

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore,
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung;
 There bathed in tears of anger and disdain,
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.

POPE.

Id. Ημους δ' ἡλιος κατιδυ, και επι κεφαλαι ηλθει, &c. &c.

But when the sun had borne away his light,
 Upon the sands they laid them down to sleep;
 And when again Aurora came in sight,
 Again they launch their ship into the deep.
 A good fore-wind Apollo with them sent;
 Then with her breast the ship the water tore,
 Which by her down on both sides roaring went,
 And soon arrived at the Trojan shore.

HOBBES.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside the vessel lie,
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky;
 Then launch and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
 Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails.
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below.
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.

POPE.

But quotation must not be farther extended,
 while names of conspicuous merit, on the rolls
 of poetic fame, still claim their share of atten-
 tion.

Had Cowley's judgment borne any proportion
 to his genius, he would unquestionably have
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