A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

PHARSALIA OF LUCAN,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF THOMAS MAY,

BY

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Quam ſane, quum componerem illos, habui in manibus, non ut æmularer, ſed tamen imitarer et ſequerer, quantum aut diverſitas ingeniorum maximi et minimi, aut cauſæ diſſimilitudo pateretur.

PLIN.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the Year 1630, Mr. May tranſlated Lucan, and added an Engliſh Continuation; not ſatisfied as it appears with the latter, in the ſame Year, at Leyden, he publiſhed this Latin Supplement; of the Succeſs of which it is enough to ſay, that it has met with the peculiar pre-eminence of being received into, and incorporated with, the moſt eminent Editions of the Claſſics that have been publiſhed ſince its time; and particularly thoſe of Barbou, the Elzevirs, and Oudendorp, an honour perfectly ſingular, there being, I think, no other inſtance of a work ſo modern being admitted to that claſſical diſtinction, which it is in full and peaceable poſſeſſion of, as it ſeems now by *common* and *uncommon* conſent.

——— adſcribi quietis
Ordinibus———HOR.

The atteſtations of contemporary genius have been abundant. It my be ſufficient to mention the names of Heinſius

Heinſius and Johnſon, and the Complimentary Addreſs of Sir Richard Fanſhaw Maio Lucanizanti.

Beſides theſe public and open teſtimonies of merit, there is another private and ſecret witneſs. The *tacit* teſtimony of Addiſon, which is moſt effectually given by the *imitation* which I ſhall have more occaſion to dwell upon, ſhould I proceed farther in this work, in the courſe of which it appears, that for much of its excellence the Cato of Addiſon has been indebted to May's Supplement.

The preſent work is a Specimen of a Verſion of this Claſſical Supplement, the material and formal difference between which and the ſame Author's previous Continuation, added to the uncouthneſs of the Engliſh Language, incident to his time, appear to me to be reaſons enough to juſtify the preſent deſign. If Mr. Rowe did not deem the Author's Tranſlation of Lucan ſufficient, there is at leaſt as much reaſon to infer the inſufficiency of his Continuation. If a Supplement to Lucan was wanting or at leaſt acceptable; which is thoroughly proved by the reception of it, a Supplement to Rowe is ſurely equally deſirable in Deſign, though not likely to be equally acceptable from its Execution. The want therefore of a tranſlation

of

of the Supplement after Mr. May, is as great as that of the Lucan after him. However I may have ſome ſimilitude with Mr. Rowe in *diſcovering* a deficiency, I have little hopes of maintaining the farther ſimilitude with him of *ſupplying* it; but ſo much do I imagine a *Tranſlation of the Supplement to Lucan*, for I will not venture to call this a *Supplement to Rowe*, to be wanting, in order rather to continue the *Poem*, than with a hope of continuing the *Poetry* of Rowe, to complete the Hiſtory at leaſt, which in the Supplement is probably both more eventful and more important than in the original Poem; that I conceive ſuch a Tranſlation would be acceptable, though executed, as it muſt be, in a very far inferior manner to that of Mr. Rowe. Upon this ground, I truſt, that in this attempt I exonerate myſelf from the vanity of ſuppoſing, that my merit may bear the proportion to that of Mr. May, that his does to that of Lucan, or even that the merit of Mr. Rowe bears to that of Mr. May.

I have confined myſelf hitherto to the Juſtification of the Deſign, and though of the *Subſtance* of the Execution I ſay nothing, becauſe nothing that can be ſaid of it, but alone what is done in it, can avail, yet the *Manner* of it, as it requires, ſo I truſt, will admit of ſome apology; and particularly I feel myſelf called upon to account for publiſhing

liſhing only one Book of it at this time: To which I have only to ſay, that, if this part be received with any degree of Favour, or perhaps even with Endurance, for, after Mr. Rowe's ſucceſs, Endurance is Approbation; the reſt may well follow; if otherwiſe, there is already too much done for the waſte of public attention and private labour.—For printing the Original with the Tranſlation, there are two material excuſes, one, that ſo a fair eſtimation of the latter may be more eaſily made by the immediate compariſon; the other, that while I may be intruding on the Public a Tranſlation which may not be acceptable, I am introducing to them again an Original that certainly will be.

SUPPLEMENT TO LUCAN,

BOOK I.

SUPPLEMENTUM LUCANI,

LIBER PRIMUS.

A R G U M E N T.

Ptolemy, dismissed by Cæsar, prepares War against him—The Oracle of Serapis—The Death of Ptolemy.

A R G U M E N T U M.

Ptolemæus a Cæsare dimissus Bellum parat—Oraculum Serapidis—Ptolemæi Mors.

SUPPLEMENT TO LUCAN.

BOOK I.

THE ſea no longer frown'd, ſafe from the waves,
Safe from the wiles, the wrath of Egypt's ſlaves,
Lo ! Cæſar on the ſhore indignant ſat,
Breathing revenge, with anger fraught ſo great,
Not Pharos cruſh'd his vengeance would aſſuage ;
Nor Egypt's ſelf deſtroyed appeaſe his rage.

'Twas

SUPPLEMENTUM LUCANI.

LIBER PRIMUS.

PERDIDERANT freta ſæva minas, et ab æquore tutus,
Tutus ab inſidiis imbellibus, et ſceleratâ
Egypti rabie conſedit littore Cæſar,
Vindictam ſpirans, tantâque efferbuit irâ,
Quantam non Pharii potuit reſtinguere regni
Exitium. Juſta eſt belli data cauſa gerendi :

Sed

'Twas not the doubt of war unjuſtly brought,
(Juſt was his cauſe of war) that rack'd his thought,
But ſhame and indignation urged his mind,
To know ſuch cauſe of war was giv'n ; to find
The ſoft Canopus Cæſar's wrath dar'd try ;
Deſerve his chaſtiſement, his arms defy,
Whoſe vengeance Rome herſelf could ill ſuſtain ;
Nor yet oppoſed, but at the heavy pain
Of freedom hazarded, and Pompey ſlain.

Well might'ſt thou pardon, Rome, the Gods decree
Cæſar ſhould 'ſcape from all thoſe dangers free,

Had

Sed pudor, et magnam premit indignatio mentem,
Bella dari tam juſta, aut mollem audere Canopum
Cæſareas iras, infeſtaque tela mereri,
Quæ vix armipotens eſt auſa laceſſere Roma ;
Nec damno tantas iras leviore luiſſet
Quam libertatis jacturâ, et funere Magni.

Quod tamen incolumis per tanta pericula Cæſar
Evaſit, Superis poteras ignoſcere, Roma,

Si

Had Egypt only been thenceforth to feel
His reſcued arm, and bear his lifted ſteel.
Theſe wars thy manes, Pompey, had appeas'd,
And Rome with Cæſar had once more been pleas'd;
Her grateful ſenate triumphs had decreed
To the great victor that made Egypt bleed;
Had crown'd her altars, while her youths from far
Had gaz'd with rapture on their hero's car:
His country, for this vict'ry o'er her foe,
Might have forgiv'n him her own former blow,
Had not from him more fatal wars enſu'd;
Had Lybia not his future conqueſt ru'd;
Nor Munda's plains with heaps of ſlain been ſtrew'd.

Arſinoe

Si ſola Ægyptus redivivæ vulnera dextræ
Et ſævos poſthac gladios ſenſura fuiſſet.
Inferias tibi, Magne, pias hæc bella dediſſent,
Et gratas Latio. Phariâ de clade triumphum
Victori placidâ donaſſet fronte ſenatus;
Templa coronaſſet votis, plauſuque ſuperbum
Spectaſſet læto currum Romana juventus.
Hæc Patriæ forſan victoria conciliaſſet
Cæſaris arma ſuæ, ni dira ſequentia bella,
Ni Libycæ clades, et triſtis funera Mundæ
Victrices alio fœdaſſent crimine dextras.

Ar

Arſinoe, whom but late their queen they made,
Her treach'rous ſubjects now that queen betray'd;
A woman's rule in *her* they ill abide;
Worſe in her * Ganymede an eunuch's pride.
The camp reſounds, not with the ſounds of fear;
Conſent grows courage, numbers numbers cheer.
Crowds of delinquents purging for a time,
If not the guilt, the danger of the crime:
They fly to Cæſar, ſue to him for peace,
And aſk of him their captive † king's releaſe:
Then on Photinus and Achillas call
His vengeance, from themſelves to ward its fall.

Tho'

At Nili ſcelerata cohors, quæ ſceptra dediſſet
Reginæ Arſinoë, ſubito mutata rebellat,
Fœmineum imperium, faſtuſque exoſa ſuperbos
Eunuchi Ganymedis, et implet caſtra tumultu,
Nec pavidum murmur; conſenſu audacia crevit,
Tantaque turba metu pœnarum ſolvit ab omni.
Nec mora; delecti ad tentoria Cæſaris ibant,
Invitâ Arſinoë, pacem regemque petentes,
Et delictorum veniam, dirumque Photinum
Ut ſcelerum auctorem, et ſævum execrantur Achillam,
Qui facinus meritâ jam tandem morte luiſſent.

Auſonius

* Her huſband.

† At that time Ptolemy was Cæſar's priſoner at Rome.

Tho' ſtill revenge beat high in Cæſar's heart,
His wiſh for peace held there the foremoſt part;
Rather his dread in Egypt to remain,
Letting the fragments of th' Emathian plain,
The ſcatter'd relicts of Pharſalia's fight,
Riſe from their fall, and rally from their flight.
With ſternneſs firſt he chides, then ſmooths his brow:
At length conſents: he could not ſtoop ſo low
To waſte his wrath for ſuch ignoble end,
But kept it all on worthier themes to ſpend.
Themes no leſs weighty than his country's doom,
Than crimes, than dangers to the ſtate of Rome;

Such

Auſonius ductor, quamvis jam fervidus irâ,
Pacem optans, Phariâque timens regione teneri,
Dum procul Emathiæ coëant fragmenta ruinæ,
Dum quas diſperſit clades Pharſalica, rurſus
Jungantur vires, et caſtra hoſtilia creſcant;
Caſtigat primo dictis; mox fronte ſerenâ
Dat veniam precibus; nec tanta Cæſaris ira
Dignatur viles populos, impendere totos
Irarum fluctus cupiens civilibus armis.
Nil niſi Romani imperii patriæque ruinas

Aut

Such only are the themes that Cæſar knows ;
A foe like Ptolemy in ſafety goes.

Thou thought'ſt not, youth, what would that freedom coſt ;
What but thy kingdom and thy life thence loſt ?
Safer in Cæſar's cuſtody to ſtay,
Than thus be ſent at liberty away :
Cæſar's own ſlave could Cæſar ſcarce alarm ;
He made thee free to give thee pow'r of harm :
He thought where Egypt's perfidy would end,
And knowing thee, he knew thou wouldſt offend,
To Cleopatra hop'd thou'dſt fall the prey,
Whoſe luſt thy ſceptre was ordain'd to pay.

Nor

Aut ſcelera eſſe ſuis, aut digna pericula fatis
Credit, et imbellem Ptolemæum in regna remittit.

Quid tandem, miſerande puer, tibi proderit iſta
Libertas, quam morte lues, regnique ruina ?
Tutior ab longé cuſtodia Cæſaris eſſet
Quam data libertas; nec cum captivus agebas,
Eſſe nocens poteras. Te ſævi Cæſaris ira
Liberat ut fieres. Phariæ nam noverat aulæ
Perfidiam, moreſque tuas, tua crimina ſperans ;
Ut mox juſta cadas Cleopatræ victima regno ;
Cujus adulterii pretium Nilotica ſceptra
Donabit Cæſar dulcique impendet amori.

Cujus

Nor did the wily Roman hope in vain ;
No ſooner Ptolemy's reſtor'd to reign,
Than, heedleſs of his faith as of his fame,
(Whether his nation's or his own the blame)
Freſh war he vainly waged, in evil hour,
Haſt'ning that fate, alas ! too ſure before.
To fruſtrate Cæſar's foreign aid his care,
For this, his veſſels to the ſea repair,
To guard the ſtreight 'twixt Ægypt and the iſle —
On this firſt effort Fortune ſeem'd to ſmile.

One

Nec Latium verſuta ducem ſpes iſta fefellit,
Namque infelicem Ptolemæum in regna remiſſum
(Sive Ægyptiacæ fuit inconſtantia gentis
Seu regis vitium) confeſtim oblivio cepit
Et dextræ fideiq datæ ; nova bella parabat,
Conſiliis pravis, et ſpe deluſus inani,
Inque ſuam accelerat properantia fata ruinam,
Et ne ſubſidiis accreſcant caſtra marinis
Cæſarea, inſtructam diſponit in æquora claſſem,
Qua levis Ægypto diſtreminat unda Canopum.
Inceptum viſa eſt primum Fortuna juvare.

Incidit

One ſtraggling ſhip of Cæſar, that which bore
Euphrenor, met his whole collected pow'r.
One ſingle ſhip his numerous fleet ſurround,
And the brave few, reſiſting crowds, are drown'd.

Meanwhile his army through the Delta ſent,
With caution fortified the way they went :
The beauteous Delta was the war's chief place,
At once the wealth of Egypt and the grace.
Through whoſe rich plains the ſev'n-fold Nile diſplays
It's varying waters and it's varying ways.

With

Incidit in claſſem hanc ſociis diviſa carinis
Cæſaris una ratis, quæ fortem Euphrenora vexit :
Hanc omni Phariæ puppes ſtatione ſolutæ
Circumeunt. Periit numeris oppreſſa triremis.

Regius intereá per Deltam exercitus ibat
Terreſtris, multaſque via muniverat arces.
Jam belli molem pulcherrima Delta tenebat,
Delta Ægyptiaci decus atque opulentia regni.
Per cujus virides ſinuato gurgite campos
Huc illuc ludit Nilus, gyriſque recurrens

Nunc

With dark thick ſands enriches where it glides,
At once ſurrounds the Delta, and divides.
That title from the Grecian Delta came,
Having the ſhape, it alſo took the name.
By the wide ocean bounded on the north,
Where Nile's ſev'n mouths diſgorge their waters forth.
Its other ſides the Nile's two arms embrace,
The five arms left, poſſeſs the middle ſpace;
Thus all their channels to the ocean trace.

The ſource 'tis thought that Æthiopia hides,
Whence in one ſtream to Egypt's plain it glides;

Where

Nunc ambit, nunc implicitis interſecat undis
Pinguia culta ſuis, et nigra ditat arena.
Huic nomen terræ dat litera Delta triformi.
Oceano Boreale latus defenditur, in quem
Infundit ſeſe ſepteno gurgite Nilus.
Quæ reſtant latera inde duo, duo brachia Nili
Ultima conſtituunt. Hæc inter brachia, quinque
In mare gurgitibus per Deltam volvitur amnis.

Magnus ab Ethiopum campis nigrantibus amnis
Volvitur, atque uno longé decurrit in alveo

 Uſque

Where mighty Memphis emulates the ſkies,
Egypt's firſt wonder, and the world's ſurpriſe!
Thy natives, Egypt, thy too fruitful ſoil
Too much hath favour'd, ſpar'd too much their toil,
Leaving them leiſure ſuch vaſt works to raiſe,
More to create our wonder than our praiſe.
While the proud pyramid the eye beguiles
With the vain grandeur of the uſeleſs piles;
Labour like that had better far been plac'd,
Egypt been better ſerv'd, though not ſo grac'd,
Had it been uſed to mend her diſtant lands,
Improve her deſarts, fertilize her ſands;

To

Uſque ad planitiem, quá ſurgit maxima Memphis
Pyramidum aggeribus totum celebrata per orbem.
Indulſit nimium faciles telluris opimæ
Fertilitas fruges populo, nimiumque pepercit
Agricolæ manibus, tanti jactura laboris
Ut fieri poſſit; moles ut vulgus inanes,
Vanaque Pyramidum miracla ſtupeſceret orbis.
Tot potuêre manus ſteriles invertere glebas,
Emendare ſolum, muris circumdare terras,
Et tanto imbellem munimine cingere gentem,

Ut

To guard from war her realms at either end,
Protect her barriers, and her bounds defend.
So Egypt had been ſafe from all her foes,
Had fear'd nor Perſian darts, nor Suſan bows:
Thy brazen phalanx, Macedon, in vain
Had threaten'd havock to her fertile plain,
Still had ſhe holden, ſtill to hold, her proud domain.

In ſeparate ſtreams the Nile from Memphis flows;
Each ſtream its water to the ocean throws;
Its eaſtern branch Peluſium's turret laves,
Canopus' ſhore receives its weſtern waves.

That

Ut non incurſum populi timuiſſet Eoi,
Non Perſarum acies, pharetrataque robora Suſæ;
Nec Macedûm æratæ ceſſiſſet præda phalangi
Fertilis Ægyptus; ſed inexpugnabilis armis
Atque ſui juris ſeclum manſiſſet in omne.

Volvitur a Memphi partito gurgite Nilus,
Extremoque Eurum verſus ferit æquora cornu
Ad Peluſiacas arces; at gurgite mollis
Alluit occiduo littus portumque Canopi.

Huic

That title from the Grecian pilot came,
(With Menelaus handed down to fame)
Hiding whoſe bones it henceforth took his name;
What time juſt Proteus held the Pharian throne,
Proteus for chaſtity and virtue known,
Who from the partner of her impious flame,
Adult'rous Paris, forc'd the Grecian dame,
Preſerv'd her, e'en till Troy was laid in duſt,
Spotleſs—at leaſt unſpotted by his luſt—
Nor then preſerv'd her only, but reſtor'd
To Menelaus arms, her lawful lord.
The middle ſpace between the two extremes
Of the Nile's eaſtern and its weſtern ſtreams,

The

Huic dedit antiquum Menelai Navita nomen,
Littore (ſi famæ credas) tumulatus in iſto,
Cum Pharii juſtus tenuit diademata regni
Proteus. Eripuit Paridi caſtiſſimus ille
Tindarida, et nullo vitiatam crimine ſervans,
Poſt Trojam exciſam ferro flammiſque marito
Reddidit. Hæc tellus inter duo flumina Delta eſt,

Dives

The Delta holds, that land which ſtands alone
In every ſort of wealth which land can own;
Yielding the countryman its fruits unplough'd,
Proud in its arts, as in its cities proud.
Why mention Butus' towers and Butus lake,
Where erſt in ſacred ſounds Latona ſpake?
Thy walls, Buſiris, and thy fatal ſtrand
To all who ſought, thro' chance, or want, thy land?
Thy fabled altars wet with human blood,
Shed by Buſiris for Buſiris' food?
That town to Venus dear, from Venus nam'd?
And Sais for Minerva's temple fam'd?

Mendes'

Dives opum, dives pecorum, lætiſque colonum
Frugibus exſaturans, atque urbibus inclyta magnis.
Quid Butum, Bative lacum, quo gentibus olim
Niliacis reſponſa dabat Phœbeïa Mater.
Quid ſævam hoſpitibus memorem Buſiridis urbem,
Funeſtaſque aras? Teve urbs pulcherrima, nomen
Cui Venus ipſa dedit? vel te delubra Minervæ
Alta tenens Saïs, quam rex Pſammiticus olim

Condidit?

Mendes' high towers, where, as in times before,
The nations their Arcadian God adore?
'Tis there, as ancient fables ſtrangely tell,
With women goats in monſtrous union dwell,
From which unnatural mixture ſpringeth Pan,
That monſter, half a goat, and half a man;
Whoſe luſts, congenial with his birth in ſhame,
For Cypariſſus rais'd his monſtrous flame.
Yet from Canopus e'er he take his way,
Serapis Temple there demands his ſtay,
Anxious to know, alas too ſoon! the doom
Of future fortunes, and of wars to come.

This

Condidit? antiquæ juxta ſtant mœnia Mendes,
Qua Deus Arcadiæ Pan paſtoralis in urbe
Religione patrum colitur. Cum matribus illic
(Ut perhibent) capri coïere, et ſemine miſto
Fœdavere uteros. Olim ſic ille creatus,
Qui pueri nimio Cypariſſi ardebat amore.
Ante tamen quam rex Ptolemæus ab urbe Canopo
Per Deltam tranſire parat, (nam nota Canopo
Templa Serapis habet) ſcrutari oracula divûm
Et belli caſus cupit explorare futuros.

Hic

This God, who in Canopus holds his ſhrine,
Whom Egypt worſhips in the ſnake's deſign,
Diſdaining means by other Gods in uſe
Their ſacred ſource of knowledge to diffuſe ;
This God, not by the vehicle of voice,
As Ammon to the Libyans told his choice ;
Not by the faſt or feaſt, his judgment makes,
Thoſe myſtic modes the Memphian Apis takes :
Not as the Delphian oracle inſtill'd
Its knowledge only to the frame it kill'd,
While the poor prieſteſs, by the God poſſeſs'd,
Whether the purpoſe ſought were curs'd or bleſs'd,
Fell a ſure victim to the truth profeſs'd,

Unlike

Hic Deus alta tenens molli delubra Canopo,
Quem ſerpentina Nilotica terra figura
Vicinique colunt, non voce oracula reddit,
Corniger ut Libycis colitur qui Syrtibus Ammon ;
Non eſuve, fameve, velut Memphiticus Apis,
Certa boni, ſative mali præſagia pandit ;
Nec Phœbo ſimilis Cyrrhæo, Virginis implet
Concuſſos artus miſeræ, quam poena recepti
Numinis, aut pretium mors immatura ſequatur ;

Erudit

Unlike to theſe he on the ſenſes ſteals,
And truth by dreams in ſilent night reveals.
Here only knowledge without labour bought;
Here only truth without reſearches brought;
In that ſtill ſeaſon doth the God impart
His wondrous workings to the human heart;
Inſtructs it, for inſtruction leaſt prepar'd,
And takes the guileleſs ſoul when off its guard;
When all our arts ſubſide; that we may own,
Helpleſs ourſelves, our help from him alone.
Haply the God takes pride to teach the breaſt
Then when its pow'r to teach itſelf is leaſt;

Or,

Erudit at placide humanam per ſomnia mentem,
Nocturnâque quiete docet; nulloque labore
Hic tantum parta eſt pretioſa ſcientia, nullo
Excutitur ſtudio verum. Mortalia corda
Tunc Deus iſte docet, cum ſunt minus apta doceri,
Cum nullum obſequium præſtant, meritiſque fatentur
Nil ſeſe debere ſuis; tunc recta ſcientes
Cum nil ſcire valent, non illo tempore ſenſus

Humanos

Or, as all other ſeaſons are deſign'd
For the ſpontaneous actions of the mind,
His pow'r begins where human efforts end,
Leſt reaſon ſhould with inſpiration blend,
And the Man's will the God's deſign offend.

The prieſts conduct the monarch to the ſhrine,
On the portentous couch his limbs recline.
Ne'er yet that couch a weight ſo noble bore,
Was ne'er ſo gorgeouſly attired before.
He reſts—(if reſt can come amidſt ſuch gloom)
Reſt of one night, that was to ſeal the doom
Of all his reſtleſs days and nights to come!

Thoſe

Humanos forſan dignatur numen inire
Cum propriis poſſunt per ſe diſcurſibus uti,
Ne forté humanâ ratio divina coiret.

Jamque Sacerdotes Regem in penetralia templi
Duxerunt. Tyrio reſplendens ſanguine et auro
Stratus erat lectus, quo tu, Ptolemæe, recumbens
Fatidici infelix captas præſagia ſomni.

 Sacratos

Thoſe dreams alone that ſacred ſhrine pervade
By thee, Serapis, for thy vot'ries made.
The various coinage of the human head,
By mortal minds in mortal manſions bred,
Our cares while waking in our ſleep revis'd,
The night reflecting what the day devis'd;
This ſhrine ſuch vulgar vapours come not nigh,
But at the entrance join their kindred ſky,
Or in fantaſtic forms around the portal fly.
There foremoſt ſport the viſions of delight
That give the cheerfulneſs of day to night;
Thoſe ſanguine dreams, on roſy pinions borne,
The airy entrance of the ſhrine adorn.

To

Sacratos intrant templi ſola illa receſſus
Somnia, quæ Deus ipſe creat; nam cætera cuncta,
Quæ vel temperies varias, varioſve ſequuntur
Corporis humores vel quæ repetita diei
Aut ſtudia, aut curæ finxerunt ſomnia, templo
Exteriore volant multas imitantia formas.
Illic præ reliquis fuſcam exhilarantia noctem
Formoſâ ſpecie, roſeiſque volantia pennis
Sanguinea apparent templique in margine ludunt.

His

To theſe, aſſembling here from Venus' court,
The little brothers of the bow reſort ;
Lo, crowds of Cupids meeting crowds of loves,
Theſe join their arrows with the other's doves ;
Theſe too, with flames for wings, or as the light
Iſſuing from ſome dire meteor of the night,
Thoſe dreams, that, in the ſpecious form of reſt,
Worſe than all watchfulneſs diſturb the breaſt,
The dreams of angry choler hang aloof,
Striving, in vain, to riſe above the roof.
Still in ſucceſſive ſearch of fancied foes,
And dealing round imaginary blows,

In

His quoque de Veneris campo, placidoque vireto
Mille pharetrati fratres gens mollis Amorum
Occurrunt noctu, et templo conſortia jungunt.
Illic flammatis alis vel fulguris inſtar
Nocturnæve facis, per ſumma cacumina templi
Somnia de flava naſcentia bile, volatu
Irato ſtrepitant, tanquam hoſtem quærere ſemper

Audacem

In raving reſtleſſneſs dart to and fro,
And think the Heav'ns themſelves for *them* too low.
There too, of neareſt kindred to the laſt,
But far aſunder in the dungeon caſt,
The lagging loads of thick black choler crawl,
Unfit to riſe, or riſing but to fall,
With the ſlow lab'ring flight, and with the ſound,
Of moping owls ſcarce ſoaring from the ground,
As ſolitary too, approaching none,
From fear, yet fearing ſtill to be alone,
Wand'ring amongſt the tombs with doleful dread,
In melancholy conſort with the dead;
Calling for comfort from the Stygian coaſts,
And envying e'en the happineſs of ghoſts.

There

Audacem et ſævas aſſueta laceſſere pugnas;
Excelſoque parant cœlum ſuperare volatu.
At contra timide tenebroſa per atria templi
Quæ nigrâ de bile fluunt, demiſſius ibant.
Noctûrnæque ut aves ſtrident feralibus alis
Inter buſta volant, et fœdis ſola ſepulchris
Invitant Stygios mœſta ad conſortia Manes.

Illic

There round the columns creep with ſluggiſh pace,
As the ſlow ſnail marking its ſlimy trace,
Phlegmatic dreams from health impair'd that ſpring,
The trembling terrors that diſorders bring,
Fearful to fall into the lake below,
That in their troubled ſight ſeems ſtill to flow.
Theſe, and the other common dreams of earth,
As num'rous as the ſcenes that give them birth,
The image of each deed, each care, each thought,
Our hopes and fears again before us brought :

All

Illic per poſtes, albataque mœnia templi
Ignavo inceſſu, tardæ teſtudinis inſtar,
Somnia quæ pituita creat, trepidantia ſerpunt;
Ne ſi forte cadant, liquidis mergantur in undis;
Nam ſemper vana falluntur imagine lymphæ.
Hæc inter volitant imitantia mille figuris
Quicquid agunt homines paſſim; totidemque feruntur
Quod patitur magnus diverſa negotia Mundus,
Aut objecta tenet. cedunt hæc ſomnia cuncta

Divinis

All to the workings of the God give way,
And from his ſhrine at awful diſtance ſtay.

The anxious night in vain was almoſt ſpent,
When now the God that boon ill wiſh'd-for ſent.
At length in myſtic ſleep are cloſed his eyes,
But in that fatal ſleep what dreams ariſe!
Dreams that forebode the change in Egypt's throne,
When Egypt ſhall no longer be his own.
Treading with ſtately ſtep an ox is ſeen
Of more than common ſize, than common mien;
Two ſtars more bright, as all the reſt was black,
This crown'd his forehead, that adorn'd his back:

Mournful

Divinis, quæ dat Numen, longeque remota
Non audent templi ſacros intrare receſſus.

Nocte fere media Ptolemæi pectora ſomnus
Vicerat optatus, cum jam divina Serapis
Somnia, mutandum Ægypti narrantia regnum,
Miſerat. Inceſſu tardo delubra petebat
Bos niger ingenti ſpecie; geminiſque micabat
Pelle inſignitus ſtellis; quarum altera tergo,
Altera fronte fuit media. Lugubre videtur

Mugire,

Mournful he ſeem'd, and diſmal was his yell;
From his black eyes the tears in drops faſt fell.
Of meagre aſpect, groaning ſtill he ſtood,
Either as wanting, or refuſing food.
Now pauſing, now with pace like pauſe ſo ſlow,
A female form majeſtic march'd below.
Sad was her viſage, and her veſture black;
Her hands in chains faſt bound behind her back.
Tow'rs crown'd her head, and hung upon her hair,
Torn with the weight it was too weak to bear.
Then as the ſounds that ghoſts impriſon'd vent,
A piteous murmur from the tomb was ſent;

The

Mugire, atque oculis lacrymas effundere nigris,
Confectus macie, tanquam qui pabula nulla
Guſtaſſet mœrens. Poſt majeſtate decorâ
Incedit, quamvis pullato fœmina cultu
Turrigero laceros effundens vertice crines,
Atque catenatos tendens poſt terga lacertos.
Tum, velut Inferni plorarent carcere Manes,
Erupit ſubito tumulis lacrymabile murmur

Ex

The Mauſoleum open'd to his eyes,
Gave up its dead—the race of Ptolemies—
From Lagus ſon the firſt, in order, all
Paſs one by one, weeping the woman's fall.
Shock'd with the view, and inſtant rouz'd from reſt,
The cold-ſweat trickling down his trembling breaſt,
The Monarch quick the ſhrine around ſurvey'd,
Anxious to ſee, though of the ſight afraid.
In vain he ſought the viſion to reclaim;
Fled with the dreams are all that with them came.

The

Ex imis, ſcindi regalia Mauſolea
Vidit, et erupto Ptolemæum exire ſepulchro
Lagæum primo, reliquos hunc ordine reges
Pone ſequi, miſeræ crudelia fata gementes.
His vero attonitus viſis Ptolemæus (ab omni
Nam gelidus trepido manavit corpore ſudor)
Excuſſo ſomno templum circumſpicit omne,
Talia Divorum quærens oſtenta; ſed illa
Quæ vidit, clauſis, oculis non vidit apertis.

Jamque

The priefts approach, with terror hear the tale,
And Egypt's fate decided, thence bewail.
Still to their country's Gods they rear the pile,
With the vain hope ftill to obtain their fmile.
Thofe Gods, whom, Ptolemy, in vain you fue,
Have ftill feverer ills for thee in view:
Serapis told thee half thy fate alone,
And in thy kingdom's fall conceal'd thine own.

While vainly thus the King the hours deftroy'd,
Far other cares his active foes employ'd.

A band

Jamque facerdotes veniunt, et fomnia Regis
Audita horrentes, hinc lamentabile fatum,
Atque propinquantem regni dixêre ruinam
Niliaci. Tum Diis patriis luftrantur, et aras
Incendunt votis. Sed Dii propiore ruinâ
Te, Ptolemæe, prement: cafus, miferande, futuros
Dum patriæ narrat, celat tua fata Serapis.

Interea valido Mithridates agmine nuper
Per Cilicum populos Syriæque extrema coacto,

 Ad

A band from Syria and Cilicia led,
With valiant Mithridates at their head,
Had now with haſte attain'd Peluſium's tow'r,
Sole guard of Egypt, from the Syrian pow'r:
For on two forts all Egypt's ſtrength muſt ſtand,
As Pharos guards by ſea, this guards by land.
The boaſted fortreſs made no long delay
To ſtop the conqu'ring leader, on one day
The city, with its citadel, gave way.
Thence, with like ſpeed, he took his order'd courſe
To join with Cæſar's own collected force.

More

Ad Peluſiacam properans pervenerat arcem,
Quæ viridem Ægyptum Syriæ diſterminat arvis.
Nam tota Ægyptus clauſtris munita duobus
Nititur; acceſſum prohibens arx iſta pedeſtrem,
Ut Pharos æquoreum, tanti ſunt mœnia regni.
Sed non egregium omnino Peluſia tardant
Clauſtra ducem. Una dies arcemque expugnat et urbem.
Inde rapit celeri Mithridates agmine curſum,
Et ſe Cæſareis properat conjungere caſtris.

Hoc

More wiſe to ſee, more prudent to prevent,
The King had long prepar'd for this intent;
His troops were plac'd the junction to oppoſe,
A lofty ſtation for his camp he choſe,
Whence fearleſs of alarm he might ſurvey
The plains of Ægypt that around him lay.
The hill, by nature fenc'd on ev'ry ſide,
On its own proper ſtrength alone relied.
Here the deſcent, by broken rocks more ſure;
There the deep marſhes, made the way ſecure;
A third approach was by the river clos'd,
The iſthmus left the only paſs expos'd.

By

Hoc metuens equitum præmiſerat agmina turmis
Obvia Cæſareis Ptolemæus; dum ſibi caſtra
Colle locat celſo, late qui deſpicit omnem
Planitiem, Ægyptus quà terram effuſa patentem
Explicat. Eſt proprio mons undique robore tutus:
Difficilem declive ſolum, præruptaque ſaxa
Unâ parte dabant aſcenſum :. tuta palude
Pars alia eſt: rapido pars tertia cingitur amne.
Sola anguſta aditus ad montem præbuit iſthmos.

By nature guarded thus, not thus content
The foe's more near approaches to prevent;
Their moſt remote advances to moleſt,
Each bridge he occupied, each paſs poſſeſt.
Rivers how diſtant e'er he ſtrove to guard,
But ſtrove in vain—ſhall Romans ought retard,
'Gainſt foes and all in aid of foes prepar'd?
Not Egypt's arms, with aid of Egypt's wave,
The Pharian troops from Roman valour ſave.
They fly, and, with the glory of the day,
Leave to the foe their undiſputed way.

From

Sed non caſtrorum tanto munimine tutum
Se ſatis eſſe ratus procul illo arcere parabat
Cæſaris occurſum; pontes, adituſque remotos
Milite cuſtodit præmiſſo, et diſſita longé
Flumina nec quicquam (infelix) defendere tentat.
Nam neque Romanis animis fiducia ceſſit
Contrà hoſtes, contraque locos pugnare paratis:
Virtutem Phariæ nec ſuſtinuere catervæ
Auſoniam. Cedunt ripis, et terga per agros
Præcipites dantes victoribus omnia linquunt,

Contectam

From the commanding height the King ſoon view'd
The plains around with heaps of bodies ſtrew'd,
But moſt that part where his own troops were plac'd,
By ſtreams of blood with horror might be trac'd.
While from their fate he fear'd himſelf the ſame,
The ſcatter'd remnants of the ſlaughter came,
Came to the camp to bear the fatal news;
Their aid to bring not, but their fears diffuſe.
The ſhouts of joy, mix'd with the ſcreams of fright,
Proclaim'd the urgent followers of their flight.
As true to Fate, as Fate to him was kind,
Cæſar and Fate their efforts ſtill combin'd,

With

Contectam vidit caſtris Ptolemæus ab altis
Corporibus terram, rubefactaque cæde ſuorum
Prata quibus ſteterant, proprii præſagia fati
Triſtia concipiens animo; dum caſtra petentes
Quos fuga ſervavit pauci, non viribus augent
Auxiliove ſuos, implent ſed cuncta timore.
Quorum victores fugientia terga ſecuti
Inſtabant; acrique ad Regia caſtra tumultu
Perveniunt; quæ jam Cæſar conamine toto,
Dum fortuna calet, dumque omnia plena timore

Impiger

With the ſame blow, purſuit become attack,
He ſtorm'd the camp, the fugitives drove back:
Ne'er Cæſar reſted, ne'er his foe might reſt,
While yet one camp, one poſt that foe poſſeſt.
" Go forth," he cried, " compleat the work begun,
" Seize on your vict'ry and reward in one.
" Look on yon' royal tent, as if there ſtood
" The price of all your valour, all your blood.
" Behold together glitt'ring on yon pile'
" The wealth at once of Aſia and the Nile:
" Gain'd by long thrift, and hoarded up with care,
" The riches of whole ages center there.

" Shall

Impiger aggreditur; nec adhuc victoria certa
Eſſe videbatur, Pharii dum caſtra tenebant.
Ite, viri, dixit, belloque imponite finem,
Virtutis pretium, mercedem ſanguinis, auro
Argentoque referta tenent tentoria Regis;
Niliacas gemmas, Erythræo e littore conchas,
Totque ſimul procerum congeſtas undique gazas,
Quæ vobis debentur, ait, nunc ſumere reſtat,

Et

" Shall theſe be thine ? or ſhall they ſtill remain
" The pride of Egypt, and of Rome the ſtain ?
" Due to your courage, to your labours due,
" Well-earn'd, they wait but to be ſeiz'd by you."
To ſuch rewards the ſoldiers, ſeldom ſlow,
At once to vict'ry and to plunder go ;
Firſt on the iſthmus ſeize, the only way
Between the river and the marſh that lay.
That paſs the flower of Egypt's troops engag'd,
There firſt the conflict, there the ſlaughter rag'd.
Hope of rewards in view urged theſe, and thoſe
Fear of the mighty ſtake they had to loſe.
Theſe vanquiſh'd, ſtill the chance of flight remain'd,
To thoſe no ſafety but from vict'ry gain'd.

With

Et rapere a victis. Nec prædam quærere tantam
Segnis erat miles ; parvam primo occupat Iſthmon.
(Sola aditum hæc præbens disjungit ab amne paludem)
Illam præcipue pubes Ægyptia ſervat.
Illic concurrunt, oriturque miſerrima cædes.
Hos formido ingens, et ſi vincantur in armis
Deſperata ſalus : prædæ ſpes excitat illos.

With equal zeal from diff'rent cauſes fraught,
Thoſe from deſpair, and theſe from av'rice fought.
The lake, the river, ſlaughter'd heaps receive
Of limbs ſcarce dead, and bodies ſcarce alive,
That in the waters found their deaths and graves,
Doom'd to the double fate of wars and waves;
Foe grappling Foe, each in the mutual ſtrife
His own neglecting, ſeeks the other's life;
Together plung'd, together ſtill they cleave,
Nor even then the furious conteſt leave;
Vain fight! where each reſigning up his breath,
The victor with the vanquiſh'd ſinks in death;

While

Illic immenſa rabie decernitur; amnis
Atque palus multo fœdantur utrinque cruore,
Semianimeſque artus, et ſaucia corpora volvunt;
Quæ gemino pereunt fato. Dumque hoſtibus hoſtes
Conſeruêre manus, alternaque brachia nexu
Robuſto tenuêre, cadunt in flumina juncti;
Nec furioſa illic linquunt certamina; pugna
Contendunt ambo collapſi flumine vana;
Nam victum Stygias ſequitur cito victor ad umbras.

Dumque

While on this ſpot, and this alone intent,
The whole Ægyptian force was thither bent,
Cæſar ſurvey'd with care the mountain round,
One paſs, if paſs it was, unguarded found;
A broken rock there ſeem'd within his reach,
Deem'd by the foe a ſafeguard, not a breach,
Thither was Carfulenus quick diſpatch'd
With his light troops, to try the height unwatch'd:
Nor proved the ſervice hard, the rock there laid,
At once the ladder and the breach had made,
And nature's works by nature were betray'd.
The height thus gain'd, the wretched Pharians felt
Deſtruction whence they leaſt expected dealt,

And

Dumque omnes illa caſtrorum parte feroces
Concurrêre manus Phariæ; celſum undique Cæſar
Contemplans montem, prærupta parte videbat
(Qua miſeris eſt collis inexpugnabilis eſſe
Niliacis viſus) nullo cuſtode teneri;
Confeſtimque leves illuc jubet ire catervas
Quas Carfulenus duxit. Nec dura videntur
Hæc mandata Ducis; ſcandunt acclivia ſaxa,

Præ-

And as in ſcorn of arts, of arms, in ſhame,
Death thus alone, becauſe unlook'd for, came.
Now Carfulenus o'er the hill had paſt,
And gain'd the camp of Ptolemy at laſt;
The guards aſtoniſh'd, fled; the camp amaz'd,
Alike with wonder, and with horror gaz'd!
Doubtful if moſt to fear or force a prey,
The routed camp on every ſide gave way;
Confuſion ends what conqueſt had begun,
And though the battle, not the ſlaughter's done.

Unſafe

Præcipitemque locum capiunt. Mors opprimit inde
Niliacos, poterat minimo unde labore repelli.
Jam Carfulenus per collem aſcenderat audax,
Cumque levi intrarat Ptolemæi caſtra cohorte.
Attoniti fugiunt cuſtodes; caſtra tumultu
Implentur; ſubitis perculſi caſibus omnes
Huc illuc miſeri diſcurrunt; quidve relinquant
Quidve petant capti non norunt. Cæſariani
(Dum trepidant intus, dum conficit omnia terror)

Acriter

Unſafe to fly or ſtay, where neitherſpar'd,
All, all alike, the victor's vengeance ſhar'd.
Mercy alone they aſk,—nor mercy find,
By Cæſar to his ſoldiers thus conſign'd :
' Eraſe the miſcreants for the public good,
" And purge the world of ſo much guilty blood."
Nor pitied he the wretched crowd the more,
That 'mongſt them, ſome the Roman arms once bore ;
From Syria, with Gabinius at their head,
To aid the exil'd * monarch thither led :

Who,

Acriter inſtantes irrumpunt undique caſtris.
Implorat fruſtra veniam gens victa ; furentes
Nec tenuit Cæſar gladios ; mactare nocentes
Imperat, inviſoque orbem purgare cruore.
Pars turbæ miſeræ Latiis nutrita ſub armis,
Et de Romuleis legionibus ante fuiſſet.
Hos olim e Syria duxit Gabinius audax
Exulis auxilio regis, belloque peracto

* Ptolemæus Auletes was baniſhed from his kingdom of Egypt, by the means of Archelaus, his ſon in law, when he fled to Rome, and by the ſupport of Pompey, and aſſiſtance of Gabinius, was from thence reſtored to his kingdom.

Pila

Who, when the war was o'er, from Rome eſtrang'd,
The Roman ſtandard for the Pharian chang'd;
And with the arms of Rome, her arts reſign'd,
Alike in valour as in ſtrength declin'd;
Till ſunk in Ægypt's vices, they became
By nature Pharians, Romans but by name.

At diſtance from the camp the King deſcry'd,
By a ſmall rope, a ſlender veſſel tied;
Thither he ruſh'd, amid the general fight,
With ſome few truſty followers of his flight:
Ere he embark'd, ſo to be known the leſs,
He ſtopp'd to throw aſide his royal dreſs.

But

Pila ſatellitio Phario Romana reliquit:
Tempore torpuerant vires, luxuque Canopi
Cœperunt fracti veteres dediſcere ritus,
Atque Æyptiacos paulatim aſſumere mores.

Non procul a caſtris fugiens conſpexit in undis
Rex miſer haud magno pendentem a fune carinam;
Et cito conſcendens, comites de littore juſſit
Solvere, purpureos humeris dejecit amictus,
Ne noſci fugiens poterat. Sed dura ſalutem

Fata

But here his adverſe fate purſued him ſtill,
And turn'd that fancied good itſelf to ill.
From thence, at once, more ſurely doom'd to die,
And dead, with common carcaſes to lie.
Fatal delay ! that gave but time for more,
With the ſame hope, to hurry to the ſhore.
The boat before them, Cæſar in their rear,
No view but flight, no thought remain'd but fear;
Senſeleſs as baſe, they ruſh in crowds on board,
Themſelves to ſave not, but to ſink their lord;
No more their lord, danger had levell'd all,
They ſink together in one common fall.

But

Fata negant; miſero detracta inſignia ſolum
Hoc Ptolemæe dabant, ut vilior umbra jaceres.
Namque hanc de caſtris Ægyptia turba carinam
Aſſequitur fugiens, properantque aſcendere cuncti.
Cæſarei urgebant gladii poſt terga; fugaſſet
Jam timor officium; pavidis reverentia nulla
Regis erat, nimio dum pondere victa carina
Deficit, & rapidis Ptolemæus mergitur undis.

Plebeio

But now a monarch, and what now thy ſtate?
Thy ſlaves the cauſe, and fellows of thy fate!
Lord of the Nile, and could'ſt thou find no grave,
But thine own Nile's inhoſpitable wave?
Unhappy monarch! firſt of all thy race
Whoſe aſhes no proud pyramids embrace!
While reſtleſs thou art toſs'd upon thy Nile,
They reſt in peace beneath their ſplendid pile:
They gave not up their grandeur with their breath;
Their wealth while living, follow'd them in death:
Their ſplendour ſtrove to ſoften fate's hard doom,
And robb'd the fun'ral of it's wonted gloom.

How

Plebeio extinctus fato, gelidoque ſepultus
Rex, Ægypte, tuus Nilo jacet, ultima tantæ
Et miſeranda domus ſoboles. Non Mauſoleis
Excelſis habitant Manes, non Regia templis
Condita, marmoreis aut montibus oſſa quieſcunt
Lagææ de more domus, qui funera luxu,
Divitiiſque ſolet nimiis violare ſepulchra.

Quam

How ſhort, O Ptolemy, thy fated reign,
Like the poor victim crown'd but to be ſlain !
Yet, oh ! too long that reign, too full of guilt,
Stain'd with the blood of Pompey baſely ſpilt ;
Had'ſt thou but died before, thou had'ſt been made
A happier far, although an earlier ſhade.
For this did Pompey make Auletes free ?
† Reſtore thy father, to be ſlain by thee ?

Ungrateful

Quam breve crudeles regnum, Ptolemæe, dederunt
Dii tibi ! non aliter Pharium diadema gerebas
Hoſtia quam triſtem geſtat moritura coronam.
Sed breviora tamen ſi Dii tibi regna dediſſent,
Ad Styga veniſſes felicior umbra, priuſquam
Sanguine Niliacas perfudit Magnus arenas,
Depulſo qui ſceptra tuo dedit ante parenti.

† This young king, Ptolomeus Dionyſius, ſon to Ptolomeus Auletes, had ſlain Pompey the Great, flying to him in his neceſſity, who formerly had been the greateſt mean of reſtoring his father, Auletes, to the crown of Egypt. Dion. Plutarch. Appion.

Ungrateful king ! ill did'ſt thou Cæſar know,
To court his favour by ſo baſe a blow.
Doom'd juſtly by the hand of him to bleed,
For whom thou did'ſt th' inhoſpitable deed :
The worthy victim of a wretched ſhade,
To Pompey offer'd, and by Cæſar made ;
For ever be the glorious deed renown'd,
Pompey's avenger was in Cæſar found !

To Alexandria now the victor went,
His meſſenger of peace before him ſent,
To calm the fears their coward conſcience felt,
Leſt vengeance, juſtly due, be juſtly dealt.

No

Te nunc occiſi, rex ingratiſſime, Magni
Manibus inferias Cæſar (quem demeruiſſe
Crimine ſperaſti) mittit ; generique perempti
Ne poſſit debere nefas, ulciſcitur ipſe,
Inque tua titulum pietatis cæde requirit.

Pellæam tendens victor jam Cæſar ad urbem,
Ne Ducis adventum tanti, juſtaſque timeret

Iras

Nor pardon only, but protection gave ;
Their lives not only, but their laws to ſave ;
Profeſſing the firm purpoſe to replace
On their own throne of Egypt Lagus' race.

Iras victoris ſibi conſcia turba rebellis,
Præmittit veniam cunctis, trepidantia ſolvens
Corda metu: leges populo, proavitaque jura
Se conceſſurum affirmans, et debita ſtirpi
Lagææ dudum Pharii diademata regni.

THE END.