

CLVI.

Some Log, perhaps, upon the Waters swam,
 An useless Drift, which, rudely cut within,
 And hollow'd, first a floating Trough became,
 And cross some Riv'let Passage did begin.

CLVII.

In shipping such as this, the *Irisb Kern*,
 And untaught *Indian*, on the Stream did glide :
 Ere sharp-keel'd Boats to stem the Flood did learn,
 Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side.

CLVIII.

Add but a Sail, and *Saturn* so appear'd,
 When, from lost Empire, he to Exile went,
 And with the Golden Age to *Tyber* steer'd,
 Where Coin and first Commerce he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their Ships was Navigation then ;
 No useful Compass or Meridian known ;
 Coasting, they kept the Land within their Ken,
 And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

CLX.

Of all who since have us'd the open Sea,
 Than the bold *Englisb* none more Fame have won :
 (f) Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'n's high-way,
 They make Discoveries where they see no Sun.

CLXI.

But, what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
 By poor Mankind's benighted Wit is sought,
 Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shown,
 And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

CLXII.

The Ebbs of Tides, and their mysterious Flow,
 We, as Arts Elements, shall understand,

(f) Extra anni solisque vias. *Virg.*