

74 POEMS on several Occasions.

The wild Waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,  
And smiling *Eddies* dimpled on the Main.

XCv.

This seen, the rest at awful Distance stood;  
As if they had been there as Servants set,  
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,  
And not pursue, but wait on his Retreat.

XCvi.

So *Libyan* Huntsmen, on some sandy Plain,  
From shady Coverts rouz'd, the Lion chase:  
The Kingly Beast roars out with loud disdain,  
(*m*) And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

XCvii.

But if some one approach to dare his Force,  
He swings his Tail, and swiftly turns him round;  
With one Paw seizes on his trembling Horse,  
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCviii.

Amidst these Toils succeeds the balmy Night;  
Now hissing Waters the quench'd Guns restore;  
(*n*) And weary Waves, withdrawing from the Fight,  
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent Shore.

XCix.

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed Flood,  
Where while her Beams like glitt'ring Silver play,  
Upon the Deck our careful General stood,  
And deeply mus'd on the (*o*) succeeding Day.

(*m*) *The Simile is Virgil's; Vestigia retro impropinata relinquit.*

(*n*) *Weary Waves.*

*From Statius Sylv. Nec trucibus fluvii idem sonus; occidit horor*

*Equoris, antennis maria acclinata quiescunt.*

(*o*) *The third of June, famous for two former Victories.*

C. Th