

THE
THEOGONY OF HESIOD.

TRANSLATED BY COOKE.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

GEORGE MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE.

MY LORD,

THE reverence I bear to the memory of your late grandfather, with whom I had the honour to be particularly acquainted, and the obligations I have received from the incomparable lady your mother, would make it a duty in me to continue my regard to their heir; but stronger than those are the motives of this address: since I have had the happiness to know you, which has been as long as you have been capable of distinguishing persons, I have often discovered something in you that surpasses your years, and which gives fair promises of an early great man; this has converted what would otherwise be but gratitude to them to a real esteem for yourself. Proceed, my lord, to make glad the heart of an indulgent mother with your daily progress in learning, wisdom, and virtue. Your friends, in their different spheres, are all solicitous to form you; and among them permit me to offer my tribute, which may be no small means to the bringing you more readily to an understanding of the classics; for on the theology of the most ancient Greeks, which is the subject of the following poem, much of succeeding authors depends. Few are the writers, either Greek or Roman, who have not made use of the fables of antiquity; historians have frequent allusions to them; and they are sometimes the very soul of poetry; for these reasons let me admonish you to become soon familiar with Homer and Hesiod, by translations of them: you will perceive the advantage in your future studies, nor will you repent of it when you read the great originals. I have, in my notes¹, spared no pains to let you into the nature of the Theogony, and to explain the allegories to you; and indeed I have been more elaborate for your sake than I should otherwise have been. While I am paying my respect to your lordship, I would not be thought forgetful of your brother, directing what I have here said at the same time to him. Go on, my lord, to answer the great expectations which your friends have from you; and be your chief ambition to deserve the praise of all wise and good men. I am,

my lord,

with the greatest respect and most sincere affection,

your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS COOKE.

¹ Lord George Johnston when this was first published in the year 1728.

* These notes are omitted in the present edition. C.

THE
T H E O G O N Y,
 OR
THE GENERATION OF THE GODS.

THE ARGUMENT.

After the proposition, and invocation, the poet begins the generation of the gods. This poem, besides the genealogy of the deities and heroes, contains the story of Heaven and the conspiracy of his wife and sons against him, the story of Styx and her offsprings, of Saturn and his sons, and of Prometheus and Pandora: hence the poet proceeds to relate the war of the gods, which is the subject of above three hundred verses. The reader is often relieved, from the narrative part of the theogony, with several beautiful descriptions, and other poetical embellishments.

BEGIN, my song, with the melodious nine
 Of Helicon the spacious and divine;
 The Muses there, a lovely choir, advance,
 With tender feet to form the skilful dance,
 Now round the sable font in order move,
 Now round the altar of Saturnian Jove;
 Or, if the cooling streams to baths invite,
 In thee, Permessus, they awhile delight;
 Or now to Hippocrene resort the fair,
 Or, Olmias, to thy sacred spring repair. 10
 Veil'd in thick air, they all the night prolong,
 In praise of ægis-bearing Jove, the song;
 And thou, O Argive Juno, golden shod,
 Art join'd in praises with thy consort god;
 Thee, goddess, with the azure eyes, they sing,
 Minerva, daughter of the heav'nly king;
 The sisters to Apollo tune their voice,
 And, Artemis, to thee whom darts rejoice;
 And Neptune in the pious hymn they sound,
 Who girts the Earth, and shakes the solid ground;
 A tribute they to Themis chaste allow, 21
 And Venus charming with the bending brow,

Nor Hebe, crown'd with gold, forget to praise,
 Nor fair Dione in their holy lays;
 Nor thou, Aurora, nor the day's great light,
 Remain unsung, nor the fair lamp of night;
 To thee, Latona, next the numbers range;
 Iâpetus, and Saturn, wont to change,
 They chant; thee, Ocean, with an ample breast,
 They sing, and Earth, and Night in sable dress'd;
 Nor cease the virgins here the strain divine; 31
 They celebrate the whole immortal line.
 Erewhile as they the shepherd swain behold
 Feeding, beneath the sacred mount, his fold,
 With love of charming song his breast they fir'd;
 There me the heav'nly Muses first inspir'd;
 There, when the maids of Jove the silence broke,
 To Hesiod thus, the shepherd swain, they spake.
 "Shepherds, attend, your happiness who place
 In gluttony alone, the swain's disgrace; 40
 Strict to your duty in the field you keep,
 There vigilant by night to watch your sheep:
 Attend, ye swains on whom the Muses call,
 Regard the honour not bestow'd on all;
 'Tis ours to speak the truth in language plain,
 Or give the face of truth to what we feign."
 So spake the maids of Jove, the sacred nine,
 And pluck'd a sceptre from the tree divine,
 To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
 The laurel ensign, never-fading green: 50
 I took the gift with holy raptures fir'd,
 My words flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd;
 Before my eyes appears the various scene
 Of all that is to come, and what has been.
 Me have the Muses chose, their bard to grace,
 To celebrate the bless'd immortal race;
 To them the honours of my verse belong,
 To them I first and last devote the song:
 But where, O where, enchanted do I rove,
 Or o'er the rocks, or through the vocal grove? 60
 Now with th' harmonious nine begin, whose voice
 Makes their great sire, Olympian Jove, rejoice;

The present, future, and the past, they sing,
 Join'd in sweet concert to delight their king;
 Melodious and untir'd their voices flow;
 Olympus echoes, ever crown'd with snow.
 The heav'nly songsters fill th' ethereal round;
 Jove's palace laughs, and all the courts resound:
 Soft warbling endless with their voice divine,
 They celebrate the whole immortal line: 70
 From Earth, and Heav'n, great parents, first they
 The progeny of gods, a bounteous race; [trace
 And then to Jove again returns the song,
 Of all in empire, and command, most strong;
 Whose praises first and last their bosom fire,
 Of mortals, and immortal gods, the sire:
 Nor to the sons of men deny they praise,
 To such as merit of their heav'nly lays;
 They sing the giants of puissant arm,
 And with the wond'rous tale their father charm.
 Mnemosyne, in the Pierian grove, 81
 The scene of her intrigue with mighty Jove,
 The empress of Eleuther, fertile Earth,
 Brought to Olympian Jove the Muses forth;
 Bless'd offsprings, happy maids, whose pow'ful art
 Can banish cares, and ease the painful heart.
 Absent from Heav'n, to quench his am'rous flame,
 Nine nights the god of gods compress'd the dame.
 Now thrice three times the Moon concludes her
 race,
 And shows the produce of the god's embrace, 90
 Fair daughters, pledges of immortal Jove,
 In number equal to the nights of love;
 Bless'd maids, by harmony of temper join'd;
 And verse, their only care, employs their mind:
 The virgin songsters first beheld the light
 Near where Olympus rears his snowy height;
 Where to the maids fair stately domes ascend,
 Whose steps a constant beauteous choir attend.
 Not far from hence the Graces keep their court,
 And with the god of love in banquets sport; 100
 Meanwhile the nine their heav'nly voices raise,
 To the immortal pow'rs, the song of praise;
 They tune their voices in a sacred cause,
 Their theme the manners of the gods, and laws:
 When to Olympus they pursue their way,
 Sweet warbling, as they go, the deathless lay,
 Measuring to Jove, with gentle steps, the ground,
 The sable earth returns the joyful sound.
 Great Jove, their sire, who rules th' ethereal plains,
 Confirm'd in pow'r, of gods the monarch reigns;
 His father Saturn hurl'd from his command, 111
 He grasps the thunder with his conqu'ring hand;
 He gives the bolts their vigour as they fly,
 And bids the red-hot lightning pierce the sky;
 His subject deities obey his nod,
 All honours flow from him, of gods the god;
 From him the Muses sprung, no less their sire,
 Whose attributes the heav'nly maids inspire:
 Clio begins the lovely tuneful race,
 Melpomene which, and Euterpe, grace, 120
 Terpsichore all joyful in the choir,
 And Erato, to love whose lays inspire;
 To these Thalia and Polyminia join,
 Urania, and Calliope divine,
 The first, in honour, of the tuneful nine;
 She the great acts of virtuous monarchs sings,
 Companion only for the best of kings.
 Happy of princes, foster sons of Jove,
 Whom at his birth the nine with eyes of love
 Behold; to honours they his days design; 130
 He first among the sceptred hands shall shine;

Him they adorn with every grace of song,
 And soft persuasion dwells upon his tongue;
 To him, their judge, the people turn their eye,
 On him for justice in their cause rely,
 Reason alone his upright judgment guides,
 He hears impartial, and for truth decides;
 Thus he determines from a sense profound,
 And of contention heals the pois'rous wound. 159
 Wise kings, when subjects grow in faction strove,
 First calm their minds, and then redress their
 By their good counsels bid the tumult cease, [wrong,
 And sooth contending parties into peace;
 His aid with dutious reverence they implore,
 And as a god their virtuous prince adore:
 From whom the Muses love such blessings flow,
 To them a righteous prince the people owe.
 From Jove, great origin, all monarchs spring,
 From mighty Jove, of kings himself the king;
 From the Pierian maids, the heav'nly nine, 150
 And from Apollo, sire of verse divine,
 Far-shooting deity, whose beams inspire,
 The poets spring, and all who strike the lyre.
 Bless'd whom with eyes of love the Muses view,
 Sweet flow his words, gentle as falling dew.
 Is there a man by rising woes oppress'd,
 Who feels the pangs of a distracted breast,
 Let but the bard, who serves the nine, rehearse
 The acts of heroes pass'd, the theme for verse,
 Or if the praise of gods, who pass their days 160
 In endless ease above, adorns the lays,
 The pow'ful words administer relief,
 And from the wounded mind expel the grief;
 Such are the charms which to the bard belong,
 A gift from gods deriv'd, the pow'r of song.
 Hail, maids celestial, seed of Heav'n's great
 Hear, nor unaided let the poet sing, [king,
 Inspire a lovely lay, harmonious nine,
 My theme th' immortal gods, a race divine,
 Of Earth, of Heav'n, which lamps of light adorn.
 And of old sable Night, great parents, born, 171
 And, after, nourish'd by the briny Main:
 Hear, goddesses, and aid the vent'rous strain;
 Say whence the deathless gods receiv'd their birth,
 And next relate the origin of Earth, [above,
 Whence the wide sea that spreads from shore to
 Whose surges foam with rage, and billows roar,
 Whence rivers which in various channels flow,
 And whence the stars which light the world below,
 And whence the wide expanse of Heav'n, and whence
 The gods, to mortals who their good dispense; 181
 Say how from them our honours we receive,
 And whence the pow'r that they our wants relieve;
 How they arriv'd to the ethereal plains,
 And took possession of the fair domains:
 With these, Olympian maids, my breast inspire,
 And to the end support the sacred fire,
 In order all from the beginning trace,
 From the first parents of the num'rous race.
 Chaos, of all the origin, gave birth 120
 First to her offspring the wide-bosom'd Earth,
 The seat secure of all the gods, who now
 Possess Olympus ever cloth'd with snow;
 Th' abodes of Hell from the same fountain rise,
 A gloomy land that subterranean lies;
 And hence does Love his ancient lineage trace,
 Excelling fair of all th' immortal race;
 At his approach all care is chas'd away,
 Nor can the wisest pow'r resist his sway;
 Nor man, nor god, his mighty force restrains, 200
 Alike in ev'ry breast the godhead reigns:

And Erebus, black son, from Chaos came,
 Born with his sister Night, a sable dame.
 Night bore, the produce of her am'rous play
 With Erebus, the sky, and cheerful day.
 Earth first an equal to herself in fame
 Brought forth, that covers all, the starry frame,
 The spacious Heav'n, of gods the safe domain,
 Who live in endless bliss, exempt from pain;
 From her the lofty hills, and ev'ry grove, 210
 Where nymphs inhabit, goddesses, and rove:
 Without the mutual joys of love she bore
 The barren sea, whose whit'ning billows roar.
 At length the Ocean, with his pools profound,
 Whose whirling streams pursue their rapid round,
 Of Heav'n and Earth is born; Cœus his birth
 From them derives, and Creus, sons of Earth;
 Hyperion and Japhet, brothers, join:
 Thea, and Rhea, of this ancient line
 Descend; and Themis boasts the source divine,
 And thou Mnemosyne, and Phœbe, crown'd 221
 With gold, and Tethys, for her charms renown'd:
 To these successive wily Saturn came,
 As sire and son in each a barb'rous name.
 Three sons are sprung from Heav'n and Earth's em-
 The Cyclops bold, in heart a haughty race, [brace,
 Brontes, and Steropes, and Arges brave,
 Who to the hands of Jove the thunder gave;
 They for almighty pow'r did light'ning frame,
 All equal to the gods themselves in fame; 230
 One eye was plac'd, a large round orb, and bright,
 Amidst their forehead to receive the light; [skill,
 Hence were they Cyclops call'd; great was their
 Their strength, and vigour, to perform their will.
 The fruitful Earth by Heav'n conceiv'd again,
 And for three mighty sons the rending pain
 She suffer'd; Cottus, terrible to name,
 Gyges, and Briareus, of equal fame;
 Conspicuous above the rest they shin'd,
 Of body strong, magnanimous of mind; 240
 Fifty large beads their lusty shoulders bore,
 And dang'rous to approach, hands fifty more:
 Of all from Heav'n, their sire, who took their birth,
 These were most dreadful of the sons of Earth;
 Their cruel father, from their natal hour,
 With hate pursued them, to his utmost pow'r;
 He from the parent womb did all convey
 Into some secret cave remote from day:
 The tyrant father thus his sons oppress'd,
 And evil meditations fill'd his breast. 250
 Earth deeply groan'd for these her sons confin'd,
 And vengeance for their wrongs employ'd her
 mind;
 She yields black iron from her fruitful vein,
 And of it forms an instrument of pain;
 Hence to her children thus, the silence broke,
 Without reserve she, deeply sighing, spake.
 " My sons, descended from a barb'rous sire,
 Whose evil acts our breasts to vengeance fire,
 Attentive to my friendly voice incline;
 My aggressor he, and to revenge be thine." 260
 The bold proposal they astonish'd hear;
 Her words possess'd them with a silent fear;
 But, at last, whom no deceit can blind,
 Her responsive thus declar'd his mind.
 " Matron, for us the throeing pangs who bore,
 Such we have suffer'd, but will bear no more;
 Such as fathers ought ours will not be,
 Whose name of father is no tie to me;
 Content of wrongs, if they th' attempt decline,
 My aggressor he, all to revenge be mine." 270

Earth greatly joy'd at what his words reveal'd,
 And in close ambush him from all conceal'd;
 Arm'd with the crooked instrument she made,
 She taught him to direct the sharp-tooth'd blade.
 Great Heav'n approach'd beneath the veil of Night,
 Proposing from his consort, Earth, delight;
 As in full length the god extended lay,
 No fraud suspecting in his am'rous play,
 Out rush'd his son, complotter with his wife,
 His right hand grasp'd the long, the fatal, knife,
 His left the channel of the seed of life, 281
 Which from the roots the rough-tooth'd metal tore,
 And bath'd his fingers with his father's gore;
 He throw'd behind the source of Heaven's pain,
 Nor fell the ruins of the god in vain;
 The sanguine drops which from the members fall
 The fertile earth receives, and drinks them all:
 Hence, at the end of the revolving year,
 Sprung mighty Giants, pow'ful with the spear,
 Shining in arms; the Furies took their birth 290
 Hence, and the Wood-Nymphs of the spacious
 Saturn the parts divided from the wound, [earth.
 Spoils of his parent god, cast from the ground
 Into the sea; long through the watry plain
 They journey'd on the surface of the main:
 Fruitful at length th' immortal substance grows,
 Whit'ning it foams, and in a circle flows:
 Behold a nymph arise divinely fair,
 Whom to Cythera first the surges bear:
 Hence is she borne safe o'er the deeps profound
 To Cyprus, water'd by the waves around: 301
 And here she walks endow'd with every grace
 To charm, the goddess blooming in her face;
 Her looks demand respect; and where she goes,
 Beneath her tender feet the herbage blows;
 And Aphrodite, from the foam, her name,
 Among the race of gods and men the same;
 And Cytherea from Cythera came;
 Whence, beauteous crown'd, she safely cross'd the
 And call'd, O Cyprus, Cypria from thee; [sea,
 Nor less by Philomœdea known on earth, 311
 A name deriv'd immediate from her birth:
 Her first attendants to th' immortal choir
 Were Love, the oldest god, and fair Desire:
 The virgin whisper, and the heaving smile,
 The sweet allurements that can hearts beguile,
 Soft blandishments which never fail to move,
 Friendship, and all the fond deceits in love,
 Constant her steps pursue, or will she go
 Among the gods above, or men below. 320
 Great Heav'n was wroth thus by his sons to deed,
 And call'd them Titans from the barb'rous blood,
 He told them all, from a prophetic mind,
 The hours of his revenge were sure behind.
 Now darksome Night fruitful began to prove,
 Without the knowledge of connubial love;
 From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate,
 Death, Sleep, and num'rous dreams, derive their
 With Momus the dark goddess teems again, [date:
 And Care, the mother of a doleful train; 330
 Th' Hesperides she bore, far in the seas
 Guards of the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
 From the same parent sprung the rig'rous three,
 The goddesses of fate and destiny,
 Clotho and Lachesis, whose boundless sway,
 With Atropos, both men and gods obey;
 To human race they, from their birth, ordain
 A life of pleasure or a life of pain;
 To slav'ry, or to empire, such their pow'r,
 They fix a mortal at his natal hour; 340

The crimes of men, and gods, the Fates pursue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due;
Nor can the greatest their resentment fly,
They punish ere they lay their anger by:
And Nemesis from the same fountain rose,
From hurtful Night, herself the source of woes:
Hence fraud, and loose desire, the bane of life,
Old age vexatious, and corroding strife.

From strife pernicious, painful labour rose,
Oblivion, famine, and tormenting woes; 350
Hence combats, murders, wars, and slaughters, rise,
Deceits, and quarrels, and injurious lies;
Unruly licence hence that knows no bounds,
And losses spring, and sad domestic wounds;
Hence perjury, black perjury, began,
A crime destructive to the race of man.

Old Nereus to the Sea was born of Earth,
Nereus who claims the precedence in birth
To their descendants; him old god they call,
Because sincere, and affable, to all; 360
In judgment moderation he preserves,
And never from the paths of justice swerves.
Thaumas the great from the same parents came,
Phorcy's the strong, and Ceto beauteous dame:
To the same sire did Earth Euribia bear,
As iron hard her heart, a cruel fair.

Doris to Nereus bore a lovely train,
Fifty fair daughters, wand'ers of the main;
A beauteous mother she, of Ocean born,
Whose graceful head the comeliest locks adorn: 371

Proto, Eucrate, nymphs, begin the line,
Sao to whom, and Amphitrite join;
Eudore, Thetis, and Galene, grace,
With Glaucæ, and Cymothoe, the race;
Swift-footed Spio hence derives her birth,
With thee, Thalia, ever prone to mirth;
And Melite, charming in mien to see,
Did the same mother bear, Eulimene,

Agave too, Pasithea and thee;
From whom sprung Erato, Eunice, you, 380
With arms appearing of a rosy hue;
Doto and Proto join the progeny,
With them Pherusa and Dunamene;
Nisæa and Actæa boast the same,
Protomedea from the fruitful dame,
And Doris, honour'd with maternal name;

And hence does Panope her lineage trace,
And Galatea, with a lovely face;
And hence Hippothoe, who sweetly charms,
And thou, Hipponoe, with thy rosy arms; 390
And hence Cymodoce, the floods who binds,
And with Cymatolege stills the winds;
With them the pow'r does Amphitrite share,
Of all the main the loveliest-footed fair;
Cumo, Heione, and Halimed,
With a sweet garland that adorns her head,
Boast the same rise, joyful Glauconome,
Pontoporea, and Lingore;

Evagore, Laomedea, join,
And thou, Polynome, the num'rous line; 400
Autonoe, Lysianassa, name,
Sisters descended from the fertile dame;
In the bright list Evarne fair we find,
Spotless the nymph both in her form and mind,
And Psamathe, of a majestic mien;
And thou, divine Menippe, there art seen;
To these we Neso add, Eupompe, thee,
And thee, Themisto, next, and Pronoe;
Nemertes, virgin chaste, completes the race,
Not last in honour, though the last in place; 410

Her breast the virtues of her parent fire,
Her mind the copy of her deathless sire.
From blameless Nereus these, the fruits of joy,
And goodly offices the nymphs employ.

Of Ocean born, Electre plights her word
To Thaumas, and obeys her rightful lord;
Iris to whom, a goddess swift, she bears;
From them the Harpies with their comely hairs
Descend, Aëlo, who pursues the wind,
And with her sister leaves the birds behind; 420
Ocypete the other; when they fly,
They seem with rapid wings to reach the sky.

Ceto to Phorcy's bore the Graia, grey
From the first moment they beheld the day;
Hence gods and men these daughters Graia name;
Pepredo lovely veil'd from Ceto came,
And Euyo with her saffron veil: the same
To Phorcy's bore the Gorgons, who remain
Far in the seat of Night, the distant main, 429

Where, murmur'ing at their task, th' Hesperides
Watch o'er the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
The number of the Gorgons once were three,
Stheno, Medusa, and Euryale;
Of which two sisters draw immortal breath,
Free from the fears of age as free from death;
But thou, Medusa, felt a pow'ful foe,
A mortal thou, and born to mortal woe;

Nothing avail'd of love thy blissful hours,
In a soft meadow, on a bed of flow'rs,
Thy tender dalliance with the ocean's king, 440
And in the beauty of the year, the spring;
You by the conqu'ring hand of Perceus bled,
Perceus whose sword laid low in dust thy head;
Then started out, when you began to bleed,
The great Chrysaor, and the gallant steed
Call'd Pegasus, a name not given in vain,
Born near the fountains of the spacious main.

His birth will great Chrysaor's name unfold,
When in his hand glitter'd the sword of gold;
Mounted on Pegasus he soar'd above, 450
And sought the palace of almighty Jove;
Loaded with light'ning through the skies he rode,
And bore it with the thunder to the god.

Chrysaor, love the guide, Calliroe led,
Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed; [head;
Whence Geryon sprung, fierce with his triple
Whom Hercules laid breathless on the ground,
In Erythea, which the waves surround;
His oxen lowing round their master stand,
While he falls gasping from the conqueror's hand: 461

That fatal day beheld Eurytion fall,
And with him Orthus in a gloomy stall;
By his strong arm the dog and herdsman slain,
The hero drove the oxen cross the main;
The wide-brow'd herds he to Tiryntus bore,
And safely landed on the sacred shore.
Calliroe in a cave conceiv'd again,
And for Echidna bore maternal pain;

A monster she of an undaunted mind,
Unlike the gods, nor like the human kind; 470
One half a nymph of a prodigious size,
Fair her complexion, and asquint her eyes;
The other half a serpent dire to view,
Large and voracious, and of various hue;
Deep in a Syrian rock her horrid den,
From the immortal gods remote, and men;
There, so the council of the gods ordains,
Forlorn, and ever young, the nymph remains.

In love Echidna with Typhaon join'd,
Outrageous he, and blust'ring, as the wind; 480

Of these the offsprings prov'd a furious race;
 Orthus, the produce of the first embrace,
 Was vigilant to watch his master's herd,
 The dog of Geryon, and a trusty guard:
 Next Cerberus, the dog of Pluto, came,
 Devouring, direful, of a monstrous frame;
 From fifty heads he barks with fifty tongues,
 Fierce, and undaunted, with his brazen lungs:
 The dreadful Hydra rose from the same bed,
 In Lerna by the fair arm'd Juno bred,
 Juno, with hate implacable who strove,
 Against the virtues of the son of Jove;
 But Hercules, with Iolaus join'd,
 Amphitryon's race, and of a martial mind,
 Bless'd with the counsel of the warlike maid,
 Dead at his feet the horrid monster lay'd:
 From the same parents sprung Chimæra dire,
 From whose black nostrils issued flames of fire;
 Strong, and of size immense; a monster she
 Rapid in flight, astonishing to see;
 A lion's head on her large shoulders grew,
 The goat's and dragon's, terrible to view;
 A lion she before in mane and throat,
 Behind a dragon, in the midst a goat;
 Her Pegasus the swift subdued in flight,
 Back'd by Bellerophon, a gallant knight.
 From Orthus and Chimæra, foul embrace,
 Is Sphinx deriv'd, a monster to the race
 Of Cadmus fatal: from the same dire veins
 Sprung the stern ranger of Nemean plains,
 The lion nourish'd by the wife of Jove,
 Permitted lord of Tretum's mount to rove;
 Nemea he, and Apesias, commands,
 Alarms the people, and destroys their lands;
 In Hercules at last a foe he found,
 And from his arm receiv'd a mortal wound.
 Ceto and Porcys both renew'd their flame;
 From which amour a horrid serpent came;
 Who keeps, while in a spacious cave he lies,
 Watchful o'er all the golden fruit his eyes. 590
 Tethys and Ocean, born of Heav'n, embrace,
 Whence springs the Nile, and a long wat'ry
 race,
 Alpheus, and Eridanus the strong,
 That rises deep, and stately rolls along,
 Strymon, Mæander, and the Ister clear;
 Nor, Phasis, are thy streams omitted here;
 To the same rise Rhesus his current owes,
 And Achelous, that like silver flows;
 Hence Nessus takes his course, and Rhodius,
 With Haliacmon, and Heptaporus; 530
 To these the Granic and Æsopus join,
 Hermes to these, and Simois divine,
 Peneüs, and the Caic flood, that laves
 The verdant margins with his beauteous waves;
 The great Sangarius, and the Laïon, name,
 Parthenius, and Evcnus, streams of fame,
 And you, Ardessus, boast the fruitful line,
 And lastly you, Scamender the divine.
 From the same parents, fertile pair, we trace
 A progeny of nymphs, a sacred race; 540
 Who, from their birth, o'er all mankind the
 care
 With the great king Apollo jointly share;
 In this is Jove, the god of gods, obey'd,
 Who grants the rivers all to lend their aid.
 The nymphs from Tethys, and old Ocean these,
 Clytie, Admete, daughters of the seas,
 Xanthe, and Electra, nymphs of fame,
 Doris, and Prymno, and the beauteous dame

Urania, as a goddess fair in face;
 Hence Hippo, and hence Clymene, we trace, 550
 And thou, Rodia, of the numerous race;
 Zeuxo to these succeeds, Calliroe,
 Clytie, Idya, and Pasithoe;
 Plexaure here, and Galaxaure, join,
 And lovely Dion, of a lovely line;
 Molobosis, and Thoe, add to these,
 And charming Polydora, form'd to please,
 Cerces, whose beauties all from nature rise,
 And Pluto, with her large majestic eyes;
 Perseis, Xanthe, in the list we see,
 Aud Ianira, and, Acaste, thee;
 Menestho, nor Europa, hence remove,
 Nor Metis, nor Petraæ, raising love;
 Crisie and Asia boast one ancient sire,
 With fair Calypso, object of desire,
 Telestho, saffron-veil'd, Eurynome,
 Eudore, Tyche, and Ocyroë,
 And thou, Amphiro, of the source divine,
 And Styx, exceeding all the lovely line;
 These are the sons first in the list of fame, 570
 And daughters, which from ancient Ocean came,
 And fruitful Tethys, venerable dame: [earth
 Thousands of streams which flow the spacious
 From Tethys, and her sons, deduce their birth;
 Numbers of tides she yielded to her lord,
 Too many for a mortal to record;
 But they who on, or near, their borders dwell,
 Their virtues know, and can describe them well.
 The fruits of Thia and Hyperion rise,
 And with refulgent lustre light the skies, 580
 The great, the glorious Sun, transcending bright,
 And the fair splendid Moon, the lamp of night;
 With them Aurora, when whose dawn appears,
 Who mortal men, and gods immortal, cheers.
 To Creus, her espous'd, a son of Earth,
 Eurybia gave the great Astræus birth;
 Perseus from them, of all most skilful, came,
 And Pallas, first of goddesses in fame.
 Aurora brought to great Astræus forth
 The West, the South-wind, and the rapid North;
 The morning-star, fair Lucifer, she bore, 591
 And ornaments of Heav'n, ten thousand more.
 From Styx, the fairest of old Ocean's line,
 And Pallas, sprung a progeny divine,
 Zeal to perform, and Vict'ry in her pace
 Fair-footed, Valour, Might, a glorious race!
 They hold a mansion in the realms above,
 Their seat is always near the throne of Jove;
 Where the dread thund'ring god pursues his way,
 They march, and close behind his steps obey. 600
 This honour they by Styx, their mother, gain'd;
 Which by her prudence she from Jove obtain'd:
 When the great pow'r that e'en the gods commands,
 Who sends the bolts from his almighty hands,
 Summon'd th' immortals, who obey'd his call,
 He thus address'd them in th' olympian hall.
 "Ye gods, like gods, with me who dauntless
 To face the Titans in a dreadful war, [dare
 Above the rest in honour shall ye stand,
 An ample recompense shall load your hand: 610
 To Saturn's reign who bow'd, and unprefer'd,
 Void of distinction, and without reward,
 Great, and magnificently rich, shall shine,
 As right requires, and suits a pow'r divine."
 First as her father counsel'd, Styx ascends,
 And her brave offsprings to the god commends;
 Great Jove receiv'd her with peculiar grace,
 Nor honour'd less the mother than her race;

Enrich'd with gifts she left the bright abodes,
 By Jove ordain'd the solemn oath of gods; 630
 Her children, as she wish'd, behind remain,
 Constant attendants on the thund'rer's train:
 Alike the god with all maintain'd his word,
 And rules, in empire strong, of lords the lord.
 Phœbe with fondness to her Cœus cleav'd,
 And she, a goddess, by a god conceiv'd;
 Latona, sable-veil'd, the produce proves,
 Pleasing to all, of their connubial loves,
 Sweetly engaging from her natal hour,
 The most delightful in th' olympian bow'r: 630
 From them Asteria sprung, a nymph renown'd,
 And with the spousal love of Perseus crown'd;
 To whom she bore Hecate, lov'd by Jove,
 And honour'd by th' inhabitants above,
 Profusely gifted from th' almighty hand,
 With pow'r extensive o'er the sea and land,
 And great the honour she, by Jove's high leave,
 Does from the starry vault of Heav'n receive.
 When to the gods the sacred flame aspire,
 From human off'rings, as the law require, 640
 To Hecate the vows are first prefer'd;
 Happy of men whose pray'rs are kindly heard,
 Success attends his ev'ry act below,
 Honour, wealth, pow'r, to him abundant flow.
 The gods, who all from Earth and Heav'n descend,
 On her decision for their lots depend;
 Nor what the earliest gods, the Titans, claim,
 By her ordain'd, of honour or of fame,
 Has Jove revok'd by his supreme command,
 For her decrees irrevocable stand: 650
 Nor is her honour less, nor less her pow'r,
 Because she only bless'd the nuptial hour;
 Great is her pow'r on Earth, and great her fame,
 Nor less in Heav'n, and o'er the main the same,
 Because Saturnian Jove revives the dame:
 The man she loves she can to greatness raise,
 And grant to whom she favours public praise;
 This shines for words distinguish'd at the bar;
 One proudly triumphs in the spoils of war;
 And she alone can speedy vict'ry give; 660
 And rich in glory bid the conquerer live:
 And where the venerable rulers meet
 She sits supreme upon the judgment-seat:
 In single trials or of strength, or skill,
 Propitious she presides o'er whom she will;
 To honour she extends the beauteous crown,
 And glads the parent with the son's renown,
 With rapid swiftness wings the gallant steeds,
 And in the race the flying courser speeds.
 Who, urg'd by want, and led by hopes of gain, 670
 Pursue their journey cross the dang'rous main,
 To Hecate they all for safety bow,
 And to their god and her prefer the vow.
 With ease the goddess, venerable dame,
 Gives to the sportsman's hand his wish'd-for
 game;
 Or now the weary'd creature faintly flies,
 And, for a while, eludes the huntsman's eyes,
 Who stretches, sure to seize the panting prey,
 And bear the glory of the chase away,
 Till, by the kind protect'ness of the plains, 680
 Her strength recovers, and new life she gains,
 She starts, surprising, and outstrips the wind,
 And leaves the masters of the chase behind.
 With Mercury the watchful goddess guards
 Of goats the straggling flocks, the lowing herds,
 And bleating folds, rich with the pond'rous fleece;
 By her they lessen, and by her increase.

The only daughter of her mother born,
 And her the gods with various gifts adorn:
 O'er infants she, so Jove ordain'd, presides, 690
 And the upgrowing youth to merit guides;
 Great is the trust the future man to breed,
 A trust to her by Saturn's son decreed.
 Rhea to Saturn bore, her brother god,
 Vesta and Ceres; Juno, golden shod,
 And Pluto, hard of heart, whose wide command
 Is o'er a dark and subterranean land,
 A pow'rful monarch, hence derive their birth,
 With Neptune, deity who shakes the Earth;
 Of these great Jove, the ruler of the skies, 700
 Of gods and men the sire, in council wise,
 Is born; and him the universe adores,
 And the Earth trembles when his thunder roars.
 Saturn from Earth, and Heav'n adorn'd with stars,
 Had learn'd the rumour of approaching wars,
 Great as he was a greater should arise
 To rob him of the empire of the skies,
 The mighty Jove, his son, in council wise:
 With dread the fatal prophecy he heard,
 And for his regal honours greatly fear'd, 710
 And that the dire decree might fruitless prove,
 Devour'd his pledges, at their birth, of love:
 Now Rhea, who her slaughter'd children griev'd,
 With Jove, the sire of gods and men, conceiv'd,
 To Earth and Heav'n she for assistance runs,
 And begs their counsel to revenge her sons,
 To guard her Jove from wily Saturn's ire,
 Secret to keep him from a barb'rous sire:
 They to their daughter lend a willing ear,
 And to her speak the hour of vengeance near, 720
 Nor hide they from her what the Fates ordain
 Of her great-minded son, and Saturn's reign:
 Her safe to Crete the patent gods convey,
 In Lycetus there, a fertile soil, she lay;
 At length the tedious months their course had run,
 When mighty Jove she bore, her youngest son;
 Wide-spreading Earth receiv'd the child with joy,
 And train'd the god up from a newborn boy.
 Rhea to Lycetus safely took her flight, 730
 Protected by the sable veil of night;
 Far in the sacred earth her son she lay'd,
 On mount Ægæus ever crown'd with shade.
 When the old king, who once could boast his
 reign
 O'er all the gods, and the æth'ral plain,
 Came jealous of the infant's future pow'r,
 A stone the mother gave him to devour;
 Greedy he seiz'd th' imaginary child,
 And swallow'd heedless, by the dress beguil'd;
 Nor thought the wretched god of ought to fear,
 Nor knew the day of his disgrace was near; 740
 Invincible remains his Jove alive,
 His throne to shake, and from his kingdom drive
 The cruel parent, for to him 'tis giv'n
 To rule the gods, and mount the throne of Heav'n.
 Well thriv'd the deity, nor was it long
 Before his strength increas'd, and limbs grow'd
 When the revolving year his course had run,
 By, Earth, thy art, and Jove his pow'rful son,
 The crafty Saturn, once by gods ador'd,
 His injur'd offsprings to the light restor'd: 750
 First from within he yielded to the day
 The stone deceitful, and his latest prey;
 This Jove, in mem'ry of the wond'rous tale,
 Fix'd on Parnassus in a sacred vale,
 In Pytho the divine, a mark to be,
 That future ages may astonish'd see:

And now a greater task behind remains,
To free his kindred heav'n-born race from chains,
In an ill hour by Saturn rashly bound, 759
Who from the hands of Jove their freedom found;
With zeal the gods perform'd a thankful part,
The debt of gratitude lay next their heart;
Jove owes to them the bolts which dreadful fly,
And the bright lightning which illumines the sky;
To him th' exchange for liberty they bore,
Gifts deep in earth conceal'd, unknown before;
Now arm'd with them, he reigns almighty Jove,
The lord of men be'ow and gods above.

Clymene, ocean-born, with beauteous feet,
And Japhet, in the bands of wedlock meet; 770
From whose embrace a glorious offspring came,
Atlas magnanimous, and great in fame,
Menœtius, thou with lasting honours crown'd,
Prometheus for his artifice renown'd,
And Epimetheus of insteadfast mind,
Lur'd to false joys, and to the future blind,
Who, rashly weak by soft temptations mov'd,
The bane of arts and their inventors prov'd,
Who took the work of Jove, the virgin fair,
Nor saw beneath her charms the latent snare. 780
Blasted by lightning from the hands of Jove,
Menœtius fell in Erebus to rove;
His dauntless mind that could not brook com-
mand,

And prone to ill, provok'd th' almighty hand.
Atlas, so hard necessity ordains,
Erect the pond'rous vault of stars sustains;
Not far from the Hesperides he stands,
Nor from the load retracts his head or hands:
Here was he fix'd by Jove in council wise,
Who all disposes, and who rules the skies: 790
To the same god Prometheus ow'd his pains,
Fast bound with hard inextricable chains
To a large column in the midmost part,
Who bore his sufferings with a dauntless heart;
From Jove an eagle flew with wings wide spread,
And on his never-dying liver fed;
What with his rav'nous beak by day he tore
The night supply'd, and furnish'd him with more:
Great Hercules to his assistance came,
Born of Alcmena, lovely-footed dame; 800
And first he made the bird voracious bleed,
And from his chains the son of Japhet freed;
Go this the god consents, th' olympian sire,
Who, for his son's renown, suppress'd his ire,
The wrath he bore against the wretch who strove
In counsel with himself, the pow'ful Jove;
Such was the mighty thund'r'er's will, to raise
To greatest height the Theban hero's praise.

When at Meconia a contention rose,
Men and immortals to each other foes, 810
The strife Prometheus off'rd to compose;
In the division of the sacrifice,
Intending to deceive great Jove the wise,
He stuff'd the flesh in the large ox's skin,
And bound the entrails, with the fat, within,
Next the white bones, with artful care, dispos'd,
And in the candid fat from sight enclos'd:
The sire of gods and men, who saw the cheat,
Thus spoke expressive of the dark deceit. 820

"In this division how unjust the parts,
Japhet's son, of kings the first in arts!"
Reproachful spoke the god in council wise;
To whom Prometheus full of guile replies,
"O Jove, the greatest of the pow'rs divine,
I saw the division, and the choice be thine."

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Wily he spoke from a deceitful mind;
Jove saw his thoughts, nor to his heart was blind;
And then the god, in wrath of soul, began
To plot misfortunes to his subject man:
The lots survey'd, he with his hands embrac'd 830
The parts which were in the white fat incas'd;
He saw the bones, and anger sat confess'd
Upon his brow, for anger seiz'd his breast:
Hence to the gods the od'rous flames aspire
From the white bones which fed the sacred fire.
The cloud-compelling Jove, by Japhet's son
Enrag'd, to him in words like these begun.

"O! who in male contrivance all transcend,
Thine arts thou wilt not yet, obdurate, end."
So spoke th' eternal wisdom, full of ire, 840
And from that hour deny'd the use of fire
To wretched men, who pass on Earth their time,
Mindful, Prometheus, of thy artful crime:
But Jove in vain conceal'd the splendid flame;
The son of Japhet of immortal fame,
Brought the bright sparks clandestine from above
Clos'd in a hollow cane; the thund'ring Jove
Soon, from the hitterness of soul, began
To plot destruction to the peace of man.

Vulcan, a god renown'd, by Jove's command,
Form'd a fair virgin with a master hand, 851
Earth her first principle, her native air
As modest seeming as her face was fair.
The nymph, by Pallas, blue-ey'd goddess, dress'd,
Bright shin'd improv'd beneath the candid vest;
The rich wrought veil behind, wond'rous to see,
Fruitful with art, bespoke the deity;
Her brows to compass did Minerva bring
A garland breathing all the sweets of spring:
And next the goddess, glorious to behold, 860
Plac'd on her head a glitt'ring crown of gold,
The work of Vulcan by his master hand,
The labour of the god by Jove's command,
There seem'd to scud along the finny breed;
And there the beasts of land appear'd to feed;
Nature and art were there so much at strife,
The miracle might well be took for life.

Vulcan the lovely bane, the finish'd maid,
To the immortal gods and men convey'd;
Graceful by Pallas dress'd the virgin trod, 870
And seem'd a blessing of for man or god:
Soon as they see th' inevitable snare,
They praise the artist, and admire the fair;
From her, the fatal guile, a sex derives
To men pernicious, and contracts their lives,
The softer kind, a false alluring train,
Tempting to joys which ever end with pain,
Never beheld with the penurious race,
But ever seen where lux'ry shews her face.

As drones oppressive habitants of hives, 880
Owe to the labour of the bees their lives,
Whose work is always with the day begun,
And never ends but with the setting Sun,
From flow'r to flow'r they rove, and loaded home
Return, to build the white, the waxen comb,
While lazy the luxurious race remain
Within, and of their toils enjoy the gain,
So woman, by the thund'r'er's hand decreed,
And wretched man, are like the drone and bee:
If man the galling chain of wedlock shuns, 890
He from one evil to another runs;
He, when his hairs are winter'd o'er with gray,
Will want a helpmate in th' afflicting day;
And if possessions large have bless'd his life,
He dies, and proves perhaps the source of strife;

A distant kindred, far ally'd in blood,
 Contend to make their doubtful titles good:
 Or should he, these calamities to fly,
 His honour plight, and join the mutual tie,
 And should the partner of his bosom prove 900
 A chaste and prudent matron, worthy love;
 Yet he would find this chaste, this prudent wife
 The hapless author of a checquer'd life:
 But should he, wretched man, a nymph embrace,
 A stubborn consort, of a stubborn race,
 Poor hamper'd slave, how must he drag the chain!
 His mind, his breast, his heart, o'ercharg'd with
 What congregated woes must he endure! [pain!
 What ills on ills which will admit no cure!
 Th' omnipotence of Jove in all we see, 910
 Whom none eludes, and what he wills must be;
 Not thou, to none injurious, Japhet's son,
 With all thy wisdom, could his anger shun;
 His rage you suffer'd, and confess'd his pow'r
 Chain'd in hard durance in the penal hour.

The brothers Briareus and Cottus lay,
 With Gyges, bound in chains, remov'd from day,
 By their hard-hearted sire, who with surprise
 View'd their vast strength, their form, and mon-
 strous size:

In the remotest parts of Earth confin'd 920
 They sat, and silent sorrows wreck'd their mind,
 Till by th' advice of Earth and aid of Jove,
 With other gods, the fruits of Saturn's love
 With Rhea beauteous dress'd, they broke the chain,
 And from their dungeons burst to light again.
 Earth told them all, from a prophetic light,
 How gods encount'ring gods should meet in fight,
 To them foretold, who stood devoid of fear,
 Their hour of vict'ry and renown was near;
 The Titans, and the bold Saturnian race, 930
 Should wage a dreadful war, ten years the space.
 The Titans brave on lofty Othrys stand,
 And gloriously dare the thund'r'er's hand;
 The gods from Saturn sprung ally their pow'r;
 (Gods Rhea bore him in a fatal hour:)
 From high Olympus they like gods engage,
 And dauntless face, like gods, Titanian rage.
 In the dire conflict neither party gains,
 In equal balance long the war remains;
 At last by truce each soul immortal rests, 940
 Each god on nectar and ambrosia feasts;
 Their spirits nectar and ambrosia raise,
 And fire their gen'rous breasts to acts of praise;
 To whom, the banquet o'er, in council join'd,
 The sire of gods and men express'd his mind:

"Gods, who from Earth and Heav'n, great rise,
 descend,
 To what my heart commands to speak attend:
 For vict'ry long, and empire, have we strove,
 Long have ye battel'd in defence of Jove;
 To war again, invincible your might, 950
 And dare the Titans to the dreadful fight;
 Of friendship strict observe the sacred charms,
 Be that the cement of the gods in arms;
 Grateful remember, when in chains ye lay,
 From darkness Jove redeem'd ye to the day."

He spoke, and Cottus to the god replies;
 "O venerable sire, in council wise,
 Who freed immortals from a state of woe,
 Of what you utter well the truth we know:
 Resc'd from chains and darkness here we stand,
 O son of Saturn, by thy pow'ful hand; 961
 Nor will we, king, the rage of war decline,
 Till pow'r, indisputable pow'r, is thine;

The right of conquest shall confirm thy sway,
 And teach the Titans whom they must obey."

He ends, the rest assent to what he says;
 And the gods thank him with the voice of praise:
 He more than ever feels himself inspir'd,
 And his mind burns with love of glory fir'd. 970
 All rush to battle with impetuous might,
 And gods and goddesses provoke the fight.
 The race that Rhea to her lord conceiv'd,
 And the Titanic gods by Jove reliev'd
 From Erebus, who there in bondage lay,
 Ally their arms in this immortal day.
 Each brother fearless the dire conflict stands,
 Each rears his fifty heads, and hundred hands;
 They mighty rocks from their foundations tore,
 And fiercely brave against the Titans bore.
 Furious and swift the Titan phalanx drove, 980
 And both with mighty force for empire strove:
 The ocean roar'd from ev'ry part profound,
 And the earth bellow'd from her inmost ground:
 Heav'n groans, and to the gods conflicting bends,
 And the loud tumult high Olympus rends.
 So strong the darts from god to god were hurl'd,
 The clamour reach'd the subterranean world;
 And where with haughty strides each warrior trod,
 Hell felt the weight, and sunk beneath the god;
 All Tartarus could hear the blows from far: 990
 Such was the big, the horrid, voice of war!
 And now the murmur of incitement flies,
 All rang'd in martial order, through the skies;
 Here Jove above the rest conspicuous shin'd,
 In valour equal to his strength his mind;
 Erect and dauntless see the thund'r'er stand,
 The bolts red hissing from his vengeful hand;
 He walks majestic round the starry frame;
 And now the lightnings from Olympus flame;
 The earth wide blazes with the fires of Jove, 1000
 Nor the flash spares the verdure of the grove.
 Pierce glows the air, the boiling ocean roars,
 And the seas wash with burning waves their shores;
 The dazzling vapours round the Titans glare,
 A light too pow'ful for their eyes to bear!
 One conflagration seems to seize on all,
 And threatens Chaos with the gen'ral fall.
 From what their eyes behold, and what they hear,
 The universal wreck of worlds is near: [scree,
 Should the large vault of stars, the Heav'n's, de-
 And with the Earth in loud confusion blend, 1011
 Like this would seem the great tumultuous jar:
 The gods engag'd, such the big voice of war!
 And now the batt'ling winds their havoc make,
 Thick whirls the dust, Earth, thy foundations
 The arms of Jove thick and terrific fly. [shake;
 And blaze and bellow through the trembling sky;
 Winds, thunder, lightning, thro' both armies drow,
 Their course impetuous from the hands of Jove;
 Loud and stupendous is the raging fight, 1020
 And now each warrior god exerts his might.
 Cottus, and Briareus, who scorn to yield,
 And Gyges panting for the martial field,
 Foremost the labours of the day increase,
 Nor let the horrors of the battle cease:
 From their strong hands three hundred rocks they
 And, oft repeated, overwhelm the foe; [throw,
 They forc'd the Titans deep beneath the ground,
 Cast from their pride, and in sad durance bound,
 Far from the surface of the Earth they lie, 1030
 In chains, as Earth is distant from the sky;
 From Earth the distance to the starry frame,
 From Earth to gloomy Tartarus, the same.

From the high Heav'n a brazen anvil cast,
 Nine nights and days in rapid whirls would last,
 And reach the Earth the tenth, whence strongly
 Flew the same the passage to th' infernal world, [hur]l'd,
 To Tart'rus; which a brazen closure bounds,
 And whose black entrance threefold nights surrounds,
 With earth thy vast foundations cover'd o'er; 1040
 And there the ocean's endless fountains roar:
 By cloud-compelling Jove the Titans fell,
 And there in thick, in horrid darkness dwell:
 They lie confin'd, unable thence to pass,
 The wall and gates by Neptune made of brass;
 Ere's trusty guards, Gyges and Cottus, stand
 There, and with Briareus the pass command.
 The entrance there, and the last limits, lie
 Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
 And Tart'rus; there of all the fountains rise, 1050
 A sight detested by immortal eyes:
 A mighty chasm, horror and darkness here;
 And from the gates the journey of a year:
 Here storms in hoarse, in frightful murmurs play,
 The seat of Night, where mists exclude the day.
 Before the gates the son of Japhet stands,
 For from the skies retracts his head or hands;
 Where Night and Day their course alternate lead;
 Where both their entrance make, and both recede,
 Both wait the season to direct their way, 1060
 And spread successive o'er the Earth their sway:
 His cheers the eyes of mortals with her light;
 The harbinger of Sleep, pernicious Night:
 And here the sons of Night their mansion keep,
 And deities, Death and his brother Sleep;
 Whom, from the dawn to the decline of day,
 The Sun beholds not with his piercing ray:
 One o'er the land extends, and o'er the seas,
 And lulls the weary'd mind of man to ease;
 That iron-hearted, and of cruel soul, 1070
 Brazen his breast, nor can he brook controul,
 To whom, and ne'er return, all mortals go,
 And even to immortal gods a foe.
 Foremost th' infernal palaces are seen
 Of Pluto, and Persephone his queen;
 A horrid dog, and grim, couch'd on the floor,
 Guarded, with malicious art, the sounding door;
 In each who in the entrance first appears,
 He fawning wags his tail, and cocks his ears;
 Many strive to measure back the way, 1080
 Their steps he watches, and devours his prey.
 Here Styx, a goddess, whom immortals hate,
 The first-born fair of Ocean, keeps her state;
 From gods remote her silver columns rise, [skies:
 Roof'd with large rocks her dome that fronts the
 Here, cross the main, swift footed Iris brings
 Message seldom from the king of kings;
 But when among the gods contention spreads,
 And in debate divides immortal heads,
 From Jove the goddess wings her rapid flight 1090
 O'er the fam'd river, and the seat of Night,
 Thence in a golden vase the water bears, [swears,
 By whose cool streams each pow'r immortal
 Tyx from a sacred font her course derives,
 And far beneath the earth her passage drives;
 From a stupendous rock descend her waves,
 And the black realms of Night her current laves:
 Could any her capacious channels drain,
 They'd prove a tenth of all the spacious main;
 Fine parts in mazes clear as silver glide 1100
 Along the earth, or join the ocean's tide;
 The other from the rock in billows rolls,
 Source of misfortune to immortal souls.

Who with false oaths disgrace th' olympian bow'rs,
 Incur the punishment of heav'nly pow'rs:
 The perjurd god, as in the arms of death,
 Lethargic lies, nor seems to draw his breath;
 Nor him the nectar and ambrosia cheer,
 While the Sun goes his journey of a year;
 Nor with the lethargy concludes his pain, 1110
 But complicated woes behind remain:
 Nine tedious years he must an exile rove,
 Nor join the council, nor the feasts, of Jove;
 The banish'd god back in the tenth they call
 To heav'nly banquets and th' olympian hall:
 The honours such the gods on Styx bestow,
 Whose living streams thro' rugged channels flow,
 Where the beginning, and last limits, lie
 Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
 And Tart'rus; where of all the fountains rise;
 A sight detested by immortal eyes. 1121
 Th' inhabitants through brazen portals pass,
 Over a threshold of e'erlasting brass,
 The growth spontaneous, and foundations deep;
 And here th' allies of Jove their captives keep,
 The Titans, who to utter darkness fell,
 And in the farthest parts of Chaos dwell.
 Jove grateful gave to his auxiliar train,
 Cottus and Gyges, mansions in the main;
 To Briareus, for his superior might 1130
 Exerted fiercely in the dreadful fight,
 Neptune who shakes the earth, his daughter gave,
 Cymopolia, to reward the brave.
 When the great victor god, almighty Jove,
 The Titans from celestial regions drove,
 Wide Earth Typhceus bore, with Tart'rus join'd,
 Her youngest born, and blust'ring as the wind;
 Fit for most arduous works his brawny hands,
 On feet as durable as gods he stands; 1139
 From heads of serpents hiss an hundred tongues,
 And lick his horrid jaws, untir'd his lungs;
 From his dire hundred heads his eye-balls stare,
 And, fire-like, dreadful to beholders, glare;
 Terrific from his hundred mouths to hear,
 Voices of ev'ry kind torment the ear;
 His utterance sounds like gods in council full;
 And now he bellows like the lordly bull:
 And now he roars like the stern beast that reigns
 King of the woods, and terror of the plains;
 And now, surprising to be heard, he yelps; 1150
 Like, from his ev'ry voice, the lion's welps;
 And now, so loud a noise the monster makes,
 The loftiest mountain from its basis shakes:
 And now Typhceus had perplex'd the day,
 And over men and gods usurp'd the sway,
 Had not the pow'ful monarch of the skies,
 Of men and gods the sire, great Jove the wise,
 Against the foe his hottest vengeance hurl'd,
 Which blaz'd and thunder'd thro' th' ethereal world;
 Thro' ian i and main the bolts red tissing fell, 1160
 And thro' old Ocean reach'd the gates of Hell.
 Th' almighty rising made Olympus nod,
 And the earth groan'd beneath the vengeful god.
 Hoarse thro' the cœrule main the thunder roll'd
 Thro' which the lightning flew, both uncontrol'd;
 Fire caught the winds which on their wings they
 bore, [ruar,
 Fierce flame the earth and Heav'n, the seas loud
 And beat with burning waves the burning shore;
 The tumult of the gods was heard afar:
 How hard to lay this hurricane of war! 1170
 The god who o'er the dead infernal reigns,
 E'en Pluto, trembled in his dark domains;

Dire horror seiz'd the rebel Titan band,
 In Tartarus who round their Saturn stand:
 But Jove at last collected all his might,
 With lightning arm'd, and thunder, for the fight,
 With strides majestic from Olympus strode;
 What pow'r is able now to face the god!
 The flash obedient executes his ire;
 The giant blazes with vindictive fire; 1180
 From ev'ry head a diff'rent flame ascends;
 The monster bellows, and Olympus bends:
 The god repeats his blows, beneath each wound
 All ma'm'd the giant falls, and groans the ground.
 Piercing flash the lightnings from the hands of Jove,
 The mountains burn, and crackles ev'ry grove.
 The melted earth floats from her inmost caves,
 As from the furnace run metallic waves:
 Under the caverns of the sacred ground,
 Where Vulcan works, and restless anvils sound,
 Beneath the hand divine the iron grows 1191
 Ductile, and liquid from the furnace flows;
 So the earth melted: and the giant fell,
 Plung'd by the arms of mighty Jove to Hell.
 Typhœus bore the rapid winds which fly
 With tempests wing'd, and darken all the sky;
 But from the bounteous gods derive their birth
 The gales which breathe frugiferous to earth,
 The south, the north, and the swift western wind,
 Which ever blow to profit human kind: 1200
 Those from Typhœus sprung, an useless train,
 To men pernicious, bluster o'er the main;
 With thick and sable clouds they veil the deep,
 And now destructive cross the ocean sweep:
 The mariner with dread beholds from far:
 The gathering storms, and elemental war;
 His bark the furious blast and billows rend;
 The surges rise, and cataracts descend;
 Above, beneath, he hears the tempest roar;
 Now sinks the vessel, and he fears no more: 1210
 And remedy to this they none can find,
 Who are resolv'd to trade by sea and wind.
 On land in whirlwinds, or unkindly show'rs,
 They blast the lovely fruits and blooming flow'rs;
 O'er sea and land the blust'ring tyrants reign,
 And make of earth-horn men the labours vain.
 And now the gods, who fought for endless fame,
 The god of gods almighty Jove proclaim,
 As Earth advis'd: nor reigns olympian Jove
 Iugrate to them who with the Titans strove; 1220
 On those who war'd beneath his wide command
 He honours heaps with an impartial hand.
 And now the king of gods, Jove, Metis led,
 The wisest fair one, to the genial bed;
 Who with the blue-ey'd virgin fruitful proves,
 Minerva, pledge of their celestial loves;
 The sire, from what kind Earth and Heav'n re-
 Artful the matron in himself conceal'd; [veal'd,
 From her it was decreed a race should rise
 That would usurp the kingdom of the skies; 1230
 And first the virgin with her azure eyes,
 Equal in strength, and as her father wise,
 Is born, th' offspring of th' almighty's brain:
 And Metis by the god conceiv'd again,
 A son decreed to reign o'er Heav'n and Earth,
 Had not the sire destroy'd the mighty birth:
 He made the goddess in himself reside,
 To be in ev'ry act th' eternal guide.
 The Hours to Jove did lovely Themis bear,
 Ennomie, Dice, and Irene fair; 1240
 O'er human labours they the pow'r possess,
 With seasons kind the fruits of earth to bless:

She by the thund'ring god conceiv'd again,
 And suffer'd for the Fates the rending pain,
 Clotho and Lachesis, to whom we owe,
 With Atropos, our shares of joy or woe;
 This honour they receiv'd from Jove the wise,
 The mighty sire, the ruler of the skies.
 Eurynome, from Ocean sprung, to Jove
 The beauteous Graces bore inspiring love, 1250
 Aglaia, and Euphrosyne the fair,
 And thou Thalia of a graceful air;
 From the bright eyes of these such charms proceed
 As make the hearts of all beholders bleed.
 He Ceres next, a bounteous goddess, led
 To taste the pleasures of the genial bed:
 To him fair-arm'd Persephone she bore,
 Whom Pluto raviash'd from her native shore:
 The mournful dame he of her child bereft,
 But the wise sire assented to the theft. 1260
 Mnemosyne his breast with love inspires,
 The fair-tress'd object of the god's desires;
 Of whom the Muses, tuneful nine, are born,
 Whose brows rich diadems of gold adorn;
 To them uninterrupted joys belong,
 Them the gay feast delights, and sacred song.
 Latona bore, the fruits of Jove's embrace,
 The loveliest offspring of th' ethereal race;
 She for Apollo felt the child-bed throw;
 And, Artemis, for thee who twang the bow. 1270
 Last Juno fills th' almighty monarch's arms,
 A blooming consort, and replete with charms;
 From her Lucina, Mars, and Hebe, spring;
 Their sire of gods the god, of kings the king.
 Minerva, goddess of the martial train,
 Whom wars delight, sprung from th' almighty's
 brain;
 The rev'rend dame, unconquerable maid,
 The battle rouses, of no pow'r afraid.
 Juno, proud goddess, with her consort strove,
 And soon conceiv'd without the joys of love; 1280
 Thee she produc'd without the aid of Jove,
 Vulcan, who far in ev'ry art excel
 The gods who in celestial mansions dwell.
 To Neptune beauteous Amphitrite bore
 Triton, dread god, who makes the surges roar;
 Who dwells in seats of gold beneath the main,
 Where Neptune and fair Amphitrite reign.
 To Mars, who pierces with his spear the shield,
 Terror and Fear did Cytherea yield;
 Dire brothers who in war disorder spread, 1290
 Break the thick phalanx, and increase the dead;
 They wait in ev'ry act their father's call,
 By whose strong hand the proudest cities fall:
 Harmonia, sprung from that immortal bed,
 Was to the scene of love by Cadmus led.
 Maia, of Atlas born, and mighty Jove,
 Join in the sacred bands of mutual love;
 From whom behold the glorious Hermes rise,
 A god renown'd, the herald of the skies.
 Cadmean Simele, a mortal dame, 1300
 Gave to th' almighty's love a child of fame,
 Bacchus, from whom our cheerful spirits flow,
 Mother and son alike immortal now.
 The mighty Hercules Alcmena bore
 To the great god who makes the thunder roar.
 Lame Vulcan made Aglaia fair his bride,
 The youngest Grace, and in her blooming pride.
 Bacchus, conspicuous with his golden hair,
 Thee Ariadae weds, a beauteous fair,
 From Minos sprung, whom mighty Jove the sage
 Allows to charm her lord exempt from age. 1311

Great Hercules, who with misfortune strove
Long, is rewarded with a virtuous love,
Hebe, the daughter of the thund'ring god,
By his fair consort Juno golden shod;
Thrice happy he safe from his toils to rise,
And ever young a god to grace the skies.

From the bright Sun, and thee, Perseis, spring,
Fam'd offsprings, Circe, and Æetes king.

Æetes thee, beauteous Idya, led, 1320

Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed; [crown'd;
And with th' applause of Heav'n your loves were
From whom Medea sprung, a fair renown'd.

All hail, olympian maids, harmonious Nine,
Daughters, of Ægis-bearing Jove, divine,
Forsake the land, forsake the briny main,
The gods and goddesses, celestial train;
Ye Muses, each immortal fair record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord,
In whose illustrious offsprings all might trace
The glorious likeness of a godlike race. 1331

Jason, an hero thro' the world renown'd,
Was with the joyous love of Ceres crown'd;

Their joys they acted in a fertile soil [toil;
Of Crete, which thrice had bore the plowman's

Of them was Plutus born, who spreads his hand,
Dispersing wealth, o'er all the sea and land;

Happy the man who in his favour lives,
Riches to him, and all their joys he gives. 1339

Cadmus Harmonia lov'd, the fair and young,
A fruitful dame, from golden Venus sprung;

Ino, and Simele, Agave fair,
And thee, Autonoe, thy lover's care,

(Young Aristæus with his comely hair,
She bore; and Polydore completes the race,
Born in the walls of Thebes, a stately place.

The brave Chrysaor thee, Callirote, led,
Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed;

Whence Geryon sprung fierce with his triple head;
Whom Hercules laid breathless on the ground,

In Erythia which the waves surround; 1351

By his strong arm the mighty giant slain,
The hero drove his oxen cross the main.

Two royal sons were to Tithonus born,
Of thee, Aurora, goddess of the morn;

Hemathlon from whom and Memnon spring,
Known by his brazen helm was Æthiop's king.

Pregnant by Cephalus the goddess proves,
A son of high renown rewards their loves;

A form like the possessors of the skies, 1360

Great Phaëton; whom with desiring eyes
Fair Aphrodite views: in blooming days

She to her sacred fane the youth conveys;
Inhabitant divine he there remain'd,
His task nocturnal by the fair ordain'd.

When Pelies, haughty prince of wide command,
Of much th' achiever with an impious hand,

Success attending his injurious mind,
Saw the swell'd sails to fly before the wind,

Esonides, such gods were thy decrees, 1370

The daughter of Æetes cross the seas
Sp'd from her sire; the hero much endur'd

Re in his vessel he the fair secur'd;
Let to Iolcus, in her youthful pride,

Be bore, and there possess'd the charming bride:
O Jason, her espous'd, the lovely dame

Iolcus yields, pledge of the monarch's flame;
Whom Chiron artful by his precepts sway'd:

Thus was the will of mighty Jove obey'd.
The Nereid Phamathe did Phocus bear 1380

O Æacus, herself excelling fair.

To Peleus Thetis, silver-footed dame,
Achilles bore, in war a mighty name.

Fair Cytherea, ever flush'd with charms,
Resign'd them to a mortal hero's arms:

To thee, Anchises, the celestial bride
Æneas bore high in the shades of Ide.

Circe, the daughter of the Sun, inclin'd
To thee, Ulysses, of a patient mind;

Hence Agrius sprung, and hence Latinus came,
A valiant hero, and a spotless name: 1391

The sacred isles were by the brothers sway'd;
And then the Tyrrhenes, men renown'd obey'd.

Calypso with the sage indulg'd her flame;
From them Nausithous and Nausinous came.

Thus each immortal fair the Nine record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord;

In whose illustrious offsprings all might trace
The glorious likeness of a god-like race:

And now, olympian maids, harmonious Nine,
Daughters, of Ægis bearing Jove, divine, [1401

In lasting song the mortal dames rehearse;
Let the bright belles of Earth adorn the verse.

A DISCOURSE ON THE THEOLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS.

IN the following discourse I shall confine myself to the theology and mythology of the ancient Greeks, shewing their rise and progress, with a view only to the theogony of Hesiod, intending it but as an appendix to the notes.

The Greeks doubtless derived great part of their religion from the Egyptians; and though Herodotus tells us, in one place, that Hesiod, with Homer, was the first who introduced a theogony among the Grecians, and the first who gave names to the gods, yet he contradicts that opinion in his second book, where he says Melampus seems to have learned the stories of Bacchus from Cadmus and other Tyrians which came with him from Phœnicia to the country now called Bœotia; he must therefore mean that Hesiod and Homer were the first who gave the gods a poetical dress, and who used them with more freedom in their writings than preceding authors.

Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pausanias, all mention Cadmus settling in Bœotia, and Egyptian colonies in other parts of Greece; and Herodotus says almost all the names of the gods in Greece were from Egypt; to enforce which I have translated the following account from Diodorus Siculus.

We learn from the Egyptians that many by nature mortal were honoured with immortality for their wisdom and inventions which proved useful to mankind, some of which were kings of Egypt; and to such they gave the names of the celestial deities. Their first prince was called Heli^o from the planet of that name the Sun. We are told that Hæc^o, or Vulcan, was the inventor of fire, that is the use of it; for seeing a tree on the mountains blasted from Heaven, and the wood burning, he received much comfort from the heat, being then winter; from this he fired some combustible matter, and preserved the use of it afterwards to men; for which reason he was made ruler of the people. After this Chronos, or Saturn, reigned, who married his sister Rhea, of whom five deities were born, whose names were Osiris, Isis, Typhon, Apollo, Aphrodite. Osiris is Bacchus, and Isis

Ceres or Demeter. His was married to Osiris, and, after she shared the dominion, made many discoveries for the benefit of life; she found the use of corn, which grew before neglected in the fields like other herbs; and Osiris begun to cultivate the fruit-trees. In remembrance of these persons annual rites were decreed, which are now preserved; in the time of harvest they offer the first-fruits of the corn to Isis, and invoke her. Hermes invented letters, and the lyre of three chords; he first instituted divine worship, and ordained sacrifices to the gods.

The same historian proceeds to relate the expedition of Osiris, who was accompanied by his brother Apollo, who is said to be the first that pointed out the laurel. Osiris took great delight in music, for which reason he carried with him a company of musicians, among which were nine virgins eminent for their skill in singing, and in other sciences, whom the Greeks call the Muses, and Apollo they style their president. Osiris at his return was deified, and afterwards murdered by his brother Typhon, a turbulent and impious man. Isis and her son revenged themselves on Typhon and his accomplices.

Thus far Diodorus in his first book; and Plutarch, in his treatise of Isis and Osiris, seems to think the Grecian poets, in their stories of Jupiter and the Titans, and of Bacchus and Ceres, indebted to the Egyptians.

Diodorus, in his third book, tells us Cadmus, who was derived from Egypt, brought letters from Phœnicia, and Linus was the first among the Greeks who invented poetic numbers and melody, and who wrot an account of the actions of the first Bacchus; he had many disciples, the most renowned of which were Hercules, Thamyras, and Orpheus. We are told by the same author that Orpheus, who was let into the theology of the Egyptians, applied the generation of the Osiris of old to the then modern times, and, being gratified by the Cadmeans, instituted new rites. Simele, the daughter of Cadmus, being deflowered, bore a child of the same likeness, which they attributed to Osiris of Egypt; Orpheus, who was admitted into the mysteries of the religion, endeavoured to veil her shame by giving out that Simele conceived by Jove, and brought forth Bacchus. Hence men, partly through ignorance, and partly through the honour which they had for Orpheus, and confidence in him, were deceived.

From these passages we learn that the religion and gods of Egypt were, in part, translated with the colonies into Greece; but they continued not long without innovations and alterations. Linus first sung the exploits of the first Bacchus or Osiris; he doubtless took all the poetical liberty that he could with his subject: Orpheus after him banished the first Bacchus from the theology, and introduced the second with a lie to conceal the shame of a polluted woman. In short, all the stories which were told in honour of those Egyptians who had deserved well of their country were, with their names, applied to other persons. Thus, according to the historian, the divine Orpheus set out with bribery, flattery, and delusion.

Hesiod begins his Theogony with the first principle of the heathen system, that Chaos was the parent of all, and Heaven and Earth the parents of all visible things. That Heaven is the father,

says Plutarch, in his Inquiry after God, appears from his pouring down the waters which have the spermatic faculty, and Earth, the mother because she brings forth. This, according to the opinion of Plutarch and many more, was the origin of the multiplicity of gods, men esteeming those beings in the heavens and on the earth, from which they received benefit, the immediate objects of their gratitude and adoration: the same were the motives afterwards which induced them to pay divine honours to mortal men, as we see in the account we have from Diodorus. The design of the poet was to give a catalogue of those duties who were, in any sense, esteemed as such in the times in which he lived, whether fabulous, historical, or physical; but we must take notice that even where a story had rise from fable, or history, he seems to labour at reducing it to nature, as in that of the Muses: what was before of mean original from nine minstrels, slaves to a prince, is rendered great by the genius of the poet.

I shall conclude, thinking it all that is farther necessary to be said, and particularly on the mythology, with the following translation from the preface of lord Bacon to his treatise on the Wisdom of the Ancients.

"I am not ignorant how incertain fiction is, and how liable to be wreasted to this or that sense, nor how prevalent wit and discourse are, so as ingeniously to apply such meanings as were not thought of originally: but let not the follies and license of few lessen the esteem due to parables; for that would be prophane and bold, since religion delights in such veils and shadows: but, reflecting on human wisdom, I ingeniously confess my real opinion is, that mystery and allegory were from the original intended in many fables of the ancient poets: this appears apt and conspicuous to me, whether ravished with a veneration for antiquity, or because I find such coherence in the similitude with the things signified, in the very texture of the fable, and in the propriety of the names which are given to the persons or actors in the fable: and no man can positively deny that this was the sense proposed from the beginning, and industriously veiled in this manner. How can the conformity and judgment of the names be obscure to any? Metis being made the wife of Jove plainly signifies counsel. No one should be moved if he sometimes finds any addition for the sake of history, or by way of embellishment, or if chronology should happen to be confounded, or if part of one fable should be transferred to another, and a new allegory introduced; for these were all necessary and to be expected, seeing they are the inventions of men of different ages, and who writ to different ends, some with a view to the nature of things, and other to civil affairs.

"We have another sign, and that no small one, of this hidden sense which we have been speaking of; which is, that some of these fables are in the narration, that is, in themselves literally understood, so foolish and absurd, that they seem to proclaim a parable at a distance. Such as are probable may be feigned for amusement, and in imitation of history; but where no such design appears, but they seem to be what none would imagine or relate, they must be calculated for other uses. What a fiction is this! Jove took Metis for his wife, and as soon as he perceived her pregnant out

her, whence he himself conceived, and brought forth Pallas armed from his head. Nothing can appear more monstrous, more like a dream, and more out of the course of thinking, than this story in itself. What has a great weight with me is that many of these fables seem not to be invented by those who have related them, Homer, Hesiod, and other writers; for were they the fictions of that age, and of those who delivered them down to us, nothing great and exalted, according to my opinion, could be expected from such an origin: but if any one will deliberate on this subject attentively, these will appear to be delivered and related as what were before believed and received, and not as tales then first invented and communicated; besides, as they are told in different manners by authors of almost the same times, they are easily perceived to be common, and derived from old memorial tradition, and are various only from the additional embellishments which diverse writers have bestowed on them.

“In old times, when the inventions of men, and the conclusions deduced from them, were new and uncommon, fables, parables, and similes, of all kinds abounded. As hieroglyphics were more ancient than parables, parables were more ancient than arguments. We shall close what we have here said with this observation; the wisdom of the

ancients was either great or happy, great if these figures were the fruits of their industry, and happy if they looked no farther, that they have afforded matter and occasion so worthy contemplation.”

—♦—
POSTSCRIPT.

I CANNOT take my leave of this work without expressing my gratitude to Mr. Theobald for his kind assistance in it. Much may with justice be said to the advantage of that gentleman, but his own writings will be testimonies of his abilities, when, perhaps, this profession of my friendship for him, and of my zeal for his merit, shall be forgot.

Such remarks as I have received from my friends I have distinguished from my own, in justice to those by whom I have been so obliged, lest, by a general acknowledgment only, such errors as I may have possibly committed, should, by the wrong guess of some, be unjustly imputed to them. The few notes which were writ^d by the earl of Pembroke are placed betwixt two asterisks¹.

THOMAS COOK.

Feb. 15, 1728.

¹ As before observed, the whole of the notes are omitted in this collection. C.

END OF VOL. IX.