OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS.
Imprimatur,

ROB. SHIPPEN
VICE-CAN. OXON.

Feb. 6. 1722.
OPPIAN'S HALIEUTICKS
OF THE NATURE of FISHES
AND FISHING of the ANCIENTS
IN V. BOOKS.
TRANSLATED from the GREEK,
With an Account of OPPIAN'S Life and Writings, and a Catalogue of his Fishes.

OXFORD,
Printed at the THEATER, An. Dom. MDCCXXXII.
TO THE
MOST HONOURABLE
THE
LORD MARQUIS
OF
CARNARVON.

My Lord,

'WAS impossible for your Lordship to distinguish yourself in favour of Learning in Oxford, without encouraging the Studies of others by giving them hopes
DEDICATION.

hopes of a Share in your Lordship's Esteem, from their common Acquaintance with the Arts and Sciences. The following Performance, an Effect however unworthy of your Lordship's Influence, returns to crave your Protection: if it falls short of the Beauties of my Author, as it is a Translation; it does no less of my own Sentiments, as it is an Instance of the Honour and Respect I owe your Lordship. My Design of calling Oppian from Oblivion would prove ineffectual, without prefixing a Name better known and more admired than his own; and the Poet will forgive the World for suffering him to lie so many Ages in Obscurity, since he is reserved to owe his Rescue to my Lord Carnarvon. His Muse ventures boldly from the Shore, with an Ambition of entertaining your Lordship with a Prospect of Nature and Providence in
DEDICATION.

a World almost unknown to Poetry; that the first Scene of your Lordship's Travels might not be altogether unadorn'd, and the Sea, as well as Land, might contribute its share to your Lordship's Improvement.

As there is a Pleasure in acknowledging the Debts of Gratitude, the Temptation is too strong to be resisted by a Member of that Society, which has been honoured by your Lordship's Choice and Company, and consequently profited by your Example and Liberality. To insist on your Lordship's Character would be but to concur with the Opinion of all good Men, who will easily excuse me from such an Attempt, since Heaven, by giving your illustrious Father an Heir to his Virtues, has sufficiently distinguish'd the most generous Man by the most valuable Blessing. May the Influence of so great an Example render your Lordship
DEDICATION.

ship a no less universal Patron of Virtue and Learning, and engage all Men in your Interest and Service with the Sincerity of

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

most Obedient

most Devoted

Humble Servant

John Jones.
An ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE and WRITINGS
OF
OPPIAN.

As the Esteem we have for the Writings of an admired Author naturally leads us into an enquiry concerning his Country and personal Character, together with the Time and Circumstances of his Life; so we generally receive the best information in these particulars from some passages in the same Writings that engaged our Curiosity. However the Ancients may vary in their Accounts, Oppian himself, in dedicating his Halieuticks to Severus and his Son Caracalla, has ascertained the time in which he wrote his first Piece; and because we find him only in this Poem complimenting both Father and Son as then reigning with joint Power, and the same Reasons that first moved him to write obliged him to be as speedy as possible in his application to his Royal Patrons: 'tis highly probable he prefented this Piece, and this only, to Severus in that Emperor's Life time. Ritter/Sbusus, the most learned Editor of his Works, has made a great flip in fixing his Birth in the reign of Severus; which taking
taking in only the compass of eighteen years, it is very unlikely he should at such an age finish to compleat a Poem. We must suppose then that he might be born in the former part of Commodus's Reign; which cannot be charged with the like absurdity as the former Opinion.

All who speak of him (except Suidas) agree that he was born at Anazarbus, a City of Cilicia; which place likewise gave birth to those eminent Physicians Aesculapiades and Dioscorides. Suidas indeed makes him a Native of Corycus; but Oppian refutes that himself in the third Halieutick by distinguishing his Countrymen from their neighbours the Corycians. His Father Agesilaus was a man of wealth and figure in Anazarbus; but being a reserved and philosophical person, when Severus, taking a progress through Cilicia, made his entrance into that City, he avoided the hurry and fatigue of that Solemnity, and hoped his Studies might have excused the formality of attendance. But Severus, a Prince of a rough and suspicious temper, took this as an instance of contempt; and resented his non-appearance so far as to banish the old Gentleman into the Island of Malta. The pious Son could not defect his Father under this unhappy circumstance, but voluntarily accompanied him in his Exile. Perhaps it was to this melancholy Retirement that we are indebted for one of the finest Remains of Antiquity; indeed it too often happens that the noblest Productions of great Wits, are owing to the misfortunes of their Authors. Men of gallant Spirits frustrate the malicious intents of Fortune, and lay the foundation of their Glory in Disappointments. Twas thus Virgil and Horace were introduced into the acquaintance of the Muses, who made Augustus their Patron, and Posterity their Admirers. Oppian had doubtless been engaged in those Diversions he could describe so well, with
with as keen a pursuit as other young Gentlemen of his age, and perhaps with no other views; but Adversity only could make them the materials of his studies, and refine his Recreations into Poetry.

In the time of his Banishment having leisure and opportunity, both by reading and experience, to enquire into the Nature of Animals, he composed three Poems, each containing five Books; of the Nature, and several kinds of Fishes, Beasts, and Birds, and the manner of taking them; which few or none had attempted in Verse before. Epicharmus indeed and many besides had studied the Nature of Animals; and others had treated of the Arts used in Fishing and Hunting; but most of them wrote after a dry manner, and contented themselves with a bare recital of Names, without any thing poetical in their Compositions, but the Verse; and none of them had strength of Genius sufficient to take in the whole Subject, or wrote with that sublimity of thought, and accuracy of judgment, as our Author has done.

Oppian had doubtless perused the Works of the Ancient Naturalists, particularly those of Aristotle, though he often differs in opinion from that great Man, and sometimes differs with him in account of matters of fact; he has besides many Names and Relations of Fishes, which are not to be found in Aristotle's Collection, or in any other Naturalist. The last Book of his Gymnastics (for it is certain he wrote five) is lost; of the Hicensticks there is is only a Greek Paraphrase remaining; though the Learned have been long amused with expectations of the Original Poem, which is said to have lain concealed in the Italian Libraries. But by lucky chance we have his most finished Piece the Halieuticks entire; and Time which, as Sr. William Temple says, like a River, lets things of worth and weight sink and be lost, but carries with it the light and trifling.
An Account of the Life

has yet wafted down to us this solid and valuable Remain of Antiquity. This, though the first composed, seems to have been the most laboured and correct of all his Writings: There appears less of youthful heat, and flash of fancy, and greater depth of judgment in his Haliouticks than in his Cynegicks: The Compliment at the end of the former is more artificial and just, and not stretch'd into such youthful flights as that in the beginning of the latter. Oppian knew that it was this his first Work on which all his hopes depended, his own, and (what was much dearer to him) his Father's Release. He therefore chose an uncommon, though in itself a pleasant Subject; which he adorned with all the Embellishments it was capable of receiving from a bright and luxuriant Fancy tempered with soundness and strength of Judgment.

Oppian thought it much more honourable to merit his Release by some valuable Work, than to endeavour to extort it by Prayer. In this he show'd a greater reach of thought than Ovid in those tedious Descriptions of his Banishment. Querulous people are generally but little regarded; they lessen themselves by their impatience, and give an uneasiness to the Hearer: but he who sings his own misfortunes has this disadvantage by his Poetry, that all men will think those miseries, which can be so artfully described, to be little less than Fiction. Our Author was so cautious of this, that he takes care never to mention his own Exile; only once, when it was almost unavoidable, he touches upon the miseries of Banishment, but with so fine a turn, as shews the delicacy of his taste and exactness of his judgment. Nor was he deceived in the hopes he had entertained of pleasing the Emperor; for when, according to the custom of those times, he had in a publick Theatre recited his Haliouticks, Severus was so ravished with the Sweetness of the Composition, and
and the Novelty of the Subject, that he bid him ask what he would, nothing should be denied him. The pious Son had now an opportunity of obtaining all he desired, the restoring his Father Agesilas to his Liberty and Country. His insisting only on this; after so general an offer, could not but very much increase that esteem his personal merit had before entitled him to; and that Prince not only granted him his request, but presented him with an additional reward of a *Stater of Gold for each Verse*, a generous and princely Gratitude, and an handsome Compliment to modest Worth, and Poetry.

The Greek Writers of his Life say he writ many admirable Poems, besides those of Fishing, Hunting and Fowling; and Oppian himself informs us that he had a design to do honour to his Country in an Epic Poem, of which he gives us a Specimen in his Description of the inundation of the Orontes, and the draining of that River by Hercules; at the conclusion of which story he thus expresses himself;

"But when I sing my dearest Country's praise,
This Theme shall shine in more exalted lays.
Mean while the Scenes of Sylvan Toil excite,
And hunting Arts engage the willing Muse."

Our Author had doubtless a Genius sufficient for Epic Poetry, but it is not probable he lived to begin, much less to finish that intended Work; for soon after his favourable reception at the Court of Severus, when being returned to his Country this unfortunate good

---

*3506 Staters of Gold each containing about 16s. 4d of our money.
Cyneget 2 Book verse 156.*

Man
Man had begun to enjoy the pleasures of that Liberty the Muses had obtained for him, he was seized with the Plague, which put an end to his Life in the thirtieth year of his age. Thus died Oppian the last of the Ancient Poets; the Citizens of Amaziathus were extremely concerned at so irrecoverable a loss, in being deprived of one who was already the Glory of his Nation. But nothing could be done more than to bestow the highest honours on his Funeral. To express the high opinion they had of him, and what hopes they had conceived from so promising a Genius, they erected him a Statue with this pompous Inscription.

Though much they lov'd, no Heliconian Maid
Could Oppian save, or fallen Fate persuade;
The rigid Destinies superior Pow'r
Snapt quick the thread, and fixt the hasten'd hour.
But had these Sisiers like the Nine been kind,
Nor Oppian's life to thrice ten years confin'd;
All the Inspir'd had him their Chief allow'd,
And all to his their humbler Lawrels bow'd.

As for the other part of the Character of our Poet, which we have not in the Historical Accounts of his Life, we may in a great measure draw it from his Writings. For though Ovid and Catullus would have us believe that luscious Verses are consistent with personal Chastity; yet it is certain one may give a shrewd guess at the Manners, Principles, and Disposition of an Author, from the uniform Character, and general Tendency of his Writings; because every one makes choice of such Subjects, and gives them such a turn
as is most agreeable to his own Temper. Now there is such an inartificial and unaffected strain of Piety and Good Nature in every Page of our Author's works, as had we no History of his Life, would represent him to us under the amiable Character of a young Gentleman of the liveliest Wit, sweeten'd with the most engaging Virtue, and ennobled by Religion. In all his Digressions and Reflections, he recommends Virtue with so agreeable an air, and discomfites Vice after so moving a manner, as shows him to have been the best good Man, but far from having the worst natur'd Muse.

I could never find that Natural Affection, which the Greeks call συπασία, so well express in any Poet as him. His Similitudes and Allusions have almost all a reference to this; His Images are all made up of Piety, Friendship, Gratitude and Innocence. No one ever better mixt the Gentleman and the Philosopher than this Author has done. He shews his Learning and Education by many fine Essays and Digressions, but without the least affectation, and only when the Subject requires it. His Moral Reflections are very fine and judicious, as those on Sympathy, Love, Jealousy, human Industry, the Nature of Man, and the like. His Religious Sentiments, considering he was a Heathen, are very conspicuous in his account of Providence, the Necessity of Divine Aid, and the Punishments that attend the Visions. His Philosophy, or good sense was no less apparent, in that under the miseries of Banishment, he could restrain not only from railing against the Cruelty of others, but even from complaining of his own Hardships. As he was capable of improving every thing, so he made choice of a Subject which though noble in its self, was yet too much neglected (as it is now) by the Poets of those days, who, either through want of reading, or deterred by the seeming difficulty of ma-
managing it with success, would not undertake fo la-
borious a Task.

*Natural History* is a divine speculation to the Reli-
gious; and no less agreeable to the Curious; as there
is no Subject more excellent in its nature, or more capa-
bile of being adorned, if it fall into able hands, so
there is none that reflects a greater honour on an Au-
thor, or is more conducive to the ends of Poetry, the
Delight and Instruction of the Reader. The glorious
Dangers and Exploits of Heroes, the Splendour and
Triumphs that attend Victory, which are the usual
Subjects of an Epic Poem, are things that we admire
in common with the gross of mankind; but to trace
the footsteps of Providence among inferior ranks of
Creatures, and to contemplate their constant Regular-
ity in promoting the ends of their Creation, is an
Entertainment which only refined Understandings are
capable of relishing. The Design of an Epic Poet is
either to enforce some Political Maxim, or to pay an
artful Compliment to his Prince and Country in the
persons of their Ancestors: but the *Naturalist* pursues
a more noble end, while by pointing out the Beauties
of Nature, he imprints in our minds worthy and ration-
al Notions of the Deity. Besides the Nature of his
Subject obliges him in a great measure to avoid those
Corruptions, which other Poets have introduced into
the Heathen Theology, by engaging their Gods in
amorous Intrigues, Quarrels, and sometimes in actual
War against one another. The Deities of the *Nat-
uralist*, each within his own District, are employed in
the Functions usually assigned to their Natures, and
promoting the good of the Universe in Subordination
to Jupiter their Supreme; which is allow’d to be the
most rational System of the Heathen Divinity.

*Tis one of the most admirable Secrets in Poetry to
heighten small things by a noble manner of Expres-
sion;
And Writings Of Oppian.

sion; the manner therefore any Subject is, the more capable it is of being adorned. As there is a regular Gradation of created Beings from Man down to the lowest Vegetable, the Naturalist seems to have the advantage in a Subject which is capable of being improved by borrowing its Metaphors and Allusions from Objects of a superior Nature. His Trees and Plants are influenced with the passions of Desire and Aversion, Joy and Grief; and his Animals seem to rival Mankind in their Virtues and Perfections. The Naturalist and Epic Poet borrow mutually from each other: the one, in magnifying the Character of his Hero, finds himself obliged to fetch his Comparisons from the most remarkable Qualities of inferior Creatures, the other, after a more easy and natural manner, adds a dignity to his Subject by alluding to the Hero. The Imagination is agreeably surprized at the figure the Vegetive Creation makes under the promotion to which it is advanced by the daring Metaphors of the Poet: but in point of Instruction the History of Animals claims the preference. Those Faculties in the Souls of Brutes, which bear an Analogy to the Will and Passions, and enable them to act with a resemblance of the Virtues and Vices of Mankind, furnish the Poet with frequent occasions of insinuating the Precepts of Morality after the most easy and persuasive manner. While he represents in the most lively colours their natural Affection and Piety, their generous Friendship, Courage, and Contempt of death, he seems to upbraid Mankind either with the want of those Virtues, or not possessing them in a far superior degree. The Wisest of Men, when he bids the Sluggard go to the Ant, consider her ways, and be wise, by recommending to his imitation the parsimonious Insect, rather than the most industrious of his own Species, seems to imply that the shame of being excelled by an inferior
rious Creature is a strong motive to Virtue than the most shining Example. When we observe the Dangers and Mischiefs the same Animals expose themselves to by their Folly and Intemperance, we are convinced of a very useful Truth; that Misery is the natural Effect of Vice.

I know there is an ingenious Gentleman who is very angry with the Water Poets. He in particular ridicules Sannazaro, and other Authors of Piscatory Elogues; though that Writer gained more Reputation by those Elogues than all his other Works. Rapin seems to disapprove of them in general; but the Reasons he gives are but of little weight. Every one knows that no Employment has more intervals of Leisure, and opportunities of Contemplation than that of Fishing; and Suidas observes that Pan was accounted the common God both of Fishers and Shepherds. If the Waters contain in them nothing but what is uncomfortable and dreadful, 'tis very strange that Ovid, who naturally loved what was soft and agreeable, should ever have made any Attempt in this kind; and that Mr. Waller should have given us a Specimen of the Hellenick Strain in his Battle of the Summer Islands. The Etruscans, upon the revival of Learning, who perhaps had even then as nice a Taste as any of our modern Critics, were so fond of the Sea, that they attempted Piscatory Plays with good Success, and composed Dramatick Pieces, whereas Systene and Triton bore the greatest Share. Neither was this any arbitrary Change, for every one knows that Theocritus, who is the Standard of Bucoick Writing, has given us a Piscatory Idyllium. Whoever affirms that there are no beauteous Images to be drawn from the Waters, and that nothing is to be found there but Objects of Dread and Horrour, was certainly never at Sea but in a Storm.

But
And Writings Of Oppian.

But to return to our Author, the Stile of Oppian is florid and copious, but always pure and unaffected; his Epithets are proper and expressive, his Metaphors daring, but always just; as Bodin well expresses it, Exuberat Oppianus mird verborum copia, non fine magni splendor sententiarum. Our Author has made choice of a Method peculiar to himself, and very proper for the Subjects he was about to treat of; in which he is exact and uniform: his Poems of Fowling and Hunting were doubtless formed upon the same Plan with the Holiey tickes. But above all Oppian is admirable in his Similitudes; no one uses them more frequently, or sets them off to greater advantage. As Similitudes are the most lively Embellishments, and the strongest colours of Poetry, so he knew they were absolutely necessary to adorn a Subject somewhat out of the way, and perhaps not so pleasing to common Readers. Thought I own some of his Comparisons seem to be a little far fetched, and to have in them more of the Quaintness of the Moderns, than the Simplicity of the Ancients. From the judicious management of the Whole, the justness and regularity of his Method, the brightness and delicacy of his Similitudes, Scaliger, and from him Dr. Kennet are very positive that he had read Virgil, and had taken care to be largely indebted to him; and (adds he) by not misemploying those treasures he has shown that he deferred to borrow them. I do not deny but that it is probable Oppian had read Virgil; yet I am loth to do my Author any injustice, by ascribing his perfections rather to Imitation than Invention.

Another instance of Oppian's Judgment is, that considering himself as a Naturalist as well as a Poet, he has carefully avoided the Recital of any fabulous Reports; but on the contrary, has taken notice of, and refuted many vulgar Errours. Sr. Thomas Brown commends Oppian for his strict regard to truth, when the
12 An Account Of The Life

Prose-Writers of Natural History are more extravagant in their Narrations. But for other Fables which are extrinsic to the History of Nature, he has not scrupled to make use of them to embellish the Story, and relieve the Reader with an agreeable Digression; his Fictions being such as are hardly ever to be met with in common Authors.

Oppian, as we have said, having taken all imaginable care to write something that might last to Posterity, his Works accordingly met with a very favourable acceptance among the Learned. Ennius on Homer, and the Scholasts on Thocritus, Nicander, and Lycophron speak of him with esteem, and often quote him as an Author of worth and credit. As for the treatment which Oppian has met with in these latter Ages, there have been several Editions of him in Greek and Latin. Among the rest Tzetzes has paraphrased his Halieuticks in Greek; and there is a Translation of them into Latin Verse by Laurentius Lippius an Italian, but very inelegant and full of Errors. It cannot be denied that those, who have been acquainted with more than the bare Name, or Title Page of our Author, have all along given him his just praise. The Elder Scaliger is endless in his commendation: he calls him a divine and incomparable Poet, one skil'd in all parts of Philosophy, the most perfect Writer among the Greeks, and the only person that ever came up to Virgil. His Similitudes (he oberves) never want either Beauty or Strength; that he describes every thing to the life after the softest and most natural manner. Dr. Kennet, (than whom no one was better vers'd in polite Literature) does our Author justice in the following Character. The Dryness of his Subject, though it offends some modern French Critics, yet has not hindered him from being esteemed by more knowing Judges, as an Author little inferior in Fancy, Art and Language to the most celebrated Masters in the Grecian Strain. The begin-
And Writings Of Oppian.

ning and ending Strokes of each Poem have something of so
great a Spirit and Turn, as show him to have had a Genius
for much more Heretical Achievements in Verse. Sr. Tho.
Brown, though a severe Censor of Authors and Opin-
ions, and very sparing of his encomiums, cries out
with some indignation, It is a great wonder that Oppian's
elegant Lines are so much neglected, surely we hereby reject
one of the best Epic Poets. Indeed I know not how it
happens, that there is scarce any of the Ancients that
deserves more, or meets with less Regard.

It was this Motive that invited Mr. Diaper to make
an Essay on the two first Books, which contain the Na-
tural History of Fishes: as he had a Wit that was capa-
ble of shining on any Subject, so his Translation shews
him to have had a peculiar Genius for Natural History.
Where the Images are brighter than ordinary, he has
somewhat paraphrased the Author, but no where, I
believe, deviated from his Sense and Intention. The
Richness of his Fancy and copious Expression maintain
the Character and Spirit of Oppian, even while he re-
cedes from the Letter of the Original. His unfortu-
nate Death preventing him from finishing his intended
Work, I have attempted a Translation of the three
last Books, which are properly Haliuticks, and treat
of the Art of Fishing. The Honour I owe the Memo-
ry of my Fellow Collegian, and a Zeal for rescuing
Oppian from an undeserved Obscurity will plead my
excuse for the Undertaking, as want of Experience
and Assistance will for the Performance.
OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS
PART I.
OF THE
NATURE of FISHES.
IN TWO BOOKS.

Translated by Mr. DIAPER.

— Credo quia sit divinitus illis
Natura ————

Virgil
Sing the Natives of the boundless Main,
And tell what Kinds the wat'ry Depths contain.
Thou, Mighty Prince, whom farthest Shores obey,
Favour the Bard, and hear the humble Lay;
While the Muse shows the liquid Worlds below,
Where throng'd with busie Shoals the Waters flow;
Their diff'rent Forms and Ways of Life relates;
And sings their constant Loves, and constant Hates;
What various Arts the finny Herds beguile,
And each cold Secret of the Fishers Toil.
Intrepid Souls! who pleasing Rest despise,
To whirl in Eddies, and on Floods to rise;
Who scorn the Safety of the calmer Shore,
Drive thro' the working Foam, and ply the lab'ring Oar.

C

Th'
Th' Abyss they fathom, search the doubtful Way,  
And through obscuring Depths pursue the Prey.

Thro' wild'ring Forrests, and thro' thorny Brakes,
The Huntsman's Toil the chafing Boar o'ertakes.
Hardy he meets the bristly tusked Foe,
And distant darts, or strikes the nearer Blow.  
But on himself he not depends alone;
Assisting Dogs first run the Monster down.
They to the secret Dens unerring guide,
And op'ning tell where the fierce Sylvans hide.
On the firm Continent th' Assailants meet,  
And unmov'd Earth supports their steady Feet.
From Winter's Snow, and from Autumnal Heat
The weary'd Hunter has a kind Retreat.
In mossy Caves beneath entwining Trees
He mocks the coming Storm, and sits at ease.

Fresh Fountains here with silver Current glide,
Rush from the Hills, and murmur at his Side.
Stretcht on the Grasfs, he quaffs the cooling Streams,
Or acts his Pleasures o'er in painted Dreams,
The choicest Dainties unmixed Nature yields,
Bend from the Trees, or flourish from the Fields.
While Fruits the Woods, and Herbs enrich the Soil,
The Huntsman's Pleasure must exceed his Toil.

And
And Those, whose Arts the feather'd World ensnare,
Nor mighty Pain endure, nor pensive Care.
The Birds, when out of Reach, are yet in Sight,
And hope in vain their Safety from their Flight.
Oft they are seiz'd unthinking as they rest
In harmless Dreams, and Slumber in their Nest.
Oft make a treach'rous Twig their fatal Seat,
While viscous Lime retains the captive Feet.
To the drawn Net they haft, and court their Fate,
Till in the Snare inclos'd they flutt'ring grieve too late.

But ah! continu'd Doubts, returning Pains,
And num'rous Dangers wait the Fishing Swains.
Fond Hope with Dreams of fancy'd Gain delights,
And to new Toils their restless Minds invites.
The Fishers labour not on certain Ground,
But in a leaky Boat are toss'd around.
Here fierce succeeding Waves tumultuous beat,
Roar by their Sides, and swift Destruction threat.
Now murm'ring Winds disturb the careful Wight,
Now black'ring Clouds, and gath'ring Storms a'right.
They tremble, who secure from Land behold
Contending Waves in angry Conflict roll'd.
No shel't'ring Coverts here the Swain befriended,
When Clouds condens'd in noisy Streams descend.
No Tree from cold bleak Winds, or falling Sleet,
Nor Shade secures from Autumn’s sickly Heat.
Here to the scented Game no Dog can guide;
Their native Fish the circling Eddies hide,
And thro’ the trackless Deep unseen they sportive glide.
Besides loud threat’ning Storms, and sudden Winds,
He meets vast Whales, and monstrous nameless Kinds.
The slender-woven Net, viminal Weel,
The taper Angle, Line, and barbed Steel,
Are all the Tools his constant Toil employs;
On Arms like these the Fishing Swain relies.

But Fishers live altho’ expos’d to Harms,
They have their Pleasures, and the Sea it’s Charms.
Long will the Princely Entertainment please,
When on smooth Ponds, and artificial Seas
The Royal Pinnace born at leisure rides;
Some skillful Chief the stately Fabrick guides,
While she her Streamers spreads, and in her Owner
prides.

Here various Kinds of dainty Fish are bred,
With constant Meals in gen’rous Plenty fed.
For an Imperial Treat, or choice Repast,
Such as the Royal Pair may deign to taste.
Here you, *Dread Prince*, the Waters most approve;
That bear a full'en Gloom, and slowly move.
Thither the thronging Boats with Pleasure haft;
You in the central Depth the Plummet cast.
The willing Fish around ambitious wait,
Fly to the Line, and fasten on the Bait.
While You with Joy the grateful Prey receive,
And from the wounding Steel his Jaw relieve.
Well pleas'd You see him gasp, and lab'ring breath,
And long in sportive Pain his struggling Body wreath.

Great *Neptune*, whose Commands controll the Seas,
Can curb the Tempests, and the Waves appease,
And all ye *Ocean-Gods*, that peaceful reign
Low in the Depths of the unfathom'd Main,
Permit the *Muse* to tell, what Kinds obey
Your wat'ry Pow'rs, and cut the liquid Way.
May the calm Sea smile on the distant Shore,
While I discover all the hidden Store.
And Thou, O *Goddess*, tune my artless Tongue,
To please the *Sover'ign Pair*, and form the grateful Song.

But ah! how great the Task! for who can know

What Creatures swim in secret Depths below?
Unnumber'd Shoals glide thro' the cold Abyfs
Unseen, and wanton in unenvy'd Blifs.
For who with all his Skill can certain teach, 
How deep the Sea, how far the Waters reach? 110
Foolish th' Attempt; none can the Space define,
The Depth retires beneath, and mocks the sinking Line.
Three hundred Fathoms founded are the most;
Such is the Knowledge which our Labours boast.
To comprehend the Whole we fruitless seek; 119
Our Souls are finite, and our Reason weak.
And yet we guess the Wat'ry World exceeds
In num'rous Offspring, and in various Breeds.
More Kinds may roll beneath in briny Floods
Than graze the verdant Fields, or range the Woods. 120
But whether Earth or Seas in Kinds excell,
The Gods, and sure the Gods alone, can tell.
For human Reach has certain Limits set;
Men, who too curious search, themselves forget.
We ought to know our Bounds, nor grasp at All, 125
But curb the Wit, and the mad Thought recall.
Fish have no common Rule of Life assign'd,
Not to one Place, or to one Choice confin'd.
The sever'al Kinds pursue their proper Good,
Different their Dwellings, and unlike their Food. 130
Some near the Shore in humble Pleasures blest
Approve the Sands, and on their Produce feast.

The
The flouncing Horse here restiff drives his Way,
And Soles on Sands their fester Bellies lay.
Sea-Roach in ruddy Shoals frequent the Land,
And puny Black-Tails range the shelving Strand.
The clouded Mackrels choose the sandy Ground,
And with their speckled Train the Beach surround.
Flat Folio's here stretch on the shaded Seas,
Here spiny Scads and fruitful Carps encrave.
The Broad-Tail here, and dainty Mullet feed,
Frisk on the Sands, or batten on the Weed.
Close to the shore soft slender Swaths reside,
And the gay Mormyl shows his spotted Pride.

But what these love the slimy Offspring hate:
The Cod, and Whiting Kinds, the prickly Skate,
The Thornback-Ray an arm'd, and hardy Race,
The pois'rous Fire-Faire, and the smoother Plaice
Stretch on soft Slime; in Slime the Sea-Cow hides,
And on the yielding Bed reclines her Sides.

The Oramp-Fish rightly namin'd from numming Pain,
And wide-mouth'd Lizards sandy Heaps disdain.
In groffer Filth they pass their wanton Days,
Search the rich Mud, and wreath thro' hidden Ways.

Close to green Shores the wat'ry Natives feed,
That hide in Wrack, and bite the sphyry Weed.
Such Food the *Cackrels* and the *Goats* approve, 
*Sea-Wolves*, and all the *prickly Species* love. 
The *Ox-eye’d Race* the slimy Coverts haunt, 
Where silent Waters wash the growing Plant. 

*Barbels* to fresher Channels are inclin’d,

*Barbels* the justest of the scaly Kind. 
The slimy *Conger*, and bold *Amies* known 
In hardy Fight the briny Floods disown; 
Near Rivers stay, and shun the distant Seas; 
The brackish Taft and pungent Salts displease.

With them the *Grunter* seeks the fresher Flood; 
Mean are his Pleasures, and unclean his Food. 
Sweet Streams the *Tunnie’s Young*, and *Sea-Wolf* crave, 
And to the Deep prefer the mingled Wave. 

Where wide-mouth’d Rivers force their rapid Way, 
And their full Tribute to the Ocean pay; 
Here with sweet Draughts the joyful Tribes are blest, 
And the Land-Floods bring down a grateful Feast. 
Wash’d from each Bank rich Spoils are born away; 
The Fishes wait, and seize the floating Prey.

*Sea Wolves* within the River’s Channels keep, 
Affect no Change, nor venture on the Deep. 
Or if they chance to roam, return again 
With frightened Haft, and fly the hated Main. 

Diff’rent
Book I. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Diff'rent the Conduct of the restless Eel;
He from his wonted Hole will slyly Steal;
The fresher Streams, his native Home, forfake,
Despise the little Brook, or standing Lake.
Curious to sport in Depths unknown before,
And search the Hollows of the crooked shore,
Thro' secret Tracks he glides, and slimy Ways,
And wreaths his snaky Length thro' ev'ry winding Maze.

Those dreadful Rocks, that rising Tides restrain,
And mock the foamy Anger of the Main,
Nor of one Form, nor equal Height appear;
Some to the Clouds their dark'ning Summits rear.
High steepy Cliffs despise the lower Sand,
O'erlook the Seas, and distant Views command.
On some thick Beds of mossy Verdure grow,
Sea-Grafs, and spreading Wrack are seen below.
Here the Sea-Pearch and gawdy Goldlines sport,
Gay Rainbow-Fish, and fable Wras resort.
The Gaper here, whose Jaws but seldom close,
Swims near the Rocks, where the rank Herbage grows.
They too, who like the mournful Halcyons breed,
And form a floating Nest of slimy Weed.
And He, unhappy in his hated Name
Borrow'd from lawless Loves, and Pathick Shame.
Near sandy rising Shelves, at ebbing Tides
Unfruitful Rocks display their craggy sides.
Here Basilisks and drowsy Sand-Eels lie,
Here the gay Gurnard boasts his rosy Dye.

Where moisten'd Cliffs are all with Herbs o'ergrown,
And the rank Stalks lie matted on the Stone,
The Sarge will the leafy Covert praise,
And here the Dory spends his easy Days.

Here Sea-Crows dwell, nam'd from their dusky Hue,
And tim'rous Shade-Fish the blind Haunts pursue.
Here Scaro's feed, the only Kinds that dare
To form shrill Sounds, and strike the trembling Air.
To pensive Silence doom'd no other Fish
Can speak his Wants, or tell his secret Wish.
Twice o'er their Food the wanton Scaro's eat,
With Pleasure the luxurious Toil repeat.
Like Sheep in grassy Meads, or fatt'ning Kine
They chew the Cud, and on the Taft refine.

Within those Rocks, where, clinging Offlers dwell,
And all the Natives of the wrinkled Shell;
Vast hollow Caves their vaulted Roofs extend,
Whose warm Retreat voracious Dreams commend.
To rocky Cells the wriggling Lampreys steal,
And Mackrels here their speckled Sides conceal.
Here stretch at ease slow-dying \textit{Oarves} remain,  
Whose Bodies long will stubborn Life retain.  
Repeated Wounds the tortur'd Wretches feel,  
Yet dare the cruel Hand, and cutting Steel.  
The Parts disjoyn'd and mangled as they lie  
Still pant, and move, and will at leisure die.

Some scorn the Rocks, no shallow Waters please,  
They fly the Shore, and sound the lowest Seas.  
\textit{Sea-Sheep} and \textit{Liner-Fish} are hid below,  
While far above the troubled Surges flow.

Deep in th' Abyss they make their cozy Bed,  
Nor changing Skies, nor coming Tempefts dread.  
Fixt to their Choice, the dull unwieldy Race  
Lie in the Depths, and keep one constant Place.

Unmov'd they stretch themselves, and longing wait,  
Till some poor Fish urg'd by unkindcr Fate  
Too near approaching takes his luckless way;  
They without Labour seize the weaker Prey.

With these we may the wary \textit{Haddock} joyn,  
Who prudent know what Dangers to decline,  
The sickly Autumn dread, and sultry Days,  
When scorching \textit{Sirius} darts his baneful Rays.  
Soon as the Fever taints the blasted Air,  
They to some gloomy Covert all repair;
Close in the darksome Hole they moody grieve,
Nor fullen will the inmost Shelter leave;
Till the dire Star has spent his venom'd Rage,
Till the Brooks fill, and all the Heats afflague.

A ruddy Fish, of kin to Barbel Kinds,
On Island Rocks uncommon Pleasure finds;
Adonis call'd by those who would express
The various Beauties of his painted Dres.
Who his fond Choice and fickle Temper know
Land-Fish expressive Name on him bestow.
Th' inconstant Wretch too curious leaves the Deep,
Loves the hard Earth, and courts forbidden Sleep.
No other Kind of those whose gasping Gills
With humid Breath repeated Suction fills,
Can bear the fultry Heat, and Summer Sky,
Bask in the Sun, and wanton in the Dry.
When Calms invite, and angry Storms are ceast,
He drives the Stream, and hastens to his Rest.
Stretcht on a rising Rock he sunning lies
Well-pleas'd, while easy Slumbers close his Eyes,
Tho' cautious Fear a founder Sleep denies;
Left hostile Birds should, as they distant fly,
Observing stoop, and bear the Prey on high.

When
Book I. Oppian's Halieuticks.

When feather'd Pillagers intent on Food
Skim by the Rocks, or o'er the Waters brood;
Clear Skies in vain their pleasing Warmth impart;
The Wretches soon from broken Slumbers start.
Twining they leap, and antick Postures show,
Bound from the Rock, and haft to dive below.
To shun the Danger will forgoe their Eafe,
And seek the Shelter of the kinder Seas.

In Rocks, or Sands the glitt'ring Giltbeards live,
Food and Content from either Place receive.
Blewlings, fierce Weavers, and the Ruff enjoy
The rocky Caves, when sandy Shallows cloy.
To either Choice indifferent alike
Both Kinds of Scorpions, and the slender Pike,
The horned Gar, and sportive Gudgeon range,
And unconfin'd approve th' alternate Change.
With them the Sea-Mouse roves of slender Size,
But on sharp Teeth, and horny Snout relies.
No Fear the furious little Monster knows,
Intrepid hafts unequal Strength t' oppose.
With innate Courage fir'd, and martial Rage
The puny Warrior dare with Man engage.
With mighty Soul in narrow Breast confin'd,
He swims the Champion of the scaly Kind.

Some
Some scorn the weedy Rocks, and sandy Coast, Let's Danger know, and greater Freedom boast; The peaceful Waters of the Ocean seek, But fly the Straights, and shun the winding Creek, Far from the Shore the nimble Tunniers race O'er the wide Plain, and vast unmeasur'd Space. The Horsetail, and the Sword-Fish arm'd for War, Nor make the Shallows nor the Rocks their Care. In distant Seas the spotted Cognidea play, At leisure roll, and cut the trackless Way, Thro' Depths unknown the Serpents curling pass, And twine resistless thro' the slimy Mass. They hate the Shore, who sacred Honours claim, And to their Beauty owe their awful Name.

He the deep Seas prefers to noisy Straights, Who for the distant Ship impatient waits, The friendly Pilot-Fish, who joyful views, The well-rigg'd Bark, and every Sail pursues, Around the wanton Shoals in Order move, And frisking gaze on him who steers above, Eager press on, nor will be left behind, Tho' the full Sails swell bloated with the Wind. You'd think the Captives chain'd to every Ship. And drawn unwilling thro' the ruffling Deep.
As when some Prince returns from martial Toil
Victorious, with a conquer’d Nation’s Spoil;
Or He, who at th' Olympick Games has won
The envy’d Honours of the leafy Crown;
The swarming Vulgar throng with gladsome Noise,
And on the Triumph feed their dazled Eyes;
The Champion to his Home in Crowds attend,
And when the Chief dismounts, their Marches end.

So They, while no approaching Shores displease,
Swim with the Ship tumultuous o’er the Seas.
But when they conscious Scent the coming Shore,
Averse they court the Sailour’s look no more;
Avoid the nearer Land, and hie again
With equal Haft to the unbounded Main.
Pilots observe the Sign, and know the Coast
Draws nigh, when they perceive their Comrades lost.
Auspicious Friends, the Sailor’s darling Fish,
The Ship’s good Omen, and the Steer’man’s Wish,
Laid careless on the Deck, when you appear,
The jolly Crew no sudden Dangers fear;
But wayward laugh, or vie in wanton Tales:
Your Presence gives clear Skies, and pleasing Gales.
No raging Tempefts tos the sparkling Seas;
But unsur’d Sails expect the gentler Breeze.
Far from the Shore the wily Sucker waits
The coming Ship, but him the Sailor hates.
Slender his Shape, his Length a Cubit ends;
No beauteous Spot the gloomy Race commends;
An Eel-like clinging Kind, of dusky Looks;
His Jaws display tenacious Rows of Hooks.
But in strange Pow'r the puny Fifth excells,
Beyond the boasted Art of Magick Spells.
Oft Seamen tell, but few the Tale believe,
Or own those Truths they cannot well conceive.
Men think they know all Nature's secret Laws,
Her Pow'rs define, and trace each hidden Causé.
Full of himself the Sceptick over-wise
Oft real Facts, because unseen, denies.
To strange Effects, when prov'd, no Credit gives,
Feeds his false Doubt, and thus himself deceives.
The Sucking-Fish beneath with secret Chains
Clung to the Keel the swiftest Ship detains.
The Seamen run confus'd, no Labour's spar'd,
Let fly the Sheets, and hoist the topmost Yard.
The Master bids them give her all the Sails,
To court the Winds, and catch the coming Gales.
But tho' the Canvas bellies with the Blast,
And boist'rous Winds bend down the cracking Mast,
The Bark stands firmly rooted in the Sea,
And will unmov'd nor Winds, nor Waves obey.
Still, as when Calms have flatted all the Plain,
And Infant Waves scarce wrinkle on the Main. 375
No Ship in Harbour moor'd so careless rides,
When ruffling Waters tell the flowing Tides.
Appall'd the Sailors stare, thro' strange Surprize
Believe they dream, and rub their waking Eyes.

As when unerring from the Huntsman's Bow
The feather'd Death arrests the flying Doe;
Struck thro' the dying Beast falls sudden down,
The Parts grow Stiff, and all the Motion's gone;
Such sudden Force the floating Captive binds,
Tho' beat by Waves, and urg'd by driving Winds. 385

Pilchards, and Shads in Shoals together keep,
The numerous Fry disturbs the mantling Deep.
No Home they know, nor can Confinement love,
But fond of hourly Change unsettled rove.
Now choose the Rocks, now seek the wider Seas; 390
No Place can long the restless Wand'rets please.
They soon grow weary when they once enjoy,
And Pleasures will, as soon as ta'sted, cloy.

Near hidden Crags, and Rocks unseen below,
Where lower Waves with silent Current flow,
The *Anthies* lie conceal'd in close Retreat,
But oft must stray far from their Mansion Seat.
Voracious Appetite commands away,
To range for Food, and find the luckless Prey.
*Anthies* infatiate feel the gnawing Grief,
Repeated Luxury gives no Relief.
Tho' not for ravenous Force by Heav'n design'd;
For Nature has disarm'd the toothless Kind.
Four Kinds of *Anthies* in the Seas are bred:
Some gild the Waters with a shining Red.
A second Sort are blanch'd with pleasing White;
A third of Hue less grateful to the Sight,
A gloomy Race, the blackish Die retain,
All swarthed o'er, and ting'd with footy Stain.
What Mark the others bear their Name implies,
Call'd from the bending Arch that shades their Eyes.
In shelly Armour wrapt, the *Labsters* seek
Safe Shelter in some Bay, or winding Creek;
To rocky Cliffs the dusky Natives cleave,
Tenacious hold, nor will the dwelling leave.
Nought like their Home the constant *Labsters* prize,
And foreign Shores, and Seas unknown despise:
Tho' cruel Hand the banish'd Wretch expell,
And force the Captive from his native Cell.
He will, if freed, return, with anxious Care
Find the known Rock, and to his Home repair:
No novel Customs learns in different Seas,
But wanted Food, and home-taught Manners please.
His long-deserted House the Lobster owns,
And with close ardent Claw indents the fav'rite Stones.
The Love of Country's not to Man confin'd;
The same Propensions sway the brutal Mind.
Fishes their Native Caves with Transport view;
They have their Countries, and their Fondness too.
No Nation may with that blest Clime compare,
That gave us first to breathe the vital Air.
How dear the first Acquaintance of our Eyes!
How rich the Soil! how beautiful the Skies!
The Name of Country fills the grateful Mind
With all that's tender, generous and kind.
Ah! wretched those, who forc'd from what they love
Necessitous in vagrant Exile rove;
Still restless must the killing Grief renew,
Despis'd by All, or pity'd but by Few.

Prawns, and the Velvet-Crab, tho' kin to these,
Are not so constant to their native Seas.
Sometimes th' Amphibious Race the Floods disown,
Nor are the Guests to neighb'ring Shores unknown.
The Shelly Crawlers each returning Year,
Cast off their Coat, and new-made Armour wear. 445
Self-taught, when first the Velvet-Crabs perceive
Their loos'ning Shell will soon the Body leave,
They cram their Paunch, and bloated strive to thrust
From off their rising Back the tottering Crust.
But when their naked Bodies lie expos'd,
No longer with the shelly Fence enclos'd;
They senseless seem, stretcht on the sandy Bed
All pensive lie, and deem themselves as dead;
Nor cautious eat, left gorging Food should swell
The tender Flesh, and stop the growing Shell. 455
But when slow Nature moulds the viscous Mass,
And Time begins to fix the hard'ning Case,
The rising Crust half-form'd they joyous feel,
And suck the Sands; yet dread the hearty Meal;
Till the firm finishd Work can safe endure
The rudest Shock, and ev'ry Part secure.

So when the Veins glow with a deeper Red,
When Pustules rise, or scarlet Blotches spread;
The prudent Leech prescribes a wholesome Fast,
Forbids the noxious Pleasures of the Fast.
And when his Skill perceives the flaking Heats,
While the slow Pulse with equal Motion beats,
He cautious fears to raise the sinking Flood,
And gives with sparing hand the slender Food.
Till perfect Health restores her former Grace,
Strength to the Limbs, and Beauty to the Face.

The pois'rous Creeper, and the changing Preke
The secret Caverns of the Ocean seek.
But curious oft to neigh'ring Shores repair,
And taft the Breezes of the cooler Air.

The Rustic often hath with wonder seen
The climbing Preke browse on the leafy Green.

With these the wily Cuttle seeks his Food,
Whose Ink distains around the sable Flood.
Kinds yet unfung, of the Testaceous Breed,
On Sea-beat Rocks, or sandy Hillocks feed.

Here slender Sheaths, and juicy Oysters hide,
And the gay Authors of the Purple Pride.
The Cockle, spiral Whirle, and hardy Mice,
With Wilks of various Shell, and quaint Device.

Sea-Urchins, who their native Armour boast,
All stuck with Spikes, prefer the sandy Coast.
Should you with Knives their prickly Bodies wound,
Till the crude Morsels pant upon the Ground;
You may ev'n then, when Motion seems no more,
Departing Sense and fleeting Life restore.
If in the Sea the mangled Parts you cast,
The conscious Pieces to their Fellows hast;
Again they aptly joyn, their Whole compose;
Move as before, nor Life, nor Vigour lose.

The Hermit-Fish, unarm'd by Nature left,
Helpless, and weak, grow strong by harmless Theft.
Fearful they stroll, and look with panting With
For the cast Crust of some new-cover'd Fish;
Or such as empty lie, and deck the Shore,
Whose first and rightful Owners are no more.
They make glad Seizure of the vacant Room,
And count the borrow'd Shell their native Home;
Screw their soft Limbs to fit the winding Case,
And boldly herd with the Crustaceous Race.

Careless they enter the first empty Cell;
Oft find the plaited Wilk's indented Shell;
And oft the deep-dy'd Purple forc'd by Death
To Stranger-Fish the painted Home bequeath.
The Wilk's etch'd Coat is most with Pleasure worn,
Wide in Extent, and yet but lightly born.
But when they growing more than fill the Place,
And find themselves hard-pinch'd in Scanty Space,
Compell'd they quit the Roof they lov'd before,
And busily search around the pebbly Shore,

Till
Book I. Oppian's Halieuticks

Till a commodious roomy Seat be found,
Such as the larger Cockles living own'd.
Oft cruel Wars contending Hermits wage,
And long for the disputed Shell engage.
The strongest will the doubtful Prize possess,
Pow'r gives him Right, and All the Claim confess.

Sail-Fish in secret silent Deepes reside,
In Shape and Nature to the Preke ally'd;
Close in their concave Shells their Bodies wrap,
Avoid the Waves, and ev'ry Storm escape.

But not to mirksome Depths alone confin'd,
When pleasing Calms have still'd the sighing Wind,
Curious to know what Seas above contain,
They leave the dark Recesses of Main;
Now wanton to the changing Surface haft,
View clearer Skies, and the pure Welkin taft.
But slow they cautious rise, and prudent fear
The upper Region of the wat'ry Sphere.

Backward they mount, and as the Stream o'erflows,
Their convex Shells to press'ing Floods oppose.
Conscious they know, that should they forward move,
O'erwhelming Waves would sink them from above,
Fill the void Space, and with the rushing Weight
Force down th' Inconstant to their former Seat.

When
When first arriv'd they feel the stronger Blaft,
They lie Supine, and skim the liquid Waft.
The nat'ral Barks outdoe all human Art,
When skilful Floaters play the Sailor's part.
Two Feet they upward raise, and steady keep,
These are the Mafts, and Rigging of the Ship.
A Membrane stretcht between supplies the Sail,
Bends from the Mafts, and swells before the Gale.
Two other Feet hang paddling on each side,
And serve for Oars to row, and Helm to guide.
'Tis thus they sail, pleas'd with the wanton Game,
The Fish, the Sailor, and the Ship the fame.
But when the Swimmers dread some Danger near,
The sportive Pleasure yields to stronger Fear.
No more they wanton drive before the Blafts,
But strike the Sails, and bring down all the Mafts.
The rolling Waves their sinking Shells overflow,
And dash them down again to Sands below.

Ye Pow'rs! when Man first fell'd the stately Trees,
And pass'd to distant Shores on wafting Seas:
Whether some God inspir'd the wond'rous Thought,
Or Chance found out, or careful Study fought;
If humble Guess may probably divine,
And trace th' Improvement to the first Design;

Some
Some Wight of prying Search, who wond'ring Stood,
When softer Gales had smooth'd the dimpled Flood,
Observ'd these careless Swimmers floating move,
And how each Blast the easy Sailor drove;
Hence took the Hint; hence form'd th' imperfect Draught;
And Ship-like Fish the future Sea-man taught.
Then Mortals try'd the shelving Hull to flope,
To raise the Mast, and twist the stronger Rope,
To fix the Yards, let fly the crowded Sails;
Sweep thro' the curling Waves, and court auspicious Gales.

Prodigious Fishes, of enormous Size,
With shiv'ring Fright pale Mariners surprize.
Nature's strange Work, vast Whales of diff'ring Form
Toss up the troubled Floods, and are themselves a Storm.
Uncouth the Sight, when They in dreadful Play
Discharge their Nostrils, and refund a Sea;
Or angry lash the Foam with hideous Sound,
And scatter all the wat'ry Dust around.
Fearless the fierce destructive Monsters roll,
Ingulph the Fish, and drive the flying Shoal.
When the fair Nereid, indiscreetly coy,
Fled from th' Embrace, and scorn'd the profer'd Joy;
The pensive God around the Waters fought,
Div'd thro' the Gulphs, and search'd each darksome Grot;
In vain; the Dolphins saw, and could declare
The secret Haunts of the unwilling Fair.
They told him where she bashful hid her Charms;
He found, and clasp'd her struggling in his Arms.
The Dolphins hence with just Ambition claim
Uncommon Gifts, and more than vulgar Fame.
No grateful Meed the gen'rous God deny'd
To the glad Finders of the Royal Bride.

Cetaceous Kinds will sometimes leave the Seas,
And praise the distant Verdure of the Trees:
Pass o'er the Banks; on sandy Fallows rest,
Or seize the Covert of some absent Beast.

Thus the mail'd Tortoise, and the wand'ring Eel
Oft to the neigh'ring Beach will silent steal.
And soft-hair'd Beavers inauspicious roam,
Officious to declare impending Doom.
The frightened Swains stand lifting on the Vale,
Their Limbs all shudder, and their Cheeks turn pale;
While luckless Harbingers, with odious Yell,
Too sure the first Resolves of Fate foretell.

So
So the Grand Whale will court the weedy Strand,
Stretch out, and bask upon the wavy Sand.
Sea-Calves by Night far from the Waters stray,
And sometimes dare to try the sunny Day;
Glad to th' unequal dusty Ridges creep,
And thoughtless on the breezy Hillocks sleep.

Blest jouv! whose Pow'r must Nature's Laws enforce;
From whose Abyss, and rich unempty'd Source
Divided Streams of Entity descend
By whom all Beings are, in whom they cent'ring end;
Whether by Choice confin'd thy Godhead stay,
Where blissful Æther gives eternal Day,
And far above fixt on th' empyreal Throne,
Thou guid'dst the World, and look'st propitious down;
Or art in ev'ry Part a Mundane Soul;
An Energy diffus'd, that actuates the Whole;
Man strives in vain to know.

What Cement did All-knowing Goodness find,
The jarring Principles of Things to bind,
And reconcile their Natures to partake
Each other's Forms, and mutual Changes make?
Light Æther well may scorn the creeping Streams,
And subtil Fire with Earth ill-mated seems;
But middle Natures joyn the vast Extreams.

Pure
Pure with less pure, and gross with grosser meet; And thus the Commerce of the Whole compleat. Of Nature's Chain how regular the Links! Matter by slow Gradations downward sinks; And intermediate Changes gently pass From lightsome Æther to the dullest Mass. Or climb by the same Steps from lumpish Clay To the bright Liquid, and the fine-spun Ray. Dissolving Earth in fluid Moisture glides, And Rocks transform'd flow down in silver Tides. Dilating Streams in vap'ry Columns rise, And sweating Seas will gild the distant Skies. Dispersing Clouds to nobler Forms aspire Refine to Æther, or ferment to Fire. Things only differ as condense, or rare. Impurer Skies will thicken into Air; Air when too gross will falling Drops increase, And hang in lucid Pearls on weeping Trees. The glewy Substance, that no longer flows, Stagnates to Slime; and slimy Matter grows To earthly Mould; that hard'ning turns to Stone. So All is diff'rent, and yet All is One. The Elements, to show themselves agreed, Each often will another's Offspring feed; And
Book I. Oppian's Halieuticks.

And hence Amphibious Kinds indifferent rove,
Design'd as Pledges of their mutual Love.
The Sea-born Tribes will seek the distant Mead,
And feather'd Fowls on restlesS Waters breed.
The ravenous Eagle, and the noisy Mew
Fearless thro' Waves the scaly Prey pursu'e.
Her Nest the mournful Halcyon trusts to Seas,
Nor builds in cranny'd Rocks, or shading Trees.
Fish too well-poiz'd their finny Wings display,
Dart from the Main, and try th' aerial Way.
Sea-Hawks, the Swallow, and the wanton Slave
Their native Streams for airy Pastime leave.
When ravenous Foes pursue, they conscious rise,
And court the kind Protection of the Skies.
Far on unfeather'd Wings the Slaves are born
And soaring high the distant Waters scorn.
With strange Surprize we view the dubious Sight,
Of Fish in Shape, and yet of Birds in Flight.
Sea-Swallows lower fly, regard the Main,
Mount in their Fear, but quickly dive again.
But cautious Hawks, tho' wing'd, will nearer keep,
And hov'ring o'er the wavy Surface sweep.
They rince their moisten'd Wings, as close they skim,
Both Elements enjoy, and flying-swim.
Some form Societies, and friendly dwell,
Obey set Laws, and know the publick Weal.
Others, a giddy Race, ungovern'd strowl,
The foaming Surface shows the wand'ring Shoal,
O'er all the troubled Sea confus'dly spread,
Like bleating Flocks on sunny Mountains fed.
Others are rang'd, unlike the huddled Drove;
In equal Files the moist Battalions move.
With firm Platoons they stem the flowing Tide,
And regular their wat'ry Marches guide.
Some with one Partner all their Blessings share;
The strictest Friendship centers in a Pair.
Others, a pensive solitary Kind,
Wand'ring alone ill-natur'd Pleasure find;
Full of themselves the fullen Bliss commend,
Nor know the soft Endearments of a Friend.
Some keep one Place, and there incurious lie,
Ne'er roam abroad, but where they live they die.

When Winter's stormy Season is begun,
And piercing Cold mocks the declining Sun,
Vext by the Winds the angry Billows rise,
And would revenge themselves upon the Skies.
Dash'd Floods loud echo from the plaining Shore,
The Tempest rattles, and the Surges roar.

Such
Such Din the Scaly Natives dread to hear,
Lurk in the Sands, or to the Caves repair;
There trembling lie; or sink to Depths below,
Where all the Mother-Waters silent flow;
The distant Threats of low'ring Storms despiše,
Nor fear the clouded Changes of the Skies.
The deepest Waves, and fiercest Wind that blows,
Can't reach those Depths, or raise the settled Ooze;
Eternal Calms protect the peaceful Plain,
While Tempefts rage, and Waters beat in vain.
Warm in old Ocean's Lap they rest secure,
While nois'y Storms and wintry Colds endure;
Till stronger Rays the thawing Frost subdue,
And Nature the decaying World renew.
When smiling Hours lead in the blooming Year,
And Groves and Meads in gayer Drefs appear;
While soothing Pleaßance fits on all the Sea,
Fishes the kinder Summons will obey,
Throngs to the Shore, and bound in joyous Play.

So Citizens, when hostile Troops confine,
With wakefull Fear, and tedious Hunger pine.
But when kind Fate, or pressing Want oblige
Th' investing Host to raise the fruitless Siege,
G Freed
Freed from Alarms the smiling Neighbours meet, All Ranks and Ages crowd the noisy Street. The Youths and Virgins trip the joyful Round, And guide their Motions by directing Sound. Lovers repeat the long neglected Bliss, And make amends for the suspended Kifs.

When pleasing Heat, and fragrant Blooms inspire Soft leering Looks, kind Thoughts and gay Desire, Love runs thro' All; the feather'd Wantons play, Seek out their Mates, and bill on ev'ry Spray. The savage Kinds a softer Rage express, And gloating Eyes the secret Flame confess. But none like Fishes feel the dear Disease, For Venus doubly warms her native Seas. Males unconcern'd their pleasing Loves repeat, While anxious She's the ripen'd Birth compleat. On sandy Mounds their pressling Bellies lay, And force the Burden of the Womb away. Close joy'd the complicated Eggs remain; To separate that Heap is racking Pain.

Complain no more, ye Fair, of partial Fate, What Sorrows on the teeming Bride await.
The Female-Curse is not to Earth confin'd,
Severest Throws the Fishes Wombs unbind;
Lucina is alike to All unkind.

Now when the vernal Breeze has purg'd the Air,
To ev'ry Shore the vig'rous Males repair;
By Fear compell'd, or Appetite inclin'd,
To chace the weak, or fly the stronger Kind:
Nor will the am'rous Females stay behind.
No Fears or Dangers can the Blifs prevent,
When urg'd by Love, and on the Joy intent,
They still importunate their Suit renew,
And obstinately kind extort their Due.
Their Bodies meet, the close Embraces please,
Till mingled Slime lies floating on the Seas:
The She's gulp greedy down the tepid Seed,
And fruitful from the strange Conception breed.
Hence the succeeding Colonies increase,
And new-spawn'd Tribes replenish all the Seas.

But some no lawless Liberties allow;
Whole Brides confin'd their private Chambers know.
In close Retreat they guard th' imprison'd Fair,
Observe their Haunt, and watch with jealous Care,
Left some false Leman should invade their Right,
And wanton glory in the stol'n Delight.
All Things obey, when softer Passions move,
But Fishes feel the keenest Rage of Love.
They all the Pangs of jealous Fury know,
(That cursed Fiend will dive to Worlds below,)
Feel selfish Pride, Distrust, and anxious Pain,
And all the Plagues that form Love's pompous Train.

As rival Lovers, that one Flame confess,
All blooming Youths, whom splendid Fortunes blest,
Still haunt the Nymph, and tell the moving Tale;
Each hopes his Wealth or Passion may prevail;
Thus Sea-born Rivals round the She repair,
And claim the sole Enjoyment of the Fair.
They boast no Wealth indeed to purchase Love,
No soft deluding Eloquence to move;
But they have sharpest Teeth, and pointed Jaws,
To own their Passion, and maintain their Cause.
Long they dispute the Prize in hardy Fight,
Till joyful Conquest gives undoubted Right.
The vanquisht Wretch must hide in pensive Shame,
Forego his Pleasure, and renounce his Claim.

Some to successive Choice of Wives are kind,
Abhor the Curse of one to one conjoin'd.
Thus the lewd Sargo's spend their wanton Days,
And dark-dy'd Wrafs the lawless Freedom praise.

The
The Beetle no promiscuous Joys allows,
True to his Vow, and grateful to his Spouse.
No Change he seeks, nor leaves his dusky Fair;
Propitious Hymen joyns the constant Pair.
Strange the Formation of the Eely Race,
That know no Sex, yet love the close Embrace.
Their folded Lengths they round each other twine,
Twist am’rous Knots, and slimy Bodies joyn;
Till the close Strife brings off a frothy Juice,
The Seed that must the wriggling Kind produce.
Regardless They their future Offspring leave,
But porous Sands the spumy Drops receive.
That genial Bed impregnates all the Heap,
And little Elets soon begin to creep.
Half-Fiilh, Half-Slime they try their doubtful Strength,
And slowly trail along their wormy Length.
What great Effects from slender Causes flow!
Congers their Bulk to these Productions owe:
The Forms, which from the frothy Drop began,
Stretch out immense, and eddy all the Main.

Juftly might Female Tortoifes complain,
To whom Enjoyment is the greatest Pain.
They dread the Tryal, and foreboding hate
The growing Passion of the cruel Mate.
He amorous pursues, They conscious fly
Joyless Carefles, and resolv'd deny. 870
Since partial Heav'n has thus restrain'd the Blifs,
The Males they welcome with a closer Kiss,
Bite angry, and reluctant Hate declare.

The Tortoise-Courtship is a State of War.
Eager they fight, but with unlike Design, 875
Males to obtain, and Females to decline.
The conflict lasts, till these by Strength o'ercome
All sorrowing yield to the resistless Doom.
Not like a Bride, but pensive Captive, led
To the loath'd Duties of an hated Bed. 880
The Seal, and Tortoise copulate behind
Like Earth-bred Dogs, and are not soon disjourn'd;
But secret Ties the passive Couple bind.

The Preke's Amours our soiftest Pity move,
Whose certain nat'ral Death is only Love. 885
Once, and but once, the niggard Pow'rs allow
The luckless Pair congenial Blifs to know.
Soon as the Male has try'd the luscious Joy,
The soft repeated Pleasures never cloy.
Excessive in Desire he won't give o'er,
Till strength and wasting Spirits be no more. 890

When
Book I. Oppian's Halieuticks.

When Nature drain'd can grant no fresh Supplies,
Strech't on the Sands all impotent he lies.
The little Shell-Fish, late his usual Prey,
Insult his Doom, and all his Wrongs repay;
Their Foe, so dreadful once, no longer fear,
And well reveng'd the living Carkas tear.
He passive lies, nor feels the Pow'r to move,
But dying grieves his too unfated Love.
Nor long, when once enjoy'd, the Females live,
Or future Dolours of the Birth survive.
Their Eggs lie all compact, and strait's the Way,
Which must the cluster'd Heaps to Life convey.
Now when ripe Nature will the Birth constrain,
The teeming Bride feels her increasing Pain;
Nor longer can the tort'ring Pressure bear,
When falling Eggs th' unequal Passage tear.
Fate stint's their Life; that Term they cannot pass,
One rolling Year concludes the shorten'd Space.
E'er the swift Chariot of the Gold-hair'd Sun
Has told the Days, and all his Circuit run,
Fond Suicides the dear Destruction prove
Of luckless Marriage, and disastrous Love.

The Lamprey, glowing with uncommon Fires,
The Earth-bred Serpents purpled Curls admires.
He no less kind makes amorous Returns,
With equal Love the grateful Serpent burns.
Fixt on the Joy he bounding shoots along,
Erects his azure Crest, and darts his forky Tongue.
Now his red Eye-balls glow with doubled Fires;
Proudly he mounts upon his folded Spires,
Displays his glossy Coat, and speckled Side,
And meets in all his Charms the wat'ry Bride.
But lest he caulesc might his Confort harm,
The gentle Lover will himself disarm,
Spit out the venom'd Mias, and careful hide
In cranny'd Rocks, far from the washing Tide;
There leaves the Furies of his noxious Teeth,
And putrid Bags, the poisonous Fund of Death.
His Mate he calls with softly hissing Sounds;
She joyful hears, and from the Ocean bounds.
Swift as the bearded Arrow's Haft she flies,
To own her Love, and meet the Serpent's Joys.
At her approach, no more the Lover bears
Odious Delay, nor sounding Waters fears.
Onward he moves on shining Volumes roll'd,
The Foam all burning seems with wavy Gold.
At length with equal Haft the Lovers meet,
And strange Enjoyments flake their mutual Heat.
Book I. Oppian's Halieuticks

She with wide-gaping Mouth the Spouse invites,
Sucks in his Head, and feels unknown Delights.
When full Fruction has affwag'd Desire,
Well-pleas'd the Bride will to her Home retire;
Tir'd with the Strife the Serpent hies to Land;
And leaves his Prints on all the furrow'd Sand;
With anxious Fear seeks the close private Cleft,
Where he in Trust th' important Secret left.
From the stain'd Rock he sucks the pois'rous Heaps;
Feels his returning Strength, and hissing leaps;
With brandish'd Tongue the distant Foe defies,
And darts new Light'nings from his Blood-shot Eyes.
But if some Swain mean while observing spies
Where odious Spume, and venom'd Spittle lies,
And while the Serpent wooes, from neigh'ring Seas
The cleansing Waters to the Rock conveys,
The Serpent comes, and finds his Treasure gone,
Looks sorrowing round, and blames the faithless Stone;
Disarm'd no more his wonted Pleasure takes,
Curls in the Gras's, or hisses in the Brakes;
He creeps with Shame a tawdry speckled Worm,
And prides no longer in his beauteous Förm.
On the same Rock with Head reclin'd he lies,
And, where he loft his Arms, despairing dies.
Dolphins like Men perform the nuptial Debt,
Parts of like Form the vig'rous Joy repeat;
Hide, and contra't unseen, till eager Love,
And conscious Hopes the pow'rful Fancy move.
Thus the moist Tribes the Call of Love obey,
Produce their Like, and people all the Sea.
Each knows the Time, by proper Instinct drawn,
When Nature bids eject th' enliven'd Spawn.
Some breed, when vernal Days the Skies renew,
And Waves each other but in Sport pursue.
When soft Favonian plays in wanton Gales,
And pleasing Warmth no future Storm exhales,
Others, when Summer darts direttor Beams,
And fills the tainted Air with sultry Steam.
Some from their Wombs the ripen'd Burden force,
When weary'd Triton takes a shorter Course,
And from high Mountain Tops th' Autumnal Breeze sent,
Let's fall the washed Seeds on barren Seas.
Some, when inclement Winter wildly blows,
To chilling Cold their tender Young expose.
Yearly their Eggs the pregnant Females lay,
One annual Birth restores the vast Decay.
But twice Sea-Wolves, the coming Sorrow mourn;
Again the Joys, again the Pangs return.

Three
Three yearly Spawns the teeming Mullet bless,
Renew the Race, and give the large Increase.
The curling Scorpion in each Season knows,
The glad Conception, and the wringing Throws.
But Carps all Kinds in num'rous Births exceed,
They still unweary'd with their Labour breed.
With five successive Spawns the Carps abound
E'er the swift Sun has trac'd his annual Round.

But no Research the puzzling Secret finds,
How Whitings gender, and preserve their Kinds.
They love, and propagate by Ways unknown,
And baffled Men their vain Enquiries own.

Oviparous Fish, whom vernal Labours ease,
And give the full-grown Eggs their ripe Release,
Some in their wonted Dwellings patient stay,
Prepare their Beds, and wait the reckon'd Day.

Others will not Lucina's Call obey,
Till with long March they reach the Euxine Sea.
There pleasant Gulphs uncommon Sweetness boast,
And Salts o'er-pow'rd in fresher Streams are lost.
A thousand River-Gods on ev'ry Side
Their leaning Urns all to the Euxine guide.

The hollow Basin is ingirt around
With fruitful Banks, and fenc'd with rising Ground.

Here
Here all the Pleasures of the Sea they find,
Rich Pastures, sandy Mounds, and gentle Wind.
Capes jetting from the Shores on either Side
Elbow the Floods, and part the swelling Tide.
Here private Ways, and dubious Caverns please,
And bending Fore lands shade the calmer Seas.
Returning Tides beeline the winding Caves,
And easy Dimples smile in broken Waves.
No rav'nous Kinds, and fierce unwelcome Guest
Thirsting for Blood, the wat'ry Roads infest.
No Whaly Monst' here destructive rolls,
No Robber comes that preys on weaker Shoals.
No Lob' er on the little Captive feasts;
Nor crawling Preke those harmless Shores molest.
Dolphins are found, but innocently tame
These Dolphins play, and mur'drous Guilt disclaim.
A Species weaker than the Whaly Breed,
Peaceful they rove, and without Slaughter feed.
Hence thronging Fish admire the kind Retreat;
From ev'ry distant Sea the Strangers meet.
Led by one Thought they feel the same Desire,
Come at set Times, and all at once retire.
When Instinct prompts, the She's with one Design
Begin the March, and all their Forces join.
Pass the Propontis, and the Thracian Straight,
And now the coming Birth impatient wait.

So prudent Cranes, from Egypt's slimy Banks,
Concert their Flight, and form their airy Ranks;
Bleak Atlas leave, and Ethiopia's Snows,
Where puny Pigmies bend their hostile Bows.
Loud Clangors found the March; the Flocks on high
Spread their long Wings, and brush th' uncolour'd Sky.
Well-rang'd they file along the trackless Plain,
And busy Plumes the whistling Welkin fan.

Such noisy Tumults stir the mantling Seas,
When breeding Fisht joy at the vernal Breeze;
With fisking Tails the circling Eddies beat,
Haft to the Birth, and annual Toils repeat.

Unweary'd they pursue the toilsome Race,
Till the calm Euxine shows his smiling Face.
Here their prolific Spawn they teeming lay,
While friendly Winds with sportive Waters play.

Sunk Waves supine on the smooth Surface sleep,
And Warmth impregnates all the jelly'd Heap.
But when Autumnal Winds grow hoarse with Cold,
And the rouz'd Billows are confus'dly roll'd;
When Gales, that whisper'd erft, begin to chide,
When Mountains rise, and yawning Combs subside.
So calm before, the **Exceint** suffers most
From win'try Storms, and is incessant tost.
Insulting Winds its shallow Depth command,
And boiling Floods turn up the working Sand.
Dash'd on themselves the bandy'd Surges roar,
And tell th' unpity'd Tale to ev'ry Shore.
The vap'ry Mountains blacken from afar,
Recruit the Tempest, and maintain the War.
Fishes alarm'd the changing Saison mourn,
And with their little Fry in Throgs return.
Backward again their hafty Course they steer,
And the free open Main to in-land Seas prefer.

Soft Fishes, who their plyant Bodies wreath,
In whom no Bones their branching Prickles sheath;
The **Bloodless Crusty Race**, who crawling play,
Tho' no swoln Veins the purple Life convey;
The various **Finnys Tribes**, that swifter glide,
Array'd in silver Scales, and spotted Pride;
And slow **Tofsonus Kinds**, that constant dwell
Fist in the Concave of the pearly Shell.
All breed alike, distill a mucous Juice
Whose bladd'ry Heaps the future Young produce.

Eagles, Sea-Dogs, and all the Grisly Race
Bring forth their Like, no shapeless clotted Mars;
Retain
Retain the Seed within till perfect grown, And Nature has her just Proportions shown, From the full Womb Amphibious Paddlers creep, And little Sea-Caives buftle on the Deep. So Dolphins teem, whom Subject Fish reverence, And show the smiling Seas their Infant-Heir. All other Kinds, whom Parent-Seas confine, and Dolphins excell; that Race is all divine. Dolphins were Mên, (Tradition hands the Tale) and Laborious Swains bred on the Tuscan Vale: Transformed by Bacchus, and by Neptune lov'd, They all the Pleasures of the Deep improv'd. When new-made Fills the God's Command obey'd, Plung'd in the Waves, and untry'd Fins display'd, No further Change relenting Bacchus wrought, Nor have the Dolphins all the Man forgot; The conscious Soul retains her former Thought. When painful Throws, (for Twins the Dolphins bear) And finis'd Time brings forth the Priently Pair, They round their Parent frisk, sport by her Side, Oft in her Mouth the little Wantons hide. She glad receives, with watchful Eye attends, Directs their Motions, and from Harm defends; Exulting
Exulting leaps, and feels the Mother's Joy,
When with close Kifs she hugs the dandled Boy.
Then suckling gives to each the swelling Breast;
By partial Heav'n with Gifts uncommon blest.
The Dolphins Paps a luscious Milk produce;
Hourly distending with secreted Juice.
But when her Young are grown to just Encrease,
And stronger Fins can wrestle with the Seas,
She to more useful Arts directs the Way,
And shows to vault the Waves, and chase the Prey.
What pleasing Wonders charm the Sailor's sight,
When Calms the Dolphin to their Sports invite?
As joyial Swains in tuneful Measure tread,
And leave their rounding Pressures on the Mead;
So they in circling Dances, with wanton Ease,
Pursue each other round the furrow'd Seas,
With rapid Force the curling Streams divide,
Add to the Waves, and drive the slow-pac'd Tides.
The Parent Dolphin, with suspicous Care,
Of casual Harms, and guilty Floods beware,
Move cautious on behind, and guard the Rear.

So when blith Lambs their vernal Revels keep,
Bound from the Turf, and o'er the Hillocks leap,
Book I. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Now harmless try to butt, then race away,
Now weary'd feed, and thus consume the Day,
Mean while the thoughtful Shepherd watching lies,
Left sudden Onset should his Flock surprize.

As grave Preceptors, whose instructive Care
By Wisdom's Dictates forms the growing Heir,
When the glad Pupil Throng to Sport inclin'd,
Suspend the nobler Pleasures of the Mind,
With jealous Eyes the while their Steps observe,
Left playful Hours from steady Virtue swerve;
So Parent Dolphins on the Care intent
Watch their gay Young, and threaten'd Ills prevent.

Sea-Calfes their Offspring, like the Dolphins, feast,
And milky Stores distend the rising Breast.
When conscious they th' approaching Time perceive,
They fly the Deep, and wat'ry Pastures leave.
On the dry Ground, far from the swelling Tide,
Bring forth their Young, and on the Shores abide,
Till twice six times they see the Eastern Gleams
Brighten the Hills, and tremble on the Streams.

The thirteenth Morn, soon as the early Dawn
Hangs out it's crimson Folds, or spreads it's Lawn,
No more the Fields and leafy Coverts please,
Each hugs her own, and hafts to rolling Seas,
Shows him his better Home, tho' hapless Earth
Reliev'd the Womb, and caught the falling Birth.

So the sad Bride, whom the long-reckon'd Day,
And child-bed Pains confine to tedious Stay,
Far from the lov'd Abode all pensive lies;
Enfeebling Birth the wonted Strength denies.
But when just Time has set th' unjoyned Bones,
New-strung the Nerves, and strain'd their slacken'd Tones,

She warm enwraps the Babe, nor brooks Delay,
Hurries along, and soon devours the Way.
At length the Dame arrives; with weeping Joy:
Clasps the dear Child, and shakes the pleasing Toy,
Talks idly fond, bids him admire his Home,
And gay Amusements of each furnish'd Room.
The lift'ning Infant turns his little Eyes,
And void of reason Thought by smiling Looks replies.

Good Gods! how tender is the Parent Love!
Their ravisht Hearts what earring Transports move!
All Kinds that move in Ocean, Earth, or Air
Alike the Charms of Piety revere.
Fondly the Savage licks her shapeless Young,
And smooths his Ringlets with her scurfy Tongue.
The careful Birds bring home the hourly Feast,
While unfeather'd Chirpers flicker in the Nest.
Ev'n rav'rous Fish defend their helpless Fry,
Forewarn their Dangers, and their Wants supply.

Not Men alone their lovely Offspring prize
Sweet as their Lives, and dearer than their Eyes;
Unreason'ning Souls the same Propensions move,
Man can claim no Prerogative from Love.
One Instinct runs thro' All.

Hunters from far the roaring Challenge dread,
When Monarch-Lions with majestick Tread,
Their princely Train thro' all the Forrest lead.
The Royal Dam looks round with proud Disdain,
Lashes her Sides, and curls her flowing Mane;
No Danger fears, but willing to engage
With chas'ng Jaws she churns the frothy Rage.
Redoubled Fires flash from her rolling Eyes,
Clods scatter'd flie, and dusty Columns rise.
Roaring She frights the Herd, and shakes the Plain,
Mocks the flung Stone, and knaps the Spear in twain;
Still guards her Young, the Hunter's Motion thwarts,
And wrenches from her Sides the reeking Darts.
But when Death hovers o'er her swimming Eyes,
And clotted on the Ground Life's wasted Treasure lies.

When
When doubtful Staggers own the killing Wound;
Regardless of her self She looks around,
O'er the dear Cub her sinking Head reclines,
In Death defends, nor at her Fate repines.
But dreads to see the Wretch a Captive made,
To hear him roar, and call in vain for Aid,
When close confin'd he strives with bootless Rage,
Unsheaths his Claws, and beats the sounding Cage.

With her blind Whelps the snarling Mother lies,
Uneasy grins, and frets at ev'ry Noise;
Familiar once, but now with growling Threats
The fearful Shepherd She unkindly treats;
Nor licks the bounteous Hand, (ev'n Love provokes)
Nor fisks the Tail, or fawns at gentle Strokes.

When the lone Cow repeats her daily Moan,
A soft Compassion moves the sturdy Clown.
From lowing Vales the undulating Air
To ev'ry Mountain tells the Dam's Despair.
Oft pensive She reviews the once-lov'd Place,
Where on the Bank She prest the yielding Grass,
Or the calm Shelter of the cooler Wood,
Where with her Calf She chew'd the grateful Cud;
Then restles walks, and rounds the Hedge again,
Looks o'er the Gate, and eyes the winding Lane.

Oft
Book I. Oppian’s Halieuticks.

Oft have the lift’ning Streams the Osprey heard, 1215
When to the whisp’ring Reeds the injur’d Bird
Of Eggs unhatch’d, or callow Young bereav’d,
In ruthful Cries has told how much She griev’d.
The Mother Nightingale, when childless made,
With mournful Musick fills the lonely Glade. 1230
What pungent Sorrows must the Parent feel,
When idle Swains the downy Songsters steal?
They thoughtless from the Neft the Brood convey;
She in sad murm’ring pines the tedious Day,
At Night the melancholy Strain renews; 1235
Harmonious Plaints ungrateful Man accuse.
How passionate the Swallow tells her Wrong,
When some fell Serpent has devour’d her Young,
Or Churl pull’d down her Neft? She sorrowing flies,
Chatters aloud, and long repeats her fruitless Cries. 1240
Full of the tender Thought, with anxious Care
The Dolphins watch, and guard their Infant Pair,
While they in nimble Race the Tail expand,
Insult the Waves, and Subject Seas command.
Each Parent Fish her Young in Danger hides, 1245
Nurtures the Fry, and in her Likeness prides.
But the Sea-Dog uncommon Toil endures,
While She her Young from dreaded Harm secures.

Within
Within her Womb the Dam receives again
The pressing Burden, and renews her Pain. 1230
To the known Place, when struck with sudden Fear,
The Whelps return, and will ungrateful tear
Those tender Parts; safe in the close Retreat
Escape their Dangers, and their Fears forget;
Again, when all's secure, the Womb release,
Force out their Way, and venture on the Seas.

The same fond Care commends the thorny Sea,
When ravenous Shoals the Prey impatient wait.
She distant Waters eyes with kind Distress,
Knows when all's safe, and when her Fears are just. 1260
Nor will her Womb again her Offspring hide;
Two spacious Cavities, on either Side
Below her Gills, the trembling Fry receive,
When guilty Seas the careful Parent grieve.
While the fierce Foes unguarded Shoals surprize, 1265
In safe Recess the prickly Darling lies,
No Dangers fears, tho' rolling Waters swell,
And angry Haft of coming Monsters tell.

Others, when ought disturbs the ravag'd Seas,
And trembling Young their conscious Fears express, 1270
Extend their Jaws, and show the safer Way;
The frightened Stragglers soon the Call obey,

Within
Within the concave Roof uninjur'd rest,
Safe as the Chirper in his mossy Neft.
Thus the Blew-Sharks secure from chancing Foes.

Within their widen'd Mouths their Young enclose.
Beneath the circling Arch they fearless hide,
Tho' bulky Forms drive on the rising Tide.

Of all Oviparous Kinds that throng the Seas,
Whose num'rous Shoals from spermy Heaps increase,
The fond Blew-Sharks in tender Care surpafs:
With what Concern they wait the teeming Mafs!

What anxious Fears confess their secret Love,
Left the Birth failing should abortive prove!

While most their Eggs to Chance regardless leave,
They watch their Spawn, the slow Formation grieve,
Nature's faint Progress in the Work accuse,
Till rip'ning Hours the vigorous Life infuse.

They near their Fondlings, like some careful Nurse,
Observe their Motions, and restrain their Course,

Eye ev'ry Wave, and show the doubtful Way,
Teach where to hunt, and where to find the Prey.

When big with secret Guilt the Waters heave,
They in their Mouths their shelter'd Young receive.
But when the Waves at their own Leisure roll,

And no fierce Robber drives the scatter'd Shoal,

Again
Again the Parent's pointed Jaws comprest
By Force expell them from their pleasing Rest.
   But void of all Remorse the Tunnies feed
On their own Spawn, and gulp th' enliven'd Seed; 1300
With strange Repast the cruel Parents blest
Devour their Eggs, and praise the monstrous Feast.
   Some Kinds without the nuptial Labours breed,
Nor own the common Origine of Seed.
Oysters self-bred in rocky Crannies grow, 1305
Nor to the painful Birth their Being owe.
Some spring spontaneous from the genial Slime;
No curious Frame, or work of flower Time
Nature on them bestows; but form'd in Haft
In ready Clay the Mould is easy cast.
   In these no Difference of Sex appears,
No Male sheds down the Spawn, nor Female bears.
   The Spirlings thus their idle Lives begin,
No ancient Lineage boast, or gen'rous Kin.
When press by mighty Jove the swelling Clouds 1315
From their moist Fleeces pour the noisy Floods,
Collected Show'rs their falling Forces joyn,
Beat on the Deep, and bubble up the Brine.
The Waves diluted with the taftless Rain
   Next raise their Foam, and stir the chafing Main. 1320

Soon
Soon new-created Shoals of Spirlings play, 
Shine on the Waves, and brighten all the Sea. 
By unknown Loves, and Ways uncommon bred 
All o'er the Seas the thronging Legions spread. 

As constant Tides observe their stated Time, 
Returning Currents raise the troubled Slime; 
That mixt is in the rolling Waters loft, 
Wafted afar, and on the Billows tost, 
Till purging Winds the winnow'd Ocean sweep, 
Force on the Draught, and form the worthless Heap. 
To ev'ry Shore the Floods their Load convey, 
And leave behind the Refuse of the Sea. 
On tainted Sands the mingled Ordure lies, 
And waits the Influence of warmer Skies. 
The loosen'd Parts, vext with the active Heat, 
Clog the dull Air, and reeky Moisture sweat; 
Unwholesome Scents breath from the vap'ry Store, 
And the gross Steams creep slowly round the Shore. 
Then from the teeming Filth, and putrid Heap, 
Like Summer Grubs, the little Slime-Fisto creep. 
Devour'd by All the passive Curfe they own, 
Opprest by ev'ry Kind, but injure none. 
Harmless they live, nor mur'drous Hunger know, 
But to themselves their mutual Pleasures owe;
Each other lick, and the close kiss repeat; 1345
Thus loving thrive, and praise the luscious treat.
When they in throngs a safe retirement seek,
Where pointed rocks the rising surges break,
Or where calm waters in their bosom sleep,
While chalky cliffs o'erlook the shaded deep, 1350
The seas all gilded o'er the shoal betray,
And shining tracks inform their wandering way.

As when soft snows, brought down by western gales,
Silent descend and spread on all the vales,
Add to the plains, and on the mountains shine, 1355
While in chang'd fields the starving cattle pine;
Nature bears all one face, looks coldly bright,
And mourns her lost variety in white,

Unlike themselves the objects glare around,
And with false rays the dazzled sight confound: 1360
So, where the shoal appears, the changing streams
Lose their sky-blew, and shine with silver gleams.
Thus have I sung, how scaly Nations rove,
What Food they seek, what Pastures they approve;
How all the busy Wantons of the Seas
Soft Loves repeat, and form the new Increase.

But whence could Man the wond’rous Secret know?
To some kind Pow’r he must the Blessing owe,
Who to his View the hidden Depths expos’d,
Uncover’d all th’ Abyss, and the vast Scene disclos’d.
For what great Work has Man unaided wrought?
Heav’n gives the Means, and Heav’n inspires the
Thought.

Did not assisting Influence from above
With unseen Force the passive Agents move,

K 2

The
The Body could no more it’s Parts command,
Nor Stir the rooted Foot, nor stretch the stiffen’d Hand.
Without superior Aid, the sleeping Eyes
Would darken’d ever close, nor blithsome Skies
Again behold; but when the Guardian bids,
Joyous the Orbs unfold their op’ning Lids.
The Gods do all; from Heav’n our Actions guide
Distant yet Near, and o’er our Wills preside.
We must the grand Necessity obey,
Unwilling shall pursue the destin’d Way.
Better we unreluctant did submit:
Th’ unruly Colt may champ the frothy Bit,
Restiff uprear the Hoof, and prance around,
Race angry o’er th’ unequal ridgy Ground:
Such headstrong Fury but augments his Pain,
At length he must obey the turning Rein.
When Heav’n commands, ’tis Folly to deny;
The Gods will govern, and the Wife comply,
Nor strive to deviate from th’ allotted Course,
Left manag’d after with ungentle Force
They hear the sounding Lash, and bleeding feel
Th’ unjoyous Pressure of the galling Steel.
To those indulgent Pow’rs Mankind below
All gainful Arts, and useful Science owe.
The Gods, distinguished hence by awful Names,
Declare their Office, and assert their Claims.
And thus deriv'd each sacred Title shows
What Gifts on Man each bounteous God bestows. 40
Ceres describ'd the Farmer's annual Toil,
What artful Rules improve the barren Soil.
She taught to yoke th' unwilling Ox, to sow
The harrow'd Ridge, to hold the bending Plough;
To guide the brighten'd Share with steady Hands, 45
Force up the Turf, and break the fallow'd Lands.
Hence rising Fields their yellow Harvest bear,
And wavy Autumn crowns the ripen'd Year.
To shape the Beam, the Joyces firmly joyn,
Stretch the wide Roof, and the flop'd Arch incline, 50
To carve the Pillar, and the Dome to raise
Pallas first taught, and Pallas claims the Praise.
She too the gainful Secret did reveal,
To draw the Woof, and twirl the murm'ring Wheel.
Men curious try'd, by her Assistance led, 55
To fix the Loom, and weave the thwarting Thread.
The pointed Spear, the Breast-plate's polish'd Brass,
The glitt'ring Sword, and Helmet's plumed Grace,
With all the dreadful Engin'ry of War,
Are Mars his Choice, and fierce Bellona's Care. 60
Apollo, and the sacred Nine inspire
Strains worthy them, and fan the Poet's Fire.
But subtle Hermes smooths the oily Tongue
To move the Passions of the ravish'd Throng.
He taught Athletic Slights, and dusty Toil,
To ward the Blow, and give th' inglorious Foil.
Vulcan first taught to mould the stubborn Mafs,
To form the sparkling Steel, and flowing Bras.

Mankind with all their Search could never know
What Natives glide in Liquid Worlds below.
Those mirksome Deeps, and Regions far conceal'd
That blest immortal Pow'r to Man reveal'd,
Who cleft the Earth, and winding Furrows made,
Where Rivers glide beneath the reedy Shade;
Who distant Bounds to rolling Waves assign'd,
And scatter'd Fluids in one Void confin'd,
Who lofty rais'd the rocky Barriers round,
And with the sandy Brim encircled Waters crown'd.
Whether that God the Name of Neptune bears,
Or Nereus better pleas'd, or Phorcys hears.
Whatever Names the Deities approve,
May all agree, Immortal Pow'rs above,
Demons of Earth, Those that Aerial fly,
And drench their Pinions in the liquid Sky,

And
And the Green-Gods, that midst the Waters spread,
Their sinewy Arms, and shake their dropping Head,
May all propitious guard the Royal Pair,
Thee, Mighty Prince, and the World's growing Heir.
May they protect the Nations, nor refuse
To hear the Song, and aid th' aspiring Muse.

No curbing Law restrains the greedy Shoals,
No Sense of Wrong th' ungovern'd With controls.
O'er all the Seas their Food they ravenous seek,
And stronger Kinds feast on the injur'd weak.
Selfish alike each minds his private Good,
All in their Turns pursue, and are pursu'd.
Some on meer Force depend; they nimble sweep
Thro' parting Floods, and eddy all the Deep.
Their wider Jaws a Magazine disclose
Of pointed Teeth, that shine in double Rows.

While some on Stores of venom'd Juice confide,
And in close Cells the noxious Treasures hide.
Others with sharpen'd Spikes are arm'd around,
Erect the Spears, and strike the killing Wound.
Weak puny Forms unequal War decline,
By wily Fraud they act, and close Design.
Such Prudence oft o'er thoughtless Strength prevails;
Force may, but well laid Cunning seldom fails.

The
The Pow'\textsuperscript{r} of latent Charms the \textit{Cramp-Fish} know,
Tho' soft their Bodies, and their Motion flow.
Unseen, foreboding Chance of future Prey,
The crafty Sluggards take their silent Way.
Stretcht from each Side they point their magick Wands,
Whose icy Touch the strongest Fin commands;
Quick thro' the whole it shoots the rushing Pain,
Freezes the Blood, and thrills in ev'ry Vein;
 Strikes all that dare approach with strange Surprize,
Stiffens the Fin, and dims the mazed Eyes.
Conscious of secret Pow'r, a Gift divine,
On Sands, as dead, the \textit{Cramp-Fish} lies supine,
Thus careless stretcht a wide Destruction makes,
And wand'ring Shoals without her Labour takes.
Fist sudden they the numming Torpor feel;
The Parts contract, the Fluids all congeal.
No more the busy Messengers of Sense
Motion around, and conscious Life dispense;
Nor flowing Streams the circling Heat diffuse,
But the chill'd Parts forget their former U\textsuperscript{se}.
While urg'd by pleasing Hopes, to fresh Repast
The wily \textit{Cramp-Fish} moves with awkward Ha\textsuperscript{ft}.
Oft, as the nimble Swimmers heedless pride
In active Course, and curling Streams divide,

They
Book II. Oppian's Halieuticks.

They lifeless stretch by sudden Pains confin'd,
And secret Chains the fetter'd Captives bind.
No more they wanton dive, or giddy roam,
Vault on the Seas, and vex the rising Foam;
Dull Rest they now, and fatal Slumbers love,
Nor backward can retreat, nor forward move.

As when in Dreams imagin'd Forms appear,
When dreaded Sounds we distant seem to hear,
Or shady Ghosts with silent Horrour rise,
And Spectres glare before the sleeping Eyes,
Fearful of coming Ills we sweating lie,
And willing would from fancy'd Dangers fly:
Rooted we stand, the Heart incessant beats,
And hasty Strokes the quicker Pulse repeats.
Lab'ring to move we seem to strive in vain,
While pond'rous Clogs the struggling Feet retain.

With such a binding Force the Cramp-Fish stays
The swiftest Fish, and strikes with dizzy Maze.
One Touch of her's dams up the vital Flood,
Constricts the Nerves, and clots the stagnant Blood.

Hid in the Slime the Toad of Form uncouth
(That Fish is all one vast extended Mouth)
Her tender Body wraps, on Prey intent,
And sil'ent there concerts the great Event.
What softer Skin, and flower Pæce deny,
Wife Forethought and successful Frauds supply.
Within her Jaws a fleshy Fibre lies,
Whose Whiteness, grateful Scent, and Worm-like
Size
Attract the Shoals, and charm their longing Eyes.
She to allure oft shakes the tempting Bait;
They eager press, and hurry on their Fate.
But as they near approach, with subtle Art
The wily Toad contracts th' inviting Part;
Till giddy Numbers thus decoy'd she draws
Within the Circle of her widea'd Jaws.

The Fowler thus the feather'd Race deceives,
And strows beneath his Snare the rifled Sheaves.
The busy Flocks peck up the scatter'd Seed,
Nor midst their Joy the fatal Engine heed;
Till with loud Clap the tilted Cover falls,
And the close Pit the fluttering Prey enthralls.

Sea-Toads with Foxes may for Cunning vie,
These too (as Rusticks tell) will feign to die.
Stretch't at full Length the mimic Carcass lies,
The Teeth are set, and fixt the closing Eyes;
The Hypocrite low draws his silent Breath,
Expressing well the leaden Sleep of Death.

Perch'd
Perch’d on her Bough the wanton Chirper mocks
The quiet harmless Posture of the Fox.
To distant Flocks she sings the pleasing Tale;
All glad descend, and hover o’er the Vale,
Oft whet the Bill, oft turn the busy Head,
And with vain Pride insult the seeming dead.
He watches, as they move, with guilty Eyes,
Till nimble Jaws the vent’rous Bird surprize.
His ravinous Teeth the little Songster tear;
Ah luckless Wretch! thy Death is too sincere.
Wide gapes her Breast, he sucks the reeking Wound,
While downy Flakes lie scatter’d on the Ground.

Parts aptly form’d preserve the Cuttle-Fish
From stormy Rage, and Hunger’s pining With;
Long Fibres num’rous branch around his Head,
Like twisted Hairs, or Lines of fine-spun Thread.
With these the subtle Angler patient waits,
The Prey entangles, and her Hunger fates.
With these, when Tempests rage, they twining fold
The jetting Cliff, nor quit the safer Hold.
No Ship in Harbour moor’d so careless rides,
Less fears the driving Storms, and beating Tides.

The little Prawn, tho’ arm’d with pointed Spears,
Yet weak and slow, unequal Combat fears.

L 2

But
But by the Sea-Wolf's rav'rous Force opprest,
He with the Means of sweet Revenge is blest.
Within his Jaws enclos'd he furious bounds,
 Strikes at the Roof, and leaves the killing Wounds.
The careless Wolf of taftful Prey possest
Regards no Pain, but gluttons on the Feast.
Till soon thro' all the deadly Gangrene spreads,
And putrid Bane the fretting Ulcer feeds.
From rankled Sores the gnawing Pains increase;
And now the Wretch his destin'd End foresees,
Despairing pines, and racking Torture feels:
No friendly Hand the growing Ulcer heals.
Oft has the Wolf the bearded Squadrons fought,
And oft the luscious Food too dearly bought.
No Pity to the shelly Race was shown,
'Twas therefore just their Fate should prove his own.
They wound with Pain, what they with Pleasure fill,
Subdue their Conquerour, and dying kill.

Enwraht in softer Slime the Sea-Cow dwells,
Who ev'ry Sea-bred Kind in Breadth excells.
To twice fix Cubits stretcht their flatted Sides
Press down the lab'ring Waves, and smooth the Tides.
Unarm'd their Body, tho' with monstrous Size
And bulky Form they strike the wond'ring Eyes.

Born
Book II. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Born on the struggling Floods that broad-back'd Ray
Unwieldy lolls, and takes up all the Way.
Few are their Teeth, unfit for martial Toil,
Thin set, nor made to seize the doubtful Spoil.
But Schemes well-laid they resolute pursu'd,
And by superior Fraud ev'n Man subdue.
Man is their choicest Food, and when possess'd
Of a fat Corps, they scorn the meaner Feast.
They mark, when daring Mortals plunge below,
Where Pearls are hid, and Coral Branches grow;
Then hover o'er the Place, and float at ease,
Stretch on the Waves, and shade the cover'd Seas.
With patient Hope unmov'd their Station keep,
Till from the secret Chambers of the Deep
Laden with Spoils the Diver mounts again,
Nor can the Surface reach with all his Pain.
By wonted Arts he strives himself to raise,
But o'er his Head th' unwelcome Pressure stays.
Poiz'd on the Floods the Cieling hangs above,
No human Force the vaulted Roof can move.
Kept back from look'd-for Day the Mortal grieves,
In vain the pressing Lid his Shoulder heaves;
His weaker Trust the stubborn Weight withstands,
And backward sinks him down to lowest Sands.
If he swims forward, and the Surface leaves,
The subtle Fish the vain Attempt perceives;
Still hangs aloof, and o'er his pensive Head
The Shades unwilling their gloomy Covert spread.
Till weary'd Arms their toilsome Work refuse,
But faintly strike, and catch the yielding Ooze.

As when the falling Lid with quick Surprize
Close in the Trap confines th' unwary Mice,
Immur'd they search the concave Prison round,
Hurry despairing, and impatient bound;
As well they might the fruitless Labour cease,
No friendly Gap affords a kind Release;
Till wanton Boys the trembling Wretch relieve,
Free from Confinement, but of Life bereave.

Such is the Toil, when vent'rous Divers meet:
The floating Roof, and push the pressing Weight.
Stretcht on the wat'ry Plain unmov'd it lies,
And open Air, and lightsome Day denies:
Till swallow'd Waves an easy Passage find,
And in it's latest Breath Life mingles with the Wind.
Thus proud of her Success the spreading Ray
By Stratagem obtains the noblest Prey.

As in some mossy Cave the Fishing Swain
At Leisure sits, and views the wavy Main,
Oft he beholds how Crabs their Watches keep, 220
And wait the Motions of the Shelly Heap.
Oysters around on cliffy Peaks are hung,
To rocky Beds, and cranny'd Jettings clung.
Immur'd they lie close in the pearly Shell,
But cannot long their juicy Stores conceal;
Moisture they seek, and then no longer hid.
Loosen'd they gape, and heave the upper Lid.
The Crab observes, and to the sandy Mounds,
Where polished Stones the whirling Eddy rounds,
He busy creeps along, with forked Claws.
From the loose Heap the flinty Pebble draws.
Thus burden'd, silent to the Oyster steals,
And wedges fast the Stone between the Shells.
Divided thus no more the Parts are clos'd,
But all the luscious Sweets must lie expos'd.
By prosp'rous Fraud he gains the envy'd Meal,
And drags the panting Captive from his Cell.
The prickly Star creeps on with like Deceit,
To force the Oyster from his close Retreat.
When gaping Lids their widen'd Void display,
The watchful Star thrusts in a pointed Ray,
Of all its Treasure spoils the rifled Case;
And empty Shells the sandy Hillocks grace.

In
In clouded Depths below the Nacre hides,
And thro' the silent Paths obscurely glides;
A stupid Wretch, and void of thoughtful Care,
He forms no Bait, nor lays the tempting Snare.
But the dull Sluggard boasts a kinder Friend,
Whose busy Eyes the coming Prey attend.
One Room contains them; and the Partners dwell
Beneath the Convex of one sloping Shell.
Deep in the wat'ry Vaft the Comrades rove,
And mutual Int'rest binds their constant Love.
That wiser Friend the lucky Juncture tells,
When in the Circuit of his gaping Shells
Fish wand'ring enter; then the bearded Guide
Warns the dull Mate, and pricks his tender Side.
He knows the Hint, nor at the Treatment grieves,
But hugs th' Advantage, and the Pain forgives.
His closing Shells the Nacre sudden joyns.
And 'twixt the pressing Sides his Prey confines.
Thus fed by mutual Aid, the friendly Pair
Divide their Gains, and all the Plunder share.
   Men are not all with equal Knowledge blest;
     Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.
The prudent Mind by studious Labour taught
Wise Schemes pursues, and fines the ruder Draught.

While
While blockish Mortals doze their Hours away, 332
Or give to brutal Joys the cheated Day.
Like them the gliding Shoals, that gladsome rove
O'er liquid Fields, and Sea-green Pastures love,
Are not with equal Shares of Wit endow'd;
Heav'n has unlike the partial Gift bestow'd.
Some on the Cares of future Life intent
Consult their Welfare, and their Ills prevent;
While worthless Numbers take their giddy Way,
Cumber the Seas, and only serve for Prey.

Hear now th' instructive Song; ye thoughtless Wights,
Wedded to Sense, and fixt on mean Delights.
The Sea's dull Sleeper bids, that shortliv'd Fish,
In Time to curb your yet unbounded Wish.
Think on his Conduct, and remark his Fate,
And in th' infatiate Fish the Glutton hate.
In sensual Joys he squanders Life away,
Revels the Night, and slumbers out the Day.
Fixt backward on his Head the rolling Eyes
Look up, and might behold the distant Skies;
But the curst Sluggard flies the cheerful Ray,
And in long Slumbers skreens the hated Day.
Midst these his Mouth it's spacious Chasm displays,
And the lewd Call of Hunger's Wish obeys.
All the bright glad some Hours he full en Sleeps,
Battens on Sands, or hides in slimy Heaps;
Hence call'd the Ocean-Owl, like Owls afraid
Of brighten'd Skies, and fond of gloomy Shade.
When the brown Dusk on slumb'ring Waters broods,
And midnight Breezes rock the murm'ring Floods,
When darken'd Billows sound with deeper Roar,
Rouz'd from Repose he quits the weedy Shore:
Hunger's loud Call bids wake from Rothful Ease,
And search the unempty'd Stores of plenteous Seas.
But the lewd Wretch of ready Meals possesseth
Unfated gluts, when full begins the Feast,
Feeds on, in midst of Plenty most accruest,
Till the cram'd Paunch o'er-fill'd with Pressure burst.
O'er-charg'd with Food the pamper'd Glutton lies,
Motion and Strength th' unwieldy Load denies;
Till Death's last Pains to fatal Treats succeed,
And hov'ring Shades the darken'd Eyes o'er-spread.
If with kind Hand you give the Glutton Meat,
He ravinous feeds, and will unweary'd eat,
Till his swoln Maw with useless Lumber stow'd
Bursting at length discharge the nauseous Load.
Like him luxurious Men their Vigour waste,
The Throat to tickle, and indulge the Taste.
But
But future Pain the lawless Joy begets,
A Train of IIs succeeds the transient Sweets.
While ill-tim'd Feasts and midnight Revels please,
Continu'd Meals improve the hid Disease,
To Poyson turn the undigested Food,
And treasure up their IIs in tainted Blood.
From cruder Meats unactive Vapours rise;
The Spirits clog, and cloud the languid Eyes.
Ridges of Fat the manly Form disgrace,
And bloated Veins enlarge the purpled Face.
Reason's weak Light from noisome Fumes retires;
And too much Jewel choaks the smother'd Fires.
Men too unwise let go the flacken'd Rein,
But they who think will lewd Desires restrain,
Check the Emotion, and the Will control,
And shun the Fate of the luxurious Owl.

Foresight and Art the prickly Urevins boast,
To keep the Seas, and shun the rocky Coast.
When teeming Clouds the infant Tempest form,
And whisp'ring Winds concert the future Storm,
They careful fear, left forc'd to distant Lands
They daih on Rocks, or bulge on rising Sands.
Too light themselves their Motions to control
When the tenth Billows o'er their Fellows roll,
They Ballast seek, with busy Eyes explore
The various Pebbles of the winding Shore,
Choose out the Stone, and with that steady Weight
Fixt on their Backs, the raging Waters meet.
Thus poiz'd they careless keep their destin'd Way,
Nor the rude Shock, of thwarting Floods obey.

All Fishers know the changing Prokes Deceit
How clung to Rocks, when coming Dangers threat,
New Forms they take, and wear a borrow'd Dres,
Mock the true Stone, and Colours well express.
Now o'er their liken'd Parts the Limners spread
A mossy Green, or streak with dusky Red,
On their soft Skin now whitish Marl imprint,
Or raiše the clouded Azure of the Flint:
As the Rock looks, they take a diff'rent Stain,
Dapple with Grey, or branch the livid Vein.
Nor scaly Foes, nor Fishers curious Eyes
Perceive the Cheat, or find the false Disguise.
Thus they conceal'd the dreaded Danger shun,
By borrow'd Shapes obscur'd, and lost in seeming Stone.
But when with near Approach the weaker Prey
Invites, her waning Colours all decay;
No Vizard then, or mimick Form they seek;
Vig'rous they quit the Rock, and own the real Proke.

When
Book II. Oppian's Halieuticks.

When wint'ry Skies o'er the black Ocean frown, 420
And Clouds hang low with ripen'd Storms o'ergrown,
Close in the Shelter of some vaulted Cave
The soft-skin'd Proxes their porous Bodies save.
But forc'd by Want, while rougher Seas they dread,
On their own Feet necessitous are fed. 435
But when returning Spring serenes the Skies,
Nature the growing Parts anew supplies.
Again on breezy Sands the Roamers creep,
Twine to the Rocks, or paddle in the Deep.
Doubtless the God, whose Will commands the Seas, 430
Whom liquid Worlds, and wat'ry Natives please,
Had taught the Fish by tedious Wants opprest
Life to preserve, and be himself the Feast.

Thus, when the Clouds their snowy Burden drop,
And rising Heaps improve the Mountain's Top, 435
When Earth scarce feels the Sun's oblique Beams,
And creeping Ice confines the leffen'd Streams,
The rough-clad Bear declines the rig'rous Day,
Hides in his Den, nor hunts abroad for Prey:
Sullen he lays him down, with busy Toil
Licks his large Feet, and sucks the fat'ning Oil. 440
Thus fed with poor Repaft the Savage lives,
Till with fresh Sap the wither'd Plant revives,
Till lengthen'd Days the Bands of Winter loose,
And Warmth untwists the Threads of soften'd Snows.
Then he to Woods returns, with tender Feet
Roams thro' the Brakes, and seeks the wonted Treat;
Slain Beasts devours, or climbs the rifted Tree,
And steals the Labours of the painful Bee.

In Wars alternate, with embitter'd Rage,
The Lobster, Lamproy, and the Preke engage.
Mutual their Fate, reciprocal the Wound;
By Turns they kill, and scatter Deaths around.
Each to the other is a grateful Feast,
Successively they treat th' unwelcome Guest.
Antipathy's entail'd; the future Breed
Must to hereditary Hate succed.

While sportive Breezes fan the gentler Wave,
From the moist Crannies, or the winding Cave
Roaming abroad for Prey, the Lamproy sees
Where sandy Walks the lazy Creeper please.
Rapt with glad Hopes she feeds her wiltful Eyes,
And all her Strength the finless Glider tries.
Conscious the Preke the curling Eddy fears,
Now from the rising Beach he lift'ning hears
The rolling Floods, now shudd'ring looks around,
When troubled Waves with nearer Murmurs found.
The joyful Lamproy winds along the Flood,
And in glad Thought enjoys the coming Food:
Bounding she mounts all eager on the Chace;
Nor can the crawling Preke's too heavy Pace
Escape her Rage; He must unwilling try
War's doubtful Chance, and with hard Doom comply.
Born on high Waves the slipp'ry Foe commands
The nearer Shore, and darts on yielding Sands.
No Time to fly, no Hopes of coming Aid,
While murd'rous Teeth his tender Flesh invade.
Forcé'd to the Fight, the Preke despairing strives,
All Postures shows, and various Schemes contrives.
Now on her Back his twining Tendrills play,
Now grasp her Sides, or force their heedless Way.
Down her wide Throat, now round her Tail they fold,
To force her back, and break the fasten'd hold.
All Parts in vain are try'd; her slipp'ry Train
Eludes his Touch, and mocks the fruitless Pain.

So when contending Wrestlers twine around
In close Embrace, and beat the trampled Ground,
Now wreath their oily Limbs, now firmly stand,
And grasp the adverse Arm with dusty Hand;
Their cautious Feet incessant tread the Round,
Meet in rude Shock, and undistinguish'd found:

With
With various Shifts each others Skill perplex,
While Sweat in briny Streams flows down the Cheeks.
Like them the Preke his supple Members plies,
But less indulgent Fate Succesfs denies.
Piteous the Scene, when mangled Parts employ
Remorseless Teeth, and give the cruel Joy.
Along the Sands the panting Pieces reek,
And ev'n in Death a Shelter seem to seek.

So when the Stag breathes on the guilty Heaps,
Where hid from Cold the wily Serpent sleeps,
That won'drous Spell will rouze the crested Snake,
Forc'd from the Covert of the inmost Brake.
Angry he comes, high on his Folds uprears
His speckled Form, and hides his secret Fears.
Restolv'd the Stag his fixt Design pursues,
Gripes fast the Wretch, and gives the killing Bruise.
The Snake impatient winds his twisted Train,
And knotted Wreaths express the wringing Pain.
Now round the Stag's branch'd Horns he curling twines,
Now on his Neck the glossy Circle shines.
The Stag unmov'd the restless Struggler tears,
While greenish Stain the drooping Flow'ret smears.
Scatter'd around the mangled Gobbets fall,
And wriggling o'er the blasted Herbage crawl.

Nor
Nor can the Prêkê by usual Arts escape,
And hide in borrow'd Forms the Filthy Shape.
All are besides deceiv'd; to her alone
Whom most he dreads his Artifice is known;
Her curious Thought the mimick Secret learns,
And painted Show from real Stone discerns.
With scornful Smile the Lamprey seems to speak:
And thus insulpts the Colour-changing Prêkê.

"Vain Trister, can you hope by false Disguise
"T' elude my Wish, and cheat observing Eyes?"
"Since you so well exprest the rocky Hue,
"If you'd be safer, take its Hardness too.
"By potent Charms the cleaving Stone divide,
"Enter within and there securely hide;
"Or let the Rock its craggy Summit bend,
"Incline the Roof, and skreen the liken'd Friend.
"But since in changing Forms you vainly pride,
"Learn Wretch in meaner Cunning to confide.

Thus said, her spiral Circles on the bears,
And from the Rock the Prêkê relentless tears.
He, tho' no more his wonded Frauds deceive,
Hangs to the Cliff, nor will the Jetting leave.
When other Parts are lost, the branching Feet
Maintain their Hold, and grasp the rocky Seat.

N  So
So when sack'd Towns to hostile Fury yield,
And mournful Streets with slaughter'd Heaps are fill'd,
The raving Mother strains with close Embrace
Her darling Babe, and hides his little Face:
The Parent's Neck his clinging Arms enfold;
Fear gives him Strength, and knits the firmer Hold.
Nor can the Plund'lers Rage with impious Hands
Divide the Pair, and loose their mutual Bands.
The Dame, midst the wild Transports of Despair,
Still clasps her weeping Babe, and minds her latest Care.

With Conquest flush'd new Wars the Lamprey breaths,
In prouder State her silver Volumes wreaths:
But urg'd by partial Hopes, and vain Conceit,
In her last Duel will the Lobster meet.
The well-arm'd Lobster clad in dusky Mail,
Nor fears her pointed Teeth, nor winding Tail.
Close by the Cave, where in the silent Shade
The feast'd Lamprey sinks her easy Head,
He shakes his bearded Front, with Scorn extends
His wrinkled Horns, and thus the Challenge sends.

As, when two adverse Hosts encamp'd delay
The destin'd Fight, and wait the coming Day,
Impatient of Repose, some bolder Chief
Regrets loit Time, and feeds his inward Grief,
Braces his Cuirass on, and grasps his Arms;
Thus dreadful pleases, and with Terrour charms:
Erect he walks, and waves his plumed Crest,
To Action calls, and blames inglorious Rest.
With taunting Language, and disdainful Eyes
The boldest Champion to the Plain defies.
While adverse Troops the haughty Menace hear,
Nor will the hostile Youth such Insult bear;
With Shame he reddens, and with Anger burns,
Accepts the Challenge, and the Scorn returns.
So from her inmost Cave, with proud Disdain,
The soft Sea-Lamprey spreads her wavy Train:
Enrag'd she comes, darts sudden from her Cell,
Seizes the Foe, and fixes on the Shell.
But vainly weary'd with useless Toil
From the hard Crust the baffled Teeth recoil.
No Entrance there the blunted Weapons find,
No Pressure leaves th' indented Mark behind.
At length provok'd the bearded Lobster ends
Unequal Strife, his forked Claw extends,
Pinches with rigid Force her yielding Sides,
Drives back the Blood, and all the Mass divides.
The Parts all bruis'd in racking Torture swell,
And languid Spots declining Vigour tell.
By cruel Gripe the passive Wretch compris'd
Twines up her Tail, and rears her shining Breast.
No Rest the Lobster gives, nor quits his hold;
In vain her spiry Wreaths their Circles fold.
Restless she moves, nor can her Pains conceal,
Clings to her Foe, and hugs the pointed Shell.
The piercing Lancets prick each tender Vein,
And purple Drops her beauteous Yellow stain:
She vainly striving but augments her Pain.
O'er his rough Back she twists the fatal Round,
Tears her soft Skin, and gives her self the Wound.

As when the captive Pard to bloody Sights,
And barb'rous Sports the gazing Throng invites,
The Champion, who the gawdy Sylvan dares,
First by rude Din the sullen Beast prepares.
Grimly he looks, and with malicious Leer
Grins at the Crowd, and mocks the shining Spear.
His unsheath'd Paws their pointed Fangs expose,
And wrinkled Lips exert their dreadful Rows.
Foolish he gapes, and with wide Mouth expects
As the bold Youth his well-aim'd Blow directs.
While grinning Jaws their open Void display,
Down the flung Spear takes swift 'tis destin'd Way.
The yawning Beast a ready Passage gives,
And sheath'd within his Throat the whizzing Steel receives.

Th' imprudent Lamprey, urg'd by fierce Despite,
Thus aids the Foe, and tries the fruitless Bite.
While shelly Crusts the dusky Chief befriended,
And from rude Touch the tender Parts defend.
Maddened with Pain, and crush'd by meeting Claws,
On the firm Plate the fond See Lamprey gnaws:
Nor fears the rising Spikes that closely set
O'er the hard Shell their pointed Terrors threat:
But twines her Body round the sharped Rows,
And the deep mortal Wounds to needless Passion owes.

Such is the Combat, when in lone Retreats
Of silent Woods the crested Serpent meets
The Urchin's secret Track: by Nature they
The fierce Impulse of mutual Hate obey.
Approaching War the Urchin soon perceives,
And hears the distant Rubble of the Leaves.
Close in her own Embrace she shelter'd hides,
Contracts her Feet, and rounds her prickly Sides:
From ev'ry Part the thorny Bristles rise;
And thus enwrapt, unmov'd the Urchin lies.
The rushing Serpent frights the Infect Race,
Shakes the low Boughs, and bends the spiry Grasfs;
Scornful he seizes midst the platted Brakes 635
The rounding Ball, and furious Onset makes;
With angry Jaws th' ungrateful Morsel chews,
While the safe Urchin mocks his weaker Bruiſe.
Enrag'd the Foe exerts his utmost Strength,
Draws in his Train, and twines his shorten'd Length. 640
Refolv'd he curls, and with a rough Embrace
Squeezes the Ball, and binds the prickly Cane.
While oft the Urchin turns, and rolling gives
Unnumber'd Wounds; the tortur'd Serpent grieves.
Lost in his glossy Slough, and speckled Side, 645
Their sharpen'd Tops the piercing Needles hide.
Black venom'd Gore drops from the frothing Wound,
Hangs on the drooping Herb, and stains the blasted
Ground.
Racking the Pain, but firm the Serpent holds,
And hides the Urchin in his mazy Folds. 650
Nor, fasten'd thus, could he uncurl again
His twisted Spires, or stretch his lengthen'd Train,
Gaunche'd on the Tenters of the prickly Beasts;
Till dying both are from their Pains releaſt.

But
But oft the Urchin, by the Serpent bruised,
Escapes with Hurt, and from the Prison loosed
Creeps weaken'd o'er the Bank with sickly Pace,
And his sore Limbs enwraps in ranker Grass:
While fleshly Trophies on his Sides are born,
And all his prickly Back the gaudy Spoils adorn.

Like is th' Event of the unkind Embrace,
When the Sea-Lamprey hugs the shelly Cave;
Wounds to her self by thoughtless Rage she gives,
She dies; and none the wilful Murder grieves.

But tho' firm Mail the vig'rous Lobster shields,
Yet to the slow the tender Preke he yields.
Beneath the Rock, where eating Eddies round
The shelving Cave, and plain in murm'ring Sound,
As void of Care the bearded Lobster lies,
The crawling Preke hafts to the destin'd Prize.
Behind with wary Steps he softly creeps,
And on the sounding Armour sudden leaps;
Spreads all his knotty Arms; they close entwin'd
The dusky Shell with painful Pressure bind,
With stubborn Squeeze the tortur'd Parts constrain,
And with firm Braces fix the rounding Chain.

His straighten'd Jaws the throttling Ties compress,
Dam up the Way, and make the Channel less.

His
His Mouth chok'd up no slitting Blast receives,
Nor to the airy Stream the wanted Passage gives.
Life's Vehicle deny'd, the Lobster dies;
And dizzy Shades enwrap his horn\y Eyes.
For Fishes too must yield to chilling Death,
When ought shall stop the constant Flux of Breath.
They too like Earth-bred Animals respire;
Alternate Guffs maintain the vital Fire.

But long, e're spent with Toil, the Lobster strives;
Now vigorous shoots away, or sudden dives,
Plies his broad Tail, and cuts the rolling Flood;
Oft heaves his Back, and shakes the pressing Load;
Now weary'd stays, and weaker Efforts tries,
Now pants despairing, and now bursting dies.
The Preke unmov'd will ne'er his Station quit,
Nor pressing Arms their close Embrace remit.
When stretch'd on Sands the Lobster breathless lies,
Then soon his folded Chains the Preke unties.
And, like the busy Infant at the Breast,
Sucks from the shelly Pipes the licentious Feast.

As the curst Wretch, in hardy Mischief prov'd,
Untouch'd with Pity, and with Guilt unmov'd,
Hid in the narrow Turn of winding Streets,
From late Debauch the gay Companion meets;
He jocund stumbles on, nor ought designs,
Doz'd with the circling Pledge of unmixt Wines:
Unweening future Doom he reels along,
In fault'ring Accents hums a broken Song;
Fumes cloud the Brain, and sink the nodding Head,
And doubtful Feet in mazy Figures tread.
When sudden starting from his guilty Shades,
The Thief behind with hardy Grasp invades,
Back pulls him down, and gives the gushing Wound.
He groaning falls, and dying bites the Ground.
With Haste the Villain, fearful of Delay,
Strips the warm Dead, and bears the Spoils away.

Thus when the Lobster, lull'd by murmur ring Seas,
Clings to the Rock, reclin'd in thoughtless Ease,
Unseen the wily Preke impetuous springs,
And all his branching Arms around the Captive slings.

These, of all Kinds that curl the wrinkled Waves,
That press the Sands, or hide in-dropping Caves,
Impartial Foes, as if they Kindness meant,
By mutual Hate each others Wrongs resent.
Successive Deaths the fatal Circle tread,
Attend the Victor, and avenge the Dead.

Of Fishes some with venom'd Bane are stor'd,
Their hated Mouths the noxious Secret hoard.

O
The deadly Juice drops in the wounded Part,
Enflames the whole, and mocks the healing Art.
Him most the Fishers dread, in hideous Form
And Name agreeing with that reptile Worm,
Whose Sides a double Row of Legs display,
That print a thousand Footsteps on the Clay.
Like him the Sea-born Monster o'er the Main
With num'rous Feet rows on his waving Train.
One Touch of these will angry Blotches raise;
The blister'd Flesh it's redd'n ing Wales displays.
As when the well-known Weed with pointed Leaf
Thro' unseen Wounds infects the ringing Grief,
In Spots around the scarlet Venom spreads,
And rising Pustules show their ruddy Heads;
So touch'd by them, we feel the burning Pains
Itch in the Skin, and tingle in the Veins.

In gawdy Show the various Rainbow prides,
But beauteous Look a secret Poyson hides,
A dreaded Foe to those who dive below,
Where on hard Beds the porous Spunges grow,
From it's lov'd Moisture bear the Heap away,
And bring the rancid Substance to the Day.
When the gay Shoals perceive the prying Guest,
Envious they throng, and all his Search molest;
Book II: Oppian's Halieuticks

With venom'd Teeth th'encumber'd Wretch surround,
Bite ev'ry Part, and suck the pleasing Wound.
Tho' clog'd by whelming Waves he flouncing strives,
Flings round his Arms, and back the Wantons drives.
Oft struck they can't forego the tempting Food,
Such is their ardent Thirst of human Blood.

So when full Bars scarce hold the ripen'd Grains,
And of rude Gales the whispering Field complains,
When Reapers pine with Toil and sultry Heat,
The buzzing Squadrons scent the grateful Sweat;
On ev'ry Part they light, roam busy round,
Tickle the Face, and raise the ruddy Wound.
The Peasant fans them off, but they again
Wanton return, and strike the itching Pain.

Boldly impertinent the Lab'ret vex,
Buz round his Eyes, and bask upon his Cheeks;
Nor will the restless Swarms their Sport forego,
Till dead they fall prest by the quicker Blow;
Or cloy'd with Pleasure wing their silent Way,
And shun the Cool of the declining Day.

The crawling Preke a deadly Juice contains,
Injected Poyson fires the wounded Veins.
Soft Cattle-Fish, that stain the flowing Tide
With inky Streams, more dreaded Moisture hide.

O 2 Nor
All Things must yield; the dire Infection's such,
The solid Flint would moulder at the Touch.
When rising Shrubs their spreading Branches shoot,
Pride in their Leaves, or joy in rip'ning Fruit,
If with the Fire-Flair's Spear the Hand unkind
But grate the Root, or prick the tender Rind,
The Leaves shrink in, and all the Glories fade,
Rich Sap no more is thro' the Pipes convey'd;
No kind Supplies flow round the porous Stem,
Cast a bright Green, and swell the smiling Gem,
But killing Juices all the Fibres taint,
And tarnish'd Verdure tells the fatal Want.
Dry Stalks now ruffle on the Ground reclin'd,
Where Shades once trembled at the wanton Wind.
Circe, who all the secret Poisons knew,
Or wash'd by Seas, or nourish'd by the Dew,
Midst all the deadly Treasures of her Art
Most valu'd kept the Fire-Flair's venom'd Dart.
To it's long taper Shaft the filthy Spoil
The Goddess's joys, and fits for martial Toil.
On her lov'd Son, whom in a conscious Grot
Wand'ring from Troy the Grecian Chief begot,
Circe the Prize, the fatal Gift bestows,
Describes it's Use, and the hid Venom shows.

He
He sought his Sire, till led by doubtful Fame
To rocky Coasts of Libya he came.
Here on his Father's Goats with youthful Pride
His fatal Spear the wanton Warrior try'd;
Around the Plain contagious Slaughters made,
And on rank Heaps the bearded Victims lay.
While careless he the pleasing Sport pursues,
The flying Herdsmen tell th' unwelcome News.
The Chief incens'd recalls his youthful Halt,
To seize the Robber, and prevent the Waft.
But with blind Rage the Parricide polluís
Assaults his Sire, and wounds his aged Breast.
Thro' boiling Veins the glowing Poisons roll,
And with dire Pains expell the ling'ring Soul.
Thus He, who dar'd the Dangers of the Main,
While Surges roll'd, and Tempests rag'd in vain,
His fated End in Sea-bred Venom found,
And from the Fire-Flare's Dart receiv'd his mortal Wound.

Vast Tunnies o'er the watry Surface sweep,
And the fierce Sword-Fish rolls the calmer Deep.
Tho' swift their Pace, tho' Fate attends their Strokes,
A worthlesse Fly the mighty Fish provokes.

When
When the curt'f Dog begins the sultry Days,
And fre'rish Vapours taint the kinder Rays,
Then fearless of the Waves the Ocean-Breez
Broods on the Waters, and infects the Seas.

Beneath the shelt'ring Fin the Insects hide;
And goad with pois'rous Sting the tender Side.
Vext with the puny Foe the Tummies leap,
Flounce on the Stream, and tos' the mantling Deep,
Ride o' er the foaming Seas, with Torture rave,
Bound into Air, and dash the smoking Wave.

Oft with imprudent Haft they fly the Main,
And seek in Death a kind Release from Pain;
Vault on some Ship, or to the Shores repair,
And gasp away their hated Lives in Air.

So when from reeking Vales Autumnal Days
Sulphureous Steams, and ranker Vapours raise,
With circling Tail, and wild distorted Eyes
Thro' rustling Brakes the madded Heifer flies,
With sounding Hoof the heathy Common beats,
While far behind the hollowing Peasant sweats.
Driv'n by the Pain, when the fierce Gad-Bee strikes,
Nor Fence of twisted Hedge, nor slimy Dikes
Retain the Beast; but o' er the shelving Steep
And clotty Ridge she takes the doubtful Leap.

Nor
Book II. Oppian’s Haliēuticks.

Nor breezy Caves, nor Meads invite her Stay,
Tho’ Banks obstruct, and Rivers cross the Way.
She fords the Stream, and climbs the rising Mound;
While distant Hills with bellowing Kine refund.

Dolphins, by all the liquid Realms rever’d,
Command the Seas, and rule the floating Herd.
The willing Tribes their native Lord obey,
Confess his Pow’r, and own the rightful Sway.
They ev’ry Kind in beauteous Form excell;
And awful Looks the true-born Monarch tell.
None can in Force with furious Dolphins vie,
Or the strong Fin with equal Vigour ply.

Dolphins as swift their rapid Course pursue,
As the wing’d Steel springs from the twangling Yew.
Fires sparkle in their Eyes, and gleaming Rays
Brighten the wat’ry Shade, and clear the gloomy Ways.
When Fishes with vain Hopes their trembling Heads
Or wrap in Slime, or roll in sandy Beds,
Midst the dark Shade they form a sudden Day,
And all the Secrets of the Depth survey.
When Lions roar, the Beasts with Terrour hear,
And by their Silence own their passive Fear.

Birds distant view, when Eagles soar on high,
And humbly give the Freedom of the Sky.
When flaggy Wings the glaring Dragon bear
In shining Tracks, and taint the gilded Air,
Silent below the meaner Serpent creeps,
Nor dares to hiss, but hides in weedy Heaps.
And thus in Pow'r unrival'd *Dolphins* reign
O'er the unbounded Empire of the Main.

While o'er the Floods the wanton *Dolphin* rolls,
All give the Sea, and drive their mingled Shoals.
With fearful Haft their thronging Heaps they raise,
Nor on their dreaded Monarch steady gaze.
Passive they turn their Eyes; with servile Fear
His furious Bounds, and distant Passings hear.
But when the Sov'reign hungry seeks his Prey,
Then frightened Numbers crowd the narrow Sea.
From the known Tyrant all the meaner Slaves
Throng to the Friths, and nestle in the Caves.
He in rude Feasts his purpled Jaws embrues;
From the mixt Heaps will noblest Captives chase,
Let go the tasteless Prey, and vulgar Treats refuse.

But hardy Troops are found, and they alone
That brave the *Dolphin*, and his Sway disown;
With equal Scorn the Tyrant's Wrong repay,
Nor passive will the lawless Force obey.

*Anies*
Amies their Name; no pointed Spikes they bear,
Nor wield the Sword, nor dart the pois'rous Spear;
But close-fet Teeth their vaulted Mouth surround,
That ready strike, and give the certain Wound.
With these fierce Amies, for the Fight prepar'd,
Engage their Monarch, nor his Threats regard.
When wanton Dolphins from their Fellows stray,
And the lone Wand'rans take their private Way,
Amies observe, and spread the pleasing News;
None dread the Danger, or the Toil excuse:
With firm Consent the Summons all obey,
Press to the Charge, and throng the straighten'd Way.

So when the Hopes of Fame, and hostile Spoils
To glorious Hazard push th' embattled Files.
Resolv'd they move, and all the Danger court,
Scale the high Wall, and raze the batter'd Fort:
War to the truly brave is only Sport.

Awhile the Dolphin, tho' unnumber'd Foes
Ally'd to One united Force oppose,
Nor royal Birth, nor ancient Fame forgets;
But mocks th' Invaders, and their Onset meets:
Feeds with Revenge, and tafts the double Sweets
Of slaughter'd Rebels, and of grateful Treats.

P 2

But
But when around the rallying Troops appear, Rush in the Front, and thicken in the Rear, War's doubtful Toils the finny Chief engage, Rebellion worthy all the Monarch's Rage. Fearless of Danger they at once surround The Princely Fish, and all the *Dolphins* wound. With Rage inveterate the restless Shoals Make at his Head, and on his azure Jowls Remorseless fasten; on his Back they ride, Hang on his Gills, and tear his bleeding Side. Some glide beneath, others behind him press, Burden the Tail, and all the Fish distress. He labring puffs, tho' weaken'd with his Wounds Yet vig'rous shoots, and all the Ocean rounds. Vext with Disgrace, and Sense of various Pain He meditates Revenge; with proud. Disdain Now swift as sunny Gleams the *Dolphins* leaps Thro' flying Mist, and o'er the Surface sweeps. Like Lightning now he gilds the Depths below, Where silent Waves, and stiller Waters flow. Nor mirk'om Shades below, nor upper Seas, Remove the Foes, nor give the Sov'rain Ease. They still unmov'd, their fasten'd Hold retain, Drive with their Guide, and round the troubled Main. Where're
Where're he moves, unwelcome they attend,
And born by him, with him as swift descend
To lowest Seas, as swift again pursue
Repeated Tracks, and clearer Day review.
Thus joyn'd they all one monstrous Fish appear,
And to known Shapes no certain Likeness bear.
Fishers amaz'd long fix their steady Eyes,
While blended Kinds their real Form disguise.

As when the stagnate Blood corrupting breeds
The putrid Sore, and glowing Ulcer feeds;
The dusky Leeches drain the noisome Food,
And give new Motion to the clotted Blood;
Curl up their Backs, and swell their bloated Sides,
And by strong Suction force the streaming Tides;
But when the long continu'd Pleasures cloy,
Senseless they fall, and dizzy with the Joy.
Thus Amies hung around the Dolphin twine,
Rivet their Teeth, nor will the Part resign.
When fed the weary Dolphin they release;
Disperse themselves, and drive along the Seas.
The Royal Fish, from hostile Numbers freed,
Resumes his Vigour, and exerts his Speed,
Furious he dashes round the broken Waves,
Devours whole Shoals and grinds the gasping Slaves.

The
The reeking Blood shines on the redden'd Ooze,
And blushing Waves their smiling Azure lose.
Flight or Resistance now no longer save,
But in Return they feel the Wounds they gave.

When prowling Troops of Wolves some wand'ring Deer
In num'rous Concert hunt; she wing'd with Fear
Skims o'er the Dale, and from the Mountain bounds;
With braying Plaunts the vocal Wood resounds.
The furious Wolves with more than equal Pace
Reach to the Wound, and gain upon the Chace;
From her fat Sides the reeking Morfels tear,
Bear on the Haunch, and flea the living Deer.
Their harmless Prey securely they destroy,
And unaveng'd the guilty Meal enjoy.
Void of Remorse, and insolent with Pride
Laugh at her Groans, and all her Pains deride.
Not so the Dolphin's Foes unhurt retreat;
A just Revenge the daring Rebels meet,
Their former Insults of the Monarch grieve,
And Pains for Pains, and Wounds for Wounds receive.

Dolphins in Death their royal Birth regard,
Act like themselves, and for the Hour prepar'd,
Their Doom expecting they intrepid wait,
Ev'n then are careful to preserve their State;
Fate's Summons with Indifference obey,
But fly the Depths, and leave the wider Sea.
Left meaner Fish the floating Carkafs meet,
And with rude Scorn their lifeless Sov'rain treat.
To wavy Sands they silently retire,
Lie there unknown, and unobserv'd expire.
On the moist Bed recline their sickly Head,
Where no base Fish insult the royal Dead;
And hope that grateful Man with pious Hand
Will give his Friend the Burial of the Sand:
At least the Waters and returning Tide
Will in their wracky Heaps the princely Relicks hide.
Living they rule, and dying leave the Main;
No base-bred Foes their injur'd Corps profane.
Greatness of Soul in latest Hours appears:
Careless of Life the thoughtless Hero fears,
Left ought that's less'ning, or that's mean at last
A fullying Stain on former Glories cast.
And Dolphins thus in Death we must admire
Just to themselves; their Conduct is entire.
Careful t' assert their Honour, and maintain
Their former Port, the Dolphins dying reign.

Barbels,
Barbels, unlike the rest, are just and mild,
No fish they harm, by them no seas are spoil'd.
Nor on their own, nor different kinds they prey,
But equal laws of common right obey.
Undreaded they with guiltless pleasure feed
On fat'ning slime, or bite the sea-grown weed.
Each licks his mate; by love the barbel lives,
And the dear kiss alternate pleasure gives.
The good and just are heaven's peculiar care:
All ravenous kinds the sacred barbel spare;
Nor will the hungry seize the gentle fry,
But give the look, and pitying pass them by.
Honour's just meed, and due rewards attend
The brave good man, who scorns the selfish end,
Will on no rights by lawless pow'r intrude,
But to his own prefers the publick good.
E'en stormy seas the juster kinds revere,
And fishes some respect to virtue bear.

But all besides, voracious and unjust,
Obey their passions, and indulge their lust.
When hunger calls, they roam abroad for food,
Pursue the weaker, by the strong pursu'd.
All the night long they constant watches keep,
Nor one unguarded moment give to sleep.
Book II. Oppian's Halieuticks

Scar's alone their folded Eye-lids close
In grateful Intervals of soft Repose.
In some sequester'd Cell remov'd from Sight,
They sleep away the Dangers of the Night.
The rest all wakeful dread the dire Surprize;
From midnight Fears the God of Slumber flies.

Fondly we blame the Rage of warring Fish,
Who urg'd by Hunger must supply the Wish;
When cruel Men, to whom their ready Food
Kind Earth affords, yet thirst for human Blood.
Peace, griev'd by Man, to brighter Regions fled,
And angry Mars contending Nations led.
Ambitious Youths with Thirst of Glory fir'd
The proud Deformity of Scars admir'd.
Pow'r uncontroll'd maintain'd the wrongful Cause,
Nor fear'd the weaker Force of silent Laws.
Nor would ungovern'd Rage the Temples spare;
But ev'n the Gods forgot their wonted Care.
The hoary Priest oft while he suppliant pray'd,
On his own Altar was a Victim made.
Bold Sacrilege laid hallow'd Buildings waft,
And in vile Heaps the sacred Rubbish caft.
In circling Wreaths to Heav'n their impious Fires
Boldly went up, and roll'd their guilty Spires.

Q Statues
Statues deform'd lay headless on the ground.
None knew what God the dubious image own'd.
At length soft Peace look'd back; the Troubles ceas'd,
And pitying Heaven gave the Kingdoms rest.

From good Æneas sprung, the Cæsars came
to soothe the world, and quench the spreading flame.
Yet restless Discord would unconquer'd strive
The dying sparks of Fury to revive.
The proud Iberian, and the warlike Gaul
Repin'd at Ease, and heard Bellona's call.
Oft did the Rhine polluted currents mourn,
And wash the stains from his discolour'd urn.
Oft from his reeds old Ister silent gaz'd,
And saw his banks by slaughter'd legions rais'd.

Till you, blest Pair, so kinder Heav'n decreed,
Peace unalloy'd restor'd, and groaning nations freed.
Now settled Peace broods on the smiling vales,
And steady Justice holds th' impartial scales.

Astarte comes, the Goddess comes again,
And from injurious Rapin guards the plain.
Plenty around her various mantle spreads,
O'er flow'ry pastures, and unforrag'd meads.
The God of sleep, freed from the noisy dread,
On ev'ry bank inclines his drowsy head.
Gay painted Dreams skim o'er the silent Plain,
And kindly hover on the slumb'ring Swain.
The joyous Sun smiles on the calmer Day,
And little Loves in ev'ry Corner play.
May the Good Gods these Halcyon Days prolong,
Give Rest to Arms, and Leisue to the Song.
May, thro' the Round of long successive Years,
Continu'd Peace prevent our future Fears.
Now suppliant Right fears no disgustful Frown
Or from th' Imperial Sire, or Royal Son.
Now humble Merit meets a just Reward,
Nor will the Court disdain the peaceful Bard.
May Jove, and those bright Messengers of Fate,
That throng his Throne, and on the Godhead wait,
May all indulgent guard the Royal Pair,
The World's great Monarch, and the blooming Heir.
Our Wishes must succeed, our Pray'rs are heard,
If Piety deserves a just Reward.
The Heav'nly Pow'rs will look propitious down,
By sure Succession fix th' establish'd Throne,
Preserve th' Immortal Sire, and aid the Godlike Son.
OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS
PART II.
of the
FISHING
OF THE ANCIENTS
IN THREE BOOKS.

Translated by John Jones M.A.
Fellow of Balliol Coll. Oxon.

Οὗτος τοῖς ἄλιεύον ὃ πῦς τὸν· ἦτος ὁ πλῆττο.

Theocrit.
THE THIRD BOOK OF OPPIAN'S HALIEUTICKS.

HOW captive Shoals reward the Fisher's Toils,
What Force subdues, or specious Fraud beguiles,
Attend, Great Prince, to thee the Sea-born Muse
A Theme not forreign tho' unsung pursues.
The silent Rovers own thy sacred Sway,
Thee bending Waves, and prostrate Deeps obey.
All Arts are thine, for Thee th' advent'rous Swain
Trufts faithlesse Winds, and courts the wrinkled Main.
Indulgent Heav'n conspires with Earth and Seas
By nobler Gifts and happier Arts to please,
The Gods of Verse harmonious Strains prepare,
To crown thy Pleasures, and dispell thy Care.
I from Cilicia's Shores their Envoy came,
And Mercury's Shrine approv'd th' aspiring Flame.

Jove's greatest Son, whose partial Cares demand
Superior Honours from my native Land,
Hermes, where Gain invites, inspire the Lay,
Through Neptune's Deeps your golden Wand display,
Describe the Course, and point the doubtful Way.

Whate'er successful Arms the Fisher knows
New from your Mind in fair Ideas rose;
You first the scaly Fugitive confin'd,
Form'd each Machine, each various Use assign'd.

Pan learnt his Father's Art, nor learnt in vain,
The Fisher's Wiles secur'd the Thunderer's Reign,
From interposing Floods Typhon drew,
Secur'd his Grandfire, and the Monster flew.
Fishes for nobler Booty bait the Shore,
And hint a Conquest like their own before.

With these the God a luscious Meal prepares;
Plung'd from th' Abyss th' invited Fiend appears,
Consults his Hunger, and forgets his Fears.
Strait from his cloudy Throne th' Imperial King
Dispatcht his Thunders on the flaming Wing;
Floods now of Fire th' unguarded Foe surround,
The glowing Bolt imprints it's hissing Wound.
With Forehead prone the writhing Monster flies,
A thousand Rocks the copious Slaughter dies.
The Shores the blushing Trophies still retain,
Not all their Waves can purge the guilty Stain.

Fam'd Maia's Son, if Fishers supplicant Pray's
With grateful Accent ever charm'd your Ears,
Propitious to their Bard, your Aid impart,
And make the Verse as famous as the Art.

First be the Fishers Limbs compact and found,
With solid Flesh, and well-brac'd Sinews bound.
Let due Proportion ev'ry Part commend,
Nor Leannes shrink too much, nor Fat distend.
Oft some stout Fish a vig'rous Fight maintains,
Suspends the Conquest, and disputes his Chains;
With grappling Fins afferts his native Place,
Nor tamely quits his Mother Sea's Embrace.
Oft he must scale the Clift, whose tow'ring Brow
With rugged Frown surveys the Waves below;
With bending Oars the foaming Surface sweep,
Or search the dark Recesses of the Deep.
Let watry Labours be his chief Content,
The briny Seas his nat'ral Element.
Judicious Art with long Experience joyn'd
Inform the ready Dictates of his Mind.
Fishes by various Wiles elude their Fates,
The Wit that dire Extremity creates.
Let Resolution all his Passions sway,
Nor Pleasures charm his Mind, nor Fears dismay.
From short Repose let early Vigour rise,
And all his Soul awaken with his Eyes.
Well let his Patience and his Health sustain
Jove's piercing Storms, and Sirius' sultry Reign.
Let him with constant Love the Sea pursue,
With eager Joy the pleasing Toil renew.
So Thetis shall reward her faithful Swain,
And all his Labours please the God of Gain.

Autumnal Seasons early Toils invite,
When rising Phosphor smiles with infant Light,
Maturer Day successful Draughts denies,
Till gentle Ev'ning cools the severith Skies.
When cold declining Suns contract the Day,
Departing Beams forbid the Fisher's Stay.
Kind Spring attunes his Predecessor's Wrong,
And Days entire th' unceasing Sport prolong.
Then near the Shores the scaly Legions move,
Consult their future Race, and present Love.

Attend th' auspicious Wind that breaths serene,
And innocently fans the floating Scene.

The
The prudent Fish, when louder Tempefts found,
Avoids the Shock, and seeks the calm Profound.
Fearless returns, when rattling Storms abate;
But silent Filhers urge his fhurer Fate.

This constant Rule the finny Trav'lers guides
With cautious Front t' oppose the wind and Tides;
Thus they unhurt th' united Force withstand,
And hover safely o'er the shelving Strand.
But let complying Nets and spreading Sails
Side with the Waves, and fhew before the Gales.
When Southern Winds on dewy Pinions rise,
With facing Prow salute the Northern Skies;
With Southern Course th' obsequious Pinnace steer,
When frozen Boreas blusters in the rear;
To Western Seas let fulky EURUS fend,
And Zephyr's Airs your Eastern Voy'ge befriend.
So fhall your easier Toil and meeting Prey
The due Observance of the Winds repay.

By thole who curious have their Art defir'd
Four Sorts of Filhers are distinct assign'd.
The first in Hooks delight; here some prepare
The Angle's taper Length, and twisted Hair;
Others the tougher Threads of Flax entwine,
But firmer Hands sustain the sturdiy Line.
A third prevails by more compendious Ways,
While num'rous Hooks one common Line displays. 110

The next with Nets wide-wafting skim the Seas,
But different Forms, with different Prospects please.
Some hurl the leaded Casting-Net around,
And drag the Circle less'ning from the Ground.
The wide extended Seine and Trammel sweep 115
The shelving Beach, the Drag-Net skims the Deep.
The Hoop-Net's conick Lab'rinth plies the Shore,
Heave-Nets the Fishes oozy Beds explore.
A thousand Names a Fisher might rehearse
That shun untractable the smoother Verse. 120

The Third the mazy Weel's Enclosure bait,
Unequal Gains the scanty Labour wait.
No constant Care th' indulgent Sports require,
To sleep the Fishers from their Charge retire.
To them ev'n Sleep has learnt to be sincere, 125
And Dreams of Wealth the sure Event declare.
Waking they find th' imaginary Prize
In airy Forms prelude to real Joys.

Others the Trident's gasty Terrors wield,
And purple Conquests stain the watry Field. 130
These various Arms the Fisher's Toils attend,
Well known the Form of each, and proper End.

Fishes
Book III. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Fishes have too their self-preserving Arts,
Not that alone which home-bred Fear imparts;
Their forreign Foes they equally deceive,
Th' entangling Net and burden'd Hook relieve.
The raving Swains in tragick Postures mourn,
And Grief alone attends the Net's Return.

The Barbel, when encircling Seines inclose,
The fatal Threads, and treach'rous Bosom knows.
Instant he rallies all his vig'rous Pow'rs,
And faithful Aid of ev'ry Nerve implores;
O'er Battlements of Cork up-darting flies,
And finds from Air, th' Escape that Sea denies.
But should the first Attempt his Hopes deceive,
And fatal Space th' imprison'd Fall receive,
Exhausted Strength no second Leap supplies;
Self-doom'd to Death the prostrate Victim lies,
Resign'd with painful Expectation waits,
Till thinner Element compleats his Fates.

So when a Fever's doubtful Crisis reigns,
Preys on the Heart, and revels in the Veins,
The conscious Patient sees with wild Surprize
Approaching Death in all it's Terrors rise.
Fond Hopes create at first reluctant Strife,
Resolv'd he grasps the slipp'ry Verge of Life.
The Leache's Art th' obedient Wretch implores,
The bitter Draught, and nauseous Pill devours.
But if the baffled Pow'rs of Med'cine fail,
And partial Fate inclines th' unequal Scale,
Each flatter'ing Hope, and fond Desire of Breath
Tamely he quits, and courts an easy Death.

When closing Nets the \textit{Spit-Fish} Shoal surprize,
Some Hole they seek of hospitable Size;
There rushing all their waving Lengths convey,
Wriggling successive through the narrow Way.

In like Extremity the greedy Toils
With Arts more exquisite the \textit{Wolf} beguiles.
Low he descends, when pow'rful Fear commands,
And scoops with lab'ring Fins the furrow'd Sands.

Lodg'd in that Cave expecting Fate derides,
While o'er his Back the leaded Margin slides.

The crafty \textit{Wolves}, when ere they conscious feel
Deep in their Jaws infixt the barbed Steel,
Writhing with restiff Fury backward bound,
The Hook dismissing thro' the widen'd Wound.

\textit{Cetaceous Tunnies} too with equal Rage
The grand Dispute of Life and Freedom wage.
When first the Hook inflicts the sudden Blow,
Downward they hurry to the Rocks below;
With recent Strength o'erpow'r the Fishers Hand,
And twining grasp the Pavement of the Sand;
There tug the Steel, and tear the ragged Wound,
And gladly with their Fates for Pain compound.

When lucky Hooks the larger Kinds surprize,
The fierce Sea-Cow, or Ram's enormous Size;
The prickled Thornback, or the Haddock wound;
Their weighty Limbs they stretch on sandy Ground,
In constant Obstinacy trust alone,
And meaner Use of Stratagem disown;
With faithful Aid their mutual Force combine,
Release the Wound, or force the weaker Line.

But the fleet Amie, and the Fox-Hound know,
What kind Effects from swift Compliance flow.
They the first Summons of the Hook obey,
Nor stay till Force commands the painful Way;
Prevent th' extended Line, and fast'ning tear
With grinding Rows of Teeth the crackling Hair.
Hence taught, the Fishers arm their lowest Line,
And next the Hook the ductile Wire adjoin.

The Cramp-Fish, when the pungent Pain alarms,
Exerts his magick Pow'rs and poison'd Charms.
Clings round the Line, and bids th' Embrace infuse
From fertile Cells comprest his subtil Juice.

Th'
Th' aspiring Tide it's restless Volumes rears, Rolls up the steep Ascent of slipp'ry Hairs, Then down the Rod with easy Motion slides, And entering in the Fisher's Hand subsides. On ev'ry Joint an icy Stiffness steals, The flowing Spirits binds, and Blood congeals. Down drops the Rod dismift, and floating lies, Drawn captive in it's Turn, the Fish's Prize.

Th' endanger'd Cuttle thus evades his Fears, And native Hoards of fluid Safety wears. A pitchy Ink peculiar Glands supply, Whose Shades the sharpest Beam of Light defines. Pursu'd he bids the fable Fountains flow, And wrapt in Clouds eludes th' impending Foe. The Fish retreats unseen, while self-born Night With pious Shade befriends her Parent's Flight.

The winged Slave with Crimson dies the Main, His Fraud the fame, tho' different the Stain.

Such Arts the finny Politicians know, Poor unavailing Arts! where Man's the Foe. Those who in silent Deep's remoter live, Strangers to Fraud, an easy Conquest give. Simple and artless are the Fisher's Arms; Onions to them, and naked Hooks have Charms. Thos'e
Book III. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Those Kinds that haunt the Sea-confining Strand,
As more expos'd superior Arts command.
Of these the smaller Fries by Shrimps are drawn,
Slees fibrous Legs, the little Crab or Prawn.
To Flesh embrin'd, or slimy Worms they haft,
Or any fav'ry Bait of ranker Taft.
Baits for the large the smaller Shoal supplies,
To nobler Prey the gradual Conquests rife.
Eternal Hunger gnaws the Glutton-Fish,
No reas'ning Pow'r controls th' impatient Wilh.

Sea-Crows the Tunnies, Shrimps the Wolf approves,
The Bream's voracious Guft the Gaper moves.
On-eyes excite the sharp-teeth'd Ruff's Desire,
Horse-tails the various Rainbow's Paint admire.
The Oerve Surmullets tempt to certain Fate;
For Yellow-tails with bright-ey'd Pearches bait.
Cockrels the Gilt-heads glitt'ring Race invite,
And tender Prekes the Lamprey's Taft delight.
Thus larger Kinds; the Fair One of the Seas
Nam'd from his beauteous Form young Tunnies please.
On the small Cod the full-grown Tunnies feeds,
When Wolves attract the wounded Anthie bleeds.
To crested Horse-tails hungry Sword-Fish haft,
And Mullets please the Shark's judicious Taft.

Thus
Thus weaker Kinds with human Arts unite,
And Vengeance to the Foes in Death requite.
Each in his Turn promotes th' ascending Fate,
And proves alternately the Prey and Bait.

Hunger, thou in-bred Fiend, whose stern Commands
Nor Brutes, nor lordly Man himself withstands,
Extortioner, to All alike unkind,
Slave to the Sense, but Rebel to the Mind;
All Appetites to thee, all Passions yield,
And Reason quits the scarce disputed Field.
Her Throne usurp'd, Companions of thy State,
Stinging Disgrace, and vengeful Ate wait.
Thy Pow'r the winged Songster's Flight o'ertakes,
And drives the Lion roaring thro' the Brakes;
Pursues the Serpent thro' the mazy Way,
And o'er the Reptil World asserts the Sway.
But when thou div'st to liquid Worlds below,
The Sea-born Kinds thy fiercest Fury know.
Here various Deaths thy fiercest Emotions wait:
On Earth thou triflest, but in Seas art Fate.

The Natives of my Country's Shores, that claim
Immortal Honours from _Syncedon's_ Name,
_Corycium_ sacred to the God of Gain,
And fair _Eleusa_ rising from the Main,

By
Book III. Oppian's Halieuticks. 123

By Friendship feign'd, and Love's dissembling Wiles,
The late-mistaken Anties Race beguiles.
Hear, Mighty Prince, her Country's dear Delights
With fonder Joy the Patriot Must recites.

First some experienc'd Veteran explores,
Where mossy Caves indent the steeper Shores.
There launching forth his Boat, with weighty Strokes
Of num'rous Sound the murm'ring Planks provokes.
The Waves shrink undulating from the Blow,
And sink the circling Summons all below.
Museick tho' rude has Charms; the Anties round
With unexperienc'd Ear imbibe the Sound;
The Man all o'er and vocal Wood survey,
Infatiate gaze, and seem to beg their Stay.

He to his stranger Guests Sea-Pearch or Crows
First Pledge of future Correspondence throws.
They greedily devour the lib'ral Mess,
And wagging Tails their Gratitude express.

As when from far some honourable Guest,
With martial Skill, or nobler Science blest,
For new Improvements leaves his native Shore,
And views those Climes his Fame has reach'd before.
Some Sire of hospitable Mind, who knows
What all Mankind the gen'rous Learned owes,
Conducts him to his old paternal Seat,
Assures a welcome tho' a poor Retreat;
With hearty Words, and frank obliging Guise,
He grasps his Hand, devours him with his Eyes;
Rich Gifts importunately kind obtrudes,
And mean Reflections of Expence excludes.
Salubrious Dainties from the rural Hoard
In unaffected Plenty crown the Board.
Freely they feast to Mirth and Joy resign'd,
Nor want an equal Banquet for the Mind.
That done, with Pledge alternate drain the Bowls,
While gen'rous Friendship opens all their Souls.
Thus the glad Fisher and the destin'd Prey
With mutual Joys deceive the wanton Day.
The present Feasts, and Hopes of future Gain,
Those please the Fish, and these delight the Swain.
He ev'ry Day renews th' expected Treat,
Nor sparing of his Labour or his Meat.
They leave their Cells, and hast'ning to the Sound,
With open Jaws supine their Hoft surround.
He deals his Favours with distinguishing Care,
And bulky Chiefs divide the largest Share.
Henceforth content they praise th' incurious Reft,
With Food unearn'd, and calm Confinement blest.
Book III. Oppian's Halieuticks. 225

Fixt to their Choice they seek no foreign Shore; 325
Variety and Freedom charm no more.

So when bleak Winter whitens all the Plain,
Wedg'd in their Folds the willing Flocks remain.
At once in Body and in With confin'd,
Not ev'n their native Fields can tempt their Mind. 330

Soon as the Boat leaves the retiring Shores,
The distant Anthies hear the sounding Oars.
Onward they rush impatient of delay,
Luxuriant roll, and feathly Gambols play.
Diffus'd around they dash the sparkling Main,
And brush a foamy Circle on the Plain;
With wagging Jaws their welcome Friend salute,
And Nature seem to curse that made 'em mute.

So when the Bird, whose first Appearance brings
Relenting Seasons, and returning Springs,
Home to her Nest with loaded Bill repairs,
And Food untasted to her Younglings bears;
The callow Progeny, with Throats erect,
And quiv'ring Wings the ling'ring Melfs expect.
The little Rivals round their Mother crowd,
And chatter their Necessities aloud.
The good old Squire below, with ravish'd Ears
The shrill Musicians of his Chimney hears.
The Fisher feeds, and stooks them with his Hands,
Their Nature tames, and all their Hearts commands.
Like gen’rous Subjects they their King obey,
Whose willing Hearts confess the milder Sway.
Where’er he wields his intimidating Arm,
With equal Pace th’ attracted Legions swarm.

So when the Roman-Youth their Couriers rein,
And mimick Armies shake the bloodless Plain,
What side the sage Director points the Way,
The Battle rages, and the Troops obey.

No more of mutual Joys, or game some Play,
Or Banquets equal’d to the livelong Day.
The Fisher now intent on other Joys
The toughest Line and strongest Hook employs.
His Left supports the Line, in fair Disguise
Beneath the Bait the latent Iron lies.
Sent from his Right a Pebble strikes the Flood,
The sinking Throng pursue the fancy’d Food.
If or by Chance or doom’d by partial Fate
One stay behind to him he gives the Bait.
He snaps the Meat with glad unthinking Hast,
Poor Ignorant! the last he e’er must taft.
Both Hands intent the bending Swain applies,
And hoists with sudden Force the lonely Prize.

Should
Should ruffling Waves in quicker Pulse convey,
The distant guilty sounds of strugling Prey,
Averse they'd fly, and seek the spantious Seas;
Familiar Shores nor wonted Food would please.
A vig'rous Strength th' impetuous Toil demands,
Or needs th' united Aid of second Hands.
All Obligations thus th' indebted Prey
With undesigned Gratitude repay;
A nobler Banquet to the Swain restore,
And feed, as they were fed themselves before.

Others on ruder Force alone rely,
And sturdy Limbs their artless Labour ply.
Impatient they despise the formal Cheat,
The tedious Course of Flattery and Treat.
Their first Repasts the dire Recurve conceal
Of toughest Braze, or more impassive Steel.
With double Point the fierer Weapon bends,
And diff'rent ways it's deadly Jaws extends.
A strong close-twisted Cord affixt between
In equal Poise sustains the dire Machine.
A living Sea-Wolf best supplies the Bait,
If dead, his Jaws receive the Plummet's Weight.
New Life deriving from the pressling Lead
Th' unconscious Mimick rolls, and nods his Head.

When
When first attracted by the pleasing Sound,
Th' ascending Anthies leave the safe Profound,
Back fly th' expecting Oars, the fatal Food
Some skilful Chief addresses to the Flood. 400
High o'er the Stern he waves the Line, while they
With Haft tumultuous chace the flying Prey;
Hunger and Emulation urge their Way.
The vanquish'd Wretch thus scours along the Plain,
While close behind his ardent Conqu'rous strain. 405
If one approach superior to the rest,
He seizes uncontroll'd th' unjoyous Feast.
Soon, but too late, he mourns the treach'rous Prize,
And fondly from th' inherent Mischief flies.

Here long with mutual Force the Fish and Swain 410
Each well-contested Inch of Sea maintain.
Vict'ry impartial hovers o'er the Field,
Each draws resolv'd, unknowing each to yield.
Mean while th' intenser Force of active Pain
To Form uncouth distorts the bending Swain. 415
His Arms stretcht out, his cracking Shoulders bow,
And furrow'd Frowns contract his ardent Brow.
Each length'ning Muscle to it's Tendons strains,
In livid Ridges swell the bloated Veins.
Each Bone seems starting from it's flipp'ry Sphere, 429
Deep in his Skin the waving Vales appear.

Wild with the Smart and s'rd with high Disdain
The great-soul'd Slave indignant shakes his Chain,
And fondly struggles to his native Main.
The lab'ring Chief with ardent Voice implores
His jolly Lads to stretch th' incessant Oars.
Should once the Boat comply, the scaly Foe
Would drag th' unequal Swain to Seas below.
A crimson Torrent from his straighten'd Veins
Impetuous spins, and all his Hand disstains,
In crackling Sound the tortur'd Cord complains.
He ne'er this unrelenting Toil declines,
Nor urg'd by Pain the furious Load resigns.

As two rough Heroes of Athletick Size,
Whose rival Strength disputes th' important Prize, 433
Some intermediate Rope, from either End
Bending averse, with straining Limbs extend.
While equal Force they mutually repay,
Long undecided hangs the Fortune of the Day.
Such is the Fifer's and the Captive's Strife,
From Hopes of Conquest, and Desire of Life.

The faithful Shoal that Earth-bred Trick disfoun
Of leaving Friends to bear their Ills alone.
Too studious to release the poor Distress,
They press his Back, and heave beneath his Breast. 445
Fond Ignorants! nor all the while perceive
They but augment the Pain they would relieve.
Oft their officious Impotence they joyn,
And grind with toothless Jaws th' impasive Line;
Thrice happy Friends! if Nature less unkind 450
To gen'reous Hearts had equal Arms assign'd.
Tir'd with the constant Force of Oars and Pain
The Fish submits at last, to's native Main
His Life bequeaths, his Body to the Swain.

If e're you hope to tame th' unwieldy Prey, 455
This Rule with most religious Heed obey:
Ne're let your intermitting Toil afford
Rest to the Oars, or Slackness to the Cord.
Should once the Fish his Head at Freedom gain,
All future Force were impotent and vain.

Oft on the Spikes that arm th' indented Chine
Rolling averse he saws the trembling Line.
Tunnies, and He that's nam'd from beauteous Dye, 460
Octacoeus Kinds, a Strength like this apply,
But by the Arms of Swains like these must die. 465

Others are caught, allure'd to bloodless Fate
By Food unarm'd, and ludicrous Deceit.
The Rock-bred Beetles most, they thoughtless run,  
Favour the Cheat, and haste to be undone.  
Weave you a Wheel of vast capacious Size,  
Iberia's soil the wreathing Twig supplies.

Let stiffest Rods erect the Sides defend,  
The circling Door with narrow Compass bend,  
With spacious Arch the concave Room extend.  
Locusts or Preces within invite the Game,

With mellow Steams attractive from the Flame.  
The Snare accoutred thus obliquely lay,  
The Door toward the Cavern of the Prey.  
The Baits an active Sphere of Odours spread,  
And call the Beetle from his rocky Bed.

Coyly reserv'd he views the new Deceit  
And hovers anxious o'er the treach'rous Gate.  
Entering at length he rolls in luscious Sweets,  
Distends his Maw, and prudently retreats.

Big with the News, nor fond of private Ends  
He bears the gen'rous Tidings to his Friends.  
The Swain mean while recruits the lessen'd Meat,  
And new Variety improves the Treat.
Each chears his Fellows with the promis'd Feasts,
No jealous Thoughts chastise the jovial Gues'ts.
Entering they crowd the unsuspect'd Snare,
Forget their wonted Home, and wonted Fear.
In Feasts and buxom Mirth their Hours employ,
But find too dearly bought the short liv'd Joy.

As when some gay unthinking Orphan Heir,
Rescu'd from Studies and paternal Care,
The Fates, and Fortune most perversely kind
Give an Estate, e're Age has giv'n a Mind;
With equal Thoughts inspir'd from equal Years
Around his Board a jovial Crew repairs;
With giddy Joys they cheat the thoughtless Hours;
Each drinks a Farm, and each a Field devours.
Alternate all prepare the circling Treat,
Till in a Goal th' unhappy Spendthrifts meet.

Like them the Gluttons of the sinny Kind
Severe Effects from heedless Pleasures find.
The Swain observant eyes the copious Prey,
Shuts down the Gate, and intercepts the Way:
He draws the moving Prison from the Deep,
And lulls his Captives to eternal Sleep.
Conscious of instant Death with wild Despair
They hurry round th' inexorable Snare;
In vain; mistaken now too late they find
The spacious Home, and flattering Fates unkind.

When whispering Fields th' Autumnal Hook invite,
Admires the Fisher's wat'ry Toils requisite.
Just in the middle Region of the Deep
The Weel two opposite Attractions keep.
Beneath a distant Weight suspended lies,
But Corks forbid to sink, as that to rise.
No costly Baits th' indulgent Sport demands,
But Pebbles chosen from the neighb'ring Sands.
Sprung from the moisten'd Pores a mucous Ooze
With downy Case the fertile Stones o'er grows.
To these the smaller Shoals a worthless Kind
Glide through the Chinks, and gnaw the lacteal Rind.
The joyful Admires spy their destined Prey,
And rush exulting thro' the circling Way.
A thousand Gates dismiss the slender Fries
Secure and happy in their puny Size.
Severer Fates the bold Aggressors find,
And perish in the Ruin they design'd.

As when the curious Hunter's Fraud invades
Some Savage Terror of the rural Shades.
Near the deceitful Pit his faithful Hound
With cruel undeserved Chains is bound.

To
To ev'ry well-known Grove in doleful Strains
Of Man ingrate the gen'rous Beast complains;
The well-known Groves repeat the mournful Tale,
And call the Panther from the distant Vale.
Now just possieth he treads the fatal Way;
The Pit unseen receives the sinking Prey.
No more the promis'd Feast employs his Cares,
And all his Hunger's swallow'd in his Fears.
No less the Hunger-blinded Admoes meet
A fatal Prison, where they hope a Treat.

Some Artift too for Herring Shoals prepares
And Silver-scaled Scuds th' Autumnal Snares;
The fine-bon'd Pilchard, and the Sebad that prides
In purple-vary'd Fins, and silver Sides.
A Paste of Pulse in luscious Wine he steeps,
And balmy Tears th' Assyrian Damsel weeps.
A Damsel once she was; now doom'd to prove
Divine Resentments for incestuous Love.
With such a Warmth she view'd her blooming Sire
As Lovers feel, and Duty can't inspire.
The quiver'd Boy, and Love's celestial Dame
Nor gave the Wound, nor authoriz'd the Flame.

Detesting
Book III. Oppian's Halieuticks. 135

Detesting Heav'n pursu'd the opprobrious Maid,
Encroaching Roots her struggling Feet invade,
And starting Boughs her guilty Temples shade.
Now chang'd an Aromatick Tear the vents,
The Woman's Crime the conscious Tree laments. 585
Around the Weel diffusive Fragrance rolls,
And calls with certain Charm the neighbouring Shoals.
They crowd the spacious Arch; the joyful Swain
Finds nor his Labour, nor his Cost in vain.

The Goldfin's gaudy Race with oozy Leaves 570
The Ocean feeds, and skilful Swain deceives.
The patient Sportsman launching from the Shores
Some likely Scene of future Sport explores.
There ponderous Stones enwrept in verdant Ooze
The Space of four successive Days he throws. 575
When the fifth Morn leads in her feeble Ray,
And o'er the Greens collected Goldlins play,
The Weel's immerst, the vegetable Bait
Lines all the Concave, and enwreaths the Gate.
The curious Fish with unsuspicious Haft, 580
News Joys pursue forgetful of the past.
The Swain with easy Force, and cautious Care
His Boat impells, and draws the crowded Snare.

Let
Let Men and Oars the strictest Silence keep,
But whisper those, and these but gently sweep. 585
Success in Silence Fishers always find,
But most when Goldins are the Prey design'd.
No Fish of nicer Coyness swims the Sea,
And Sport with Coyness never can agree.

Of all the Kinds that range the spacious Flood, 590
Luscious Surmullets seek the coarsest Food;
In Beds of Slime they roll with wanton Ease,
And cull the grossest Ordure of the Seas.
But shipwreckt Men, detest'd Sights of Woe,
The richest Course of Luxury bestow. 599
Whatever Baits a nauseous Smell diffuse
With sure Success commend their constant Use.
Swine and Surmullets seem alike inclin'd,
Mean is their Choice, their Palates unrefin'd.
But none that yield a more delicious Food,
Or haunt the Forrest, or divide the Flood.

No common Arts the cautious Blacktail gain,
The Weel invites, and Net descends in vain.
When Winds confin'd in silent Prisons sleep,
Intrencht he lies, nor leaves the slimy Deep.
Nor Hunger's Rage, nor native Arms excite
To range the Seas, or tempt the dubious Fight.
Book III. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Safety tho' weak in Temperance he finds;
Arms lose their Use with unambitious Minds.
But when releast from subterranean Caves
Contending Tempefts roufe th' aspiring Waves,
With equal Liberty the Blacktails roll,
No Fears from Man or home-bred Foes controll.
'Tis then the fiercest Tyrants of the Seas
Lurk in their Dens an Interval of Peace.
O'er founding Shores th' intrepid Vagrants roam,
Vault on the Cliffs, and revel in the Foam.
Intent they watch whatever reptile Fare
From crumbling Land insulting Surges bear.
Fools! unacquainted yet with human Mind
To deeper Plots and nicer Arts refin'd.

When murm'ring Waves of Winter's Rage complain,
And bolder Tumults speak the Tyrant's Reign,
Some Rock the Fisher climbs, whose hanging Brow
Threatens the Waves that lafh it's Bafe below.
Thence all around a Show'r of Pills he throws;
Odorous Cheese and Flour the Past compose.
The scambling Throng pursue the scatter'd Food,
Swarm to the Rock, nor leave the plenteous Flood.
The Swain unseen his prostrate Length reclines,
And all his Shadow to the Rock confines.
A slender Twig his trembling Hand extends,
The waving Horse-hair from the Top descends.
Small Hooks surround the Line in numerous Rows,
Foretafted Baits the lucid Points enclose.

The Fraud immeasurably Joys elate
The Shoals pursue, and snatch the lurking Fate.
Continu'd Rest, the Fisher's Hands decline,
But draw with frequent Jark, his hissing Line:
At random; when the louder Tempest roars,
And rolls the Billows, bounding to the Shores,
The nicest Judgement can't discern aright,
If Eddies only suck, or Fishes bite.

But if some Hook more fortunate has found,
Ill-fated Jaws, and struck the pungent Wound,
A sudden Force the mounting Captive bears,
Prevents his Struggles, and his Bellows fear,
Thus Fishers find the Winter's stormy Reign,
Nor lost to Sport, nor destitute of Gain.

The Mullet took the temperate he lives;
The gay Delusion in his Jaws receives,
Curds mixt with Flour, the snowy Bait consum'd,
And Mintha's Herb th' inviting Scent bestows.
An Herb not always, once the fairest Maid
Cocytus from his sulphurous Stream survey'd.
Unrival'd long the charm'd Infernal Jove,
Thus doubly blest in Empire and in Love;
Till Proserpine inspir'd a brighter Flame,
And Force soon pardon'd snatcht the black-ev'd Dame.
When Cere came, with vainest Impudence
She spoke the Female's and the Rival's Sense.
"A Nymph in Birth inferior and in Face
"Enjoys my Plato's Love, and my Disgrace.
"The roving God a transient Passion warms,
"Soon Proserpine shall mourn her slighted Charms,
"And Mintha fill again the Monarch's Arms.
She said; to swift Revenge the Goddes sprung,
(Swiftest Revenge pursues th' opprobrious Tongue,) Beneath her Feet the Nymph dissolv'd in Earth,
But bloom'd at once with vegetable Birth.
The Herb, that still retains the Damself's Name,
Breaths from the Hook, and charms the finny Game.

The scenting Mullet creeps with slow Advance,
And views the Bait with coy retorted Glance
Irresolute; as when some Trav'ler meets
The branching Angle of diverging Streets,
Anxious he stands, but sends his Eyes around,
And oft reviews the puzling Tract of Ground;

U 2
The joyful Fish his new Companions greets, Herds with the Throng, nor sees the gross Deceit.
The silent Fishers form a Circle round, The Trident dart, and strike the triple Wound. Now undeceiv'd he feels the fatal Cheat, And struggles, fond of Freedom and Retreat.
With impatient Revenge his useless Sword Assaults the Boat, and stabs the treach'rous Board, Wedg'd in the Wound; but soon the steely Blow Of Arms and Life at once bereaves the Foe.
As when Besiegers, tir'd with fruitless Pain, By Fraud attempt what Valour can't attain, The treach'rous Warriors shine in hostile Steel, And foul Intents with friendly Show conceal; With loud Salute of Joy their new Supplies The Town admit, but feel with pale Surprize Far other Greeting from their false Allies.
Like them, the Boats familiar Shapes assume: 'Tis feign'd Acquaintance brings the surest Doom.
Strangely the Sword-Fish dreads the thready Snare, Extravagant in Folly and in Fear.
Shudd'ring before the distant Net he flies, Nor near Approach nor close Engagement tries.
Nature her Bounty to his Mouth confin’d,
Gave him a Sword, but left unarm’d his Mind.
Wild with the Fright the desperate Wretch implores;
His last Protection from th’ unfriendly Shores.
The sweeping Net pursues him close behind,
And slender Chains the mighty Captive bind.
Transfixt with num’rous Darts the Monster lies;
A Prey to Folly and to Cowardice.

The Mackrell Shoal that clouds the black’ning Flood;
The sharp-teeth’d Ruff, and Garfish, horned Brood,
Dangers incautious to themselves create,
Indulge their Follies, and affix their Fate.
Mackrells, with Joy their captive Fellows view,
Fly to the Net, and prompt’d Sports pursue;
The Volunteers of Fate; but soon they find
The flattering Object of their Love unkind.

Just to the little smiling Boy admires
The Candle’s painted Blaze and curling Spires,
Extends his Hand, but dear Experience gains,
That greatest Beauty gives the greatest Pains.

Here various Fates attend the captive Shoal;
One finds his Freedom through the larger Hole;
Nooz’d in the closer Mesh another dies;
A third all o’er in Threads entangled lies.
Some court the Chains which others strive to shun,
These to be free, and those to be undone.

Swift Tunnyes too spontaneous seek the Snare,
The Mackrel's Follies and his Dangers share.
Not in the bosom'd Seine like him confin'd,
Hung by the Throat, or in the Threads entwin'd;
These to their Fates ambitious Sports betray,
To rend the Net, and gnaw the wider Way.
Th' insinuating Flax with numerous Chains
Their Teeth unhappily recurve detains,
And gives the self-hook'd Captives to the Swains.

Th' imprudent Garfish from their Conduct show
What dire Effects from vengeful Passions flow.
Safe through the Net escap'd, the spleenful Throng
Must needs return, and recompence the Wrong.
The fatal Threads their hooked Teeth invade,
Imprison'd by the Wounds themselves have made.

A martial Discipline the Ruffs approve,
In equal Files the moist Battalions move.
When first the Bait's persuasive Charms descend,
With general Halt surpriz'd the Troops attend;
Suspicious Cares by mutual Gaze express,
Maintain their Ranks, nor touch th' inviting Meals.

But
But if some bolder Champion lead the Way,
Dart from his Fire, and seize the fatal Prey.
The rest, like sporting Boys, pursue the Bait,
With rival Haft, and seek an early Fate.

When buxom Spring's luxuriant Airs inspire
The softer Wind, and blow the genial Fire,
The Tunnies, rushing from th' Atlantic Deep,
In Midland Seas with us their Nuptials keep.
Them first Iberia's hardy Sons detain,
Skill'd in the Labours of the bloody Plain;
Next, near the Rodan's Mouth, the Swain that boasts
Maffilia's Pleasures, and Phocaen Coasts.
Next Aetna's Isle, and rich Etruria's Soil
Dismiss their Tillers to the wat'ry Toil.
To wider Deeps beyond the Tuscan Shore
The Shoal disperses, and the Sport's no more.

Prodigious Draughts enrich experienc'd Swains,
When am'rous Tunnies lead their vernal Trains,
Some likely Coast of fit Extent they find,
With mossy Caves and verdant Herbage lin'd;
Steep be the Shore, and gentle be the Wind.
A faithful Spy some neigb'ring Mount ascends,
And gives the timely Signal to his Friends.
With watchful Look the coming Shoal descends,
Recounts their Numbers, and remarks their Size.
Nets, like a City, to the Floods descend,
Their Gates, their Bulwarks, and their Streets extend.
Distinguished by their Families and Years
With swift Advance the marshall'd Troop repairs,
Crowds unsuspicious thro' the fatal Way,
And loads the closing Net with copious Prey.
THE FOURTH BOOK OF OPPIAN'S HALIEUTICKS.

How Love victorious in the Sea detains
His firmy Slaves in more than am'rous Chains,
How Fishés to the soft Temptation run,
And love too well, but love to be undone,
Inspir'd I sing; nor let the Godlike Pair,
The King of Nations and the Royal Heir,
Disdain the Poet's or the Fisher's Care.
Ne'er should the Sov' reigns of the World attend,
Nor would my self the labour'd Verse commend,
Were all my own; did not the sacred Nine
Infuse the Thought, and prompt the bold Design,
The Love-tun'd Lays in eacte Numbers roll,
Charms to the Ear, and Nectar to the Soul.
Imperious Love, thou dear deluding Boy,
Parent of constant Pain, but sickle Joy,
Fairest to mortal Sight of Pow'rs divine,
Most gentle too, could Sight thy Force confine:
The treach'rous Eyes admit the thrilling Smart,
Neglect their Charge, and gaze away the Heart.
Descending like a mighty Storm you roll,
Wind up the Passions, and untune the Soul;
Through various Scenes pursue the barb'rous Joy,
Float in a Tear, or flutter in a Sigh.
The sinking Eye-balls fly the loathsome Day,
And all the Roses of the Cheeks decay.
Down to the lab'ring Heart the Blood retires,
And reddens deeper in the rapid Fires,
Where cooler Reason sickens and expires.
But when you deeper drive the baleful Dart
The flutt'ring Soul springs from the broken Heart.
These are thy Trophies Love; Mysterious Love!
Whether great Ancestor of Gods above,
Old Nature's Sire unblam'd, you wing'd your Flight
Revolting from the Realms of ancient Night,
Brandisht the Torch, and shot the new-born Ray,
While Chaos sicken'd at the Blaze of Day,

Call'd
Call'd Form and Order forth, and Harmony,
And bade the jarring Elements agree;
To recent Man the nuptial Rite assign'd,
Restrain'd the Wish, and roving Joys confin'd;
Or hear'st thou winged Son of Paphian Dame
The Queen of Beauty, and the God of Flame.
Whate'er thou art, within my Soul convey
An easie Passion, and an easie Lay.
No Rebel dares the Pow'r of Love withstand,
All stoop obedient to the soft Command,
Most happy He, whose well prepared Mind
 Receives thee gentle, and retains thee kind.

Nor human Race, nor Heav'n-born Pow'rs divine
Content thy Conquests, or thy Sway confine.
Their Pains the Sylvan and the Feather'd Kinds
Roar to the Woods, and warble to the Winds.
The burning Arrows through the wat'ry Way
The pow'rfu! Summons of the God convey.
No Breast escapes the Flame; the Sea-born Slavesburn unextinguish'd in their native Waves.

The nicest Sense of honourable Love
In mutual Aid the purple Scent's prove;
Ne'er range inconstant from their Partner's Side,
But all their Dangers as their Joys divide.

Whene'er
When' er the Scavo spies his luckless Mate
Infixed and struggling with the steely Fate,
He gnaws the Line, and mitigates the Pain,
His Friend releases, and torments the Swain.

Oft through the Weel's inverted spiky Door,
Their captive Friend to Freedom they restore.
The poor imprison'd Fish with shudd'ring Fright
Perceives the Fraud, and meditates his Flight.
Cautious with retrograde Career he slides,
His Tail advances, and the Twigs divide.
In vain his nuzzling Head the Passage tries,
The dreadful Points oppose, and wound his Eyes.
Around the Weel th' obsequious Scavo's wait,
Pensive, and studious to release their Mate.
Down through the circling Twigs their Tails extend,
And court the gen'rous Pain that saves their Friend.
He in his Teeth receives the grateful Reins,
The Straights repasses, and the Sea regains.
The Captives oft with Tail erect invite
Their Partner's Teeth, and follow to the Bite.
A mutual Aid the Scavo's thus repay,
And lead their Fellows through the dang'rous Way.

So when the fable Night invests the Plains,
And all the Majesty of Darkness reigns,
When dusky Skies obscure the twinkling Ray,
And envious Clouds absorb the lunar Day,
Two Trav'lers climb the Mountains rugged Side,
With joynt Alliance mutual Aid provide,
And Hand in Hand defend th' alternate Slide.
Thus safe in mutual Aid the Scars prove,
But oftner meet their Ruin in their Love.
Experienc'd Swains the soft Temptation lay,
First captivate the Passions, then the Prey.

Four able Fishermen the Boat ascend,
A Pair the Labours of the Oars attend;
A third prepares the fraudulent Device,
And through the Jaws a female Scare ties.
Alive the best, if dead, the Plummets Weight
With mimick Life informs the nodding Bait.
A Cube of Lead surrounds the bottom Line;
This moves the Tail, and sinks the whole Machine.
The well-tim'd Motions of the Fisher's Hand
A feeble Form of second Life remand.
A fourth the woven Prison drags along
Just opposite, and waits the rushing Throng.
Swift to the Boat the faithful Shoal repair
Ambitious to release the captive Fair.
Eager they rush, while double Passions move,
The Ties of Friendship, and the Stings of Love.
The vig'rous Fishers ply the bending Oars;
Beneath the Keel the foaming Ocean roars.
Th' auxiliary Toil with equal Speed
The Fish pursue, which soon themselves will need,
But ne're must give again: The Swain above
Surveys with Joy his Volunteers of Love.
Within the Weel he drops the cubic Weight,
Which sinking draws behind th' adjoyning Bait.
With rival Haft the thronging Legions pour,
And dart impatient through the circling Door,
With eager Transports crowd the fatal Snare,
Indulge their Passions, and resign their Fear.

As when the Thirst of Praise and conscious Force
Invite the Labours of the panting Course,
Prone from the Lifts the blooming Rivals strain,
And spring exulting to the distant Plain.
Alternate Feet with nimble-measur'd Bound
Impetuous trip along the refluvent Ground.
In ev'ry Breast ambitious Passions rise,
To seize the Goal, and snatch th' immortal Prize.
With equal Violence of Hope elate
Their Glory These pursu'e, and Those their Fate:
Book IV. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Whom nothing loath within th' infernal Snare
Love leads triumphant over Death and Fear.
In mossy Coverts crown'd with verdant Ooze
Others the sedentary Weel dispose.
Within the Cell a cloister'd Female pants,
And calls the Scar's from their neigh'ring Haunts:
Distant they snuff the Love-inspiring Air,
And track the streaming Odours to the Snare,
The wide Convex with busy Nose explore,
Then rush impetuous thro' the widening Door
Inexorable to return, and prove
At once the Victims, and the Types of Love,
As when the Fowler to the Fields resorts,
His cag'd Domestic Partner of his Sports
Behind some Shade-projecting Bush he lays,
And wreaths the wiry Cell with blooming Sprays,
The pretty Captive to the Groves around
Warbles her practis'd Care-deluding Sound.
Th' attentive Flocks pursue with ravisht Ear
The female Musick of the feather'd Fair,
Forget to see, and rush upon the Snare.

Thus to the Weel th' attracted Scar's fly,
Thus charms the Female, and the Lovers dye.

Y

No
No less the Club the lovely Frand admires, And arms his Mischief in his own Desires. A Female Beauty of attractive Grace, Distinguisht Colours, and a plump Embrace, Nooz'd in a flaxen Cord divides the Waves, And Captive draws behind a thousand Slaves. The Love-struck Shoal pursue the flying Fair, Admire the Beauty, and neglect the Snare. Nay, should the Fishers on the sunny Sand The Female draw, they'd follow her to Land, Their Natures to their Passions would resign, Nor Fishers would affright, nor Shores confine.

As when abroad some celebrated Fair Well-drest appears, and walks the publick Care, The Youth of gayer Souls the Nymph pursue, And haft too curious to the nearer View; Indifferent gaze at first, but soon they find An infant Passion struggling in their Mind: Dull and insipid now no more invite Their late Pursuits of Glory or Delight: Lost to themselves they seek the charming Dame, Forget their Int'rest, and indulge their Flame.

Thus equal Pangs of furious Passion bear The Sea-born Lovers to the scaly Fair.
Book IV. Oppian's Haliéuticks.

Swung from the Shoulder of the vigorous Swain
The Casting-Net involves th' unhappy Train.
The poor Galants with late Repentance blame
Their wayward Fates, and indiscreeter Flame.

But inky Cattles further still improve
In bold Pursuit, and Death-defying Love.
No Weels for them Sea-lab'ring Swains prepare,
Nor haist the spreading Lead-surrounded Snare.
A Cord displays the female Captive's Charms,
Ease the Sport, and artless are the Arms.
Bent on the Joy the swift Galants repair,
And cling encircled, round th' unconscious Fair.

Thus when at length propitious Heav'n restores
A Brother long detain'd on forreign Shores,
His little Sistres rush, with pious Haft,
Hang on his Neck, and clasp around his Wraft.

So the new Bride, around her blooming Spouse
Her lovely Arms all wild with Pleasure throws,
In those dear Chains the willing Youth confines,
Nor in her Sleep the grateful Load resigns:
But in fond Slumbers knits the firm Embrace,
Catches his Breath, and hugs him to her Face.

Dragg'd to the Boat the close-compacted Train
Indissoluble Bands of Joy retain,

Y 2 Neglect
Neglect their Dangers, and their Fates approve,
Falfe to their Nature, constant to their Love.

When soft'ning Earth unfolds the blooming Year,
Diff'rent the Sport, nor useless is the Snare.
On sandy Shores the Weel reclines, array'd
With Tamarisk, or Olive's balmy Shade.
Th' impatient Lovers seek the mimick Grove,
And court the flatt'ring Scene of promis'd Love.
Too soon the rude intruding Swains annoy
Their softer Hours, and quell th' unheighten'd Joy.

With all th' Extravagance of wild Desire
The fable Wrafs his speckled Females fire.
The still impatient Wish, and jealous Care
Torments the Lover, and confines the Fair.
A roving Choice th' imperious Wrafs allows,
Nor knows th' Endearments of a single Spouse.
Immur'd beneath some spacious mossy Cell
In Rooms distinct the numerous Females dwell;
In dull Retirement draw th' inactive Day,
Forego their Freedom, and their Lord obey.

Thus the new-marri'd bashful Bride, at Home
Confin'd all Day within the nuptial Room,
The gay Impertinence of Visits flies,
While o'er her Cheeks the tell-tale Blushes rise.

The
The Husband Wrafs with tender jealous Care
Maintains the Passage, and protects the Fair,
With constant Eye observes the dear Retreats,
And unfatigu'd the circling Bliss repeats.

Short Time for Food uxorious Care allows
The jealous Keeper, and the vigorous Spouse.
At Night's meridian Hour abroad he steals,
Short in his Stay, and hafty are his Meals.
But when the cloister'd Tribe of Females breed,
And racking Throes confess the ripen'd Seed;
With wild Concern the busy Parent flies,
Hast in his Fins, Distraction in his Eyes;
Around the Cells with fond Impatience rolls,
Assists their Labours, in their Pains condoles.
His Wives and future Race divide his Cares,
The Father much, and much the Husband fears.

As when the Time-compleating Bride sustains
With unexperienc'd Womb Lucina's Pains,
An equal Torrent of tempestuous Woes
Her Mother's sympathizing Heart overflows;
All pale without the sighs, th' immortal Pow'rs
With all the Violence of Pray'r implores,
Till the decisive Shrieeks within declare
The new Inhabitant of vital Air:
No less around the scaly Parent's Soul
Painful Suspense, and wild Distraction roll.

In Asian Climes, where rapid Tigris laves
His lofty Banks, and bends the growling Waves,
Custom thus partial to the Sex, allows
The Barbian Archer, and Assyrian Spouse
Their numerous Wives, in Rooms distinct they lie,
Succeed alternate to the nuptial Joy,
Impatient wait the slow-returning Night,
And share the short Division of Delight.

The jealous Envy of superior Charms
Each Woman's Soul with furious Rage alarms;
Domestic Hate provokes th' incessant Jar,
And Marriage is the female State of War.

Sharp-sighted Jealousy tormenting Fiend!
Whom raging Griefs, and wakeful Cares attend,
Distorted Frenzy's always at thy Side,
Thy wayward Sister, and thy fruitful Bride;
Hence all the melancholy Train of Woes,
Revengeful Hate, and pale Destruction rise.

Such Broils the Wressla Family molest,
Hard is his Duty, and disturb'd his Rest.
With curious View the prying Swain descries,
While round his Cells the pious Husband flies,

Above
Above his Hook he strings the Cubic Weight;
A wriggling Shrimp supplies the living Bait.
With slow Descent the nodding Captive slides,
And fronts the Apartment of the cloister'd Brides.
To swift Revenge the jealous Guardian moves,
Nor brooks the bold Intruder on his Loves,
With open Mouth assails the shelly Foe,
Nor sees the pointed Fate that lurks below.
With well-tim'd Jerk the skilful Fisher draws,
And strikes the barbed Weapon thro' his Jaws.
He mounts reluctant to the sickly Air,
And gasps forgetful of his nuptial Care.
While thus the Swain with proud Success elate
In merry Mood insults th' Unfortunate.
"Now, Wretch, your fond uxorious Cares employ,
"And revel with your Wives in vary'd Joy:
"Sole Lord below mov'd with haughty Air
"Amidst a Circle of obedient Fair;
"Ne're at your Change repine, on Earth you claim
"One gayer Mistress, and a brighter Flame.
"Your Nuptials here Terrestrial Fire shall grace,
"And rise to meet, and curl in your Embrace.
The Females range unguarded by their Mate,
Embrace the Fraud, and share a common Fate.

By
By Love's impulsive Charm, and gen'rous Aid,
The sable *Hog-Fish* wrapt in prickly Shade,
And *Dog*, *Cetaceous* Gluttons are betray'd.
To silent Deeps, where thickest Slime subsides,
Th' experienc'd Swain his sturdy Vessel guides.
A bright-scal'd *Bleak* around the dusky Stream,
Darts from the wriggling Hook a radiant Gleam.
The nearest *Dog* devours th' inviting Harm,
And yields reluctant to the Fisher's Arm.
Home to the Boat the faithful Troops attend,
With kind Concern, the Labours of their Friend.
Some in the Bosom of the thready Snare
Mount under-heav'd, and drink their Deaths in Air.
Who scape the Net severer Tortures feel,
And writhe the impal'd around the triple Steel.
The rest with resolute Approach bemoan
Their Fellows Fates, and seem to beg their own.

As when the Laws of Heav'n eternal Doom
Consign some only Darling to his Tomb,
Th' attending Parents, Parents now no more,
With unavailing Tears his loss deplore;
With piercing Cries they wound th' unjoyous Air,
While Grief aspires ambitious to appear
In all the Luxury of wild Despair.
Book IV. Oppian's Haliēuticks. 161

Fondly they hug the monumental Stone
With prone Embracés, and claim it for their own;
Poor Obstinate! fast riveted they lie, 335
Careless of Home, and only wish to die.
Grief as intense the scaly Mourners bear,
Scorn to survive, and court the fatal Snare.

In Some the strange Caprice of Love inspires
Not Home-bred Jovis, or Sea constr'd Desires: 330
The Quiver'd God to rolling Waves below
From verdant Shores directs the pointed Blow,
And Fishes Breastts, with Earth-sprung Passions glow.
Rock-haunting Sargos', and the crawling Preke
Extraneous Objects to their Pleasures seek.
With all the Transports of an eager Spouse
Th' enamour'd Preke galants Minerva's Boughs.

Surprizing Singularity of Love!
That brutal Souls a leafy Fair should move,
And Fishes court the Daughter of the Grove. 340

Where near the Shore a thriving Olive grows,
With swelling Berries and luxuriant Boughs,
The Preke ascends, as o'er the Mountain Dews
The Cretan Hound his flying Game pursues,
With low-hung Nose explores the scented Ways,
Picks ev'ry Footstep, and unwinds the Maze,

Z Attacks
Attacks the panting Wand'rer where he lies,
And loads his Master with the bloody Prize.
Thus He the scented Olives Charms obeys,
Springs from the Deep, and tries aerial Ways.
With eager Welcome first he clasps the Root,
And wreaths luxuriant in the kind Salute.
As when his long-expected Nurse he spies,
With open Arms the smiling Infant flies;
Hangs on her Knees with violent Embrace,
And lifts his grappling Fingers to her Face,
In softer Joys aspiring to be blest,
To grasp her Neck, and fondle on her Breast;
Thus round the Trunk at first the Wanton twines,
But soon his Passion to the Boughs resigns.
Born by Desire the leafy Height attains,
Knits round his Legs, and melts in am'rous Chains.
To ev'ry Branch transfers th' alternate Kifs,
Lost in the copious Latitude of Blifs.

The Trav'ller thus, whom safe from forreign Shores
To native Fields th' auspicious Gale restores,
His thronging Friends in kind Embraces holds,
And hangs successive in th' endearing Folds.

As round the stately Firr in humid Rings
Th' uxorious Stalk of creeping Ivy clings,
Stretcht
Stretcht from the Root th’ aspiring Volumes flow,
Climb round the Trunk, and curl on ev’ry Bough;
Thus o’er Minerva’s Tree the Sea-born roves,
And wreaths successive in the balmy Loves.
But when remiss, exhausted Nature dies,
Back to the Sea the languid Cranker hies,
Satiating with Love, and Vegetable Joys.

His strange Amour experienced Fishers know,
And send the verdant Fraud to Seas below.
The Boughs that spread superior to the rest
Behind the Boat they drag with Lead deprest.
With no indifferent Look, or tardy Pace,
The Preke beholds, and courts the green Embrace;
Drawn to the Boat the Bands of Love retains,
Contemns his Freedom, and afferts his Chains.
Lockt in the riveted Enjoyment twines,
Nor ev’n in Death his lovely Tree resigns.

The Sargo scorns the natural Embrace,
Admires the Goat, and courts the bearded Race,
The scented Females of the Mountains craves,
Himself a Native of th’ inconstant Waves.
Strange that the Hills and briny Seas should share
A Lover in a kind consenting Pair!
When sultry Steams infect the sickly Day,
And Phoebus maddens with the Dogstar's Ray,
Their sweating Herds the Swains compel to love
Their languid Bodies in the cooling Wave.
When bleating Concerts, and the deeper Sound
Of Shepherds' Echo through the vast Profound,
With eager Haste th' unwieldy Surge's move,
By Nature slow, but swift to meet their Love.
With wanton Gambols great the horned Fair,
Vault o'er the Waves, and flutter in the Air:
Tumultuous round the rival Lovers throng,
Display the Finn, and roll the busy Tongue.
Intent the Shepherds view th' unusual Sight,
Surpriz'd at once with Wonder and Delight.
The willing Goats receive the soft Address,
While those repeat the Bliss, and unfatigued carefree.

Thus when their Dams return at Close of Day
From distant Meads, their bearded Wantons play
Within their Folds, vocal they frisk around,
And crooked Vales repeat the bleating Sound.
Joyous the Shepherds gaze, in gentle Tides
Along their Hearts the silent Transport glides.
But nor the Kids nor Shepherds Pleasures rise
To equal half the finny Lovers Joys.
BookIV. Oppian's Halieuticks. 165

At length when fated to their native Shore
The Flock retires, and Waters please no more,
Where thin expiring Waves salute the Land
With dimpled Smile, and kiss the dubious Strand,
Thus far the silent Train of pensive Friends
In close Array the parting Goats attends.

As when some mourning Dame her Son or Spouse,
Her only Son, or Lord of all her Vows,
With heavy Heart to distant Climates sends,
And weeping near th' unwelcome Shores attends,
With wistful Eyes surveys the wat'ry Scene,
And thinks what mighty Seas must flow between
E'er he return, how oft the Moon must roll
Her changing Aspects round the tedious Pole,
Stands on the Margin of the wavy Shores,
And quick return with ardent Pray'rs implores;
When Words can reach no more, her Eyes pursue
The Vessel gently less'ning to her View.

Thus mourn the Sargo's when the Goats depart,
Tears in their Eyes, and Sorrows at their Heart.
Unhappy Lovers! you too soon will find
Your Pleasures insincere, your Goats unkind.
Deceitful Swains the fatal Hint improve,
And arm your flatt'ring Destinies with Love.

Some
Some calm sequestred Scene they first explore,
Where Rocks adjacent issuing from the Shore
With double Wing the narrow Floods embay,
Expos'd and open to the solar Ray.

Unnumber'd Sargo's crowd the warm Retreat,
And wanton in the kind Extream of Heat.
A Goat's Skin o'er his Back the Fisher throws,
And fits th' erect'd Horns above his Brows;
The Flesh and Fat incorporates with Flour,
And scatters o'er the Flood a foodful Show'r.
The fair Disguise, and Viçtuals scented Charm
With joynt Attraction call the finny Swarm.
They round the mimick Goat in Crowds repair,
Their Sports are thoughtles, and their Joys sincere.

Poor Ignorants! a deadly Mate they find,
His Shape familiar, but estrang'd his Mind.
A sturdy Rod his latent Hand extends,
The flaxen Cordage from the Top descends.
The flethy Feet of Goats unhoof'd conceal
With odorifrous Bait the barbed Steel.
With unsuspicious Haft the Fish devours,
Mounts to the Jerk, and tumbles on the Shores.
If once the Fraud appears to open Sight,
Averse the Sargo's urge their speedy Flight.

Should
Should Goats once more their real Charms display,
'Not even real Charms would bribe their Stay.
Precipitant they leave the rocky Shore,
The lovely Form and Feasts attract no more.
By Secrecy the gay Delusion thrives,
Nor one of all the Shoal the Sport survives.

Nature returning with the Spring removes
Their forreign Flame, and breaths congenial Loves.
Each sturdy Male in fierce Engagement claims
The sole Enjoyment of the cloister'd Dames.

The Females to the conqu'ring Chief repair.
The Brave are still successful with the Fair.
To rocky Caves th' obedient Troop he drives,
Alone sufficient to the num'rous Wives.

A Weel of spacious Arch the Fisher weaves,
And crowds the wide Convex with verdant Leaves;
The Bays and Myrtle blooming o'er the Gate
The finny Lover and the Conqu'rous wait.

While Politicians plot their Fates at Home,
To forreign Wars the Rock-bred Heroes roam.
Unbounded Rage ambitious Love supplies;
Fiercest the Fight where Beauty is the Prize.
The conqu'ring Chief along the rocky Shores
A fit Apartment for his Wives explores:

In
In luckless Hour th' insidious Weel is found
With grateful Bays and fragrant Myrtle crown'd.
The lordly Fissh conducts his nuptial Care,
And points the Passage of the shaded Snare.
They rush below, while he without attends,
From rival Males th' important Pafs defends,
And last himself th' irrevocable Way descends.

As when his Flocks returning from the Plain
Seek the nocturnal Fold, the Shepherd Swain
Leans o'er the Gate intent, with watchful Eyes
Recounts their Numbers and remarks their Size;
Observe if all the Flock entire be past,
And shares a common Bed, himself the last;
So waits the Fissh, so follows to the Snare,
And dies unhappy with th' unhappy Fair.

Such furious Pangs and unextinguished Fires
In Sea-born Kinds victorious Love inspires.
They all pursue the lovely treach'rous Prize,
See not the Danger, or if seen despise.

High-crafted Horsetails seek the floating Wood,
And chace the dancing Wand'rer o'er the Flood;
When angry Neptune leaves the Waves at large,
And Storms their elemental War discharge.
With hideous Dinn on some tall Vessel's Sides,
And drive the floating Ruin o'er the Tides,
Unnumber'd Shoals the moving Planks surround,
Frisk in the Shade, and curl the wanton Bound.
A num'rous Prey acquir'd with little Pains
Invites the naval Labours of the Swains.
But may the God, whom boundless Seas obey,
The Ships defend, and smooth the liquid Way;
Let Ocean smile below, while gentle Gales
Sigh to the Floods, and whisper in the Sails.
Securely may they waft the forreign Store,
And distant Cimes enrich th' alternate Shore.
More harmless Floats at Home the Swain may frame,
Nor needs the Ship be loft to find the Game.

A mimick Wreck of close-compacted Wood,
Well pois'd with Stones, they drag along the Flood.
Beneath the Shade-desiring Legion rides,
Each rubs his Back, and twists his curling Sides.
Close to their Float the silent Fishers row,
And, send their Hook-concealing Baits below.
The Gluttons rush impetuous on their Prey,
While Fate and Hunger urge the speedy Way.

As when returning from the Sylvan Toils,
The Huntsman to his Pack the bloody Spoils
A crude Repast divides, with snarling Rage
The Gluttons o'er the reeking Meats engage,
Observe their Master's Hand, with wrinkled Nose
Grin horribly, and threat'ning Teeth disclose:

The furious Horsetails thus the Bait surround,
And mount successive on the barbed Wound.
Their Doom with indiscreet Impatience wait,
Upbraid the flower Swain, and blame the ling'ring Fate.

The Pilot thus pursues the floating Shade,
To equal Fate from equal Love betray'd.

For Sleves a slender Shaft the Swain provides
Cylindric, like a Distaff, round the Sides
Adjacent Hooks their radiant Files extend,
With Points supine the dreadful Rows descend.

To silent Deeps the fatal Engine slides,
The steely Curves a painted Rainbow hides.
Th' incurious Sleve invades his artful Fate,
And throws his branching Snouts around the Bait.
Within the Hooks the thready Tendrils twine,
Entangled in th' Embrace they would resign.
In vain to disengage his Hold he tries,
In his own Chains the self-caught Captive dies.

With ludicrous Device in slimy Bays
Some Boy the silver-volum'd Eel betrays.
Book IV. Oppian's Halieuticks.

A Sheep-gut's humid Length his Hand protends,
Below the perforated Line descends.
The Fish sucks down the Bait with rav'rous Joy,
And gives the tugging Signal to the Boy.
To th' opposite Extream his Lips adjoyn,
And fill with crowded Air the rounding Line.
Swoln with the springy Blast the Entrail strains,
And binds the Captive's Throat with airy Chains.
Th' imprison'd Winds his straiten'd Jaws dilate,
And fill his heaving Breast with bloated Fate.
Panting he rolls and struggles all in vain,
A floating Captive to the youthful Swain.

As through a Tube immerst the Liquors glide,
To rescue Nature from the dreaded Void,
And kindly to the distant Drinker rear
Their Streams obsequious to th' exhausted Air:
Thus mounts the captive Eel in airy Death,
Drawn by the wily Boy's compulsive Breath.

A vile gregarious Race divides the Flood,
To ev'ry Fish besides a grateful Food,
Spirlings their Name, a Froth-engender'd Kind,
Slender their Size, and tim'rous is their Mind.
All Things they fear tho' safe; when Danger's nigh,
Within themselves the crowding Cowards fly.

A a 2 Wedg'd
Wedg'd in an Heap compacted Shoals remain,
As if Necessity had thrown her Chain
Invisible around; hard Task demands
To loose again the complicated Bands.
The swiftest Ship beneath with sudden Chains
In mid Career the sly Bank detains.
The Wind all useless in the Canvas roars,
In vain the Sailors tug the sticking Oars.
Fixt as a Rock the steady Throng abide;
The Ship as anchor'd in her Harbour rides.
With furious Axe full on the Shoal below.
Th' enraged Sailor drives the seely Blow.
Part of the Chain th' impetuous Weapon tears,
Part still in obstinate Embrace adheres.
Deaths from the Stroke of various Form proceed;
Here pants a Tail, there Heads unbod'y'd bleed;
Some in the midst are lopp'd, no Part is found,
All lovet and bury'd in the copious Wound.
The Sea flows purple from the floating Slain;
Their Union the Survivors still maintain.
The busy Swains along th' adjacent Strand,
Heap up the scatter'd Spoil with sweeping Hand;
As Boys their ductile Castles form in Sand.

But
But when remoter from the Shore they spie
Th' affrighted Shoal in close Connexion lie,
Th' involving Boform of the loaded Seinte
Drags to the Beach th' inseparable Train.
Their Vessels groan beneath the pond'rous Prey,
While scatter'd Heaps irradiate all the Bay.

As when the Farmers in the middle Floor
Of spacious Barns their finishd Harvest store,
Well winnow'd from the Chaff, the sable Plain
Looks gay, and whitens with th' incumbent Grain;
Thus the bright Margin of the Deep displays,
With shining Spoils o'erspread, a silver Blaze.

The savage-minded Tunny's youthful Broods
Receive their oval Birth in Euxine Floods.
Where through it's Straights the dead Mentor frees
The sullen Wave dismiss to sprightly Seas.
The Tunnies conscious of approaching Throes
Haft to the Weeds, and court the soft Repose.

The Parents Nature's eldest Law transgress,
Devour the Spawn, and praise the self-born Mefs.
Part in the Sedge's blind Protection lies,
Swells into Life, and future Broods supplies.

When bursting from their Eggs they first begin
To curl the Floods, and stretch th' unpractis'd Finn,
To forreign Seas the wanton Younglings roam,
And travel Infants from their native Home.

A spacious Bay recurses the Thracian Coasts,
The Black it's Name, diffusive Neptune boasts.
No deeper Seas in all his fluid Reign;
Eternal Calm serenes the peaceful Plain;
Below no rav'rous Monsters chace their Prey,
The Surface smiles all innocent and gay.
Delightsome Caves indent the Shores around,
With humid Slime, and Sea-green Herbage crown'd.
From kindly Warmth productive of the Food
That suits the Stomachs of the tender Brood.
Hither the Tunny's infant Shoals repair,
Defend the Frosts, and mock the wintry Year.
No Fish more dreads the Cold; with piercing Blight
The pungent Particles annoy their Sight.
Imbosom'd thus within the calm Retreat
They wait the slow Return of vernal Heat.
Love and the Spring arrives; the genial Bloom
Inspires the Wish, and fills the teeming Womb.
Thence all returning to their native Seas
In Beds of Ooze their ripen'd Spawn release.

The Thracians, launching on the gloomy Bay,
Drag from their wintry Beds the lurking Prey:
Book IV. Oppian's Haliæuticks

A new Machinery of Death descends,
Severest Pain the bleeding Shoal attends.

A solid Plank the Workman first designs,
A Cubit's Length the just Extent defines;
Depressive Lead it's upper Surface lines.
Tremendous Spikes beneath in close Array
An Iron Harvest o'er the Field display.
In deepest Seas the Fishers from the Prow,
Hung by a Rope, the fatal Engine throw.

Down through the gloomy Regions of the Bay
The leaded Snare divides it's silent Way,
Impatient till it seize the destin'd Prey.

The Spikes impetuous reach the dark Profound,
At once they reach, and dart the num'rous Wound.
Th' inverted Barbs confine in cruel Chains
The Captives writhing with the steely Pains.

The various Tortures of the bleeding Shoal
Command a Pity from the stoutest Soul.
Here gasping Heads confess the killing Smart,
There bleeds a Tail, and quivers round the Dart.

This in his Sides receives the rushing Wound,
Hung by the Back another twirls around;
Another's Breast the thirsty Steel divides,
Breaks through the Veins, and drinks the vital Tides.
As when collected from the bloody Plain,
Their Friends in hardy Fight untimely slain
On pyral Beds the sad Survivors lay,
The glorious Slaughter of a well-fought Day.
Comely in Wounds each naked Corps appears,
But different Forms in each the gasly Beauty wears.
Thus o'er the pointed Snare, the finny Prey
Dreadful Variety of Fate display:
A barbarous Joy the Fishers Eyes betray.

But gentler Arts ensnare the youthful Train,
Entangled in the thready bosom'd Seine.
When gloomy Night obscures the frowning Deep,
In oozy Beds the scaly Nations sleep,
All but the Tunny's Brood; with wakeful Care:
Each Sound they dread, and ev'ry Motion fear,
Start from their Caverns, and assist the Snare.

The silent Fishers in the calm Profound
With circling Nets a spacious Plot surround,
While others in the midst with flatted Oars
The wavy Surface lash, old Ocean roars
Murm'ring with frothy Rage beneath the Blow,
And trembles to remotest Deeps below.
The dreadful Dinn alarms the tim'rous Fry;
They fondly to the Net's Protection fly.

Fools!
Fools! from unbody'd Sounds to Death they run,
And flying but o'ertake the Fate they shun. 709
But when returning Seines the Shores ascend,
And from the struggling Ropes the Fishers bend,
Imprudent Fears the trembling Shock begets,
Closer they press, and hug the treach'rous Nets.
But let the Swain invoke with ardent Pray'r 710
The Gods, that make the wat'ry Sports their Care,
That Nothing fright the once imprison'd Prey,
That None escapes, and shows his Mates the Way.
If second Fears the tim'rous Captives chace,
With sudden Flight they leave the Net's Embrace, 715
Dart o'er the Line, enlarged Seas regain,
And frustrate all the Labours of the Swain.
Unless some God a just Resentment owes
For flighted Temples, or neglected Vows,
Contented in the thready Chains they'll lie, 720
Mount to the Shore, nor once attempt to fly.

Thus the tall Stag, proud Monarch of the Shades,
The patient Hunter's artful Toil invades:
A purple Cord extended round the Grove
Displays the trembling Pinions of the Dove.
Struck with the Terrors of the quiv'ring Wing
Wildly he flares retiring from the String.
Surrounding Dogs the panting Sylvan tear,
A Victim to his own imprudent Fear.

The Diver harden'd to the dreadful Toil
With artless Force attacks the finny Spoil;
Boldly he plunges from ethereal Day,
Springs to the Deep, and treads the fluid Way;
Firm as on Land along the vaulted Shores
The secret Chambers of the Deep explores;
Revisits safe the long-suspended Air,
And grasps with loaded Hands a captive Pair.
The Sargo thus, and tim'rous Shade-Fish dies,
Nor this his Fears secure, nor that his Size.

The Sargo's spie their Danger from afar,
Shrink to their Den; and fly the coming War;
Wound to an Heap on mutual Aid depend,
And all their Bristles from their Backs pretend.
Around the globous Throng in close Array
Continuous Spikes a dreadful Wood display.

As when within the Rail's defensive Ring
The Gard'ner bids his Plants securely spring;
Erect the pointed Orders stand around,
From noxious Feet protect the nobler Ground,
Arrest the Thief, and strike th' avenging Wound.

Thus
Book IV. Oppian's Halieuticks. 179

Thus none invades unhurt with obvious Hand
The Sarge's arm'd; opposing Briftles' stand.
Stretch't from a thousand Backs. The liquid Way
The Swain descends, and singles out his Prey.
Where the sleek Neck and taper Tail displays
A naked Void, his cautious Hands he lays,
With meeting Arms the cracking Captive bends,
Snaps off his Chine, and all his Sinews rends,
Knit in the close Embrace the rest abide,
And fondly in their pointed Fence confide.
The Diver joyful of his finish'd Toil,
Remounts the Floods, and bears the double Spoil.

The Shade-Fish swift with conscious Fear implores
The kind Protection of his native Shores;
Some hollow Cave, or Sea-green Weed he seeks,
Delves in the Slime, or nuzzles in the Creeks.
But studious only to conceal his Eyes,
Careless of other Parts expos'd he lies,
Irrational! and huggs th' assuming Pride,
To think he gives the Night to all beside.

The Lybian Buffal thus, while o'er his Eyes
The Shrubs entwine their gloomy Shade, defies
The Lion's stern Approach; with Head reclin'd
Stupid he stands, and hopes th' Invader blind

BB 2
In his own Want of Sight: the royal Beast
Leaps on his Prey, and tears the bloody Feast.
He thrusts his Forehead deeper in the Brake,
And ev'n in Death approves the gross Mistake.
Thus Ostriches the blind Concealment seek,
Short is their Error, and their Project weak.

The Fish in careless ease supinely laid
The grappling Fingers of the Swain invade.
Up from the Deep he springs, and bids the Prey
Recant his Error in aerial Day.

Thus have I sung the Sea-descending Wiles,
And told what Kinds the Fisher's Art beguiles.
Who yet unnam'd divide the liquid Way,
Alike their Hunger or their Love obey,
Their Caution to their Appetites resign,
Roll in the Net, or wriggle from the Line,
Crowd unsuspicious to the circling Weel,
Or stain with triple Wound the barbed Steel.
Some in the Face of conscious Day expire;
Others in Even's dawn insidious Fire
Lights to their Fate; erected Torches blaze
Around the Boat, and dart their pitchy Rays.
Admiring Shoals the gaudy Flame surround,
And meet the triple Spear's descending Wound.
To them malignant glares the quiv'ring Light;
Prophetic is Illuminated Night.

There are who mix the Drug's envenom'd Juice,
And flowing Mischief in the Floods infuse;
Above th' adult'rate Waves, th' expiring Shoal
In giddy Rings irregularly roll.
First with their founding Poles and dashing Oars
They drive the flying Herd, where arched Shores,
Well stor'd with undermining Caves, embay
The narrow Floods, and skreen the tim'rous Prey.
These keep the Shore, while those from either End
Quite cross the Bay inclusive Seines extend.
Thus prudent Warriors on the martial Plain
With double Trench the rushing Foe restrain.
The Nets dispos'd; the patient Diver breaks
A Lump of ductile Clay from slimy Creeks,
With fell Cyclamine blends the kneaded Heap,
And flows a Show'r of Pellets o'er the Deep;
Beneath the vaulted Shores dilutes the Bane,
Poisons the Caverns, and infects the Main.
Swift from the sickly Flood to purer Day
He mounts himself unhurt, not so the Prey;
The gasping Wretches restles in their Caves
With sickly Pangs respire th' imbitter'd Waves;
Dissolving Pains their slacken'd Nerves invade,
And floating Mist's their trembling Eyeballs shade.
Impatient of their Beds they roll away,
Prefer the Shores and drink ethereal Day.
The Shores are kinder than their native Main;
Such pois'nous Furies in the Waters reign.
Like gay Companions from nocturnal Wine
Returning late, in many a winding Line
They reel bewild'er'd, and explore in vain
From purer Streams an Interval of Pain.
Some rushing to the Net with giddy Course
Attempt their Flight; with far unequal Force
They rise in airy Bounds, but partial Fate
Frustrates the Leap, and cuts the vital Date.
With rapid Toil and Pain dissolv'd they lie,
And murm'ring Groans along the Waters die,
Such Groans as Filhes vent; th' expiring Prey
With secret barb'rous Joy the Swains survey.
At length when Groans and Struggles are no more,
And conqu'ring Fate exerts it's latest Pow'r,
When floating o'er the melancholly Plain,
Pale Death and universal Silence reign;
Joyful they drag the loaded Net, and pour
A Prey unnumber'd on the crowded Shore.
Book IV. Oppian's Halieuticks

As when before some Town in martial Line
Dispos'd around investing Warriors shine,
To both prepar'd, or War or close Design;
The distant Fountains, ting'd with venom'd Juice,
Within the Walls their flowing Bane diffuse.
Back from the Tow'rs the brave Defendants sink
In thirsty Pangs, or perish if they drink.
The Streets grow narrow with the bloated Slain,
And scarce their dead Inhabitants contain.
Thus on th' empoysion'd Floods the floating Prey
A wide Deformity of Death display.
THE FIFTH BOOK OF OPPIAN'S HAlIEUTICKS.

With gen'rous Thought, My Prince, indulge thy Mind,
Worthy the Sovereign of human Kind;
How Nature's Works thy subject Man obey,
And all the wide Creation owns his Sway.
Through ev'ry Element his Pow'r pursue,
How Earth and Seas hide nothing from his View,
His Mother Earth, in Forrest Den or Wood;
And Thetis courts him with 'er silver Flood.

Whatever Pow'r produc'd the wond'rous Frame,
From God th' aspiring Imitation came,
His Strength inferior, but his Form the same.
Whether Prometheus first from gross Allay
Refin'd the Dust, and organiz'd the Clay
Book V. Oppian's Halieuticks.

Wet from the living Fount, with bold Design
Stampt on his Mould the human Face divine,
From heavenly Stores immortal Essence stole,
And pour'd around his Heart th' Empyreal Soul;
Or Earth impregnate with the Titan's Blood
Heav'd from her Womb an animated Brood;
Examine Nature's universal Round,
Equal or second none to Man is found;
The Gods alone excell.

What Monsters has the Force of Man subdu'd?
What Mountains blush not with their Natives Blood?
The pinion'd Flocks, that wing the lower Way,
Or soar above the Clouds in purer Day,
Are Slaves to Man, tho' central Earth denies
Th' aerial Chace, and Freedom of the Skies.
In vain the Lion, Monarch of the Plain,
Calls forth his Rage, and rears his horrid Mane.
In vain th' Imperial soaring Eagle flings
A double Tempest from his founding Wings.
The snouted Elephants with passive Fear
The little lordly Creature Man revere.
Servile they groan beneath th' embattled Load,
Bend to the Yoke, and tremble at the Goad.

C c Con-
Contending Earth would search her Fields in vain
To match the Natives of the fluid Reign.
Cetaceous Kinds, that roll beneath the Floods,
In Strength surpasa the Monsters of the Woods.
On Earth the Tortoise croucht beneath his Shield
Skulks inoffensive on his native Field;
But when his Brother of the Seas appears,
The stoutest Heart with just Discretion fears.
Teeth sharp enough our Earth-born Dogs display,
Domestic snarl, or tear the sylvan Prey.
But Nature to the stern Marine assign'd
More noxious Weapons, and a fiercer Mind.
Panthers on Earth affright the trembling Woods,
Tame if compar'd with those that range the Floods.
Hyenas dire the peacefull Fields molest;
Intenfer Rage inspires the Sea-born's breast.
The Ram, fond Husband of the bleating Train,
Frisks on the Meads obsequious to the Swain;
Far other Rams at Sea the Fishers find,
Severer Sports delight the wat'ry Kind,
Who see the Shark's capacious Jaws disclose
A thousand Swords erect in flaming Rows,
Despise the tusked Boar. The subject Plain
Shrinks at the Lion's Rage, and owns his Reign.

But
But what's the Lion? sharper Weapons arm
The Balance-Fish, and keener Furies warm.
Sea-Calves on shady Shores reclin'd, affright
The shaggy Bears, or worst in single Fight.

Such monstrous Kinds the fruitful Seas produce,
Yet such th' unconquer'd Force of Man subdues.
I sing the Toils, when stranded Whales invite
Courious Fishers to the dreadful Fight.
While grander Scenes superior Ardour raise,
And nobler Argument exalts the Lays,
Great Substitutes of Jove, attend the Strain,
Ye Heav'n-built Walls, that guard his lower Reign.

Far in the middle Concave of the Deep
Their Residence the Whaly Monsters keep;
There rolling with unwieldy Pastime play,
Nor often from th' unfathom'd Bottom stray.
Eternal Appetite their Bowels gnaws,
And Famine sits enthron'd within their Jaws.
No Meats compose their glutted Teeth to rest,
Or fill th' unmeasur'd Chaos of their Breast.
On their own Kinds th' unnatural Gluttons feed,
And still the weaker by the stronger bleed.

The shudd'ring Sailor sees with wild Surprize
Their Backs above the breaking Surges rise,
Who Westward from Iberian Havens fails,
And fears a Shipwreck from their sporting Tails.
Erroneous from th' Atlantic Deep they glide,
And drive from either Fin a murm'ring Tide.
Not thus beneath a stately Galley's Oars
In frothy Curls the boiling Ocean roars.

When shallow Shores engage the flouncing Fiend,
Let all the Fishers wat'ry War descend.
All but the nimble Dog in sandy Chains
The shelving Margin of the Deep detains.
Their glimm'ring Eyes transmit a feeble Ray,
And vast unwieldy Limbs retard their Way.
But happy Friendship's faithful Aid supplies,
What partial Nature to their Sense denies.

A slender Fish conducts the Whaly Kind,
Slender his Size, but ample is his Mind:
Bold in the Front the little Pilot glides,
Averts their Dangers, and their Motions guides.
With grateful Joy the willing Whales attend,
Observe the Leader, and revere the Friend.
All to their little Chief obsequious roll:
Friendship has charms to sooth a savage Soul.

Between the distant Eyeballs of the Whale,
Th' impending Pilot waves his faithful Tail,
Book V. Oppian's Haliéuticks

With Signs expressive points the doubtful Way,
And warns to fly the Shore, or chace the Prey.
The Tail as vocal with impulsive Air,
Bids him of all, but most of Man beware.
Where're the little Guardian leads the Way,
The bulky Tyrants of the Seas obey;
Implicit Trust repose in him alone,
And hear and see with Senses not their own.
To him th' important Reins of Life resign,
And ev'ry self-preserving Care decline.

As when some filial Breast with tend'rest Charms
Nurture-repaying Love, and Duty warms,
The grateful Youth, in Life's declining Stage
His Sire deprest with Joyn't-enfeebling Age
Supports, when dim Suffusion veils his Eyes,
Sticks to his Side, nor all the Day denies
His guiding Arm; along the dang'rous Street
The glad old Man with unsupplanted Feet
Stalks on secure; in Sons of duteous Mind
A second Youth reviving Fathers find.
The finny Pilot thus his monstrous Care
Guides like a living Ship, his Tail the Steer,
Constant in Service, and in Love sincere.
Or from one common Spring their Blood arose,
And ting'd with sympathizing Union flows
The same tho' distant, or the Whaly Mate
Pleas'd him debating long, and choosing late.

Thus nervous Force, and Beauty's outward Grace
Yield to the Mind compar'd; th' exacter Face
Oft hides a Soul deform'd. By its own Weight
Uncounsell'd Strength is cruft, no Match for Fate.
That little-statur'd Men of vig'rous Soul
Should all the World by Wisdom's Force controll,
Make ev'ry Will subservient to their own,
Support the Juf't, and shake the guilty Throne,
But meet Proportion; since with equal Eafe
So small a Guardian leads the Monarch of the Seas.

First let the Fish himself incautious feel
The Rigours of the Bait-disguised Steel.
Blest in his Friend, and safe in social Aid,
The monstrous Prey succes'sless you'll invade.
When he's away, swift Victory attends
The Fisher's Toil, nor Death divides the Friends.
With glimm'ring Eyes the Whale explores in vain,
The distant Channels of the purple Main.
Like some tall Ship with untaught Fury born,
Her Pilot lost, erroneous and forlorn,
Through darksome Paths complying with the Tides,
The Sport of ev'ry faithless Wave he glides.
Dashed on the craggy Shores, with oily Blood
He dies the Rocks, and crimson all the Flood.
The gloomy Darkness floats before his Sight,
And sheds around his Head impenetrable Night.

Now let the Swains with instant Thought prepare
The bold Attack; first with auspicious Pray'r
Invoke the Gods, th' assist your daring Hands,
And stretch the bleeding Savage on the Sands.

As when beneath th' indulgent Shades of Night
Intrepid Heroes urge the silent Fight,
The slumbering Guards before the Gate surprize,
And seal in Death's eternal Sleep their Eyes;
Swift through the Gates th' embolden'd Warriors pour,
Spread through the Streets, and wrap each hostile Tow'r

In missile Flame; so resolute the Swain
Attacks the scaly Fiend, his Leader slain.

His Weight and Size unerring Signs declare;
If but his Spinal crested Fin appear,
Peeping above the Foam, for many a Rood
His floating Weight usurps the murm'ring Flood.

But
But lesser Kinds the Waves support with Ease; 180
Part of their Backs floats extant from the Seas.

A sturdy knotted Rope the Toil demands,
Prodigious Line; no thicker on the Sands
Strung on the biting Anchor's Circle binds
The Merchant's Ship, victorious o'er the Winds.
Nor insufficient be it's Length to stray
In distant Deeps obsequious to the Prey.
Such be the Hook, as from it's rooted Seat
 Might tear a Rock, nor suffer from the Weight.
Sprung from one Stem diverging Arches bend,
Branching averse the distant Points ascend,
Wide as the deistin'd Jaws; a brazen Chain
Hangs next the Steel, impassive to sustaine
His grinding Teeth; loose round their central Pole
The middle Links with easie Circle roll.
Hence when the Monster, active with his Pain,
Scours through the Deep, and eddies all the Main, 195
Untwisted the compliant Links obey
The mazy Struggles of the flouncing Prey.
Two Lumps of sturdy Beef the Points surround
Transfixt, with brawny Fat the Shoulder crown'd,
Or Liver's quaking Mafs beslim'd with Blood,
To Fishes Taste no despicable Food.

The
The Fishers breathing martial Rage, prepare,
The Fauchion, Scythe, and triple-wounding Spear,
With ev'ry nocent Form, the footy God
On founding Anvills gave the flaming Rod.
Mute as the finny Shoals that glide below,
The Troop embark, with silent Pace and flow
Divide the Waves; be ev'ry Tongue confin'd,
But Hands and Eyes expressive of their Mind.
Their Oars the dimpled Surface gently sweep,
Cautious of Noise, least haply to the Deep
With apprehensive Fears the Prey return,
And leave the Swains their frustrate Hopes to mourn.
When near enough advanc'd, before the Prow
The sage Director sends his Baits below.

The Whale with all a Glutton's Transport spies,
Distends his Jaws, and grasps the fatal Prize,
Deep in his yielding Throat on either Side
The barbed Points their bloody Way divide.
Stung with the sudden Extacy of Pain,
The Wretch indignant gnaws the brazen Chain
With vain Attempt; but when the spreading Smart
Shoots in his Nerves, and boils around his Heart,
Furious he plunges to the dark Profound,
And fondly strives to lose th' inherent Wound.
The Swan obedient to the fierce Demand,
Deals out the rushing Line with busie Hand.
Nature with partial Strength has Man supply'd,
To check his Passions, and restrain his Pride.
A thousand Hands combin'd would strive in vain
To turn the flying Monarch of the Main,
Or tame reluctant; with regardles Ease
He'd drag behind him to remotest Seas
Fishers and Boats, with unresisted Force
Impetuous as he takes his downward Course.

At equal Intervals along the Line,
Capacious Skins the wily Fishers joyn,
Swoln with imprison'd Air; from upper Day
They sink unequal to the rushing Prey,
But Still with faint Reluctancy contend
To fly the Deep, and o'er the Waves ascend.

At length alighting on a sandy Mound
Fretful he foams, the Waters boil around
His heaving Sides. As from the dusty Plain,
The conqu'ring Steed dissolv'd in rapid Pain
Pants thick; adown his Sides a briny Flood
Distills, he breaths in Fire, and foams in Blood.
So glows the Whale in agonizing Pain,
Stretcht out desirous of Repose in vain.
The Winds aloft their bloated Prisons bear,
Eager to mingle with their kindred Air.

In different Scenes of Misery and Rage
Th' afflictive Skins their restless Slave engage.
On these he flies, with corresponding Pace
They fly as soon, and baulk the fruitless Chace;
Fearful they seem and conscious of the Foe;
If he returning seeks the Sands below,
As swiftly they return; he rolls in vain
Contending with Necessity and Pain;
With fond Attempt th' alternate Toil renewes,
Drags from above, or from the Deep pursues.

As on some Oak, a future Vessell's Keel,
Two Ship-wrights ply the Saw's indented Steel;
Drawn each, each draws; the Teeth their Passage rend,
Rise to return, and sink to reascend;
Just so th' aspiring Skins and struggling Prey
A Scene of swift Vicissitude display.

United Streams of Foam and mingled Blood
Rush from his Jaws, and paint the checquer'd Flood
Alternate; hissing from his Nostrils flies
The liquid Breath, and roaring to the Skies
With double Torrent climbs; the Seas refund
With deeper Groan; within the dark Profound
You'd think enchain'd the Force of Boreas lay,
Struggling to Freedom, and his native Day.
With double Wing the breaking Surge divides,
Between a dreadful yawning Hell subsides.

As through the Straits, that part the Latian Shore
From Etna's Isle, the rapid Torrents roar
Swift from th' Ionian to the Tuscan Deep;
While crowded Tempests through the Channel sweep
Impetuous by Restraint; in circling Maze
Whirl'd by the Gust, the curling Ocean plays.
While dread Charybdis from his Den below
Refunds his Draught; the burfting Surges flow
Hissing with Foam; the liquid-breathing Prey
Thus rolls the boiling Waves, and spouts a Sea.

Here let some Boat, retiring to the Shore,
Fast to a Rock the fainting Captive moor,
And soon return; now when his yielding Heart
Sinks with the Toil, and sickens with the Smart,
Pale Destiny her nodding Scales suspends;
Swift to the Beam the Sea-born's Fate ascends.
The nearest Skin returning to the Light
Presages Conquest; ardent Hopes excite
The Fishers Minds. As when from distant Wars,
In shining Robes the sacred Herald bears.
Important News, his Friends impatient wait,
And greet the sure Prefage of happy Fate.
The Fishers thus with loud Acclaim cares
The mounting Skin predictive of Success.
Nor long behind succeeding Skins appear,
Rise with their Load, and struggle into Air.

The Swains impatient for the closer Fight
Call forth their Strength, and all their Souls excite.
The rushing Boats with deeper Line surround
The panting Foe; beneath the Waves refund:
Above the Voice of War and Conquest roars,
Outbraves the Seas, and echoes from the Shores.
Armies you'd think engag'd in bloody Fight,
In Quest of Glory, or Defence of Right;
To These an equal Bravery inspires
Each Voice with Thunder, and each Breast with Fires.

Th' astonished Shepherd quits his bleating Train,
To range unguarded on the verdant Plain;
The Woodman leaves the wounded Tree to stand
With dubious Nod, and hastens to the Strand.
The Goats unheeded o'er the Mountains rove:
The keenest Hunter rushing from the Grove,
Neglects the flying Deer, or tusked Boar,
For nobler Sport, and seeks the founding Shore.
High on the Cliffs th’ admiring Throng survey
The Fishers Labours, and expiring Prey.

The God of War descending to the Main
Lets loose his Furies on the wat’ry Plain.

With Hearts resolv’d th’ impatient Swains advance,
Around their Arms the beamy Light’nings glance.
Above their Heads an Iron Grove appears,
Fauchions, and Scythes, and triple-wounding Spears,
The double-biting Axe, and barbed Dart,

With ev’ry nocent Pow’r of Vulcan’s Art.
On ev’ry Side around the scaly Fiend,
With various Storm th’ impetuous Wounds descend.
Fain would his Jaws th’ insulting Boats invade,
In vain, his languid Limbs refuse their Aid,
Unequal to his Mind; with furious Sweep.
He waves his Tail, and eddies all the Deep.
Far from the Foe repuls’d, the Waves divide
The Vessels bounding o’er the foaming Tide.
Shortliv’d the Storm; recover’d from their Fear
A new Descent the rallying Swains prepare,
Shouting amain; the reeking Waters glow,
With mingled Blood impurpled as they flow.
Book V. Oppian's Halieuticks.

As when the Torrents of hibernal Rain
Rush from the clayie Hill, and sweep the Plain;

In spurious Channels roaring to the Main;
Ting'd with the Spoils of Earth the distant Flood,
Discolour'd flows, and seems to roll in Blood.
Thus bath'd in mingled Gore, th' expanded Main
Drinks from it's Native's Wounds a crimson Stain.

The Fishers dash the sparkling Waves, and pour
Within his gaping Wounds the briny Show'r.
With Fate his native Element conspires,
Boils in his Veins, and darts contagious Fires.

As when the Merchant's sacrilegious Freight
Provokes the Thunderer's Wrath, with speedy Fate
On Wings of Flame the glowing Bolt descends,
Lights on the Ship, and hisses as it rends;
Swift through the Chain the crowding Waters flow,
And reconcil'd with Fire assift the Blow;

The Brine thus raging in the Monster's Veins,
Fires ev'ry Wound, and doubly arms his Pains.

When Fate victorious to the Gates of Death
Conducts her panting Slave, in latest Breath
Expiring, hackt all o'er, one spacious Wound;
Th' exulting Victors with triumphant Sound

Drag
Drag him ashore unwilling; o'er his Sight
Inebriate creep the Shades of endless Night.
Above his Mountain back a dreadful Wood
Bristles erect, and seems to spring from Blood,
Rooted in Wounds; returning to the Shores
The vig'rous Fishers ply the bending Oars.
Triumphant Paus; shake the wide Profound;
Applauding Shores repellent to the Sound.

As when returning from the bloody Main,
A conqu'ring Navy leads her captive Train,
With loud Acclaim of joyful Pride, and moors
The floating Triumph chain'd on hostile Shores;
In servile Bonds th' insulting Victors draw
Their landed Prisoners, they with fulmin Awe
Indignant the compulsive Force obey,
Stalk murmuring on, and spurn their odious Way;
The Fishers thus elate with swelling Joys,
Drag to the fatal Strand th' unwilling Prize.

In mortal Pangs ascending to the Shores,
Panting he rolls; the foaming Ocean roars
Around his Sides; back from his Fins he flings,
Tempestuous Billows, thus with scorched Wings
The Bird in fluttering Agonies expires,
That tempts too near the sacred Altar's Fires.

Fain
Fain would he backward to the Deep retire;
Against himself his languid Limbs conspire.
As joyful Sailors on their native Strand
Stretch'd on the Ropes their ponderous Vessel stand,
When Winter's hoarse Approach, and new Delight
A Rest from Sea-traversing Toils invite;
Thus drag the lab'ring Swains their captive Prize,
His Life expiring in tremendous Sighs.
His prostrate Length emerging from the Main,
Fills all the Beach, and hides the sandy Plain.
Dreadful in Death the spacious Limbs appear,
The shudd'ring Conqu'rous own a causeless Fear.
With dubious Joy their prostrate Foe survey,
And flying tremble at the distant Prey.
With dreadful Grin his breathless Jaws disclose
A thousand pointed Deaths in shining Rows.
When recollecting Reason cures their Fears,
Around the slain the gath'ring Throng repairs.

Some rustic Swain, averse to naval Toil,
True Son of Earth, and faithful to the Soil,
Ne're guilty of a Thought beyond the Shore,
To's Friends around the Silence thus forbore:

"From thee, dear Mother Earth, I first began,
"Sprung with thy Food, and ripen'd into Man:
E e
"Sum-
"Summon'd by Fate to thy primeval Womb
"Resume this Clay, a Tribute to the Tomb.
"Me distant may the wat'ry Labours please;
"That God whose Trident awes th' unbounded Seas,
"May I devoutly from the Land adore,
"Nor trust the Deity beyond the Shore.
"Ne'er tempt me Gain, to mount the floating Wood,
"To rise on Waves, and dance across the Flood.
"May I secure the frowning Clouds despise,
"Nor trust my Fate to faithless Winds and Skies.
"Not faithless Winds and Skies alone I fear,
"Not all the dang'rous Labour Seamen bear
"Riding with furious Storms, when ev'ry Wave
"Full charg'd with Death displays a wat'ry Grave.
"Nor wat'ry Graves affright; my Soul deteets
"Those hideous Whales, unceremonious Guests.
"Such uninterrning Tombs the Sailor wait
"Unnatural, more terrible than Fate.
"Those Seas, where such tremendous Gluttons roll,
"Extort a Terror from my inmost Soul.
"Hail from the constant Land, too faithless Main,
"Smile unregarded on the rural Swain.

Such artful Toils subdue the Whaly Brood,
Stupendous Forms, the Tyrants of the Flood.

But
Book V. Oppian's Halieuticks. 203

But smaller Kinds an easier Conquest yield,
And gentler Force asserts the wat'ry Field.
In due Proportion to th' expected Prize
The Tackle to the destin'd Use complies.
A thinner Bait, a slend'rer Cord descends,
With closer Arch the latent Iron bends.
Dry Gourds aloft the struggling Captive bear,
Nor needs the Goatskin swell with crowded Air.

When Fishers meet the Shark's rapacious Young,
Loos'd from it's Oar the tatter'd Rope is flung
Unarm'd below; th' imprudent Wanton flies
With eager Jaws, and grasps the worthless Prize.
Hooks ev'n the Prey supplies; with num'rous Chains
His Teeth recurve th' entangled Flax retains.
Easie the Fisher's Toil; the Slave self-bound
Mounts on the barbed Spear's retentive Wound.

Cetaceous Dogs intenser Fury warms,
Untam'd their Nature, fatal are their Arms.
Injurious as they're strong, their savage Souls
No Mischief satisfies, no Fear controlls:
But native Rage, and unrelenting Pride
Boil in their Hearts, and o'er their Wills preside.
Oft when the Seine involves a copious Prey,
And crowded Weels the patient Toil repay,

E e 2 With
With bold Assault th' intrepid Robbers tear
Th' unequal Net, and spoil the peopled Snare.
Swift as Revenge the Fishers from the Prow
Dispatch the Bait-disguised Steel below.
They their resolute Appetites obey,
Intemperate, an ease certain Prey.

The Sea-born Calf nor Force nor Fraud attain,
The Bait invites, and Spear descends in vain.
Impenetrable Skin their Limbs surrounds,
Repels the Point, and even the Weapon wounds.
Should sweeping Seines, among the vulgar Fries,
The fierce Sea-Calf unfortunate surprize,
The Fishers anxious for their Prey no more,
Unite their Strength, and drag their Net ashore.
They gladly with the Robber would compound,
And lose their Labour, so their Net were found.
In vain a thousand Seines in close Array
Oppose their Bosoms to the Monster's Way,
His Teeth and Claws a speedy Passage tear,
The Captives Freedome, and the Swains Despair.

Th' unconquer'd Champion in the liquid Fields
Surpriz'd ashore an easie Conquest yields.
With Clubs and Tridents arm'd, the Troop surrounds
The sleeping Fiend, and pours a Storm of Wounds

Around
Book V. Oppian's Haliéuticks.

Around his Temples; fatal is the Blow,
That meets the Temples of the scaly Foe.

The Shell-defended Tortoise often meets
Th' affrighted Swains, and all their Sport defeats.
Secure he triumphs in the Fishers Fear,
For them to conquer, only is to dare.
But should some Artist, resolutely brave,
Surprise him paddling o'er the foamy Wave,
With vig'rous Jerk invert his horny Chine,
And lift the Concave to the Skies supine,
Sailing aloft he wreaths his Legs in vain
In empty Air, and struggles to the Main,
While unextinguished Laughter shakes the Swain.
Fixt is his Doom; the floating Captive's Fate
The Spear, or under-heaving Nets compleat.

Thus when the Land-bred Tortoise on his Shield,
Some Boy, the sportive Tyrant of the Field,
O'erturns supine, he pants, and plies in vain
His flexile Knees, desirous to regain
The prone Embrace of Earth; th' insulting Boy
Makes all the Wood resound his vocal Joy.

Th' unwilling Sailor floats along the Seas,
Dry'd by the Sun, and wafted by the Breeze:

Unsunk
Unfunk the living Vessel swims to Shore;
The Waves receive his parched Limbs no more,
Bear him aloft, and toss him on the Port,
His Life concluding with the Fishers sport.

Fishers beware, the *Dolphin* ne'er-must bleed,
Detesting Heav'n resents th' inhuman Deed.
Whom calm Design, and meditated Hate
Incites industrious to the *Dolphin's Fate*,
Far let him from the sacred Rites retire,
His Touch profanes the consecrated Fire.
Religion's Sin to him; where'er he goes,
Contagious Guilt around the Murd'rerer flows.
Fly him, Companions, fly the Wretch and live,
He's ne'er forgiv'n, (if Heav'n can ne'er forgive.)
The Royal Rangers of the purple Flood,
Equal in Dignity with human Blood
The Gods regard; not like the vulgar Shoals
By Instinct led, and sway'd by brutal Souls;
Informing Reason dictates to their Mind
Discursive Thought, and rivals human Kind;
Dear mutual Ties their social Natures bind.
They will with Judgement, act, converse, and love
Like Men, or *Tritons* Sons of Sea-green Jove.

Akin
Book V. Oppian’s Halieuticks.

Akin by Reason, and by Friendship joyn’d,
Propitious they conspire with human Kind;
On fam’d Eubea’s Coast, Egean Isle,
Afflict their Labours, and partake the Spoil.
When round the Boat nocturnal Torches blaze,
And dart to gloomy Deeps their trembling Rays,
The joyful Dolphins starting from their Ooze,
Spring to the Toil, and leave the soft Repose.
Swift from their Sea-green Beds in wild Affright,
The Shoals fly diverse from the quiv’ring Light.
The watchful Dolphins ev’ry Pafs command,
Repel them from the Deep, and drive to Land.
Thus the stanch Hounds behind the trembling Fawn
Move in unerring Thunder o’er the Lawn.
The patient Victims of Despair they lie;
The triple Spear repeated Slaughters die.
No Hopes of Flight, while flaming Terrors glare,
And awful Kings pursue them in the Rear.
When rich Success has crown’d the labour’d Day,
The Dolphins crave their Portion of the Prey.
The Fishers pick the choicest of the Spoil,
Supply their Wishes, and reward their Toil.
Who’re with mean and avaritious View,
Tenacious dares withhold the Lab’rer’s Due,
Must never hope again the crowded Shore;  
Heav'n will resent, and Dolphins help no more.

Lives there so deaf to Fame, who never heard  
The wond'rous Fortunes of the Lesbian Bard, 
How he escap'd the Robber's mur'd'rous Pow'r,  
And landed safe on the Tenarian Shore?  
The sacred Poet, Care of ev'ry God,  
Fearless the gentle Dolphin's Back bestrode,  
And tun'd his Lyre melodious as he rode.  

Of Providence he sang, transporting Theme,  
The Musick sweetly dy'd along the Stream,  
Attentive Waves to pleasing Rest beguil'd,  
Forgot their Rage, and all around him smil'd.  

Rescu'd from Silence lives the Shepher'd's Fame,  
Who gave the Dolphin's humid Breast a Flame.  
Each pleasing Anguilli, each fantastic Woe,  
Those pretty Pains we reasoning Lovers know,  
The Dolphin felt; like us the live-long Day  
Or absent pin'd, or in fond idle Play.  

Officious, hover'd o'er the well-known Shore;  
The Pipe he much admir'd, the Piper more;  
With Rivals Eyes the bleating Flocks survey'd,  
And envy'd them their Swain, and sylvan Shade.  

What
What will not Lovers wish? fain from the Flood
He'd rise to breath in Air, and range the Wood.

Æolus Witness of the Dolphin's Flame
Relates a moving Tale of later Fame.
A youthful Dolphin once a comely Swain
Beheld, admir'd, and lov'd, not lov'd in vain;
Despis'd the Deep, and prest the dubious Strand,
Inhabitant at once of Sea and Land:
Never inconstant from his Charmer fray'd,
Flatter'd with mute Address, and gaz'd, and play'd.
With mutual Passion Infants first they lov'd,
And Age their Beauties and their Flames improv'd;
They shone unequall'd in the Fields or Main,
The swiftest Dolphin; and the brightest Swain.

Drawn by Report to see the strange Amour
Admiring Nations crowded to the Shore,
Rapt with Delight survey'd their am'rous Game,
And own'd the Sight superior to the Fame.
Prodigious Love with unexampled Deeds
Excites their Wonder, and their Hopes exceeds.

Soon as the Shepherd launching on the Stream
Refounds his Lover's long-accustom'd Name,
Swift as an Arrow cuts the liquid Skies;
Thirsty of Blood, and burning as it flies;
Updarting from the Deep with eager Joy,
The *Dolphin* springs to meet the willing Boy.
His Limbs in mute expressive Courtship roll,
Warm as his Love, and active as his Soul.
Now from his Tail he drives the foaming Tide
Waving luxuriant, now with easie Pride
His arched Neck half rais'd above the Main
He hangs enamour'd, while the grateful Swain
Or stroaks his Neck, or grasps him in his Arms,
Returns his Passion, and repays his Charms.
Fain would the desperate Lover for the Swain
Resign his Nature, and forfake the Main;
He leaps preventing from the Vessel's Prow,
And meets him in his native Waves below.
Close o'er the Flood the fond Companions glide,
With Head to Head adjoyn'd, and Side to Side.
The Fish with all the Latitude of Joy
Nature allow'd, carest the lovely Boy.
Hung on his Kisses, or mistaken pretst
Supine the panting Whiteness of his Breast:
Love unconfin'd their well-match'd Souls posseft.
The weari'd Swain advancing to the Strand
Refts on his Neck, and rising on his Hand

Vaults
Vaults o'er his humid Back, a grateful Load,
Directs his Speed, and points the dubious Road.
He courts the Toil, and glorying in his Pride
Receives the Rider, and obeys the Guide.
Bounds o'er the wavy Deep, if he command,
Or keeps the Shore, and sweeps along the Strand.

With tender Mouth compliant to the Rein
The manag'd Courser beats the founding Plain;
His long accustomed Lord the Spaniel fears,
Observes his Motions, and his Voice reveres.
Subjects with loyal Faith their Prince obey,
Whose willing Hearts confess the milder Sway:
Far more obsequious to the guiding Swain,
The *Dolphin* uncompell'd by Yoke or Rein,
Conveys his lovely Burden o'er the Main.
Should he command another's Weight to bear,
That hard Command but proves his Love sincere:
A ruder Swain his willing Back would take,
And bear th' Indifferent for the Lover's sake.

Such blissful Scenes their happy Lives employ,
Till Fate grown envious of the *Dolphins* Joy,
Snatcht to her cold Embrace the lovely Boy,
The pensive Mourner rolling near the Shores
With loud Complaints his absent Swain deplores.
The Shores relenting hear the Lover's moan,  
Breath back his Sighs, and echo to his Groan.  
Tears more than human from his Eyelids flow,  
And Reason serves but to augment his Woe.  
The gentle Shepherds call him from the Shore  
Regardless, human Voice has Charms no more.  
Nor profer'd Meat, invites; no longer please  
Those conscious Scenes, those once familiar Sights.  
Despairing to some gloomy Cave he flies,  
Scorns to survive his better Part, and dies.  

Dolphins to Men thus generous and kind,  
Sublim'd by Reason, and by Friendship join'd,  
The barbarous Thracian and Byzantine take,  
Nor spare the Booty for the Lover's sake.  
Villains! whose Hearts immur'd in triple Steel  
No tender Checks, no soft Emotions feel.  
As soon if prompted by the Love of Gain,  
Fraternal Blood their impious Hands would stain.  
Nor smiling Innocence nor hoary Age  
Of Sons or Parents quench the murd'rous Rage.  

A sportive Pair of youthful Dolphins glide,  
Coeval Offspring, near their Mother's Side.  
These first from barbarous Undistinction feel  
Th' inhuman Tortures of the Thracian Steel.  

When
When arm'd with Death the treach'rous Boat appears, 
Unus'd alike to Danger and to Fears, 
With unsuspicious Joy the *Dolphins* wait, 
Consul't their Pastime, and neglect their Fate. 
Frisking around their active Bodies move 
In all the various Imagery of Love.

Blanc'd the corded Harping-Iron hides 
It's Point retentive in the Wanton's Sides, 
Stung, to his inmost Soul he rolls away 
Precipitant, and flies the guilty Day. 
Deep in the Bosom of the pitying Main, 
Breathes out his Woes, and wallows in his Pain. 
Impetuous Force the prudent Swains decline, 
And give their unresisting Length of Line. 
Where'er th' afflicted Captive leads the Way, 
Th' obsequious Oars his mazy Course obey. 
Should eager Strength the rushing Line restrain, 
The Line were useless, and the Labour vain. 
But when dissolv'd by Constancy of Smart 
He shakes with fainter Pangs the quiv'ring Dart, 
His Limbs bereav'd of Nature's warm Supplies 
Born by the Floods involuntary rise. 

With all th' Extravagance of pious Woe. 
The mournful Dam attends her Son below.
Pursues his mazy Journey through the Main,
Swift from maternal Love, as he from Pain.
The Seas relenting hear the Parents Moans,
Swell with her Tears, and murmur with her Groans.

As when amidst the burning Town's Alarms,
The Children, ravish'd from their Mother's Arms,
Insulting Victors drag in servile Chains;
With furious Grief the mournful Daine complains,
Swells into Rage, and raves with fond Despair,
Calls ev'ry Star, and ev'ry God severe:
The Mother **Dolphin** thus laments her Son,
And bleeds in Wounds and Torments not her own.
Sometimes severely Kind, her other Care
She beats pursuing from the guilty Snare.

"Fly fly my Son, for Men perfidious grown
"Breath open War, and ancient Faith disown.
"For us they meditate the steely Pains,
"And Ocean blushes from a **Dolphin's Veins.**
"Nor social League ordain'd by Heav'n can bind,
"Nor Friendship charm the savage Earth-born's Mind.

Thus she, tho' mute yet understood, express
The silent Image of the Mother's Breast.
Thus warn'd her Son to seek a distant Shore,
Where perjur'd Man might ne'er approach him more.

But
Book V. Oppian's Halieuticks.

But she, the Flight herself advis'd disdains,
Attends the Slave, and suffers in his Pains.
No Force or Blows avert, nor Fears control
The fatal Purpose of the Mother's Soul.
Drawn to their Deaths th' insp'rate Captives move,
He from his Chains, the Mother by her Love.
Relentless Men! the tender Scene imparts
No Softness to the Fishers steely Hearts;
Wretches! whom suff'ring Virtue fails to move,
Proof to the Charms of Life-disdaining Love.
Close to the Boat the Mother swims, and rears
Her Head submissive to the Fishers Spears;
The wretched Privilege of Death desires,
And willing with her dying Son expires.

Thus when the Snake, that scents his grateful Food,
Rais'd on his Folds invades the Swallows Brood
Aloft in mossie Cell enroof'd, and draws
The callow Young within his pois'nous Jaws,
Flutt'ring around the Neft the Dam complains,
And mourns her ravisht Joys in chatt'ring Strains,
A thousand Deaths enduring at the Sight,
Disdains the winged Privilege of Flight;
Plung'd in the Monster's Jaws she flies the Day,
And mingles with her Sons, a willing Prey.

As
As Fame reports, that sedentary Kind
Along the Shore in pearly Shells reclin'd,
What Time her Brother's Rays the Lamp of Night
Hafts to oppose, and fill her Orb with Light; 710
Distent with Fat in each Dimension swell
Th' unequal Confines of the stubborn Shell.
But when the silelong meets the rising Day,
The Fishes with the less'ning Orb decay.
Nature and Cynthia Mistress of the Main
This Law to all Testaceous Kinds ordain.
Those whom their Fate has first remote from Land
Descending Divers gather from the Sand;
Some rooted from their native Rocks they tear,
Others ashore the driving Surges bear. 750

The Purple Wilks that bleed the glowing Dye
All shelly Kinds in rav'rous Gulf outvie.
For These with new Device a Willow Snare
Enwreath'd with close-connected Twigs prepare.
The Whirl drawn naked from his spiral Shell, 765
And Gaping Cockle bait the woven Cell.
Around the Weel the creeping Gluttons throng,
Stretch from their Shells their slender Length of Tongue
Between the Chinks, and suck the distant Bait,
But dearly buy their Pleasure with their Fate. 770

Their
Their Tongues, dilating from the bloated Veins,
With close Embrace the pressing Chink detains,
Irrevocably riveted in Pains.
Thus caught, with Purple's most luxurious Bloom
They paint the Labours of the Tyrian Loom.
    Who cut the porous Spunge from Rocks below.
Exalted Misery of Labour know;
Tremendous Trade! They first with patient Care
Their Bodies to the destin'd Toil prepare.
With slender Meals refine their grosser Blood,
Necessity the Measure of their Food.
Be Sleep, to other Fishermen deny'd,
By them in all it's Luxury enjoy'd.

As some harmonious Bard, from private Praise
Aspiring to the Prize of vocal Lays,
With previous Management his Voice subdued,
Through all the Scale the fleeting Sounds pursues,
Distends his Lungs, and mellows in his Throat
The swift Division, and the long-breath'd Note;
So These industrious, to themselves severe,
Their Bodies to the dreadful Toil prepare,
Uninjur'd from the long-suspended Air.

Now while they glide adown the silent Way,
To ev'ry Sea-controlling God they pray,
Far distant to remove the Whaly Brood;
And fence with Providence the neigh'ring Flood.
Where're the gentle Beauty-Fish they find,
New Joys and Courage raise their drooping Mind.
Near him no rav'rous Monster seeks his Prey,
He always wontons in a guiltless Sea,
Infures their Safety and dispels their Care;
Hence Fishers deem him Sacred as he's Fair.

Girt with a Rope around the Diver stands,
His Instruments of Labour in his Hands.
Deprest with Weights of Lead his Left declines,
Graspt in his Right a polisht Reapook fhines.
His Jaws an aromatick Juice contain,
That darts a splendor thro' the gloomy Main.
Anxious at firft he hovers o'er the Flood,
A chilly Trembling thrills along his Blood.
Dreadful his Fancy paints the Scenes of Woe,
With wifhtful Eyes he views the Waves below.
Back on itself retires his shrinking Soul,
To hear them murmur, and to see them roll.
Behind his animating Comrades cheer,
Urge to the Plunge, and drown the Voice of Fear.

Thus
Thus the swift Champion starting from the Goal
His Friends incite, desponding Fears control,
And check the panting Prefage of his Soul.

At length resolv'd he takes his headlong Leap;

The Weights depress him willing to the Deep.
Amidst the solemn Gloom his Lips diffuse
Around his Head the radiant oily Juice.

The Clouds dilating shed a feeble Ray,
Mix with the Floods, and give a spurious Day.
Thus the pale Taper's melancholly Light
Illumines far around the Dusk of Night.

Deep in the Caverns of the Rocks he spies
Where the tough Bed of rancid Spunges lies.

Whatever verdant Plants the Rocks produce
A noisome Poison from their Pores diffuse.

The Diver flies impatient on his Toil,
And reaps with speedy Strokes the bleeding Spoil.
Tugging the timely Signal to his Friends,

His Weight obsequious to the Rope ascends.

A nauseous Bane from wounded Spunges flows,
Too fatal if imbib'd within his Nose.

Swift as the Wings of Thought he springs away,
Darts from the Cave, and seeks the purer Day.

Who'er
Whoe'er beholds him pale and shivering rise,
Must meet his Friend tho' safe with dubious Eyes.
And own his Terror equal to his Joys.
His Limbs their Strength and vital Heat forfake,
And only leave the wretched Pow'r to shake.
Eager he gasps the late Return of Breath,
And trembles in the near Escape of Death.

Fate dooms him oft some Sea-born Monster's Prey,
Plunging his last farewell to solar Day.
Surpriz'd within the savage Glutton's Jaws,
In vain the Signal to his Friends he draws.
Beneath the Whale's devouring Gripe detains;
The Fishers drag their mangled Friend's Remains,
Fondly revolving in his latest Mind
His Boat, and mournful Comrades left behind.
Henceforth the Spunge may neglected lie,
The guilty Scene of Death the Fishers flie.
Weeping to Land the dreadful Corps attend,
And pay the mournful Honours to their Friend.

Thus the cold Secrets of the wat'ry Night,
Jove's scepter'd Charge, remov'd from mortal Sight,
What studious Nature labour'd to conceal,
To Thee, the Maje all-knowing durst reveal.

But
But may thy Ships on easy Waves be born,
And may the Winds still change for their Return.
Large Tribute may the fruitful Seas afford
In living Subjects to their Roman Lord.
May Neptune's Arms, unhaken by the Main
The deep Foundations of the Earth maintain,
And keep the World secure for Caesar's Reign.
A CATALOGUE
OF THE
FISHES
Mention'd in OPPIAN.

At the distance of fifteen hundred years from the Time in which Oppian wrote, and in a Country remote from those Seas which were the Scene of his Poem, 'tis but reasonable that large allowances should be made to a Translator who is obliged to englith the Greek names by which Fishes were distinguished, as they swam so many Centuries ago in the Mediterranean. He that reads the modern Ichthyologists will find them very much divided in their opinions, and at a loss to determine what Fishes are meant from the ancient Accounts of 'em; so that whoever would be exact in adjusting their Names, must take the pains of comparing them together, and not trust to a single Authority.

As for those Fishes which are common to the British and Mediterranean Sea, and whose Qualities are so remarkable that they leave us no room to doubt, such Names as are already made by other Naturalists as Mr. Willoughby, Grew and Charleton, I have not scrupled to make use of for genuine English. As we have no proper English Words to express the Names of Fishes un-
unknown to our Seas, I have been sometimes obliged to retain the Original Word, or to borrow Italian Names when they are more agreeable: some of 'em I have described by a kind of *Periphrasis*, and ventured to coin new Terms for others, agreeable to the Etymology of the *Greek*. Sometimes the different Sexes and Ages of a known *Species* which have but one *English* Name, have different ones in the *Greek*; but this *Defect* is easily supplied by the addition of a proper *Epithet*. Several Fishes take their Names from Land-Animals, on the account of some accidental Mark or Property, without any Regard to their Shape or *specific* Nature. For (as Sr. *Thomas Brown* rightly observes) 'tis a vulgar Error to suppose that there are Fishes in the Sea analogous to all Creatures on the Land. In the following Catalogue it would be needless to give any account of Fishes farther than would be necessary for reading the Author; since so many Ancients and Moderns have written long Treatises on this Subject; among the former, *Aristotle, Aelian* and *Pliny*, of the latter *Aldrovandus, Rondolet*, *Salvian, Gesner*, *Johnston*, and above all *Mr. Willoughby*; who has not only given a nice and anatomical Description of Fishes, but also an exact representation of their external Figures. In observing the prodigious Variety of their Shapes, and now excellently the parts of their Bodies are fitted to the uses which Providence has allotted them for their preservation, the Curious will find an agreeable Entertainment, and will at once discover new Beauties in Nature, and the Descriptions of our Poet.

*Oppian*, in dividing his Fishes with regard only to the different places of their feeding and usual Resort, intended only, as it is agreeable to Poetry, first to lay the Scene before he proceeded to Action. But with respect to the differences in the Make of their Bodies and their manner of Generation, Fishes are divided into.
Of Oppian's Fishes.

Into Cetaceous or Whale-Fishes, Cartilagineous, Spinosi or Fishes with small prickly Bones, and the Exanguia or Bloodless Kinds, which are more properly called Water-Animals than Fishes. The two first Kinds are Viviparous, the two latter Ovivparous.

Κυπελλα, Cete, Cetaceous or Whale-Fishes, which have Lungs, Hearts, Arteries, and all other Parts the same as Land-Animals; and which copulate, bring forth their Young alive, and suckle them with Milk after the same Manner.

Φαλακος, Balæna, the Common Whale.

Φυσαλεος, or Φυσελεος, Physalus, Phylæter, the Spouting Whale, Φυσαλε το φυσελε, ab efflando, named from his Spouting the Water from his two Pipes or Nostrils to a great Height.

Φονις, Phoca, Vitulus Marinus, the Sea-Calf or Seal.

Ερυθος, Equus, the Sea-Horse. Such as are usually represented by Painters, drawing Neptune's Chariot.

Σκολοπένδα, Scolopendra, Centipes. This Fish (unknown to our Seas) takes it's Name from a Land-Insect or Worm called the Centipes, which has two Rows of Legs reaching from the Head to the Tail; and is described, Book 2. V. 728. He is mention'd by Œlian in his History of Animals, and by most Naturalists placed among the Cetaceous Fishes.

Δελφινος, Delphinus, the Dolphin. The swiftest and most beautiful Fish in the Sea, stiled the King of Fishes, and remarkable for his benevolence to Mankind.

Σελαχι Cartilagineous or Gristle-Fishes, are such as have Gristles or Cartilages only instead of Bones. They conceive large Eggs exactly the same as thofe Birds, which they retain in the Womb till the Fetus is perfectly grown, and thus become Viviparous. They are frequently called κητια and πεταλινος by Oppian not
on the account of their specifick Natures, but only of
their Bulk in which they exceed several Whales. They
are divided into the Long and Plain or Flat Cartilagi-
neous Fishes.

Long Cartilagineous Fishes.

Κάων Canis the Sea Dog. This being a general Name
comprehends the following Species.

1. Λάμια Lamia, Canis Carcharias, the White Shark.
2. Μαλάτα Maltha, Canis Mollis, the Soft Shark.
3. Γλάκως Glauce, the Blew Shark.
4. Κυνηγός and Κυνηγός Centrina the Hog-Fish,
so named from the black Bristles that grow over
his Body.
5. Γαλάξ, Mustelus, the Hound-Fish, of which there
are three sorts.

Σκύθος, Catulus, the lesser Hound-Fish, or Moggay.
Γαλάτης λεός, Mustelus Iaxis, the Smooth Hound-Fish.
Ἄναψας, Mustelus Spinax, the Prickly Hound-Fish.
6. Ημι, Squatina, the Monk, or Angel-Fish.
7. Ἀλώπης, Vulpes Marinnus, the Fox or Fox-Hound.

Στίγμα, Gladius, the Sword-Fish, from a long Blade
of an horny Substance proceeding from his upper jaw,
with which he kills his Prey.

Πέτρα, Serra, the Saw-Fish. He has a Blade differ-
ing from that of the Sword-Fish in that it is indented
on both sides like a Saw.

Ζυγανα, Zygaena, the Balance-Fish. He hath his Name
from the shape of his head, very different from that of
all other Fishes, being spread out horizontally like the
Beam of a Balance; his Eyes standing at the two ex-
tremes, as the iron Hooks do at the end of the Beam.

Δέω, Leo, the Sea-Lion.
Κέρις, Aries, the Sea-Ram or Sheep.
Πάρδαλις, Panthera, the Sea-Panther.
Τάφα, Hyæna, the Sea-Hyæna.

These
Of Oppian's Fishes.

These four last Fishes taking their Names from Land-Animals on the account of some Accident or Property which they have in common with them, are either unknown to our Seas, or Synonymous to some already mention'd, most likely of the Cartilaginous Kind.

Flat Cartilaginous Fishes.

baris, Raia, the Ray or Thornback.

asmus, Aquila, the Sea-Eagle, a kind of Ray with Fins expanded on each side like Wings.

bys, Bos, the Sea-Cow or Broad-Ray.

toryx, Pastinaca, the Fire-Flair, a Kind of Ray with a poisonous Sting in his Tail.

nagmus, Torpedo, the Gramp-Fish, so called from his wonderful Effects. Vide Book 2, V. 109, and Book 3, V. 201.

akanodah, Spinosi, Fishes with prickly Bones, which are Oviparous.

adcam, Aritta, the Prickle-Fish, from the prickles on his back like thofe on an Ear of Corn.

adampis, Abramis, the Balse.

apyacapeng, ferus Pager, the largest Kind of Bream.

adonis, Adonis, from his Beauty: he is likewise called gonoen, exocetus, extra aquis dormiens from his sleeping upon dry Land.

admonis, Admones, this Species is described by none of the Naturalists.

anitya, Amia, the Amia, a Fish unknown to our Seas.

anthis, Anthias, the Anthiis. This Fish is by most Authors thought to be the same as the adn xpis Beauty-Fish, or idus idus Pilcis Sacer. There our four Species of em mention'd by Oppian.

aritya, Htnaeus, the Black Beetle.

antua, Apua, the Spirling, from apus non natus, from their supposed equivocal Generation from the Froth of the Sea, whence they are likewise called adn protes Froth-engender'd.
A CATALOGUE

Barca, Rana Piscatrix, the Sea-Toad, or Fishing-Frog, his Shape and Manner of Fishing are described at length in the second Book. pag. 66.

Balbus, Regulus, the Sea-Basilisk.

Blennus, Blennis, the Butterfly-Fish, from the spots in his Fins like those in the Wings of a Butterfly.

Bogatos, Lingulaca vel Solea, the Sole.

Boops, Boops, the Ox-eye'd Cackerel.

Congrus, Congrus, the Conger-Eel.

Draco, Draco, the Woeuer or Sea-Dragon.

Anguilla, Anguilla, the Eel.

Remora, naves retinent, the Remora or Sucker. A small Fish of the Eel-Kind; which according to vulgar report, can stop the largest Ship under Sail, by sticking underneath the Keel. Book. 1. pag. 16.

Apus, Aparum genus, the Spirling or Sprat.

Rubellio, the Sea-Roach.

Hippurus, interdum dormiens, the Sea-Owl, from his sleeping all the day, and being awake at night. He is likewise called Sericurus Calis Speculator the Star-Gazer from the position of his eyes on the top of his Head.

Jecorinus, the Liver-Fish, a Species of the Dream named from his colour.

Alofas, Alofa, the Pilchard.

Thunnus, the Tunny, 7ους Τουνία from his Swiftness.

Hippurus, the Horse-Tail, from a Fin on the Top of his Head like the Crest of an Helmet which was usually an Horse's Tail.

Accipiter, the Sea-Hawk, a flying Fish.

Sacer Piscis, the same as the Walefish or Beauty-Fish, the reason of his Name Sacred is given by Oppian, Book 5. pag. 218.

Julis, Julius, the Rainbow-Fish, from the variety of his Colours.

Cithara, Cithara, the Folin. His Greek Name is taken from the parallel Lines on his sides resembling the Strings of an Harp.
Of Oppian's Fishes.

καφως, Mugil, the Sea-Barbel, a Fish of the Mullet Kind.
καφως, Capito, the Sea-Chub, another Species of the Mullet.
καρύως, Cercyors, a Species of the ');//. Ο  //καρύως, Turtus. This Fish as Oppian informs us, is only the Female of the καρυώς.
καρυώς, Merula, the Wrasse.
κλαείς, Clarias, a lesser Kind of Cod-Fish.
κογγυς, Corvus, the Sea-Crow from his Blackness.
κοβίς, Gobio, the Sea-Gudgeon.
κοβίς, Cubera, a Young Tommy.
κες, Cirras, the Yellow-Tail.
καβυς, Scarabeus, the Beetle.
κινας, Cinaedus, the Patkirk-Fish. This is the only Fish Oppian has expressed by a circumlocution without directly giving his proper Name; which is a remarkable Instance of the Modesty of our Poet, that would not suffer him to stain his verse with an unchaste Idea.
κοκκως, Cuculus, the Grey-Gurnard.
λακτές, Lupus, the Sea-Wolf, from his ravous Nature.
λακτές, Larimus, the Scud.
μαμφίς, Menis, the Cockrell.
μαλακύς, Melamirus, the Black-Tail.
μυλός, Mylius, a Species of the Mullet.
μυράνα, Murana, the Sea-Lambrey.
μυράνα, Mus Marinsus, the Sea-Mouse.
μύρμυλος, Mormylus, Ovid's Mormyr, the Mormyl.
νυξάιος, Noctua, the Sea-Owl, the same with ἀμφωσίων.
ὀβιος, Orpus, the Oerve.
Orcynus, the Tunnie when he is full-grown.

Pelamys, a Young Tunnie.

Perca, the Sea-Pearch.

Prenas, a Fish of the Tunnie Kind.

Pilcis Nauticus, the Pilot-Fish, from his accompanying Ships at Sea in calm weather, Book i. V. 314.

Platyurus, the Broad-Tail.

Acus, the Gan-Fish or Needle-Fish from his long slender Shape.

Lacertus, the Sea-Lizard.

Smaris, the White Gackrel.

Sparus, the lesser Gilt-head.

Scarus, in Italian Scaro. From his property of chewing the Cud he is called Ruminax, the Cud-Fish.

Salpa, the Goldfin, from the glittering Streaks on his Sides.

Sucula, the Sand-Eel.

Umbra, the Shade-Fish.

Sargus, in Italian Sarge, the Base.

Simus, the Sea-Dace.

Scornus, the Mackerel.

Scorpio, the Sea-Scorpion, from his poisonous Nature.

Sphyraena, the Sea-Pike, or Spit-Fish.

Scolias, the Cogniti, or Balfard Mackerel.

Scordylus, a Young Tunnia.

Dentex, the Sea-Ruff.

Tania, the Swath-Fish, from his long slender Shape.

Hircus, the Sea-Goat, a kind of Cackrel.

Trachurus, the Shad.

Mullus, the Mullet, or Surmullet.

Phagus, the Bream.

Tinca, the Sea-Tench.

Chromis, the Grunter.

Hiatula, the Gaper, or Gin-Fish.
Of Oppian's Fishes.

χαλανδρ, Faber, the Dory.
χάραξις, Caraffius, a kind of Sea-Carp.
χαλίς, Chalcis, a Young Herring.
χαλίδων, Hirundo, the Sea-Swallow, a flying Fish.
χρυσόφυς, Aurata, the Gilt-head.
υπνία, Paster, the Plaice.

A N A I M O N A. Aquatilia Exanguia, Bloodless Fishes, are divided into Mollia Soft Fishes without Shells; Crustata, those that are covered with thin pliant Shells; and Testacea, those which have thick, hard brittle Shells.

Mαλαξία, Mollia, Soft Bloodless Fishes.

πόλυνος, Polypus, Multipes, the Preke, or Pourçontrel. He has eight long Legs or Fibres τηνυδαντες, four on each side of his Head, which serve him to crawl, cling to the Rocks, and entangle his Prey.

σφιλος, Ofmylus, a Species of the Preke.
Σπηθα, Sepia, the Cuttle or Ink-Fish. He abounds with a black juice like Ink, with which he stains the waters and escapes his pursuers.

τός, Lolligo, the Sleve, a flying Fish.

Mαλαχσπακα, Crustata, Bloodless Fishes with thin pliant Shells.

Αγκτος, Aftacus, the common Lobster.
Κάρις, Locuta Marina, the rough horned Lobster with prickles on his Shell. This is the Lobster that engages the Lamprey, Book 2. V. 350.
Κακης, Squilla, the Prawn, or Shrimp.
Καρκινος, Cancer, the Crab.
Καρκυνας, Cancellus, the Hermit-Fish, a kind of Crab, which having no Shell of his own Seizes the Shells of other Fishes.

Παγωγος, Pagurus, the Velvet-Crab, or Punger.
Ασης, Stella Marina, the Star-Fish, from his five Spikes or Rays.
Óσπρακίβεμα, Testacea, Testaceus Fishes.

Óɔσρεν, Ostreaum, the Oyster.

Nautilus, Nautilus, the Sail-Fish. His Sailing is described, Book i. V. §22.

Πορφυρα, Purpura, the Purple-Wild, which yields a purple juice anciently used in dyeing.

Κύρων, Buccinum, the Trumpet.

Στρόβλος, Turbo, the Whirl with a long spiral Shell.

Nerites, Nerites, the Rough Wild.

Εξινος, Erinaceus, the Sea-Weevil, or Hedge-bog, whose Shell is full of Spikes.

Πιννοφύλαξ, Pinna Culfos, the Nacre.

Πίννα, Pinna, a little Fish that cohabits in the same Shell with the Nacre, which is thence called πιννοφύλαξ.

Λυμπη, Patella, the Lympet, a Shell of a conick Figure that sticks to the Rocks.

Σωλην, Solen, the Sheath, or Razor-Fish.

F I N I S.
THE NAMES
Of the
SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

The Right Honourable the Lord Arundel of Baliol Coll.
Samuel Alleine (of Gresley) Esq.
Mrs. Mary Alleine.
Robert Revel (of Carnefield) Esq.
Leiut. William D'Anvers.
Mr. Anderson Fellow of All-Souls Coll.
Mr. Ackland A. B. of Exeter Coll.

B.

Sr. Brook Brydges Baronet.
The Honourable George Brydges Esq.
John Baron D.D. the late Master of Baliol Coll. Seven Copies.
Dr. Blechinden Provost of Worcester Coll.
Henry Bradford A. M. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Baynes A. B. of Ball. Coll.
Samuel Baldwyn Esq.
Charles Bave M. D. of Bath.
Robert Bree A. M. Rector of Fillingham.
John Blagden (of Northcote) Esq.
Mr. Brodnax Gen. Com. of Baliol Coll.
John Baily A. M. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Browne A. M. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Butler Gen. Com. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Burgoyne Com. of Ch. Ch. Coll. Three Copies.
Mr. Brown Sch. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Baxter of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Baily Com. of Baliol Coll.
Humphrey Brent A. M. of Trin. Coll.
Mr. Blagg Com. of Brazen-Nose Coll.
Robert Brynker B. D. Fellow of Jesus Coll.

James
The Names of the SUBSCRIBERS.

James Brynker A. M. Fellow of Jesus Coll.
Mr. Boycott A. B. of Ch. Ch. Coll.
Charles Brawne A. M. of Bailiol. Coll.
Samuel Burridge (of Tiverton) Esq.
William Burridge (of Tiverton) Esq.
Edward Bradford A. M. Schoolmaster at Tiverton.
Mr. Boyse Com. of Bailiol Coll.
Mr. Bartholmew Gen. Com. of Univ. Coll.
Charles Burdet A. M. of Lincoln Coll.
Mr. Boughton Gen. Com. of Bailiol, Coll.
Joseph Bettry A. M. Fellow of Exeter Coll.
John Ballyman A. M. of Bailiol Coll.
Mr. Baker A. B. of Bailiol Coll.
Mr. Bennet Com. of Bailiol Coll.
Mr. Bromwich A. M. Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall.
Mr. Bacon A. M. of Mag. Coll.
Mr. Browning Com. of Bailiol Coll.
John Burton A. M. Fellow of C.C.C.
Richard Brickenden A. B. Sch. of C.C.C.
Mr. Bradly A. B. of Bailiol Coll.
Mr. Browne Sch. of Bailiol Coll.
Bailiol College Library.

C.

Sr. Verney Cave (of Bailiol Coll.) Baronet.
The Honourable Robert Craven Esq. of Magd. Coll.
Cornelius Crawfurd A. B. of Bailiol Coll.
Mr. Clarke Gen. Com. of Pemb. Coll.
Edward Colingwood Esq. of the Temple. Five Copies.
Mr. Cole of Bailiol Coll.
Charles Coxe Esq.
Mr. Colfon Com. of Ball. Coll.
Mr. Cockram A. B. of Bailiol Coll.
Thomas Cameron A. B. of Bailiol Coll.
Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.
Mr. Coppin Com. of Bailiol Coll.
Mr. Coppin Com. of Bailiol Coll.
John Coppin Esq.
John Coppin Esq. of the Temple.
Mr. Castileman Fellow of All Souls Coll.
The Names of the Subscribers.

Mr. Crafter Com. of Brazen-Nose Coll.
Sam. Catheral A. M. Fellow of Oriel Coll.
Mr. Cranke Sch. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Child Com. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Chandler Gen. Com. of Wadham Coll.
Mr. Crawley Gen. Com. of University Coll.
Revd. Mr. Curtis Vicar of Harwike.
Mr. Colchester Gen. Com. of Baciol Coll.
John Carwithen A. B. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Cartwright Gen. Com. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Campbell A. M. of Baciol Coll.
Vincent Corbett A. M. of Trinity Coll.
Mr. Carveth Gen. Com. of Exeter Coll.

D.
Sr. Edward Deering Baronet of Oriel Coll.
Mr. Dalby Gen. Com. of Baciol Coll.
Mrs. Mary Degrave.
Mr. Drummond Com. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Douglas Com. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Davis Sch. of Pembroke Coll.
Mr. Draper Com. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Dodd of London Merchant.

E.
Abel Evans D. D. Fellow of St. John's Coll.
Triftram Evans A. M. of Trinity Coll.
Richard Edmunds A. M. of Jesus Coll.
Henry Edmunds A. M. of Jesus Coll.
Richard Ealtway A. M. of Lincoln Coll.
Robert Eden A. B. Fellow of University Coll.
Charles Espe A. M. Student of Ch. Ch. Coll.
Mr. Eyre Com. of Baciol Coll.

F.
Robert Fry (of Yarty) Esq.
Mr. Fawkes Gen. Com. of University Coll.
Mr. Stephen Fox Gen. Com. of Ch. Ch. Coll.
John Field A. M. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Filher Com. of Baciol Coll.
Mr. Franklin A. B. of Baciol Coll.

G.
Mr. Guise Gen. Com. of New-Coll.
William Gaimul (of Chelten) Esq.
Mr. Gregory A. B. of Baciol Coll.
The Names of the Subscribers.

Mr. Gleydhill Sch. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Godwyn A. B. of Baliol Coll.
Stephen Green A. M. Fellow of Queens Coll.
William Gardiner A. M. of Lincoln Coll.
Revd. Mr. Goodwyn Rector of Wyvchewo Essex.
Revd. Mr. Gibbon of Baliol Coll.
William Greenaway A.M. Vice-Principal of Hart Hall.
Mr. Garrard Com. of Bal. Coll.

H.
Charles Harris Esq. of the Temple.
William Holwel Esq. Two Copies.
Mr. Higgins of Mag. Coll.
Mr. Hanlon A. B. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Hayward Com. of Baliol Coll.
Revd. Mr. Hayter Rector of Chagford.
Mr. Hayter Sch. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Harwell A. B. of Baliol Coll. Two Copies.
Edward Hughes B. D. of Jesus Coll.
Mr. Harvey Gen. Com. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Hoyle Com. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Haslewood Fellow of New Coll.
Robert Helyar Esq. of the Temple.
Mr. Hall Gen. Com. of Baliol Coll.
Revd. Mr. Harrison Rector of Elmsted Essex.
John Hartnoll (of Tiverton) Esq.
Mr. Thomas Henchmarch.
Mr. Hammond A. M. Fellow of Brazen- Nose.

I.
Charles Jennens (of Gopshal) Esq.
Mr. Incledon Gen. Com. of Hart Hall.
Eufeyb Itham A. M. Fellow of Lincoln Coll.
Reginald Jones A. M. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Jeffery A. B. of Baliol Coll.

K.
William King LL. D. Principal of St. Mary Hall. Twelve Copies.
Wyndham Knatchbull A. M. of Baliol Coll.
Thomas Knight A. M. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. Kemble Com. of Baliol Coll.
Mr. John Knibb of Oxon.
Mr. King A. M. of Baliol Coll.

Thomas
The Names of the Subscribers.

L.
Thomas Leigh A. M. Fellow of All Souls Coll.
Mr. Levett A. B. of Magd. Coll.
Henry Layng A. M. of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Lyddal Gen. Com. of Ch. Ch. Coll.
Mr. Lethicullier Gen. Com. of Trinity Coll.
Thomas Loveday A. M. Fellow of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Lee A. M. of Mag. Coll.
Revd. Mr. Ley Rector of Abresford. Essex.
Mr. Livefay A. M. of St. Mary Hall.
Mr. Lowe Com. of Brazen-Noke Coll.

M.
Mr. Moore Fellow of All Souls Coll.
Robert Mather Esq. of the Temple. Two Copies.
Philip Middleton Esq.
Francis Milner Esq.
Mr. Major A. B. of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Markland Com. of Brazen-Noke Coll.
Mr. Mitton Sch. of Balliol Coll.
James Martin A. M. of New Coll.
Benj. Milward A. M. of Balliol Coll.
Robert Michell A. M. of Balliol Coll.

N.
The Hon. Francis North Esq. of Trinity Coll.
The Hon. Edward Nevil Esq. of Wadham Coll.
Sr. Robert Nightingale Baronet.
Sr. John Napier Baronet of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Napier Gen. Com. of Balliol Coll.
Revd. Mr. Newte Rector of Tiverton.
Mr. Newman A. M. of Wadham Coll.
Mr. Nott. Com. of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Nuthall of Balliol Coll.

O.
Sr. Edward O Brien Bar. of Balliol Coll.
Mr. O Hara Gen. Com. of Balliol Coll.

P.
Dr. Panton Master of Pembroke Coll.
Mr. Erasimus Philips Gen. Com. of Pemb. Coll.
Mr. John Philips Gen. Com. of Pemb. Coll.
Thomas Powel (of Nanteos) Esq.
Mr. Prowfe Com. of Balliol Coll.
The Names of the Subscribers:

Mr. Powell A. B. of Balliol Coll.
Joseph Penn A. M. of Balliol Coll.
Thomas Price A.M. Fellow of Jesus Coll.
Mr. Pitt A.B. Fellow of New-Coll.
Mr. Palmer Com. of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Pritchard A.M. Fellow of Brazen-Nose Coll.
Mr. Poole Gen. Com. of Ch. Ch. Coll.
Revd. Mr. Powell Rector of All-Saints Colchester.
Mr. Puleston A. M. of Jesus Coll.
Pembroke College Library.

Q.

Mr. Quick Sch. of Balliol Coll.

R.

Rev. Dr. Reynolds Rector of Drewsteinton Dev.
Thomas Rich A. M. Fellow of Balliol Coll.
John Herbert Randolph A.M. Fellow of All-Souls Coll.
Robert Revell Esq.
Mr. Keftal Sch. of Balliol Coll. Two Copies.
Barth. Richards A. M. of St. Mary Hall.
John Richards A. M. Fellow of C.C.C.
Baily Rich (of Swindon) Esq.
Mr. Rich Com. of Balliol Coll.
William Rayner A. M. Master of Tiverton School.
Thomas Robinson A. B. Fellow of Merton Coll.
Revd. Mr. Rich Rector of Wrabnecis Essex.
Mr. Rayner A. M. Fellow of Lincoln Coll.
Mr. Richardson Fellow of All-Souls Coll.
Gilbert Richardson Esq.
Mr. Risdon of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Riley of London.

S.

Sr. Philip Sydenham Baronet.
Sr. Thomas Sebright Baronet.
Edward Sebright Esq.
James Stuart M.D.
Mr. Smith Com. of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Symmonds A. B. Fellow of Exeter Coll.
Revd. Mr. Simons Vicar of Otterton.
Mr. Sherwood A. B. of Balliol Coll.
Mr. Sydenham A. B. of Balliol Coll.
Joseph Sanford A. M. Fellow of Ball. Coll.
The Names of the Subscribers.

Revd. Mr. George Sanford.
Mr. Sambach Gen. Com. of Bariol Coll.
Mr. Stevens Com. of Bariol Coll.
John Spurway A. M. Fellow of Bariol Coll. Two Copies.
Mr. Shaw A. B. of Bariol Coll.
Mr. Smith of Bariol. Coll.
Mr. Somafter A. B. of Bariol Coll.

T.

Dr. Tillburgh.
John Tottenham A. M. Fellow of Lincoln Coll.
Brydges Thomas A. B. Fellow of Bariol Coll.
Mr. Turner Gen. Com. of Bariol Coll.
Mr. Thorold Gen. Com. of Linc. Coll.
George Thorn (of Tiverton) Esq.
John Thomas A. M. of Jesus Coll.
Mr. Trivitt Com. of Bariol Coll.

U.

Mr. Vivian Com. of Exeter Coll.
Charles Veale A. B. of Bariol Coll.
Mr. Vowe Com. of Linc. Coll.
Mr. Vere of Bariol Coll.

W.

William Williams M. D. of Exon.
John Webber Esq.
John Walker Esq.
Mr. Walker Gen. Com. of Bariol Coll.
Mr. Welt Com. of Bariol Coll. Three Copies.
John Walker A. B. of Bariol Coll.
William Wynne A. B. of Jesus Coll.
John Wilfon A. B. Fellow of Bariol Coll.
John Whitmore A. M. of Bariol Coll.
Edmund Walrond A. M. of Bariol Coll.
Rev. Mr. White Rector of Little Oakley.
Mr. Williams Com. of Bariol Coll.
Mr. Wills Sch. of Bariol. Coll.
Mr. Wyndham of London.

Y.

Edward Young LL. D. Fellow of All-Souls Coll.
Mr. Yard A. B. of Queens Coll.
Mr. Yeate Com. of Brazen-Nofe Coll.

FINIS.