ECLOGUE III.

Phorbas. Drymon. Melanthus.

Ph. I See a diſtant Fleet whoſe tow'ring Maſts
Seem a thick Grove diſrob'd by Winter-blaſts:
Bold was the Man who fell'd the leavy Trees
On floating Wood to dare th'uncertain Seas.

Dr. 'Twas Avarice that puſh'd thoſe Wretches on
To ſeek for diſtant Iſles, and Lands unknown;
While Sea-born Swains deſire no foreign Oar,
Content with Sea, and careleſs of the Shore.
Glaucus, a Mer-man now, (but not by Birth)
Has told the Cuſtoms of thoſe Sons of Earth:
Tho' they have all that's good, and truly rare,
Yet (envious) think their own too mean a Share;
For foreign Toys they roam to ev'ry Shore,
And bring Diſeaſes home unknown before.

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By Commerce thus Humours and Faſhions blend,
And what they ſcorn'd before they now commend.
Nothing has any worth that's fixt or true,
But things their Value raiſe by being new.
Hence endleſs Wars engage the earth-born Slave:
This whets their Rage, and ever makes 'em brave.
I late unſeen ſaw from a diſtant Rock
Two vaſt Machines engage in Clouds of Smoke;
The Winds were high, and ruffled all the Main:
But when the Fight with louder Noiſe began,
And bellowing Iron-Tubes their Sulphur fir'd,
The Gods afraid with drooping Wings retir'd;
Boreas himſelf was huſh'd in trembling Air;
The Sea grew calm, and all the Sky was fair.
Oft have I puniſh'd that ambitious Wight
Who thus entrenches on the Mer-man's Right:
Who born on Earth, yet leaves his native Glades,
And to his own prefers the watry Meads;

Oft

Oft have I ſtrove to burſt the yielding Planks,
And force the leaky Ship on ſandy Banks:
But ſee, *Melanthus* comes, who, blith and gay,
Like a fed Porpoiſe friſks in wanton Play.
What happy Chance has pleas'd the ſmiling Boy?
The Nympth he loves is ſure no longer coy.

Mel. Ye Gods! would proud *Parthenoe* now a
(pea
With fierceſt Rage I'd ſieze the trembling Fair;
Neither her Anger nor her Tears ſhould move,
My Blood's on fire, and I am full of Love.
My Head's ſo wond'rous light, I ſcarcely find
Whether I move on Waves or dance on Wind.

Dr. So alter'd, Triton! whence proceeds thi
(Chang
So unexpected, ſudden, and ſo ſtrange?
A ſettled melancholy Gloom, but now
Seem'd, like a Storm, to hang upon your Brow:
Diſconſolate you look, and nought could pleaſe,
No Herb was found to cure the fond Diſeaſe.

Mel.

Mel. If I can uſe my Tongue, I'll tell thee, Love,
What does my Soul to ſudden Tranſports move:
Meeting the ſcatter'd Ruins of a Wreck,
As ſhiver'd Maſts, Planks, and a broken Deck,
Amidſt the reſt a floating Cask I found
Stopt up with artful Care, and ſtrongly bound,
Curious to know what was within contain'd,
With cautious Fear I ſearch'd; my Fingers ſtain'd
Came forth all moiſten'd with a juicy Red;
But oh! the Gods ne'er on ſuch Nectar fed.
Pleas'd with the heav'nly Taſt, and ſpicy Smell,
I quaff'd full Bowls in a capacious Shell.
Ye Gods! if earthy Men thus live, and drink,
Give me the Land, the Sea's a worthleſs Sink.
The precious Draughts my fainting Spirits cheer;
I thus inſpir'd no mortal Mer-man fear.
I rule the boundleſs Seas, and now I reign
Sole Lord, and mighty Monarch of the Main.

This Oil has ſo inflam'd my ſecret Fire,
I burn impatient with the fierce Deſire.
No Nymph, or old, or ugly, now I ſcorn;
Ev'n bleer-ey'd *Opis* now wou'd ſerve the turn.
Parthenoe hates, nor do I greatly care;
For now, the Nymph that's kind, is only fair.
Ph. Melanthus raves; what Magick Spell is this,
Which feeds the happy Youth with fancy'd Bliſs?
I long to taſte the Juice that thus inſpires
Fond Hopes, Self-pleaſing Loves, and gay Deſires.

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