceiu'd, deceiuing all.
Flying from Carthage, 8 Eyre he re-gain'd;
There where his faithful friend 9 Acestes raign'd.
His fathers funerals re-solemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with flups well-nigh surpriz'd
By Iris flames, 1 Hippodates' Command,
The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rocky Strand
Of Acheloian Sirens leauing. loft
His Pilot: to a Inarime then crost,
To prochyla, and a Pithecusa, walld
With barren hills, so of her people call'd.
For Jupiter, detecting much the file
And fraudulent Cercopes centuriac,
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;
Although vnlike, appearing like to men:
Contrasts their limmes, their noses from their browes
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;
And, couering them with yellow haire, affords
This dwelling, first decriu'ing them of words,
So much abus'd to periu'rie and wrongs:
Who iabber, and complaine with flamming tongues:
Then on the right-hand left: Parthenope,
a Misenum on the left, far-strecthet in Sea,
So named of his Trumpeter: thence, paft
By limie Marishe, and anchor caft
As Cumasentring: long-liu'd Sibyls Caues,
A passage through obfcure Avernus cranes
T his Fathers Aanes. Shee erects her eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception flie, in fared rage repli'd.
Great things thou feek'st, 8 thou so magnifi'd

CERCOPHANS.
See the Comment.

A Promontory on the South-side of the Bay of Puteoli
STERELLA.
Who then had liv'd heaven hundred years.
A Lake not far from Cuma, so infectious that no Bird could fly over it; and therefore so named; supposed a passage to Heil.
A Daughter of Apollo; whose Priest flie was.
Metamorphosis.

Who carried his father on his shoulders through the flames of Troy.

Proserpina, called Avernian or Infernall Venus; as Pluto the Infernall Jupiter.

His Ancestors the offspring of Dardanus, Italian.

Sibyls.

Seven hundred years;

Apoll.

For mighty deeds: thy piety through flame,
Thy arm through Armies consecrate thy name.
Yet fear not, Trojan, thy defires enjoy:
T' Elysian Fields, th' infernall Monarchie,
And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:
No way to noble Vertue is denied.

Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
Which in Avernian Io's Hort-yard grew:
And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.

As near her obeyes: and now doth see
The Spoyles of dreadfull Hell, his d Grand-sires, lost
In death, and great Anchises aged Ghost.

There knowes the cuitomes of the e Latian State,
The toyle of future warre, and following fate.
Then, in retreat, his weary steps applyde:
And by discouerfe with his e Cumaan Guide
His toyle beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through gloomie twy-light, he remounts to Day.

Whether, said he, thou bee'ft a Deity;
Or of the Gods belou'd; for euer I
Will serue thee as a Goddesse; and confesse
That by thy favour I have wonne access
Vnto th' abodes of Death; that by thee I
Escape from his infernall Monarchie.
And therefore will, when I to day returne,
A Temple build, and incense to thee bume,
The Propheteese on him reverseth her eye;
And fighing, said I, am no Deitie:
To mortalls offer no immortal Dues;
Least ignorance thy gratitude abuse.
Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,
Had I to Phobus, given my virgin flowre.
While hopefull, tempting me with gifts, he said,
Aske what thou wilt, my faire Cumaan Maid,
And take thy wish, I shew'd a heape of fand,
And wish'd as many Birth-diaies as my hand
Contained grainses: forgot to addde the prime
Of youthfull yeares, which should have crownd my time.
Who this had Granted alfo, if my bed
He could have won. His gifts despis'd, I led
A single life. Those happier times are gone;
And crasfe age with trembling steps comes on.
Seaven Ages have I liued; and liue I muft
Till yeares have equalled those grainses of dust.
Three hundred Harvests connummate the summe;
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of diies my body shall abate,
And little leaue in quantitie or weight.
None then will thinke that I belou'd had beene,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is seen,

(Such
(Such change shall I endure,) or, will not knowe,
Or else deny, that he had lou'd me so.
No eye shall see me: yet a voice alone
Fare will afford, by which I shall be knowne.

Thus Sibyl, as they clim'd that steepe alcent.

Pious Aeneas through this Stygian vent
At Cumae rose: and sacrificing came
To shores since called of his Nurse's name;
\[c\] Neptian Macareus, the friend
Of \[d\] Thoas did here his travels end.
Who knowing Achæmenides, of late
On Aetna left, admires to see his name
Long gian for dead. What chance, or God, said he
O Achæmenides, hath let thee free?
How comes a Græcan fool'dier to be found
In Troian vctell? for what Country bound?
When Achæmenides: (not now forlorn,)
Now like himselfe, his rags not pind with thorne)
May I fell Polyphem behold againe,
\[e\] Whose jaws ore-flow with blood of strangers flame?
If I this home preferre not farre above
\[f\] Vlyfes ship, or leffe Aeneas love
Then my owne father. Could I render more
Then all my All, the recompence were poore.
That now I speake, I breath, Heauen, Sun-shine see
(Can I vnmindfull or vngratefull be)
Is by his bounty: that the Cyclops Bowe
And hungry maw had not devour'd my foule:
That now I may be buried when I die;
Or at the leaft, not in his entrails lie.
O what a heart had I! with feare bereft
Of foule and felfe! when I behind was left,
And saw your flight! I had an Out-cry made;
But that afraid to have my felfe betray'd.
Yours, almost had Vlyfes ship destroy'd.
I saw him rise out of the mounraine side
A solid rocke, and dart it on the Maine.
I saw the furious Giant once againe,
When mightie stones with monftrous strenght he flung:
Like quarries by a warlike engine flung.
Leaft ship should sinke with waues and stones I feare:
Not then remembering, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death;
O'r Aetna paces, fighing clouds of breath:
And grooping in the woods, bereft of fight,
Incounters infilling rocks: mad with defpight
Extends his bloody armes to vnder waues,
The Grækes perfues with curfes, and thus rages:
O would some God Vlyfes would ingage,
Or some of his, to my infatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his liuing members rend,
Gulpe downe his blood till it againe ascend,
And crush his panting finewes. O, how light
A loffe or none, were then my loffe of right?

This spake, and more. My joynts pale horror shooke,
To see his grim, and slaughter-smeared looke;
His bloody hands, his eyes deflected feat,
Vaff limes, and beard with humane gore concreat.
Death flood before mine eyes (my least dismay)
Now thought my selfe surpriz'd, now, that I lay
Drownd in his paunch. That time preffents my view,
When two of ours on dafting stones he threw:
Then on them like a flagged Lyon lies;
Their entrails, flesh, yet mousing arteries,
White marrow, with cra夫t bones, at once devours.
I, fat, and bloodleffe flood: feare chil'd my powres,
Seeing him eat, and caft the horrid food;
Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
Even such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every found,
Abhorring death, yet coveting to die;
With maft, and heartes repelling famine, I,
Forlorn, to death and torment left, at laft
This ship efy'd: and wafting it, in haft
Ranne to the shore, nor safety vainely feke;
A Troion vessell entertain'd a Greeke.
Now, worthie friend, your owne adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to see, befell.

He told how Aeolus raigm'd in Thysian Seas,
Storme-fettering Aeolus & Hippotades,
Who nobly gauze to their b Dulichian Guide
A winde, inclosed in an Oxes hide.

Nine daies they failed with succesfull gales;
Sought shores defcry'd: the tenth had blancht their failes
When greedy Sallers, thinking to haue found
A maffe of envi'd gold, the wind vnbound.

This through rough seas the Navie backward drives,
Which at the Aolian port againe arriues.

To Lastrigonians Lamus ancient towne
From thence, said he, we came. That countries crowne
Antipates then wore. Threethither went,
Two of vs scarce by flight our death prevent:

The third the Lastrigonians teeth imbrude
With his hot gore. Antipates perfude
Our flights, incites his troopes; who tumbling downe
Huge stones and trees, our men and vessells drowne.
One cap't, which vs, and fat Vlysses bore.
Ioyntly our loft companions we deplore;
And grieving reach that Sea-inviron'd land,
Which farre from hence you see. Still may it stand

a Of Hippates the Troion fa-
thier to his mother Aeolos,
b Vlysses, of Dulichium an I-
land not farre from Ithica,
vnder his government.

c An ancient King of the
Lastrigonians, the son of Hep-


d Called after Faunus.

e Caneblos who fed on mans
flesh.

f Crecium, a Promontory in
Campania, once an Island.

Farre
Farre from my sight! beware thou a Goddele Sonne,

asso,a son of Venus.

Irft Troian Prince, (for now the warres are done;

With them for ever end our enmity)

From Circes Mansion, & Aeneas file.

There anchoring, mindfull of the Cyclops stand,

And fell Antipates, we fear to land.

But casting lots, the lot elected us,

Faithfull Polites, sage Etrylachus,

b Elpenor prone to wine, and eightene more

To visit Circé on that unknowne shore.

Approaching, we before the Portall laid.

A thousand Lyons, Beares, and Wolves invade

Our hearts with feare, which needed not for they

Instead of teeth their flattering tailes display,

And fawning follow till her hand-maids came

And led vs through that marble-couerd frame

Vnto their Mistris. On a throne of State,

She in a sumptuous inward chamber fate;

With gold her vnder garment richly thone;

And over it a purple mantle throwne.

c Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,

Nor following twine with base fingers pull:

But weeds dispose in order mingled flowers

Select in maunds, and hearts of different powres.

At her direction, who the vertue knew

Of every simple, of their compounds too,

And giues them their due weight. Saluted, shee

Salutes againe, her chearefull iookes as free,

As her full bountie to supple our neede.

Who bids her readie damfoles mixe with speede

The pulp of barley, honie, curds, strong wines;

And to this sweet receit hid joyces joynes.

Then gaueth the cup with her owne saered hand;

Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand

The direfull Goddele strokes our crownes. I shane

To tell, yet tell: I presentely became

With bristles rough; thinking, as I was wont,

T'have spoke, and shew'd my griefe in words, I grunts;

My lookes hung downe, my mouth extends t'a snout,

My fatter neck with swelling brawnes stichs out;

And goe vpon those hands, wherewith at late

I tooke the cup. With those, whom frightfull fate

Had thus vn-mand (so great a potencie

In potions lurks), included in a Stie.

Alone Eurylochus the shape of Swine

Anoides: alone refus'd the proffered wine.

Which had not her rejected, with the left

Himselfe had beene a bristle-bearing Beaste.

Nor shoulde Vlysses our mis-haps have knowne:

Or forced Circé to restore his owne.
Peace-bearing Hermes gave him a white flowre;
Call'd Medoll by the Gods, of wondrouser powre,
Sprung from a Sable root, inform'd withall
By heauenly counsell, enters Circe's Hall.
Proffering th'insidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raise, he thrusts her from her stand;
And with drawne sword the trembling Goddesse frights.
When vowed faith with her faire hand thee pleads;
And gract him with her nuptiall bed: who then
Demands in dower his transfigur'd men.
Sprinkled with better juysce, her wand reuerit
About our crownes, and charmes with charmes dispicer,
The more flear finges, wee grow the more vpright,
Our brifles fhed, our clouen feete vnire,
Shoulders and armes poiffeile their former grace.
With tears our weeping Generall we imbrace,
And hang about his neck: nor scarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.
From hence our Paffe was for a yeare defert d:
In that long time much saw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid ("one of the foure, prepar'd
For sacred service") cloffely this declar'd:
For while my Chiefe with Circe sports alone,
Shee shew'd a young-mans Image of white Stone
Clos'd in a Shrine, with crownes unballish'd,
Who bare a Wood-pecker vpon his head.
Demanding whyo it was, why placed there,
Why hee that Bird vpon his fummite bare?
I will, reply'd shee, "Macarius, tell
In this my Misfris power: obferue me well.
Saturnis Picus in Aufonia reign'd.
Who generous horfes for the battle train'd.
His forme,such as you see : whom had you known,
Ye would haue thought this feature were his own.
His mind as beautifull. Nor yet could he
Fourre Gracion wrathlings in the Olympicks fee.
The Dryades, in Latian mountains borne,
His looks attract : nor Nymphs of fountains forne.
To fie for pitie. Thofe whom Albula,
Numicus, Anio, Almo short of way,
And headie Nar suffaine; the fhadie Flood
Of Farfarus, the Scythian Cynthia wood's
Inuiron'd marifhes, and neighbouring lakes.
Yet for one only Nymph the reft forake:
Whom whilemon on Mount Palagin; the faire
Veniata to the two fad't Iama bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Picus Picus with her nuptiall bed.
Her beautie admirable: yet more fam'd
For artfull songes: and there of Camens nam'd.
Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
Tames falnage beasts, the troubled Riuers smooths,
Detaines their hastie course, and, when the rings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings.
While her sweet voice coelestiall musick yields;
Young Piciu followes in Laurentian Fields
The falnage Bore, vpon a fierie Steed;
Arm’d with two darts; clad in a aTyrian weed aScarlet.
With gold close-buckl’d. Thither also came
The b Daughter of the Sun; who left her name-
Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
Her sacred lap with dewtie Simples fills.
Seeing vnsecne, his fight her fene amaz’d:
The gathered hearbs fell from her as the gaz’d:
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame inclos’d.
But when thie her distraction had compos’d;
About impart her with, the following preffe,
And witneffe of his horfe, forbid access.
Thou shalt not so escape, said she, although
The winds should wing thee ; if my felfe I know,
If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at leaft
My trust deceiue not. Then creates a Beast
Without a bodie, bid to runne before
The Kings pursuit; and made the ayric Bore
To take a thicker, where no horfe could force
His barr’d access. He leaues his foming horfe
On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,
With equall hopes: and through the forreft fhraid.
New Vowes she straight concueth, aid implores:
And e Gods vnknowne with vnknowne charmes adores.
Wherewith inur’d t’ eclipsé the pale-fac’t Moone:
And cloud her d Fathers splendor at high Noone.
And now with pitchie fogs obfcurcs the day,
From earth exhal’d. His Guard mistake their way
Inthat deceitfull Night, and from him fraid.
When shee, the time and place beftritting, said:
By thofe faire eyes, which have inthralld mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddefse fée; affwage the fire
By thee incenft, and take unto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sunne: nor prove
Hard-hearted to e Titania Circes loue.
Her, and her prayers, delpis; d What ere thou art,
I am not thine, faid hee: my captuie heart
An Other holds; and may shee hold it long.
Nor with a stranger will I euer wrong
Our nuptiall faith, fo long as Nature giues
Life to my veins, and Samoa daughter liues.
T Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;
Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor againe Returne
Metamorphosis

Returne to Canens. What the wrong'd can doe,
A wronged Louer, and a Woman too,
Thou shalt, saide he, by sad experience proue?
For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in loute.
Twice turnes she to the East, twice to the West;
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes exprest.
He flyes, at his vnwonted speed admir'd;
Then faw the feathers which his skin attir'd:
Who forth-with feakes the woods, and angrie still,
Hardokes affailes, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloake assume;
The gold that clafft his garment turnes to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chains:
Of Tieno nothing but his name remains.
The Courtiers Pium call, and feake him round
About the fields, that was not to bee found.
Yet Circe find (for now the day grew faire,
The Sunne and Winds set free to cleane the aire)
And charge her with true crimes: their King demand
With threatening looke, and weapons in their hand.
She sprinkles them with juyce of wicked might.
From a Erabus and Chas conjures Night,
With all her Gods: and Hecate intreates
With tedious mumblings. Woods forfake their feates,
Their leaues looke pale, Hearbs blush with drops of gore,
Earth grones, dogs howle, rockes horely seeme to rore:
Vpon the tainted ground blace Serpents flide;
And through the aire vnboct Spirits glide.
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,
Shee fbrokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forth-with the shapes of faluage beafts immune
Their former formes; not one his owne pooffeat.
Phoebus now entering the Tartesian Maine,
Sad Canens with her eyes and soule, in vaine
Expectts her Spoufe. Her seruants thee excites
To runne about the woods with blazing lightes.
Who not content to weep, to teare her haire,
And beat her brefts (though these expresse her care)
In haile forfakes her roofe; and frantick, frayres
Through broad-fpred fields. Six nights, as many dayes,
Without or fleece, or suftenance, thee fled
O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with griefe and travaell, Tyber laft
Beheld the Nymph: on his coole banckes thee caft
Her feeble limmes: there weeps; and weeping fung
Her forrowes with a softly warbling tongue.
Euen so the dying Swan with low-raifd breath,
Sings her owne exequies before her death.
At length her narrow melts with grieves despaire:
And by degrees thee vanishest to Aire.

Yet
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurals Caieta call'd
In that long yeere, much, and such deeds as these
I saw and heard. Ven-ner'd with thofe full cafe.
Againe we put to Sea: by Circe told
Of our hard paffage, and the manifold
Disasters to entice, I grew a fraid
(I muft confefs) and here arriving, flaid.

Macareus ends, Caieta Vrne-inclofd,
This verfe had on her marble tombe imploy'd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurle-child mee
Caieta burnt, from Gracion fires set free.
They loofe their cables from the graffie strand;
Avoiding Circe guilefull pallace, fland
For thofe tall groves, where Tyber, darke with shades;
In Tyrrhen Seas his fan[c]de firesm vnlaides.
The throne of Faunus fonne, the Latian starre
Lavinia gaines, but not without a warre;
Warre with a furious Nation is comment;
Sterne Turnus for his promis'd wife incenift:
While all Hetruria to Latium livarmes.
Hard victorie long fought with penfique armes.
To get Recruits from forraine States they trie,
Nor Troians, nor Rutulians want supplie.
Nor to Euander townes Ennes went
In vaine: though vainely Venunnus was bent
To banifh Diomedes & Cite, late immur'd:
Thofe fields Iapygian Daunus had affur'd
To him in dowre. When Venunnus had donne
His embaffe to Tydeus warlike fonne:
The Prince excuf'd his aide; as loth to draw
The subjets of his aged father in-law
T'vnneecefarie warre: that none remaine
Of his to arm. Leaft you should think I faine;
Though repetition Sorrow renounces;
Yet, while I fuffer, heare the woift of fares.
After that Pergamum our prey became,
And loftic illum'd the Gracion flame:
A Virgin, for 4 a virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to Oileus due; on all,
Scattered on faithlefe Seas with furious storms,
Wretched Gracians, fuffer'd all the formes
Of horror: lightning, night, floures, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire Caphareus cruelties.
To abridge the ftorie of fo sad a fate;
Now Priam would have pitt'd our estate.
Yet Pallas snatcht me from the swallowing Maine;
Then from my vngratefull Country cha't againe,
For Venus, mindfull of her ancient wound,
New woes inflift. Much on the vaft Profound,

K k k Much
Metamorphosis

Where the Graces were a
strack in their return from Troy.

Pent, of the land Cytherea
where she had her Temple.

In chuse, vs out of our country.

Of Pleson, a city of Eolis.

Diodetes, of his Grand father Genesus.

Diodetes.

See the Comment.

A phvs.

Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I
Oft call'd them happie, whom the injury
Of publick tempetts, and the harboreffe
Capharuss drownd: envy'd in our distresse.
The worst indur'd, with seas and battles tyr'd,
My men an end of their long toyle defir'd.
But Acmon, full of fire, and fiercer made
By usual slaughters: What remains (hee said)
O mates, which now our patience would eschue?
Though willing, what can Cytherea doe
More then th' hath done: when worse mis-haps affright,
Then prayers availe: but when mis-fortunes riight
Her worst inflict's, then feare is of no vfe:
And height of ill's, securitie produce.
Let Venus heare: although shee hate vs all,
(As all shee hates that ferue our Generall)
Yet let vs all despise her empiric hate;
Whole Powre hath made vs so vnfortunate.

Pleuronion Acmon angrie Venus stung:
Reuenge requiting with his lauith tongue.
Few like his words: the most seuerely chid
His tongues excelle. About to haue reply'd,
His speche, and path of speche, at once grew small,
His hairc convertts to plume; plumes couer all
His neck, back, bofom: larger feathers spring
From his rough arme, his arme was now a wing.
His feet diuide to toes, hard horne extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.
Rhetor, Nycteus, Lyces, Abas, Ide,
Admire! and in their admiration try'd
Like deftinie. Mofit of my Souldiers grew
Forth-with new Fowle; and round about vs few.
If you inquire, what shap't their owne vn-mans;
They are not, yet are like to siluer Swans.
These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,
As hone in law to Damus, scarce in joy,
Thus farre Oenides. Venulus forfakes
A Tydides Kingdome: by Puteoli takes
His way, and through Mesapia: there furiaid
A Caue, intiron'd with a sylvan shade,
Distilling freames. By a halfe-goate Pan possest:
Which erft the Wood-nymphs with their beauties bleft.
They terrifi'd at firft with sudden dread,
From home-bred Apulus, the shepheard, fled.
Straight, taking heart, despis'd his perfuit:
And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
He scoffs: their motion clowne-like imitates:
Nor only raileth, but offcenely prates.
Nor ceaflth, till a tree inues his throte;
A tree whose berries his behauiour note.

An
An olan wild, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes, dif-leafed with his bitter words.

\[a\] Th' Embassadour returns without the fought
\[b\] \textit{Aetolian} succors: the \textit{Retulians} fought

Gainst foes and fortune, of that hope depriu'd:
\[\square\] hole streams of blood from mutuell wounds deriu'd.

Loc, fire-brands to the \textit{Nautic Turrus} beares:
And what escaped drowning, burning feares:
Pith, rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now \textit{Vulcan} feede: the hungrie flames aspire
Vp to the failes along the loftie mast;
And catch the yards, with curling fmoke imbraz't.

But when the \[c\] Mother of the Gods beheld
\[d\] Thofe blazing Pines, from top of Ida feld,
Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs vthred her reipaire:
Who, drawne by \[e\] bridled Lyons through the aire,
Thus faid: Thy wicked hands to small effect,
\[f\] \textit{Turrus}, violate, what wee proteft.

Nor shall the greedie fire a pair of thofe
Tall Woods detoure, which shelterd our repole.
With that the thunders, powring downe amaine
Thick fomets of skipping haile, and clouds of raine:

\[g\] Th'Aftrian Sons in swift concufions ioyne,
Tofling the troubled aire, and \textit{Neptunes} brine.
One fccc impoyes, whofe speed the refc out-strips;
That brake the Cables of the \textit{Phrygian} Ships,
And drawe them vnder the high-fwelling Flood.
The timber sofens, feth proceeds from wood,
The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,
The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to fender fides are growne;
The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone;
The yards to armes, to haire the tacketing grew:
As formerly, fo now, their colour blew.
And they, but lately of the floods afraid;
Now in the floods, with virgin paftime, plaide.
These Sea-nymphs, borne on mountains, celebrate
The Seas, forgetfull of theirformer flate.
Yet weighing, what themfelues fo oft indur'd
On high-wrought waues, oft finking fhips fecur'd;
Excepting fuch, as \textit{Grecians} carrie: thofe
They hate, yet mindfull of the \textit{Troian} woes.

Who law \textit{Vhyfes} fhips in furges queld
With pleaded eyes, with pleaded eyes beheld
\[h\] \textit{Alcinous} ships, in twiftneffe next to none,
Vmmouable, the wood transform'd to itone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright
The \textit{Retulii}, and make them ceafe from fight.
Both parts perfit, both hauethier Gods to friend;
And Valour no leffe potent: nor contend

\[k\] \textit{Alcinovs Ship.}
\[l\] \textit{King of the Phaeacians}. See the Comment.
Now for *Lauminia*, for *Latinus* crowne,
Nor dotall Kingdome, but for faire renowne:
Aflam’d to lay their brused armes aside,
Till death or conquest had the quarrell trie.

Great *Tumnus* fell; strong *Aedes* falls, of strenght
While *Tumnus* stood, deour’d by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the fame
A Fowle, vnknowne to former ages, springs;
And fannes the fhes with her houering wings.
Pale colour, leanenefe, threking founds of woe,
The image of a captive citie howe.
Who alfo till *the Cities* name retains:
And with felfe-beating wings of Fate complaines.

And now *Aeneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Innos* ancient hate.
An opulent foundation having laid
For yonge *Julus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heauen: *the Powre*, who rules in Loue
The Gods folicits, then, imbracing *Tone* :
O Father, neuer yet to me vnkind;
Now o inlarge the bountie of thy mind.
A Deity, meane, fo it a Deity be,
*Aeneas* giue, that art to him by me
A Grand-father: th’vn-amiable realmes
Suffice it once I haue feene, and *Stygian* streames,
The Gods agree, nor *Innos* lookes diffent.
Who with a chearfull freeneffe forward bent.
Then *Tone*, He well deserves a Deity:
Thy fute, faire Daughter, to thy with enjoy.
Shee, joyfull, thanks returnes: and through the aire,
Drawne by her yoked dous, lights on the bare
*Laurentian* thores, where finoouh *Numicius* creeps’
Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.
Who bids him from *Aeneas* wath away
All vn to death obnoxious, and conuay
It silently to Seas. The horded Flood
Obeyes; and what fubsifts by mortall food,
With water purgd, and onely left behind
His better parts. His mother the refind
Annoints with facred odors, and his lips
In *Nettar*, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
So deif’d: whom *Indiges* *Rome* calls;
Honour’d with altars, shrines, and festiuals.

*Two-nam’d* *Afaninius* *Latium* then obeyd,
And *Alba*: next, the scepter *Sylvania* swaid.
His fonne *Latinus*, held that ancient name,
And crowne. *Him Epita*, renound by *Fame*,
Succeeds. Then *Cappys* *Capetus*, his Son
His raigne: who drowned in Thyscan waters, gauhe
w T hose streames his name: who Remulues got, and braue-
Sould Acrora. But Remulus was flaine
With thunder, who the Thunderer durft faine.
More moderate Acrora resign'd his thronc
To Aveuntine, upon the Mount whereon
He raign'd, into tomb'd, which yet his name retains.
Ouer the Pomona flourifh in those times of cafe:
Of all the Latin 
None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repu-te; 
Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.
Thereof so nam'd. Nor freames, nor shadic groues;
But trees producing generous burdens loues,
Her hand a hooke, and not a jaelin bare:
Now prunes luxuriant twigs, and boughes that dare
Tranfcend their bounds; now flits the barke, the bud
Inferts; inforct to nurse anothcr brood.
Nor fuffers them to suffer thirt, but brings
To moititie-lurgcd roots, loft-fliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loues unknowne defires: yet to defend
Her felfe from rapefull Ruralls, round about
Her Hort-yard wall's; t'avoid, and keepe them out.
What left the skipping Satyres vn-affaid;
Rude Pan, whose hornes Pine-briftled garlandes shade;
Silenus, till more youthfull then his yeares;
Or he who theeuces with hooke, and member feares,
To taffe her fweetneffe: but faire more then all
Verutinus loues; yet were his hopes as small.
How often, like a painfull Reaper, came,
Laden with weightie heafes, and feem'd the fame!
Oft wreathes of new-mow'd graffe his browes array'd
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A gode now in his harden'd hands he beares,
And newly feemes to haue vn yok't his Steere.
Oft vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke
Corrects, and dreffes; of a ladder tooke
To gather fruit now with his fword the God
A Souldier feemes, an Angler with his rod:
And various figures daily multiplies
To winne exceffe, and pleafe his longing eyes.
Now, with a staffe, an old-wife counterfeits;
On hoarie haire a painted miter fen's.
The Hort-yard entering, admires the faire
And plicant fruits: So much, said he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom Albula enjoy,
Haille fpootife flooure of Maiden chaftitie:
And kift the Prais'd. Nor did the Virgin knowe,
(So innocent) that old-wiues kift not fo.

K k k 3

- Tiber.
- One of the heaven hills of Rome.
- Whodwell on Mount Palatine another of the heaven hills.
- Wood-Nymphs.
- Inoculates.
- Priapus.
- A God among the Romans so called of changing himself into sundry forms.
- A head attire which old women wore with labels hanging down at their ears.
- The river Tiber.
Then, sitting on a bank, observeth how
The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.

Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:
This prais'd, with the vine so closely ioy'd;
Yet, faith he, if this Elme should grow alone,
Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
And to this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but dis-ioy'd, would creep upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by such examples led:
But shunst the pleasures of a happy bed.
I would thou were not Helen was so fought,
Nor the, for whom the lustfull Centaures fought,
As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold
Or cautious Phyllis. Yet, behold
Though thou averse to all, and all eschue;
A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, perfue
Thy constant Scorn, and every deathfull Powre
Which Alba's high and hyrdic hills imbrowre.
If thou art wife, and wouldst so well married be,
Or an old woman tryst, who credit me,
Affects thee more then all the rest, refuse
These common woosers, and Vertumnus choose.
Accept me for his sage; since so well none
Can know him, by himselfe nor better knowne.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.
Thou art the first, so thou the last shall be:
His life he only dedicates to thee.
Besides, his youth perpetually excellent
His beauty; and all shapes can reprent.
With what you will, What ever hath a name;
Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same:
The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which joyfully he still accepts from you.
But neither what these pregnant trees produce
He now desires, nor hearbs of pleasant ioyce:
Nor ought, but only You. O pittie take!
And what I speake, flippeth Vertumnus spake.
Revengefull Gods, Idalia, still sever
To such as flight her, and Rhannusia feare.
The more to fright you from so foule a crime,
Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
A story, generally through Cyprus knowne;
To mollifie a heart more hard then flone.

Iphise, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-born Anaxarete, who drew
Her blood from Tener. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire, wherein his bosome fries.
Long strugling, when no reafon could reclame
His furie, to her house the Suppliant came.
Now to her Nurse his wretched loue displeas'd;  
And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid:  
Now humbly lies to some of most repute  
In her affection, to prefer his suit.

The pleasing  Wax his sad lines often beares  
Oft mirtle garlands, sprinkled with his tears,  
Hangs on the pofts: on the hard threshold laid  
His tender sides, his sighs the doores vp-braided.  
But she more cruell then the feas, imbroild

With rising stormes: more hard then iron, boyld  
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;  
Difdaines the louver, and his passion mocks.  
Who to her froward deeds addes bitter words  
Of no leffe score, nor hope to loue affords.

Impatient of his torment, and her hate,  
These words, his laft, he vters at her gate.  
O Anaxaret, thou haft o'r-come!

Nor shall my life be longer wearisome  
To thy difdaine. Triumph, o too vnkind!

Sing a P. eans, and thy browes with laurell bind.  
Thou haft o'r-come, loe, willingly I dye:  
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruelly joy.  
Yet is there something in me, ne'r the leffe,  
That thou wilt praise; and my deferts confesse.  
Thinke how my loue and life together left

My breft: at once of e two clearce lights bereft.  
Nor rumour, but even I will death prefent  
In such a forme, as shall thy pride content,  
But o you Gods, if you our actions fee

(This only I implore) remember me!

Let after ages celebrate my name:  
And what you take from life, afford to fame.  
Then heaues his meager armes and watry eyes  
To thofe knowne pofts, oft crowned with wreathes, and tyes  
A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he said,  
Beft please, hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!

Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:  
When by the neck th' unhappie louver hung.  
Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open the  
The founding doores; and that sad deed defecre.  
The fervants shrieeke; the Vaineely raised bore  
T'his mothers houfe; his father dead before.  
His breathleff corps she in her bosome plac't;  
And in her armes his heatleff limmes imbrac't.  
Lamenting long, as wofull parents vie;  
And hauing paid a wofull mothers dues;  
The mournfull Funerall through the Citty led:  
And to prepared fires conveys the dead.  
This sorrowfull Procceffion passing by  
Her houfe, which bordred on the way, there cry

\[a\text{Taken for the Tables}\text{spred with wax wherein they antiently wrot.}\]

\[b\text{Songs of victory sung to Apollo.}\]

\[c\text{Hers, and the Sunne.}\]

\[d\text{A custom of old to hang garlands at the doores of their beloved.}\]
To th' cares of Anaxarete arrvies:
Whom now ferne Nemesis to ruine druies:
Wee'le see, fayd she; these fad solemnities:
And forth, with to the lofty window highes.

Wherein she was carried to the funeral fire.
Whence, seeing Iphise on his falt bed,
Her eyes grew fife; blood from her vifage fled,
Vfurpt by paleneffe. Striving to retire,
Her feet fluck fast; nor could to her defire
Divert her lookes: the hardneffe of her heart
It felfe dilated into every part.

This Salamis yet keepes, to cleare your doubt,
In Venus temple, call'd, the Looker-out.
Inform'd by this, 6 louely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy lower ioyne.
So may thy growing fruits ftruiue the froft:
Nor rpenying by the raperulf windes be loft.
When this the God, a who can all shapes endure
Had fayd in vaine, againe himselfe he grew:
Th' abiliments of heatleffe Age depos'd,
And fuch himselfe unto the Nymph disclos'd.
As when the Sunne, fubduing with his rayes
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies,
Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beautie, mutually they bleed.

Vniuft Amulius, next th' Aufonian State
By strength vfurpt. c The nephewes to the late
Depofed Numitor, him re-inthrone:
Who Rome, in Tales Feasts, immur'd with Stone.
Now Tatius leads the Sabine Sires to warre.

Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates vnbarre:
To death with armelers preft, her treafons meede.
The Sabine Sires like silent Wolves proceed
T' invade their fleecing fones, and feke to feaze
Vpon their gates; barr'd by Idades.
One Iuno opens: though no noife at all
The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall.

Romulus and Remus.

kept in honour of Palus the Goddesse of theheards.
Whofe daughters the Romans had surprized.
See the Comment.

Romulus descended of Ilus.
An ancient foe to the Trojans and their Gf. spring.
From whom Remus was defended.

See the Comment.

Scalding Streams.

A Goddesse, punishing the proud and arrogant.
They com from Nemesis to ruine druies:
Wee'le see, fayd she; these fad solemnities:
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Scalding Streams.
These new rais'd streames the Sabine Powre exclude,
Till Mars his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.
By Romulus then in Batalia led:
The Romans fields the slaughtred Sabines spred;
Their owne the Romans: Fathers, Sonnes in law,
With wicked Corne, blood from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace, nor would contend
Vnto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend
With equall rule, But noble Tatius flame,
Both Nations vnder Romulus remaine.
When Mars laid by his flaming caske; and then
Thus spake vnto the Sire of Gods, and men.

Now, Father, is the time (since Rome is growne
To such a greatneffe, and depends on One)
To put in act thy neuer-fayling word;
And Romulus a heavenly throne afford.
You, in a Lyon of the Gods, profefst
(Which still I carry in my thankfull breaf)
That one of mine (this 6 now ratifie l)
Should be advanc't vnto the flarrie skie.

Ione condescends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the signe of his assumption,
Leanes on his lance, and strongly vaults vpon
His bloody charriot; lathes his hot horfes
With founding whips, and their full speed inforces:
Who, couring downe the ayrie region, faid
On faire mount Palatine, obfcur'd with shade:
There Romulus affumeth from his throne,
Rendering not King-like iustice to his owne.
Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waft,
Like melting bullets by a S'inger caft:
More heavenly faire, more fit for loftie shrines;
Our great and scarlet rob'd & Quirinns shrines.

Then Ioan to the faid Hersilia
(Loft in her forrow) by a crooked way
Sent Iris to deliuer this Command.
Starre of the Latian, of the Sabine land;
Thy fexes glory: worthie then, the vow
Of such a husband, of Quirinns now;
Suppreffe thy teares. If thy defire to fee
Thy husband fo exceed, then follow me
Vnto those woods, which on mount Quirin spring;
And shade the temple of the Roman King.

Iris obayes: and by her painted Bowe
To earth deffending, told Hersilia so.
When the, scarce lifting vp her moft eyes:
O Goddefe (which of all the Dieties
I know not, fure a Goddefe) thou cleare light,
Conduct me, o conduct me to the fight.

L 11
Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates shall shew,
They heaven on me, with all their gifts, bestow.
Then, with a Thumantias, entering the high
Romulian Hills, a starre shot from the sky,
Whose golden beams inflam'd her silken hair;
When both together mount the enlightened Aire.
The builder of the Romane Citie tooke
Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her look.
To whom the name of Orahe assign'd.
This Goddesse now is to Quirinus joynd.

VPON
VPON THE FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

Glaucus, rejected by Scylla, solicites the arts of Circe; daughter to the Sun and Peris, sister to Eta, and Aunt to Medea; who having poisoned her husband Scythus king of Sarmatia, assumed that government; but shortly after expelled for her tyranny, she fled with a few of her women into Italy; setting out herself on a little land in the Tyrrhenian sea, now lying to the continent, and called at this day by her name. A famous enchantress, and skillful in all magickal simples, who lastfull by nature, or the revenge of Venus, for her fathers detesting her adultery, endeavours to divert the affections of Glaucus to her selfes from Scylla. But failing and full of indignation, infects the bay, by the Nymph frequented with her charmed poisons: wherein Scylla bathing, contrasts that monstrous deformity; her loynes incrinoned with howling Wolves and barking dogs, now a part of her body, defying all that came neere her. Scylla represents a Virgin, who as long as chaste in thought, and in body unposted, appears of an excellent beauty, attracting all eyes upon her, and wounding the Gods themselves with affection. But once polluted with the forreces of Circe, that is, having rendered her maiden honour to bee deforced by bewitching pleasure, she is transformed to an horrid monster. And not so only, but endeavours to shipwreck others (such is the envy of infamous women) upon those ruinous rocks, and make them share in the same calamities. That upper part of her body, is deigned to retain a humane figure, and the lower to be fabled, intimes how man, a divine creature, endued with wisdom and intelligence, in whose superiour parts, as in a high tower, that immortal spirit resides, who only of all that hath life creeds his looks unto heaven, can never so degenerate into a beast, as when hegeth himselfe over to the love delights of those baser parts of the body, Dogs and Wolves, the blind & salutage fury of concepcione

Some say, how reason governes in the heart;
Some, in the braine; none, in the nether part.

This monster Scylla was said some after to have beene changed into a rocke; in regard of the impudence of licentious women, hardened by a forse. Right against the Promontory of Pelorus, there is a sheer round cliff, which throws itselfe far out into a bay, resembling (as some fancy) the forme of a woman, which is called Scylla. Under are many sharp rocks full of holes and concavities frequented by great fishes. Among these the image of women make a noise, the dogs that are imagined to bark, whereon those ships, which too fearfully avoided Charybdis, formerly fell, and were crushed in peieces, the miserable Marriners devoured by the fishes. From hence sprung this fable, and her fabulous forme. The dangerous failing between Scylla and Charybdis, commends the feticie of the middle course, and deters from either extremities. Thus allegorized.

Detracting envy Scylla's cureus imply;
Charybdis, the deep Gulph of poverty,
Who shun Charybdis, pon Scylla fall:
Still harling Envy barks, Want swallows all:
If prudent, of two evills choose the least:
Rather be enui'd, then by need opprest.

L. 11 2
And such advice Vlysses received from Circe. But both of these dangers have
now left their terrors by the altering of the current; expressed by that marble
fountain in Missena, where Neptune holds Scylla and Charybdis in chains;
with these under written verses.

Faint binding fetters wicked Scylla hold:
Saile safely through our straits, brave ships be bold.
Th' infamous thieve, who kept these seas, is tane;
And fell Charybdis rageth now in vaine.

Dido.

The Trojan fleet, having subdued these difficulties, is driven by contrary winds
on the Coasts of Lybia, where Aeneas was fatally entertained by Dido.

Poore Dido, still vnfortunately wed!
Th' one murdered, flying, dying, when this fled.

But others upon better grounds have determined that this was merely a fiction
of Virgils; and that Aeneas never came thither. Among the rest Aufonius on
her picture.

I Dido whom this table doth impart,
Of passing beauty, drawne by happy art.
Such was when liuing: not of such a minde
As Mars feign'd, to furious luft inclin'd:
Me Troys Aeneas never saw; nor bore
The Ilian ships into the Lybian shore:
But flying outrage and Tarbus; I
By death secour'd my spotleffe chafftry.
This thrust the fword through my vndaunted bref:
Not rage, nor inuir'd loose, with griefe oppreft.
So fell vnfore'd: liu'd vndefam'd, (bely'd):
Revang'd my husband, built a city, dy'd.

For it is more then probable, that Dido arrived in Africa, two hundred eighty and
nine years after the deftruction of Troy; being supposed to bee the Neece of Icza-
bell. But to follow our Author: Aeneas from Carthage returns to Sicilia; where
he had buried his father Anchiles; and falling from thence by sundry places, arri-
ved at the Island of Pithecusa, lying in the Tyrrhenian Sea; so called of the Circopi-
ans, who's fraudulent perjury converted into Ape; & there planted them. For when Jupiter had contracted with these to serve him in his warres
against Saturne, and bound them by an oath; Candalus and Atlanthus, two bro-
thers, in deceit incomparable, being the principall; they not only perjur'd them-
elves & kept back the pay, but sent him away with coffers and derision. They there-
fore were aptly metamorphis'd into Ape; a Creature in general so like a man, both
in forme and imitation, as in particular to the vnderstanding of the Circopians; The symbols
of imposture and perjured. From which consideration it was devised by Plato
that the foule of Thetites (of all that came to lium the baself and most shame-
leffe) entred into an Ape; still intimating the actions of men, but retaining his old
mamers agreeable to that creature. For as in his manhood he was so desperately
insolent as not to spare the sacred dignity of Princess; so now a beast, incessantly mo-
}
OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

Leips the Lyon, the King of Beasts, with his sightfull gamballs betweene whom there is an innated Antipathy.

Aeneas now landing at Cumæ, came to the cave of Sibyll, who undertakes to conduct him unto his father in Elizium: first shewing him a golden tree in the gloomy grove of Prolepsina, and then sending him to crop a branch from the same, without which there could be no admittance. By this faith Scuirus, the Poets expressed, that pureneffe of life, which leads to felicity, said to bee covered with shady woods; because in the confusions of this world, the integrity of virtue is clouded with infinity of vices. Not unlike, but more theologically allegorized by Mantuan to be our faith and confidence in God, without which there is no entrance into aternal joyes; called truely the golden bough in regard of the honour and purity of that mettall; and to bee bid in a wood, because the wisdome thereof is obscured, through so great a diversity of Sects and opinions: Nor can bee found out, if not showne by Sibyll, which is, the will of the Almighty receaved by his Prophets. Palingenius a little otherwise.

Truth is not easly found: that bough of gold Which gloomy errors (obscure woods) with hold From sight of humane searce, is seene of none, Victrix, by thole pure Dones direction showne.

For others write, that Aeneas was conductd thether by two white Dones: interpreted by some for Charity and Innocence.

Sibyll, in her returne from the lower world with Aeneas, declines his promised honors, as being a mortall. A modesty in other Ethnicks not to bee found; and resembling that of the Saints and Angels, who refused divine worship, as onely due unto God; perhaps taught her by that Spirit, which by an extraordinary dispensation revealed unto her those excellent Mysteries, whereby she yet speaketh. Shee tells him how she might have lived ever, if she would have consented to Apollo; yet must live, until he had accomplished a thousand yeares: who now worn with age, should hereafter consume into a voice. Sibyll was seignied to bee beloved of Apollo, in that a prophetesse: Prophefying of old ascribed unto him, & to proceed from his spirit unto others. And because the prophetesses of the warres and Empire of the Romans, she was said to receive what should follow to Aeneas, as to the original of that nation. Her verses contained the Oracles of a thousand yeares; and therefore said to have lived so long after to bee changed into a voice, in that the fame of her verse should continue for ever. Besides, it is reported, how a voice from the inward receffe of her Caeue long after her death gave answers.

Aeneas departing from Cumæ, arraies at Caieta, so called of his Nurse, whom by then interred. Here Macarius with joy and wonder meets with Archemenides, both companions to Vlieses: the latter casually left behind him in Sicilia, whom Aeneas, though formerly an enemy, brought off from the terror of Polyphemen. For Vlieses, there landing in his returne from Ilium, entred his Cave, with twelue of his fellowes. Of which the Giant eate two to his supper, two more the next morning at his breakfast, & at night as many. When drunk with the wines which Vlieses gave him, and fettered with, with, with, & sleepe, he hid his only eye burnt out by him with a firebrand: according to the prophecies of Telemus, who among his sleepe, together with the rest of his Companions, escaped his search & so got a ship-board. Now the Cyclops (as formerly said) were a sauege people given to joye and robery; unsociable amongst themselves, & inhume to strangers: And no maruaile.
when lawlesse, and subject to no governement, the bond of society: which giveth to every man his owne, supposing vice, and advancing vire, the two maie columns of a Common-wealth, without which it can have no supportance. Besides man is a political and sociable creature: they therefore are to be numbed among beasls who renounce society, whereby they are destitute of laws, the ordinance of civility. Hence it ensues, that man, in creation the best, when averse to justice, is the worst of all creatures. For injustice, armed with power, is most outrageous and bloody. Such Polyphemus, who feasts himself with the flesh of his guests; more saluage then are the West-Indians at this day, who only eat their enemies, whom they have taken in the warres: whose flighting of death and patient sufferance is remarkable, receiving the deadly blow, without dissembler, or appearance of sorrow, their fellows looking on, and hastily feeding on the meat which is given them; yet know how they are to supply the hambles perhaps the day following. The heads of men they account among their delicate, which are only to be eaten by the great ones, boyling oft times not so few as a dozen together, as hath beene seene by some of our Country-men. Injustice and cruelty, are ever accompanied with Atheisme and a contempt of the Deity: which Polyphemus himselfe thus professeth in Homer:

O fool! that heereth comit from farre afoards,
To bid mee fear or reverence the Gods,
Woe Cyclops care not for the Goat-nurft Ione;
More to bee fear'd then those who inway abowe.
Nor will I, for Iones wrath, forbear to kill
Thee or thy Mates: My God is my Iterm will.

Like the Scythians who in their barbarous denotions accustomed to fix a speare in the ground, and worship it, as the onely God they acknowledged. But this contemnor of Gods and men, this inhumane Monster, is surprized in his drunkenness, and deprived of his onely eye by destised Vlifles, who would not kill him, the longer to protract his punishment. In the person of Vlifles, that wisdome is desiguered, which undauntedly and victoriously runs through all dangers: in Polyphemus, the folly of barbarous strength, infeebled with vices. He is also physically said to be subdued by the other, in that wisdome discovers the secrets of nature, which before they bee knowne, seem wonderful and formidable. Now Scuarius will have Polyphemus a prudent person: seignor to have bid his one eye in his forehead; in that never the braine, the throne of the understanding, and put out by Vlifles, as overcome by his greater wisdome.

Acheneides having told his owne misadventures, desires Macarius to tell what befell Vlifles, after his departure from the Cyclops. Who informes him how from thence they came to the Aeolian Islands. Theselv in the west of Sicilia: the principall Lipara; but Strongyle (so called of its roundness, whose lofty top at this day, flames like a Beacon) was the habitation of Aeolus, who is said to bee beloved of the Gods, in regard of his piety: and of men for his temperance and hospitalitie: so much as the neighbouring nations, though in contention among themselves, submitted to his Empire. Hee is seignor to command the winds by the procurement of Iuno: who thus is by himselfe acknowledged.

--- O Queen, tis thine to will,
My duty thy commandment to fulfill.

This
This kingdomse scepter and my grace with love
Sprung from thy bounty, that I sae it above
Among the Gods: by thee so potent made
Ore tempests and proud storms.

For the winds by the motion of the aire, which is Luvo, are created. The sable of this his dominion proceeding from his knowledge in Astronomy, especially in that part which concerns the nature of the winds, as also in that he could prognosticate of the weather by the rising of the Clouds, the tides of the Sea, and flaming of the mountain, declaring with all that nothing happens without the divine providence, when the winds themselves of a condition so light and constant, are not without their commander. No leas a power hath he, who can bridle the tempests of his affections. He is said to be the Grandchild of Hippocor, of the swiftest of the winds, in relation to the speed of a horse, and to have had six sons, and as many daughters, of the severall winds whereof there were twelve, according to the ancient denotion, the barren being called masculine, the fruitful feminine. Aolus, secondeth Vlisses, and gives him the winds in a bag (the West only let loose to waft him into his country), which, while he slept, was opened by one of his Companions, when contrary gusts arose, and drove them back to the place they came from. The ordinary effects of curiosity and contentious. Some, who have searched the cloest of nature, affirm that a bag of a Dolphin's skin, with the addition of certain ceremonies, will procure the desired wind, and that only the ground, they say, of this invention of Homer, but the wife of one of Vlisses was then as secure and sleepy as himself, who could not watch the nearer the end of his voyage: the consummation whereof should have crowned his vigilance. Manifespred by the disposer; which admits in this kind of no second error; nor leaves any other comfort, but teares to the miserable. Whom formerly courteous, but now angry Aolus releifs; as a man in dis-favour with the Gods, and who by his floth had frustrated his bounty.

Macareus told how from thence they failed to Lamian now Formia, inhabited by the Lastrigonians, man-eaters, and no leas inhumane then the Cyclops; where their men were destroyed, and all their ships lost, but that alone which carried Vlisses. Then came we, said he, to a young rising hill; and points to the Promontory of Circe. Circe naturally signifying the circumvolution of the Sun, whose heat and direciter makes do quicken what soever is vegetive, and therefore aptly seated in this place, producing such number of plants and herbs of different verme. Wee have said before that Circe was a famous enchantress, who could turne men into beasts (as here Vlisses mates into Swine) among her other miracles by making them drink of her charmed cup, and wending her rod over them. Wherein the devil perhaps aped that rod of Moses wherewith he performed such wonders, or derived from the Egyptian Sorcerers, as now in use among those of that profession. But she could not prevaine over the person of Vlisses, secured by the heare Moly, which was given him by Mercury (a more cunning Magician, and inmenter of that art) who forced her to restore their former shapes to his servants. For as the earth produces malignant simples, so doth it Antidotes to reftit their virulence, among those of this kind they reckon the Sarf-fish, the Jasper-stone, Christ-shorne, Agnes callus, and Fleavort, especially this Moly, which grows most naturally in Egypt: and was lately brought from thence into Italy by one Guiliandinus a Philosopher of Padoa, as reported by Earle Bothwell, unto whom he show'd it, which is not to be extirpated by man; in that deadly, as they say, unto those who attempt it; or rather in that the root thereof, according to Pliny, is thirty foot long; whereas Homer, the
The fable roote thrust forth a milke-white flower,
Calld Moly by the Gods; by mortall power
Hardly extirpt.

As there are remedies in nature against natural evils, so are there charms against
the malice of charms: one witch undoing what another hath done (whom they
commonly call wife-women) as here Circe her selfe disenchants the Mates of Vilia-
fics. But that a man can bee transformed into a beast, is utterly against the opi-
nion of S. Augustin) who affirmes, that the Devil can create nothing being himself
a Creature, nor change that shape but only in show, which God hath created. Al-
though Spondanus with much fervor oppose him, alleging that place in Aquinas,
how the Angels, both good and evil, have a natural property and power to Meta-
morphose our bodies, going about to confirme it by sundry histories. But search wee
a little higher, and first into the natural sense of this fable. Circe is feigned to
be begot by Solon Paris, the daughter of Oceanus; in that what ever hath being,
is by the heat of the Sun and moisture ingendred. Circe is so called of mixing, be-
cause the mixture of the elements is necessary in generation which cannot bee per-
formed but by the motion of the Sun: Paris, or moisture applying the place of the
female, and the Sun of the male, which gives form to the matter: wherefore that
commision in generation is properly Circe, the issue of these parents. Her fiour
Hand-maids, which gather and seelct her magickal herbs and flowers, are no other
then the foure Elements, administering unto us, according to their power, the
nature of all motion. Others take them for the foure seasons of the yeare, from this
description in Homer.

Foure Damfels serud her, daughters of the woods,
Of sacred springs and sea ingulphed floods.
The first rich cloths of state hung ore their heads:
And on the floore faire-figur'd Carpets spreds.
One, filter tables fets before the throne:
And Cares in golden dishes plac't thercon.
A third in flagons mixt mellifluous wine,
And precious goblets fills to the diuin,
The fourth upon a mighty Tripod fets
A Chaldron, and with fire faire water heats.

The first decyphering Spring, the second Summer, the third Autumne, & the forth
Winter. Circe was held to bee immortal, in regard of the perpetual generation
of the Elements: and turnemen into severall sorts of beasts, because the cor-
ruption of the one begett a forme farre different from it selfe. The land where the
was supposed to dwell was called Aetna, which is an ingemination of sorrow, for the
diseases and complaints of the Creature, who by the wasteful strength of their natu-
ral compositions, are afflicted with sundry diseases. Yet Vylikes could not loose
his shape with the rest, who being fortified by an immortal power, was not subject
to mutation. For the diuin & celestiall soule, substancting through the bounty of
the Creator, can by no assaults of nature be violated, nor can that bee converted into
a beast, which so highly participates of reason: although her Companions, the foure
Elements, uniting in a humane body are dayly obnoxious to changes: by which is
expressed
expressed the immortality of the one, and frailty of the other. Scirius will have Circe not only an enchantress, but a notorious flrumpet; and therefore signified the daughter of the Sun, in that nothing more apparent, who by her Lusurious arts drew many from a norall life to a brutish, and therefore said he banished them. But comes more fully, how Circe was said to bee the daughter of Sol and Per-}
VPON THE FOURTEENTH BOOKE OF

Diomedes desiring his ungratefull Country, puts against to Sea; and was wrackt by tempests on an Island, lying in the Adriatick Gulph right against mount Gar- garus: which after a few of his soldiers, execrating, as they feigne, the exterior malice of Venus, were turned into Foulks, not unlike to Swans, by her fury. Pliny writes how by Iuba they be called Cararata: that their eyes are of the colour of fire, their feathers white; one leading the whole like a Captaine, and another bringing up the rear: who would wash his temple with the water which they brought in their beakes; and at the arrival of strangers set up a menacing cry; but be gentle to the Gracians, as acknowledging them for their Country-men; being onely seten in that Island. Yet since a generation of birds, (faith S. Augustine) I hold them to be no transformed men; but that the men, being newer more fierce, were destroied by euill Angells, and the birds brought thither in their roome from unknowne habitations. As for the washing of his Temple, their love to the Greekes and rage to other nations, these may well proceed from the inquit of the deuell, to perwade men that Diomed was deified, & inure the true God, by adoring a false one. But Diomedes departing from hence, arrived in Italy, where he was entertained by Daunus; who gave him his daughter in marriage,
with the brefnest part of the coutry, in reward of a victoy in his behalfe obtained: throughout his kingdome erecting his statues. Thus was Diomed much hono-red, but poore in substance and subiects, when Ventulus came the other, by which hee excused himselfe for not taking armes in the aid of Turnus. But the history proceeds, and declares how Daunus, havin his kingdome afflicted with famine, inquired the caufe of the Oracle, who answered how it proceeded partly from the imprerection of Diomed (perhaps in that he rewarded his service with so barren a poftition) but chiefly from the wrath of Venus. Whereupon Daunus, watching his opportunity, cut off his head, and overthrew his statues, as a man deted by the Gods, and to his benefactor ungratefull, who after was intomb'd in the land and honoured with a temple as aforefaid. By this story we may contemplate the unavoidable vengeance, which prosectures such as are elated with the glory of their actions to that height of arrogence, as is fight with the Gods themselves, & wound them as it were with their insolency; when by how much the greater our prosperity, by so much the more should our gratitude and adoration increase for their bounties. His companions are faid to have beene changed into Fowle; not because infelicity and miserie give wings to our former friends to desert us, but rather in that they truely loafe: the excellency of men, who with brutish impatience blaspheme & repine at that which God hath ordained, nor should we, with thefe swan-like birds, so much as deplore their calamities, who suffer by divine vengeance. Others, by Diomed, conceiue a man transported with zeal, who is fervent to suppreffe some feet of Religion (corrupt indeed, and infamous: as shadowed here under Venus) not by argument and sincerity of life, but by fire and sword, provoked by Pallas, or the severity of prudence, whereby he achieves much glory; especially among the vulgar, to whom nothing can but be gratefull & moderate, as the Champion and supporter of truth and religion. But this glory is feldome long liued: since all violent prosperity, by a fatal vicisitude, in the end is unhappy. For if, in the change of things, the suppressed fit gath'r strength, and growe into favour, then the former fierce zeal is condemn'd, the party hated, all his honours demolished; and Diomed murdered by his father; differences in religion among nearest kinsfolke begetting deceits and treachery. Now Diomedes companions; men of the same feet and opinion, by deploying his calamity, and divulging their grieves, are signified to have beene converted into swan-like birds, or Fowles of Diomed; flying in the faces of the Troians, the favorites of Venus, or of the contrary faction.

Venus in his returns sees a Caeus in Meffapia, frequented by the halfe-goat Pan, whose body and habit express Venus all Nature, as his name importeth. The horns on his head expressing the rays of the Sun and Moone. (So Moies for the radiancy of his face was faid to be horning) the upper part of his body, like a mane, representing the heavens; not only in regard of the beautie thereof, but of his reafon and dominion: his goatish nether parts carrying the similitude of the earth; rough, overgrown with woods and bushes; his feet cloven in regard of the earth's stability. Stat vi terra sua, vi fendo Vefta vocatur. Whereupon Arifatarchus Samius, who held the motion of the earth from West to East in four & twentie hours, to falue the apparant rapture of the heavens from East into West was accused before the Areopagites, as presumptuously attempting the removal of Vesta; and not a few at this day are guilty of the same absurditie. The brones of Pan are crowned with Pine branches, because those trees adorn the tops of the Mountains; his mantle the skin of a spotted Panther; presenting according to Probus, both harres and flowers; as flowers may bee called the harres of the Earth, and harres the flowers of the heavens) or rather the rare diversity of things. The venfold
Men worship nature by the name of Pan
A man half-goat, withall, a God half-man.
Aboue a man, whose fared reafon raignes;
Borne in the heart and toured in the brains.
Belowe a Goat, fince nature propagates
By coiture, in all whom life inflates.
Rough Goates, as other animals, exprefse
Ranke luxury, and brutifh lufts excelle.
Some fay that wifdome gouernes in the heart;
Some in the braine, none in the nether part.

This Caue was also haunted by the Nymphs, till fprinted from thence by the ob-
scene behaviour and revilings of the ftrifeke Appulus: for which they converted
him into a wild Olive, whose fruit is as bitter as formerly was his tongue, which
gave an invention to the fable.

The Rutilies, failing of their succour figh without successe; when Turnus fets
the Trojan ships on fire, by Cybele converted into Sea-Nymphs: perhaps fo feign
ned because they fanned them to prevent their burning. But Plutarch writes, how
they were fired by the Trojan women, in the abfence of their husbands, to give a pe-
riod to their wanderings, who meeting them in their returne, with imbracements
and fiftes, some to their husbands, and some to their kinnefolke, appeafe their an-
gers. Whereupon a custom arose, among the Romans, which continued as long as
their Empire, that none in saluting should fift their lips, who either were of their
blood or alliance. And like enough they were fett on fire by the secret infrufion of
Æneas, as Agathocles and others burn their Navies after their landings, to in-
force the fouldier to an obfinate value, by taking away all means of retyring. The
former fable of their transformation was only Virgil's invention; that supped Nymphs rejoycing when they saw Alcinoes ship converted into fome, which was
left to their ancient enimie Vlyfles; as this later Homers, in regard of arocke
which lay before the harbour of Pheacia retaining that figure.

Ancas hauing overthrown the Rutilies, with the slacture of Turnus, fets
Ardea his regall Citty, on fire; from whose alhes, a meagre Heron afcended. This
was feign'd by our Poet, partly in that the fowle and citye have both one name in
the Latin, and partly in regard of his vengifant feare, pale colour, macilency, and
putrefall freamings; which denote the condition of a Towne befieged, and after
fack by the enimie. The name alfo signifies in Greek a weaing of blood, the ef-
effs of warre; for that blood gyngeth out of their eyes in the time of their Coiture:
whose flight prognosticates burmes.
For the Heron, being a water Fowle, taketh pleasure in the condensed ayre, needing also the help of the groffer, in that her wings are so heavy and unwieldie.

Aeneas having established his kingdom in Latium; with the consent of the Gods is now deified by his mother Venus: washing away what was mortal in the River Numicus: (For they held that none could be entertained into the celestiall assemblies, who first were not purged from their humane pollutions) and making him immortal with the infusions of Nectar and Ambrosia: Ambrosia signifying immortality, and Nectar a not being obnoxious unto death; the food of the Gods & alluding (as divers have obserued) to that tree of life which was planted in Paradise. But the history relates how Aeneas perished in the river Numicus, and being never found after, was deified by his sonne Acanius: which he did not only in honour of his father, but to augment the reputation of himselfe: and his posterity; calling him Jupiter Indiges (that is a Deity made of a mortal.) The Latines dedicated a temple to him with this inscrption. To our holy Father and Terreftriall God, the governour of the waters of Numicus. He was said to be the son of Venus, of his godly forme, and affability; or in that begotten by Anchiles on an incontinent Dame, but of exquisit beauty.

Acanius succeeded his father, him his brother Silvius (of whom his successors were named Silvius) the sonne of Lavinia, through the favour of the Latines: Iulius, Acanius sonne, contented with the Sacerdotall dignity; from whom the family of the Iulii descended, the occasion of which Iulius Caesar was so ambitious of the high Priesthood. Latius (to follow our Author, for the Catalogue of the Alban Kings doe not a little differ) succeeded Silvius, then Epitus, Capys, Capetus, Tyberinuus (whose destiny gave a name unto Tiber) Remulus, Acrota, Aventine, and Procas.

Pomona flourished in the raigne of this king, the Goddess of the Hortyards and their fruitfull productions, taking from hence her name; who had her Temple, Flamen, and felothals. Beloved she was by Vertumnus: a Deity also: for idolatrous antiquitie made not only Gods of whatsoever was to life beneficial, but even of their passions, affections, vertues & vices: who changing himselfe, to purchase access into sundry shapes, at length becomes his owne bawde in the shape of an old woman. And to mollifie her the more, relates the story of Iphis, who hang'd himselfe for the love of Anaxarete, converted into a statue of stone for her cruelty; By which is prevented the hardness of her heart, and punishment of arrogancy: as in Iphis, the misery of rejected love, with the desperate consequences, hapning especially to those who are naturally melancholy. For though love with much difficulty enters into the hearts of such, yet entered once, he for ever keeps his poiseation: These almarie are prone to complain and grine, and not seldomebestir their owne deftines. Vertumnus, not prevailing in a false reassumse his owne winning shape, and now enjoys his equally wounded Pomona. He was seign to be that God, which turned the yeares about, and therefore so named, as in respect of the many mutations and seasons: to change himselfe into so many formes: now a Plov-man, now a Harvest-man, a gatherer of fruit, or one employed in the vintage. Lastly, an old woman, which is when in the declination of the yere he marries with Pomona; in that all fruits come therein to maturity.
VPON THE FOURTEENTH BOOKE OF

maturity; and then his feftivals were celebrated in October. Veturinus is also taken for the inconstant mutability of our humane affections.

Amulius the fome of Proclus, next reigned in Aufonia, having not only deposed his eldest brother Numitor, but murdered his fome Aegaeus, and forced his daughter Ila to become a Vestal, who was not then to marry by her vow, intending thereby to cut off all his posterity. But Ila bare two fones at a birth, begotten, as pretended, by Mars, to clothe her inconstancy: for to conceive by a God was commended an honour. Amulius gave in charge that the twins should be drowned; and Ila buried alive, according to the law, in that she had violated her vow of chastity. But she was pardoned at the intercession of Antho, daughter to the Tyrant, and her sons preferred by the relenting executioners: who were nourished, as was said, by a Wolfe, whereof there are many statues at this day extant; but, as some will have it, by a harlot the wife of Faufulus, called Lupa by the Latines, as their cailing houses Lupanaria. But why might not a Wolfe give them, as a Bitch gave suck unto Cyrus, being both one creature, and differing in nothing but the tamebre of the one and wildbre of the other? For these fierce Maflines carried by the Spaniard into the West Indies, to hunt and worry the Nations: turning after wild, became Wolves, and preyed upon the Cattle of their receitled masters. And it is ordinary at this day in some parts of France for Goats to fuckle the children of those poor women who either want milke, or have other imployments, which they doe with as great affection and sedulity, as if they were their owne Kids. These brothers, the one called Romulus, and the other Remus, now men, and made acquainted with their original: deposed Amulius, and restored their Grandfather to his kingdom.

Romulus succeeded Numitor: who built a Citty on the banks of Tiber, which of his owne name he called Rome, as his nation Romans. Now wanting wines, at a solemn fhou they surprize the daughters of the Sabines, their neighbours (like those two hundred Beniamites, who folde the daughters of Shiloh, agreeable to those lawliffe times, and perhaps by necessity justifiable) the original of a mortall warre. The Sabins led by Tatius, tooke the fort of Tarpeia through the treason of the Governours daughter, vpon promise to receaue what they wore on their left armes for her reward, the meaning their bracelet of gold; which they not only gave her, but threw their shields upon her (a part of the bargain), and so presse her to death. From thence by night the Sabines attempted to have entred the Citty; but were repulsed by the late cold springs, now gushing sulphurous and scalding waters, which overflowed by the temple of Janus. This fable hath relation to an order of soldiers, initiated with some ceremonious superstitions at the lake of Vadeimonius, which boyled with brimstone, who flying that night out of Port Ianualis, repulsed the enemy. But Macrobius reports it thus out of Varro. The Romans, in the Sabine warres commenced for the ravished Virgins, made haste to flutt a gate at the foot of Mons Viminalis (called after Ianualis of the event) the enimie falling on that quarter; which as often as they flutt it, of it felpie floopen, whereupon they there placed a strong guard to defend it. While in another part the battle was fought with great fury, a sudden rumour arose, that Tatius had overthorne vs; at which the terrifed Romans who kept that palaffe tooke themfelves to their heelles. When the Sabines were ready to enter, it is reported that a mighty torrent rufhit through that gate from the temple of Ianus, whose scalding waters either burnt the enimie, or devoured them in their whirlpits. Whereupon it was decreed, that in the time of warre, the doore of Ianus his Temple should stand open, that the God might come forth to the succour of the Citty. The Romans and Sabines, at length reconciled by the mediation.
tion of the women,became one nation, Romulus and Tatius, governing together.

But Tatius being murdered by the Lavinians, for not righting their inward Embassadors, the other reigned alone, untill he was deified by Jupiter, and carried by Mars his father into heaven, called perhaps his sonne in that to comfort a foullier; Mars esteem'd the God of warre, for teaching men, first all, how to arms, to order battles; and what else belongs to that great profession, Fear and Terror, the names of his horses, which well comfort with warres horrid encounters. Plutarch writes that Romulus was begotten by his wakle Amulus: then disguised in Armour (and therefore said to bee the son of Mars) when he ravished his mother, which he did, not only to satisfy his lust, she being a woman of surprising beauty, but to procure her destruction, as the heyre of his elder brother, the law condemning a desiel Vosial to be buried alive. Romulus was rumord to have beene assum'd by Mars into heaven; in that lost in a sudden tempest of lightning & thunder (so periished Strabo the father of Pompy: and the Emperours Anatafius and Cauis,) as he was making an Oratation to his army. But the enraged people suspecting (which comes nearer the truth) that he was made away by the Lords of the Senate, who for his rigor to them, and too much indulgence to the other, heaved him asunder in the Senate house, and conveyed him away in small pieces under their long robes; (as the Senators of Orchomerie rid themselves of the Tyrant Pythiferanus) were appeased by Iulius Proculeus, who swore how he saw him ascend into heaven, where upon they consecrated Temples unto him, and gave him divine honours; changing his name into Quirinus, to gratifie the Sabines.

Or of a speare which Romans Quiris call ;
The fooldier made by warre coelestiall :
Or fornam'd by his Speare-men, or assign'd
For that the Cures he and Romans ioyned.

Of whom the Romans were called Quirites.

Hersilia the wife of Romulus (one of these maids which were ravished from the Sabines) was also for her coniugall love assumed by Juno, the president of nuptials, into heaven to her husband; her name changed into Ora; the same with the Latines, that Hebe is with the Grecians, the Goddess of Youth, called also Horta, in that, according to Plutarch, he exhorted young men to virtue and noble indevours. This Goddess was placed in one shrine with Quirinus, signifying that an Empire is not to be purchased nor conferred by loth; but by vertue and foritude, the flower of youth best flowing with warfare. Thus changed they the names of those whom they deified, that they never might be thought to have beene mortall.
OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black Stones convert to White. Pythagoras
In Illium's lingering warre Euphorbus was.
Of transmigrations, of the change of things,
And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.
Recus'd Hippolytus is deify'd;
Whom after Age, and name of Virbius hide.
Ægeria shawes into a Spring. From Earth
Prophetick Tages takes his wondrous birth.
A Spear a Tree: Graue Cippus vertues shun
The Crowne, his Honors present. Apollo's Son
Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soule of Warre,
Great Caesar, slaine, becomes a Blazing Starre.

Meanwhile, a man is sought that might sustaine
So great a burthen, and succed the raigne
Of such a King: when true-forehewing Fame
To God-like Numa destinates the fame.
He, with his Sabine rites vastring'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Nature's search. Incited with these cares,
He leaves his countries & repairs
To Croto's City: asks, what Grecian hand
Those walls erected on Italian land?
A Native then, in time and knowledge old,
Who much had heard and seen, this storie told.
Came from the Ocean to Lacina
With happy steps: who, while his cattle fed
Vpon the tender clover, enter'd
Heroick Croto's roofe; a welcome Guest:
And his long traull recreates with rest.
Who said, departing: In the following age
A citie here shall stand. A true preface.
There was one Mycillus, Argolian
Alemonis issue: in those times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who beares
The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appeares;
And said: Be gone, thy countries bounds forfake;
To sounde! Ephorus thy journey take.

Mycillus.

Hercules.

A City of the Sabine.
Crotone; standing in the bay
of Terintum.

Hercules.

A River of Calabria, not far
from Cratone.
And threatens vengeance if he dis-obey.
The God and Sleepe together flew away,
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubfull foute he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to goe:
Death due to such as left their Countrie fo.
Cleare a Sol in feas his radiant fore-head vaild,
Swart Night her browses exalts, with farres impal'd;
The felfe fame God the fame command repeates:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Afreid, he now prepares to change his owne
For forein feats. This through the Citie blowne;
Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;
They proue the fae1: not by himfelfe deny'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the skie:
Thus by e Alcides powre the fed Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and Mycilus let free.
Who, thanking d Amphitryoniades,
With a full fore-wind croft th' Ionian Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum paff,
Faire Sybaris, f Next but running falt
By Salentinum, Thurin's crooked Bay,
High Temefis, and strong Iapygis:
Scarcе searching all that fhores fea-beaten bound,
The fatall mouth of Elassa out-found.
A Tomb, hard by, the facred bones inclos'd
Of famous Croto: here, as erft impos'd,
Alemens fonne erects his citie walls:
Which of th'intombed he Crotona calls,
Of this Originally this Citie boafts:
Built by a Grecian on Italian coasts.

Here dwelt a b Samian, who at once did flie
From Samos, Lords, and hated i Tyrannie:
Preferring voluntarie banifhment
Though farre from heauen, his mind's divin e afcent
Drew neere the Gods: what natures felfe denies
To humane Sight, he faw with his Soules eyes.
All apprehended in his ample breft,
And ftudious cares; his knowledge he profef
To filent and admiring men: and taught
The Worlds originall, past humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the caufe of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the lightning fprings:

fHcea/fspfwhofc
Iabors, fec
O thou, b whom twice Six Labours deifie;
Affift, that art the author of my crime!
White ftones and black they vs'd in former time;
The white acquit, the black the pris'nor caft:
And in fuch fort this heauie fentence paft.
Black ftones all throwed into the fatall Vrne:
But all to white, turnd out to number, turne.

h Pythagoras,
iPyrерates, then Tyransing in Samos.
Whether lone thunder, or the winds, that rake
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Starres obferu'd: what e'r lay hid
From vulgar fenfe: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boards,
In fea, though vnbeliue'd: yet learned Words.

Forbear ye your felues, 6 Mortalls, to pollute
With wicked food: fields smile with corne, ripe fruit
Weighs downe their boughs; plump grapes their vines attire;
There are sweet hearbs, and lauorie roots; which fire
May mollifie; milke, honeie redolent With flowers of thyme,
Thy pallat to content.'

The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Brute beafts with flesh their raunous hunger cloy:
And yet not all-in pastures horses joy:
So flocks, and heardes. But thofe whom Nature hatli
Indu'd with crueltie, and fuluage wrath (Wolves, Beares, Armenians) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That entrails bleeding entrails should intomb!
That greedie flesh, by flesh should fit become!
While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthie mother, gies,
Can nothing pleafe, vnleu thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire a Cyclopaeon fare renew?
Nor satiate the greedy luxury
Of thy rude pance, except an other die?
But that old Age, that innocent eftate;
Which wee the b Golden call, was fortunate
In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with blood vndy'd.
Then Fowle through aire their wings in fafetie ply'd:
The Hare, then feareless, wandred o're the plaine;
Nor Fowl by their credulitie were ta'ne.
Not treacherous, nor fearing treacherie,
All liu'd secure. When hee, who did enue
(What God so e'r it was) those harmelesse cates,
And cram'd his guts with flesh; set ope the gates
To cruel Crimes. First, Slaughter without harme
(I must confesse) to Pietie, did warme
(Which might suffice) the reeking feele in blood
Of fuluage beafts, which made our liues their food:
Though kild, not to be eaten. Sine now more
Audacious, the first sacrifice, the Bore
Was thought to merit death; who, bladed corne
Vp-rooting, left the husband-man forlorned.
Vine-brouzing Goates at Bacchus altar flaine,
Fed his reuenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
You Sheepe, what ill did you? a gentle beast,
Whose vdders swell with Nectar, borne t'ineuelt

Pythagoras his
Oration.

The cyclops were Mnt-sitters.

Decribed in the first booke.

Expofed
Expos'd man with your soft wooll; and are
Alyne, then dead, more profitable fare.
Or what the Oxen, a creature without guile,
So innocent, so simple, born for toyle.
Hec moit vngratefull is, defecting ill
The gift of corn, that can vn-yoke, then kill
His painefull Hinde: that neck with axe to wound
In servile gall'd, that had the stubborne ground
So often tild, so many crops brought in.
Yet not content therewith, t'ascribe the sinne
To guiltlefe Gods: as if the Powres on high
In death of labour-bearing oxen-joy.
A spotlefe sacrifice, faire to behold,
"Tis death to please" with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unkowne:
And fees the a meale upon his fore-head thrownwe,
Got by his toyle: the knife smeared in his gore,
By Fortune in the b later scene before.
The entrailes, from the panting bodie rent,
Forth-with they search; to know the Gods intent.
Whence springs fo dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? & Mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on flesh? henceforth forbearce
I you intreat, and to my words give eare
When limmes of slauhtred Beeues become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your Servants eat.
Phaebus inspires, his Spirit wee obey:
My Delphos, heaven it selfe, I will display;
The Oracle of that great Powre unfeold:
And sing what long lay hid, what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walke among
The loftie stars: dull earth despis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to sit on Atlas crowne:
And from that hight on erring men looke downe
That raefon want, those thus to animate
That fear to dye; t'unfold the booke of Fate.
O You, whom horrors of cold death affright,
Why fear ye Styx, vaine names, and endlefe Night?
The dreams of Poets, and faind miseries
Of Forged Hell? Whether f last-flames furprise,
Or Age dooure your bodiess; they nor grieue,
Nor suffer paines. Our Soules for euer liue:
Yet evermorc their ancient houses leaue
To liue in new; which them, as Guest, receiue.
In Trojan warrs, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, Panthous sonne, and fell
By Menelau's lance: my shield againe
At Argos late I saw, in Juno's Fame.
All alter, nothing finally decayes:
Hether and thether still the Spirit strayes;

A Ceremony instituted by

Phoebus, where Apollo'sque oracles.

A high Mountains in Afri,

Transmigration of Soules.

Funeral fires, where in they burnt their dead.
Guest to all Bodies: out of beasts it flyes
To men, from men to beasts, and never dyes.
As pliant wax each new impression takes;
Fixt to no forme, but still the old forfake;
Yet in the fame: so Souls the fame abide,
Though various figures their reception hide:
Then leaft thy greedy belly should destroy
(I prophetic) depreffed Pietie,
Forbear t'expulfe thy kindreds Ghosts with food
By death procure'd nor nourifh blood with blood.

Since on fo vast a fen, my faiie's vnfold,
And strecht to riſing wond'r, in all the World
There's nothing permanent; all cbbe and flow:
Each image form'd to wander too and fro.
Even time, with reflﻂfe motion, slides away
Like lining streames; nor can swift Riuers flay,
Nor light-heel'd Flowers. As billow billow drives;
Driven by the following; as the next arrives
To change the former: times fo flye, perfute
At once each other; and are ever new.
What was before, is not; what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.

See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
See, how the Light the gloomie Night invades.

Nor fuch Hauens hew, when Mid-night crown's repofe;
As when bright a Lucifer his taper blowes:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th'inlightned World refignes to b Phoebus fway.

His railed Shield, earths shadowes scarcely fled,
Lookes ruddie, and low-finking, lookes as red:
Yet bright at Noone; becaufe that purer skie
Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion flie.

Nor can Night-wandering c Dian's wauering light
Be euer equall, or the fame: this night
Leffe then the following, if her hones fhee fill;
If fhee contract her Circle, greater still.
Doth not the image of our age appeare
In the succiffue quarters of the Yeare?
The Spring-tide, tender; ftinking Infancie
Refembling: then the juyceful blade fprouts high;
Though tender, weake; yet hope to Plough-men yeelds:
All things then flourish: flowers the gaudie fields
With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaues.
Then following Summer greater strength receiues:
A luftie Youth: no age more ftrength acquires,
More fruitfull, or more burning in defires.

Maturer Autumnne, heat of Youth alaid,
The sober meane twixt youth and age, more ftaid,
And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:
His reverent temples sprinkled with gray haires.

The viciouſityde of things.

a The Day fates.
$ The Sunne.
¢ The Moone.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling steps: his head or bald, or white.
So change our bodies without rest or stay:
What we were yeaster-day, nor what to day,
Shall bee to morrow. Once alone of men
The seeds and hope, the womb our mansion: when
Kind Nature viewed her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies should be longer pent
In mothers stretched entrailes, forth-with bare
Them from that prison, to the open aire.
Wee strenghlye lye, when first of light possed;
Straight cleepe upon all four, much like a beast;
Then, staggering with weak nerues, stand by degrees,
And by some stay support our feeble knees:
Now, lustic, swiftly run. Our Youth then past,
And those our middle times, wee poft ia haft
To inevitable Age: this last deuoures
The former, and demolifheth their powres.

a A Wraftler of Cretona:

famous for his prodigious
strength.

b Hercules.

c By Theseus first, and after by

Paris.

Old a Atilo wept, when he his armes beheld,
Which late the strongest beet in strength exceld,
Big, as b Alcides brawnes, in bloggie hide
Now hanging by slack finewes: Helen cry’d
When shee beheld her wrinkles in her Glasse;
And asks herselfe, why shee twice rauifht was.
Still-eating Time, and thou o envious Age,
All ruinate: diminiht by the rage
Of your deuouring teeth, all that haue breath
Confume, and languifh by a lingring death.
Nor can these Elements stand at a stay:
But by exchanging, alter every day.
The eternall world foure bodies comprehends,
Ingendring all. The heavie Earth descends,
So Water, clog’d with weight: two light, alpire,
Depreft by none; pure Aire, and purer Fire.
And though they haue their feueral feates; yet all
Of these are made, to these againe they fall.
Resolued Earth to Water rarifies;
To Aire extenuated Waters rise;
The Aire, when it it selfe againe refines,
To elementall Fire extracted, shines.
They in like order back againe repaire:
The groffer Fire condenfeth into Aire;
Aire, into Water: Water thickning, then
Growes solid, and converts to Earth againe.
None holds his owne: for Nature euers joyes
In change, and with new forms the old supplies.
In all the world not any perish quyte:
But onely are in various habits dight.
Forsto begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be borne; to dye, no more
Then ceasing to be such: all though the frame
Be changeable, the substance is the same.
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
To Brass from Silver, and to Iron from Brass.
E'en places oft such change of fortunes pafs:
Where once was solid land, Seas have I seen;
And solid land, where once deep Seas have been.
Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And anchors have on mountaine tops been found.
Torrents have made a valley of a plaine;
High hills by deluges borne to the Maine.
Deep standing lakes suck drie by thristie land;
And on late thristie earth now lakes doe stand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountains; there, thets vp the old.
Streames, with impetuous earth-qua\es, heretofore
Have broken forth; or funk, and run no more.
So lyric, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in an other world his second birth.
So Erafinus, now is hid, now yeelds
His rifting waters to Argelian fields.
And Mylus, his first heid and bancks disciam'd,
Elsewhere ascends and is Cacus nam'd.
Coolc Amafenus, watering Sicily,
Now fills his bancks; now leaues his channell dry.
Men formerly drunk of Anigrus streames:
Not to be drunk (if any thing but dreams
The Poets tell) since Centaurs therein walft
Their wounds, by great Alcides arrowes gafft.
So Hypanis, deriv'd from Scythian Hills,
Long sweet, with bitter streames his channell fills.
Antissa, Tyrus, and Egyptian Phare,
The floods imbrace: yet now no lands are.
Th'old Planter knew Lucadla Continent:
Which now the Sea hath from Epirus rent,
So Zancle once on Italy confin'd;
Till interposing waves thier bounds disjoynd.
If Byra and Helice (Gracian towns)
You feeke; behold, the Sea their glorie drownes:
Whole buildings, and declined walls, below
Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers flow.
A Hill by Pithean Trazen mounts, vncrownd
With fyluan shades, which once was leuel ground.
For furious winds (a florie to admire)
Pent in blind cauernes, strugling to expire;
And vainely seeking to injoy that extent
Officter aire, the prifon wanting vent;
Puffs vp the hollow earth extended so,
As when with swelling breath we bladders blow.

The Mountaine
Nere Trozen.
Built by Phibros the Grand fathet of Thesius.

The Fifteenth Booke.
The tumor of the place remained still,
In time grew now solid, like a loftie hill.
To speake a little more of many things
Both heard and knowne: New habits found, new Springs
Now give, now take. Hornd Hammons at high Noone
Is cold; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.
Wood, put in bubbling Athamas is fit'd
The Moone then farthest from the Sun retir'd
Ciconian streams congeale his guts to stone
That thereof drinks: and what therein is thrownne.
Crathis, and Sybaris (from your mountains old)
Colour the hair like amber, or pure gold.
Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,
Not onely change the bodie, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obscene Salmacis?
Of the Æthiopian lake? for who of this,
But onely raft, their wits no longer keep,
Or forthwith fall into a deadly sleep.
Who at Clitorus Fountain thirst remote?
Loath wine, and abstinence, mere water loue.
Whether it by antipathic expell
Desire of wine; or (as the Natiues tell)
* Melampus hauing with his hearbs and charmes
Snatcht Pratus frantick daughters from the harms
Of entred Furies, their wit's physick cast
Into this spring; infusing such distast.
With streams, to these oppos'd, Lyncestus flowes:
They reele, as drunk, who drink too much of those.
A Lake in faire Arcadia stands, of old
Call'd Phenesus, suspeccted, as too-fold:
Fear, and forbearce, to drink thereof by night:
By night vnwholsome, wholsome by day-light.
So other lakes and streams haue other powre.
Ortygia floted once, first at this houre:
Once b Argo tear'd the jutling Cyanes:
Which rooted now, refit both winds and seas.
Not Ætna, burning with imboweld fire,
Shall euer, or did alwayes, flames expire.
For whether Tellus be an Animall,
Hae lungs, and mouths that smokking flames exhale;
Her organs alter, when her motions close
These yawning paffages, and openthofe.
Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, raue;
Lufting the stones, and minerals which haue
The fede of fire, inkindled with their rage:
Their furious flames the falling winds affwage.
Or if Bitumen doe the fire provoke,
Or sulphur burning with more subtil} smoke:
When Earth that food and yielde nourishment
With-drawes, the matter by long feeding spent;

\[\text{The}\]
The Hungrie Fire of Sustenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
In Hyperborean Pallene live
A People, if to fame we credit gaine,
Who, dining three time thrice in Tritons lake,
Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take.
The like, they say, the Scythian Witches doe
With magick oyles: incredible though true.
If wee may trufl to triall, fee you not
Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?
Burie your slaughtered Steere (a thing in vfe)
And his corrupted bowels will produce
Flowre-fucking Bees, who, like their parent flaine,
Lowe labour, fields, and toyle in hope of gaine.
Hornets from buried horses take their birth.
Break of the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth
Burie the reft; a Scorpion without tale
From thence will creep, and menace with his tale.
The Catterpillars, who, their cop-webs weane
On tender leaves (as Hindes from prooife receive)
Convert to poynous Butterflies in time.
Greene Frogs, ingendred by the seed of flame,
Firft without feect, then legs ablume, now strong
And apt to swimme, their hinder parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip and leap.
The Beares deformed birth is but a lump
Oflying flesh: when lick'd by the Old,
It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.
Who sees the Young of honie-bearing Bees
In their exangular inclosure, fees
Their bodies limme-leffe: these unformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.
\(\text{a} \) The flaire-imbellifi Fowle, which \text{Iuno} loues,
\(\text{b} \) Notes Armour-bearer, \(\text{c} \) Cythera's Doues,
And birds of every kinde, did we not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would coniecture for
Some thinke the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet these from others doe derive their birth.
One only Fowle there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th' Assyrians Phoenix, who the waine
Of age repaires and lowes her felfe againe.
Nor feeds on graine nor hearbs, but on the gumme
Of Frankincence, and iuychie Amomum.
Now, when her life \(\text{d} \) five hundred yeares,
A neath her horned beake and talons build
Upon the crown of a trembling Palme:
This flew'd with Caffia, Spiknard, precious Balme,
Bruz'd Cinnamon, and Myrrh; thereon the bends
Her bodie, and her age in odors ends.

\(\text{O o o} \)
This breeding Corps a little Phoenix beares:
Which is it selfe to live as many yeares,
Growne strong; that load now able to transferre,
Her cradle, and her parents fepulcher,
Deuoutly carries to a Hyperion towne:
And on his flamme Altar lays it downe.
If thefe be wonderfull, admire like strange
Hyena's, who their fexe fo often change:
Those foodleffe creatures, fed by ayrelone,
Who every colour, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, first brought from conquered India
By vine-bound Bacchus, his hot pifte, they say,
Congealcs to stone. So Corall, which below
The warer is a limber weed, doth grow
Stone-hard, when toucht by aire. But Day will end,
And Phoebus panting Steeds to Seas descend,
Before my fcent or action could perfue
All forts of shapes, that change their old for new.
For this wee fee in all is generall.
Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powerfull, which fo proudly ftood;
That could for ten yeares fpend fuch ftreames of blood;
For buildings, onely her old ruines howes;
For riches, tombs; which slaughtered Sires inclofe.
Sparta, Mycena, were of Greece the flowres;
So Cecrop's Citie, and Amphiion's towres
Now glorious Sparta lyes upon the ground;
Loftie Mycena hardly to be found;
Of a Oedipus his Thebes what now remains,
Or of a Pandion's Athens, but their names?
Now fame reports that Rome by Dardan Sons
Begins to rife, where yellow Tyber runs
From fountfull Apennines, and there the great
Foundation of fo huge a fabrick feat.
This therefore fhall by changing propagate,
And give the World a Head. Of fuch a fate
The Prophets haue divin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, b Priam's Helen told
To fad Aneas, of all hope forlorne,
In finking Troy's eclipse. O ! Goddesse-borne,
If our Apollo can prefage at all,
Troy, thou in fafetie, fhall not wholly fall.
Both fire and fword fhall give thy vertue way:
Flying, with thee, thou Ilium shalt convey;
Vntill thou find a Land, as yet unknowne,
Troy, and thee, more friendly then thy owne.
A Cittie built by Phrygians I fore-fee;
So great none euer was, is, or fhall be.
Others fhall make it great: but Aeneas, Soueraine of the Earth.

a Helipoli in Egypt, the city of the Sunne.
b Athens, of Cecrops the first King.
c Thetes, immured by Aegyptian.
d Where OEdipus reigned.
e Of Pandion King of Athens.
f Troas deended from Dardanus.
g A ridge of mountaines that extend through all Italy.
h The Prophet Heleucus the fonne of Priamus.
i Aeneas the fonne of Venus.
j Rome.
k Augeus Cefer, derived by his Mother from Ilius (called elle Aenians) the fonne of Aeneas.
He, hauing rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereal thrones, and Heauen shall be his end.
This, I remember, with propheticke tongue,
Sage Helen to divine Æneas sung:
We joy to see our kindreds City grow:
The Phrygians happy in their Over-throw.
But left our heedleffe Steeds too farre should range
From their profferd course; All suffer change:
The heauens themselues, what under them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
We, of the World apart, since we as well
Hau Soules as Bodies, which inbeasts may dwell:
To those, which may our parents Soules inueft,
Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least;
Let us both lafte, and repect afford:
Nor heape their bowels on Thystereffet board.
How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of man
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Aflinder cut the throats of calues; and heares
The bellowing breeder with relentelesse cares!
Or silly Kids, which like poore infants cry,
Stick with his knife! or his voracity
Feed with the fowle he fed! 6 to what ill.
Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill?
Let Oxen till the ground, and die with age:
Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:
Goates bring their vdders to thy pale.
Away, With nets, grins, fnarcs, and other to betray:
Deceau not birds with lime, nor Deere inclofe
With e terrors, nor thy baits to fish expose.
The hurtfull kill: yet only kill: nor eate
Defiling flesh, but feede on fitter meate.
With other, and the like Philosophy
Instructed, Numæ now return'd, was by
Th'intreating Latines crown'd. 4 Taught by his Bride
The Nymph Ægeria, by the Muses guide,
Religion institutes; a People rude
And prone to warre, with laws and peace indu'd.
His raigne and age resign'd to funerall,
Plebeians, Roman Dames, Patricians, all
For Numæ mourn. 5 His wife the City fled.
Hid in Æriea's Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her shroud, disturbs with grones and cries
Oreyne Diana's sacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Groue and Lake
Reproud her tears, and words of comfort spake!
How oft the Thèsean Heroe, moderate
Thy sorrow, said I not only is thy fate
To be deplor'd: on worse mis-fortunes looke;
And you will yours with greater patience brooke.

Would
Would mine were no example to appease
So sad a grieve: yet mine your grieve may ease.
Perhaps y'have heard of one Hippolytus;
By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
Believe bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I say.
Whom Phaedra formerly solicited,
But vainely, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd;
She turns the crime, and me other's accus'd.
My father, banishing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curfes sent.
Toward a Pithecan Tri xen me my charriot bore:
And driving now by the Corinthian shore,
The smooth feas swell; a monstrous billow rose,
Which, rouling like a mountain, greater growes;
Then, bellowing, at the top afunder rends:
When from the breach, breft high, a Bull ascends;
Who at his dreadful mouth and nothirlls spouts
Part of the sea. Feare all my followers routs;
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Vnterrif'd, intending my exile.
When the hot horses start, ered their cares:
With horror rapt, and chaced by their fears,
O'r ragged rocks the totterd charriot drew:
In vaine I trie their fury to subdue,
The bits all froth with some: with all my strength
Pull the stretch'd raiynes, I lying at full length,
Nor had their heady fright my strength o'r-gon;
Had not the fervent wheele, which roules vpon
The bearing Axel-tree, ruft on a stump:
Which brake, and fell afunder with that Lump.
Throwne from my charriot, in the reignes fast-bound,
My guts drag'd out alive, my finewes wound
About the stump, my limbs in peeces hal'd;
Some fluck behind, some at the charriot trail'd;
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
While I exhald my faint and weary foule.
No part of all my parts you could haue found
That might be knowne: for all was but one wound.
Now fay, selfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I also faw those realmes, to Day vnknowne:
And bath'd my wounds in smoking b Phlegeton.
I had not c Apollo's Son implod the aid
Of his great Arg, I with the dead had taide.
But when by potent hearbs, and d Peons skill,
I was resor'd, against Ferne's Plutos will:
Least I, if leene, might enuie haue procur'd:
Me, friendly e Cynthia with a cloud immur'd:

And
And that, though fene, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face unknowne.
Whether in Delos, doubting, or in Crete;
Receiving Crete and Delos as vnmeet,
She plac'd me here. Nor would I should retaine
The memory of One by hordes flaine:
But said, hence forward a Virbius be thy name
That wer't Hippolytus; though thou the fame.
One of the Lefer Gods, here, in this Grooe;
I Cynthia ferue, preferred by her loue.
But others miseries could not abate
Ægeria's sorrowes, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the bafe of a hill,
Thawes into teares, that flame-like ran; untill
Apollo's Sister, pittyng her woes,
Turn'd her in a Spring; whose current ever flowes.
But faid hence forward, a Virbius be thy name
That wer't Hippolytus; though thou the fame.
One of the Lefer Gods, here, in this Grooe;
I Cynthia ferue, preferred by her loue.
But others miseries could not abate
Ægeria's sorrowes, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the bafe of a hill,
Thawes into teares, that flame-like ran; untill
Apollo's Sister, pittyng her woes,
Turn'd her in a Spring; whose current ever flowes.
And, for a humane shape, exchanging its owne.
With infant lips what was but earth of late
Reveal'd the Mysteries of future fate:
Whom Natiues Tages call'd. He first of all
Th' Ætrurians taught to tell what would befall.
Or when aforesaid Romulus of old
Did, on Mount Palatine, his lance behold
To flourish with greene leaues: the fixed foot
Stood not on steel, but on a living root.
Which, now no weapon, spreading arms displayed;
And gave admirers unexpeeted shade.
Or when as Cippus in the liquid glasse
Beheld his hornes, which his believe surpasses.
Who lifting oft his fingers to his brow,
Felt what before he saw: nor longer now
Condemns his sight. Return'd with victorie;
His eyes and hornes erecting to the skie:
You Gods, what e're these prodigies portend;
If prosperous, he said, let them defend
On Romans and on Rome: but if they be
Unfortunate, let them fall on me!
An Altar then of living turf erects;
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine inclus;
And with the panting entrails of a beast
New flaine, consults: to knowe the Gods behoef.
This, when the Tyrrhen Augur had behold,
And saw therein endeavours that exceed,
Although obscure, he from the sacrifice
To Cippus hornes converts his stedy eyes:
To Cippus hornes converts his stedy eyes:
Haile King, to thee, and to those hornes of thine,
This place, and Ætian towres, their rule resign.

O 003 Delay
Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate:
Haft, Cippus, haft: such is the Will of Fate.

Thou shalt be around a King upon that day:
And safely an eternalcepter sway.

He, starting backe, from Rome divers his face:
And said, You Gods, far hence this Omen chace.

Better that I in banishment grow old;
Then me, a King, the Capitol behold.

Hiding his horns with leauie ornaments,
The people and grave Senate he convent.

Then mounts a Mound, late by the Soullier made,
And praying first (as was the custome) said

Vnleffe expelde your City, here is One
Will be your King: though not by name, yet knowne
By his strange horns. I heard the Augur say,
If once in Rome, you all should him obey.

He might, vnftopt, have entred without feare:
But I with-hoold; though none to me more neare.

Be he, Quiritis, into exile sent:
Or, if he merit such a punishment,
Bind him in heavy chaines, and keepe him sure;
Or with the Tyrants death your feasures fence:

The troubled people stich a murmuring make;
As when farre off the roaring furies rake
On ratling shores; or when lowd Eurus breaks
Through tufted Pines: then one distinctly speakes
In this confufion; asking, Which is he?

All seeking for the horns they could not see,
Cippus replid; Th'is I for whom you looke.

Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke;
And shew'd the horns which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but figh'd, and downe his countenance threw:
And thofe cleare browes (a thing beyond belief)
Adorn'd with merit, they behold with griefe.

Nor suffer him his honour to debace:
But on his head a laurell garland place,
And since he his owne entrance did with-stand:
The nobles, in due favour, to much land
To Cippus gave, as well two oxen might
Round with a plough from morning vntill night.

The monumentall figure of his horns,
So much admir'd, the golden Pofts adorns.

Now Muses, Goddeses of Verfe, relate
(You know, nor yeares your memory abate)
How Aesculapius in our City found
A Temple, by circumfluent Tyber bound.
A deadly plague the Latian ayre defhil'd:
Soules from their feates the pale diseafe exil'd
Weared with funerals, when phyficall fail'd;
Nor any humane industrie preserv'd.
They seek celestial aid. To a Delphos sent,
Built in the round Earths navell, and present
Their prayers to Phæbus, that he would defend
To their relief, and give their woes an end.

His Temple, Laurèll, and his Quire, shake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his b Tripod spake.
What here you seek, you nearer should have sought:
And seeketh nearer yet, Apollo ought.

Not now to cure you, but c Apollo's Seede.
Goe with successe, and fetch my Sonne with speed.
The Senate having heard this Oracle,
The Citie search, where Phæbus sonne should dwell:
The shore of Epidaure the d Legate seekes:
There anchoring, he intreats th'affembled Greekes
To send their God, who might th' Aesonian State.
To health restore, and vrg'd the e charge of Fate.

They varie in opinion, some assent
To send this succour; many, not content
To loose their owne in giving others aid,
Strive to retaine him, and the rest disswade.

While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-borne shadowes cloth'd the world in Night.
Th' Health-giving God, in sleepe, appears to stand
As in his Fane, a staffe in his left hand:
And stroking with his right his reuerend beard;
From his hope-rendring breast these words were heard.

Fear not, I come, my shape I will forsake:
View, and mark well this staffe-infolding Snake:
Such will I seeme, yet shew of greater size;
So great as may a Deitie comprize.

He with the Voice, with him and Voice away
Sleepe flew: fled Sleepe perfude by chearefull Day.
The starrs now vanquished by the mornings flame;
The doubtfull's Nobles to the temple came,
Intreat him by celestiall signs to shew
Whether he were content to stay or goe.
This hardly said, the God in Serpents shroud,
His high creste gold-like glistring, loft aloud.

His statue, altar, gates, the marble flore,
And golden roof, looke at th'approaching Powre.
He, in his Fane, breft-high his bodie rais'd:
Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The shaft Priest, his trestles ty'd
With sacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd:
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you who present are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: d heauenly-Faire,
Propitious prove tothose who thee implore!
All that were there the present Powre adore;
Reiterating what the Priest had said:
With heart and tongue the Romans also pray.

See the Comment,

Of Epidauros,
He, by the motion of his lofty cref,  
And doublediffe, signes to their request.  
Then sliding downe the polifh'd aire, his looke  
Recures on his old altars; now forooke:  
Salutes his shrine, and Temple deckt with towres.  
Then creeping on the ground, fired with fresh flowres,  
Indemneth through the Citie, stopping where  
The Harbour is defended by a Peere.  
The following troopes, and those whose zeales asift  
In honouring him, with gentle lookes diffult,  
He chimes the Amfoniain ship: which felt the weight,  
And shrunk with bearing of so great a fraught.  
The joyfull Romans, offering on the ftand  
A Bull to Neptune; anchor weigh and land  
Forfake with eafe gales. Rais'd on his traine,  
He, leaning, lookes upon the blew-waft Maine.  
Through it Ionian Scas by friendly Zephyrus borne,  
They fell with Italy on the fighth morn.  

The Asian Islands.  

A maritime towne of Lucria,  
Celebrated for abondance of excellent Roues,  
Promontory.

His Nurse a tomb ftoreth; with the mansion make  
Offfell Antipates, and then the Lake.  
Befieged in Trachis; thence directly bore  
To Circe's Ile, and Antium's folid shore.  
The Sea now dwelling high, this harbor holds  
The Saile-wing'd fhip. The God his wreathes vnfold:  
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow land  
Slides to his fathers temple on that ftrand.  
Rough waues affwag'd, the Epidaurian Gueft  
His fathers altar leaues; to Sea-ward preft,  
Slicing the fandie shore with rutling fcales:  
And, by her fterne the fhip ascending, fails  
Till hee to Caftren, to Lavina's name-  
Retaining Sear, and mouth of Tyber came.

All hither throng, sons, daughters, mothers, fires,  
The Nunnes who kepe the Phrygian Vesta's fires,  
With
With lowd flutes of ioy. On either side
The River, as the Veclfall stremes the tide,
Altars, with incense fed, the aire perfume:
And kniues from Sacrifices heat affume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He wins about
The loftie maff; and from on high thurfts out
His glittering head, to chufe a fitting place.
The armes of Tyber doe an Ile imbrace,
Which equall streame from either banke diuide:
Thither Apollo's sacred Serpent slides:
Who now coelestiall shape assuming, ends
Their miferies, and health to all extends.

He here, a foraigne Powre, makes his abode.
In h's owne City Cefar is a God.
Glonious in Peace and War; whom war's furcease
With triumphs round, his government in peace,
Nor race of wonder with such quicknoffe runne:
More make a blazing Star, then his great Sonne.
For of all Cefars acts, none may compare
With his adopting so divine an Heire.

For, was it more e'er-come the Britsh Ile?
Fill the feauen mouthes of paper-bearing Nile
With conquering failes? Numidian rebelling,
Cinyphian: Pontus proudly swelling
In Catinthridates to subiect to Rome?
Merning many, to triumph for some:
Then him beger, in whose dominion
The Gods so abundantly haue fauour'd man?
That other they a Divine decreed;
That this might not from mortall birth proceed.
Which, when faire Venus saw; and saw with all,
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall:
Her colour fled: to every God she met,
She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
To murder me in him how Trefasni triues;
Who only of Iulius race surviues!
Still must I vndeserued affections beare?
How lately wounded by Tydides speare!
Now ill-defended Troy againe is loft:
My Sonne Aeues, with long errors tost
On wrathfull Seas, Ifaw defend to Hell:
Then warre with Turnus; or, the truth to tell,
With Iuno rather. How remember I
Old harmes unseen in my posterity?
I through this feare, all former feares forget.
Loe, they their wicked swords against me whet;
O helpe! refrain their furies! nor, for flame,
With the High-Priests blood extinguish Vesta's flame.
Thus, through all heauen, her Sorrows vainly speake;
And melt the Gods: who, since they could not breake

The Fifteenth Booke.
The antient * Siffrs adamantine doome,  
By fire Oftens demonstrate Woes to come,  
Armcs, clathing in the aire with clouds of r-raft:  
Terrible trumpetes, and the corner’s blast,  
Proclaime the murder: * Solis afflicted looke  
And pale ecliphe, the World with terror strooke.  
Oft, Meteors through the aire their flames extend:  
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.  
Black ruf t obfeures dimme c Lucisren aspet:  
And d Cynthia’s charriot bloody staines infect.  
The c Syriain Owle each where disturbes their sleepe  
With ominous fiereches: Itorie Statues weepes.  
The sacred Groues refound with yelling cryes.  
And fearfull menaces. No f sacrifice  
The Gods appeafe: the headleffe inwards shew  
Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.  
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,  
And holy Temples howle. From sad abodes  
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:  
Rome trembleth, both with Earth-quakees and with feare.  
These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought  
In Fate, or Treafton. Murderous fiuerd were brought  
Into the Temple: for no place might fort  
With such a slaughter, but the sacred g Court.  
Then Venus smote her brest: who fought to thrond,  
And snatch him thence in that Aetherall cloud,  
Which Paris from Atriades rage convaid:  
And f fixed Aneas from Tydides blade.  
* Daughter, said Ioue, canft thou refift the doome  
Of conquering Fates? Into their manifon come.  
There shal thou fee Decrees that needs must passe,  
Writ in huge folds of solid steele and braffe.  
Which fate, eternal, euer fixed there;  
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.  
In laffing Adamant there maift thou reed,  
What shal to thy great Progenie succed.  
I read, remember well, and will relate  
What may informe thee in succeeding fate.  
* He, whom thou triuift to faue, his race hath runne  
Of Time and Glory: whom, thou and * his Sonne  
Shall make in heauen a God; on Earth, with praise  
And Temples dignifi’d. o His name great Heire  
Alone his Load shall beare: and strongely shal  
By our conduct revenge his fathers fall.  
By his good fortune & Mutina shalowe  
To him her peace: Parthasian fields shall flow  
With blood; 4 blood twice Philippi shall imubre:  
On red Sicilian Seas he shall subdue  
* A mighty name. Th’ Aegyptian Spouse shall fall,  
Ill truittincto her Roman Generall:
To make our stately a Capitol his bay. 
Her proud b Canopus, shall in vaine affay.
What need I of those barbarous people tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
He shall the habitable Earth command;
And stretch his Empire over sea and land.
Peace given to Earth, he shall controll his care
To cuill Rule, just Laws; and by his fare
Example Vertue guide: Then looking to
The future times, and Nephewes to enlinc;
A Sonne shall blest him from a holy womb:
To him he shall resigne his name, and roome.
Nor shall, till full of age, ascend thy aboads
Of heavenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Meane-while from this flaine corps his foule convoy
Vp to the starres, and give it a clearc Ray:
That Culius may with friendly influence
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence.
This said; invisible faire Venus flood
Amid the Senate, from his corps, with blood
Defil'd, her Cæsars new- fled spirit bare
To heavin, not suffer'd to relucce to aire,
And, as in her soft bosome borne, she might
Perceivc it take a Powre, and gather light.
When once let loose, it forth with vp-ward flew;
And after it long blazing trefles drew.
The radiant Starre his Sonnes great acts beheld.
Out-shining his; and joy'd, to be excedd.
Though he would have his Fathers deeds prefer'd
Befor his owne, yet free-tongu'd Fame deter'd
By no commandment, yelds th' avoided Bayes
To his cleare browes; and but in this gaine-fayes.
So Atrœs yelds to Agamemnon's fame;
Agesse so to Theseus: Pallas name
Stoopt to Achilles. That I may confer
Th' illuflrious to their equals, Jupiter
So Saturne tops. One rules the arched skie,
And triple world; the Earths vall Monarchie
T Ançlius bowes: both Fathers, and both fway.
You Gods, c Aeneas guides, who made your way
Through fire and fword; f you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant Rome;
Thou Mars, invincible Quirinus Sire;
Chaff Vesta, with thy ever-burning fire,
Among Great Cæsars Houthold Gods intrin'd;
Domeflick Phoebus, with his Vesta ioyn'd,
Thou Ioone whom in Tarsian towres we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may implore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein Ægillus, of the world the Head,
Leaving e Whole Images he brought with him from Troy.
f Rome.
g Romulus.

a The principal palace in Rome.
b A City in Ægypt fameous for luxury.
c Tiberius, the son of Livia his wife, by her former husband the adopted Heire of his name and Empire.
d Romulus, and Julian.
Leaving the Earth, shall unto heaven repaire;  
And favour those that seek to him by prayer.

And now the work is ended, which, time's rage,  
Nor fire, nor sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my death's uncertain howre;  
Which of this body only hath a power:
Yet shall my better part transcend the skie;
And my immortal name shall never die.

For, wherefoere the Roman Eagles spread
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true prefages give,
I, in my Fame eternally shall live.
Now are we in sight of shore: arrived at the last book of this admirable Poem. Wherein his Muse flags not after so long a flight (the infelicity almost of all other Poets) but rather flies a more lofty pitch, both in matter and expression.

Numa Pompilius, by the election of the people succeeded their deified Romulus. A Sabine of the city of Cures, retaining his nationall sanctity, and strictness in manners. The wisest man of that age, in all knowledges whatsoever: not obscurely professed by Virgill.

What’s hec, farre off, with Oliue crown’d, who weares Thofe faced robes? The Roman Kings white haires I know; who fi rst for Rome shall laws prouide: From poore and little Cures fent; to guide A mighty Empire.

Servius writes how his haires was white from his childhood. Strabo reports as much of Tarquinius; and Sidonius of Socrates: all men of great wisedome. Numa to encrease his knowledge transtall to Crotona, a city in the fairest extent of Italy, built by the Argue Mycilus by divine appointment; who accustomed by his Citizens, and condemned to dye according to their law, for going about to abandon Argos, the black stones, by which they gave the satt sentence, were changed into white & he miraculously acquittet. Declaring that they were to endeavour whatsoever the Gods shall command, who would preserve the obedient from all danger and detriment, even then when lost in humane apprehension.

Heither Numa came to bee the learning of Pythagoras; the first, who declining the arrogancy of others that would bee called Sophi, named himselfe a Philofopher, or a lover of wisedome. Born he was in Samos, and went into Egypt with Anais to learn the knowledge of the Egyptians, instructed therein by Oenupheus the Priest of Heliopolis, and that he might more freely participate of their mysteries, initiated in their orders, and withall circumcised: a custom derived belike from their ill intreated Guests, the Hebrews; which even the Coptes, the reliques of the ancient Egyptians, obserue at this day, although they be Christians. And as theirs, so were all his expressions enigmatical. Then transtall he to Babion to bee informed by the Magi in the course of the stars, and natural causes: from thence returned into his Country. But hating the tyranny of Polycrates, he underwent a voluntary banishment: then sailed into Crete, and after to Lacedemon: informing himselfe in the laws of Minos and Licitgus, at that time in great veneration; and finally came unto this Crotona, where he taught his acquired knowledges.

How plesant in that Temple to refide By learning raifd, and wisdom fortifi’d! From thence to see how wandering mortals stray; And through thick mifts of error grope their way: Contend in witt, in vaine nobility;
Both day and night their industry apply
To gather needless wealth, and climb on high.
O wretched minds of men deprived of light!
Through what great dangers, & how dark a night,
Force you your weary lives! and cannot see
How Nature onely craves a body free
From hatred paine; a chearefull Mind posses
Of safe delights, by care nor feare opprest.

But this is a his diet to be prescribed by an Epicure: more sensually supplied by another of the same sect and profession,
These make a happy life complete:
Goods left, not got by care and sweat
Rich grounds, good fiers, no futes, vnprest
With state affairs, a quiet breit:
Cleanse strength, a healthfull body, wife
Simplicity; friends that sympathize:
Food early had, no curious faire;
No drunken nights, yet freed from care,
A chast wife, apt to moue delight;
Sound sleepe, which shortens the long Night,
That wouldst be what thou art; envy
No high nor feare, nor with to dy.

Pythagoras withdrew the Crotonians, with his doctrine, and example, from luxury and idlenesse, temperance and industry. Calming the perturbations of the minde with the musicke of his harpe; for he held, that vertue, strength, all good, and even God himselfe, consisted of harmony. He imposed on his schollers a fine years silence; (for learners shou'd not argue but believe) and honoured fishe, above other creatures, for their taciturnety: in somuch, as he would buy whole draughts of the fishe-men, onely to set them at liberty: which gave to Scaliger, that conceit upon his picture.

These silent features, with his silence sign'd,
The sober vaile of his aternall mind;
Pythagoras Nature could not better show;
Now preaching silence to the shades below.

Hee held that God was the soule of the world; from whom, each creature received his life, and dying restored it. And least it might be doubted that the soules of all had not one original, in regard of their different understandings, he alleged that to proceed from the naturall complexion and composition of the body, as more or less perfect: whose opinions are thus delivered by Virgill.
But what gross flesh, and dying members dull.
Thence fear, desire, grieve, joy; nor more regard
Their heavenly birth, in those blind Dungeons bar'd.

But this opinion is confuted by St. Augustin for the corruptible flesh made not
the soule to sinne; but the sinning soule made the flesh corruptible; from which
corruption many sins are derived. But pride, infidelity, envy, and the like, are pro-
perly corruptions of the soule: and raignt in those wicked Angels which have no
bodies. Moreover that this soule, or Godhead, diffused through all the world, got
it selfe such diversities of names by the manyfold operations, which it effected in
every part of the visible universe. of the same opinion was Varro, placing seve-
nal soules in severall parts of the world, al deriv'd from God, or the greater Soule;
and participating of his divine nature. He was so pittifull even to irrational creatures,
that he esclam'd against the killing, much more detested the eating of any
as proceeding from injustice, cruelty, and corruption of manners: not knowne in
that innocent age which was called the goldé. And it is apparent by the sacred
ferturles, that before the deluge men fed not on flesh; but only of such herbes and
fruits as the earth produced; a priviledge granted after to Noah, because they
then had left much of their nourishing vertue. Yet there is an action at this day in
the Eaft-Indies, (with whom our Merchants frequently trade) who are so farre
from eating of what ever had life, that they will not kill so much as a fleche; so that
the birds of the air, and beasts of the Forrest, without fear frequent their habita-
tions, as their fellow Citizens. Pythagoras the more to dehont, avoweth his
doctrine of the transmigration of the soule, not onely from one man into another,
but from man into beasts, either clean or unclean, according to the life which hee
formerly led, and from beasts againe into men, so that by the killing of these, they
wickedly might expulse the soules of their friends, their kinsfolke and parents.

Hee remembers himselfe to have bee once Euphorbus, the son of Panthecus, flaine
by Menelaus in the warres of Troy (a trick, saith Laëntius,) to inoble his fa-
mely, in a selfe obscure, by the verses of Homer) after that a Peacock, then Ho-
mer the Poet, Viranda, Calidena, Alca, a beautifull Cretes, Hermonius, Pir-
rhus a Fisherman of Delos, and lastly Pythagoras. But first of all, Æthalides the
son of Mercury, who granted his fute of retaining his memory after death: affec-
ted by his not drinking of infernal Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. Where-
upon Anchises is made by Virgil to ask Eneas this question in Elidium.

This doctrine (originally receiv'd from the Egyptians) so possesst the world
through the renowne of the author, that the farre-sequestred Gauls were taught
it by their Druides; thereby imbalded to fight courageously for their country;
as fearlesse to part with that life, which should bee againe restored. Neither were
the lewes uninfected with this error; Herod the Tetrarch concerning that the
soule
soule of St. John the Baptist, by him wickedly murdred, was entred into the body of our blest Saviour. And thus Iosephus in his oration to his deare Companions in the case of Iotopata. Thofe pure soules, who depart from this life by the law of Nature, and obediently render what from God they receiued, shall by him bee placed in the highest heavens, and from thence againe, after a certaine revolution of time, descended by command to dwell in Chrift bodies. When thofe who murder themſelves are imprifoned in inerne, the soules, But this abfurdity faith Lactantius, is not to be dispufted againſt, leaft it shoule be thought that any believed it. Plato held truly: that soules should returne into humane bodies. Porphyry, falsely denying this, as truly maintained, that soules once in bliffe shoule never return to the cauls and miseries of this world. Varro out of certaine wizards (interpreting and refining Plato’s opinion) faith, that there is a regeneration or fecond birth, when the soule and body shall returne to the fame vifion and conjunction, which they had before. These three united opinions agree with the truth of our bodies resurrection unto ages eternal (as obferved by St.Auflin), whereof the Ethnicks by tradition, and the booke of the Sybills had an obscure notion. Pythagoras in the continuation of his oration, declares the vicissitue of all things through alternate generation and corruption, illuftrated by various fimiitudes and examples, infuring, how the birth of things received increafe, by increasing attained to their perfect vigour, from thence declining to old age, & after to corruption, the corruption of one being the generation of another, but not any thing reduced into nothing. Then proceeds to the miracles, and changes of things in particular.

Lycus, a Riner of Phrygia, swallowed by the earth not farre from Coloflius, arifeth eight furlonges off, and falls into Meander: Erythnos flowing from the Arcadian Lake Stymphalides, sinks, and conceales his current, untill it be ascended in the field of Argos, thereto conueded, as they feigne by Iuno. So Mylius ariner of Myflis, forsakes the day and running through subterren passages, when againe emergent is called Cucius. Like these a brooke in Surry loofeth it selfe at the foote of a hill, which breaking forth on the other side in sundry drills, reenites, & augmenteth the Thames with his waters. The caufe is manifeft: for under the earth there are many hollowes, and water by nature prefeth to those empty places, where the rivers maintaine their obscured currents, untill they meet with fome solid oppofition of matter which with flames and forces their ascension. Amasenus may bee paralleled by our Naile-bourns, which sometimes flow and as often flow a dry Channell. Angrus a Riner of TheIfaly, formerly fives became bitter; as they faile, by the Centaures wounding of their wounds which they had received from Hercules, in the defence of his houfe Pholus, drawn there by the excellent odor of his wine. This river often fapt with barres of fand thrown up by the sea, which swelling (in Nature of a Quicksand) with the ftrength makes it alltogether unfaileable. Not farre from his fountaine it evaporates a fiftie favour, infomuch as all together without fift, untill it be augmented by the streames of Acidan, nor are those to be eaten, the water courtharting that flink from the quality of the foyle. Hynapias through a part of Scythia, and after a long progress falls into the Lake Meoris, becoming bitter by the receiption of a fpring, where the borders of the Halizones; bitter being no other then falt, as bitter Doris is fyled by Virgil for the fce. And many Fountains we have in the inland parts of this Kingdome, affording the beft and whitefalt, which spring by the fides of fresh Riners. Then speaks hee of lands converted into continents, as Antifla formerly seperated from Lesbos: Pharos, whereof Homer.

An
An Ile there is by forging seas imbrac't,
Which men call Pharaoh, before a Egypt plac't;
Afarre remou'd as a swift ship may
Before a whistling wind faile in a day.

Which now, by the earths enroaching on the sea, adioynes to the haunc of Alexandria. On this Ptolomeus Philadephus caused a Tower to be built of a wonderfull height ascended by degrees, with Lanthorns on the top to direct the night sailing mariner; esteemed for the worlds seventh wonder. Tyrus, a famous City, which possesed the whole circuit of that land, was joined unto the continent by the bold and undestateful endeavours of Alexander: as formerly by Nebuchadnezar, once distant seamen hundred pieces from Phenicia. Hands contrariy have beene tornes from their continents: as Lencada, taking her name from the whitenesse of her Cliffs, was cut from Epirus by the labour of the inhabitants. So Sicilia adioyed to Italy by the Promontory of Pelorus: and England unto France, if wee may give credit to antiquity.

Helice & Bura two Citizes seated by the Gulph of Corinth, were ouerthrown by earth quakes, and after surrounded by the violent incursion of the sea. Shall I feare to perishe, faith Seneca, when the earth doth perishe before mee? when those are shaken which shake vs? and ruine vs nor without their owne ruine? The sea hath swallowed Helice and Bura: and shall I bee afraid of this little body? Two Citizes are now failed ouer; two which we knew; derived by record to our knowledge. How many others in other places? how many people hath the earth, and sea devoured? shall I repine, when I know I must have an end, and that all things are finite? So sundry Citizes at this day in the Netherlands are covered with the waters. They say that those Quicklands which before Deale were once firme land, and the possessions of Earle Goodwin: and that the Bishop employing the reuences assigned to maintaine the banks, against the incroaching of the sea, upon the building and endowing of Tenerden Church, the seaouerwhelmed it. Whereupon grew that Kentish Proverb, that Tenerden-steele was the cause of Goodwin-Sands.

Neere Trazen, a City of Peloponnesius, a Mountaine, by the eruption of subterrane winds, and trembling of the earth, rose out of a Plain. But what was this so that by Putzol in the Kingdome of Naples, which besell in the memory almost of the living: ascending partly out of a Lake, and partly out of the retiring sea affrighted with earth quakes, with hideous roarings, horribly vomiting stones, and such store of Cinders, as ouerwhelmed the adiacent buildings. The fearfull inhabitants of Putzol, flying through the dark with their wives and children, naked, defile, crying out, and detesting their calamities. Nor can what they suffered be ever forgotten, the monument of their terror being still in their eyes, advanced no small lese then a mile from his basis. The cause of this and the like, proceeding from the hollownesse of the soyle, wherein easily ingendered exhalations, hurried about with a violent motion, inflame the dry and bituminous matter, casting it upward, & making way for the fiery expirations: to which the retreat of the sea may likewise be attributed; for struggling to break forth they scarce, and so raise the earth, which thereby made as it were more thirsty, suck the water through cromantes into her spongious and hot entrailes, increasing the vapors, nor decreasing the fire by reason of the Bitumen.
Of the fountain Athamas,thus Antigonus in his history of wonders: In Athamanis, neere a Temple dediiced to the Nymphs, is a Fountain, exceeding cold of itself yet heats whatsoever hangs ouer it: and lets dry wood on fire, or any combustible matter. Plinie writes of the like in Eupicus. I have seen a little Lake that would boyle an Egg as hard as a Stone in an Instant: and water so mingled with fire as might easily kindle a flame: but that the water it selfe should be cold (whereof our author is silent) is hardly subiect to believe, although a reason for the same be alleged by the former Poet, which is this in substance: That those seeds of fire, proceeding & bursting out from the bottom of the water, are not actually hot, whereby they neither inflame nor heat the water, of a contrary and resitious Nature; so as the water rather by Antiperistasis becomes the colder: but meeting abroad in the air with matter combustible, haveing the seeds of fire and an aptnesse to kindle, as pitch, brimstone, Torches, & the like, these take hold of those fiery seeds issuing through the water, and evaporations from the subterrannian fires which at distance (although it touch not) inflames and kindles those apt and prepared bodies. And that there is in earth the vigour of fire is thus affirmed by Arisotle: In many places there are springs and Riuers of all tafts & savours: the caufe of all, either of those which are within, or proceed from the earth, is to bee ascribed to the efficacy of fire; for the earth while it burns: affines, more or leefe, all sorts of forms, tafts, finellis, and colours. By this fire our modernes concise that the earth hath a soule: who judge that her wonderful operations, generation of metalls, and minerals, in her bowells, hearts, plants, & trees, on her superfcies; exhalation of the springs, of mysts & cloewes, the general shapes of her stones, resembling men, beasts, fishes, &c. and expressing the five regular bodies in her stones, sexangular in her Christalls, and the like; may challenge a soule for the efficient cause; not a fentiment or reasonable one, but a different species, working all by an originally infused instinct.
Among the Cicones, a people of Thrace, there is a river, which congeals their bowells who drink thereof, and converts what so ever it receiveth into stone: for it hath a fame of such a nature as cleanes together and irradiates, as the dust of Puzol, which being toucht by water becomes stone: like the ash by the ruins of the not far distant temple of Venus, which still retains the forms of a tree, reported by such as have feen it, by my selfe forgotten, or never observed. So contrary this water, if it touch what is solid cleanes thereunto, and candies about it: insomuch as what so ever is throwne in is taken out a stone within a fewe days after. A spring of the like nature there is in the Forrest of Knauel brough.

Crathis and Sibaris, two rivers of Calabria change other coloured haire into yellow, proceeding like from the Mineral, through which they run. Arithorice reports as much as Scamander: and thus Vitruvius, Cephissus and Melas rivers of Baotia, Crathis of Lucania, Xanthus of Troy, & sundry floods & fountains in the fields of the Casompeians, Erytheans, and Lodiacians, have the property to make Cattel(at the time of conception when they daily drute them) red, their to drink, produce their young of feuerall colours according to the place, in some brown, in some black, and in other yellow: Which perhaps may proceed from the colour of the water, or the sand, or the weeds therein growing, as Jacobs myd Lambs from the pilled stucks which he layd before them; effectually by the strength of the imagination, fixing upon the proposed object at that instant. So a black Mere bath produced a white child, resembling a beautifull picture which hung in her chamber: & another woman a Monstrer baby all over (such as is now to be seene at London) by fixing her eyes upon that of St Iohn Baptist in his flaggy attire.

Salmacis a Fountain of Caria even alters the mind and makes it effeminate. Of this we have commented in the fourth booke. But surely no water can have such a power: rather so signified, in that some infamous bath, frequented only for luxur and pleasure, which infecteth the mind, & converteth a man as it were, into a woman. Such an aperson had the baths at Baia, both of old & in latter times.

Thou wanton Baie hunft Marinus: & founctes too libidinous.
What manuell lust doth age vndo:
O Tomnell, doth wine fo too?
Ealterian liquor old age cheere;
And liberall draughts of Tyons teares.
Takes age in cafe, and sleepe content?
Then Baion what more fonnolent?
What crave the baths, but folace, foules
Discharge'd from cares, and flowing booles.

And Festus writes how this Fable was rais'd of that Fountain: because, the entrance thereunto being narrow, and inclosed with walls, both boys & women (no way being left for their escape) were there violated by the lust of such, as lay in waite for that purpose. Whereupon Ennius: Salmacis fpolia languish & fudore. The like is reported by Cicero.

Lakes there are in Ethiopia, which procure either madness to the drinker or a deathlike Lethargy: having a like operation with wine, although farre more violent. For as drunkenesse, untill the fumes be dried up, is the same with madnesse, and in that too heavy resolves into sleepe: so hath the sulphurous strength of these
these waters a stronger poifon through the virulence of the aire, which either op-
prefteth the soule with fleep, or pronokes it to fury.

By Clitor a City of Arcadia, a Fountaine there is (Pliny calls it a Lake, and 
Vetruvius a Well) which makes those that drink loath wine, & withall the smell 
thereof. The Reafon he annexeth (if any can be given for Antipathies) & withall 
The Table. For Mera, Euryale, Lypppe, & Iphiania, the daughters of Pyrrus 
King of Argos, deprived of their veins by tuna, conceived themselves to be deafts, 
and madly ranged about the pastures, until they were restored by the charmes 
and potions of Melampus the fon of Amithaon; who threw the remainder of his Phy-
sick into this Fountaine, which gave it that property, Pride, which proceeds from 
exceffe, whereby we are bereft of our reafon, being cured by sobriety & abftinence.

Lyncestus, a Ricer of Macedon, called also Acidulis of his actimony, is of a 
contrary quality, incribing thofe that drink too liberally of his waters. Seneca 
will have it the fame in nature and operation with the formerly mentioned, which 
produced madneffe, but something leffe violent. And in the Ile of Andros 
there is, faith Pliny, the Fountaine of Bacchus, whole liquor in the Nones of Janua-
ry tafts like wine; but carried out of the fight of his temple conforts againe 
into water.

Pheneus. 

Pheneus a Lake of Arcadia is deadly to drink of in the night time, but in the 
day time wholesome; proceeding perhaps from thofe infections damps which vif 
thereabouts, and fall thereon in the abfence of the purifying fun. This brings to 
my remembrance that tree which grows in the East Indies, called there the Sor-
rowful, which displaces his blossomes by night, but by day conceals them.

Ortygia. 

Ortygia, called after Delos, was faith to have once floated on the Aigaean Sea.

Quam pius arcticionem, ions & littia a cibis 
Errantem, Metuere cellera, Gorgon remies; 
Simotean, colo dedicis, & antecurre venes 

Which kind fote (shifting too & fro) did ty 
To Gyaros, and high brow'd Micony 
For culture fix'd, and bold winds to defy.

Said perhaps to be unftable, in that hereofore, as Zant at this day, faken misera-
ibly with Earth-quaifes.

The Cyane or Stymphalides (the first name given them of their blackifh co-
lore, & the latter of their supposed concufions) are two great Rocks, which by 
where the Euxian Sea refleth in at the Thracian Bofporus, and in that fquare, 
as oft appearing but as one to the fayler, fceming alfo to move by the motion of the 
Ship, they were feign'd by the Poets unftable, & at sundry times to flipe one an-
other. Yet this difprances not but that lands there are which flwim on the water, I 
y my felfe have fene one (faith Seneca) in the Lake of Callitha, adorned with 
trees and fruitfull in pafture, carried hither and thither, not onely by the wind 
but the aire, infomuch as never constant to one fation; proceeding from the 
gravity of the water and leuiy of the earth, though bearing trees, yet of no 
foldity. Created perhaps with the concretion of whatsoever floated on the Lake 
by the glutinous moisture, the fones pofty, and not fubjeffe to fink, of the nature of 
Pumice. I have heard a Sea-man conftantly anothre, and that with oaths bowing 
about the clofe of the evening within fight of an Iland, and lowering their fails, 
leaff they should fall upon it in the dark, could neither fee it in the morning, nor 
find it for all their search; not doubting of the removal thereof in the meanef 
feafon.

The mutations of Aetna, and causes of her flaming exhalations, the Poet here 
sufficiently, and were elsewhere bane at large defcibed.

Those
SCythian Witches.

Bury an Oxe and Bees will spring from his putrified bowels. An experiment first found out by Aristaeus. A creature loving labour: the legitimate progeny of laborious parents. Of whom Virgil among his other praises.

Bees have a part of the diuinier mind
And breath athercall.

For the wisdome of the creature, according to Servius, is derived from the divine Mind, as his body from the Elements which since in Bees as in men for they fear, desire, sorrow, and joy, approved by their conflicts, their gatherings from flowers, & sense of the weather (to which may be added the sense of govement, obedience to authority, punishment of both, of sedition, and disturbing themselves by sending forth Colonies) that something they have in them of divinity. Nor is this way of producing Bees unlikely, since Sampson found honey in the carcasse of a Lion: Bees being bred thereof, and not setting therein, as the Riddle importeth. And it is no uncommon practice to engender Silke-wormes in like manner with a Calendar and fed with mulberry leaves, & then beaten to death with cudgels: Some of the same leaves being buried with him in his belly.

Hornets.

Grabs with their Claws broken off, and buried in the ground, convert into Scorpions. The same is affirmed by Pliny. Yet are they unlike in shape, and more differ in magnitude. Nay some of the former so huge, as we read in the East Indian History, compiled by no unfaithful Author, that they have borne the legs and arms of men from their bodies. But the Scorpion is not so big as a Cresstyle, and much of that colour. The only creature, (some flies excepted) that sings with his tayle, mortal, if the fore be not presently anointed with their oyle, so be had in every house in those countries which produce them.

Catterpillars convert into Butterflies. So Silke-wormes eating through their owne made prions, become white flies alike, but greater then moths: the male dying in coitute, and the female no longer surviving them only to cast her seed, like that of a plane, which quickens the yearce following: together with the sprouting of the Mulberry tree.

Frogs are engendered of the knotty seed, which proths from their bodiies. These quickening at the first are all head and tail, and after, thrusting forth feet, and changing their forme, creep out of the water. Some of the seed not seldom attracted by the sun, falls downe in little frogs with the same. After six monthes they resolue againe, as they layd into styme, and renew the spring following.

The whelpe of the Beare is noother then a lump of liming fleth, before it bee leek: BEAST.
into forms by the Dam, by which the Egyptians presented a man deformed by Nature but beautified by art; or one who in his first of youth is dissolute and undisposed in mind, but after in his ripier years adorned by discipline and experience.

For the natural histories they relate that the birth of the Bear is without eyes, without hair, or distinction of members; one of his descendants the Greek of a lionly, or one of an elon, and the rest like a clot of concrete blood, in which the Dam broods over, with her breast and thighs, and by little and little gives it shape with her tongue. But Delecepsinos reports how he saw a Bear big with wholesome, killed, and ripped up by the hunters, whose young ones were perfect in all their proportions. That ancient error proceeding from that rough skink which unfolds them, not to be got off, but by her long licking, appearing before like a lump without form. This creature sleeps all winter in some close and warmed Cave, a part of which time they stir not at all, another part stirre but remove not. When the Dutch-men wintered in Nova Zembla, the Bears went to sleep about the middle of November, and then the Foxes began to come forth, which durst not before. It is noted by some of the ancient, that the Bear breedeth and lyeth in with her young, during the time of her reit; and that a Bear big with wholesome, hath seldom been seen.

Grubs convert into Bees. So God-bates, and Straw-bates which by under water into May-flies: and Magots in the end have wings. Who would believe that Pigeons, Peacocks, Eagles (but especially of Friges) were produced from the yolk of an egg, if we did not know it? Some think that the Ask of the Backbone of a man, converts his sepulcher to a Serpent. Which Pliny also affirms that he hath heard of many; for diverse creatures proceed from blind and occult originals. Plutarch reports that a Serpent was taken about the dead body of Cleomene. And Paulus Emilius, that one was found in the tombe of Charles Martel: which may confirm the former opinion, nothing but the corpse being there to produce them. In the beginning the Serpent infused his poison into man, and no marwaille if from that contagion a Serpent should be engendred of his marrow.

From the dead body of a Phoenix another ascends, who solemnizes his funerals: which here is elegantly enlarged. They say, (faith Pliny,) I know not whether fabulous or no, that there is but one of that kind, and hec fendome scene in the world: of the bignesse of an Eagle, glittering about the neck like gold, the rest of his body purple, his azure taine distinguising with roecolour, and his head adorned with a plumpy Coronet: in the rest agreeing with our Author. Neither, faith Scaliger, is the Phoenix altogether fabulous: for such wee read of in the Commentaries of the East Indian Navigations; although they differed the history with their annexed fictions: as that his bill hath three tunnels, through which he makes a melodious sound, imitated by the inhabitants in their musical instruments. Tacitus writes how a Phoenix was seen in Egypt in the reign of Tyberius, Fabius, and Lucius Vitellius then Consuls. The first care of the young one is to bury the old, who tries his strength by carrying the stone Mucca; and after transporting his father corps to the Altar of the Sun, there sacrificeth it unto him; to whom it is consecrated. These things, faith he, are uncertain, and fabulously augmented, but no doubt but sometimes in Egypt such a bird is scene. Of his death, restauration, and long life, thus singeth the excellent Claudian.

O happy! thine own heire: what ruins all! Adds strength to thee; refor'd by funerall.
Age, thou not dying, dyes: The ages gon

Were
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

Were scene by thee; the revolution
Of timethou knowest, then when the tumult Maine
Swallowed the mountains in his liquid Plaine;
When Phaetons errors set the world on fire.
None touch them safety, nor didst thou expire
With filled earth. The Deftenes nor draw,
Nor cut thy thread, nor subject to their law.

By this narration, how ever fabulous, and example of the Phanix, the ancient fathers, Terentian, Epiphanius, and Ambrose, goe about to illustrate the immortality of the soule, and resurrection of the body. These are said to be such who excelle in piety and vertue: rare, if any, and renewed but once in five hundred yeares with the Phanix: Indifferent things are common; but the excellent are valued for their rarity.

The Hyenna alternately changeth his sex. A beast alike in shape but bigger then a Wolfe, with longer feet and greater legs, more resembling a mans. Wonderfull things of this creature are written: how among the sheepe Coats, he will imitate the voice of a man, call the Sheepe heard by their names, and then worry them, counterfeit the barking of a dog to allure others thither, that he may satisfy his hunger. He walks in Caines, and is so in love with mans flesh, that hee will scratch the buried out of their grases. The hunters take him as Scaliger observes, by training him into their Snares with fongs and musick. The ancient opinion that they were of both sexes is rejected by Aristotle; the male having only the markes of the male, and he of the male. But by the fiction of his yearly change, the Egyptians presented a man inconstant to himselfe, and his owne intentions, now virtuous, strong, and courageous, a subverter of his mind as well as of his body, and against most vices, miserable weake, and impotent in all his affections. Sabinius compares those divinities to Hyencas, who in the weighty controversies of the Church, declare not themselves, but teach so ambiguously, as not appearing to adhere unto either.

The aire-fed Camelion partakes of those colours which he toucheth. A creature not altogether unlike a Lizard, about the length of a mans hands. His head unproportionably big, his eyes great and moving without the writhing of his neck, which is unflexible; his back crooked, his skin spotted with little tumours, left so eminent as meare the belly, his tail slender and long, on each foot beeth five fingers, three on the out side and two on the inside: slow of pace but swiftly extending his tongue, of a marvelous length for the proportion of the body, wherewith he preyeth upon flies, the top thereof being hollowed by nature for that purpose. So that decreed they be, who think they only feed upon ayre, though surely ayre is their principal sustinance. For those who have kept them, a whole yeere together, could never perceive that they fed upon any thing else, and might perceive their bellies swell, after they had drawn in the aire and closed their iaws, which they open against the rages of the sun. Greene they be of colour, and of a dusky yellow brighter and whiter towards the belly, yet spotted with blew, with white and with red. They change not into all colours, as reported; laid upon greene, the greene predominates; upon yellow, the yellow; but laid upon blew, or red, or white, the greene retains his blow notwithstanding, only the other spots receive a more orient lustre, laid upon black, they looke black, yet not without a mixture of greene. All of them in all places are not coloured alike. They have little blood in them, and that only of the heart, she want whereof maketh them naturally cold, and their coldnesse hearefull; the cause as Aristotle coniectures of their changing of colours, but rather proceeding
Vpon the Fiftenth Booke of

... from their glassy and almost translucent bodies, which take and reflect the colours which are neereoff. The antique opinion was that the Camelion could change into all colours, red and white excepted: which Alciat together with his feeding on the aire, thus applies out of Plutarch.

On popular aire so flatt'ry feeds
And palliats princes black middeles:
All colours taking to invite
But modest red and spotleffe white.

Expresing also those versatile wits that can suite themselves to all times and occasions:

The Lynxes urine converts into stone. This is a saavage beast, with a spotted skinne, which preyes upon others, as much as in Scandia, where they most abound there are few wild beasts besides to be scene. Their urine was said to turne into a hard and glassy substance, shining with a fiery lustre, not unlike a Carnboule, whereof they called it Lyncarius. This knowing they commonly cover their pisse with the earth, which not withstanding grows thereby the sooner solid. But such a stone either newer was, or not now to be found. Of all Creatures the Lynx is the sharpest sighted: allotted to those, who can clearly discern, and see a farre off, as well with the eyes of their minde as their body.

Corall under the water a plant, soft, greene and bearing white berries; dried out of the sea becomes red and equally a stone, in hardness; but of this enough formerly.

Pythagoras proceeds to the mutation of nations, kingdoms and citiees; their increase and fallall diminution: how heaven and earth, all under the one, and upon the other, are obnoxious to alteration. Milo lost his prodigious strength, and Hele- na wept when she beheld in her glasse the deformity of that face, which had set all Greece and Asia on combustion. And it was an antique custom among women to offer when they grew old, their looking glasses to Venus, that they might not behold so killing a spectacle.

He concludes with his former dissuasion from the slaughter and eating of the Creature, as a disurbance to the foules departed, and an introduction to cruelty. Him also will we leave with this Encomium, which is given him by Luftine. Pytha- goras came to Crotona, and by the authority of his wifedome, reduced that people from luxury to frugality; praising vertue and condemning excellese, putting themdaily in minde how many Cittiees had perished by that peffillation. To the women he commended chastity and coniugall obedience: to the young men modesty, and profitable studiees; above all exceling abstinence, as the mother of every vertue. From Crotona he removed to Metapont, where after his death they converted his hauze into a Temple, and decreed him divine honours. In the warres which the Romans had with the Samnites, it was told them by the oracle of Apollo, that they should prevail: when they had set up two statues, one of the wisest, and another of the valiantest of all the Grecians, in the most frequented places of the Comitia. Whereupon they erected the statues of Pythagoras and Alcibiades in the angels of the Comitia.

But Numa could be no disciple to Pythagoras, who flourished according to Hali- carnassenus, foure ages before him, and soure yeares before Crotona was erected by Micalus. Of whom formerly Livy: They falsely ascribe the learning of Nu- ma to the instruction of Pythagoras, who about a hundred yeares after (Ser-
inus Tullius then reigning in Rome) had his scholars at Crotom and Metapont, feared in the most remote parts of Italy. From whence what fame of him, had they beene Coaxanij, could have arriv'd at the Sabins? had he deified to have learnt what commerce of language: or with what safety could one man have travelled, through so many nations, dissimilar in speech, and differing in manners? Rather I think that his mind had a natural inclination to virtue, instructed not by foreign arts, but by the austere and rigid discipline of the Ancient Sabins, then which none of old was more uncorrupted. Yet our Poet surely not out of ignorance, erred with others; but rather to introduce the doctrine of Pythagoras, containing such diversity of changes agreeable to his argument.

Numa, elected king of the Romans, governed this warlike nation with great peace and tranquility; yet rather like a Priest than a Prince, initiating many superstitious Ceremonies grounded upon natural causes; which made the Senate to burn his books (long after found in his unknown sepulcher by the turning up of a Thoagh, as derogating from the honour of their Gods, and contrary to the religion then in use, as the Priest offer'd him no life to be sworn. For the portion of his polite Ceremonies (invented to bridle the barbarous people) had so farre prevailed, as the antidote of his better doctrine, administr'd out of his grave, which he had concealed as unseasonable for that ruder age, had no power to expell. He built Temples to the Gods but erected no images, not believing that they were Corporate, or to the eye apprehensible. Had that cuftome, faith Varro, continued, the Gods had beene worship'd more purely. Of which opinion were divers of the wisest Heathen Law-givers.

He dying, his wife Adenia forsooke the City to went her sorrow (which desires no witness) in the woods of Aracina. For Numa gave out that he might lay with the Nymph or Goddess Adenia, who together with the Muses, revealed these his laws and mysteries to give them the greater authority. For the ancient Law-givers ascribed the receipt of their laws from one deity or other to amuse the minds of the superstitious vulgar with some forged miracle. As Olymis from Mercury; Minos from his omnipotent father with whom for nine yeares space he convers'd; Lycurgus from Apollo, Solon from Jupiter, and the modest Mahomet from the Angel Gabriel.

Virbius once Hypolitus, now a God of those groves, goes about to comfort Adenia; and extenuate her sorrow with the relation of his former calamities; torne in pieces by his horses through his stepmothers fraud and fathers impiecations. The Carys of Parents fall heavy on their Children, although undeserved, as this of credulous Thetis. Ralph beleefe is the author of much mischief, and unfeasible rage of too late repentance. The chaste youth suffers for another's unchastity. But virtue, though afflicted for a time, can never be finally suppressed: Eminent in the example of Bellarophon, but especially of Ioseph and his miraculous advancement. Miserably dispoited Hypolitus is set together and restored to life by Esculapius; Diana, his patronesse (changing his youth into age, and his former ominous name into Virbius, which signifies twice a man, the better to conceal him,) conveyed him hither and made him one of the Inferior Deities. But what faith Lacontius? Diana when the had allmost loft her lover, much bruised and torne by his unruly horses, called Esculapinus, an excellent Philisian (and therefore reigned to restore life into the Dead) to his timely helpe, whom she as soonas he was recovered, conveyed to those atque strated abouts. What showed this diligence in his concealed cure? these private retreates? his long conversation with a woman, and that in a place unvisited? the change of his name? and lastly her Rrr detestation.
detestation of horses? but the guilt of her incontinency, and of such a love as agreed not with a virgin. This virtuous, who boasted to have beene Hipolytus was according to some authors a cunning Imposter, jilburned by the Priests of Diana Aricina; to draw a greater concourse to that Grone, that their gains might increase by more frequent devotion. Nor have others in latter ages served their turnses with less incredible forgeries.

But nothing can comfort Ageria, she resolves into tears, and those tears into a fountain. Numa is said to have beene her husband, as St Augustine reports out of Varro, in that often he repaired the ther primarily, and made use of that water in his Hydromancy. Thus the actions of men are mangled with falsehoods, and converted into fables. Hydromancy is an art of devining by water, first practised by the Persians, in which they also raised their Gods, or rather the infernal spirits by whom they were instructed. But as Pcellus observes, their answers were still delivered in a confused sound, which could not be fully understood (as their oracles elsewhere in words that admitted of several constructions) to cover their deceit and uncertainty: From these this curious King is said to have received those superstitious laws, which he gavet to the Romans. Many also in springing themselves (as he belike in this fountain) did see apparitions of things to come. Paufanias makes mention of a wall in Agina by the Temple of Ceres, where he seeks having sacrificed, beheld the end or continuance of their diseases. Ambibiculus of another in a Cave at Colophon, whereof waters the Priest having tasted, after certaine night sacrifices, became invisiblę and gave answers. Apuleius writes out of Varro, that the Trallians enquiring by this kind of Magick of the event of the warres of Mithridates, one appeared in the spring to the boy that lookt in, in the shape of Mercury, and sung the future success: there of in three hundred and sixty verses.

The transformation of Ageria was laste amazed Virbius and the neighbouring Nymphs, then that moving cloud did the Thucian Plowman, which took a humane forme and was called Tages; of whom thus Cicero in his second booke of divination. Tages when the earth was turned vp, and the Plow had made a deeper impression,rose vp, as they say, in the Tarquinian fields, and spake to the Tiller. It is written in the Hetrurian records, that he was seene in the forme of a boy, although old in his wisedome. The husbandman amazed, and exalting his voice in admiration, drew theer a great concourse of people, and within a while all Thucians, who spake many things in that populous audience, by them remembered and committed to writing. His oration contained onely the discipline of devination by the centaules of beasts, which after increased by experience, but is referred unto this original, wherefore (faith that author in another place) the Senate in the daies of our Ancestors, and flourishing estate of the Empire, did well decree, that fixe youths of principall parentage should be configned to as manie Thucians, to be instructd in that knowledge, least so great an art, by the meanes of the teacher, should diminish the authority of Religion in becoming mercenary. Now Tages his birth from a cloud, declares him to have beene some obscure fellow, and of unknowne original: (for such were called the sons of the earth) who suddenly grew famous by his skill in devination. Which kind of Prognostickes though frivolous in themselfs, have that notable effect of raising the imagination and confidence of the souldier (the general excuse by which such curious and superstitions Arts are palliated) yet had this religious truth interwoven with their vanity, that Victory was disposed by the divine appointment.

No leffe wonderfull then this was the transformation of Romulus his lance into a Cornell Tree: for Romulus as Plutarch relates, throwing for exercise his Cornell Lance
Lance on Mount Palatine, flunk it so deep in the earth, as it could not be pulled up, though attempted by many, which after it sprouted and became a tall tree: the prodigy declaring how that common wealth should flourish by arts. It prospered as long as their Empire, and in the beginning of their civil wars began also to wither. In the end, the root was being violated by the untried and hardy workmen, employed by Lucius Caelius in his adorning buildings, it utterly perished.

As much to be admired were the horns of Genitus Cippus, a Roman Priest. The history agreeing with our facts relation, is recorded by Valerius Maximus and others; but not in this particular believed by Plutarch. Yet Delcampus makes mention of a certain maid of a noble family, called the Fortune, who had a horn on her forehead as long as her finger; cut off by little and little with a thread, which was bound about it: and Fabritius, a Chirurgeon of our times, of a youth in France, who had one so great, that it resembled a Horn both in shape and magnitude. Now horns were the symbols of honour, fortitude, and Empire, not only among the Ethnicks, but the Hebrews themselves: insomuch as radiance, the crown, and horns are the sacred scriptures with vocal expression of glory and dignity. So Moses was said to have horns in regard of his face's resplendence: and such the Romans did attribute to Bacchus and Isis; the one taken for the Sunne and the other for the Moon, as the Ancients here, by the horns of Victorius Cippus, foretold his succeeding Empire, if he did but enter the city. But observe the never to be imitated virtue of this Roman, who rather elected voluntary exile then to use his power, and the favour of the people, to deprive them of their liberty.

The Romans afflicted with pestilence, sent Oculenus unto Delphos to consult with the oracle. When humane helpe fails us, we are to fly to the heavenly Physician, to whom even the Ethnicks ascribe their recovery.

From humane helpe nor power of art this springs:
Nor hath my hand, but that great King of Kings,
Cur'd, and prefer'd thy life for greater things.

Apollo directs them to his son Æsculapius at Epidaurus, who forsaking his Temple, comes aboard their ship in the form of a serpent, and falling to Rome, makes choice of his seat in the island of Tiber. But the Tyrians and Lacedemonians bound their gods in chains to prevent their departure. This Æsculapius (of whom we have formerly spoken at large) was said to be begot by Apollo, in that the Sunne is the author of falsity. He was figured with a grave, long-bearded, but Apollo beardless, not only to shew how perfection in Physicke is not obtained but by long experience; but also how all things which are generated grow old, when the author of generation continues still youthful. Dionysius of Siracuse took his golden beard from the chin of his statue saying, that it was vnseemly for him to wear a beard, when his Father was without one. He was called Æsculapius of resting, and shedding the deadly inclination of diseases. But to come to the history: It is reported by Laëtanius how he was borne of unknowne parents; who being exposed, was found by hunters and committed to Chiron, who instructed him in Physicke, that by birth he was a Messalian, but dwelt at Epidaurus; from whence as St. Augustine writes, he came to Rome that so expert a Physician might practice with the greater reputation in so famous a City. He was numbered among the Gods, faith Cellius, for adding such excellency and lustre to that art, which before was but rude and indigested. The Epidaurians therefore consecrated a Temple unto him without the walls of their City, where he had his statue in
Why of thy friends defect; dost thou such notice take?
Sharpe sighted as Ione's bird, or Epidaurian snake.

But because of restorative and sovereign in Physick, and therefore deservedly the Character of health. So the Brazen Serpent, the type of our external health, erected by Moses, cured those who beheld it. How many ancient medals bore the figure thereof, with these inscriptions; Salus Publica, Salus Augu's, Salus Antonini, &c. And here Aequalpius is said to have converted himself into that form, in that men, by diseases growing suddenly old, by health, as it were, renew their youth, as a snake that bath cast her skinne. In this shape he sailed unto Rome (whom Lactantius affirms, to have bee the great Divine, called a Serpent in the sacred Scriptures, and said to have serpentine feet by Pherecydes) who chose his feast in the Isle of Tiber, and then vanished out of sight, where his temple was built, and his festival kept in the Calends of January. And now in the Heritages of St. Bartholomeus at Rome there is a ship of marble to be seen, with a serpent on the battles in memorial of his transmigration. His Temple was placed in that Isle, for the salubrity of the are, the physical use of water, and in that his Temple at Epidaurus stood without the City.

IVLIUS CÆSAR.

Yet he a foreigne power: But Roman Cæsar was deified in Rome. Some few of whose achievements are here revived: As his conquest of our Britain, wherein the conquered were the gainer, having got thereby civility and letters, for a hardly won, nor a long detained dominion. In Egypt he overthrew the treacherous Tropomy: at once revenging the death of Pompey, and gratifying the omnious one of Cleopatra with the gift of that Kingdom. At the battell of Thapfas in Africa he put Scipio to flight, with his assass Iuba, the one wounding and throwing himself into the Sea, that Africa might not boast of the sepulcher of a vanquish'd Scipio, which a Scipio had conquered; the other with Petreus, flying into Mauritian, at a sumptuous Feast invited one another to mutual wounded, the royal Roman blood polluting the funeral banquet: Pharnaces King of Pontus, and some to the great Mithridates, falling upon Capadocia a Roman Province, was set upon by Cæsar with such incredible celerity, that like lightning he crusheth him, as soon as scene; and as suddenly departed: whereupon he write to the Senate, Veni, vidi, vici, and often called to mind the good hap of Pompey, who had got his principal honour in subduing a nation so feeble, as himself had vanquish'd in the space of four hours with a piece of an Army. His victories merited many, and for some he triumphed. The first presented the Rivers of Rhene, & Rhodanus, (the one in Germany, and the other in Gaul) with the fittered Ocean. The second, Nilus, Arcinoe, and the flaming tower of Pharos. The third the Charriot of Pharnaces, and the spoiles of Pontus. The fourth King Iuba with his Mauritanians, and Spaine twice conquer'd. But notrophies were shown for those his greater victories of Pharfallia, Thapfas, and Munda. For civil wars were not honour'd with triumphs. Neither would he triumph for the conquest of Gaul, that it might not barre his standing to be Confidant. But all these glories was not like unto that, that our Author (O Ovid fore fee thy exile) of his adoption of Augustus, the same of the daughter of his sister Iulia; and therefore to bee deserv'd, that the other might proceed from no mortal parentage. But to this be must swim through his blood, of which the Gods
Armes, trumpets, fearfull fragers, yelling cries,  
All cares shall have about the suns vprise.

And in another,

Swords in the spangled heavenes shall then by night  
In the east and well extend their blazing light.  
Ashes in flames upon the earth shall fall;  
Latter defert the Senne in hight of all  
His towering pitch. The moone shall then looke red,  
And teares of blood from her darke Charriot fled.  
Hard rocks shall groan. Arm'd troops of foot and horse  
Incounter in the aire with horrid force.

Of the Laster we not onely read, but have heard of in our times. And even this last year, 1639, reported it was by some of good credit, how they saw two opposte Battations, lancing out their speares, and discharging, as it were, their muskets in the aire; victory now reeling, and in the end one giving chase to the other. Of the Sun and the Moones defects we have elsewhere spoken. These fiery Actors which are seen in the aire, are of divers shapes, and distinguished by diversity of names, as Torches, Beames, Lances, Goats, and Dragons: all temer and humind exhalations, inglobed in aire, and set on fire by agitation, extinguished with the dissolution of the inclosure, or consumption of the matter. But the rayning of blood must needs be miraculous, whereof many histories, and our owne among others, make mention. The weeping of Images was ever held fatall to those whom they affected, as Apollo's Statue at Cuma, and Juno's at Launium: the one portending destruction by war to the Grecians (Cuma being a Greeke Colony although seated in Italy) and the other by pestilence to the Launians. For such, faith Plutarch, to sweat, to weep, and shed seeming blood, is not altogether impossible. For wood and stone, oft gather that ruff from moysture which may againe distil, and contract the different colours of the former. Yet this denies not but that the like proceeded not feldome from their Gods (or much rather Devils) as presages of future calamities; and not feldome from the imposition of their Preists; as in our age an Image in Italy, famous for the sweating of blood, was discovered by the taist to be the image of molurries, conned into the hollowes thereof: found out as Blackwell the Arch. preist reported by the Prelates deputed by the Pope to examine the truth of the miracle. So may Images appeare to sigh or groane, by the unfeene breathing of some inward part, or a violent division. But no imanimate body can utter articulate sounds, or spirit without corporall instruments. It was held an ill signe when the liver of the sacrificed Beast had neither head nor heart. And Caxar, faith Suetonius, hauing at that time sacrificed many, and finding the entrails in all vnfaourable (that is, displaced, ill coloured, or some part thereof wanting) would notwithstanding goe unto the Senate in contempt of religion. Ghosts or rather Devils, assume an airy thin, and therefore fluxuose body, which by heat is-extemuated, and consequently dissipated, but condensed, and confirmed by cold in so much as not to be seene by the heatfull light of the day. Whereupon grew that opinion (as here) how Ghosts and other apparitions of terror did wander onely in the night.
And now farewell the humid night descends.
I hint Days breath in his too swift repair.
This said like smoke he vanishest to aire.

But these forewarnings, and others more true, recorded by historians, could not prevail, or keep Cæsar at home; all his honours and triumphs now proving no other than those ribands and Garlands which garnish an Ox in prepared for the sacrifice, safely and ingratefully plaited by those he that merited. For unto Marcus Brutus he had given the government of Macedonia, to Cassius that of Syria, and had made theSimon, Decimus Brutus, one of his heirs in remainder. Who through his wounds gave a greater to the publicque, which exhausted more Roman blood than all the rest of their civil Contention; who endeavouring by an ignoble way to recover, lost their liberty for ever. And within themselves; abhorred and chased out of the City by the incensed people; some dying by their owne hands, and all of them violently within three years after. Thus fell the perfection of man (who even in death had a care to dy decently) excellent in arts, and glorious in arms; whose actions no penne but his owne (and yet how modestly!) could express. The great inlarger of the Roman Empire, nor lese to be renowned for the sweetness of his inclination, his faculty in forgetting of inuries, magnificency and clemency; more deserving divine honours, then any of those so celebrated sons of Jupiter, Bacchus, Alcides, or Alexander.

AFFLICTED VENUS (the supposed mother of the Iulian familia, whose effigies Cæsar bore for his impression) endeavours (as here seigned) to prevent the decree of the deities: but by Jupiter informed how vainely, since irrevocable and permanent. And therefore saigned to be the daughters of Necessity.

Fates guide vs; vnto Fates yeeld wee
Care cannot alter their decree.
For what we suffer, what we doe,
Coelestall orbs proceeds from you.
All goe in a prefixed way:
The first preferibeth the last day.

They are called Parcae of producing, in that they conferre at our birth either good or evil: the one supposed to draw forth the thread of humane life, the second to twist, and the third to cut it a fander. They are three. Faith Aristotle, in regard of the triple diision of time. Atropos, hath a respect to that which is past, signifying how things past can neither be changed nor revoked; shee who hath the care of the future is called Lachesis; because the events of naturall causes are certaine: but Clotho intends the present, and therein only dischargeth her duty. Yet Plato more divinity: how there is one God the Creator of the Universes, the Prince and Father of the Gods and celestiall vertues: who are only his minis ters, and order all things at his obeyed direction: his lawes confirming and unavoidable, and therefore called Fate or necessity; whose effects no force, no art, nor wise dom can impeach or alter. The Stoicks held all things to be governed by Fate, and the Epicures by Fortune.
The Sire of all when he the world had made
Of Chaos first, and circumference'd the flame,
Or fixt external laws, and to the flame
Himself subject, with the world beside;
To Deities unseparably ty'd;
Or wandering chance at randome rules the state
Of mortall things, not preordain'd by Fate.

But this must first be waryly understood. For God hath not tyed himself to the
chaine and connexion of second causes, as appeared by the standing still, and go-
ing back of the Sunne; with other miracles that are contrary to the course of Nature;
neither may we suppose his providence to be like a clock, whose plummets were
woundup at the beginning, and ever after goe of themselves. From this transcen-
dant power of the Deities over-ruling Jupiter, the scouer Lucian drew argu-
ments to dethrone him. Much lese must we thinke that any thing happens by
chance: for even in lots and accidentall deaths he challengeth the disposition. But
in common speech we call that fortune which falls out beyond the expectation of the
agent. Betweene either opinion the grains among the Heauen flood in suspense. When I hear of the
cath and the like, faith Tacitus, I can guie no certaine judgment, whether the affairs of mortals be governed by Fate and im-
mortal necessity, or haue their course and changes from fortune.

Jupiter comforth Venus with revealing the future merits of Augustus, who
should revenge the death of his father (which he did at the bataille of Philippi),
hauling also caufed three hundred Senators and Roman gentlemen of the contra-
ary party, to be blaine, like sacrifices, on the ises of March, at the tomb of Iulius,
and should by armes subdue the habitaile world to his Empire; that after he should
govern with justice and give peace to mankind (rather gaiven by the king of peace
who then entred the world). For the gates of the temple of Janus were at that time
clap: which never hapned but twice before: once in the daies of Numa, and againe
in the confulship of Manlius Torquatus. Of this tranquillity thus Virgill (here
imitated by our Poet) makes Jupiter foretell.

Influing times shall sacred peace install:
Religion, ancient faith, and concord, shall
Iust lawes ordaine: the doores of horrid warre
Huge Links of braffe and Iron bolts shall barre.
Dire fury breathing blood within shall fit
On heapes of armes: his hands behind him knit.

This temple was built by Romulus, upon the peace concluded with Tatius, where-
in stood the Image of Janus with two faces, to express the union of those two na-
tions. The doores locked up in the time of peace, were onely to be displayed when
warres began, by the institution of Numa. Either (as we have said before) because the
suddaine eruption of the sulphurous fountains in that place repulsed the sur-
prising Sabins, and therefore to stand open in dangerous times, that from hence
against they might expect their safety; or that in warre they should thinke of peace,
it being erected upon a reconcilement, or rather, that when they went to the warres
they should pray and make vowes for their owne and the publique safety.

Now Cæsar's foole, expiring through three and thirty wounds, is receiv'd by Blazing flares,
ascending Venus; and in her oderous bosome contracting a deity, mounts up in a
blazing
blazing starre unto heaven. Such Meteors are said to portend warre, pestilence, and famine, this then, following the divine displeasure for his murder. Yet as themselves, so their effects proceed from natural causes, being of the same matter with the starses, and generated by the concretion of some ethereal substance. The heavy bush is the irradiation of the sunne-beames through the body of the comets for by manifold observation they are always found to be directly opposite. These meteors were held to be about the moone two thousand yeares since by Hipparchus; and halfe as long a goe by Albumazar, although hardly believed by any. Yet this latter age hath not only discovered the same for truth by exact observation, but that many have bene above the orbe of the Sun. These with bushy traines last not long, because the matter is loosely compacted, and thereby afford the sunne a passage. The other (which differ only from the starses in continuance) continue commonly about a yeare, and sometimes as that in Cygnus, for many. These, as anciently held, by their hot and dry qualities drink up and inflame the blood, which procures an excess of coler, and consequently incites the minde, which follows the temperature of the body, to impatience wrath and hostility. So the earth, having her pregnant yyne exhausted by that thirsty heat, becomes barren, and famished her fons: the aire infected with stinking vapours, and dis tempered with immoderate fervor, joying with the inclination of the body, engenders burning feavers, scurties and pestilence. This the ancient referred to the matter of the comment, conceiving the bush to be a fiery and inflamed exhalation, which distipated and dissolved, spreads abroad its fervor. But the Moderns judging the comets to be: of a pellucid, and diaphanous matter, conjecture that the consequent heat proceeds from the uniting of the Sunnes-beames in their passage through the same, as wee see by experience in burning glasses: which others deny, because that only happens in the center of union, or concourse of the recollected beames, whereas the streamings of the comet are imparted rays, and largely displayed. Great changes in the world have sometimes beene signified with propheticall wonders, but that these should portend the death of peculiar Princes, it perhaps but an old error, proceeding from an ignorant observation of such as dye the yeares following, which among so many will continually happen. Nero endeavoured to divert from himselfe their supposed malignity by the slaughter of his nobles, so advised by the Astrologian Babalus. More courageous and discreet was Vespasian, who, when one was judged to pretend his death, made reply: This bushy hyare doth not aime at me who am bald, but at the comet-like look of the King of Parthia. But this appeared after the death of Iulius, arising at the eleventh houre, and blazing for seven days together, the people beleuing that it was his soul as sumed into heaven, whereupon a starre was set upon the Crowne of his stature, who decreed him divine honours, erecting to his service Temples and Altars, placing his name in the Zodiac, so exactly conforming the computation of the yeare to the course of the Sunne, although insensibly it hath gone away. For the vernal Equinoctiall, which at the Nican counsil Anno Dom. 328. was set upon the one and twentieth of March, falls out in our uncorrected Iulian yeare on the tenth, because of the Sunnes finishing his annual course, in three hundred three score and five days, and meer eleven minutes lesse then five houres; when putting a whole day betweene every forth yeare, and neglecting to substract those exceeding minutes, in process of time the Sunnes place in heaven did vary from his place in the Calender. This error is reformed (at least in part) by the Gregorian Account, reckoning the Iulian yeare overlong by so many minutes, as in one hundred thirty and three yeares accomplish one day, making the period to consist of four hundred yeares: in each of the first three Centuries upon the
the hundredth yeare they forbeare the supernumerary leap day, but the last century they follow the usual course of intercalation, so that in four hundred yeares they have three leap-yeares lesse then the Julian. This deification of Caesar was a custome, which had beene discontinued from the daies of Romulus (who finally met with the same fortune in the Senate) but maintained long after, the succeeding Prince first setting fire to the funereal Pile, when an Eagle was let out of the highest turret to carry his soule into heaven (whereof we have formerly spoken) reputed and adored for a God ever after. And some of account was suborned to sweare that he saw him ascend: as Proculus for Romulus and Geminius for Drusilla, the latter receiving seaven thousand and eight hundred pounds for reward. This custome endured so long, that even some of the Christian Emperors so deified their fathers and Predecessors. Iulius joyes to see him selfe from heaven excelled by Augustus, in whose transcendent praises, & prayers for his safety, our Poet concludes this admirable Poem, now arriving at the end of his first intention. Nor over valued in his prophetical rapture, it having so long outlasted the Roman empire, and his fame outstretched the bounds of their Conquests.
To the Reader.

Divers yeares are now past since I began the Translation of Virgils Æneis: but finding it to heavy a burthen (my minde being also diverted from these studies) I gave it over, even in the first entrance. Yet I have published this essay, in tender of my obedience to Soveraigne command, although with all my owne inability: having faire hopes that so Great an authority attended by my free acknowledgement, will excuse my presumption, and mitigate the severity of Censure.
The first Book of

VIRGILS

ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Æneas, by wild tempests cross,
Is thrown upon the Libyan coast:
Whom while Elisa entertaines,
Loues sheds his poison in her veins.

Lo I, who whilom softly warbling plaid
On oaten reedes, the woods then leaving, made
The neighbouring fields obey the avarice
Of husbandmen, to the sea a worke of price;
Now horrid warre, and of that Heroe sing;
Who fatally from Ilium wandering,
First reacht Italia and Lavinia's strand.
Much suffer'd he by sea, & much by land,
Through wrath of Gods, by Juno's hatred wrought,
And much by warre; while her Latium brought
His Gods, a City built: whence Latines come,
Great Alban Sires, and walls of loftv Rome.
The cause, o Muse, relate: what God his foe?
What made Heauens Queene a man so pious throw
Into so many dangers, so great toyle?
Doe soules celestiall with such hatred boyle!
There was an auncient City, peopled by
The Tyrian Colonies, to Italy,
And farre-remoued Tiber opposite;
Hight Carthage, proud in wealth, and fierce in fight.
In Juno's loue then all on earth more deare;
More pris'd then Samos: here her charriot, here
Her armes she plac't: this foster'd, this had made
The Worlds great Head, had Deffenyes obayd.
But she had heard the Trojan Progeny,
Hereafter shou'd the Tyrian towers destroy:
Thence that farre-ruling Race, in battaile bold,
Should Libya waft: This fate the Parce told.
This feares, those armes remembers, which before
Troy's walls she for her much-lou'd Argos bore:
Old feed of wrath, and bitter grieue, infefet
As yet her mind: deepe rooted in her brest
Was Paris Judgement, and the injury.
Of her despis'd forme; His kindred high

S f f 2
In her distaft, and Ioue-rapt Ganimed
To honours rais'd: her flame this fuel fed.
Who farre from Latium drove the Troians, toft
On Seacs; poore Reliques, which the Grecian HoUu
And dire Achilles fury left vnflaine:
Wandering through all th'inhospitable maine
For many winters, driven by force of Fate.
A worke fo great to raise the Roman state!
And plough the coming brine with prosperous gales.
When Iuno, who in rancled bofome bare
Eternall wounds, thus faid: Muft I despaire
And yeild my felfe as vanquifht? Cannot I
This Trojan Prince devert from Italy*
Becaufc the Fates forbid. Could Pallas fer
The Grecian Fleete, and drowne them in her ire,
For one mans fin; Oileus rapefull Ioue?
She horrid lightning from the clouds of Ioue
Flung on their flippes, and feas with stormes vp-turnd:
Him, vomiting hot flames, his entrailes burnd,
Her whirle winds fixt on poyned rocks. But I,
Ioue's fitter, wife, and empreffe of the sky,
Still with one nation ware: who will adore
Our Power, or offer on our altars more?
She this revolving in her burning brefl,
TeOalia flyes, the land of windes, posleft
By Eolus: who here in fetters bindes
The howling Tempefts, and still struggling windes;
Pent in vaft cates: they muteny the more,
And in the hollow mountaine lowdy lore.
Great Eolus, thron'd in a lofty tower,
With scepter calmes their rage, and curbes their power;
Elfe Sea, Earth, and high heauen, that heady throng
Wound fwepe away, and hurry all along.
Almighty Ioue, this fearing, these inclos'd
In pitchy cates; high hills thereon impos'd:
And gaine a King, who knew how to restraine,
To calm their strife, and when to gaine the reine.
Whom Iuno thus intreats, O Eolus,
(For unto thee, the King of men, and vs,
Gibe power to fmothe, and lift the floods on high:
A nation, long with me at enmity,
Now failes through Tyrrhen Seas; who Ilium
Would bring to Italy, and Gods' ore-com:
Their ships strike with thy stormes; or bury thefe
In the vaft deepe, or scatter on the feas.
Twice feauen Nymphs ferue me, elegantly faire;
Yet none with Deiopea may compare:
Her for this merit, I to thee will ioyne
In conftant wedlock, to be only thine:
VIRGIL\'s \textit{\textbf{\AE}neis.} \\

She shall thy bed and board for ever grace
And make thee father to a goodly race.
Then \textit{Aeneas: O Queen,} 'tis thine to will;
My duty thy commandment to fulfill.
This kingdom, scepter, and my grace with love,
Sprung from thy beauty; that I feast above
Among the Gods: by thee so potent made
O're tempests and proud storms. This hardly said,
His launce into the hollow mountain push'd:
Windes as in troopes through that wide passage rush'd
Earth rend with whirlewindes: on vast seas now rare:
East, South, South-west windes, joyntly quit the care
In hideous gusts; high billowes drive to shore:
Shrouds rattle, men cry out, and surges rore.
Forth-with darke clowdes from Troians take the fight
Of Heaven, and Day; the Sea usurp by Night.
Skies thunder, and quick lightning fires the aire:
All menace instant ruine. Cold despaire
Diffcultes \textit{\AEneas} feoble knees: dismaid,
He fights, and hand to heaven erecting, said:

Thrice happy you, who in your parents fight
Before \textit{Troy} fell in Honourable fight!
O \textit{Diomed,} of Grecians the most renowned,
Why could not thy strong hand this life confound
In \textit{Thrigan} fields! Where great \textit{Sarpedon,} where
Braue \textit{Heitor} fell by fierce \textit{Achilles} spear:
Where \textit{Simois} in his tainted streames o' rewelmes
So many worthies, heapes of shields and helmes.

This wterd, from the North the lowd wind wates;
Flats all their failes; wilson seas advanc'd to farres.
Ores crack: the winding ships their sides expo'te
To crushing floods, which in hugh mountains rote.
These on high billowes hang; the yawning waues
Show thole their bottom sands, and troubled graces.

By Southwindses rap't, on hidden rocks three fall,
(Tho'e fatal rocks th' \textit{Italians} Altars call)
The seas all-wracking Ridge: three \textit{Eurus} spight
Droue on dire \textit{Syrtis;} a lamentable sight
Bilgd on the flats, in quick-fands wrap't. Before

His eyes, a mighty Sea o're that which bore
Faithfull \textit{Orontes,} and his \textit{Lycians,} new;
And from the Poope the Maiest'r head-long threw;
Then in twiist eddies turnes, thribe hurries round
The toundred vessell, in that whirlepit drown'd.
Armes, plancks, and \textit{Troian} riches, here and there
Flote on broad seas. And now these tumults are;
\textit{Iliones} strong ship, the shippes which bold
\textit{Achates} held; which \textit{Abas;} which the old
\textit{Alethes} bore: the hoist full water breaks:
Through all their ript-\textit{up} sea, and springing leakes.
Neptune meane while perceiu'd the sea to rore
With blutting windes, which from the bottome tore
The roft-vp waues, incessf, the caufe fulcepts;
And o're the flood his facred head erects.
There fees Aeneas wretched fleet distrest:
His Troian friends by seas and skies oppreff;
In his deceipt and hate her brother knew;
Who Zephyrus and Eurus hales: Are you
(Said he) so confident in your high birth;
That dare, without our leaue, mix heauen with earth,
And with your tumults swell th'inragd Seas?
Which I.-- Yet first we will our floods appease:
Nor shall like infolencies be forgot.
Fly timely hence; and tell your King, the lot
Gaue vs, not him, the empire of the Depees,
And this fear'd Trident. Ragged rocks hee keepes;
Eurus, your court: there let him domineare;
And o're the flood his facred head erects.
There fees Uneas wretched fleet distrest:
His Troian friends by seas and skies oppreff.
Lunos deceipt and hate her brother knew;
Who Zephyrm and Eurus hales:
Are you (Said he) so confident in your high birth;
That dare, without our leaue, mix heauen with earth.
And with your tumults swell th'inragd Seas?
Which I.— Yet first we will our floods appease:
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And this fear'd Trident. Ragged rocks hee keepes;
Eurus, your court: there let him domineare;
And o're the flood his facred head erects.
Cymothoe, Tryton, now their force vnite;
Ships fhoue from rocks, rais'd by his Tridents might:
He loosensthe vast Syrts, the surges raigns;
And rakes with nimble wheiles the liquid Plaines.
As when Sedition often flames among
A mighty People, the ignoble throng
To out-rage fall: then stones and fier-brands fly;
Rage armes provides: when they by chance espy
One reverent for his worth, all silent stay
With lightning eares; whose grave perfwasions sway,
And pacify their mindes: so when the rude
Tumultuous Seas their King and Father viewd,
Their fury fell: Who vnder clear'd-vp skies.
With flack rein'd steeds on prosperous charriot flyes,
Altering their courfe, the weary Troian stand
For neareft shores, and reach the Libyan strand.
Deepe in a Bay an Ile with stretcht-out sides
A Harbor makes, and breaks the inftling tides:
The parting floods into a land-lockt found
Their streams discharge, with rocks inurved round:
Whereof two, equall lofty, threat the skyes;
Vnder whose lee the safe Sea silent lies;
Their browses with darke and trembling woods arayd,
Whose spreading branches caft a dreadfull shade.
Within the hanging rock a caue, well knowne
To facred Sea-nymphs, bencht with living ftone,
In fountains fruitfull. Here no hausler bound
The shaken shippes, nor anchor broke the ground.
Hether Aeneas brought feuen shippes (no more
Were left of all) the much defired shore

The
The Trojans now possess: who land in haste,
And on the beach their Sea-fick bodies cast.
Then fier from flints Achates strikes: touch-wood
The sparks receave, in larg’d with flaming food.
Corne, in salt water drench’d, they spent and pin’d,
In haste produce; some parch on coles, some grind.
Meane, while Aeneas climbs a steepe ascent;
And throwes his eyes on all the seas extent,
In search of Phrygian ships: for Anthus, that’s
In forms; for Caphis; for the bright armes plac’t
On Causus high poop: but none descried.
Three stragling flags then on the shore esp’y’d,
Who all the heard, that followed flowly, led;
And now along the ranker vally fed.
His bow and quiver, which Achates bore,
In hast he snatcht and thole that talkt before
(Their branched hornes aloft advancing) flew:
Then to the court, they the rest purfow;
Nor left, till seaven lay bathed in their blood:
The number of those ships which scap’t the flood.
Return’d to evry one doth one afford:
Then wine (by good Aecestes laid aboard)
When lately they Trinacria left) imparts
In flowing bowl’s; thus chearing their sad hearts:
O Mates (for we to forrowes are inv’ted)
O you who greater mischifes haue indur’d,
God alfo will impose an end to thefe.
You rabbid Scylla rocks intriguing Seas,
And dire Cyclopian cliffs, haste ye, and past:
Raise vp your spirits, from your boozomes cast
Defeating faire: The memory of these
Perhaps in future times as much may please.
Through various fortunes, dangers more then great,
We Latium seeke; where Fates a quiet fear
For vs intend, there shall we Ilium raise:
Be bold, your felues preferve for better dayes.
This faid, with chearefull looks the care opprest
Difguiz’d his sorrow, smotherd in his brest.
They take the quarry, for repast provide;
And from their bodies strip the spotted hide:
Some spit their panting limbs, in pieces cut;
Fier vnder brazen caldrons others put:
Then strength with food restore; the ground their bed;
With old wine heated, and fat venfon fed.
Hunger with feasts subdewd, the boards remou’d;
They now their griefe expresse for their belou’d
Companions loffe; perplexed twixt hope and fear;
Whether alive, or dead; nor cold could heare.
But most Aeneas cares compassionate
The stout Orontes death, the cruel fate
Of Lycus, Amicus, Cloanthes bold,
And valiant Gyas. Now the day grew old
When Jupiter from heavens high arch explores
Ship-furrowed Seas, broad earth, refounding shores,
And people farre dispers'd then from the sky
Vpon the Libyan kingdomes fixt his eye.
To whom, possifled with these cares, thus spake
Sad Venus, while salt teares, through anguish brake
From her faire eyes: O thou eternall King
Of men and Gods, whose armes the thunder fling:
What hath Aeneas, what could Troians doe?
That all the world should thus receivethese few
(So many flaine) and all for Latium?
It was thy promife that in time to come
The Roman Chiefes, deriv'd from Tuscer's blood
Should rule the ample Earth and Neptune's flood.
O what hath chang'd thy will! Some hope of joy
Declin'd my sorrowes in the fall of Troy,
And her sad ruine, that a friendlier fate
Should cure those wounds, and re-erect their state.
Now like misfortunes no less spight extend:
O King of Gods, when shall their travells end!
Antenor yet could passe the Grecian Hoast,
And safely land on the Illyrian coast;
March o're Liburnia, and Timavus spring,
Which in nine channelles lowdly murmuring
Sweeps to the sea, and all the fields ore-flowes
With roaring waues: there for his Troians chose
A constant seat, there, to his living fame,
Immur'd Patavium built, and gaine a name
To his owne nation: there the armes of Troy
They fixt, who now vntroubled peace injoy.
But weathy of spring, to be deifi'd,
Rob'd of our fleete! Betray'd by Junos pride!
From Italy repulf'd! Is this the meede
Of Vertue? Thus inthroned thou thy seede?

The fier of Gods and men his daughter cheares
With such a fmile as storms and darknesse cleares:
Then kifing her, repli'd: o Erecine
Dispair not, fates are fime to thee and thine.
Lavinium's promis'd walls thou shalt behould
And to the euer-fixed flarres great-foul'd
Aeneas raise: this is our doome. Since care
So pales thy cheekes, I will their fate declare.
Sterne warres he shall in Latium wage, fierce foes
Subdew, a city build, and lawes impose:
Whom winters three, three Summers following,
(The Rutili o're-throwne) shall feie a King.
But young Ascanius, now Iulus nam'd,
Who Iulus was ere stately Ilium flam'd,
While slowly-flying months fill up the date
Of thirty yeares, shall rule the Latian State.
Remouing from Lavinium, he shall place
His throne at Alba, where great Beetors Race
Shall for three hundred yeares that Scepter sway:
Till that faire Veftall, high-borne Iliu,
Two sons to Mars shall at one burden bear:
Then wolfe-nurt Romulus the crowne shall weare,
And build the high Maevitian walls: he shall
Of his owne name the people Romans call.
No limit nor no period wee intend
To their extent: their raigne shall never end.

Urs who sees earth, and heaven above,
With her distemper tires, shall friendly prone;
And ioyne with vs in gracing the long-grownd
And soueraigne Romans, still with conquest crownd.
The time shall come, ordain'd by Fate and vs,
When as the Line of great Abasaruc
Shall Phthia, high Aycene, captivate,
And tryumph o're the downe-trod Argive State.
Troyes Cesar, from divine originall
(Whom they will Julius of Iulus call)
Shall then succeede: his far-stretcht victories
The Ocean waues shall bound, his fame, the skies,
Laden with Eafternc spoyle, him shalt thou then
To heaven assume; on earth ador'd by men.
Influing times shall sacred Peace install:
Faith, Vesta, Romulus with Remus shall
Iuft lawes enact. The doores of horrid warre
Huge links of brasfe and iron bolts shall bars.
Dire Fury, breathing blood, within shall fit
On heapes of armes, his hands behind him knit:
This said, he sends the sone of Maia downe
That th'unknowne land, and new erected towne
Might harbor quiue: leait Dido from her state
Should chace the Trojan; ignorant of Fate,
With winged heeles fast flooping from the sky
He lights on Libya, and his embaffy
Performes. The Moores abide their rudeneffe lay,
And readily the will of Ioue obey.
The gentle Queene, to pitty first inclind,
Receaves them with a free and bounteous mind.

Pious Eneas, having spent the night
In wakefull cares, arofe with early light;
To make discouery on what Country caft;
Whether by beafts (since all lay wild and waft)
Or men possed: this serioyly intends,
And to impart his knowledge to his friends.
Vnder a hanging rock the Navy lay,
Conceal'd with trees, which made a night of day.
With him he bold Achates onely tooke
And in his hand two feele-tipt iuelins tooke.
His mother meets him in the silvan shade;
Arm'd and accoutred like a Spartan Maid:
Or like the swift Harpalice of Thrace;
Out-stripping sheeds, and Heber's heady Race.
The hunteffe on her shouder hung her bow;
In amorous windes her dangling treffes flow,
Her spreading garments tuckt aboute the knee;
Who thus began: Harke young-men, did you see
None of my quiver-bearing sifters, clad
In Lynxes skinnes? Nor heard them when they had
The foming bore in chace; with houes and cryes?
This Venus fpake, thus Venus fon replies:
Wee nor thy sifters saw, nor heard their cry.
But o what art thou! lure a deity!
Such beauty shines not in a mortall face;
Nor fpake they fo that are of humane race;
Or Iphalus sifter, or a Nymph thou art:
What ere, of favour! and reliefe impart:
Say, vnnder what strange cliime? In all the round
Of Earth, what land haue our misfortunes found?
Here wander we, the place nor people knowne;
By Seas and tempefts on this country throwne:
Thy Altars our fat offering shall limbrew.
She thus reply'd: Such honours are not dew.
The Tyrian virgins quivers vfe to beare:
And purple buskins,bound with ribands,weare.
The Pumick Realms, Agenors City, man'd
By Tyrians, know, though in the Libyan land:
A Nation great in armes.Here Dido raignes;
Who fled from Tyre, and her brothers traines.
The injuries and circumstance to tell
At large, were long: in briefe it thus befell.
sycharm was her spouse, in wealth aboue
All that Phenitia knew, nor lefte her loute,
To him her fire, with sacred Auguries,
In nuptiall bands the modeft Virgin tyes.
And now her brother, dire Pigmalion, held
The Tyrian scepter: he in ill excels-
Even men posleft with hellifh Furies: who
With trecherous hands before the alter flew
Secure Sycharm: by the blind defire
Of gold incenft, and flights his sifters fire.
The murder long conceal'd, with many wiles
And flattering hopes, the louers griefe beguiles.
When lo, her husbands Ghofl (he vинтерd)
In dead of fleece, with gaffly looke appear'd:
The bloody altar, his deepe wounds displaies:
With all the secret murderer bewrayes.

Then
Then charg'd her to forsake that place with speed:  
And hidden treasure to supply her need  
Reveales. These motions Dido's thoughts incite:  
Who mustering vp her friends, prepares for flight.  
Such flock about her, who or hate or feare  
The Tyrant. Now in feaz'd on ships they beare  
Their wealth to Sea; with it ill purchas'd

Pygmalions treasure, by a woman led:  
And there arriv'd, where now to lofty skies  
The stately walls and towers of Carthage rise  
The purchas'd foyle called Brisa: built within  
The compass of a Bulls extended skin.  
But what are your Whence come your whether bound?

He fighting said, his words in passion drownd:  
Goddefe, should I from their originall  
Our sufferings tell; should you give care to all  
The Annals of our toyes; approaching Night  
First in Olympus would inclose the light.  
We annient Troias (if that name be knowne)  
Long tost on sundry feas; by tempefts throwne  
On Lybian shores: Aeneas is my name;  
Who bring with me my refcu'd Gods; my fame  
Surmountes the darres: now Italy, the place  
From whence we sprung, we fecke;Iones sacred Race.  
Loft Phrygia I with twenty ships forsooke;  
And, by my mother-Goddef-e counfell, tooke  
The way which fates prescrib'd: feauen, vnbereff  
By feas, and cruell formes, alone are left.  
Vnknowne, diftrefled, on the Libyan waft  
We stray; from Asia and from Europe chaft.

Venus the sad expressions of his hart  
Thus gently interruptes: What ere thou art,  
Thou by the favour of the heavenly Powers  
Surviv'd to fee the Cathaginian towers.  
Goe on to Dido's Court: thy men againe  
(Vnleffe my skill in Augury be vaine)  
And scattered ships, thou shalt in safety find;  
Borne into harbor by the Northerne wind.  
Twelve ioyfull fwans behold, late chafed by  
Iones towing Eagle through the empty sky;  
Which now in ordred files together light  
On vnder earth, or thither bend their flight.  
How, freed from danger, sporting in a ring,  
They clap their filuer winges, and ioyntly fing:  
Even fo those Former-chasd ships in glad conforfe  
Are entred, or now safely faile to Port.  
Procede, and tread that ready path. This said  
In turning the her rofy neck diplayed  
Her trefles with Ambrosia dewd expire  
A heauenly odor; her inlarg'd attire
Trailes on the ground: her gate a goddefle showes.
He by these signes his flying Mother knowes;
And thus pursues her: Art thou cruelly crown'd?
Why dost thou, to decease thy son, put on
Such varied figures? O, why may not we
Joyne hands, discourse, and see the fame we be!
Accusing thus, his way to Carthage holds:
Whom Venus in a dusky cloud infolds.
That none might see them in that gloomy mask,
Hurt, hinder, or their cause of comming ask.
The pleased Queene to Paphos then retires,
Where stood her Temple: there a hundred fiers,
(Whole flagrant flames Sabean gums devours)
Blaze on as many altars, crown'd with flowers.

Meanewhile they both the troden path pursue,
And from a hill the neighbouring City view:
That ample Pile (a village late) they then
Admire; the gates, the streets, and noise of men.
The Tyrians ply their taskes: some bulwarks rear,
Strong walls extend, and stones or rowle or beare:
Some seats for houses choose, some lawes project,
Grauc Magistrates and Senators etc.
Here these ample Heuen dig; there they
For lofty Theaters foundations lay:
Others in quarries mighty Pillars hew,
To grace the Spectacles that should enew.

Indifcreous Bees so in the prime of May
By sun-shine through the flowry meddows stray,
When they produce their young, or store their hive
With liquid honey, or in cabins fliue
That pleasaunt Nectar: when they take the loads
Which others bring, or chafe from their aboads
The lazy drone; the honey redolent
With flowers of thyme: all hot on labour bent.
O happy you whose citty thus aspires!
(Aeneas saith) and her high roofes admires.
With that (o wonderfull!) wrapt in a cloud,
Invisible he mingles with the crowd.
A thady grove a midst the City flood:
Here Tyrians erist, when by the raging flood
And furious tempests on those borders throwne,
Dig'd vp a Horse's head, by Juno showne:
Which never failing Plenty did fore-tell,
And that they should in glorious armes excell.
Here Tyrian Dido Juna's Temple plac'd;
In offerings rich, by her faire statute graed:
The flaires of brazen, the beames with brazen were bound.
The brazen doores on grinding hinges found.
The fights within this fumptuous Fane his feare
Did first affwage, and first Aeneas here.
Durst hope for safety, his sad spirits rais'd:
For as on all those rarities he gaz'd,
(The Queen expecting) their felicities
And emulous arts admiring, he his eyes
Now fixt on Ilim's fatal fights, through all
The world divul'd: the Grecian Generall,
Old Priamus seizes, and fierce Asaces,
Cruell to both. Struck with such fights as these,
To Achates said; what place, what region
So distant, where our labours are unknowne?
Loc Priamus! here vertue hath her meede:
And our misfortunes humane pitty breed.
This fame may help procure: suppress thy dread.
This said, his thoughts upon the picture fed;
His heart with carse, his eyes with rivers fraught:
For now he sees how they at Ilim fought.
Here fled the Grecian, the Trojan youth pursue;
Bright-helm'd Achilles there the Phrigians flew,
Not farre of Eneas white pavilion flood,
By cruel Diomed through streams of blood
In dead of night surpriz'd, who bare away
His horfes to the Grecian Camp, e're they
Of Xanthus drank, or of Troyes pastures fed.
Here Troilus disarmed and wounded fled;
Poore boy, to weake to match Achilles force;
Caut from his charriot by his frightened horse,
Yet holds the reines; his neck and trefles traild
On purpled earth; his spear the dust ingraild.
Now with a robe the Ilian dames repaire
To partall Pallas Fane, with flowing hair:
While they their bosoms beat, and sue for grace,
The angry Goddesse turn'd away her face,
About Troy wall thrice Hector uncontrol'd
Achilles draggs, and seizes his courfe for gold.
Deep groans and sighs Eneas heart oppresse;
When lie beheld th'influting foe posseffe
The body, armes, and charriot of his friend
While Priamus knees to proud Achilles bend.
Then sees himselfe amidst those fierce armes:
The Eastern squadron, and black Memnon armes.
With Amazonian troopes, and moone-like shields,
Penthefilea courses the trampled fields;
Her saerd brest bound with a golden bend.
Bold Maid that durft with men in armes contend,
While he these wonders sees; while yet amaz'd
Dardan Aeneas on each object gaz'd;
Fair featur'd Dido, with a goodly traine
Ogallant Courtiers, entred Juno's Fane.
As when Diana, preft to revels; crownes
Euorae banks, or Cynthus lofty downes.
A thousand mountaine Nymphs about her throng:
She with her quiter on her shoulder hung,
Marching in state, furmounteth all the rest,
And fills with joy Latona's silent breast.
Such, cheerfull Dido; in such port past by:
Enfuming the work, and future monarchy.
Then in the Temple, on a throne prepar'd,
High-mounted fits; invirond by her guard:
Who justice distributes, their tasks divides
In equall shares, or elseby lot decides.
When lo Aeneas, entering in a throng,
Antheus, Sergestus, spics, Cloanthes strong,
And other Troians, scattered by the blast
Of furious windes, on shores farre distant cast.
He stood amaz'd, amaz'd Achates stands,
With joy and feare; noe greedy to ioyne hands,
But troubled with unknowne events forborne:
Who clothed in that hollow cloud, explores
The fortune of their fellowes; in what port
They left their fleet, and cause of their rest.
For some by choice from every ship were sent;
To sue for help, who now their wronges present.
Access't and audience given, the ablest man,
Vndaunted Ilionew thus began.-
O Queene, by Ioue enabled to erect
A City, and with justice to subiect
A stubborne people; we, wrackt Troians, crave
Thy succour, from dire flame our nauy saue.
Pitty a pious Race; respect our state:
We come not hither to depopulate
The Libyan townes, nor prey vpon your coast;
Such power, such pride, the vanquished hau'e loft.
There is an antient land, Hesperia nam'd
By those of Greece, for warre and plenty nam'd:
Told by the Aenory, by their offspring since
Call'd Italy, of Italus their Prince:
Hither our Courfe we bent.
When with the nodaine flood Orion rose,
Wrap't all in storms: the vio'ent southwind throwes
Our ships on flats, twixt rocks and breaches toss'd;
Whereof a few, were driven vpon your coast.
What race of men is this! what barbarous guize
So much defames your country! which denies
To wretched men the hospitable strand!
But takes vp armes, not suffering vs to land.
If that mankInde, and mortall power you flight,
Yet feare the Gods, who cenfure wrong and right.
Aeneas was our prince, none more compleat,
More iust, more pious, nor in warres more great.
Whom if the Fates preferue, if yet he breathe,
Nor cruel shades his generous foule receive,
You never shall repent to have begun
In curtesy, nor of the favour done.
Sicilia too, our armes and towns sustaines;
Where Trojan-borne renown'd Acestes reigns.
Bee't lawfull that we hale our ships a-shore;
Rig, and repair, what feas and tempests tore.
Our Prince and Mates refound, for Italy
We will (if Fates so please) our course apply.
But if our stay be lost; if Libyan waues,
O best of Trojan Fathers, prove your graves;
Nor of Iulius any hope remains;
Then back we fail to where Acestes reigns.
Thus Ilioneus: all the Dardans ioyne
In lowd content.

Then modest Dido briefly thus reply'd:
You Troians cease to feare, lay care aside.
Strong foes, and our new kindome, vs enforce
To guard our bounds, and take so strict a course.
Who not Aeneas, who not Ilion knowes?
Their vertues, valiant worthies, warres and woes?
Wee Moors are not so dull: nor doth the Sun
With frighted feedes so much our Carthage shun.
Whether you great Hepteria, Luna's land,
Or Erix seeke, Acestes new comand;
Depart you safely shall with aid and gold.
Will you with vs this rising Empire hold?
My Citty's yours, hale vp your ships: to me
Troians and Tyrians shal one people be.
And would the fame South-winde had hither brought
Your Prince Aeneas! loone he shalbe sought
Through all our confines: happily he may,
Wrackt on the shore, in woods or citties ftray.
Cheard with these wordses, Aeneas and the bold
Achates, long their persons to vnfold.
Thus first Achates virg'd his princely friend:
O Goddefle-borne, what doe thy thoughts intend?
Thou seeft all safe, thy fleete and followers found;
One only lost, which in our fight was drown'd:
The rest fore-told thee by the heavenly Faire.
With that the breaking cloud refolves to aire.
Aeneas shinning in the light abode;
His looks and shouldres equall to a God:
His mother curl'd his haire, his viage deckt
With rofy raies of youth, and sweet aspeet.
Such art to Ivory addes, such wee behold
In Parian marble, garnished with gold.
Who thus bespake the Queene, while all that were
In presence wonder, Lo, the sought is here:
Troian Aeneas rapt from Neptune's spoyles.
O thou who only pittiest our sad toys,
We Græcian reliques, who have suffered all
The ills that can by land or seabefall,
And thus necessitated, are by you
To harbor thine to render what is due,
We Dido are too poor, for such a grace:
Though adding all the scattered Dardan race.
The Gods (if they love vertue, if inclin
To favour justice, and a noble mind)
Thy bounty shall reward.

What parentage brought forth such goodness?
O what happy age!
While Hades the mountaines cast, streams to the maine
Their tribute pay, or skyes the starres sustaine;
(What land so e're I tread) we will proclaim
They honour, prayses, and deserved fame.

Then Ilioneus by his right-hand takes
Sergestus by the left, bold Gyas shakes,
And flout Clantois. This in Dido breeds
Wonder with pity mixt; who thus proceeds:
What fortune hurriss thee, O Goddess-borne,
Through so great dangers! by what tempests come!
Art thou Æneas which faire Venus bore
To Troyes Anchises by swift Simois shore?
For Tucer, sanctifie Greece, for Sidon made;
To win another realm by Belus aid:
My father Belus then in Cyprus fought,
And that rich kingdom in subjection brought.
Since when, the destiny of Troy I knew;
Your honour'd name, and Græcian princes too
He, though a foe, did much the Trojan grace:
And said himselfe was of the Trojan race.
O young-men, therefore enter our free court.
We, through a world of perils, in such fort,
By fortune tost, at length were hither brought.
To helpe th'aflicted by affliction taught.

This said, Æneas to her Pallace led,
Gius thankes ynto the Gods, their altars fed:
Meanwhile t'his followers on the beachy shores
Sends twenty bulls, a hundred bristled bores,
Fat lambs a hundred, and their mother ewes;
With mirth-exalting wine.
The inward Chambers exquisitely drest
With princely riot, they prepare to feast.
The rare-wrought coverlets with purple shine:
In gold, on filuer boards, with art divine
Their grand-fires valiant acts were car'd, and all
The story from their first originall.

Æneas (whose paternall love no reft
Affords) Achates to his fleete adreste
To bring Ascanius to the court in haste.
For all his care was on Ascanius plac’d;
With presents which from Ilium he brought,
Rapt from those spoiles: a robe with tissuè wroght;
A vale with bright Acanthus wreath’d, th’attire
Of Argive Helen, when lufts fatal fire
She brought from Sparta, which should Troy devoure;
Her mother Leda’s admirable dowr;
A scepter, which Ilione the faire,
The eldest daughter of King Priam, bare:
A Carquenet of pearl, a crowne inhaft
With precious stones. Achates went in haft.
But Venus to new arts and counsels flies:
That Cupid, in Ascanius disguise,
Should beare these presents; wounding with desire
The furious Queene, her bones imbrace’d with fire;
That wauering court, deceitfull Moors, the spight
Of Iuno, feares; these cares increase with night.
She therefore thus to winged Love begun:
My strength, my power, my glory; o my son;
That love’s Typhon’s thunder flight’d: I fly
To thee, a suppliant to thy Deity.
Thy brother, my Aeneas wretched sprite,
Rapt on all seas and shores by Iunos hate,
To thee is knowne: our sorrow oft was yours:
Whom Dido holds, and with kind words allure.
But yet I fear these hospitable rites
May strangely change, through fly Saturnia’s flights;
Prevent we therefore fraud with fraud; and wind
The Queene inflames, least Iuno change her mind;
That flame with me may my Aeneas lone:
Which how to compass my advice approve.
The royall Boy, the chief of all my cares,
Call’d by his fire, for Carthage now prepares,
With gifts sau’d from the flood of flaming Troy:
Lull’d in soft sleepe, I will conceal the Boy
In high Cythera, or Idalian shade;
Left by some spys our practice be betray’d.
Doe thou but for one night this fraud pursue;
And boy, the figure of a boy induc’d:
That when glad Dido lays thee on her brests;
Amidst full bowles of wine, and royall feasts;
When she shall cull and kisse, thou maist inspire
Sweete poyson; and inflame with secret fire.
His mother Love obeyes; his winges he straight
Puts off, and ies in young Tullus gate
But Venus with soft sleepe Tullus charmes;
And to Idalia beares him in her armes:
Whom sweet Amaracus infoldes with flowers.
And fannes with odors in those shady bowers.
Cupid with gifts to Court, without delay
(Conducted by *Achates*) takes his way.
Now entred; *Dido* on a golden bed
Her person plac'd, with sumptuous carpets spread.
Divine *Aeneas* and the youth of *Troy*
Now meet, and on *Sidonian* purple ly.
Some water for their hands; some baskets bare
With *Ceres* guifts, some towels smoothe and fair.
The meat within prepar'd by fifty Dames:
Who likewise incense throw on facted flames.
A hundred maids, and youth as many, wait,
The boord with dishes charge, and matty plate.
The joyfull *Tyrians* by command refott
To this great feast; whom figured beds support:
*Aeneas* guifts, *Tytoo* they admire,
The Gods fain'd speech, his lookest that sparkle fire;
The robe, and vale with wreath'd Acanthus bound.
The wretched Queene, now ready for a wound,
Cannot behold enough; behoulding fire.
The Boy, and guifts, at once her heart surpris'd.
He having hung about his neck, and flievne
Much loue vnto a father not his owne;
The Queene accost fixt was her foule, her looke:
Now ignorant *Dido* to her bosome tooke
The trecherous God. *He* Idalia,
His mother, mindfull, stirs to steal away
Her thoughts from dead *Sychem*; and remove
Desires long buried to a living loue.
The silent first feast past, and boards vspreadd,
They set on crown'd Goblets in their stead.
Lowd voices through the ample palace rung,
On guid'd yards light-bearing creeltes hung;
Which fullen night subdew with flaring beames.
When *Dido* tooke a bole, imbolt with lems,
Fill'd full of wine, by *Belus* vs'd, and thofe
Of *Belus* Race: then silence doth impoze.

*O Iupiter,* be this a day of joy,
Said *she* to vs of *Tyre*, and the *Sc of Troy*;
For strangers thou proteft: let after dayes
This day record, thou *Bacchus* thou dost raise
Free mirth; pleas'd *Iuno*; all propitious proue:
This night, *O Tyrians,* celebrate with loue.
Upon the boord the honour of the wine
She powres: then sips; and doth the health assigne
To *Bittas,* rouz'd, the sparkling boule he quaff
At once, and steep't himfelfe in a full draught.
Next other Lords. On harp, with Ivory wrought,
Vnhorne *Iopas* playes; by *Atlas* taught.
He *Cynthia*'s wanderings, and *Sol*'s labours sung;
Whence man and beaft, whence raine and lightning sprung:
Of both the *Beares,* *AriOurus,* *Hyades.*

Why
Virgils Æneis.

Why winters Sunnes so haft to set in seas;
And what delay the tardy night with-drawes.
Troians and Tyrians ioyne in lowd applaufe.
Poore Dido in discouer centumes the night;
And fatall loue caroufeth with delight.
Of Priam much, of Heitor much inquired;
The armor which Aurora’s fonne attir’d.
Now of Tidides horses, now how great
Achilles force. My gueft, saie the, repeare
The Grecian treacheries, Troy’s finall fall:
Your wanderings from their sad originall;
That now haue leaven tempestuous winters past:
Toft on all seas, and on all countres caft.

The end of the first Booke of
Virgils Æneis.

Splendidis longo valediconagis.
In the Margin.


In the Margent.