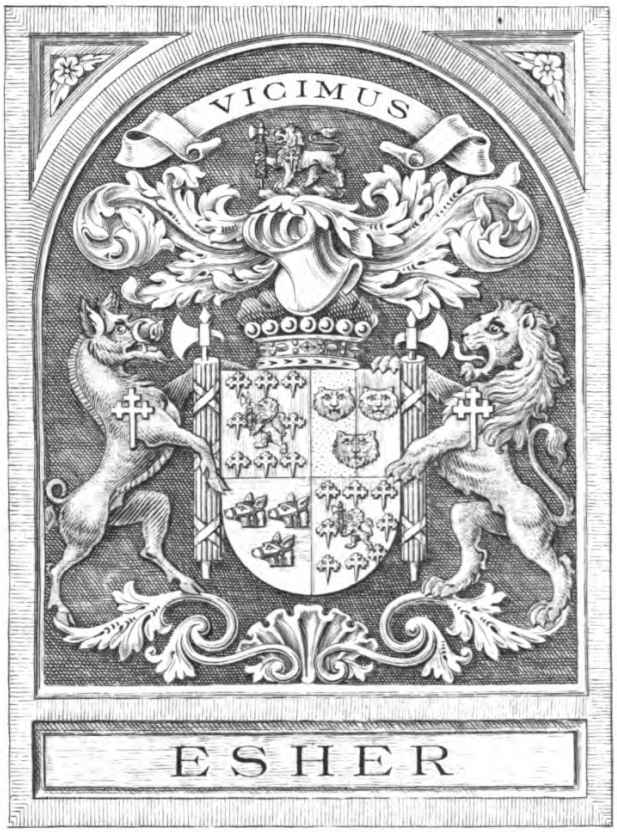

ORIGINAL POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

By *JAMES BEATTIE*, A. M.

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M DCC LX.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES

EARL OF ERROLL,

LORD HIGH CONSTABLE OF SCOTLAND.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS,

IN TESTIMONY

OF THE UTMOST ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,

ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP's

MOST OBLIGED

MOST OBEDIENT

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT

J. BEATTIE.

THE

PREFACE.

FEW writers are qualified to form a proper judgment of their own talents. Their opinions on this ſubject, whether influenced by diffidence or by vanity, are for the moſt part equally remote from truth. If any there be, who can with certainty anticipate the ſentiments of the Public with regard to their own compoſitions, they muſt be ſuch as are thoroughly acquainted with mankind, as well as with the propenſity and the force of their own genius. But it is

impoſſible that one, who has not experimentally proved

Quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri, *

ſhould be able to judge for himſelf, either in the choice or the execution of his ſubject. If he wiſhes to have his judgment regulated in this matter, he muſt appeal to the Public Suffrage, which, however it may for a time be rendered ineffectual by prejudice or partial favour, will at laſt determine his real character.

THE Author of the following little Poems hopes, that this to the goodnatured Reader will apologize for his raſhneſs (if it ſhall be deemed raſhneſs) in venturing abroad into the public view. He would not wiſh to labour in an hopeleſs purſuit; nor is he one of thoſe who have determined (as BUTLER ſays)

In ſpite
Of nature and their ſtars to write;

* Hor. Epiſt. ad Piſon.

the ſentiments of the Public he will regard, whether they ſuggeſt hints for writing better, or cautions againſt writing at all.

EACH of the pieces that compoſe this ſmall miſcellany has been read and approved by ſeveral perſons of unqueſtionable taſte, whoſe judgment was capable of no other bias than that amiable one, the partiality of friendſhip. This the Author chooſes to mention; becauſe he would not be thought to have engaged in this publication entirely in compliance with the ſuggeſtions of his own vanity: and he is afraid to urge *the requeſt of friends* as an excuſe for his appearing in his preſent character; this plea having been ſo often abuſed, that it is become even ridiculous.

THE Public is already acquainted with ſeveral Tranſlations of VIRGIL's Paſtorals. Mr. DRYDEN's tranſlations will be admired, as long as the Engliſh language is underſtood, for that fluent and graceful

energy of expreſſion, which diſtinguiſhes all the writings of that Great Poet. In his compoſitions, even in thoſe which have been cenſured as inaccurate, we are charmed with

* *Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;*

and if we find any thing blameable, we are inclined to impute it, not to any defect in his own genius or taſte, but to the depravity of the age in which it was his misfortune to live.

THE tranſlation of VIRGIL publiſhed ſome years ago by the learned and ingenious Mr. JOSEPH WARTON did not come into my hands till long after what is now offered to the Public was finiſhed. That it was well received, even after Mr. DRYDEN's, is a ſufficient proof of its merit.

THE peruſal of theſe two maſterly verſions might have effectually diſcouraged

* Gray's Odes.

the publication of the following, had I ever intended it as a rival to either of the others. But as I disclaim this intention, and would wish to be thought only an humble Copier of VIRGIL, I hope the present translation will be pardoned, if in a few particular instances it be found to have set any of the beauties of the admired Original in a more conspicuous point of view to the English Reader. Nor let it be ascribed to arrogance or vanity, that I presume to think this possible, notwithstanding what has been so well performed by the Great Masters just mentioned. In copying a painting of RAPHAEL, an Engraver of an inferior class may give expression to a particular lineament more successfully than even STRANGE himself. A minute Observer will sometimes attend to a little circumstance, which an enlarged imagination capable of conceiving and exhibiting the full idea may overlook. The eye is not wholly satisfied with contemplating a piece of sculpture from the most advantageous station: by changing the station

it enjoys the ſatisfaction not only of viewing the ſame attitude in a variety of lights, but of catching the expreſſion of ſome particular muſcle or feature not diſcernible from the former point of view. It is perhaps ſome ſuch conſideration as this, that hath induced thoſe, who are indulgent to my performances, to adviſe the publiſhing of this tranſlation; which was written at a very early time of life, when ſolitude left the mind at liberty to purſue, without any fixed deſign, ſuch amuſements as gratified the preſent hour.

THE verſion from LUCRETIUS was written at the particular deſire of a Friend, whoſe commands the Tranſlator hath reaſon to honour.

N. B. The verſions of the fourth, fifth, and tenth paſtorals, as they are printed in former miſcellaneous collections, were copied from unfiniſhed draughts, and ſwarm with typographical errors, ſome of which are ſo groſs that they totally pervert the ſenſe.

THE

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ODE
TO PEACE.

I. 1.

PEACE, heaven-deſcended maid! whoſe powerful voice
From antient darkneſs call'd the morn,
Of jarring elements compos'd the noiſe;
When Chaos from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyſs along;
And all the bright Angelic Choir
To loftieſt raptures tuned the heavenly lyre,
Pour'd in loud ſymphony th' impetuous ſtrain;

And every fiery orb and planet ſung,
And wide through Night's dark deſolate domain
Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant
rung.

I. 2.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian Reign!
Roll round again, majeſtic Years!
To break fell Tyranny's corroding chain,
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye Years, again roll round!
Hark! from afar what loud tumultuous ſound,
While echoes ſweep the winding vales,
Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales!
Murder deep-rous'd, with the wild whirlwind's haſte
And roar of tempeſt, from her cavern ſprings,
Her tangled ſerpents girds around her waiſt,
Smiles ghaſtly-ſtern, and ſhakes her gore-diſtilling
wings.

I. 3.

Fierce up the yielding ſkies
The ſhouts redoubling riſe:
Earth ſhudders at the dreadful ſound,
And all is liſtening trembling round.
Torrents, that from yon promontory's head
Daſh'd furious down in deſperate caſcade,
Heard from afar amid the lonely night
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are ſilent at the noiſe.
The mighty ocean's more majeſtic voice
Drown'd in ſuperiour din is heard no more;
The ſurge in ſilence ſweeps along the foamy ſhore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner ſtreaming in the air
Seen on yon ſky-mix'd mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car
Pouring impetuous on the plain below,

War's dreadful Lord proclaim.
Burſts out by frequent fits th' expanſive flame.
Whirl'd in tempeſtuous eddies flies
The ſurging ſmoke o'er all the darken'd ſkies.
The chearful face of heaven no more is ſeen,
Fades the Morn's vivid bluſh to deadly pale,
The bat flits tranſient o'er the duſky green,
Night's ſhrieking birds along the ſullen twilight
ſail.

II. 2.

Involv'd in fire-ſtreak'd gloom the car comes on.
The mangled ſteeds grim Terror guides.
His forehead writh'd to a relentleſs frown,
Aloft the angry Power of battles rides:
Graſp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous deſolates the land;
Thunders the turret down the ſteep,
The mountain ſhrinks before its waſteful ſweep:

Chill horror the diſſolving limbs invades
Smit by the blaſting lightning of his eyes,
A bloated paleneſs Beauty's bloom o'erſpreads,
Fade every flowery field, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How ſtartled Phrenzy ſtares,
Briſtling her ragged hairs!
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
See, with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, ſhe rends the opening wound!
Hatred her torch blue-ſtreaming toſſes round;
The ſhrieks of agony, and clang of arms
Re-echo to the fierce alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Diſparting from behind the clouds diſcloſe
Of kingly geſture a gigantic form,
That with his ſcourge ſublime directs the whirling
ſtorm.

III. 1.

Ambition, outſide fair! within more foul
Than felleſt fiend from Tartarus ſprung,
In caverns hatch'd, where the fierce torrents roll
Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along,
Yon naked waſte ſurvey:
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;
Where late the roſy-boſom'd Hours
In looſe array danced lightly o'er the flowers;
Where late the ſhepherd told his tender tale;
And wak'd by the ſoft-murmuring breeze of morn
The voice of chearful Labour fill'd the dale;
And dove-eyed Plenty ſmil'd, and wav'd her liberal
horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins ſable from the waſting flame
But mark the once-reſplendent dome;
The frequent corſe obſtructs the ſullen ſtream,

And ghoſts glare horrid from the ſylvan gloom.
How ſadly-ſilent all!
Save where outſtretch'd beneath yon hanging wall
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth—
Though vain the muſe, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconſcious of remorſe!
Know, monſter, know, thy hour is on the way,
I ſee, I ſee the Years begin their mighty courſe.

III. 3.

What ſcenes of glory riſe
Before my dazzled eyes!
Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celeſtial rings:
Along the lillied lawn the nymphs advance
Fluſh'd with Love's bloom, and range the ſprightly dance:
The gladſome ſhepherds on the mountain-ſide

Array'd in all their rural pride
Exalt the feſtive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmoſt grot—
But ah! the landſcape glows with fainter light,
It darkens, ſwims, and flies for ever from my ſight.

IV. 1.

Illuſions vain! Can ſacred PEACE reſide,
Where ſordid gold the breaſt alarms,
Where cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
And Grandeur wantons in ſoft Pleaſure's arms!
Ambition! theſe are thine:
Theſe from the ſoul eraſe the form divine;
Theſe quench the animating fire,
That warms the boſom with ſublime deſire.
Thence the relentleſs heart forgets to feel,
Hate rides tremendous on th' o'erwhelming brow,
And midnight-Rancour graſps the cruel ſteel,
Blaze the funereal flames, and ſound the ſhrieks of
Woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-belov'd retreat,
What region brightens in thy ſmile,
Creative PEACE, and underneath thy feet
Sees ſudden flowers adorn the rugged ſoil?
In bleak Siberia blows
Wak'd by thy genial breath the balmy roſe?
Wav'd over by thy magic wand
Does life inform fell Lybia's burning ſand?
Or does ſome iſle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian through primeval ſhades:
Haunts the pure pleaſures of the woodland reign,
And led by Reaſon's ray the path of Nature treads?

IV 3.

On Cuba's utmoſt ſteep *
Far leaning o'er the deep

* This alludes to the diſcovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. Theſe ravagers are ſaid to have made their firſt deſcent on the iſlands in the gulph of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

The Goddeſs' penſive form was ſeen.
Her robe of Nature's varied green
Wav'd on the gale; grief dim'd her radiant eyes,
Her ſwelling boſom heav'd with boding ſighs:
She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' etherial blue,
Midſt the dread pomp of war
Gleam'd the Iberian ſtreamer from afar.
She ſaw; and on refulgent pinions born
Slow wing'd her way ſublime, and mingled with
the morn.

RETIRE-

RETIREMENT,

A N O D E.

SHOOK from the Evening's fragrant wings
When dews impearl the grove,
And round the liſtening valley rings
The languid voice of Love;
Laid on a daiſy-ſprinkled green,
Beſide a plaintive ſtream,
A meek-eyed Youth of ſerious mein
Indulged this ſolemn theme.

Ye cliffs, in ſavage grandeur pil'd
High o'er the darkening dale!
Ye groves! along whoſe windings wild
Soft-ſteals the murmuring gale;
Where oft lone Melancholy ſtrays,
By wilder'd Fancy led,
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Stream through the chequer'd ſhade.

To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd the tumultuous world's alarms
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bower
Let me at laſt recline,
Where Solitude, meek modeſt Power,
Leans on her ivy'd ſhrine.

How ſhall I woo thee, matchleſs Fair!
Thy envy'd ſmile how win!
Thy ſmile, that ſmooths the brow of Care,
And ſtills each ſtorm within!
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bleſs his hours, and bid them move
Serene on ſilent wing.

There while to thee glad Nature pours
Her gently-warbling ſong,
And Zephyr from the waſte of flowers
Wafts ſweet perfumes along;
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flaſh on thy ſtartled eye.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb life's panting heights,
By guileful Hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Joy's enlivening lays——
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,
Soon each gay form decays.

ODE

ODE

TO HOPE.

I. 1.

O THOU that glad'ſt the penſive breaſt;
More than Aurora's ſmile the pilgrim lorn
Left all night long to mourn
Amidſt the horrors of the dreary waſte;
Where ſavage howls, as intermits the ſtorm,
Wide o'er the wilderneſs reſound from far,
And croſs the gloom darts many a griſly form,
And fire-eyed viſages horrific ſtare;

Hail, Goddeſs, friend of human race!
Hail! for thou oft thy ſuppliant's vow haſt heard,
And oft with ſmiles indulgent chear'd
His doubting ſoul to peace.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep-flaſhing through the midnight of their mind,
The ſable bands, combin'd
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troublous ſky,
Appal'd retire: Suſpicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely-glaring eye to raiſe;
Deſpair with gorgon-figur'd veil o'erſpread
Speeds to Cocytus' ſhriek-reſounding maze;
Lo, ſtartled at the heavenly ray
With haſte unwonted Indolence upſprings,
And heaving lifts her leaden wings,
And ſullen glides away:

I. 3.

Ten thouſand forms by pining Fancy view'd
Diſſolve. Above the ſparkling flood
When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low
The troops of fen-nurſt miſts retire;
Along the plain the joyous ſwain
Eyes the green villages again,
And gold-illumin'd ſpire;
While on the ſky's ſoft billows born
Floats the looſe lays jovial meaſure;
And light along the fairy Pleaſure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on ſilken wing; and goblins all
Shrink to the deep dark vault, or hoary hall,
Or weſtward with impetuous flight
Shoot to the deſart realms of their cogenial Night.

II. 1.

When firſt on Childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landſcape ſtretch'd immenſe around
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt the wildering maze.
Fond he ſurveys thy mild maternal face,
His baſhful eye ſtill kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm ſupports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path purſues;
The path, that leads, where, high uphung,
Seen far remote, Youth's gorgeous trophies, gay
In Fancy's vivid rainbow-ray,
Allure the eager throng.

II. 2.

Purſue thy pleaſurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard;
While melting airs are heard,
And ſoft-eyed Cherub-forms around thee play;

Simplicity, with careleſs flowers array'd,
Prattling amuſive in his accent meek;
And Modeſty, half turning as afraid,
The ſmile juſt dimpling on his glowing cheek;
Contentment pours the gentle ſtrain;
While circled with an orb of wavy light
Fair Innocence with fearleſs flight
Leads on the jocund train.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To-day, though gales propitious blow,
Though Peace ſoft-gliding down the ſky
Bring Love along and Harmony,
Tomorrow the gay ſcene deforms;
Then all around, the thunder's ſound
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down ruſh all the ſtorms.
Ye Days, that choiceſt influence ſhed,

When gay Childhood ever ſprightly
O'er flowery regions ſported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled!
Ye Cherub-train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not midſt tumult and diſmay;
For now Youth's eminence he gains,
But what a weary length of lingering woe remains!

III. 1.

They ſhrink, they vaniſh into air—
Now Slander taints with peſtilence the gale;
And mingling cries aſſail,
The wail of Woe, and ſcream of mad Deſpair.
Lo, wizard Envy from his ſerpent-eye
Darts quick deſtruction in each baleful glance;
Pride ſmiling ſtern, and yellow Jealouſy,
Frowning Diſdain, and haggard Hate advance:
Behold, amid the dire array,
Pale, wither'd Care his giant-ſtature rears,

And lo, his iron hand prepares
To graſp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Oh who ſhall guard bewilder'd Youth
Safe from the fierce aſſaults of hoſtile rage?
Such wars can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the ſacred ſhield of Truth?
Ah no. On Infamy's victorious ſpear
Fair Virtue's ſpoils are oft in triumph born,
While by Adverſity's decree ſevere
Unwept unheard the Captive wails forlorn,
Defac'd with many a cruel ſcar.
Ill-fated Youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
No friend, no ſhelter now is nigh,
And onward rolls the war.

III. 3.

But whence the ſudden beam that ſhoots along!
Why ſhrink aghaſt the hoſtile throng!

Lo, from amidſt Affliction's night
HOPE burſts all radiant on the ſight:
Her words the troubled boſom ſoothe.
" Why thus diſmay'd? Though foes invade,
" Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
" Who tread the path of Truth.
" 'Tis I, who ſmooth the rugged way;
" I, who cloſe the eyes of Sorrow,
" And with glad viſions of tomorrow
" Repair the weary ſoul's decay.
" When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
" Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
" Till the free'd ſpirit ſprings on high
" In rapture too ſevere for weak Mortality".

THE

THE TRIUMPH

OF

MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be ſtill! why throng upon the thought
Theſe ſcenes deep-ſtain'd with Sorrow's ſable dye?
Haſt thou in ſtore no joy-illumin'd draught,
To chear bewilder'd Fancy's tearful eye?

Yes—from afar a landſcape ſeems to riſe
Deckt gorgeous by the laviſh hand of Spring;

Thin gilded clouds float light along the ſkies,
And laughing Loves diſport on fluttering wing.

How bleſt the Youth in yonder valley laid!
Soft ſmiles in every conſcious feature play,
While to the gale low-murmuring through the glade
He tempers ſweet his ſprightly-warbling lay.

Hail Innocence! whoſe boſom all ſerene
Feels not fierce Paſſion's raving tempeſt roll!
Oh ne'er may Care diſtract that placid mien!
Oh ne'er may Doubt's dark ſhades o'erwhelm thy ſoul!

Vain wiſh! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd
Yonder ſhe comes! the heart-enflaming fiend!

(Will no kind Power the helpleſs ſtripling ſhield!)
Swift to her deſtin'd prey ſee Paſſion bend!

Oh ſmile accurſt to hide the worſt deſigns!
Now with blithe eye ſhe wooes him to be bleſt,
While round her arm unſeen ſerpent twines—
And lo, ſhe hurls it hiſſing at his breaſt!

And, inſtant, lo, his dizzy eyeball ſwims
Ghaſtly, and reddening darts a threatful glare;
Pain with ſtrong graſp diſtorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his briſtling hair!

Is this, O Life, is this thy boaſted prime!
And does thy ſpring no happier proſpect yield!
Why gilds the vernal ſun thy gaudy clime,
When nipping mildews waſte the flowery field!

How Memory pains! Let ſome gay theme beguile
The muſing mind, and ſooth to ſoft delight.
Ye images of woe, no more recoil;
Be life's paſt ſcenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter arm'd with waſteful
power
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,
How ſweet to ſit in this ſequeſter'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war!

Ambition here diſplays no gilded toy
That tempts on deſperate wing the ſoul to riſe,
Nor Pleaſure's flower-embroider'd paths decoy,
Nor Anguiſh lurks in Grandeur's gay diſguiſe.

Oft has Contentment chear'd this lone abode
With the mild languiſh of her ſmiling eye;

Here Health has oft in blushing beauty glow'd,
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

Even the storm lulls to more profound repose:
The storm these humble walls assails in vain;
Screen'd is the lily when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's stately ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds! Thine, Winter, be the skies,
Roll the old ocean, and the vales lay waste:
Nature thy momentary rage defies;
To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald-car see Spring appear!
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald-car the youthful *Zephyrs* bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering ſeen;
And lo, her rod the roſe-lip'd Power extends!
And lo, the lawns are deckt in living green,
And Beauty's bright-eyed train from heaven de-
ſcends!

Haſte, happy Days, and make All Nature
glad——
But will All Nature joy at your return?
Say, can ye chear pale Sickneſs' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn?

Will ye one tranſient ray of gladneſs dart
Croſs the dark cell where hopeleſs Slavery lies?
To eaſe tir'd Diſappointment's bleeding heart
Will all your ſtores of ſoftening balm ſuffice?

When fell Oppreſſion in his harpy-fangs
From Want's weak graſp the laſt ſad morſel bears,

Can ye allay the heart-wrung parent's pangs,
Whoſe famiſh'd child craves help with fruitleſs
tears?

For ah! thy reign, Oppreſſion, is not paſt.
Who from the ſhivering limbs the veſtment rends?
Who lays the once-rejoicing village waſte,
Burſting the tyes of lovers and of friends?

O ye, to Pleaſure who reſign the day,
As looſe in Luxury's claſping arms you lye,
O yet let pity in your breaſt bear ſway,
And learn to melt at Miſery's moving cry.

But hopeſt thou, Muſe, vainglorious as thou art,
With the weak impulſe of thy humble ſtrain,
Hopeſt thou to ſoften Pride's obdurate heart,
When ERROLL's bright example ſhines in vain?

Then ceaſe the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine
eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;
Thy haunts alas no gleams of joy ſupply,
Or tranſient gleams, that flaſh, and ſink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguiſh would forego—
Spread then, Hiſtoric Muſe, thy pictur'd ſcroll;
Bid thy great ſcenes in all their ſplendor glow,
And ſwell to thought ſublime th' exalted ſoul.

What mingling pomps ruſh boundleſs on the
gaze!
What gallant navies ride the heaving deep!
What glittering towns their cloud-wrapt turrets
raiſe!
What bulwarks frown horrific o'er the ſteep!

Briſtling with ſpears, and bright with burniſh'd
ſhields,
Th' embattled legions ſtretch their long array;
Diſcord's red torch, as fierce ſhe ſcours the fields,
With bloody tincture ſtains the face of day.

And now the hoſts in ſilence wait the ſign.
How keen their looks whom Liberty inſpires!
Quick as the goddeſs darts along the line,
Each breaſt impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful! In her lofty mien
The ſmiles of Love ſtern Wiſdom's frown controul;
Her fearleſs eye, determin'd though ſerene,
Speaks the great purpoſe, and th' unconquer'd
ſoul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverſe band,
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain!

With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
He vainly ſtrives to wipe the crimſon ſtain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the ſtorms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hoſts are driven;
Hatred to madneſs wrought each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the
heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful ſuccour lend,
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
Ah Liberty! will none thy cauſe befriend!
Are theſe thy ſons, thy generous ſons that fly!

Not Virtue's ſelf, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the looſen'd nerves, or warm the heart;
Not Virtue's ſelf can ſtill the burſt of ſighs,
When feſters in the ſoul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by heaven-bred terror all diſmay'd
The ſcattering legions pour along the plain.
Ambition's car with bloody ſpoils array'd
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, * by yon lonely brook
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude,
Abandon'd lies, and with undaunted look
Sees ſtreaming from his breaſt the purple flood?

Ah BRUTUS! ever thine be Virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As ſcarce-ſupported on her broken ſpear
O'er her expiring ſon the Goddeſs mourns.

* "By yon lonely brook With woods o'erhung and precipices "rude"—Such, according to the deſcription given by Plutarch, was the ſcene of Brutus's death.

Looſe to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her diſhevel'd locks ſhe rends the plume;
No luſtre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-ſtain'd cheek no roſes bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy ſway,
Fame's loudeſt trumpet labours in thy praiſe,
For thee the Muſe awakes her ſweeteſt lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars blaze.

Nor in life's lofty buſtling ſphere alone,
The ſphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
Sink Virtue's ſons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd boſom leaps at Pleaſure's
ſmile;

Full oft, where Solitude and Silence dwell
Far far remote amid the lowly plain,

Refounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell.
Such is man's doom, and Pity weeps in vain.

Still grief recoils—How vainly have I ſtrove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withſtand!
Tir'd I ſubmit; but yet, O yet remove,
Or eaſe the preſſure of thy heavy hand.

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd ſoul
Find in ſociety relief from woe;
O yield a while to Friendſhip's ſoft controul;
Some reſpite, Friendſhip, wilt thou not beſtow!

Come then, PHILANDER! for thy lofty mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the Great;
For thou canſt bear, unſhaken and reſign'd,
The brighteſt ſmiles, the blackeſt frowns of Fate:

Come thou, whoſe love unlimited, ſincere,
Nor faction cools, nor injury deſtroys;
Who lend'ſt to Miſery's moans a pitying ear,
And feel'ſt with ecſtacy another's joys:

Who know'ſt man's frailty; with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'ſt a brother's fall;
Who unenſlav'd by Cuſtom's narrow tye
With manly freedom follow'ſt Reaſon's call.

And bring thy DELIA, ſoftly-ſmiling Fair,
Whoſe ſpotleſs ſoul no ſordid thoughts deform;
Her accents mild would ſtill each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the ſtorm:

Though bleſt with wiſdom and with wit refin'd,
She courts not homage, nor deſires to ſhine;

In Her each ſentiment ſublime is join'd
To female ſweetneſs, and a form divine.

Come, and diſpel the deep-ſurrounding ſhade:
Let chaſten'd mirth the ſocial hours employ;
O catch the ſwift-wing'd hour before 'tis fled,
On ſwifteſt pinion flies the Hour of joy.

Even while the careleſs diſencumber'd ſoul
Diſſolving ſinks to Joy's oblivious dream,
Even then to Time's tremendous verge we roll
With haſte impetuous down life's ſurgy ſtream.

Can Gaiety the vaniſh'd years reſtore,
Or on the withering limbs freſh beauty ſhed,
Or ſoothe the ſad INEVITABLE HOUR,
Or chear the dark dark manſions of the dead?

Still ſounds the ſolemn knell in Fancy's ear,
That call'd Cleora to the ſilent tomb;
To her how jocund roll'd the ſprightly year!
How ſhone the nymph in Beauty's brighteſt bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace;
Moulder unknown the monarch and the ſlave
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing buſt,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid ſhall ſink in duſt
To dumb Oblivion's ever-deſart ſhade.

Fancy from comfort wanders ſtill aſtray.
Ah Melancholy! how I feel thy power!

Long have I labour'd to elude thy ſway,
But 'tis enough, for I reſiſt no more.

The traveler thus, that o'er the midnight-waſte
Through many a loneſome path is doom'd to roam,
Wilder'd and weary ſits him down at laſt;
For long the night, and diſtant far his home.

AN ELE-

AN ELEGY

Occaſioned by the death of

A LADY.

STILL ſhall unthinking man ſubſtantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream!
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amuſive plays,
Shall heedleſs Hope his towering fabric raiſe!
Till at Death's touch the fairy viſions fly,
And real ſcenes ruſh diſmal on the eye,
And from elyſium's ſoothing ſlumbers torn
The ſtartled ſoul awakes, to think—and mourn.

O Ye, whoſe hours in jocund train advance,
To Joy's ſoft voice whoſe ſprightly ſpirits dance,
Who flowery ſcenes in endleſs view ſurvey
Glittering in beams of viſionary day!
O yet while Fate delays th' impending woe
Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;
Leſt, like the lightning's glance, the ſudden ill
Flaſh to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Leſt thus involv'd in deep funereal gloom
With me ye bend o'er ſome untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's ſacred doom ſevere.
Wiſe! Beauteous! Good!—O every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, that captivates the mind!
Fair—as the flower juſt opening to the view,
Whoſe leaves the Morning bathes in pearly dew!

Sweet—as the downy-pinion'd Gale, that roves
Fraught with the fragrance of Arabian groves!
Mild—as the ſtrains, that, at the cloſe of day
Warbling remote, along the vales decay!——
Yet, why with theſe compar'd? What tints ſo fine,
What ſweetneſs, mildneſs, can be match'd with
thine?
Why roam abroad? Since ſtill to Fancy's eyes
I ſee I ſee the lov'd Idea riſe.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces ſmile;
That ſoul-expreſſing eye, whence, mildly bright
Fair Goodneſs beams on the tranſported ſight;
That poliſh'd brow, where Wiſdom ſits ſerene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me liſten, while her words impart
Delight deep-thrilling through the glowing heart,

And all the ſoul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's eaſy ſway.

Adorn'd by thee, bright Virtue, Age is young,
And muſic warbles from the faltering tongue;
Thy ray creative chears the clouded brow,
Fluſhes the faded cheek with roſy glow,
Illumes the joyleſs aſpect, and ſupplies
A lively luſtre to the languid eyes;
Each look, each accent, while it awes, invites;
And Age with every youthful grace delights:
But when Youth's bloom reflects thy brightening
beams,
On the rapt view the blaze reſiſtleſs ſtreams,
Th' ecſtatic breaſt triumphant Virtue warms,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms.*

Ah whither fled!—ye dear illuſions ſtay!—
Lo, pale and ſilent lies the lovely clay!

* The Lady, whoſe death occaſioned this Elegy, died at the age of twenty ſeven.

How are the roſes on that lip decay'd
Which Health ſo late in vivid bloom array'd!
Health on her form each ſprightly grace beſtow'd,
With active life each ſpeaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the flower, and ſoft the vernal ſky;
Elate with hope we deem'd no tempeſt nigh;
When lo, a whirlwind's inſtantaneous guſt
Laid all its beauties withering in the duſt.
All cold the hand, that ſooth'd Woe's weary head!
All quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that ſhed!
All mute the voice, whoſe pleaſing accents ſtole,
Infuſing balm, into the rankled ſoul!—
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power!
Why ſpare the weed, and lop the lovely flower!
Why fly thy ſhafts in lawleſs error driv'n!
Is Virtue then no more the care of heav'n!—

But, peace, bold thought! be ſtill, my burſting
heart!
We, not ELIZA, felt the fateful dart.
Scap'd the dark dungeon does the ſlave complain,
Nor bleſs the hand that broke the galling chain!
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark deſart doom'd to ſtray forlorn!
Where Reaſon's meteor-rays, with ſickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw,
Diſcloſing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy ſeas by endleſs tempeſts toſs'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths loſt.
O happy ſtroke, that breaks the bonds of clay,
Darts through the burſting gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the ſoul with boundleſs flight to ſoar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm, no more.

Tranſporting thought! here let me wipe away
The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! afreſh the ſwimming eye o'erflows——
Nor check the tear that ſtreams for human woes—
Lo, o'er her duſt, in ſpeechleſs anguiſh, bend
The hopeleſs Parent, Huſband, Brother, Friend!—
Vain hope of mortal man!—But ceaſe thy ſtrain,
Nor ſorrow's dread ſolemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, o'er her bier
In ſilence ſhed the ſympathetic tear.

THE

THE HARES,

A FABLE.

LIFE is a jeſt. You call it worſe,
" A cheat, a ſnare, a clog, a curſe.
" Tir'd of the long laborious ſtrife
" You loathe the nauſeous load of life.
" Through deſarts dark perplex'd you ſtray,
" No beam to point the dreary way.
" In vain you call for aid. No friend
" Will deign a pitying look to lend.
" Hope comes at laſt, in courteous guiſe,
" With dimply cheek and ſmiling eyes;

" He points at ſome far-blazing toy,
" Incites your flight, aſſures the joy.
" Born on Hope's ſoaring wing you ſweep
" Along the ether's azure deep.
" The phantom flies, but cloſe behind
" Hope wafts you ſwifter than the wind.
" The meteor burſts; led far abroad
" You ſcarce regain your wonted road,
" Liſtleſs, fatigued. Before 'twas care,
" Now all is tumult and deſpair.
" Or if, long painful labour paſt,
" You catch the flying thing at laſt;
" Soon as you fondly graſp your prey,
" From your ſupport Hope ſhrinks away.
" No more upborn on wings of Hope
" Prone through the empty air you drop:
" The glittering toy, that ſeem'd ſo late
" To gild the blackeſt clouds of fate,

" That lighten'd your ſevereſt toil,
" Each feature brightening with a ſmile,
" Now heavy, dark, and cumbrous all
" Serves but to aggravate your fall.
" Thus Hope, our ſmiling flattering friend,
" Proves our tormentor in the end;
" We're wretched if we miſs our aim,
" And, that attain'd, we are the ſame.
" What ſlaviſh mortal then, you ſay,
" Would chooſe to drag this clog of clay,
" Nor longs to lay his weary head
" Secure on Death's dark duſty bed?"

Yes, yes, I grant the ſons of earth
Are doom'd to miſery from their birth.
We all of ſorrow have our ſhare;
But ſay, Is yours beyond compare?
Look round the world: you'll quickly find
Each individual of our kind

Preſs'd with an equal load of ill;
Equal at leaſt. Look further ſtill;
Let Reaſon's ſerious eye explore
What Paſſion ſlightly ſcan'd before.
In Poverty's ſad ſable cell
Attend to Famine's feeble wail:
Behold a meagre ſhivering form
Unfenc'd againſt the piercing ſtorm.
Or view the couch where Sickneſs lies;
Mark his pale cheeks, his dizzy eyes,
His frame by ſtrong convulſions torn,
His ſtruggling ſighs, and looks forlorn.
See, where transfix'd with fierceſt pangs
O'er his heap'd hoard the miſer hangs:
Whiſtles the wind—he ſtarts, he ſtares,
Nor Slumber's balmy bounties ſhares;
Deſpair Remorſe and Terror roll
Their tempeſts on his darken'd ſoul.

But now, perhaps, it may avail
T' enforce our reaſoning with a tale.
Soft was the morn, the ſky ſerene,
The jolly hunting band convene.
The huntſman ſends around his eyes,
And oft in thought the game deſcries;
Now with bland words the ſteed addreſſes,
And now rhe friſking hound careſſes:
The neighing ſteed impatient ſpurns,
Each beagle's breaſt with ardor burns.
That morn, a council of the hares
Was met on national affairs.
The chiefs were ſet; above their head
The furze its frizzled covering ſpread.
Long liſts of grievances were heard;
By which in general it appear'd
That, one and all, the hares were bent
To plan anew the government.

Our harmleſs race ſhall every ſavage
Both quadruped and biped ravage?
The youth his father's only hopes,
Who gayly now the verdure crops,
Whoſe pulſe beats ſtrong in every vein,
Whoſe limbs leap light along the plain,
May yet ere noon (ſad deſtiny!)
On ſome bare heath diſmember'd lie.
Nor headlong Youth, nor cautious Age
Can ſcape the ruthleſs murderer's rage.
In every gale we hear the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with ſounds of woe,
Each morning but awakes our fears,
Each evening ſees us bath'd in tears.
But muſt we ever idly grieve,
Nor ſtrive our fortunes to relieve?
Small is each individual's force,
Nor I from prudence boaſt reſource:

But were our numerous tribes combin'd,
Theſe murderers to their coſt might find,
No foe is weak, whom Juſtice arms,
Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.
Who dares aſſert a righteous cauſe
From his own heart obtains applauſe.
Be rous'd; or liberty acquire,
Or in the great attempt expire.
  Here labouring in his heaving breaſt
The ſwelling thought his voice ſuppreſt;
Deſpair, Revenge, their rage ſupply,
And flaſh from each indignant eye.
  Meanwhile the clamours of the war
Mingling confus'dly from afar
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Diſtinct of men and hounds ariſe.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
Th' aſſembled hares tumultuous ſtart,

And, every ſtraining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately ſpring.
The hunting band, a ſignal given,
Thick-thundring o'er the plain are driven;
O'er cliff abrupt, and ſhrubby mound,
And river broad impetuous bound,
Now plunge amid the foreſt ſhades,
Glance through the openings of the glades,
Now o'er the level lawn they ſweep,
Now with ſhort ſteps ſtrain up the ſteep;
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landſcape like a torrent flies.
At laſt an antient wood they gain'd
By pruner's ax yet unprofan'd.
High o'er the reſt, by Nature rear'd
The oak's majeſtic boughs appear'd.
Below, a copſe of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew;

No knife had curb'd the rambling ſprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn ſelf-taught to wind
The hazle's ſtubborn ſtem entwin'd,
The prickly bramble flaunted round,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here ſhelter'd from the ſtorms of fate
The hares enjoy a ſafe retreat.
The hunting band in vain eſſay
Through the thick ſhrubs to force their way;
Th' impatient beagle yelps in vain,
In vain the courſer ſpurns the plain,
In vain the huntſman vents his ire
In threats and execrations dire.
Thus from the field of death reliev'd
When Troy her trembling ſons receiv'd,
Achilles curs'd invidious fate,
And thunder'd at the Scæan gate.

The weſtern wind now waxing loud
Tumultuous roar'd along the wood;
From ruſtling leaves and craſhing boughs
The ſound of woe and war aroſe.
The hares diſtracted ſcour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove,
But danger, wherefoe'er they fled,
Still ſeem'd impending o'er their head.
Now throng'd amidſt a grotto's gloom,
All hopes extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the ſilence, till, at length,
Even from deſpair deriving ſtrength
A daring youth theſe words addreſs'd,
Which oft the burſting throb ſuppreſs'd.
O race! the ſcorn, the ſport of fate,
With every ſort of ill beſet,
And curſt with keeneſt ſenſe to feel
The ſharpeſt ſting of every ill!

We ſure by Nature were deſign'd
Moſt wretched of the wretched kind.
Say ye, who, fraught with mighty ſcheme,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
What now remains? In what receſs
Hope we to taſte the ſweets of peace,
Since Fate on every ſide prepares
For us inextricable ſnares?
Are we alone of all beneath
Condemn'd to miſery worſe than death?
Muſt we with fruitleſs labour ſtrive
In miſery worſe than death to live?
No. Be the leſſer ill our choice,
So dictates Nature's prompting voice;
'Tis Nature bids us dare to die,
And diſappoint our deſtiny.
Who grudges momentary pain,
A ſhort relief from woe to gain?

Death's pangs but for a moment laſt;
And when that tranſient ill is paſt,
Our ſorrows are for ever fled,
For not even dreams moleſt the dead.
Thus while he ſpoke, his words impart
The dire reſolve to every heart.
A diſtant lake in proſpect lay,
That glittering in the ſolar ray
Gleam'd through the duſky trees, and ſpread
A languid radiance o'er the ſhade.
Thither with one conſent they bend,
Their miſeries with their lives to end.
Through the thick wood proceed the train,
And now they reach the open plain,
And onward with redoubled force
Stung with deſpair impel their courſe;
While each in thought already hears
The waters hiſſing in his ears.

Faſt by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake
A linnet ſate, whoſe careleſs lay
Amus'd the ſolitary day.
Careleſs he ſung, for on his breaſt
Sorrow no laſting trace impreſt.
When ſuddenly he hears the ſound
Of ſwift feet trampling thick the ground.
Light to a neighbouring tree he flies;
Thence trembling ſends around his eyes;
No foe appear'd; his fears were vain;
Pleas'd he renews the ſprightly ſtrain.
The hares, whoſe noiſe had caus'd his fright,
Saw with ſurpriſe the linnet's flight.
Is there on earth a wretch, they ſaid,
Whom our approach can ſtrike with dread?
An inſtantaneous flow of thought
To tumult every boſom wrought;

Amaz'd they ſtood, nor words could find
T' expreſs the working of their mind.
So fares the ſyſtem-builder ſage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At laſt on ſome foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly ſcheme;
Has prov'd his predeceſſors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When Truth exerts her ſacred power,
Some new phænomenon to raiſe,
Which, burſting on his frighted gaze,
From its high ſummit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unſound.

An antient hare, whoſe mind ſedate
Had often prov'd th' extremes of fate,
Compos'd at length in voice and look,
The thought-bewilder'd band beſpoke.

Children, ſays he, th' attentive mind
In ſlight events will often find
Of ſound inſtruction freſh ſupplies,
Which Reaſon's ſcanty ſtore denies.
That our afflictions were the worſt,
And we, beyond all others, curſt
With woes remedileſs, of late
Seem'd certain as the laws of fate:
When lo, an accident ſo ſlight
As yonder little linnet's flight
Has made your ſtubborn hearts confeſs,
(So your amazement bids me gueſs)
That all your load of woes and fears
Is but a part of what he bears.
Where can he reſt ſecure from harms,
Whom even a helpleſs hare alarms?
Yet he repines not at his lot;
When paſt his dangers are forgot:

On yonder bough he trims his wings,
And with unuſual rapture ſings.
While we, leſs wretched, ſink beneath
Our lighter ills, and ruſh to death!——
No more of this unmeaning rage,
But hear, my friends, the words of Age:
From glozing Art no aid I ſeek,
In me you hear Experience ſpeak.
When by the winds of Autumn driven
The ſcatter'd clouds fly 'eroſs the heaven,
Oft have we from ſome mountain's head
Beheld th' alternate light and ſhade
Sweep o'er the vale: here hovering low'rs
The ſhadowy cloud; there downward pours
Streaming direct a flood of day,
That from the view flies ſwift away:
It flies, while other ſhades advance,
And other ſtreaks of ſunſhine glance.

Thus chequer'd is life's various maze
With miſery's clouds, and pleaſure's rays.
Then hope not, while you journey on,
Still to be baſking in the ſun;
Nor dread, though now in ſhades you mourn,
That ſunſhine will no more return.
If by betraying fear o'ercome
You fly before th' approaching gloom,
And ſtrive to leave your woe behind;
The labour vain you ſoon will find;
The cloud purſues with equal ſpeed,
And ſtill hangs frowning o'er your head.
Who longs to reach the radiant plain
Muſt onward urge his courſe amain;
For doubly ſwift the ſhadow flies,
When 'gainſt the gale the pilgrim plies.
Or though unequal to ſupport
The labour of that great effort,

Which ſtruggles through involving woe;
Yet ne'er your fortitude forego;
Shrink not; but firm and undiſmay'd
Maintain your ground; the fleeting ſhade
Ere long ſpontaneous glides away,
And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
Lo, while I ſpeak, our danger's paſt:
No more the ſhrill horn's angry blaſt
Rings in our ears; the ſavage roar
Of war and murder now is o'er.
Then ſnatch the joy which fate allows,
Careleſs of paſt or future woes.

He ſpoke: each breaſt is ſooth'd to peace,
Complacence ſoftens every face,
And hope revives; the hateful lake
That inſtant one and all forſake,
In ſweet amuſement to employ
The preſent ſprightly hour of joy.

Now from the weſtern mountain's brow,
Compaſt with clouds of various glow
The ſun a broader orb diſplays,
And ſhoots aſlope his ruddy rays.
The lawn aſſumes a yellower green,
And dew-drops ſpangle all the ſcene.
The fragrant gale ſighs ſoft along,
The ſhepherd chaunts his ſimple ſong,
With all their lays the groves reſound,
And falling waters murmur round;
Diſcord and Care were put to flight,
And all was peace and calm delight.

EPITAPH

ON * * * * * * * * * * * *

ESCAP'D the gloom of mortal life, a ſoul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no Cares their whelming billows roll,
No Doubts bewilder, and no Hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have ſtemm'd the ſea of life;
Like thee, have languiſh'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the ſtormy ſtrife;
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainſt Paſſion's threatful blaſt
Let ſteady Reaſon urge the ſtruggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom the morn at laſt
Gives to thy longing eye the blisful ſhore.

Forget my frailties, thou art alſo frail;
Forgive my lapſes, for thyſelf mayſt fall;
Nor read unmov'd my artleſs tender tale,
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

EPITAPH.

TO this grave is committed
All that the Grave can claim
Of two Brothers ***** and **** ******
Who on the VII of October MDCCLVII,
Both unfortunately perifhed in the *** water:
The one in his XXII, the other in his XVIII year.
Their difconfolate Father **********
Erects this monument to the memory of
Thefe amiable Youths;
Whofe early virtues promifed
Uncommon comfort to his declining years,
And fingular emolument to fociety.

O Thou! whofe fteps in facred reverence tread
Thefe lone dominions of the filent Dead;

On this ſad ſtone a pious look beſtow,
Nor uninſtructed read this tale of woe;
And while the ſigh of ſorrow heaves thy breaſt,
Let each rebellious murmur be ſuppreſt;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heaven's wiſe decrees, how impious, to arraign!
Pure from the ſtains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life, THEY left the ſtage:
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waſte their breath
One moment ſnatch'd Them from the power of Death:
They liv'd united, and united died;
Happy the friends, whom Death cannot divide!

NOVEMBER 1ſt. 1757.

This Epitaph is engraven on a tombſtone in the church-yard of *Lethnet* in the ſhire of *Angus*.

ELE-

ELEGY.

TIR'D with the busy crouds, that all the day
Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,
My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail kind Reviver! that canst lull the cares,
And every weary sense compose to rest,
Lighten th' oppressive load which Anguish bears,
And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touch'd by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow
Drops the gay plume; he pines a lowly clown;
And on the cold earth stretch'd the son of Woe
Quaffs Pleasure's draught, and wears a fancy'd
crown.

When rous'd by thee, on boundleſs pinions born
Fancy to fairy ſcenes exults to rove,
Now ſcales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
Now ſad and ſilent treads the deepening grove;

Or ſkims the main, and liſtens to the ſtorms,
Marks the long waves roll far remote away;
Or mingling with ten thouſand glittering forms
Floats on the gale, and baſks in pureſt day.

Haply, ere long, pierc'd by the howling blaſt
Through dark and pathleſs deſarts I ſhall roam,
Plunge down th' unfathom'd deep, or ſhrink aghaſt
Where burſts the ſhrieking ſpectre from the tomb:

Perhaps looſe Luxury's enchanting ſmile
Shall lure my ſteps to ſome romantic dale,

Where Mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours
beguile,
And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Inſtructive emblem of this mortal ſtate!
Where ſcenes as various every hour ariſe
In ſwift ſucceſſion, which the hand of Fate
Preſents, then ſnatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boaſted grandeur, and thy glittering ſtore;
Death comes, and all thy fancy'd bliſs deſtroys,
Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

And, ſons of Sorrow! though the threatening
ſtorm
Of angry Fortune overhang a while,
Let not her frowns your inward peace deform;
Soon happier days in happier climes ſhall ſmile.

Through earth's throng'd viſions while we toſs
forlorn,
'Tis tumult all, and rage, and reſtleſs ſtrife;
But theſe ſhall vaniſh like the dreams of morn,
When Death awakes us to immortal life.

SONG

In Imitation of SHAKESPEAR'S

Blow, blow, thou winter wind &c.

BLOW, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To eaſe my aching breaſt;
Though thou the billows ſmoothe,
Thy murmurs cannot ſoothe
My weary ſoul to reſt.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful ſtream!
Infuſe the eaſy dream
Into the peaceful ſoul;

But thou canſt not compoſe
The tumult of my woes,
Though ſoft thy waters roll.

Bluſh, bluſh, ye faireſt flowers!
Beauties ſurpaſſing yours
My Roſalind adorn;
Nor is the winter's blaſt,
That lays your glories waſte,
So killing as her ſcorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
O let your ſoft controul
Bend her relenting ſoul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye ſtreams forget to glide!
Be huſh'd, each vernal ſtrain!
Since nought can ſoothe my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride.

ANACREON, Ode 22.

Παρὰ τὴν σκίην, βάθυλλε,
Κάθισον·——————

BATHYLLUS, in yonder lone grove
All careleſsly let us recline:
To ſhade us the branches above
Their leaf-waving tendrils combine;
While a ſtreamlet inviting repoſe
Soft-murmuring wanders away,
And gales warble wild through the boughs:
Who there would not paſs the ſweet day?

THE

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF

LUCRETIUS TRANSLATED.

Æneadum Genetrix———v. 1——45.

MOTHER of mighty Rome's imperial line,
Delight of man, and of the Powers divine,
VENUS, all-bounteous queen! whoſe genial pow'r
Diffuſes beauty in unbounded ſtore
Through ſeas, and fertile plains, and all that lies
Beneath the ſtarr'd expanſion of the ſkies.
Prepar'd by thee, the embryo ſprings to day,
And opes its eyelids on the golden ray.

At thy approach, the clouds tumultuous fly,
And the hush'd ſtorms in gentle breezes die;
Flowers inſtantaneous ſpring; the billows ſleep;
A wavy radiance ſmiles along the deep;
At thy approach, th' untroubled ſky refines,
And all ſerene heaven's lofty concave ſhines.
Soon as her blooming form the Spring reveals,
And Zephyr breathes his warm prolific gales,
The feather'd tribes firſt catch the genial flame,
And to the groves thy glad return proclaim.
Thence to the beaſts the ſoft infection ſpreads;
The raging cattle ſpurn the graſſy meads,
Burſt o'er the plains, and frantic in their courſe
Cleave the wild torrents with reſiſtleſs force.
Won by thy charms thy dictates all obey,
And eager follow where thou lead'ſt the way.
Whatever haunts the mountains, or the main,
The rapid river, or the verdant plain,

Or forms its leafy mansion in the shades,
All, all thy universal power pervades,
Each panting bosom melts to soft desires,
And with the love of propagation fires.
And since thy sovereign influence guides the reins
Of Nature, and the Universe sustains;
Since nought without thee bursts the bonds of Night,
To hail the happy realms of heavenly light;
Since love, and joy, and harmony are thine;
Guide me, O Goddess, by thy power divine,
And to my rising lays thy succour bring,
While I the UNIVERSE attempt to sing.
O, may my verse deserv'd applause obtain
Of Him, for whom I try the daring strain,
My MEMMIUS, Him, whom thou profusely kind
Adorn'st with every excellence refin'd.
And that immortal charms my song may grace,
Let war, with all its cruel labours, cease;

O hufh the difmal din of arms once more,
And calm the jarring world from fhore to fhore.
By thee alone the race of man foregoes
The rage of blood, and finks in foft repofe:
For mighty Mars the dreadful God of arms,
Who wakes or ftills the battle's dire alarms,
In love's ftrong fetters by thy charms is bound,
And languifhes with an eternal wound.
Oft from his bloody toil the God retires
To quench in thy embrace his fierce defires.
Soft on thy heaving bofom he reclines,
And round thy yielding neck tranfported twines;
There fix'd in ecftacy intenfe furveys
Thy kindling beauties with infatiate gaze,
Grows to thy balmy mouth, and ardent fips
Celeftial fweets from thy ambrofial lips.
O, while the God with fierceft raptures bleft
Lies all diffolving on thy facred breaft,

O breathe thy melting whiſpers to his ear,
And bid him ſtill the loud alarms of war.
In theſe tumultuous days, the Muſe, in vain,
Her ſteady tenor loſt, purſues the ſtrain,
And MEMMIUS' generous ſoul diſdains to taſte
The calm delights of philoſophic reſt;
Paternal fires his beating breaſt inflame,
To reſcue Rome, and vindicate her name.

L. HORACE,

HORACE,

BOOK II. Ode 10.

TRANSLATED.

Rectius vives, Licini——————

WOULDST thou through life ſecurely glide;
Nor boundleſs o'er the ocean ride;
Nor ply too near th' inſidious ſhore,
Scar'd at the tempeſt's threatning roar.
The man, who follows Wiſdom's voice,
And makes the GOLDEN MEAN his choice,
Nor plung'd in antique gloomy cells
Midſt hoary deſolation dwells;
Nor to allure the envious eye
Rears his proud palace to the ſky.
The pine, that all the grove tranſcends,
With every blaſt the tempeſt rends;

Totters the tower with thundrous ſound,
And ſpreads a mighty ruin round;
Jove's bolt with deſolating blow
Strikes the etherial mountain's brow.

The man, whoſe ſtedfaſt ſoul can bear
Fortune indulgent or ſevere,
Hopes when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe ſmiles
With cautious fear eludes her wiles.
Jove with rude winter waſtes the plain,
Jove decks the roſy ſpring again.
Life's former ills are overpaſt,
Nor will the preſent always laſt.
Now Phœbus wings his ſhafts, and now
He lays aſide th' unbended bow,
Strikes into life the trembling ſtring,
And wakes the ſilent muſe to ſing.

With unabating courage, brave
Adverſity's tumultuous wave;

When too propitious breezes rise,
And the light vessel swiftly flies,
With timid caution catch the gale,
And shorten the distended sail.

HORACE,

BOOK III. Ode 13.

TRANSLATED.

O Fons Blandusiæ——————

BLANDUSIA! more than chrystal clear!
Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear!
Whose margin soft with flowrets crown'd
Invites the festive band around,

Their careleſs limbs diffus'd ſupine,
To quaff the ſoul-enlivening wine.
  To thee a tender kid I vow,
That aims for fight his budding brow;
In thought, the wrathful combat proves,
Or wantons with his little loves:
But vain are all his purpos'd ſchemes,
Deluſive all his flattering dreams,
To morrow ſhall his fervent blood
Stain the pure ſilver of thy flood.
  When fiery Sirius blaſts the plain,
Untouch'd thy gelid ſtreams remain.
To thee, the fainting flocks repair,
To taſte thy cool reviving air;
To thee, the ox with toil oppreſt,
And lays his languid limbs to reſt.
  As ſprings of old renown'd, thy name
Bleſt fountain! I devote to fame;

Thus while I ſing in deathleſs lays
The verdant holm, whoſe waving ſprays,
Thy ſweet retirement to defend,
High o'er the moſs-grown rock impend,
Whence prattling in loquacious play
Thy ſprightly waters leap away.

THE

THE

PASTORALS

OF

VIRGIL

TRANSLATED.

NON ITA CERTANDI CUPIDUS, QUAM PROPTER AMOREM

QUOD *TE IMITARI* AVEO———

LUCRET. LIB. III.

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

WHERE the broad beeche an ample ſhade displays,
Your ſlender reed reſounds the ſylvan lays,
O happy TITYRUS! while we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands, to diſtant climes are born,

It has been obſerved by ſome critics, who have treated of Paſtoral Poetry, that, in every Poem of this kind, it is proper, that the ſcene or

Stretch'd careleſs in the peaceful ſhade you ſing,
And all the groves with AMARYLLIS ring.

TITYRUS.

THIS peace to a propitious God I owe;
None elſe, my friend, ſuch bleſſings could beſtow.
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
And frequent lambs ſhall ſtain his ſacred ſhrine.

or landſcape, connected with the little plot or fable on which the poem is founded, be delineated with at leaſt as much accuracy, as is ſufficient to render the deſcription particular and pictureſque. How far Virgil has thought fit to attend to ſuch a rule may appear from the remarks which the Tranſlator has ſubjoined to every Paſtoral.

The ſcene of the firſt Paſtoral is pictured out with great accuracy. The ſhepherds Meliboeus and Tityrus are repreſented as converſing together beneath a ſpreading beeche-tree. Flocks and herds are feeding hard by. At a little diſtance we behold, on the one hand a great rock, and on the other a fence of flowering willows. The proſpect as it widens is diverſified with groves, and ſtreams, and ſome tall trees particularly elms. Beyond all theſe appear marſhy grounds, and rocky hills. The ragged and drooping flock of the unfortunate ſhepherd, particularly the ſhe-goat which he leads along, are no inconſiderable figures in this picture.—The time is the evening of a ſummer-day, a little before ſunſet. See of the Original v. 1, 5, 9, 52, 54, 57, 59, 81, &c.

This Paſtoral is ſaid to have been written on the following occaſion. Auguſtus, in order to reward the ſervices of his Veterans, by means of whom he had eſtabliſhed himſelf in the Roman empire, diſtributed among them the lands that lay contiguous to Mantua and

Cremona.

By Him, theſe feeding herds in ſafety ſtray;
By Him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

MELIBOEUS.

I ENVY not, but wonder at your fate,
That no alarms invade this bleſt retreat;
While neighbouring fields the voice of woe re-
ſound,
And deſolation rages all around.
Worn with fatigue I ſlowly onward bend,
And ſcarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
My hand this ſickly dam can hardly bear,
Whoſe young new-yean'd (ah once an hopeful
pair!)
Amid the tangling hazles as they lay,
On the ſharp flint were left to pine away.

Cremona. To make way for theſe intruders, the rightful Owners, of whom Virgil was one, were turned out. But our Poet, by the interceſſion of Mecænas, was reinſtated in his poſſeſſions. Meliboeus here perſonates one of the unhappy exiles, and Virgil is repreſented under the character of Tityrus.

Thefe ills I had foreſeen, but that my mind
To all portents and prodigies was blind.
Oft have the blaſted oaks foretold my woe;
And often has the inauſpicious crow,
Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fateful cries
Scream'd in my ear her diſmal prophecies.
But ſay, O TITYRUS, What God beſtows
This blisful life of undiſturb'd repoſe?

TITYRUS.

IMPERIAL Rome, while yet to me unknown,
I vainly liken'd to our country-town,
Our little Mantua, at which is ſold
The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
As in the whelp the father's ſhape appears,
And as the kid its mother's ſemblance bears.
Thus greater things my inexperienc'd mind
Rated by others of inferior kind.
But SHE, midſt other cities, rears her head
High, as the cypreſs overtops the reed.

MELIBOEUS.

AND why to visit Rome was you inclin'd?

TITYRUS.

'TWAS there I hoped my liberty to find.
And there my liberty I found at last,
Though long with listless indolence oppreſt;
Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
And I had told a tedious length of years;
* Nor till the gentle AMARYLLIS charm'd,
And GALATEA's love no longer warm'd.
For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
While GALATEA captive held my soul,
Languid and lifeless all I drag'd the chain,
Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,

* Nor till the gentle Amaryllis—] The refinements of Taubmannus, De La Cerda, and others, who will have Amaryllis to signify Rome, and Galatea to signify Mantua, have perplexed this passage not a little: if the literal meaning be admitted, the whole becomes obvious and natural.

For this I ne'er perceiv'd my wealth increaſe;
I laviſh'd all her haughty heart to pleaſe.

MELIBOEUS.

WHY AMARYLLIS pin'd, and paſs'd away
In lonely ſhades the melancholy day;
Why to the Gods ſhe breath'd inceſſant vows;
For whom her mellow apples preſs'd the boughs
So late, I wonder'd-----TITYRUS was gone,
And ſhe (ah luckleſs maid!) was left alone.
Your abſence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
And woods and wilds the wailing ſtrains return'd.

TITYRUS.

WHAT could I do? To break th' enſlaving chain
All other efforts had (alas!) been vain;
Nor durſt my hopes preſume, but there, to find
The Gods ſo condeſcending and ſo kind.

'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born YOUTH *
beheld,
To whom our altars monthly incense yield:
My suit He even prevented, while He spoke,
" Manure your antient farm, and feed your former
flock."

MELIBOEUS.

HAPPY old man! then shall your lands remain,
Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain!
Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies.
Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
And never feel the dire effects of change.
No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain!
You by known streams and sacred fountains laid
Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.

* Augustus Cæsar.

Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
And to their flowers the ſwarming bees invite,
Oft ſhall the lulling hum perſuade to reſt,
And balmy ſlumbers ſteal into your breaſt;
While warbled from this rock the Pruner's lay
In deep repoſe diſſolves your ſoul away;
High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your lov'd ringdoves breathe a hoarſer moan.

TITYRUS.

THE nimble harts ſhall graze in empty air,
And ſeas retreating leave their fiſhes bare,
The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian baniſh'd by invading foes
Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breaſt
Ere His majeſtic image be effac'd.

MELIBOEUS.

BUT we muſt travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian ſnows, or Afric's burning ſands;

Some wander where remote Qüxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves;
In Britain ſome, from every comfort torn,
From all the world remov'd, are doom'd to mourn.
When long long years have tedious roll'd away,
Ah! ſhall I yet at laſt, at laſt, ſurvey
My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble ſod!
Theſe lands, theſe harveſts muſt the ſoldier ſhare!
For rude barbarians laviſh we our care!
How are our fields become the ſpoil of wars!
How are we ruin'd by inteſtine jars!
Now, MELIBOEUS, now ingraff the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender ſprays to rear!----
Go then, my goats!---go, once an happy ſtore!
Once happy!----happy now (alas!) no more!
No more ſhall I, beneath the bowery ſhade
In rural quiet indolently laid,

Behold you from afar the cliffs aſcend,
And from the ſhrubby precipice depend;
No more to muſic wake my melting flute,
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's whole-
ſome ſhoot.

TITYRUS.

THIS night at leaſt with me you may repoſe
On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
Now from yon hamlets clouds of ſmoke ariſe,
And ſlowly roll along the evening-ſkies;
And ſee projected from the mountain's brow
A lengthen'd ſhade obſcures the plain below.

THE

THE SECOND

PASTORAL.

ALEXIS.

YOUNG CORYDON for fair ALEXIS pin'd,
But hope ne'er gladden'd his desponding mind;
Nor vows nor tears the scornful boy could move,
Distinguish'd by his wealthier master's love.

N 2

The chief excellency of this Poem consists in its delicacy and simplicity. Corydon addresses his favourite in such a purity of sentiment as one would think might effectually discountenance the prepossessions which generally prevail against the subject of this eclogue. The nature of his affection may easily be ascertained from his ideas of the happiness which he hopes to enjoy in the company of his beloved Alexis.

O tantum libeat——
O deign at last amid these lonely fields &c.

It appears to have been no other than that friendship, which was encouraged by the wisest legislators of antient Greece, as a noble incentive

Oft to the beeche's deep-embowering ſhade
Penſive and ſad this haplefs ſhepherd ſtray'd;
There told in artleſs verſe his tender pain
To echoing hills and groves, but all in vain.
In vain the flute's complaining lays I try;
And am I doom'd, unpitying boy, to die?
Now to faint flocks the grove a ſhade ſupplies,
And in the thorny brake the lizard lies;
Now THESTYLIS with herbs of ſavoury taſte
Prepares the weary harveſtman's repaſt;
And all is ſtill, ſave where the buzzing ſound
Of chirping graſhoppers is heard around;
While I expos'd to all the rage of heat
Wander the wilds in ſearch of thy retreat.

centive to virtue, and recommended by the example even of Ageſilaus, Pericles and Socrates: an affection wholly diſtinct from the infamous attachments that prevailed among the licentious. The Reader will find a full and ſatisfying account of this generous paſſion in Dr. Potter's antiquities of Greece B. iv. Chap. 9. Monſ. Bayle in his Dictionary at the article *Virgile* has at great length vindicated our Poet from the charge of immorality which the Critics have grounded upon this paſtoral.

The

Was it not easier to support the pain
I felt from AMARYLLIS' fierce disdain?
Easier MENALCAS' cold neglect to bear,
Black though he was, though thou art blooming fair?
Yet be relenting, nor too much presume,
O beauteous boy, on thy celestial bloom;
The sable * violet yields a precious die,
While useless on the field the withering lillies lie.
Ah cruel boy! my love is all in vain,
No thoughts of thine regard thy wretched swain.
How rich my flock thou carest not to know,
Nor how my pails with generous milk o'erflow.
With bleat of thousand lambs my hills resound,
And all the year my milky stores abound.

The scene of this Pastoral is a grove interspersed with beeche trees; the season, harvest.

* The sable violet) Vaccinium (here translated *violet*) yielded a purple colour used in dying the garments of slaves, according to Plin. l. xvi; c. 28.

Not AMPHION's lays were ſweeter than my ſong,
Thoſe lays that led the liſtening herds along.
And if the face be true I lately view'd,
Where calm and clear th' uncurling ocean ſtood,
I lack not beauty, nor couldſt thou deny,
That even with DAPHNIS I may dare to vie.
O deign at laſt amid theſe lonely fields,
To taſte the pleaſures which the country yields;
With me to dwell in cottages reſign'd,
To roam the woods, to ſhoot the bounding hind;
With me the weanling kids from home to guide
To the green mallows on the mountain-ſide;
With me in echoing groves the ſong to raiſe,
And emulate even PAN's celeſtial lays.
PAN taught the jointed reed its tuneful ſtrain,
PAN guards the tender flock, and ſhepherd ſwain.
Nor grudge, ALEXIS, that the rural pipe
So oft hath ſtain'd the roſes of thy lip:

How did AMYNTAS ſtrive thy ſkill to gain!
How grieve at laſt to find his labour vain!
Of ſeven unequal reeds a pipe I have,
The precious gift which good DAMOETAS gave;
Take this, the dying ſhepherd ſaid, for none
Inherits all my ſkill but thou alone.
He ſaid; AMYNTAS murmurs at my praiſe,
And with an envious eye the gift ſurveys.
Beſides, as preſents for my ſoul's delight
Two beauteous kids I keep beſtreak'd with white,
Nouriſh'd with care, nor purchas'd without pain;
An ewe's full udder twice a day they drain.
Theſe to obtain oft THESTYLIS hath tried
Each winning art, while I her ſuit deny'd;
But I at laſt ſhall yield what ſhe requeſts,
Since thy relentleſs pride my gifts deteſts.

Come, beauteous boy, and bleſs my rural bowers.
For thee the nymphs collect the choiceſt flowers:

Fair NAIS culls amid the bloomy dale
The drooping poppy, and the violet pale,
To marygolds the hyacinth applies,
Shading the gloſſy with the tawny dies:
Narciſſus' flower with daffodil entwin'd,
And caſia's breathing ſweets to theſe are join'd,
With every bloom that paints the vernal grove,
And all to form a garland for my Love.
Myſelf with ſweeteſt fruits will crown thy feaſt;
The luſcious peach ſhall gratify thy taſte,
And cheſnut brown (once high in my regard,
For AMARYLLIS this to all prefer'd;
But if the bluſhing plum thy choice thou make,
The plum ſhall more be valued for thy ſake.)
The myrtle wreath'd with laurel ſhall exhale
A blended fragrance to delight thy ſmell.
Ah CORYDON! thou ruſtic, ſimple ſwain!
Thyſelf, thy prayers, thy offers all are vain.

How few, compar'd with rich IOLAS ſtore,
Thy boaſted gifts, and all thy wealth how poor!
Wretch that I am! while thus I pine forlorn,
And all the live-long day inactive mourn,
The boars have laid my ſilver fountains waſte,
My flowers are fading in the ſouthern blaſt.----
Fly'ſt thou, ah fooliſh boy, the loneſome grove?
Yet Gods for this have left the realms above.
PARIS with ſcorn the pomp of Troy ſurvey'd,
And ſought th' Idæan bowers and peaceful ſhade.
In her proud palaces let PALLAS ſhine;
The lowly woods, and rural life be mine.
The lioneſs all dreadful in her courſe
Purſues the wolf, and he with headlong force
Flies at the wanton goat, that loves to climb
The cliff's ſteep ſide, and crop the flowering thyme;
Thee CORYDON purſues, O beauteous boy:
Thus each is drawn along by ſome peculiar joy.

Now evening ſoft comes on; and homeward now
From field the weary oxen bear the plough.
The ſetting ſun now beams more mildly bright,
The ſhadows lengthening with the level light.
While with love's flame my reſtleſs boſom glows,
For love no interval of eaſe allows.
Ah CORYDON! to weak complaints a prey!
What madneſs thus to waſte the fleeting day!
Be rous'd at length; thy half-prun'd vines demand
The needful culture of thy curbing hand.
Haſte, lingering ſwain, the flexile willows weave,
And with thy wonted care thy wants relieve.
Forget ALEXIS' unrelenting ſcorn,
Another Love thy paſſion will return.

THE

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

TO whom belongs this flock, DAMOETAS, pray:
To MELIBOEUS?

DAMOETAS.

No; the other day
The ſhepherd ÆGON gave it me to keep.

The contending ſhepherds Menalcas and Damœtas, together with their umpire Palæmon, are ſeated on the graſs, not far from a row of beeche-trees. Flocks are ſeen feeding hard by. The time of the day ſeems to be noon, the ſeaſon between ſpring and ſummer,

MENALCAS.

† AH ſtill neglected, ſtill unhappy ſheep!
He plies NEÆRA with aſſiduous love,
And fears leſt ſhe my happier flame approve;
Meanwhile this hireling wretch(diſgrace to ſwains!)
Defrauds his maſter, and purloins his gains,
Milks twice an hour, and drains the famiſh'd dams,
Whoſe empty dugs in vain attract the lambs.

DAMOETAS.

FORBEAR on men ſuch language to beſtow.
Thee, ſtain of manhood! thee, full well I know.
* I know, with whom---and where---(their grove defil'd
The nymphs reveng'd not, but indulgent ſmil'd)

† Throughout the whole of this altercation, notwithſtanding the untoward ſubject; the Reader will find in the Original ſuch a happy union of ſimplicity and force of expreſſion and harmony of verſe, as it is vain to look for in an Engliſh tranſlation.

* The abruptneſs and obſcurity of the Original is here imitated.

And how the goats beheld, then browzing near,
The ſhameful ſight with a laſcivious leer.

MENALCAS.

No doubt, when MYCON's tender trees I broke,
And gaſh'd his young vines with a blunted hook.

DAMOETAS.

OR when conceal'd behind this antient row
Of beeche, you broke young DAPHNIS' ſhafts and bow,
With ſharpeſt pangs of rancorous anguiſh ſtung
To ſee the gift confer'd on one ſo young;
And had you not thus wreak'd your ſordid ſpite,
Of very envy you had died outright.

MENALCAS.

GODS! what may maſters dare, when ſuch a pitch
Of impudence their thieviſh hirelings reach!

Did I not, wretch (deny it if you dare)
Did I not ſee you DAMON's goat enſnare?
Lyciſca bark'd; then I the felon ſpy'd,
And "Whither ſlinks yon ſneaking thief"? I cry'd.
The thief diſcover'd ſtraight his prey forſook,
And ſkulk'd amid the ſedges of the brook.

DAMOETAS.

THAT goat my pipe from DAMON fairly gain'd;
A match was ſet, and I the prize obtain'd.
He own'd it due to my ſuperior ſkill,
And yet refus'd his bargain to fulfil.

MENALCAS.

BY your ſuperior ſkill-----the goat was won!
Have you a jointed pipe, indecent clown!
Whoſe whizzing ſtraws with harſheſt diſcord jar'd,
As in the ſtreets your wretched rhymes you mar'd.

DAMOETAS.

BOASTS are but vain. I'm ready, when you will,
To make a ſolemn trial of our ſkill.
I ſtake this heifer, no ignoble prize;
Two calves from her full udder ſhe ſupplies,
And twice a day her milk the pail o'erflows;
What pledge of equal worth will you expoſe?

MENALCAS.

OUGHT from the flock I dare not riſque; I fear
A cruel ſtepdame, and a ſire ſevere,
Who of their ſtore ſo ſtrict a reckoning keep,
That twice a-day they count the kids and ſheep.
But, ſince you purpoſe to be mad to-day,
Two beechen cups I ſcruple not to lay,
(Whoſe far ſuperior worth yourſelf will own)
The labour'd work of fam'd ALCIMEDON.

Rais'd round the brims by the engraver's care
The flaunting vine unfolds its foliage fair;
Entwin'd the ivy's tendrils ſeem to grow,
Half-hid in leaves its mimic berries glow:
Two figures riſe below, of curious frame,
CONON, and---what's that other ſage's name,
Who with his rod deſcrib'd the world's vaſt round,
Taught when to reap, and when to till the ground.
At home I have reſerv'd them unprofan'd,
No lip has e'er their gloſſy poliſh ſtain'd.

DAMOETAS.

Two cups for me that ſkilful Artiſt made;
Their handles with acanthus are array'd;
ORPHEUS is in the midſt, whoſe magic ſong
Leads in tumultuous dance the lofty groves a-
long.
At home I have reſerv'd them unprofan'd,
No lip has e'er their gloſſy poliſh ſtain'd.

But my pledg'd heifer if aright you prize,
The cups ſo much extol'd you will deſpiſe.

MENALCAS.

THESE arts, proud boaſter, all are loſt on me;
To any terms I readily agree.
You ſhall not boaſt your victory to-day,
Let him be judge who paſſes firſt this way:
And ſee the good PALÆMON! truſt me, ſwain,
You'll be more cautious how you brag again.

DAMOETAS.

DELAYS I brook not; if you dare, proceed;
At ſinging no antagoniſt I dread.
PALÆMON liſten to th' important ſongs,
To ſuch debates attention ſtrict belongs.

PALÆMON.

SING then. A couch the flowery herbage yields:
Now bloſſom all the trees, and all the fields;

And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,
And Nature's fairest robe adorns the blooming
year.
DAMOETAS first th' alternate lay shall raise:
Th' inspiring Muses love alternate lays.

DAMOETAS.

JOVE first I sing; ye Muses, aid my lay;
All nature owns his energy and sway;
The earth and heavens his sovereign bounty share,
And to my verses he vouchsafes his care.

MENALCAS.

WITH great APOLLO I begin the strain,
For I am great APOLLO's favourite swain;
For him the purple hyacinth I wear,
And sacred bay to PHOEBUS ever dear.

DAMOETAS.

THE sprightly GALATEA at my head
An apple flung, and to the willows fled;

But as along the level lawn ſhe flew,
The wanton wiſh'd not to eſcape my view.

MENALCAS.

I LANGUISH'D long for fair AMYNTAS' charms,
But now he comes unbidden to my arms,
And with my dogs is ſo familiar grown,
That my own DELIA is no better known.

DAMOETAS.

I LATELY mark'd where midſt the verdant ſhade
Two parent-doves had built their leafy bed;
I from the neſt the young will ſhortly take,
And to my Love an handſome preſent make.

MENALCAS.

TEN ruddy wildings, from a lofty bough,
That through the green leaves beam'd with yellow glow,

I brought away, and to AMYNTAS bore;
Tomorrow I ſhall ſend as many more.

DAMOETAS.

AH the keen raptures! when my yielding Fair
Breath'd her kind whiſpers to my raviſh'd ear!
Waft, gentle gales, her accents to the ſkies,
That Gods themſelves may hear with ſweet ſurpriſe.

MENALCAS.

WHAT, though I am not wretched by your ſcorn?
Say, beauteous boy, ſay can I ceaſe to mourn,
If, while I hold the nets, the boar you face,
And raſhly brave the dangers of the chace.

DAMOETAS.

SEND PHYLLIS home, IOLAS, for to-day
I celebrate my birth, and all is gay;

When for my crop the victim I prepare,
IOLAS in our festival may share.

MENALCAS.

PHYLLIS I love; she more than all can charm,
And mutual fires her gentle bosom warm:
Tears, when I leave her, bathe her beauteous eyes,
" A long, a long adieu, my Love!" she cries.

DAMOETAS.

THE wolf is dreadful to the wooly train,
Fatal to harvests is the crushing rain,
To the green woods the winds destructive prove,
To me the rage of mine offended Love.

MENALCAS.

THE willow's grateful to the pregnant ewes,
Showers to the corns, to kids the mountain-
browse;
More grateful far to me my lovely boy,
In sweet AMYNTAS centers all my joy.

DAMOETAS.

EVEN POLLIO deigns to hear my rural lays,
And chears the bashful Muse with generous praise;
Ye sacred NINE, for your great Patron feed
A beauteous heifer of the noblest breed.

MENALCAS.

POLLIO the art of heavenly song adorns;
Then let a bull be bred with butting horns,
And ample front, that bellowing spurns the ground,
Tears up the turf, and throws the sands around.

DAMOETAS.

HIM who my POLLIO loves may nought annoy,
May he like POLLIO every wish enjoy,
O may his happy lands with honey flow,
And on his thorns Assyrian roses blow!

MENALCAS.

WHO hates not foolish BAVIUS, let him love
Thee, MÆVIUS, and thy tasteless rhymes approve!
Nor needs it thy admirer's reason shock
To milk the he-goats, and the foxes yoke.

DAMOETAS.

YE boys, on garlands who employ your care,
And pull the creeping strawberries, beware,
Fly for your lives, and leave that fatal place,
A deadly snake lies lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

FORBEAR, my flocks, and warily proceed,
Nor on that faithless bank securely tread;
The heedless ram late plung'd amid the pool,
And in the sun now dries his reeking wool.

DAMOETAS.

Ho TITYRUS! lead back the browsing flock,
And let them feed at distance from the brook;

At bathing-time I to the ſhade will bring
My goats, and waſh them in the cooling ſpring.

MENALCAS.

HASTE, from the ſultry lawn the flocks remove
To the cool ſhelter of the ſhady grove:
When burning noon the curdling udder dries,
Th' ungrateful teats in vain the ſhepherd plies.

DAMOETAS.

How lean my bull in yonder mead appears,
Though the fat ſoil the richeſt paſture bears!
Ah Love! thou reign'ſt ſupreme in every heart,
Both flocks and ſhepherds languiſh with thy dart.

MENALCAS.

LOVE has not injur'd my conſumptive flocks,
Yet bare their bones, and faded are their looks:
What envious eye hath ſquinted on my dams,
And ſent its poiſon to my tender lambs!

DAMOETAS.

SAY in what diſtant land the eye deſcries
But three ſhort ells of all th' expanded ſkies;
Tell this, and great APOLLO be your name;
Your ſkill is equal, equal be your fame.

MENALCAS.

SAY in what ſoil a wondrous flower is born,
Whoſe leaves the ſacred names of kings adorn;
Tell this, and take my PHYLLIS to your arms,
And reign th' unrival'd ſovereign of her charms.

PALÆMON.

'TIS not for me theſe high diſputes to end;
Each to the heifer juſtly may pretend.
Such be their fortune, who ſo well can ſing,
From love what painful joys, what pleaſing torments ſpring.
Now, boys, obſtruct the courſe of yonder rill,
The meadows have already drunk their fill.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

POLLIO.

SICILIAN Muſe, ſublimer ſtrains inſpire,
And warm my boſom with diviner fire!
All take not pleaſure in the rural ſcene,
In lowly tamariſks, and foreſts green.
If ſylvan themes we ſing, then let our lays
Deſerve a CONSUL's ear, a CONSUL's praiſe.

In this fourth Paſtoral, no particular landſcape is delineated. The whole is a prophetic ſong of triumph. But as almoſt all the images and alluſions are of the rural kind, it is no leſs a true Bucolic than the others; if we admit the definition of a Paſtoral, given us by an * Author of the firſt rank, who calls it " A poem in which any action or paſſion " is repreſented by its effects upon country life. "

* The Author of the Rambler.

It

The age comes on, that future age of gold
In Cuma's myſtic prophecies foretold.
The Years begin their mighty courſe again,
The VIRGIN now returns, and the SATURNIAN reign.
Now from the lofty manſions of the ſky
To earth deſcends an heaven-born Progeny.
Thy PHOEBUS reigns, LUCINA, lend thine aid,
Nor be his birth his glorious birth delay'd!
An iron race ſhall then no longer rage,
But all the world regain the golden age.
This CHILD, the joy of nations, ſhall be born
Thy conſulſhip, O POLLIO, to adorn:

It is of little importance to enquire on what occaſion this poem was written. The ſpirit of prophetic enthuſiaſm that breathes through it, and the reſemblance it bears in many places to the Oriental manner, make it not improbable, that our Poet compoſed it partly from ſome pieces of antient prophecy that might have fallen into his hands, and that he afterwards inſcribed it to his friend and patron Pollio, on occaſion of the birth of his ſon Saloninus.

Thy conſulſhip theſe happy times ſhall prove,
And ſee the mighty Months begin to move:
Then all our former guilt ſhall be forgiv'n,
And man ſhall dread no more th' avenging doom
of heav'n.

The SON with heroes and with Gods ſhall ſhine,
And lead, enroll'd with them, the life divine.
He o'er the peaceful nations ſhall preſide,
And his SIRE's virtues ſhall his ſceptre guide.
To thee, auſpicious BABE, th' unbidden earth
Shall bring the earlieſt of her flowery birth;
Acanthus ſoft in ſmiling beauty gay,
The bloſſom'd bean, and ivy's flaunting ſpray.
Th' untended goats ſhall to their homes repair,
And to the milker's hand the loaded udder bear.
The mighty lion ſhall no more be fear'd,
But graze innoxious with the friendly herd.

Sprung from thy cradle fragrant flowers ſhall
ſpread,
And fanning bland ſhall wave around thy head.
Then ſhall the ſerpent die, with all his race:
No deadly herb the happy ſoil diſgrace:
Aſſyrian balm on every buſh ſhall bloom,
And breathe in every gale its rich perfume.
But when thy FATHER's deeds thy youth ſhall
fire,
And to great actions all thy ſoul inſpire,
When thou ſhalt read of heroes and of kings,
And mark the glory that from virtue ſprings;
Then boundleſs o'er the far-extended plain
Shall wave luxuriant crops of golden grain,
With purple grapes the loaded thorn ſhall bend,
And ſtreaming honey from the oak deſcend.
Nor yet old fraud ſhall wholly be effac'd;
Navies for wealth ſhall roam the watery waſte;

Proud cities fenc'd with towery walls appear,
And cruel ſhares ſhall Earth's ſoft boſom tear:
Another TIPHYS o'er the ſwelling tide
With ſteady ſkill the bounding ſhip ſhall guide;
Another Argo with the flower of Greece
From Colchos' ſhore ſhall waft the golden fleece;
Again the world ſhall hear war's loud alarms,
And great ACHILLES ſhine again in arms.
When riper years thy ſtrengthen'd nerves ſhall brace,
And o'er thy limbs diffuſe a manly grace,
The mariner no more ſhall plough the deep,
Nor load with foreign wares the trading ſhip,
Each country ſhall abound in every ſtore,
Nor need the products of another ſhore.
Henceforth no plough ſhall cleave the fertile ground,
No pruninghook the tender vine ſhall wound;

The huſbandman with toil no longer broke
Shall looſe his ox for ever from the yoke.
No more the wool a foreign die ſhall feign,
But purple flocks ſhall graze the flowery plain,
Glittering in native gold the ram ſhall tread,
And ſcarlet lambs ſhall wanton on the mead.

In concord join'd with fate's unalter'd law
The Deſtinies theſe happy times foreſaw,
They bade the ſacred ſpindle ſwiftly run,
And haſten the auſpicious ages on.

O dear to all thy kindred Gods above!
O Thou, the offspring of eternal JOVE!
Receive thy dignities, begin thy reign,
And o'er the world extend thy wide domain.
See nature's mighty frame exulting round,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven's immenſe profound!
See nations yet unborn with joy behold
Thy glad approach, and hail the age of gold!

O would th' Immortals lend a length of days,
And give a soul sublime to sound thy praise;
Would Heaven this breast, this labouring breast
inflame
With ardor equal to the mighty theme;
Not ORPHEUS with diviner transports glow'd,
When all her fire his Mother-muse bestow'd;
Nor loftier numbers flow'd from LINUS' tongue,
Although his sire APOLLO gave the song;
Even PAN, in presence of Arcadian swains
Would vainly strive to emulate my strains.

Repay a Parent's care, O beauteous Boy,
And greet thy Mother with a smile of joy;
For thee, to loathing languors all resign'd
Ten slow-revolving months thy Mother pin'd.
* If cruel fate thy Parents bliss denies,
If no fond joy sits smiling in thine eyes,

* If cruel fate &c.] This passage has perplexed all the Critics. Out of a number of significations that have been offered, the Translator

No nymph of heavenly birth ſhall crown thy love,
Nor ſhalt thou ſhare th' immortal feaſts above.

tor has pitched upon one, which he thinks the moſt agreable to the ſcope of the Poem and moſt conſiſtent with the language of the original. The Reader, who wants more particulars on this head, may conſult Servius, De La Cerda, or Ruæus.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE you with ſkill can touch the tuneful reed,
Since few my verſes or my voice exceed;
In this refreſhing ſhade ſhall we recline,
Where haſles with the lofty elms combine?

Here we diſcover Menalcas and Mopſus ſeated in an arbour formed by the interwoven twigs of a wild-vine. A grove of haſles and elms ſurrounds this arbour. The ſeaſon ſeems to be ſummer. The time of the day is not ſpecified.

MOPSUS.

YOUR riper age a due respect requires,
'Tis mine to yield to what my friend desires;
Whether you choose the zephyr's fanning breeze,
That shakes the wavering shadows of the trees;
Or the deep-shaded grotto's cool retreat:----
And see yon cave screen'd from the scorching heat,
Where the wild vine its curling tendrils weaves,
Whose grapes glow ruddy through the quivering leaves.

MENALCAS.

OF all the swains that to our hills belong,
AMYNTAS only vies with you in song.

MOPSUS.

WHAT, though with me that haughty shepherd vie,
Who proudly dares APOLLO's self defy?

MENALCAS.

BEGIN; let * ALCON's praiſe inſpire your
ſtrains,
Or CODRUS' death, or PHYLLIS' amorous
pains;
Begin, whatever theme your Muſe prefer.
To feed the kids be, TITYRUS, thy care.

MOPSUS.

I RATHER will repeat that mournful ſong,
Which late I carv'd the verdant beeche along;
(I carv'd, and trill'd by turns the labour'd lay)
And let AMYNTAS match me if he may.

MENALCAS.

As ſlender willows where the olive grows,
Or ſordid ſhrubs when near the ſcarlet roſe,
Such (if the judgment I have form'd be true)
Such is AMYNTAS when compar'd with you.

* From this paſſage it is evident that Virgil thought Paſtoral poetry capable of a much greater variety in its ſubjects, than ſome modern Critics will allow.

MOPSUS.

No more, MENALCAS; we delay too long,
The grot's dim ſhade invites my promis'd ſong.
* When DAPHNIS fell by fate's remorſeleſs blow,
The weeping nymphs pour'd wild the plaint of woe;
Witneſs, O hazle-grove, and winding ſtream,
For all your echoes caught the mournful theme.
In agony of grief his Mother preſt
The clay-cold carcaſe to her throbbing breaſt,
Frantic with anguiſh wail'd his haplefs fate,
Rav'd at the ſtars, and heaven's relentleſs hate.

* When Daphnis] It is the moſt general and moſt probable conjecture, that Julius Cæſar is the Daphnis, whoſe death and deification are here celebrated. Some however are of opinion, that by Daphnis is meant a real ſhepherd of Sicily of that name, who is ſaid to have invented Bucolic poetry, and in honour of whom the Sicilians performed yearly ſacrifices.

'Twas then the ſwains in deep deſpair forſook
Their pining flocks, nor led them to the brook;
The pining flocks for him their paſtures ſlight,
Nor graſſy plains, nor cooling ſtreams invite.
The doleful tidings reach'd the Libyan ſhores,
And lions mourn'd in deep repeated roars.
His cruel doom the woodlands wild bewail,
And plaintive hills repeat the melancholy tale.
'Twas he, who firſt Armenia's tygers broke,
And tam'd their ſtubborn natures to the yoke;
* He firſt with ivy wrapt the thyrſus round,
And made the hills with BACCHUS' rites reſound.
As vines adorn the trees which they entwine,
As purple cluſters beautify the vine,
As bulls the herd, as corns the fertile plains,
The godlike DAPHNIS dignified the ſwains.

* He firſt] This can be applied only to Julius Cæſar; for it was he who introduced at Rome the celebration of the Bacchanalian revels. SERVIUS.

When DAPHNIS from our eager hopes was torn,
PHOEBUS and PALES left the plains to mourn.
Now weeds and wretched tares the crop subdue;
Where store of generous wheat but lately grew.
Narcissus' lovely flower no more is seen,
No more the velvet violet decks the green;
Thistles for these the blasted meadow yields,
And thorns and frizled burs deform the fields.
Swains, shade the springs, and let the ground be
dreſt
With verdant leaves; 'twas DAPHNIS' last re-
queſt.
Erect a tomb in honour to his name
Mark'd with this verse to celebrate his fame.
' The swains with DAPHNIS' name this tomb
' adorn,
' Whose high renown above the skies is born;
' Fair was his flock, he fairest on the plain,
' The pride the glory of the sylvan reign.'

MENALCAS.

SWEETER, O bard divine, thy numbers ſeem,
Than to the ſcorched ſwain the cooling ſtream,
Or ſoft on fragrant flowrets to recline,
And the tir'd limbs to balmy ſleep reſign.
Bleſt youth! whoſe voice and pipe demand the praiſe
Due but to thine, and to thy maſter's lays.
I in return the darling theme will chuſe,
And DAPHNIS' praiſes ſhall inſpire my Muſe;
He in my ſong ſhall high as heaven aſcend,
High as the heavens, for DAPHNIS was my friend.

MOPSUS.

HIS virtues ſure our nobleſt numbers claim;
Nought can delight me more than ſuch a theme,
Which in your ſong new dignity obtains;
Oft has our STIMICHON extol'd the ſtrains.

MENALCAS.

Now DAPHNIS ſhines, among the Gods a God,
Struck with the ſplendors of his new abode.
Beneath his footſtool far remote appear
The clouds ſlow-ſailing, and the ſtarry ſphere.
Hence lawns and groves with gladſome raptures
ring,
The ſwains, the nymphs, and PAN in concert ſing.
The wolves to murder are no more inclin'd,
No guileful nets enſnare the wandering hind,
Deceit and violence and rapine ceaſe,
For DAPHNIS loves the gentle arts of peace.
From ſavage mountains ſhouts of tranſport riſe
Born in triumphant echoes to the ſkies;
The rocks and ſhrubs emit melodious ſounds,
Through nature's vaſt extent THE GOD THE
GOD rebounds.

Be gracious ſtill, ſtill preſent to our pray'r;
Four altars lo we build with pious care,
Two for th' inſpiring God of ſong divine,
And two, propitious DAPHNIS, ſhall be thine.
Two bowls white-foaming with their milky ſtore,
Of generous oil two brimming goblets more,
Each year we ſhall preſent before thy ſhrine,
And chear the feaſt with liberal draughts of wine;
Before the fire when winter-ſtorms invade,
In ſummer's heat beneath the breezy ſhade.
The hallow'd bowls with wine of Chios crown'd
Shall pour their ſparkling nectar to the ground.
DAMOETAS ſhall with * Lyctian ÆGON play,
And celebrate with feſtive ſtrains the day.
ALPHESIBOEUS to the ſprightly ſong
Shall like the dancing Satyrs trip along.
Theſe rites ſhall ſtill be paid, ſo juſtly due,
Both when the Nymphs receive our annual vow;

* Lyctium was a city of Crete.

And when with ſolemn ſongs, and victims crown'd,
Our lands in long proceſſion we ſurround.
While fiſhes love the ſtreams and briny deep,
And ſavage boars the mountain's rocky ſteep,
While graſhoppers their dewy food delights,
While balmy thyme the buſy bee invites;
So long ſhall laſt thine honours and thy fame,
So long the ſhepherds ſhall reſound thy name.
Such rites to thee ſhall huſbandmen ordain,
As CERES and the God of wine obtain.
Thou to our prayers propitiouſly inclin'd
Thy grateful ſuppliants to their vows ſhalt bind.

MOPSUS.

WHAT boon, dear ſhepherd, can your ſong
requite?
For nought in nature yields ſo ſweet delight.
Not the ſoft ſighing of the ſouthern gale,
That faintly breathes along the flowery vale;

Nor, when light breezes curl the liquid plain,
To tread the margin of the murmuring main;
Nor melody of ſtreams, that roll away
Through rocky dales, delights me as your lay.

MENALCAS.

No mean reward, my friend, your verſes claim;
Take then this flute that breath'd the plaintive theme
Of * CORYDON; when proud ‡ DAMOETAS try'd
To match my ſkill, it daſh'd his haſty pride.

MOPSUS.

AND let this ſheepcrook by my friend be worn,
Which brazen ſtuds in beamy rows adorn;
This fair ANTIGENES oft beg'd to gain,
But all his beauty, all his prayers were vain.

* See Paſtoral ſecond.
‡ See Paſtoral third.

THE

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

SILENUS.

MY ſportive Muſe firſt ſung Sicilian ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell in woods and lowly plains.
To ſing of kings and wars when I aſpire,
APOLLO checks my vainly-riſing fire.
'To ſwains the flock and ſylvan pipe belong,
'Then chooſe ſome humbler theme, nor dare heroic ſong.'
The voice divine, O VARUS, I obey,
And to my reed ſhall chant a rural lay;

Since others long thy praiſes to rehearſe,
And ſing thy battles in immortal verſe.
Yet if theſe ſongs, which PHOEBUS bids me write,
Hereafter to the ſwains ſhall yield delight,
Of thee the trees and humble ſhrubs ſhall ſing,
And all the vocal grove with VARUS ring.
The ſong inſcrib'd to VARUS' ſacred name
To PHOEBUS' favour has the juſteſt claim.
Come then, my Muſe, a ſylvan ſong repeat.
* 'Twas in his ſhady arbour's cool retreat
Two youthful ſwains the God SILENUS found,
In drunkenneſs and ſleep his ſenſes bound.
His turgid veins the late debauch betray;
His garland on the ground neglected lay,

* The cave of Silenus, which is the ſcene of this eclogue, is delineated with ſufficient accuracy. The time ſeems to be the evening; at leaſt the ſong does not ceaſe, till the flocks are folded, and the evening ſtar appears.

Fallen from his head; and by the well-worn ear
His cup of ample ſize depended near.
Sudden ~~with~~ the ſwains the ſleeping God ſurpriſe,
And with his garland bind him as he lies,
(No better chain at hand) incens'd ſo long
To be defrauded of their promis'd ſong.
To aid their project, and remove their fears,
ÆGLE a beauteous fountain-nymph appears;
Who, while he hardly opes his heavy eyes,
His ſtupid brow with bloody berries dies.
Then ſmiling at the fraud SILENUS ſaid,
'And dare you thus a ſleeping God invade?
'To ſee me was enough; but haſte, unlooſe
'My bonds; the ſong no longer I refuſe;
'Unlooſe me, youths; my ſong ſhall pay your
'pains;
'For this fair nymph another boon remains.'
He ſung; reſponſive to the heavenly ſound
The ſtubborn oaks and foreſts dance around,

Tripping the Satyrs and the Fauns advance,
Wild beaſts forget their rage, and join the general
dance.
Not ſo Parnaſſus' liſtening rocks rejoice,
When PHOEBUS raiſes his celeſtial voice;
Nor Thracia's echoing mountains ſo admire,
When ORPHEUS ſtrikes the loud-lamenting
lyre.
For firſt he ſung of Nature's wondrous birth;
How ſeeds of water, air, and flame, and earth,
Down the vaſt void with caſual impulſe hurl'd,
Clung into ſhapes, and form'd this fabric of the
world.
Then hardens by degrees the tender ſoil,
And from the mighty mound the ſeas recoil.
O'er the wide world new various forms ariſe;
The infant-ſun along the brighten'd ſkies
Begins his courſe, while earth with glad amaze
The blazing wonder from below ſurveys.

The clouds ſublime their genial moiſture ſhed,
And the green grove lifts high its leafy head.
The ſavage beaſts o'er deſart mountains roam,
Yet few their numbers, and unknown their home.
He next the bleſt SATURNIAN ages ſung;
How a new race of men from * PYRRHA
ſprung;
PROMETHEUS' daring theft, and dreadful doom,
Whoſe growing heart devouring birds conſume.
Then names the ſpring renown'd for HYLAS'
fate
By the ſad mariners bewail'd too late;
They call on HYLAS with repeated cries,
And HYLAS, HYLAS, all the loneſome ſhore
replies.
Next he bewails PASIPHAE (haplefs dame!)
Who for a bullock felt a brutal flame.

T

* See Ovid Met. Lib. I.

What fury fires thy bosom, frantic queen!
How happy thou, if herds had never been!
The * Maids, whom JUNO, to avenge her wrong,
Like heifers doom'd to lowe the vales along,
Ne'er felt the rage of thy detested fire,
Ne'er were polluted with thy foul desire;
Though oft for horns they felt their polish'd
brow,
And their soft necks oft fear'd the galling plough.
Ah wretched queen! thou roam'st the mountain-
waste,
While, his white limbs on lillies laid to rest,
The half-digested herb again he chews,
Or some fair female of the herd pursues.
'Beset, ye Cretan nymphs, beset the grove,
'And trace the wandering footsteps of my love.

* Their names were Lysippe, Ipponoë, and Cyrianassa. Juno, to be avenged of them for preferring their own beauty to hers, struck them with madness, to such a degree, that they imaginined themselves to be heifers.

'Yet let my longing eyes my love behold,
'Before ſome favourite beauty of the fold
'Entice him with * Gortynian herds to ſtray,
'Where ſmile the vales in richeſt paſture gay.'
He ſung how golden fruit's reſiſtleſs grace
Decoy'd the † wary Virgin from the race.
‡ Then wraps in bark the mourning Siſters round,
And rears the lofty alders from the ground.
He ſung, while GALLUS by § Permeſſus ſtray'd,
A Siſter of the Nine the hero led
To the Aonian hill; the choir in haſte
Left their bright thrones, and hail'd the welcome guest.
LINUS aroſe, for ſacred ſong renown'd,
Whoſe brow a wreathe of flowers and parſley bound;

* Gortyna was a city of Crete. See Ovid. Art. Am. Lib. I.
† Atalanta. See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. X.
‡ See Ovid. Met. Lib. II.
§ A river in Bœotia ariſing from mount Helicon, ſacred to the Muſes.

And, ' Take, he ſaid, this pipe, which heretofore
' The far-fam'd * Shepherd of Aſcræa bore;
' Then heard the mountain-oaks its magic ſound,
' Leap'd from their hills, and thronging danced
' around.
' On this thou ſhalt renew the tuneful lay,
' And grateful ſongs to thy APOLLO pay,
' Whoſe fam'd † Grynæan temple from thy ſtrain
' Shall more exalted dignity obtain.'
Why ſhould I ſing unhappy ‡ SCYLLA's fate?
Sad monument of jealous CIRCE's hate!
Round her white breaſt what furious monſters
roll,
And to the daſhing waves inceſſant howl:
How from the § ſhips that bore ULYSSES' crew
Her dogs the trembling ſailors drag'd, and ſlew.

* Heſiod.

† Grynium was a maritime town of the Leſſer Aſia, where were an antient temple and oracle of Apollo.

‡ See Virgil Æn. III.

§ See Homer Odyſſ. Lib. XII.

Of † PHILOMELA's feaſt why ſhould I ſing,
And what dire chance befel the Thracian king?
Changed to a lapwing by th' avenging God
He made the barren waſte his lone abode,
And oft on ſoaring pinions hover'd o'er
The lofty palace then his own no more.

The tuneful God renews each pleaſing theme,
Which PHOEBUS ſung by bleſs'd Eurotas' ſtream;
When bleſs'd Eurotas gently flow'd along,
And bade his laurels learn the lofty ſong.
SILENUS ſung; the vocal vales reply,
And heavenly muſic charms the liſtening ſky.
But now their folds the number'd flocks invite,
The ſtar of evening ſheds its trembling light,
And the unwilling heavens are wrapt in night.

† See Ovid's Metamorph. Lib. VI.

THE

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

BENEATH an holm that murmur'd to the breeze
The youthful DAPHNIS lean'd in rural eaſe:
With him two gay Arcadian ſwains reclin'd,
Who in the neighbouring vale their flocks had join'd,

The ſcene of this Paſtoral is as follows. Four ſhepherds, Daphnis in the moſt diſtinguiſhed place, Corydon, Thyrſis and Meliboeus are ſeen reclining beneath an holm. Sheep and goats intermixed are feeding hard by. At a little diſtance Mincius fringed with reeds appears winding along. Fields and trees compoſe the ſurrounding ſcene. A venerable oak, with bees ſwarming around it, is particularly diſtinguiſhed. The time ſeems to be the forenoon of a ſummer-day.

THYRSIS, whoſe care it was the goats to keep,
And CORYDON, who fed the fleecy ſheep;
Both in the flowery prime of youthful days,
Both ſkill'd in ſingle or reſponſive lays.
While I with buſy hand a ſhelter form
To guard my myrtles from the future ſtorm,
The huſband of my goats had chanced to ſtray:
To find the vagrant out I take my way.
Which DAPHNIS ſeeing cries, 'Diſmiſs your
'fear,
'Your kids and goat are all in ſafety here;
'And, if no other care require your ſtay,
'Come, and with us unbend the toils of day
'In this cool ſhade; at hand your heifers feed,
'And of themſelves will to the watering ſpeed;
'Here fringed with reeds ſlow Mincius winds
'along,
'And round yon oak the bees ſoft-murmuring
'throng.'

What could I do? for I was left alone,
My PHYLLIS and ALCIPPE both were gone,
And none remain'd to feed my weanling lambs,
And to restrain them from their bleating dams;
Betwixt the swains a solemn match was set,
To prove their skill, and end a long debate.
Though serious matters claim'd my due regard,
Their pastime to my business I prefer'd.
To sing by turns the Muse inspir'd the swains,
And CORYDON began th' alternate strains.

CORYDON.

YE Nymphs of Helicon, my sole desire!
O warm my breast with all my CODRUS' fire,
If none can equal CODRUS' heavenly lays,
For next to PHOEBUS he deserves the praise,
No more I ply the tuneful art divine,
My silent pipe shall hang on yonder pine.

THYRSIS.

ARCADIAN ſwains, an ivy wreathe beſtow,
With early honours crown your poet's brow;
CODRUS ſhall chafe, if you my ſongs commend,
Till burning ſpite his tortur'd entrails rend;
Or amulets, to bind my temples, frame,
Leſt his invidious praiſes blaſt my fame.

CORYDON.

A STAG's tall horns, and ſtain'd with ſavage gore
This briſtled viſage of a tuſky boar,
To thee, O Virgin-goddeſs of the chace,
Young MYCON offers for thy former grace.
If like ſucceſs his future labours crown,
Thine, Goddeſs, then ſhall be a nobler boon,
In poliſh'd marble thou ſhalt ſhine complete,
And purple ſandals ſhall adorn thy feet.

THYRSIS.

To thee, *PRIAPUS, each returning year,
This bowl of milk, these hallow'd cakes we bear;
Thy care our garden is but meanly stor'd,
And mean oblations all we can afford.
But if our flocks a numerous offspring yield,
And our decaying fold again be fill'd,
Though now in marble thou obscurely shine,
For thee a golden statue we design.

CORYDON.

O GALATEA, whiter than the swan,
Loveliest of all thy sisters of the main,
Sweeter than Hybla, more than lillies fair!
If ought of CORYDON employ thy care,
When shades of night involve the silent sky,
And slumbering in their stalls the oxen lie,
Come to my longing arms, and let me prove
Th' immortal sweets of GALATEA's love.

* This Deity presided over gardens.

THYRSIS.

As the vile ſea-weed ſcatter'd by the ſtorm,
As he whoſe face * Sardinian herbs deform,
As burs and brambles that diſgrace the plain,
So nauſeous ſo deteſted be thy ſwain;
If when thine abſence I am doom'd to bear
The day appears not longer than a year.
Go home, my flocks, ye lengthen out the day,
For ſhame, ye tardy flocks, for ſhame away!

CORYDON.

Ye moſſy fountains warbling as ye flow!
And ſofter than the ſlumbers ye beſtow
Ye graſſy banks! ye trees with verdure crown'd,
Whoſe leaves a glimmering ſhade diffuſe around!
Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
And ſcreen them from the ſummer's raging heat;

* It was the property of this poiſonous herb to diſtort the features of thoſe who had eaten of it, in ſuch a manner, that they ſeemed to expire in an agonyof laughter.

For now the year in brighteſt glory ſhines,
Now reddening cluſters deck the bending vines.

THYRSIS.

Here's wood for fuel; here the fire diſplays
To all around its animating blaze;
Black with continual ſmoke our poſts appear;
Nor dread we more the rigour of the year,
Than the fell wolf the fearful lambkins dreads,
When he the helpleſs fold by night invades;
Or ſwelling torrents, headlong as they roll,
The weak reſiſtance of the ſhatter'd mole.

CORYDON.

Now yellow harveſts wave on every field,
Now bending boughs the hoary cheſnut yield,
Now loaded trees reſign their annual ſtore,
And on the ground the mellow fruitage pour;
Jocund the face of Nature ſmiles, and gay;
But if the fair ALEXIS were away,

Inclement drought the hardening ſoil would
drain,
And ſtreams no longer murmur o'er the plain.

THYRSIS.

A LANGUID hue the thirſty fields aſſume,
Parch'd to the root the flowers reſign their bloom,
The faded vines refuſe their hills to ſhade,
Their leafy verdure wither'd and decay'd;
But if my PHYLLIS on theſe plains appear,
Again the groves their gayeſt green ſhall wear,
Again the clouds their copious moiſture lend,
And in the genial rain ſhall JOVE deſcend.

CORYDON.

ALCIDES' brows the poplar-leaves ſurround,
APOLLO's beamy locks with bays are crown'd,
The myrtle, lovely Queen of ſmiles, is thine,
And jolly BACCHUS loves the curling vine;
But while my PHYLLIS loves the hazle-ſpray,
To hazle yield the myrtle and the bay.

THYRSIS.

THE fir, the hills; the aſh adorns the woods;
The pine, the gardens; and the poplar, floods.
If thou, my LYCIDAS, wilt deign to come,
And chear thy ſhepherd's ſolitary home,
The aſh ſo fair in woods, and garden-pine
Will own their beauty far excel'd by thine.

MELIBOEUS.

So ſung the ſwains, but THYRSIS ſtrove in vain;
Thus far I bear in mind th' alternate ſtrain.
Young CORYDON acquir'd unrival'd fame,
And ſtill we pay a deference to his name.

THE

THE EIGHTH

PASTORAL.

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

REHEARSE we, POLLIO, the enchanting ſtrains
Alternate ſung by two contending ſwains.
Charm'd by their ſongs, the hungry heifers ſtood
In deep amaze, unmindful of their food;
The liſtening lynxes laid their rage aſide,
The ſtreams were ſilent, and forgot to glide.

In this eight Paſtoral no particular ſcene is deſcribed. The Poet rehearſes the ſongs of two contending ſwains Damon and Alpheſibœus. The former adopts the ſoliloquy of a deſpairing lover: the latter chooſes for his ſubject the magic rites of an Enchantreſs forſaken by her lover, and recalling him by the power of her ſpells.

O Thou, where'er thou lead'ſt thy conquering
hoſt,
Or by * Timavus, or th' Illyrian coaſt!
When ſhall my Muſe tranſported with the theme
In ſtrains ſublime my POLLIO's deeds proclaim;
And celebrate thy lays by all admir'd,
Such as of old SOPHOCLES' Muſe inſpir'd?
To thee, the patron of my rural ſongs,
To thee my firſt my lateſt lay belongs.
Then let this humble ivy-wreathe incloſe,
Twin'd with triumphal bays, thy godlike brows.
What time the chill ſky brightens with the dawn,
When cattle love to crop the dewy lawn,
Thus DAMON to the woodlands wild complain'd,
As 'gainſt an olive's lofty trunk he lean'd.

DAMON.

LEAD on the genial day, O Star of morn!
While wretched I, all hopeleſs and forlorn,

* A river in Italy.

With my laſt breath my fatal woes deplore,
And call the Gods by whom falſe NISA ſwore;
Though they, regardleſs of a lover's pain,
Heard her repeated vows, and heard in vain.
* Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Bleſt Mænalus! that hears the paſtoral ſong
Still languiſhing its tuneful groves along!
That hears th' Arcadian God's celeſtial lay,
Who taught the idly-ruſtling reeds to play!
That hears the ſinging pines! that hears the ſwain
Of love's ſoft chains melodiouſly complain!
Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

MOPSUS the willing NISA now enjoys----
What may not lovers hope from ſuch a choice!

X

* This *intercalary line* (as it called by the Commentators) which ſeems to be intended as a chorus or burden to the ſong, is here made the laſt of a triplet, that it may be as independent of the context and the verſe in the tranſlation, as it is in the Original.——Mænalus was a mountain of Arcadia.

Now mares and griffins ſhall their hate reſign,
And the ſucceeding age ſhall ſee them join
In friendſhip's tie; now mutual love ſhall bring
The dog and doe to ſhare the friendly ſpring.
Scatter thy nuts, O MOPSUS, and prepare
The nuptial torch to light the wedded Fair.
Lo Heſper haſtens to the weſtern main!
And thine the night of bliſs---thine, happy ſwain!
Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Exult, O NISA, in thy happy ſtate!
Supremely bleſt in ſuch a worthy mate!
While you my beard deteſt, and buſhy brow,
And think the gods forget the world below:
While you my flock and rural pipe diſdain,
And treat with bitter ſcorn a faithful ſwain.
Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

When firſt I ſaw you by your mother's ſide,
To where our apples grew I was your guide:
Twelve ſummers ſince my birth had roll'd a-
round,
And I could reach the branches from the ground.
How did I gaze!---how periſh!---ah how vain
The fond bewitching hopes that ſooth'd my
pain!
Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Too well I know thee, LOVE. From Scy-
thian ſnows,
Or Lybia's burning ſands the miſchief roſe.
Rocks adamantine nurs'd this foreign bane,
This fell invader of the peaceful plain.
Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Love taught the * Mother's murdering hand
to kill,
Her children's blood Love bade the Mother ſpill.

* Medea.

† Was Love the cruel cauſe? Or did the deed
From fierce unfeeling cruelty proceed?
Both fill'd her brutal boſom with their bane;
Both urg'd the deed, while Nature ſhrunk in vain.
Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Now let the fearful lamb the wolf devour;
Let alders bloſſom with Narciſſus' flower;
From barren ſhrubs let radiant amber flow;
Let rugged oaks with golden fruitage glow;
Let ſhrieking owls with ſwans melodious vie;
Let TITYRUS the Thracian numbers try,
Outrival ORPHEUS in the ſylvan reign,
And emulate ARION on the main.
Begin, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

† This ſeems to be Virgil's meaning. The Tranſlator did not chooſe to preſerve the conceit on the words *puer* and *mater* in his verſion; as this (in his opinion) would have rendered the paſſage obſcure and unpleaſing to an Engliſh reader.

Let land no more the ſwelling waves divide;
Earth, be thou whelm'd beneath the boundleſs tide;
Headlong from yonder promontory's brow
I plunge into the rolling deep below.
Farewell, ye woods! farewell, thou flowery plain!
Hear the laſt lay of a deſpairing ſwain.
And ceaſe, my pipe, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Here DAMON ceas'd. And now, ye tuneful Nine,
ALPHESIBOEUS' magic verſe ſubjoin.
To his reſponſive ſong your aid we call,
Our power extends not equally to all.

ALPHESIBOEUS.

BRING living waters from the ſilver ſtream,
With vervain and fat incenſe feed the flame,
With this ſoft wreathe the ſacred altars bind;
To move my cruel DAPHNIS to be kind,

And with my phrenzy to inflame his ſoul;
Charms are but wanting to complete the whole.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to
my arms,
O bring my long-loſt love, my powerful charms.
BY powerful charms what prodigies are done!
Charms draw pale CYNTHIA from her ſilver
throne;
Charms burſt the bloated ſnake, and * CIRCE'S
gueſts
By mighty magic charms were changed to beaſts.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to
my arms,
O bring my long-loſt love, my powerful charms.
Three woolen wreathes, and each of triple die,
Three times about thy image I apply,

* See Hom. Odyſſ. Lib. X.

Then thrice I bear it round the ſacred ſhrine;
Uneven numbers pleaſe the Powers divine.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to
my arms,
O bring my long-loſt love, my powerful charms.
Haſte, let three colours with three knots be
join'd,
And ſay, 'Thy fetters, VENUS, thus I bind.'
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to
my arms,
O bring my long-loſt love, my powerful charms.
As this ſoft clay is harden'd by the flame,
And as this wax is ſoften'd by the ſame,
My love, that harden'd DAPHNIS to diſdain,
Shall ſoften his relenting heart again.
Scatter the ſalted corn, and place the bays,
And with fat brimſtone light the ſacred blaze.

DAPHNIS my burning paſſion ſlights with ſcorn,
And DAPHNIS in this blazing bay I burn.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to my arms,
O bring my long-loſt love, my powerful charms.
As when, to find her love, an heifer roams
Through trackleſs groves, and ſolitary glooms;
Sick with deſire, abandon'd to her woes,
By ſome lone ſtream her languid limbs ſhe throws;
There in deep anguiſh waſtes the tedious night,
Nor thoughts of home her late return invite:
Thus may he love, and thus indulge his pain,
While I enhance his torments with diſdain.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to my arms,
O bring my long-loſt love, my powerful charms.

These robes beneath the threshold here I leave,
These pledges of his love, O earth, receive.
Ye dear memorials of our mutual fire,
Of you my faithless DAPHNIS I require.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to
my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.
These deadly poisons, and these magic weeds,
Selected from the store which Pontus breeds,
Sage MOERIS gave me; oft I saw him prove
Their sovereign power; by these, along the grove
A prowling wolf the dread magician roams;
Now gliding ghosts from the profoundest tombs
Inspir'd he calls; the rooted corn he wings,
And to strange fields the flying harvest brings.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to
my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Theſe aſhes from the altar take with ſpeed,
And treading backwards caſt them o'er your head
Into the running ſtream, nor turn your eye.
Yet this laſt ſpell, though hopeleſs, let me try.
But nought can move the unrelenting ſwain,
And ſpells, and magic verſe, and Gods are vain.
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to my arms,
O bring my long-loſt love, my powerful charms.
Lo, while I linger, with ſpontaneous fire
The aſhes redden, and the flames aſpire!
May this new prodigy auſpicious prove!
What fearful hopes my beating boſom move!
Hark, does not Hylax bark!---ye Powers ſupreme,
Can it be real, or do lovers dream!---
He comes, my DAPHNIS comes; forbear my charms;
My love, my DAPHNIS flies to bliſs my longing arms.

THE

THE NINTH

PASTORAL.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

GO you to town, my friend? this beaten way
Conducts us thither.

MOERIS.

Ah! the fatal day,
The unexpected day at last is come,
When a rude alien drives us from our home.

This and the first eclogue seem to have been written on the same occasion.—The time is a still evening. The landscape is described at the 97th line of this translation. On one side of the highway is an artificial arbour, where Lycidas invites Mœris to rest a little

Hence, hence, ye clowns, th' uſurper thus commands,
To me you muſt reſign your antient lands.
Thus helpleſs and forlorn we yield to fate;
And our rapacious lord to mitigate
This brace of kids a preſent I deſign,
Which load with curſes, O ye Powers divine!

LYCIDAS.

'Twas ſaid, MENALCAS with his tuneful ſtrains
Had ſav'd the grounds of all the neighbouring ſwains,

little from the fatigue of his journey: and at a conſiderable diſtance appears a ſepulchre by the way-ſide, where the antient ſepulchres were commonly erected.

The Critics with one voice ſeem to condemn this eclogue as unworthy of its Author; I know not for what good reaſon. The many beautiful lines ſcattered through it would, one might think, be no weak recommendation. But it is by no means to be reckoned a looſe collection of incoherent fragments; its principal parts are all ſtrictly connected, and refer to a certain end, and its alluſions and images are wholly ſuited to paſtoral life. Its ſubject though uncommon is not improper; for what is more natural, than that two ſhepherds

From where the hill, that terminates the vale,
In easy risings first begins to swell,
Far as the blasted beeche that mates the sky,
And the clear stream that gently murmurs by.

MOERIS.

SUCH was the voice of fame; but music's charms,
Amid the dreadful clang of warlike arms,
Avail no more, than the Chaonian dove,
When down the sky descends the bird of JOVE.
And had not the prophetic raven spoke
His dire presages from the hollow oak,
And often warn'd me to avoid debate,
And with a patient mind submit to fate,
Ne'er had thy MOERIS seen this fatal hour,
And that melodious swain had been no more.

shepherds, when occasionally mentioning the good qualities of their absent friend, particularly his poetical talents, should repeat such fragments of his songs as they recollected?

LYCIDAS.

WHAT horrid breaſt ſuch impious thoughts
could breed!
What barbarous hand could make MENALCAS
bleed!
Could every tender Muſe in him deſtroy,
And from the ſhepherds raviſh all their joy!
For who but he the lovely nymphs could ſing,
Or paint the vallies with the purple ſpring?
Who ſhade the fountains from the glare of day?
Who but MENALCAS could compoſe the lay,
Which, as we journey'd to my love's abode,
I ſoftly ſung to chear the lonely road?
'* TITYRUS, while I am abſent, feed the flock,
'And having fed conduct them to the brook,

* Tityrus] Theſe lines, which Virgil has tranſlated literally from Theocritus, may be ſuppoſed to be a fragment of the poem mentioned in the preceeding verſes; or, what is more likely, to be ſpoken by Lycidas to his ſervant; ſomething ſimilar to which may be ſeen Paſt. 5. v. 20. of this tranſlation.—The Original is here remarkably explicit, even to a degree of affectation. This the Tranſlator has endeavoured to imitate.

'(The way is ſhort, and I ſhall ſoon return)
'But ſhun the he-goat with the butting horn.'

MOERIS.

OR who could finiſh the imperfect lays
Sung by MENALCAS to his VARUS' praiſe?
'If fortune yet ſhall ſpare the Mantuan ſwains,
'And ſave from plundering hands our peaceful
'plains,
'Nor doom us ſad Cremona's fate to ſhare,
'(For ah! a neighbour's woe excites our fear)
'Then high as heaven our VARUS' fame ſhall
'riſe,
'The warbling ſwans ſhall bear it to the ſkies.'

LYCIDAS.

Go on, dear ſwain, theſe pleaſing ſongs purſue;
So may thy bees avoid the bitter yew,
So may rich herds thy fruitful fields adorn,
So may thy cows with ſtrutting dugs return.

Even I with poets have obtain'd a name,
The Muſe inſpires me with poetic flame;
Th' applauding ſhepherds to my ſongs attend,
But I ſuſpect my ſkill, though they commend.
I dare not hope to pleaſe a CINNA's ear,
Or ſing what VARUS might vouchſafe to hear.
Harſh are the ſweeteſt lays that I can bring,
So ſcreams a gooſe where ſwans melodious ſing.

MOERIS.

THIS I am pondering, if I can rehearſe
The lofty numbers of that labour'd verſe.
'Come, GALATEA, leave the rolling ſeas;
'Can rugged rocks and heaving ſurges pleaſe?
'Come, taſte the pleaſures of our ſylvan bowers,
'Our balmy-breathing gales, and fragrant flowers.
'See, how our plains rejoice on every ſide,
'How cryſtal ſtreams through blooming vallies
'glide:

'O'er the cool grot the whitening poplars bend,
'And clasping vines their grateful umbrage lend.
'Come, beauteous nymph, forsake the briny wave,
'Loud on the beach let the wild billows rave.'

LYCIDAS.

OR what you sung one evening on the plain--
The air, but not the words, I yet retain.

MOERIS.

'WHY, DAPHNIS, dost thou calculate the
'skies,
'To know when antient constellations rise?
'Lo, CÆSAR's star its radiant light displays,
'And on the nations sheds propitious rays.
'On the glad hills the reddening clusters glow,
'And smiling Plenty decks the plains below.
'Now graff thy pears; the star of CÆSAR reigns,
'To thy remotest race the fruit remains.'

The reſt I have forgot, for length of years
Deadens the ſenſe, and memory impairs.
All things in time ſubmit to ſad decay;
Oft have we ſung whole ſummer ſuns away.
Theſe vaniſh'd joys muſt MOERIS now deplore,
His voice delights, his numbers charm no more;
* Him have the wolves beheld, bewitch'd his ſong,
Bewitch'd to ſilence his melodious tongue.
But your deſire MENALCAS can fulfil,
All theſe, and more, he ſings with matchleſs ſkill.

LYCIDAS.

THESE faint excuſes which my MOERIS frames
But heighten my deſire.---And now the ſtreams
In ſlumber-ſoothing murmurs ſoftly flow;
And now the ſighing breeze hath ceas'd to blow.

* In Italia creditur luporum viſus eſſe noxios; vocemque homini quem priores contemplentur adimere ad præſens.
Plin. N. H. VIII. 22.

Half of our way is paſt, for I deſcry
* BIANOR's tomb juſt riſing to the eye.
Here in this leafy arbour eaſe your toil,
Lay down your kids, and let us ſing the while:
We ſoon ſhall reach the town; or, leſt a ſtorm
Of ſudden rain the evening-ſky deform,
Be yours to chear the journey with a ſong,
Eas'd of your load, which I ſhall bear along.

MOERIS.

No more, my friend; your kind entreaties ſpare,
And let our journey be our preſent care;
Let fate reſtore our abſent friend again,
Then gladly I reſume the tuneful ſtrain.

* Bianor is ſaid to have founded Mantua. SERVIUS.

THE TENTH

PASTORAL.

GALLUS.

TO my last labour lend thy sacred aid,
O ARETHUSA: that the cruel Maid

The scene of this Pastoral is very accurately delineated. We behold the forlorn Gallus stretched along beneath a solitary cliff, his flocks standing round him at some distance. A groupe of deities and swains encircle him, each of whom is particularly described. On one side we see the shepherds with their crooks; next to them the neatherds known by the clumsiness of their appearance; and next to these Menalcas with his clothes wet, as just come from beating or gathering winter-mast. On the other side we observe Apollo with his usual insignia; Sylvanus crown'd with flowers and brandishing in his hand the longlillies and flowering fennel; and last of all Pan, the god of shepherds, known by his ruddy smiling countenance, and the other peculiarities of his form.

Gallus was a Roman of very considerable rank, a poet of no small estimation, and an intimate friend of Virgil. He loved to distraction one Cytheris (here called Lycoris) who slighted him, and followed Antony into Gaul.

With deep remorſe may read the mournful ſong,
For mournful lays to GALLUS' love belong.
(What Muſe in ſympathy will not beſtow
Some tender ſtrains to ſoothe my GALLUS' woe?)
So may thy waters pure of briny ſtain
Traverſe the waves of the Sicilian main.
Sing, mournful Muſe, of GALLUS' luckleſs love,
While the goats browſe along the cliffs above.
Nor ſilent is the waſte while we complain,
The woods return the long-reſounding ſtrain.
Whither, ye fountain-Nymphs, were ye withdrawn,
To what lone woodland, or what devious lawn,
When GALLUS' boſom languiſh'd with the fire
Of hopeleſs love, and unallay'd deſire?
For neither by th' Aonian ſpring you ſtray'd,
Nor roam'd Parnaſſus' heights, nor Pindus' hallow'd ſhade.

The pines of Mænalus were heard to mourn,
And ſounds of woe along the groves were born.
And ſympathetic tears the laurel ſhed,
And humbler ſhrubs declin'd their drooping head.
All wept his fate, when to deſpair reſign'd
Beneath a deſart-cliff he lay reclin'd.
Lyceus' rocks were hung with many a tear,
And round the ſwain his flocks forlorn appear,
Nor ſcorn, celeſtial bard, a Poet's name;
Renown'd ADONIS by the lonely ſtream
Tended his flock.---As thus he lay along,
The ſwains and awkward neatherds round him throng.
Wet from the winter-maſt MENALCAS came,
All aſk, what Beauty rais'd the fatal flame.
The God of verſe vouchſafed to join the reſt;
He ſaid, What phrenſy thus torments thy breaſt?

While ſhe, thy darling, thy LYCORIS ſcorns
Thy proffer'd love, and for another burns,
With whom o'er winter-waſtes ſhe wanders far,
'Midſt camps, and claſhing arms, and boiſterous
war.
SYLVANUS came with rural garlands crown'd,
And wav'd the lillies long, and flowering fennel
round.
Next we beheld the gay Arcadian God;
His ſmiling cheeks with bright vermilion glow'd.
For ever wilt thou heave the burſting ſigh?
Is Love regardful of the weeping eye?
Love is not cloy'd with tears; alas, no more
Than bees luxurious with the balmy flow'r,
Than goats with foliage, than the graſſy plain
With ſilver rills and ſoft refreſhing rain.
PAN ſpoke; and thus the Youth with grief oppreſt;
Arcadians, hear, O hear my laſt requeſt;

O ye, to whom the ſweeteſt lays belong,
O let my ſorrows on your hills be ſung:
If your ſoft flutes ſhall celebrate my woes,
How will my bones in deepeſt peace repoſe!
Ah had I been with you a country-ſwain,
And prun'd the vine, and fed the bleating train;
Had PHYLLIS, or ſome other rural Fair,
Or black AMYNTAS been my darling care;
(Beauteous though black; what lovelier flower is
ſeen
Than the dark violet on the painted green?):
Theſe in the bower had yielded all their charms,
And ſunk with mutual raptures in my arms;
PHYLLIS had crown'd my head with garlands
gay,
AMYNTAS ſung the pleaſing hours away.
Here, O LYCORIS, purls the limpid ſpring,
Bloom all the meads, and all the woodlands ſing;

Here let me preſs thee to my panting breaſt,
Till youth, and joy, and life itſelf be paſt.
Baniſh'd by love o'er hoſtile lands I ſtray,
And mingle in the battle's dread array;
Whilſt thou, relentleſs to my conſtant flame,
(Ah could I diſbelieve the voice of Fame!)
Far from thy home, unaided and forlorn,
Far from thy love, thy faithful love, art born,
On the bleak Alps with chilling blaſts to pine,
Or wander waſte along the frozen Rhine.
Ye icy paths, O ſpare her tender form!
O ſpare thoſe heavenly charms, thou wintry ſtorm!
Hence let me haſten to ſome deſart-grove,
And ſoothe with ſongs my long-unanſwer'd love.
I go, in ſome lone wilderneſs to ſuit
Euboean lays to my Sicilian flute.
Better with beaſts of prey to make abode
In the deep cavern, or the darkſome wood;

And carve on trees the ſtory of my woe,
Which with the growing bark ſhall ever grow.
Meanwhile with woodland-nymphs, a lovely
throng,
The winding groves of Mænalus along
I roam at large; or chace the foaming boar;
Or with ſagacious hounds the wilds explore,
Careleſs of cold. And now methinks I bound
O'er rocks and cliffs, and hear the woods re-
ſound;
And now with beating heart I ſeem to wing
The Cretan arrow from the Parthian ſtring----
As if I thus my phrenſy could forego,
As if love's God could melt at human woe.
Alas! nor nymphs nor heavenly ſongs delight--
Farewell, ye groves! the groves no more invite.
No pains no miſeries of man can move
The unrelenting Deity of love.

To quench your thirſt in Hebrus' frozen flood,
To make the Scythian ſnows your drear abode;
Or feed your flock on Aethiopian plains,
When Sirius' fiery conſtellation reigns,
(When deep-imbrown'd the languid herbage lies,
And in the elm the vivid verdure dies)
Were all in vain. LOVE's unreſiſted ſway
Extends to all, and we muſt LOVE obey.
'Tis done; ye NINE, here ends your poet's ſtrain
In pity ſung to ſoothe his GALLUS' pain.
While leaning on a flowery bank I twine
The flexile oſiers, and the baſket join.
Celeſtial NINE, your ſacred influence bring,
And ſoothe my GALLUS' ſorrows while I ſing:
GALLUS, my much-belov'd! for whom I feel
The flame of pureſt friendſhip riſing ſtill:

So by a brook the verdant alders rise,
When fostering zephyrs fan the vernal skies.
Let us be gone: at eve, the shade annoys
With noxious damps, and hurts the singer's voice;
The juniper breathes bitter vapours round,
That kill the springing corn, and blast the ground.
Homeward, my fated goats, now let us hie;
Lo beamy Hesper gilds the western sky.

THE END.