

**ANTONIUS. A  
DRAMATIC POEM**

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Antonius. A Dramatic Poem by J. C. Heywood

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**J. C. HEYWOOD**

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# ANTONIUS.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

BY

J. C. HEYWOOD.



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THE nation of all the Gauls is very much given to superstitious rites; and on that account they who are afflicted with grievous diseases, and they who are engaged in battles and dangers, either immolate human beings as victims, or vow that they will immolate them, and they employ the Druids to perform these sacrifices; for, unless a man's life be given for the life of a man, they think it impossible to propitiate the mind of the immortal gods, and they have sacrifices of that kind ordained for national purposes. . . .

This system is thought to have been devised in Britain, and thence transferred to Gaul. And now those who wish to know it more accurately generally go thither for the sake of learning it.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

623782





## ANTONIUS.



### *The Sea-Shore.*

ANTONIUS AND KALIPHILUS.

ANTONIUS.

Now comes Apollo from his Eastern couch,  
With gleaming armor, quiver freshly filled.  
At Night retreating, and her falling hosts,  
Whose countless silver helms fast disappear,  
He flies his golden shafts; more swift they  
sweep  
Than from ten thousand arms, on northern  
plains,  
Of wild barbarians rushing into battle.  
The rainy Jupiter, who, in yon vale,  
A love-appointment had with certain nymphs,  
Which dwell hard by beneath the archèd wave,  
Hath tired grown and overslept himself.  
His cloudy form now rises with surprise,  
Pricked from repose by mischief-loving bolts  
Of his co-dweller in ethereal heights;  
While, up the mountain sides, the misty robes

Of the affrighted nymphs are vanishing, —  
Fleeing in fear, nor heeding where they go.

KALIPHILUS.

Which, to speak plainly, means the sun is rising,  
Clouds moving up the hills, and in the vales  
The noiseless lakes of fog desert their beds.

ANTONIUS.

And still the ocean, as a wearied god,  
Or one who at a feast hath overstayed,  
Moves restless in its sleep, and often sighs.

KALIPHILUS.

It hath worked hard —

ANTONIUS.

Indeed, it worked itself  
Into a most destructive passion, leaped  
At heaven's throat, and on its haunches stood  
Till it were no wonder that its back were  
broke  
With writhing.

KALIPHILUS.

Bad digestion well may cause  
Its restlessness. Thou say'st its maw contains  
Your entire army, engine, armor, ships?

ANTONIUS.

Nay, now thou ranklest my deep wound again.  
For braver souls than those who sailed with me  
Have never crossed with Charon in his boat.  
Alas! my Sextus, that thou shouldst have gone  
Before me! I had thought we should set sail  
Together, and together on the shore  
Of Hades landed. O ye gods, why still  
So hard upon me!

KALIPHILUS.

I beheld the storm  
From yonder hill. The waves and clouds were  
mixed  
In wrestling conflict, and 't was hard to say  
Which mounted o'er the other.

ANTONIUS.

Our ships were hurled  
Against the skies like stones from catapults,  
And, falling back into the engine's mouth,  
Again were hurled, and so until their points  
Breached wide the bastioned heavens, and let  
from thence  
Long streams of fire.

KALIPHILUS.

And they o'erwhelmed your fleet.