achus in the assembly of the my lost sire continual sorrows spring, The great, the good; your father and your king. Yet more; our house from its foundation bows, Our foes a ld of public woes, Nor bear advices of impending foes: Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown: Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone. For

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the murderer, paid his forfeit breath; What lands so distant from that scene of death But trembling heard the fame? and heard, admire. How well the son appeased his slaughter'd sire! Ev'n to the unhappy, that unjustly bleed, Heaven gives posterity, to avenge the deed. So fell Aegysthus; and mayest thou, my friend, (On whom the virtues of thy sire descend,) Make future times thy equal act adore, And be what brave Orestes was before!" The prudent youth replied: "O thou the grace And lasting glory of the Grecian race! Just was the vengeance, and to latest days Shall long posterity resound the praise. Som god this arm with equal prowess bless! And the proud suitors shall its force confess; Injurious men! who while my soul is sore Of fresh affronts, are meditating more. But Heaven denies this honour to my hand, Nor shall my father repossess the land; The father's fortune never to return, And the sad son's softer and to mourn!" Thus he; and Nestor took the word: "My son, Is it then true, as distant rumours run, That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms Thy palace fill with insults and alarms? Say, is the fault, through tame submission, thine? Or leagued against thee, do thy people join, Moved by some of acle, or voice divine? And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate An hour of vengeance for the afflicted state; When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms, Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms. But if Athena, war's triumphant maid, The happy son will as the father aid, (Whose fame and safety was her stant care In every danger and in every war: Never on man did heavenly favour shine With rays so strong, distinguish'd and divine, As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire) So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire! Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid, And long oblivion of the bridal be "Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies) Can touch my breast; that blessing Heaven denies. Ev'n by celestial favour were it given, Fortune or fate would cross the will of Heaven denies. Ev'n by celestial favour were it given, Fortune or fate would cross the will of Heaven." "What words are these, and what imprudence thine? (Thus interposed the martial maid divine) Forgetful youth! but I bw, the Power above With ease can save each object of his love; Wide as his will, extends his boundless grace; Nor lost in time nor circumscribed by place. Happier his lot, who, many sorrows' pass'd, Long labouring gains his natal shore at last; Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life By some stern uffian, or adulterous wife. Death only is the lot which none can miss, And all is possible to Heaven but this. The best, the dearest favourite of the sky, Must taste that cup, for man is born to die." Thus check'd, replied Ulysses' prudent heir: "Mentor, no more-the mournful thought forbear; For he no more n ust draw his country's breath, Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death! Pass we to other subjects; and engage On themes remote the venerable sage (Who thrice has seen the perishable kind Of men decay, and through three ages shined Like gods majestic, and like gods in mind); For much e knows, and just conclusions draws, From various precedents, and various laws. O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell; By what strange fraud Aegysthus wrought, relate (By force he could not) such a hero's fate? Live Menelaus not in Greece? or where Was then the mai al brother's pious care? Condemn'd perhaps some foreign short to tread; Or sure Aegysthus had not dared the deed." To whom the full of days: Illustrious youth, Attend (though partly thou hast guess'd) the truth. For had the martial Menelaus found The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground; Nor earth have bid his carcase from the skies, Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies, But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains, And dogs had torn him on the naked plains. While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd, The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd: He stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess (Whos stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless), With flattery's insinuating art Soothed the frail queen, and poison'd all her heard. At first, with the worthy shame and decent pride, The royal dame his lawless suit denied. For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind. Taught by a master of the tuneful kind; Atrides, par ng for the Trojan war, Consign'd the youthful consort to his care. True to his charge, the bard preserved her long In honour's limits; such the power of song. But when the gods these objects of their hate Dragg'd to the destruction by the links of fate; The bard they banish'd from his native soil, And left all h oless in a desert isle; There he, the sweetest of the sacred train, Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain. Then virtue was no more; her guard away, She fell, to lust a voluntary prey. Even to the temple stalk d the adulterous spouse, With impious thanks, and mockery of the vows, With images, with garme ts, and with gold; And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd. "Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way With Menelaus, through the curling sea. But when to Sunium's sacred point we came, Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame; Atride's pilot, Phrontes, there expired (Phrontes, of all the son s of men admired To steer the bounding bark with steady toil, When the storm thickens, and the billows boil); While yet he exercised the steerman's art, Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart; Even with the rudder in his hand, he fell. To pay whole honours to the shades of hell, We check'd our haste, by pi us office bound, And laid our old companion in the ground. And now the rites discharged, our course we keep Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep: Soon as Malae's misty tops arise, Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies, And the winds whistle, and the surges roll Mountains on mountains, and obs cure the pole. The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet; Part, the storm urges on the coast of Crete, Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain, The streams of Jardan issue to the main. There stands a rock, high, eminent and steep, Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep, And views Gortyna on he western side; On this rough Auster drove the impetuous tide: With broken force the billows roll'd away, And heaved the fleet into the neighb'ring bay. Thus saved from death, the gain'd the Phaestan shores, With shatter'd vessels and disabled oars; But five tall barks the winds and water toss'd, Far from