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VIRGIL's *Husbandry*,

OR AN

ESSAY



ON THE

GEORGICS:

Being the FIRST BOOK.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

To which are added

The *Latin* Text, and Mr. *Dryden's* Version.

With NOTES Critical, and Rustick.

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*Instruct the list'ning World how MARO Sings  
Of Useful Subjects, and of Lofty Things.*

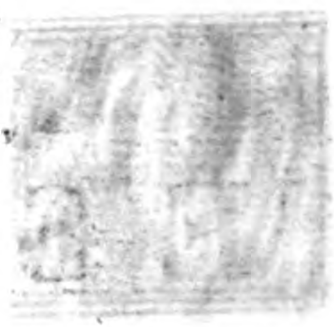
*Roscommon.* Essay on Translat. Verse.

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THE  
P R E F A C E.



THE single Note which Mr. *Dryden* has made on the First *Georgic*, begins thus ; “ The Poetry of this Book is more sublime than any Part of VIRGIL, if I have any Taste ; and if ever I have copied his Majestick Stile, ’tis here ”. This Passage has given Occasion to a Remark on the *Essay on the Second Georgic*, publish’d some Time since, that allowing what is there endeavour’d to be prov’d, namely, that the second *Georgic* is meanly translated by Mr. *Dryden* ; yet if the First is so very well done, that Mr. *Dryden* takes the Liberty to give it as high Commendations as he could with Decency bestow on any Thing of his own Writing ; this is sufficient to deter any one from undertaking a new Translation of the *Georgics*.

THE Design of the following Essay is to answer this Objection, by shewing how far Mr. *Dryden* is from copying the Majesty of VIRGIL’S Style in his Performance ; how little he understands VIRGIL’S Sence in many Places, or enters into the Manner, and Character of the Author.

I perswade my self this will appear frequently by comparing the two Translations together ; but to make it yet plainer, I shall here, examin a Passage or two more fully than I can the whole in a Work of this Nature. I shall begin with the first six Lines of Mr. *Dryden's Version*, which ought not to be suppos'd the worst :

*What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn  
The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn ;  
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine ;  
And how to raise on Elms the teeming Vine :  
The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,  
I sing, MÆCENAS, and I sing to Thee.*

BEFORE I enter upon Mr. *Dryden's* Translation, I cannot but observe that this *Exordium* or *Proposition* in the Original, is embellish'd with all the Art and Beauty imaginable. *First*, The Poet lays down the Matter he intends to treat of, in the plainest Manner. He mentions his *Patron*, but without any *Ostentation* ; for he understood very well that it depended on his Success in the Work to shew that he deserv'd the Honour that was done him in being singled out by so great a Judge on such an Occasion. The Manner in which he lays down his Subject is with the greatest Modesty : *Quid faciat*, not *Quid facit* : *quo sidere conveniat*, et *qui fit cultus* ; and the first mention he makes of himself, *Hinc canere incipiam*, expresses a becoming Diffidence. He only says, He will *begin*, or He will *try* to write on these Subjects in Verse ; by which he suggests they are so difficult that he very much doubts how he may be able to go on with them. This is the *Tremor Oratoris* so much applauded by the Ancients.

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IN like manner, he rises gradually at the Beginning of each following Book: The *Exordium* of the Second Book is chiefly a Recapitulation of the First: And then, with great Art, he brings in his Patron to assist him in his farther Progress.

WHEN he comes to the Third Book, having now gone as far again as ever any one went before, he rises higher, and owns his Subject to be above the common Trifles which most Writers are amus'd with. Here he ventures to declare that it was *Mæcenæ* put him upon this Work; and, like a skilful Courtier, to enhance the Value of his Services, he observes the Difficulty of the Task that was set him, *tua Mæcenæ, haud mollia jussa*. But then he shews that nothing terrifies him under so great Protection: He promises yet nobler Things in the Conclusion of the Piece. *Mox tamen ardentem accingam dicere pugnam.* †

'Tis not till the Middle of the Third Book that he launches out in such a manner as other Poets have frequently begun with.

*Sed me Parnassæ deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor; jurat ire jugis qua nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.*

And again,

*Nunc veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum.*

A 2

He

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† This Passage the Commentators understand of the *Æneid*; but it is plainly meant of the Fourth *Georgic*. There he describes the *Ardentes Pugnas*, the Civil Wars betwixt the same People for the Sake of Rival Kings. In this Sence the Passage is very sublime, to promise to introduce such a matter in talking of Bees; but in one Poem to promise another is Low, and unworthy of *VIRGIL*, and what never enter'd into his Imagination.

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He enters boldly upon the Fourth Book, having already made three Times as much of his Subject as the celebrated *Grecian*; and the strongest Expression he any where makes use of in relation to himself, is here

*In tenui labor : at tenuis non gloria ; si quem  
Numina laeva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*

a Passage not at all understood by the Commentators.

BUT to return to the *Exordium* of the First Book: If the Manner of it is so artful and judicious, the Style is equally so; which I shall demonstrate as I go along with my Remarks upon Mr. *Dryden's* *Version* of this Passage.

*What makes a plenteous Harvest,*

THIS Beginning is dogmatical, and vulgar, and mean, considering who it is address'd to. *VIRGIL* does not propose the Practice of Husbandry to *Mecenas* as if he was to get his Livelihood by it, but he represents Husbandry as an Embellishment of the Earth, as well as a necessary Labour. He declares it to have been the Decree of Heaven, in order to banish Sloth from amongst Mankind.

— *Pater ipse colendi  
Haud facilem esse viam voluit, &c.*

HE shews by many Instances in each of the *Georgics*, that it was the Employment of the Greatest Men amongst them, even of their Princes, and their Heroes, or Demi-gods.

WHOEVER looks over the Schedule of the Countryman's Tools in this Book, will find a God,  
a God-

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a Goddess, and a Monarch, to have been the Inventors of several of them ; and upon this Account it is that VIRGIL introduces that Line, which, if I mistake not, he was the most delighted with of any one in all his *Georgics*.

*Si te digna manet divini Gloria Ruris.*

THE real Sence of which Line is, *If you have a due Value for Husbandry as the most glorious of all Employments ;* But Mr. Dryden has translated this Line in the same Way as the First.

— *If Ploughmen hope lin. 247*  
*The promis'd Blessing of a bounteous Crop.*

BUT there is another Remark to be made upon this Hemistich.

*What makes a plenteous Harvest,*

HERE Mr. Dryden follows *Ruæus*, as *Ruæus* follows *Pontanus* ; but he might have learnt from several other Commentators, that *Segetes* in this Place does not signify the *Corn*, but the *Corn-Lands* ; though without the Help of any Commentator, it is easy to see that in a Discourse of Husbandry, the manuring and ploughing of the Ground must needs be mentioned before the Harvest : But this is still more evident, when we consider that VIRGIL would not pretend to instruct Husbandmen in any Thing but what is in their Power to perform. Now it is certain, and VIRGIL himself very finely shews it a little lower, that a *plenteous Harvest* does not depend upon Prudence or Labour, but many other Things besides : What absolutely depends upon every one's Diligence and Care, is cultivating the Soil, in order to make it capable of Great Increase :



Increase: and therefore *letas Segetes* plainly means *Campos fructuosos*. It ought to be observ'd likewise, how artfully the Poet chuses this Figurative Adjective *letas*: For no proper Epithet could have express'd his Sence. *Letas* is by *Servius*, and others, taken for *Pingues*; but that is very distant from the Author's Meaning. Some Lands are of themselves too *fat*, and by that means heavy and dull; and the Way to make them *letas*, *joyful*, is by Ploughing, and other Methods which the Poet mentions. Neither is it meant to express *pueres* only; for tho' That would have been proper in relation to *heavy, rich* Soil, it would not have answered to the *lighter*, which this figurative Expression does to all alike.

I shall conclude this Remark with what may be of Use to our Observations throughout the whole Book. I shall take notice what it was that made Mr. *Dryden* mistake his Author in this Place, and so many others. This appears to have been the different Manner the *Latin*, and the *English* Poet wrote in, from very different Reasons. *VIRGIL*, who understood his Subject perfectly well, and had the strongest Ideas and fullest Impressions of what he treated about, takes Care to paint to the Life every Thing he meddles with, and to describe it strongly to the Imagination, without expressing the Thing it self in the common Phrases.

*Quid faciat letas Segetes.*

HERE the Poet gives Life and Sense to the Earth; and this Expression enlivens the Fancy of the Reader, and spreads before his Eyes vast Tracts of Ground covered with all Sorts of Grain. But the moment you pronounce

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*What makes a plenteous Harvest,*

nothing rises to the Mind but a Farmer reaping his Corn, or carrying it to Market.

THE Meanness of Mr. *Dryden's* Style was owing to the Lowness of his Imagination on this Subject, of which he had but very slight Conceptions, or rather was perfectly ignorant. This made him frequently fall into the grossest of all Mistakes; which was to express the Thing spoken of in the most proper or vulgar Terms: He was fond of shewing his Learning in a manner that VIRGIL was ashamed of; and for the same Reason, when VIRGIL describes the matter in Hand by some remarkable Peculiarity, Mr. *Dryden*, ignorant of the Beauty of his Author, runs into a flat Account of the Thing itself. The Examples of this Kind are innumerable. I shall mention but one.

*Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.*

THIS Verse represents fully to the Life, a Flock of Sheep wash'd in a River; for the most remarkable Thing on that Occasion, is the prodigious Bleating which they make: But Mr. *Dryden* not acquainted with Nature, translates this Line thus,

*and steep*

*In wholsom Water-falls the Woolly-Sheep.* lin. 366

By casting my Eye upon this Passage of Mr. *Dryden*, I find it follow'd by another just of the same Turn of Translation.

And

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And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n with Toyl,  
 To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl:  
 Returning late, and loaden Home with Gain  
 Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.  
 (l. 367)

*Sape oleo tardi costas agitator aselli,  
 Vilibus aut onerat pomis : lapidemque revertens  
 Incusum, aut atræ massam picis urbe reportat.*

HERE VIRGIL paints in strong Colours a Man driving a poor Ass with bare Ribs, and a heavy Burden ; and the *incusum lapidem* is a very poetical Description of a Mill-stone. But Mr. *Dryden* has lost all the Beauties of the whole Passage.

IN like manner, in most of the Prognostics of the Weather, nothing can be wider from the Original than the Translation. The following Quotation will serve for one Instance amongst a Multitude.

*Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo  
 Necquicquam seros exercet noctua cantus.*

VIRGIL embellishes this mean Subject in a very extraordinary Manner. When he is to say that the *Hooting of Owls* at Night is a Sign of fair Weather, he takes Occasion to make a delicate Reflection upon superstitious People. Owls were suppos'd by such Persons always to forebode some Calamity by their Noise ; but now, says he, they sing *necquicquam, in vain* ; for No-body is so weak as to expect bad Weather from their Music. Mr. *Dryden*, instead of giving the same Hint, introduces his *Noctua* with the Poetry of a City Bellman.

And Owls, that mark the setting Sun, declare  
 A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.      l. 547

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THIS I take to be as Low Writing as can be met with in any Poetical Performance.

WHAT is next to be examin'd, is the Remainder of the first Line, and the rest of the Couplet.

— *When to turn  
The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn.*

HERE again Mr. *Dryden* unhappily follows *Ruæus*: For any one that attends to the Matter treated of in this *Georgic*, will perceive that *Sydere* is not us'd here figuratively. The *Cælestial Signs* to be observ'd by the Husbandman make a considerable Part of this Book: And this again shews that the Poet was not unmindful who he wrote to; and indeed he never loses Sight of his Patron. But Mr. *Dryden* is still lower than *Ruæus's* Interpretation; *When* to turn the Soil; and *When* to sow the Corn. Had VIRGIL put Two *Quandos* into his two first Lines, *Mæcenas* had never read any further.

How would it have stood in the *Latin*, if VIRGIL had begun

*Quid faciat lætas Segetes, et vertere quando  
Terram, Mæcenas, ulmisque adjungere quando  
Vites, and so on?*

YET this *Latin* is really as Poetical as Mr. *Dryden's English*.

I need not observe that *fruitful* is a meer Expletive, and an improper one; for *poor* Soil must be turn'd as well as the *fruitful*; Or that

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*when to sow the Corn* is perfectly for Rhyme Sake, and unknown to the Original ; Or how odly the Subject of the Third Book is plac'd before that of the Second. These Improperities lye obvious to every Eye : Nor is it less visible that *the Sheep, the Oxen, and the Kine* walk on as quietly and as regularly in the Metre as if they were going to a Fair. I shall now take Notice of the last Couplet.

*The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,  
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to Thee.*

*Quanta experientia* is very strangely translated *Birth and Genius*. Mr. Dryden did not at all enter into VIRGIL'S Design of proposing the Wisdom, and Government, and Arts of that little Creature, for an Example to the *Romans* ; yet this Oversight is more excusable than the following Line ;

*I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to Thee.*

WHICH is an empty Rant, and conveys no clear Idea at all to the Mind ; but the little that it does imply is directly opposite to VIRGIL'S Sence, and Modesty ; And yet I am perswaded Mr. Dryden thought this an admirable Imitation of VIRGIL'S *Majestick Style*.

IT is too apparent to admit of the least Doubt that Mr. Dryden did not sufficiently attend to his Author, when he is Majestic, and when his Style is on Purpose Low : And what is yet more extraordinary, he never once, as I can perceive, endeavours to imitate the Resemblance of VIRGIL'S Numbers to the Thing describ'd.

THAT

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THAT Mr. *Dryden* did not attend to his Author's Style, the Passage just mention'd is a plain Instance. *Hinc canere incipiam* is very cool and sedate; but Mr. *Dryden* soars as high as ever his Wings could carry him. The Invocation is throughout very sublime, especially in this Passage.

— *Vestro si munere tellus*  
*Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista,*  
*Poculaque inventis Acheloiâ miscuit uvis :*

Which Mr. *Dryden* translates,

*Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine : l. 10.*

THESE childish Antitheses, which VIRGIL ever avoids, Mr. *Dryden* continually affects. His Fancy was so over-run with this Low Kind of Epigrammic Wit, that he has debas'd even *Ovid*, especially the finest Parts of the *Metamorphosis*; for a Proof of which I refer the Reader to the Deluge in the First Book; and yet this Fault is more inexcusable in the Book now before us.

— *India mittit Ebur.*

*India black Ebon, and white Iv'ry bears l. 85*

And again the following Line is entirely his own.

*No rising Winds or falling Storms are nigh. l. 617*

BUT Mr. *Dryden's* Version of one of the most Majestic Passages of this First *Georgic* is very well worth observing. This is in the Description of the Thunder-Storm.

xii      The P R E F A C E.

— *media nimborum in nocte, corusca*  
*Fulmina molitur dextra.*

Which Mr. *Dryden* translates thus, speaking of  
*Jupiter,*

And from the middle Darkness *flashing out,*  
*By Fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.*      l. 446

THIS is very like *Hudibras's* Description of  
an unfavoury Shower that fell amongst the Mob,  
but not at all resembling VIRGIL'S.

WHY Mr. *Dryden* did not endeavour to imitate  
VIRGIL'S Numbers, where *the Sound is still a*  
*Comment on the Sence,* is not easy to imagin, un-  
less it was occasion'd by the Haste he wrote in ;  
for as this is one of the most agreeable, so it is  
certainly one of the most troublesom Parts of Po-  
etry. The Ingenious Editor of *Ovid's* Metamor-  
phosis, translated, makes a Question whether this  
Peculiarity of Metre was intended, or only ac-  
cidental. If that Learned Gentleman had consider'd  
VIRGIL, I mean this Part of his Works, the  
*Georgics,* as thoroughly as he had search'd into *O-*  
*vid,* I am perswaded he would not have had  
any Doubt on that Subject. If I mistake not, at  
least a Tenth Part of all the Lines of the Four  
*Georgics* are work'd up after this Manner. *Vida*  
is so explicit in Examples of this Kind from VIR-  
GIL, that *Scaliger* treats that Part of his Poem as a  
kind of *Centio.* But indeed he does not seem to  
have done that Poem Justice in any respect. It is  
a great Pleasure to see so valuable a Piece so ex-  
cellently translated of late : It cannot fail of being  
of particular Use to *English* Readers upon the  
Subject

The P R E F A C E. xiii

Subject which I am now treating of ; no other Author having handled it so fully. The Lord *Roscommon*, in his invaluable Treatise, has not omitted it. The *Essay on Criticism* has gone something farther ; but another Writer, by Example, though not by Precept, I mean the Author of *Cyder*, has carry'd this Point higher than any one before him in our Language. That Piece every where abounds with this kind of Excellence, as it does with all Perfections ; which is not strange when we consider from whence the Plan of the Poem, the Digressions, and the Language it self are taken. In the Particular I am treating of, the *English* Poet has often come up to the Strength of the *Roman* Writer. I beg Leave to mention only one.

*Tellurem Borea rigidam spirante movere.* Georgic 2d.

— and *Boreas*' Spirit blusters frore,

HERE I cannot resist the Temptation of citing an Original Passage in that incomparable Piece which shews how capable our Language is of this kind of Beauty. 'Tis in the Description of a Frosty Morning.

— Now the Fowler warn'd  
By these good Omens, with swift early Steps,  
*Treads the Crimp Earth,*

'Tis impossible any one should have a Poetical Ear, and not be sensible of the Power of these Four Monosyllables, *Treads the Crimp Earth*, which make the Reader hear the Frosty Ground crash under his Feet.



It is no small Fault in Mr. *Dryden's* Translation that he has pass'd over all the Beauties of this nature, in the *Georgics*. One would have thought that He who profess'd he had a particular Art of Versifying would have exerted it on this Occasion. What this Art was I am not able to guess, but it seems probable that it was rather Poetical Genius than Art that Mr. *Dryden's* best Lines were owing to: At least 'tis plain to be perceiv'd, that he had not such a certain Method of Versification as is observable in several Writers since Mr. *Dryden's* Time. What I mean will be better explain'd by Example than by any thing I can say about it. For Instance, this following Line has Nothing of Verse in it.

*Begin, when the slow Waggoner descends.* l. 318

THE Cæsure, or Pause, is said to be the chief Thing to be observ'd in the Mechanism of a Verse, and the Suspence which is occasion'd by some Transposition or other of the Phrase, is very properly call'd, by the best *French* Critick in Poetry I ever met with, *the Soul of the Verse*. In the Line above quoted, there is neither Cæsure nor Suspence; and yet with the least Alteration possible, the same Words would make a very good Line; as thus,

*Begin, when slow the Waggoner descends*

ALL the Alteration is only changing the Adjective into an Adverb, by which Means the Particle is brought near to its Relative, which remedies the Defect in the Cæsure; and the Adverb being remov'd at some Distance from the Verb, causes the necessary Suspence. Mr. *Dryden,*

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*den*, not having made this little Alteration, shews evidently that he was not so great a Versifier as he frequently assured the World he was, and as the World was pleas'd to believe on his Word.

IN the Notes at the end of this Essay, I have further endeavoured, but not by so many Instances as might have been taken Notice of, for that would have been an endless Task, to shew that Mr. *Dryden* mistook extremely, when he thought he had so nearly imitated the Style of this *Georgic*; not that I agree with Him that it is more sublime than any Part of VIRGIL'S Works. I cannot see that it is sublimer than any other of the *Georgics*: Those excepted, I am ready to subscribe to his Opinion; but as to the Four *Georgics* themselves, the Beauties of the Style, the Method, and Manner of each are very different from the others; and each is a most finish'd Master-piece in its kind.



*C. F. Guiche del. scul.*





# VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.



## BOOK I.



**W**HAT may delight the *Plains*, beneath what *Signs*  
 The Soil be turn'd, and joyn'd with *Elms* the *Vines*,  
 What Care to *Herd*s, *Mæcenas*, and their *Young*,  
 What mighty *Arts* to *Thrifty Bees* belong,  
 Hence, will I try to raise the vent'rous *Song*. }

VIRGILII GEORGICON. Liber Primus.

QUID faciat *Lætas* Segetes, quo *Sydere* *Terram*  
*Vertere*, *MÆCENAS*, *Ulmisque* *adjungere* *Vites*.  
*Conveniat*; *Quæ* *Cura* *Boum*, *qui* *cultus* *habendo*  
*Sit* *Pecori*, *Apibus* *quanta* *experientia* *Parcis*,

Mr. DRYDEN'S VERSION.

What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to Turn  
 The Fruitful Soil, and when to Sow the Corn:  
 The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine,  
 And when to raise on Elms the teeming Vine;  
 The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,  
 I sing, *Mæcenas*, and I sing to Thee;

B

Lights

2 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY!

Lights of the World! Ye brightest Orbs on high!  
 That lead the sliding Year around the Sky :  
*Bacchus* and fost'ring *Ceres*, Heav'nly Pair,  
 If for *Chaonian* Mast the shining Ear  
 First did the Earth by your kind Gift produce,  
 And mix'd with Chrystal Streams the Cluster's Juice ;  
 And you blest Pow'rs, still present to the Swain,  
 Hither ye *Fawns*, and you the *Dryad* Train,  
 Your Gifts I sing : And *Thou*, whose Trident's Force  
 First clave the Earth, and rais'd the neighing Horse :  
 And *Thou* the Guardian of the Sylvan Toil,  
 Whose full Three Hundred Steers graze *Cæa's* Isle :  
 And *Pan*, if thy *Arcadia* be thy Care,  
 Hither, thou Guardian of the Flock, repair :

*Hinc canere incipiam. Vos ô clarissima mundi  
 Lumina, labentem cælo quæ ducitis annum :  
 Liber, & alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus  
 Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista,  
 Poculaque inventis Achelosa miscuit uvis ;  
 Et vos agrestum præsentia numina Fauni ;  
 Ferte simul Fauniquæ pedem, Dryadesque puellæ ;  
 Munera vestra cano. Tuque ô, cui prima frementem  
 Fudit equum, magno tellus percussa tridenti,  
 Neptune : et cultor nemorum, cui pinguis Cæa  
 Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta juvenci ;  
 Ipse nemus linquens patrium saltusque Lycæi,  
 Pan ovium custos, tua si tibi Mænala, curæ,  
 Adsis ô, Tegææ, favens ; oleæque Minerva*

Ye Deities! who Fields and Plains protect,  
 Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct ;  
*Bacchus* and fost'ring *Ceres*, Pow'rs Divine,  
 Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine : 10  
 Ye *Fawns*, propitious to the Rural Swains,  
 Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,  
 Join in my Work, and to my Numbers bring  
 Your needful Succour, for your Gifts I sing :  
 And thou, whose Trident struck the teeming Earth. 15  
 And made a Passage for the Courser's Birth,  
 And thou, for whom the *Cæan* Shore sustains  
 Thy Milky Herds, that graze the Flow'ry Plains.  
 And thou, the Shepherds tutelary God,  
 Leave for a while, O *Pan*! thy lov'd Abode : 20  
 And if *Arcadian* Fleeces be thy Care,  
 From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.

*Minerva,*

*Minerva*, for by you the Olives flow ;  
 And you, *Fair Youth*, the Founder of the Plough ;  
 And you, *Sylvanus*, with your Cypress Bough :  
 Come all ye Gods, and Goddesses that hear  
 The Suppliant Swain, and make the Fields your Care :  
 You, who the Bloom of *Seedless* Fruits sustain,  
 And You, who on the *Sown* send down the kindly Rain :  
 And chiefly *Thou* : Whose future Seat on High,  
 (In what bright Council of the Starry Sky,)  
 Uncertain is ; whether, Great *Cæsar*, Thou  
 Wilt chuse to watch o'er Cities here below,  
 Or on the Fields thy gracious Looks bestow :  
 Parent of Fruits, and pow'ful of the Storm,  
 Mankind to thee shall Sacred Rites perform ;  
 Throughout the Mighty Orb thy Empire own,  
 And with thy Mother's Boughs thy Temples crown.

*Inventrix ; unciq̄ue puer monstrator aratri ;  
 Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum :  
 Dijque Deæque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri,  
 Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges ;  
 Quique satis largum calo demittitis imbrem.  
 Tuque adeo, quem mox quæ sint habitura deorum  
 Concilia, incertum est ; urbisue invisere Cæsar,  
 Terrarumve velis curam, et te maximus orbis  
 Auctorem frugum, tempestatumque potentem  
 Accipiet, cingens materna tempora myrto ;*

Inventor, *Pallas*, of the fat'ning Oyl ;  
 Thou Founder of the Plough and Ploughman's Toyl ;  
 And thou, whose Hands the *Shrowd-like* Cypress rear ;  
 Come all ye Gods and Goddesses, that wear  
 The rural Honours and increase the Year.  
*You who supply the Ground with Seeds of Grain ;  
 And you, who swell those Seeds with Kindly Rain :*  
 And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd State  
 Is yet the Business of the Gods Debate :  
 Whether in After-times to be declar'd  
 The Patron of the World, and *Rome's* peculiar Guard,  
 Or o'er the Fruits and Seasons to preside,  
 And the round Circuit of the Year to guide.  
 Pow'ful of Blessings, which thou Strew'ft around  
 And with thy Goddess Mother's Myrtle crown'd.

Or, God of Ocean, wilt thou fix thy Reign,  
 To *Thule's* utmost Shoar thy vast Domain?  
 To *Thee* alone the Mariner shall pray,  
 And *Thetis* all her Waves for thy Alliance pay:  
 Or in the Starry Regions wilt *Thou* shine,  
 Amid the lingring Months a new rose Sign?  
 There where the op'ning Void attends thy Laws,  
 Betwixt the *Maid*, and the pursuing *Claws*;  
 For *Thee*, his Arms the *Scorpion* now confines,  
 And his unequal Share of Heav'n resigns:  
 Whatever, in the Realms of Light, you'll be,  
 (For *Stygian* Deeps can't ask a King like thee,  
 Nor thou with such a direful Rule agree:  
 Tho' wond'ring *Greece Elysian* Fields admires,  
 Nor *Proserpine* at *Ceres*' Prayer retires:)

*An deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nautæ  
 Numina sola colant: tibi serviat ultima Thule,  
 Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis:  
 An ne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,  
 Qua locus Erigonen inter Chelasque sequentis  
 Panditur. Ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens  
 Scorpios, et cali justa plus parte relinquit.  
 Quicquid eris (nam te nec sperent Tartara regem;  
 Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido,  
 Quamvis Elysios miretur Græcia campos,  
 Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem).*

Or Wilt thou *Cesar*, chuse the watry Reign,  
 To smoothe the Surges, and correct the Main?  
 Then Mariners in Storms to thee shall pray  
 Ev'n utmost *Thule* shall thy Pow'r obey;  
 And *Neptune* shall resign the Fasces of the Sea,  
 The watry Virgins for thy Bed shall strive,  
 And *Tethys* all her Waves in Dowry give.  
 Or wilt thou bless our Summers with thy Rays,  
 And seated near the Ballance, poise the Days;  
 Where in the Void of Heaven a Space is free,  
 Betwixt the *Scorpion* and the *Maid* for thee.  
 The *Scorpion* ready to receive thy Laws,  
 Yields half his Region, and contracts his Claws,  
 Whatever part of Heav'n thou shalt obtain,  
 For let not Hell presume of such a Reign;  
 Nor let so dire a Thirst of Empire move  
 Thy Mind, to leave thy Kindred Gods above.  
 Tho' *Greece* admires *Elysium's* best Retreat,  
 Tho' *Proserpine* affects her silent Seat,  
 And importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,  
 Prefers the Fields below to those above.

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Thee

VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

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*Thee* I invoke : Do *Thou* assist my Course,  
 And to the bold Attempt give equal Force ;  
 Pity with me th' unskilful Peasants Cares,  
 Begin your Reign, and hear ev'n now our Pray'rs.  
 In early *Spring*, when from the whitening Hills  
 The gentle *Moiture* silently distills ;  
 When crumbling to the *Zephyrs* falls the Soil ;  
 Then, let my Bullock groan beneath his Toil :  
 Deep let the Plough within the Surface wear,  
 And polish'd with the Furrow shine the Share :  
 Those *Plains*, at last, the Peasant's Hopes compleat,  
 Which twice the Cold have felt, and twice the Heat :  
 Burst were the Barns with their luxuriant Freight.

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*Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue cæptis,  
 Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestis,  
 Ingredere, et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.  
 Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor  
 Liquitur, et Zephyro putris se gleba resolvit,  
 Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi taurus aratra.  
 Ingemere, et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.  
 Illa seges demum votis respondet avari  
 Agricolaë, bis quæ solem, bis frigora sensit :  
 Illius immensæ ruperunt horrea messes.*

But thou propitious *Cæsar* guide my Course,  
 And to my bold Endeavours add thy Force.  
 Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's Cares,  
 Int'rest thy Greatness in our mean Affairs  
 And use thy self betimes to hear and grant our Pray'rs  
 While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds  
 Her frozen Bosom to the Western Winds ;  
 While Mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,  
 And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.  
 Ev'n in this early Dawning of the Year,  
 Produce the Plough, and yoke the sturdy Steer,  
 And goad him till he groans beneath his Toil,  
 Till the bright Share is bury'd in the Soil.  
 That Crop rewards the greedy Peasant's Pains,  
 Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,  
 And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd Grains.

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But e'er we launch into the Plain unknown,  
 The Winds, the various Heavens should be shown ;  
 The Wills, the native Customs of the Fields,  
 And what each Clime resists, and what it yields ;  
 The *Harvest* Here, There *Vines* more happy found,  
 Elsewhere the *Trees* with Golden Products crown'd,  
 And *Herbs* unbidden rise, and thron'g the Ground :  
 Do you not see how *Tmolus* his *Perfumes*,  
 Her *Ivry India*, soft *Sabaans Gums*,  
 How *Pontus* heady *Castor* sends from far,  
 The *Spaniards Steel*, *Epirian Hills* the *Mare*,  
 Fierce to th' Olympic *Palms*, and rapid *Car* ?

*At prius ignotum ferro quam scindimus æquor,  
 Ventos, et varium cæli prædiscere morem  
 Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum,  
 Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.  
 Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvaë :  
 Arborei fatus alibi atque injussa virescunt  
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut *Tmolus* odores,  
 India mittit ebur, molles sua thura *Sabæi* ?  
 At *Chalybes* nudi ferrum, viroaque *Pontus*  
*Castoreæ*, *Eliadum* palmas *Epiros* equarum ?*

But e'er we stir the yet unbroken Ground, 75  
 The various Course of Seasons must be found ;  
 The Weather, and the setting of the Winds,  
 The Culture suiting to the sev'ral Kinds  
 Of Seeds and Plants ; and what will thrive and rise,  
 And what the Genius of the Soil denies 80  
 This Ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* suits ;  
 That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.  
 A fourth with Grass, unbidden decks the Ground :  
 Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow Saffron crown'd :  
*India* black Ebon, and white *Ivory* bears : 85  
 And soft *Idume* weeps her od'rous Tears.  
 Thus *Pontus* sends her Beaver Stones from far ;  
 And naked *Spaniards* temper Steel for War,  
*Epirus* for th' *Elæan* Chariot breeds  
 (In hopes of *Palms*) a Race of running Steeds. 90

Nature

Nature, these Cov'nants, these Eternal Bands  
 Impos'd, immediate, on the sev'ral Lands,  
 When first *Deucalion* thro' the empty Space  
 The *Flints* dispers'd; Hence Man's laborious Race.  
 Come then, Begin. Strait let the vig'rous Steer  
 Turn the *Rich* Furrow in the New-born Year;  
 And Summer's Heat with rip'ning Suns pursue  
 The Sluggish Glebe, and all the Clod subdue.  
 But if not *fat* the Soil, it will suffice,  
 When bright *Arcturus* mounts the purple Skies,  
 To skim the Surface with a Gentle Share  
 And lift the Furrow lightly to the Air;  
*There*, lest the Weeds the smiling Blade withstand,  
 Lest Moisture, *Here*, desert the Barren Sand.

*Continuo has leges, aeternaque fadera certis  
 Imposuit Natura locis: quo tempore primum  
 Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem:  
 Unde homines nati; durum genus. Ergo age, terræ  
 Pingue solum primis extemplo à mensibus anni  
 Fortes inuortant tauri, glebasque jacentis  
 Pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus æstas.  
 At si non fuerit tellus fecunda; sub ipsum  
 Arcturum tenui sat erit suspendere sulco:  
 Illic, officiant letis ne frugibus herba:  
 Hic, sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor arnam.*

This is th' Original Contract; these the Laws  
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,  
 On sundry Places, when *Deucalion* hurl'd  
 His Mothers Entrails on the desert World:  
 Whence Men, a hard laborious Kind, were born. } 95  
 Then borrow Part of Winter for thy Corn,  
 And early with thy Team the Glebe in Furrows turn. }  
 That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,  
 Succeeding Suns may bake the Mellow Ground.  
 But if the Soil be *barren*, only scar } 100  
 The Surface, and but lightly print the Share,  
 When cold *Arcturus* rises with the Sun:  
 Lest wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run  
 In watry Soils; or lest the barren Sand  
 Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land. } 105

8 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

So to *Shorn Plains* you'll Rest alternate yield,  
 And lasting Quiet to the *lingring Field*;  
 Or, There, you'll chuse to sow the *Golden Corn*;  
 Whence, pleas'd with rattling Husks, the *Pulse* was born;  
 Or where the *Vetches* little Offspring stood,  
 Or *Lupins* brittle Stalks, and founding Wood:  
 For *Flaxen Harvests* ever burn the Plain,  
*Oats* ever burn it with their husky Grain:  
 The hungry *Poppy* burns up all the Ground,  
 A gloomy Race, in Sleep *Lethæan* drown'd.  
 But still alternate Tillage aids your Toil;  
 Only, don't blush to glut the craving Soil  
 With fat'ning Muck, 'nor o'er th' exhausted Sand  
 To spread vile Ashes with a friendly Hand:  
 Thus, with the Chang'd Produce, is eas'd the Field,  
 Nor undeserving is the Plain untill'd.

*Alternis idem tonsas cessatè novalis,  
 Et segnem patièrè situ durefcere campam.  
 Aut ibi flava seres mutato sidere farræ,  
 Unde prius lætum siliqua quassante legumen,  
 Aut tenuis fetus viciæ, tristisque lupini  
 Sustuleris fragiles calamos, silvamque sonantem.  
 Urit enim lini campum seges, urit avenæ:  
 Urun't Læthæo perfusa papavera somno.  
 Sed tamen alternis facilis labor: arida tantum  
 Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola, neve  
 Effatos cinerem immundum jactare per agros:  
 Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt fœtibus arva,  
 Nec nullâ interea est inatata gratia terra.*

Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears,  
 And keeps a *Sabbath* of alternate Years:  
 That the spent Earth may gather Heart again;  
 And, better'd by Cessation, bear the Grain.  
 At least where *Vetches*, *Pulse*, and *Tares* have stood, 110  
 And *Stalks* of *Lupines* grew (a stubborn Wood:)  
 Th' ensuing Season, in return, may bear  
 The bearded Product of the Golden Year:  
 For *Flax* and *Oats* will burn the tender Field,  
 And sleepy *Poppies* harmful *Harvests* yield. 115  
 But sweet *Vicissitudes* of Rest and Toyl  
 Make easy Labour, and renew the Soil.  
 Yet sprinkle fordid Ashes all around,  
 And load with fat'ning Dung thy *Fallow Grounds*.  
 Thus Change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best; 120  
 And *Earth manur'd* not idle, though at rest.

It profits oft to fire the Fruitless Ground,  
 And thirsty *Stubble*, crackling all around :  
 Whether from thence by Nature's Secret Laws,  
 Fresh Nourishment the Earth, and Vigour draws ;  
 Or that the latent Vice is purg'd by Heat,  
 And the redundant Humours waste in Sweat :  
 Or that the Flames unusual Tracks explore,  
 Relax the Grit, and open ev'ry Pore ;  
 Whence genial Moisture hastens through the Earth,  
 Slides to the Root, and cheers the tender Birth :  
 Or that the Heat the hollow Glebe constrains,  
 Braces each Nerve, and knits the gaping Veins ;  
 Left piercing Wet, or the swift Power of Day  
 More fierce ; or scorching *Boreas* urge his Way.

*Sæpe etiam sterilis incendere profuit agros,  
 Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis.  
 Sive inde occultas vires, et pabula terræ  
 Pinguia concipiunt : Sive illis omne per ignem  
 Excoquitur vitium, atque exsudat inutilis humor :  
 Seu pluris calor ille vias et cæca relaxat  
 Spiramenta, novas veniat qua succus in herbas.  
 Seu durat magis, et venas adstringit hiantis :  
 Ne tenues pluvie, rapidive potentia solis  
 Acrrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.*

Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,  
 With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground ;  
 When the light *Stubble* to the Flames resign'd,  
 Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind. 125  
 Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth  
 Is warm'd with secret Strength for better Birth ;  
 Or when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,  
 Redundant Humours through the Pores expire ;  
 Or that the Warmth extends the Chinks, and makes 130  
 New Breathings whence new Nourishment she takes ;  
 Or that the Heat the gaping Ground constrains,  
 New Knits the Surface and new Strings the Veins ;  
 Left soaking Show'rs shou'd pierce her secret Seat,  
 Or freezing *Boreas* chill her genial Heat ; 135 }  
 Or scorching Suns too violently beat.

Much too he helps the Field, who ev'ry Clod  
 With *Harrows* breaks, and drags the *Hurdle's* Load ;  
 Nor e'er on Him, with an ungracious Eye,  
 Looks yellow *Ceres* from the Lofty Sky ;  
 Who, the rough Backs he slices from the Plain  
 Assails oblique, and thorough cuts again,  
 And plies the Soil, and makes the Furrow yield  
 Tame to the Coulter, and commands the Field.

The *Solstice* moist, serene the *Winter Sky*,  
 For this, ye Swains, intreat the Pow'rs on high ;  
 When Winter Dust by driving Winds is born,  
 Glad is the Glebe, most wondrous glad the Corn ;  
 So much, not *Mysia* from her Tillage boasts,  
 And *Gargarus* himself admires his Loaded Coasts.

*Multum adeo, rastris glebas qui frangit inertis,  
 Vimineasque trahit crates, juvat arva : neque illum  
 Flava Ceres alto necquicquam spectat Olympo,  
 Et qui, profcisso quæ suscitât equore terga,  
 Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,  
 Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.*

*Humida solstitia atque hiemes orate Serenas,  
 Agricole. Hiberno lætissima pulvere farra,  
 Latus ager. Nullo tantum se Mysia cultu  
 Faciat, et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messis.*

Nor is the Profit small, the Peasant makes,  
 Who smooths with *Harrows*, or who pounds with *Rakes*  
 The crumbling Clods : Nor *Ceres* from on high  
 Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye ; 140  
 Nor his, who plows across the Furrow'd Grounds,  
 And on the Back of Earth inflicts new Wounds :  
*For he with frequent Exercise Commands  
 Th' unwilling Soil, and tames the stubborn Lands.*

Ye Swains invoke the Pow'rs who rule the Sky, 145  
*For a moist Summer and a Winter dry :*  
 For *Winter Drought* rewards the Peasant's Pain,  
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.  
*Hence Mysia boasts her Harvests, and the Tops  
 Of Gargarus admire their happy Crops.* 150

Why shou'd I tell of Him, who, sown the Grain,  
 Flys, instant, on the Clod, enrich'd in vain,  
 And then undams the Streams, and deluges the Plain ? }  
 And when anon, scorch'd in the Blaze of Day,  
 The Field lies gasping, and the Plants decay ;  
 See ! how he labours on the Hanging Brow,  
 Extends the Path, and tempts the Springs to flow ;  
 Down the smooth Stones they make a murm'ring Sound,  
 And with their bubbling Streams relieve the Ground.

Or why of Him, who, lest the Stem should yield,  
 Weak to the heavy Ears, feeds down the Field,  
 Betimes, in all it's Infant Grassy Pride,  
 Soon as the thick'ning Blades the Furrow hide ?

*Quid dicam, jacto qui semine comminus arva  
 Insequitur, cumulosque ruit male pinguis arena ?  
 Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentis ?  
 Et cum exustus ager morientibus aestuat herbis,  
 Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam  
 Elicit. Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur  
 Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.*

*Quid, qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus aristas,  
 Luxuriam segetum tenera deposcit in herba,*

When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,  
 Make no Delay but cover it with speed :  
 So fenc'd from Cold ; the plyant Furrows break,  
 Before the furly Clod resists the Rake.  
 And call the Floods from high, to rush amain 155  
 With pregnant Streams, to swell the seeming Grain.  
 Then when the fiery Suns too fiercely play,  
 And shrivell'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay,  
 The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,  
 Undams his wat'ry Stores, huge Torrents flow ; 160  
 And ratling down the Rocks, large Moisture yield,  
 Temp'ring the thirsty Fever of the Field.  
 And lest the Stem too feeble for the freight,  
 Shou'd scarce sustain the Head's unweildy weight,  
 Sends in his feeding Flocks betimes t' invade 165  
 The rising Bulk of the luxuriant Blade ;  
 E'er yet th' aspiring Off-spring of the Grain  
 O'ertops the Ridges of the furrow'd Plain :

Or else of Him, who leads from Oozy Lands  
 The Stagnate Pool, and drains the guzzling Sands;  
 Chiefly in dubious Months, when forth the Flood  
 Impetuous goes, and drives abroad the Mud ;  
 The hollow'd Dikes confess the raging Stream,  
 Tepid the Wave, and nauseous is the Steam.  
 Yet, after all this Care, and endless Toil  
 Of Men, and Steers, in labouring the Soil ;  
 Not nothing hurt lewd Geese, and Thracian Cranes,  
 And Weeds with bitter Roots, or Shade that Veils the Plains.

Th' Eternal Sire's immutable Decrees  
 Would not that Tillage shou'd be trac'd with Ease ;  
 He will'd that Art might first the Field prepare,  
 And whetted Human Minds with needful Care ;  
 Nor that his Reign should rust in Sloth could bear.

*Cum primum sulcos equant sata ? quique paludis  
 Collectum humorem bibula deducit arena ?  
 Prasertim incertis si mensibus annis abundans  
 Exit, et obducto late tenet omnia limo ;  
 Unde cavæ tepido sudant humore lacunæ.  
 Nec tamen (hæc cum sint hominumque boumque labores  
 Versando terram experti) nihil improbus anser,  
 Strymoniaque grues, et amaris intuba fibris,  
 Officiunt, aut umbra nocet. Pater ipse colendi  
 Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem  
 Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,  
 Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.*

And drains the Standing Waters, when they yield  
 Too large a Bev'rage to the Drunken Field. 170  
 But most in Autumn, and the flow'ry Spring,  
 When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring ;  
 When Fountains open, when impetuous Rain  
 Swells halty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain ;  
 When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er, 175  
 Or hollow Places spue their wat'ry Store.  
 Nor yet the Ploughman, nor the lab'ring Steer,  
 Sustain alone the Hazards of the Year :  
 But glutton Geese, and the Strymonian Crane,  
 With foreign Troops, invade the tender Grain ; 180  
 And tow'ring Weeds malignant Shadows yield ;  
 And spreading Succ'ry choaks the rising Field.  
 The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,  
 Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Ease :  
 And wills that Mortal Men inur'd to Toil, 185  
 Shou'd exercise, with Pains, the grudging Soil.  
 Himself invented first the shining Share,  
 And whetted Humane Indultry by Care :  
 Himself did Handy-Crafts and Arts ordain ;  
 Nor suffer'd Sloth to rust his active Reign 190

Before Great *Jove* no Swains *subdu'd* the Ground,  
 The *Fence* was lawless, and unjust the *Mound*.  
 They rang'd the Whole : And unrequested bore  
 Earth, from her ample Womb, a lavish Store ;  
 He lodg'd the Venom in the *Serpent's* Breast ;  
 Bade *Ocean* swell, and *Wolves* the Fold infest ;  
 He spoil'd the *Forrests* of their Golden Dew,  
 And shook the *Honey* from the bending Bough ;  
 He made the *Fire* withdraw his gentle Beams,  
 And stopp'd the *Wine* that purl'd in careless Streams ;  
 That thoughtful *Toil* might various Arts devise ;  
 Make *Wheat* from Grass in labour'd Furrows rise ;  
 And beat from *Flints*, with unextinguish'd Pains,  
 The Seeds of *Flame* conceal'd in stubborn Veins.

*Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni :*  
*Nec signare quidem aut partiri limite campum*  
*Fas erat. In medium querebant : ipsaque tellus*  
*Omnia liberius nullo poscente ferebat.*  
*Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,*  
*Prædarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri,*  
*Mellaque decussit folijs, ignemque removit,*  
*Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit :*  
*Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes*  
*Paullatim, et sulcis frumenti quareret herbam ;*  
*Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.*

E'er this, no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground ;  
 Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found :  
 No Fences parted Fields, nor Marks nor Bounds  
 Distinguish'd Acres of *litigious* Grounds :  
 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth 195  
 Was free to give her unexact'd Birth.  
*Jove* added Venom to the Viper's Brood,  
 And swell'd, with raging Storms, the peaceful Flood :  
 Commission'd hungry Wolves t' infest the Fold,  
 And shook from Oaken Leaves the *liquid Gold*, 200  
 Remov'd from Humane reach the chearful Fire,  
*And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire :*  
 That studious Need might useful Arts explore ;  
*From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store :*  
 And force the Veins of clashing Flints t' expire 205  
 The lurking Seeds of their *Cæstial* Fire.



Then first the hollow'd Alder pres'd the Stream ;  
 Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name  
 For ev'ry fixt, and ev'ry wandring Star,  
 The Shining Bull, and Arctos' Beamy Car ;  
 Now Snares for Beasts the wily Hunters place,  
 With viscous Twiggs deceive the feather'd Race,  
 And wide surround with Dogs the Ecchoing Chace ;  
 He with the Lashing Net the Stream divides,  
 And They wet Lines pull up from briny Tides ;  
 Then th' Edge of Iron, and the Saw's shrill Blade,  
 (For with the Wedge the First did Wood invade.)  
 Then various Arts successively ensu'd ;  
 Incessant Toil all Obstacles subdu'd,  
 Whilst Want and hard Necessity pursu'd.

*Tunc alnos primum fluvij sensere cavatas :  
 Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,  
 Pleiadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton.  
 Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,  
 Inventum ; et magnos canibus circumdare saltus.  
 Atque alius latum funda jam verberat annem,  
 Alta petens : pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.  
 Tum ferri rigor, atque argutæ lamina ferræ :  
 (Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum.)  
 Tum variæ venere artes. Labor omnia vicit  
 Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.*

Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam ;  
 Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name  
 For ev'ry fix'd, and ev'ry wandring Star :  
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car. 216  
 Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,  
 And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forrest Walks surround :  
*And casting Nets were spread in Shallow Brooks,  
 Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks.*  
 Then Saws were tooth'd, and founding Axes made ; 217  
 (For Wedges first did yielding Wood invade.)  
 And various Arts in order did succeed,  
 (What cannot endless Labour urg'd by Need ?)

With

With piercing Steel to turn the stubborn Land  
 Propitious *Ceres* Mortals first ordain'd ;  
 When scanty Food the Sacred Groves supply'd,  
 And all relief *Dodonean* Oaks deny'd ;  
 But soon new Toil the Foodful Glebe requir'd,  
 Eat with an evil Rust the Grain expir'd ;  
 Fierce in the Field the lazy *Thistle* stood,  
 And *Burrs*, and *Brambles* rose, a cruel Wood !  
*Darnel* unblest'd the shining Plain o'erspreads,  
 And high exalt the *Fruitless Oats* their Heads.  
 So that unless, with unextinguish'd Toil  
 Of lab'ring *Harrow*s, you pursue the Soil,  
 Fright off the *Birds*, and thin the *Shady* Plain,  
 And with repeated Vows call down the *Rain* ;  
 Ah ! bootless on another's Heaps you'll look,  
 And comfort Hunger with the shaken *Oak*.

*Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram  
 Instituit : tum jam glandes atque arbuta sacrae  
 Deficerent silvae, et victum Dodona negaret.  
 Mox et frumentis labor additus : ut mala culmos  
 Effet rubigo, segnisque horreret in arvis  
 Carduus. Intereunt segetes : Subit aspera silva  
 Lappaque tribulique ; interque nitentia culta  
 Infelix solium et steriles dominantur avenae.  
 Quod nisi et assiduis terram infestabere rastris,  
 Et sonitu terrebis aves, et ruris opaci  
 Falce premes umbras, votisque vocaveris imbrem :  
 Heu ! magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum :  
 Concussa que famem in silvis solabere quercu.*

First *Ceres* taught, the Ground with Grain to sow,  
 And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough ; 220  
 When now *Dodonian* Oaks no more supply'd  
 Their Mast, and Trees their Forrest-Fruit deny'd.  
 Soon was his Labour doubl'd to the Swain,  
 And blasting Mildews blackned all his Grain.  
 Tough *Thistles* choak'd the Fields, and kill'd the Corn, 225  
 And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds was born.  
 Then *Burrs* and *Brambles*, an unbidden Crew  
 Of graceless Guests, th' unhappy Fields subdue :  
 And *Oats* unblest, and *Darnel* domineers, 230  
 And shoots its Head above the shining Ears.  
 So that unless the Land with daily Care,  
 Is exercis'd, and with an *Iron War*  
 Of *Rakes* and *Harrow*s, the proud Foes expell'd,  
 And *Birds* with Clamours frighted from the Field ;  
 Unless the Boughs are lopp'd that shade the Plain, 235  
 And Heav'n invoc'd with Vows for fruitful Rain,  
 On other Crops you may with Envy look,  
 And shake for Food the long abandon'd *Oak*.

Now must be told, in all his painful Wars,  
 What various Arms the drudging Peasant bears;  
 Vain without which, and impotent were Hope,  
 Nor could be sown, nor rise the joyful Crop:  
 The *Share*, and *Solid Beam* lead up the Train,  
 And slowly roll'd along the Pond'rous *Wain*,  
 The *Plank*, the *Sled*, the *Drag's* incumbring Weight,  
 And th' *Osier-Ware*, of old, a Monarch's State,  
 The *Mystic Van*, and *Hazle-woven Grate*;  
 These all, beforehand long, will you prepare,  
 IF HEAV'NLY TILLAGE IS YOUR GLORIOUS CARE.

*Dicendum, et quæ sint duris agrestibus arma,  
 Quis sine nec potuere seri, nec surgere messes.  
 Vomis, et inflexi primum grave robur aratri,  
 Tardaque Eleusinae matris volventia plaustra,  
 Tribulaque, trabeaque, et iniquo pondere rastro:  
 Virgea præterea Cerei vilisque supellex,  
 Arbuteæ crates, et mystica vannus Iacchi.  
 Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisa repones;  
 Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.*

Nor must we pass untold what Arms they wield,  
 Who labour Tillage and the Furrow'd Field: 240  
 Without whose Aid the Ground her Corn denys,  
 And Nothing can be sown and Nothing rise.  
 The crooked Plough, the Share, the tow'ring height  
 Of Waggon, and the Carts unwieldy weight;  
 The Sled, the Tumbril, Hurdles and the Flail 245  
 The Fan of Bacchus with the flying Sail.  
 These all must be prepar'd, if Ploughmen hope  
 The promis'd Blessing of a Bounteous Crop.

When

When bent betimes, and tam'd the stubborn Bough,  
 Tough *Elm* receives the Figure of the *Plough* ;  
 Eight Foot the *Beam*, a trailing Length, appears ;  
 The *Earth-Boards* double, double are the *Ears* ;  
 Light to the *Yoke* the *Linden* feels the Wound,  
 And the tall *Beech* lies stretch'd along the Ground ;  
 They fall for *Staffs* that wrest the plunging Course ;  
 And *Heat*, and thick'ning *Smoak* explore their genuin Force.  
 I many ancient Precepts can declare ;  
 Unless you fly the Things of lesser Care.

*Continuo in silvis magna vi flexa domatur  
 In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.  
 Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,  
 Binæ aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso,  
 Ceditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,  
 Stivaque, quæ cursus a tergo torqueat imos,  
 Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus.  
 Possum multa tibi veterum praecepta referre:  
 Nisi refugis, tenuisque piget cognoscere curas.*

Young Elms with early Force in Copses bow,	
Fit for the Figure of the crooked Plough,	250
Of eight Foot long a fastned Beam prepare,	}
On either Side the Head produce an Ear,	
And sink a Socket for the shining Share,	
Of Beech the Plough-Tail, and the bending Yoke ;	
Or softer Linden harden'd in the Smoke.	255
I cou'd be long in Precepts, but I fear	
So mean a Subject might offend your Ear.	

To smooth the *Floor* the Roller runs the Round,  
 And binding Chalk consolidates the Ground;  
 Left Weeds arise, left Dust possess the Place,  
 And gaping Clefts the baffled Toil disgrace;  
 Then ev'ry Plague exults. The little *Mouse*  
 Oft makes her Garners, and erects her House  
 Deep in the Soil: The *Mole*, depriv'd of Sight,  
 There digs her Lodging, and abhors the Light;  
 In hollow Caverns sculks the speckled *Toad*,  
 The Earth-bred Monster, and the Vermin Brood;  
 Whole Heaps consumes the *Weavell*; and the *Ant*  
 Fearful of helpless Age, and pinching Want.

*Area cum primis ingenti equanda cylindro,  
 Et vertenda manu, et creta solidanda tenaci:  
 Ne subeant herbae, neu pulvere victa fatiscat;  
 Tum variae illudunt pestes. Sape exiguus mus  
 Sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit:  
 Aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpae.  
 Inventusque cavis bufo, et quae plurima terrae  
 Monstra ferunt: populatque ingentem farris acervum  
 Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica senectae.*

Delve of convenient Depth your Thrashing Floor;  
 With temper'd Clay then fill and face it o'er:  
 And let the weighty Rowler run the round, 260  
 To smooth the Surface of th' unequal Ground;  
 Left crack'd with Summer Heats the *Flooring flies*,  
 Or sinks, and through the Crannies Weeds arise.  
 For sundry Foes the *Rural Realm* surround:  
 The Field-Mouse builds her Garner under Ground, 265  
 For gather'd Grain the blind laborious Mole  
 In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole.  
 In hollow Caverns Vermin *make abode*,  
 The hissing Serpent, and the swelling Toad:  
 The Corn-devouring Weezel *here abides*, 270  
 And the wise Ant her wintry Store provides.

Mark likewise, when the *Almonds* in the Wood  
 Put on their Bloom, and fragrant Branches load :  
 If crowded Fruit o'ercomes the bending Trees,  
 Such on the Glebe ensues the vast Increase ;  
 Then pil'd up Sheaves will call for mighty Toil,  
 And mighty Heat subdue the thirsty Soil :  
 But if a wanton Shade of Leaves appears,  
 In vain the Floor shall bruise the chaffy Ears.  
 Some have I seen, the Seed, through prudent Care,  
 With *Nitre*, and thick *Lees of Oyl* prepare,  
 That flatt'ring Husks might yield the full Produce ;  
 And though slow Flames the quick'ning Pow'r infuse,

*Contemplator item, cum se nux plurima silvis  
 Induet in florem, et ramos curvabit olentes :  
 Si saperant fœtus, pariter frumenta sequentur,  
 Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore.  
 At si luxuria foliorum exuberat umbra,  
 Necquicquam pinguis palea teret area culmos.  
 Semina vidi equidem multos medicare serentes,  
 Et nitro prius, et nigra perfundere amurca,  
 Grandior ut fœtus siliquis fallacibus esset.  
 Et quamvis igni exiguo properata maderent ;*

Mark well the flow'ring Almonds in the Wood ;  
 If od'rous Blooms the bearing Branches load,  
 The Glebe will answer to the *Sylvan Reign*,  
 Great Heats will follow, and large Crops of Grain. 275  
 But if a Wood of Leaves o'ershade the Tree,  
 Such and so barren will thy Harvest be :  
 In vain the Hind shall vex the Thrashing-floor,  
 For empty Chaff and Straw will be thy Store.  
 Some steep their Seed, *and some in Cauldrons boil*, 280  
 With vigorous *Nitre*. and with *Lees of Oyl*.  
 O'er gentle Fires ; th' exuberant Juice to drain,  
 And swell the flatt'ring Husks with fruitful Grain.

Yet have I seen much labor'd, specious Grain  
 Starve, and Degenerate in the fairest Plain ;  
 Unless the Seeds were yearly counted o'er,  
 And ev'ry largest cull'd from all the Store.  
 'Tis thus by Fate that all Things here below  
 Rush into worse, and ever downwards go ;  
 Not otherwise, than when against the Course  
 Of some fierce Stream, one strives with all his Force  
 Through the strong Tide to urge the Vessel on,  
 If once He slacks his Arms, He's instant gone,  
 And headlong hurry'd with the Torrent down. }

*Vidi lecta diu, et multo spectata labore  
 Degenerare tamen : ni vis humana quotannis  
 Maxima quæque manu legeret. Sic omnia fatis  
 In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.  
 Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
 Remigijs subigit ; si brachia forte remisit,  
 Atque illum in præceps pronò rapit alveus amni.*

Yet is not *the* Success for Years assur'd,  
 Though chosen is the Seed, and fully cur'd ; 285  
 Unless the Peasant, with his annual Pain,  
 Renews his Choice, and calls the largest Grain :  
 Thus all below, whether by *Nature's Curse*,  
 Or Fates Decree, degen'rate still to worse.  
 So *the* Boat's brawny Crew the Current Stem, 290  
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream.  
 But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,  
 Then down the Flood with headlong Haste they drive.

Besides,

Besides, we should as much *Arcturus*' Stars,  
The *Kids* observe, and when the *Snake* appears,  
As those, who homewards steer the vent'rous Way  
Through *Pontus*, and the Jaws of th' Oyster-breeding Sea.

When *Libra* weighs the Hours of Toil and Night,  
And parts alike the Globe to Shades and Light.  
Then in the Field, Ye vig'rous Swains appear,  
Put forth your Strength, and exercise the Steer;  
Sow hardy Grains: The miry Task perform  
To Winter's last impracticable Storm:  
Nor is it not the Time to cover o'er  
Or *Ceres*' Poppy, or the *Flaxen* Store:  
Nor should the Harrow's Labour ever end,  
Whilst dry the Glebe, whilst Clouds as yet impend.

*Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis,  
Hædorumque dies servandi, et lucidus Anguis:  
Quam, quibus in patriam ventosa per aquora veētis  
Pontus, et ostriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.  
Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas,  
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem:  
Exercete, viri, tauros; serite hordea campis,  
Usque sub extremum brumæ intractabilis imbrem.  
Necnon et lini segetem et Cereale papaver  
Tempus humo segere, et jam dudum incumbere rastris,  
Dum sicca tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.*

Nor must the Ploughman less observe the Skies,  
When the *Kids*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* rise, 295  
Than Sailors homeward bent, who cut their Way  
Thro' *Helle*'s stormy Streights and Oyster-breeding Sea.  
But when *Astræa*'s Ballance, hung on high,  
*Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky,*  
Then Yoke your Oxen, sow your Winter Grain; 300  
Till cold *December* comes with driving Rain  
Lineseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm,  
In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.



Sown in the *Spring* are *Beans*: The crumbling Soil  
 Then, *Thee* receives, *Thee*, *Media's* flow'ry Spoil;  
 And *Millet* still succeeds, an Annual Care,  
 When with his Horns the *Bull* unbars the Year;  
 And frighten'd flies the *Dog*, and shuns the adverse Star. }

But if to vig'rous Crops you'll urge the Plain,  
 Insisting solely on the *bearded Grain*;  
 First, let the *Sisters* in the Morn go down,  
 And from the Sun retire the *Gnosian Crown*,  
 E'er in the Trench you lodge the Seed; and e'er  
 To Earth you trust the Hopes of all the Year.  
 Begun have some, before the early Stars  
 With *Maja* sunk; but their untimely Cares  
 The fancy'd Harvest mock'd with empty Ears. }

*Vere fabis satio. Tum te quoque, Medica, putres  
 Accipiunt sulci: Et milio venit annua cura,  
 Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum  
 Taurus, et adverso cedens Canis occidit astro.  
 At si triticeam in messem robustaque farræ  
 Exercebis humum, solisque instabis aristas:  
 Ante tibi Eoæ Atlantides abscondantur,  
 Cnossiæque ardentis decedat stella Coronæ,  
 Debita quam sulcis committas semina, quamque  
 Invitæ properes anni spem credere terræ.  
 Multi ante occasum Maje cepere: Sed illos  
 Expectata: a seges vanis elusit avenis.*

Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soil,  
 And Millet rising from your Annual Toil;  
 When with the Golden Horns, in full Career,  
 The *Bull* beats down the Barriers of the Year;  
 And *Argos*, and the *Dog* forsake the Northern Sphere. }

But if your Care to Wheat alone extend,  
 Let *Maja* with her Sisters first descend,  
 And the bright *Gnosian Diadem* downward bend:  
 Before you trust in Earth your future Hope;  
 Or else expect a listless lazy Crop,  
 Some Swains have sown before, but most have found  
 A husky Harvest, from the grudging Ground. }

305

} 310

315

But

But if the *Vetch* you'll plant, or meaner *Tare*,  
Nor shall disdain th' *Egyptian Lentil's* Care :  
*Signs* scarce obscure *Bootes* setting yields ;  
Begin, and sow, thro' half the Frosts, the Fields.

For this, his *Orb* the World's Great Light divides,  
And by twelve Stars his certain Passage guides :  
Five *Zones* the Heav'ns infold : With constant Sun  
Still *Red*, still scorch'd in *Torrid* Heat the *One* :  
Round *This* on either Hand wind distant Coasts  
Regions of Storm, and everlasting Frosts :  
Betwixt the *First*, and *These*, by bounteous Heav'n  
To feeble Mortals *Two* are kindly giv'n :  
Across them both a Path oblique inclines,  
Where in successive Order turn the *Signs*.

*Si vero viciamque seres vilemque faselum,  
Nec Pelusiaca curam aspernabere lentis ;  
Haud obscura cadens mittet tibi signa Bootes.  
Incipe, et ad medias sementem extende pruinas.*

*Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem  
Per duodena regit mundi Sol aureus Astra.  
Quinque tenent calum zonæ. Quarum una corusco  
Semper sole rubens, et torrida semper ab igni :  
Quam circum extremae dextra laevaue trabuntur,  
Cerulea glacie concretæ atque imbribus atris.  
Has inter mediamque duas mortalibus agris  
Munere concessæ divum. Via secta per ambas,  
Obliquus qua se signorum verteret ordo.*

*Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean.  
The Growth of Egypt, or the Kidney-bean !  
Begin when the slow Waggoner descends ;  
Nor cease your sowing till Mid-winter ends :  
For this, through twelve bright Signs Apollo guides 320  
The Year, and Earth in sev'ral Climes divides.  
Five Girdles bind the Skies, the torrid Zone  
Glow with the passing and repassing Sun.  
Far on the Right and Left, th' Extreame of Heav'n,  
To Frosts and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n ; 325  
Betwixt the midst and these, the Gods assign'd  
Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind :  
And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,  
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway.*

As, steep, to *Scythian* Heights the World ascends,  
 Downwards the Ball to *Lybian* Tempests bends :  
 This Cove to Us is still sublimely High,  
 And That below, *Styx*, and the *Ghosts* descry :  
 Here, the vast *Snake* in winding Circles glides,  
 And either *Arctos*, like a Stream, divides :  
 There, as they say, Or rests the soft, still Night,  
 And Shades for ever thick'ning veil the Light :  
 Or when from hence *Aurora* leads the Way,  
 Thither she hastens, and restores the Day ;  
 And whilst on us the *Morn's* swift Courfers breathe,  
 There the Nocturnal Tapers lights the *Eve*.

*Mundus ut ad Scythiam Riphæasque arduus arcis  
 Consurgit ; premitur Libyæ devexus in austros.  
 Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis : At illum  
 Sub pedibus Styx atra videt, Manesque profundi :  
 Maximus hic flexu sinuoso elabitur anguis  
 Circum, perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos.  
 [Arctos Oceani metuentis æquore tingui.]  
 Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta flet nox ;  
 Semper et obtenta densentur nocte tenebræ :  
 Aut redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit :  
 Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adstravit aubelia,  
 Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.*

*Two Poles turn round the Globe ; one seen to rise* 330  
*O'er Scythian Hills, and one in Libyan Skies,  
 The first sublime in Heav'n, the last is whirl'd  
 Below the Regions of the nether World.  
 Around our Pole the Spiry Dragon glides,  
 And like a winding Stream the Bears divides ;* 335  
*The less and greater, who by Fate's Decree  
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea :  
 There, as they say, perpetual Night is found  
 In silence brooding on the unhappy Ground.  
 Or when Aurora leaves our Northern Sphere,* 340  
*She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.  
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,  
 Red Vesper kindles there the Tapers of the Night.*

Hence in the fickle Sky we *Storms* foreknow,  
 The Days of *Harvest*, and the Time to *sow* ;  
 And when with Oars to cut the shining Way,  
 And backwards drive a Length of faithless Sea ;  
 When to the Main to lead the floating War,  
 And timely on the Mountain fell the Fir.  
 'Tis not in vain that we explore the Skies,  
 Mark when the Stars *descend*, and when they *rise* :  
 With all the diff'rent Seasons that appear ;  
 Though still the same, still constant is the Year.

*Hinc tempestates dubio prædiscere cælo  
 Possumus, hinc messisque diem, tempusque serendi :  
 Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor  
 Conveniat : Quando armatas deducere classis,  
 Aut tempestivam silvis evertere pinum.  
 Nec frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus,  
 Temporibusque parem diversis quatuor annum.*

From hence uncertain Seasons we may know ;  
 And when to reap the Grain, and when to sow ;  
 Or when to fell the *Furzes* ; when 'tis meet  
 To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet.  
 Observe what Stars arise or disappear ;  
 And the four Quarters of the rolling Year.

345

Whenever it befalls, that pow'ring Rain,  
 And Storms of Sleet withhold the eager Swain;  
 Then is it given to compleat with Care  
 Works done in Haste, when now the Skies are clear;  
 The Ploughman hammers out the Share obtuse,  
 Trees hollows into Troughs for various Use,  
 Or stamps the Mark upon the fleecy Race,  
 Or different Numbers on the Fields Increase:  
 Others the Fork, or Setters point: Or twine  
 Light Osier-Bands to stay the feeble Vine:  
 Now with the Bramble weave the Basket's Round;  
 Now parch the Grain, and now incessant pound.

*Frigidus agricolam siquando continet imber,  
 Multa, forent quæ mox cælo properanda sereno,  
 Maturare datur. Durum procudit arator  
 Vomeris obtusi dentem: cavat arbore lintres:  
 Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acervis.  
 Exacuunt alij vallos, furcasque bicornis,  
 Atque Amerina parant lentæ retinacula viti.  
 Nunc facilis rubea texatur fiscina virga:  
 Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.*

But when cold Weather, and continu'd Rain, 350  
 The lab'ring Husband in his House restrain;  
 Let him forecast his Work with timely Care,  
 Which else is huddled, when the Skies are fair: }  
 Then let him mark the Sheep, or whet the shining Share, }  
 Or hollow Trees for Boats, or Number o'er 355  
 His Sacks, or measure his increasing Store;  
 Or sharpen Stakes, or head the Forks, or twine  
 The Sallow Twigs to tye the stragling Vine;  
 Or wicker Baskets weave, or aire the Corn,  
 Or grinded Grain betwixt two Marbles turn. 360

Thus

Thus too, the Laws of Man, and Gods above,  
 Ev'n on the *sacred Days*, some Works approve ;  
 To lead the Torrent o'er the Thirsty Plain,  
 Religion never has forbid the Swain ;  
 Or with the Fence to guard the rising Grain ;  
 Birds to insnare ; to fire the prickly Wood ;  
 Or plunge in healthy Streams the bleating Crowd :  
 Oft the Belab'rer of the slow-pac'd Ass  
 With Oyl, or with the Apple's large Increase,  
 His Ribs surcharges ; and the furrow'd Stone,  
 Or pitchy Mass, brings drudging from the Town.

*Quippe etiam festis quaedam exercere diebus  
 Fas et jura sinunt. Rivos deducere nulla  
 Relligio vetuit, segeti prætere sepe,  
 Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,  
 Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.  
 Sæpe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli,  
 Vilibus aut onerat pomis : lapidemque revertens  
 Incusum, aut atramassam picis urbe reportat.*

No Laws, Divine or Humane, can restrain  
 From necessary Works the lab'ring Swain :  
 Ev'n Holy days and Feasts Permission yield,  
 To float the Meadows, or to fence the Field,  
 To fire the Brambles, snare the Birds, and steep  
 In wholesom Water-falls the woolly Sheep.  
 And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n, with Toyl,  
 To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl :  
 Returning late, and loaden home with Gain  
 Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.

365

370

For various Labours each revolving Moon  
 Gives *Happy Days*; the *Fifth* be sure to shun:  
 Then, the relentless *Furies* bears the *Earth*,  
 And pale fac'd *Pluto* at an impious Birth:  
 Then, from her Womb the Rebel Brethren rise,  
 In desp'rate League combin'd to storm the Skies:  
 On *Pelio* thrice to heave they all essay'd  
*Ossa*, and thrice on *Ossa's* tow'ring Head  
 To roll *Olympus* up with all his shade:  
 Thrice whirl'd th' Omnipotent his Thunder round,  
 And dash'd the pil'd-up Mountains to the Ground.

*Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna  
 Felices operum, Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus,  
 Eumenidesque sat.e. Tum partu terra nefando  
 Caumque Japetumque creat, saevumque Typhoea,  
 Et conjuratos celum rescindere fratres.  
 Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam.  
 Scilicet atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum  
 Ter pater exstructos disjecit fulmine montis.*

The *lucky Days*, in each revolving Moon,  
 For Labour chuse: The *Fifth* be sure to shun;  
 That gave the *Furies* and pale *Pluto* Birth,  
 And arm'd against the Skies, the Sons of Earth.  
 With Mountains pil'd on Mountains, thrice they strove, 375  
 To scale the steepy Battlements of *Jove*:  
 And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd,  
 And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid.

Happy

Happy the *Seventh*, next the *Tenth*, to joyn  
 Steers in the Taming Yoke, to fix the Vine,  
 And o'er the Loom extend the quiv'ring Twine;  
 The *Ninth* by Flight the Captive oft relieves;  
 But adverse are her Beams to proling Thieves,

Some Toils to Cool of *Night* more freely yield,  
 Or when the *Morn* bedews the pearly Field:  
 By *Night* parch'd Meads are cut, and Stubble light,  
 Distilling Moisture ne'er deserts the *Night*:  
 Thus by the Wintry Light of sparkling Fire  
 One splits the Match, till late the Flames expire:  
 Mean while the Dame sings in the glimm'ring Room,  
 To chear the Labour of the rattling Loom;  
 Or from the Must, by *Vulcan* thickned, skims  
 The frothy Surges on the brazen Brims.

*Septima post decumam felix, et ponere vitem,  
 Et prensos domitare boves, et licia tela  
 Addere. Nona fugæ melior, contraria furtis.  
 Multa adeo gelida melius se nocte dedere,  
 Aut cum sole novo terras irrorat Eous.  
 Noctē leves melius stipulæ. Noctē arida prata  
 Tondentur: noctes lentus non deficit humor.  
 Et quidam seros biberni ad luminis ignes  
 Pervigilat, ferroque faces inspicat acuto.  
 Interea longum cantu solata laborem  
 Arguto conjunx percurrit pectine telas:  
 Aut dulcis musti Volcano decoquit humorem,  
 Et folijs undam trepidi despumat aëni.*

The Sev'nth is, nexth the Tenth, the best to joyn  
 Young Oxen to the Yoke, and plant the Vine. 380  
 Then Weavers stretch your Stays upon the West:  
*The Ninth is good for Travel, bad for Theft.*  
 Some Works in dead of Night are better done;  
 Or when the Morning Dew prevents the Sun,  
 Parch'd Meads and Stubble mow, by *Phæbe's* Light; 385  
 Which both require the Coolness of the Night;  
 For Moisture then abounds, and Pearly Rains  
 Descend in silence to refresh the Plains.  
 The Wife and Husband equally conspire,  
 To work by Night, and rake the Winter-Fire: 390  
 He sharpens Torches in the glim'ring Room,  
 She shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom:  
 Or boils in Kettles Must of Wine, and skims  
 With Leaves, the Dregs that overflow the Brims,  
*And till the watchful Cock awakes the Day,*  
 She sings to drive the tedious Hours away. 395  
 But



But bound is *Ceres* at the Noon of Heat ;  
 And the dry Floor tears out the glowing Wheat ;  
 Plough naked, Hinds, and naked sow the Plain ;  
 Still slothful proves the Winter to the Swain :  
 'Tis then their Stores the Peasants oft employ  
 In mutual Feasts, and give a Loose to Joy ;  
 The genial *Winter* all their Minds prepares  
 To sprightly Mirth, and burys anxious Cares :  
 So joy the Sailors, ev'ry Danger past,  
 Safe in the Port the Ship, and crown'd the Mast.

*At rubicunda Ceres medio succingitur aestu,  
 Et medio tostas aestu terit area fruges.  
 Nudus ara, fere nudus. Hiems ignava colono.  
 Frigoribus parto agricolæ plerumque fruuntur,  
 Mutuaque inter se lati convivia curant ;  
 Invitat genialis hiems, curasque resolvit :  
 Ceu pressæ cum jam portum tetigere carinæ,  
 Puppibus et lati nautæ imposuere coronas.*

But in warm Weather, when the Skies are clear,  
 By Day-light reap the Product of the Year :  
 And in the Sun your Golden Grain display,  
 And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day,  
 Plough naked Swain, and naked sow the Land,  
 For lazy Winter numbs the lab'ring Hand.  
 In Genial Winter, Swains enjoy their Store,  
 Forget their Hardships, and recruit for more.  
 The Farmer to full Bowls invites his Friends,  
 And what he got with Pains, with Pleasure spends.  
 So Sailors, when escap'd from stormy Seas,  
 First crown their Vessels, then indulge their Ease.

400

405

Yet

Yet is it *Then* the Time to strip the Wood  
 Of *Acorns*, or the *Olive's* shining Food,  
 The *Laurel's* Freight, and *Myrtle* stain'd in Blood :  
 Then *Toils* for *Stags*, for *Cranes* to fix the *Snare*,  
 And trace the *Mazes* of the long-ear'd *Hare* :  
 Then, with the *Whirling Sling* to stay the *Doe*,  
 When *Streams* push on the *Ice*, when tow'ring mounts the  
 Snow.

Why, should I *Autumn's* Storms, and Signs relate ?  
 Why, when more short the *Day*, and mild the *Heat*,  
 The tedious *Labours* of the watchful *Swain* ?  
 Or when moist *Spring* falls pou'ring o'er the *Plain* ?  
 Or when the *Harvest* bristles into *Ears*,  
 And in the swelling *Grain* the *Milk* appears ?

*Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus  
 Et lauri baccas, oleamque, cruentaque Myrta.  
 Tum gruibus pedicas et retia ponere cervis,  
 Auritosque sequi lepores : Tum figere damas,  
 Stuppea torquentem Balearis verbera funda,  
 Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudent.*

*Quid tempestates Autumni et sidera dicam ?  
 Atque ubi jam breviorque dies, et mollior aestas,  
 Que vigilanda viris ? vel cum ruit imbriferum ver ;  
 Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum  
 Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent ?*

Yet that's the proper Time to thrash the Wood  
 For Mast of *Oak*, your *Father's* homely Food. 410  
 To gather *Laurel-berries*, and the *Spoil*  
 Of bloody *Myrtles*, and to press your *Oyl*.  
 For *Stalking* *Cranes* to set the *guileful Snare*,  
 T' inclose the *Stags* in *Toyls*, and *Hunt the Hare*.  
 With *Balearick Slings*, or *Gnofsian Bow*, 415  
 To persecute from far the *flying Doe*.

Then, when the *Fleecy Skies* new cloath the *Wood*,  
 And *Cakes* of rustling *Ice* come rolling down the *Flood*.

Now sing we *stormy Stars*, when *Autumn* weighs  
 The *Year*, and adds to *Nights*, and shortens *Days* ; 420 }  
 And *Suns* declining shine with feeble *Rays* :  
 What *Cares* must then attend the toiling *Swain* ;  
 Or when the low'ring *Spring*, with lavish *Rain* }  
 Beats down the slender *Stem* and bearded *Grain* :  
 While yet the *Head* is *Green*, or lightly swell'd 425  
 With *Milky Moisture*, over-looks the *Field*.

Oft, when the Reaper on the yellow Plain  
 The Hind had enter'd, and now bound the Grain,  
 I've seen the Winds, in dreadful Fight engage  
 From ev'ry Quarter, with resistless Rage ;  
 They from the lowest Roots aloft wou'd tear  
 The pond'rous Corn : So would a Tempest bear }  
 Or Chaff, or empty Straw, and whirl it thro' the Air. }  
 Oft from above descends a Troop of Floods ;  
 Oft gather from the Deep the thick'ning Clouds ;  
 Down rush the Skies, and with imperuous Rain  
 Wash out the Ox's Toil, and sweep away the Grain :

*Sæpe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis  
 Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret bordea culmo,  
 Omnia ventorum concurrere prœlia vidi :  
 Quæ gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis  
 Sublime expulsam eruerent. Ita turbine nigro  
 Ferret hiems culmumque levem stipulasque volantis.  
 Sæpe etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,  
 Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris  
 Collectæ ex alto nubes. Ruit arduus æther,  
 Et pluvia ingenti sata leta boumque labores*

Ev'n when the Farmer, now secure of Fear,  
 Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year :  
 Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy Hands,  
 And binds the Golden Sheaves in brittle Bands : 430  
 Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise,  
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies :  
 The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,  
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born ;  
 With such a Force the flying Rack is driu'n, 435  
 And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n :  
 And oft whole Sheets descend of flucy Rain,  
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main :  
 The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,  
 The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown. 440

The Dikes are fill'd : No Bounds the Torrents keep :  
 And with the breathing Surges boils the Deep :  
 Amidst a Night of Clouds his glitt'ring Fire,  
 And rattling Thunder hurls th' Eternal Sire :  
 Far shakes the Earth : Beasts fly : And mortal Hearts  
 Pale Fear dejects : He with refulgent Darts,  
 Or *Rhodope*, or *Athos*' lofty Crown,  
 Or steep *Ceraunia*'s Cliffs strikes headlong down :  
 The Rains condense : More furious *Auster* roars :  
 Now with vast Wind the Woods, now lashes He the Shoars,

*Diluit. Implentur fossæ, & cava flumina crescunt  
 Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.  
 Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca  
 Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxuma motu  
 Terra tremit : Fugere feræ ; & mortalia corda  
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. Ille flagrantis  
 Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo  
 Dejicit. Ingeminant austri, & densissimus imber ;  
 Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangit.*

The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound  
 The rising Rivers float the nether Ground ;  
 And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boyling Seas rebound. }  
 The Father of the Gods his Glory shrouds,  
 Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds } 445  
 And from the middle Darkness flashing out  
 By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.  
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,  
 Her Entrails tremble and her Mountains nod ; }  
 And flying Beasts in Forests seek Abode : } 450  
 Deep Horror seizes ev'ry Humane Breat, }  
 Their Pride is humbled, and their Fear confess'd : }  
 While he from high his rowling Thunder throws,  
 And fires the Mountains with repeated Blows : }  
 The Rocks are from their old Foundations rent ; } 455  
 The Winds redouble and the Rains augment : }  
 The Waves on Heaps are dash'd against the Shoar,  
 And now the Woods, and now the Billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the Monthly Signs ;  
 And how each Planet's ruling Course inclines :  
 Mark whither Saturn's frigid Beams retire,  
 And to what Orbs Cyllenius points his Fire :  
 But, above all, the Heav'nly Pow'rs adore ;  
 Great Ceres' Aid with annual Rites implore,  
 And raise the Altar on the grassy Floor ;  
 When Winter ends, and Spring serenely shines ;  
 Then fat the Lambs, and mellow are the Wines ;  
 Then soft the Slumbers on the verdant Ground ;  
 Then with thick Shades the lofty Mountains crown'd :

*Hoc metuens, cæli mensis, & sidera serva,  
 Frigida Saturni sese quo stella receptet,  
 Quos ignis cæli Cyllenius erret in orbes.  
 In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnæ  
 Sacra refer Cereri lætis operatus in herbis,  
 Extremæ sub casum hiemis, jam vere sereno.  
 Tum pingues agni, & tum mollissima vina :  
 Tum somni dulces, densæque in montibus umbræ.*

In fear of this, observe the Starry Signs,  
 Where Saturn Houses, and where Hermes joyns. 460  
 But first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,  
 And Annual Gifts on Ceres' Altar lay.  
 When Winter's Rage abates, when chearful Hours  
 Awake the Spring, the Spring awakes the Flow'rs,  
 On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display, 465  
 And celebrate the mighty Mother's Day.  
 For then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,  
 And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground :  
 With milder Beams the Sun securely shines ;  
 Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines. 470

Let

Let all Thy Rustic Youth, at *Ceres*' shrine,  
 With bended Knees confess the Pow'r Divine: }  
 Mix you the fragrant Combs, with Milk, and gentle Wine. }  
 Round the new Fruits thrice let the Victim go:  
 Let shouting Crowds attend the solemn Show,  
 Home to the Doors on *Ceres* call: Nor e'er  
 Let one presume beneath the ripen'd Ear  
 To thrust the Sickle; 'till with Temples bound,  
 (Of supple Oaken Twigs the sacred Round)  
 He Gestures uncouth yields to *Ceres*' Praise,  
 And sings of *Ceres* in resounding Lays.

*Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.  
 Quoi tu lacte favos, & miti dilue Baccho.  
 Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges;  
 Omnis quam chorus, & socij comitentur ovantes;  
 Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta; neque arte  
 Falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristis,  
 Quam Cereri, torta redimitus tempora quercu,  
 Det motus incompósitos & carmina dicat.*

Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r Divine,  
 And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:  
 Let all the Choir of Clowns attend the Show,  
 In long Processions shouting as they go;  
*Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores* 475  
*Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors.*  
 Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,  
 Before the Sickles touch the ripening Wheat,  
 On *Ceres* call; and let the lab'ring Hind  
 With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind: 480  
 On *Ceres* let him call, and *Ceres* praise,  
 With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays.

But that by certain Signs we might be told  
 Of Heat, and Rains, and Winds that urge the Cold ;  
 Th' Eternal Sire, *What* monthly might advise  
 The Moon, has fix'd : *When* Southern Tempests rise :  
*What*, oft observing, the sagacious Swain  
 His Herds might nearer to their Stalls retain :  
 E'er Winds arise : Or, swells the working Flood ;  
 Or a harsh Crash is heard throughout the Wood ;  
 Or, mingling, sound the Coasts from distant Seas,  
 And gathering Murmur rustles in the Trees :  
 Then, scarce the Wave from bended Skiffs abstains,  
 When Cormorants forsake the wat'ry Plains,  
 And scream along the Shore : When swift to Land  
 The Sea Gulls haste, and sport around the Strand :  
 Or When the *Hern* prepares his lofty Flight,  
 Quits the known Marsh, and mounts th' *Ætherial* Height.

*Atque hæc ut certis possimus discere signis,  
 Æstusque, pluviasque, & agentis frigora ventos ;  
 Ipse pater statuit, quid menstrua Luna moneret,  
 Quo signo caderent austri : quid sæpe videntes  
 Agricola, propius stabulis armenta tenerent.  
 Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti  
 Incipiunt agitata tumescere, & aridus altis  
 Montibus audiri fragor ; aut resonantia longe  
 Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.  
 Jam sibi tum curvis male temperat unda carinis,  
 Cum medio celeres revolant ex aquore mergi,  
 Clamoremque ferunt ad litora ; Cumque marinæ  
 In sicco ludunt fulicæ : Notasque paludes  
 Deserit, atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.*

And that by certain Signs we may presage  
 Of Heats and Rains, and Wind's impetuous Rage,  
 The Sov'reign of the Heav'ns has set on high 485  
 The Moon, to mark the Changes of the Sky :  
 When Southern Blasts should cease, and when the Swain  
 Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flocks restrain.  
 For e'er the rising Winds begin to roar,  
 The working Seas advance to wash the Shoar: 490  
 Soft Whispers run along the leafy Woods,  
*And Mountains whistle to the marm'ring Floods :*  
 Ev'n then the doubtful Billows scarce abstain  
 From the toss'd Vessel on the troubled Main :  
 When crying Cormorants forsake the Sea, 495  
 And stretching to the Covert Wing their Way:  
 When sportful Coots run skimming o'er the Strand ;  
 When watchful Herons leave their warry Stand ;  
 And mounting upward with erected Flight,  
 Gain on the Skies, and soar above the Sight. 500  
 Oft

Oft too you'll see, when *furious Winds* impend,  
 Præcipitate, the Stars from Heav'n descend :  
 And far behind, thro' gloomy Shades of Night,  
 Glitter and whiten the long Trails of Light :  
 Oft whirl in Air dry Straw, and wither'd Leaves,  
 And Feathers wanton on the simm'ring Waves.

But when from *Boreas'* part the Thunder pours,  
 And *Eurus'* House, and *Zephyr's* adverse roars ;  
 Then with the swelling Dikes swims all the Plain ; }  
 Then ev'ry Seaman on the foamy Main }  
 Quick gathers up the Sails all drench'd with Rain ; }

*Sæpe etiam Stellas, vento impendente, videbis  
 Præcipites cælo labi, noctisque per umbram  
 Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus :  
 Sæpe levem paleam & frondes volitare caducas,  
 Aut summa nantis in aqua colludere plumas.  
 At Boreæ de parte trucis cum fulminat, & cum  
 Eurique Zephirique tonat domus ; omnia plenis  
 Rura natant fossis, atque omnis navita ponto*

And oft before tempestuous Winds arise,  
 The *seeming* Stars fall headlong from the Skies ;  
 And, shooting through the Darkness, gild the Night  
 With sweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light :  
 And Chaff with eddy Winds is whirl'd around, 505  
 And dancing Leaves are lifted from the Ground ;  
 And floating Feathers on the Waters play,  
 But when the winged Thunder takes his Way  
 From the cold *North*, and *East* and *West* engage,  
 And at their Frontiers meet with equal Rage, 510  
 The Clouds are crush'd, a Glut of gather'd Rain,  
 The hollow Ditches fills, and floats the Plain,  
 And Sailors furl their dropping Sheets amain. }



None, uninform'd, e'er did the Show'r assail ;  
*Cranes*, as it rose, flew downwards to the Vale :  
 Or gazing on the Heav'n's stood the *Steer*,  
 And with wide Nostrils snuff'd the humid Air :  
 Or *Swallows*, chatt'ring, round the Lake have flown ;  
 And miry *Frogs* sung out their ancient Moan :  
 And oftner has the *Ant* with busy Tread,  
 Up from the Nether-Cells her Eggs convey'd ;  
 Deep drank the mighty *Bow* : And foodless rose  
 Loud, with their rustling Wings, a Host of *Crows*.

*Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber  
 Obfuit. Aut illum surgentem Vallibus imis  
 Aeria fugere grues : aut bucula cælum  
 Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras :  
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo :  
 Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.  
 Sapius & tectis penetratibus extulit ova  
 Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens  
 Arcus : Et e pastu decedens agmine magno  
 Cœvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.*

Wet Weather seldom hurts the most unwise,  
 So plain the Signs, such Prophets are the Skies : 515  
 The wary Crane foresees it first, and sails  
*Above the Storm, and leaves the lowly Vales :*  
 The *Cow* looks up, and from afar can find  
 The Change of Heav'n, and snuffs it in the Wind :  
 The *Swallow* skims the *Rivers watry Face*, 520  
 The *Frogs* renew the *Croaks* of their *loquacious Race*,  
 The careful *Ant* her secret Cell forsakes,  
 And drags her Eggs along the narrow Tracks,  
 At either Horn the *Rainbow* drinks the Flood,  
*Huge Flocks* of rising *Rooks* forsake their Food, 525 }  
 And, crying, seek the Shelter of the Wood.

Now may you see wide Ocean's various Fowls ;  
 Or those that haunt *Cayster's* well-lov'd Pools ;  
 In wanton Strife the Silver-Flood divide,  
 And lave their Shoulders with the sparkling Tide ;  
 Now with their downy Breasts the Torrent Stem,  
 Now plunge their Heads, now run upon the Stream :  
 With endless Labour ply the Wat'ry Plain,  
 And dive, and wash, and proudly wash in vain :  
 Then with full Voice the *Rook* the Show'r demands,  
 And solitary Stalks along the scorching Sands :  
 Nor is unskilful of impending Storms  
 The Virgin, nightly, that her Task performs :  
 When *sparkle* in the Lamp the Oyl she sees,  
 And *fungous Balls* around the Wick increase.

*Fam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Asia circum  
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,  
 Certatim largos humeris infundere rores ;  
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,  
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.  
 Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,  
 Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.  
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ  
 Nescivere hiemem ; testa cum ardente viderent  
 Scintillare oleum, & putris concreescere fungos,*

Besides, the sev'ral Sorts of watry Fowls,  
 That swim the Seas, or haunt the standing Pools :  
 The Swans that sail along the Silver Flood,  
 And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food, 530  
 Then lave their Backs with sprinkling Dews in vain,  
*And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain.*  
 The Crow with clam'rous Cries the Show'r demands,  
 And single Stalks along the Desert Sands.  
 The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel she plies, 315  
 Foresees the Storms impending in the Skies,  
*When sparkling Lamps their sputt'ring Light advance,  
 And in the Sockets Oily Bubbles dance.*

Nor from less certain Signs, the Swain descrys  
 Unshow'ry Suns, and bright, expanded Skies;  
 For Then, nor blunt a Star, nor rising seems  
 The Moon a Debtor to her Brother's Beams;  
 Nor fleecy Webs fly round in wavy Streams:  
 Not to the tepid Sun their Wings expand  
 The Sea-lov'd *Halcyons*, basking on the Strand;  
 Not mindful are the Swine, with Jaws display'd  
 To gripe the Straw, and toss their rustling Bed;  
 But downwards glides the *Mist*, and lodges on the Mead:  
 And *Owls*, still waiting on the Sun's Retreat,  
 In vain their Midnight Songs aloft repeat.

*Nec minus eximbris soles & aperta serena  
 Prospicere, & certis poteris cognoscere signis.  
 Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusa videtur,  
 Nec fratris radijs obnoxia surgere Luna,  
 Tenuia nec lana per cælum vellera ferri.  
 Non tepidum ad solem pennas in litore pandunt  
 Dilectæ Thetidis Alcyones: non ore soluto  
 Immundi meminere sues jactare maniplos.  
 At nebulae magis imâ petunt, campoque recumbunt:  
 Solis & occasum servans de culmine summo  
 Necquicquam seros exercet noctua cantus.*

Then after Show'rs, 'tis easy to descry  
 Returning Suns, and a Serener Sky: 540  
 The Stars shine smarter, and the Moon adorns,  
 As with unborrow'd Beams her sharpen'd Horns.  
 The filmy Gossamer now flits no more,  
 Nor *Halcyons* bask on the short sunny Shore:  
 Their Litter is not toss'd by Sows unclean, 545  
 But a blue droughty Mist descends upon the Plain.  
 And *Owls*, that mark the Setting-Sun, declare  
 A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.

*Nisus* appears sublimely high in Air,  
 And *Scylla* suffers for the Purple Hair ;  
 Wherever She her trembling Pinions plys,  
 See, the Blood-thirsty Foe pursuing flies,  
 Infatiate *Nisus*, whizzing thro' the Skies :  
 Wherever *Nisus* rises to the Day,  
 Swift, thro' the liquid Air she cuts her Way.  
 Then, thrice, or four Times, firmly prest the Throat,  
 The *Rooks* redouble ev'ry clearer Note :  
 Gay, with I know not what unusual Joys,  
 They crowd the Trees, and charr'ring is their Noise :  
 But sweet Delight possesses ev'ry Breast,  
 When each beholds, soon as the Storms are ceas'd,  
 Her tender Young once more, and pleasing Nest.

*Apparet liquido sublimis in aere Nisus,  
 Et pro purpureo penas dat Scylla capillo.  
 Quacumque illa levem fugiens secat aethera pennis,  
 Ecce inimicus atrox magno stridore per auras  
 Insequitur Nisus: Qua se fert Nisus ad auras,  
 Illa levem fugiens raptim secat aethera pennis.  
 Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces  
 Aut quater ingeminant: Et saepe cubilibus altis,  
 Nescio qua praeter solitum dulcedine lati,  
 Inter se folijs strepitant. Fuvat imbribus actis  
 Progeniem parvam dulcisque revisere nidos.*

Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Nisus* flies,  
 While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies ;  
 Wherever frighted *Scylla* flies away,  
 Swift *Nisus* follows, and pursues his Prey.  
 Where injur'd *Nisus* takes his Airy Course,  
 Thence trembling *Scylla* flies and shuns his Force.  
 This Punishment pursues th' unhappy Maid,  
 And thus the Purple Hair is dearly paid.  
 Then, thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air.  
 And croaking Notes proclaim the settled fair.  
 Then, round their airy Palaces they fly,  
 To greet the Sun ; and seiz'd with secret Joy,  
 When Storms are over-blown, with Food repair  
 To their forsaken Nests, and callow Care.

Not that I think the Gods to them dispense  
 Of Things in Fate a more discerning Sense ;  
 But when the Storm, and moist inconstant Skies  
 Alternate change ; When Southern Tempests rise,  
 Condense what's Thin ; and what's Condens'd more Rare  
 By Warmth becomes, They vary with the Air :  
 Now one Impression in their Bosoms dwells,  
 Another when the Wind the Clouds dispels :  
 Hence from the *Birds* that warbling Concert flows ;  
 Hence *Herds* exult, and hoarsely shout the *Crows*.

*Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis  
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.  
 Verum, ubi tempestas et calis mobilis humor  
 Mutavere vias, et Juppiter uvidus austris  
 Denset, erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa, relaxat ;  
 Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus  
 Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,  
 Concipiunt. Hinc ille avium concentus in agris,  
 Et lætæ pecudes, et ovantes gutture corvi.*

Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls  
 Inspir'd, as Man, *who Destiny controuls*.  
 But with the changeful Temper of the Skies, 565  
 As Rains condense, and Sun-shine rarifies ;  
 So turn the Species in their alter'd Minds,  
 Compos'd by Calms, and *discompos'd* by Winds.  
 From hence proceeds the Birds harmonious Voice :  
 From hence the *Cows* exult, and frisking *Lambs* rejoyce. 570

But to the rapid Sun if you attend,  
 And how the Moons their foll'wing Courses bend :  
 You'll ne're be taken by th' ensuing Day,  
 Nor shall Fair Nights, insidious, Thee betray :  
 When first the Moon collects the coming Rays,  
 If She thick Air in her dark Horn displays,  
 Vast Show'rs invade the Peasant, and the Seas :  
 But if a Virgin Blush her Face o'erspread,  
 Winds blow ; with Wind still Phæbe's Cheeks are red :  
 But at her fourth Ascent, if pointed rise  
 The Silver Horns, and bright she trips the Skies :  
 That Day entire, and all its foll'wing Race,  
 Till fully She compleats her Monthly Space,  
 (Safe by this Sign) nor Storms shall know, nor Rain ;  
 And Sailors, rescu'd from the boistrous Main,  
 Their promis'd Vows shall pay to all the Watry Reign.

*Si vero solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentis  
 Ordine respicies ; numquam te crastina fallat  
 Hora, neque insidijs noctis capiere serena.  
 Luna revertentes cum primum colligit ignis,  
 Si nigrum obscuro comprehenderit aëra cornu,  
 Maxumus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber.  
 At, si virgineum sustulerit ore ruborem,  
 Ventus erit. Vento semper rubet aurea Phæbe.  
 Sin ortu in quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)  
 Pura, neque obtusis per cælum cornibus ibit ;  
 Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo  
 Exactum ad mensem, pluvia ventisque carebunt :  
 Votaque servati solvent in litore nautæ  
 Glauco, et Panopææ, et Inoo Melicertæ.*

Observe the daily Circle of the Sun,  
 And the short Year of each revolving Moon :  
 By them thou shalt foresee the following Day ;  
 Nor shall a starry Night thy Hopes betray.  
 When first the Moon appears, if then She throwds  
 Her silver Crescent, tip'd with sable Clouds ;  
 Conclude She bodes a Tempest on the Main,  
 And brews for Fields impetuous Floods of Rain.  
 Or if her Face with fiery Flushing glow,  
 Expect the rattling Winds aloft to blow.  
 But four Nights old, (for that's the surest Sign )  
 With sharpen'd Horns if glorious then she shine :  
 Next Day, nor only that, but all the Moon,  
 Till her revolving Race be wholly run,  
 Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea,  
 And Saylor's in the Port their promis'd Vow shall pay.

And thus the Sun, as *Rising* he appears,  
 Or dipt in *Ocean*, various *Signs* declares;  
 Unerring *Signs* his circling Course attend,  
 Or in the Morn, or when the Stars ascend:  
 When e'er he mottles o'er his new-born Light,  
 Or masks in Clouds, or half retires from Sight,  
 Suspect the Show'r: For, fatal to the Sown,  
 And *Trees*, and *Herd*s, the *South* comes pow'ring down:  
 If, at the Purple Dawn, his struggling Rays  
 Strike thro' the thick'ning Skies a scatter'd Blaze;  
 If, o'er her Cheeks a livid paleness shed,  
*Aurora* springs from *Tithon's* Saffron Bed;  
 Ah! what can Leaves to guard the Grapes avail?  
 So rattling bounds on Roofs the horrid Hail!

*Sol quoque et exoriens, et cum se condet in undas,  
 Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,  
 Et quæ mane refert, et quæ surgentibus astris.  
 Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum  
 Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe;  
 Suspecti tibi sint imbres. Namque urguet ab alto  
 Arboribusque satisque notus pecorique sinister.  
 Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sese  
 Diversi erumpent radij, aut ubi pallida surget  
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile;  
 Heu! male tum mites defendet pampinus uvas:  
 Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.*

Above the rest, the Sun, *who never lies*,  
 Foretells the Change of *Weather* in the Skies:  
 For if he rise, unwilling to his Race,  
 Clouds on his Brow, and Spots upon his Face; 590  
 Or if thro' Mists he shoots his fullen Beams.  
 Frugal of Light, in loose and straggling Streams:  
 Suspect a drizzling Day, with Southern Rain,  
 Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks, and promis'd Grain.  
 Or if *Aurora*, with half open'd Eyes, 595  
 And a pale sickly Cheek salute the Skies;  
 How shall the Vine, with tender Leaves, defend  
 Her teeming Clusters when the Storms descend?  
 When *ridgy* Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail  
 To barr the Ruin of the rattling Hail. 600

But

But from *Olympus*, just as he slides down,  
 'Twould profit more to have observ'd the *Sun*.  
 Oft o'er his Face are diff'rent Colours spread ;  
 Thick *Rains* the *Azure*, *Winds* denotes the *Red* :  
 But intermingled if the Spots appear  
 With shining Flame, then Winds and Clouds prepare }  
 With equal Rage, an universal War :  
 That Night let none to venture on the Sea,  
 Or to unty the Cable, counsel me.  
 But if his Orb all lucid shines, and gay,  
 When forth he leads, and when he hides the Day,  
 Fear not the Storm : You'll see the Northern Breeze  
 Slide thro' the Grove, and gently move the Trees.

*Hoc etiam, emenso cum jam decedet Olympo,  
 Profuerit meminisse magis. Nam saepe videmus  
 Ipsius in vultu varios errare colores.  
 Ceruleus pluviam denunciat, igneus euros.  
 Sin maculae incipient rutilo immiscerier igni ;  
 Omnia tunc pariter vento nimisque videbis  
 Fervere. Non illa quisquam me nocte per altum  
 Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.  
 At si, cum referetque diem, condetque relatum,  
 Lucidus orbis erit, frustra terreberet nimbis,  
 Et claro silvas cernes aquilone moveri.*

But more than all, the Setting Sun survey,  
 When down the steep of Heav'n he drives the Day.  
 For oft we find him finishing his Race,  
 With various Colours erring on his Face;  
 If fiery red his glowing Globe descends, 605  
 High Winds and furious Tempests he portends :  
 But if his Cheeks are swoln with livid blue  
 He bodes *wet Weather* by his watry Hue :  
 If dusky Spots are vary'd on his Brow,  
 And, streak'd with red, a troubled Colour show, 610  
 That fullen Mixture shall at once declare  
 Winds, Rain, and Storms, and Elemental War.  
 What desp'rate Madman then wou'd venture o'er  
 The *Frith*, or haul his Cables from the Shoar ?  
 But if with purple Rays he brings the Light, 615  
 And a pure Heav'n resigns to quiet Night ;  
 No rising Winds, or falling Storms, are nigh :  
 But Northern Breezes through the Forest fly :  
 And drive the Rack, and purge the ruffled Sky. }  
 Last'y ;



Lastly ; to what the Ev'ning is inclin'd,  
 From whence shall come the Cloud-dispelling Wind, }  
 And of the humid South the Secret Mind,  
 The Sun to you repeated Tokens gives ;  
 And who dares say that e'er the Sun deceives ?  
 He, even giddy Tumults oft declares,  
 And treach'rous Falshood, and audacious Wars :  
 He too, when CÆSAR fell, was touch'd for ROME  
 With tender Pity, and bewail'd her Doom :  
 In Rust obscure he veil'd his Beamy Light,  
 And th' impious Age fear'd an eternal Night :

*Denique, quid vesper serus vebat, unde serenas  
 Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auster,  
 Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum  
 Audeat ? ille etiam cecos instare tumultus  
 Sæpe monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella.  
 Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,  
 Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit,  
 Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem.*

Th' unerring Sun by certain Signs declares, 620  
 What the late Ev'n, or early Morn prepares :  
 And when the South projects a stormy Day,  
 And when the clearing North will puff the Clouds away.  
 The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky ;  
 And who dares give the Source of Light the Lye ? 625  
 The Change of Empires often he declares,  
 Fierce Tumults, hidden Treasons, open Wars.  
 He first the Fate of Cæsar did foretel,  
*And pity'd ROME when ROME in Cæsar fell.*  
 In Iron Clouds conceal'd the Publick Light : 630  
 And impious Mortals fear'd Eternal Night.

Tho' at that Time *Earth* too, and spacious *Seas*,  
 And *Dogs* obscene, and *Birds* the dire Decrees  
 Of Fate prefag'd: How oft have we beheld  
 Fierce *Ætna* deluge the *Cyclopi*an Field,  
 Burst all her Furnaces, and melted Stone,  
 And Globes of Flame immense roll headlong down?  
 A Noise of Arms, and Clashing of the War  
*Germania* heard, all round the frighted Air:  
 Then did the *Alps* with unknown Tremblings move;  
 And doleful Cries ran thick thro' ev'ry Grove:  
 Ghosts, wondrous pale, in Dusk of *Eve* appear'd,  
 And Cattle utt'ring Humane Sounds were heard:  
 Streams, horrid! stop; Earth yawns; with Tears all wet  
 Stand Iv'ry Shrines; and Brass runs down with Sweat:

*Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et æquora ponti  
 Obscenæque canes, importunæque volucres  
 Signa dabant. Quoties Cyclopium effervere in agros  
 Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,  
 Flammarumque globos, liquefactaque volvere saxa!  
 Armorum sonitum toto Germania cælo  
 Audijt: Infolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.  
 Vox quoque per lucos volgo exaudita silentis  
 Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris  
 Visa sub obscurum noctis, pecudesque locutæ,  
 Infandum! Siftunt amnes, terraque dehiscunt,  
 Et mæstum illacrimat templis ebur, æraque sudant.*

Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone:  
*Nature herself stood forth*, and seconded the Sun.  
 Earth, Air and Seas, with Prodigies were sign'd,  
 And Birds obscene, and howling Dogs divin'd.  
 What Rocks did *Ætna's* bellowing Mouth expire  
 From her torn Entrails! And what Floods of Fire!  
 What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar  
 Of Arms and Armies, rushing to the War!  
 Dire Earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below,  
 And from their Summits shook th' *Eternal Snow*.  
 Pale Specters in the close of Night were seen,  
 And Voices heard of more than Mortal Men.  
 In silent Groves, dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,  
 And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forsook:  
 The yawning Earth disclos'd th' *Abyss* of Hell;  
 The weeping Statues did the Wars foretell;  
 And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell.

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In furious Gulphs absorbs the whirling Woods  
 Imperial Po, the Sov'reign of the Floods :  
 And pouring onwards with resistless Sway,  
 Bears, with their ruin'd Stalls, the Herds away :  
 Nor were the Victims wanting to forebode  
 Impending Fate ; Or Wells to spring with Blood ;  
 Or Towns with hideous Howlings to resound,  
 Whilst grizly Wolves walk'd their Nocturnal Round :  
 Ne'er did such Lightning flash along the Sky,  
 Or baleful Comets blaze so thick on high :  
 For this, a second Time, *Philippi's Field*  
*Romans* engag'd in equal Arms beheld ;  
 And twice *Æmathia* did just Heav'n think good,  
 And *Hæmus' Waits* to fatten with our Blood :

*Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas  
 Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnis  
 Cum stabulis armenta tulit. Nec tempore eodem,  
 Tristibus aut exstis fibræ apparere minaces  
 Aut puteis manare cruor cessavit : Et alte  
 Per noctem resonare, lupis ululantibus, urbes.  
 Non alias cælo ceciderunt plura sereno  
 Fulgura : Nec diri toties arsere cometæ.  
 Ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis  
 Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi :  
 Nec fuit indignum superis bis sanguine nostro  
 Emathiam, et lætos Hæmi pinguescere campos.*

Then rising in his Might, the King of Floods  
 Rush't thro' the Forests, tore the lofty Woods ; 650  
 And rowling onward, with a sweepy Sway,  
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.  
 Blood sprang from Wells, Wolves howl'd in Towns *by Night*,  
 And boding Victims did the Priests affright.  
 Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high 655  
 Nor fork'y Lightnings flash'd from such a sullen Sky.  
 Red Meteors ran across th' Etherial Space ;  
 Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their Place.  
 For this th' *Emathian Plains* once more were strow'd  
 With *Roman Bodies*, and just Heav'n thought good 660 }  
 To fatten twice *those Fields* with *Roman Blood*. }

Nay, and the Time will come, when lab'ring Swains  
 Shall plough up rusty *Piles* within those Plains ;  
 Or hollow *Casques* with clashing Harrows raise,  
 And at huge Bones dug up, astonish'd gaze.

*Vesta*, and *Romulus*, ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 Who *Tuscan* Tyber guard, and *Roman* Tow'rs ;  
 Stay not the Succour which we all implore,  
 But let this *Youth* the sinking Age restore.  
 Well may our Blood, which has so oft been spilt,  
 Wash out *Laomedon's* perjurious Guilt ;  
 All Heaven, *Cæsar*, envy us thy Reign,  
 And of your Triumphs upon Earth complain ;  
 Where impious Mortals Right, and Wrong confound ;  
 Wars rage ; and Vice in ev'ry Shape is crown'd :

*Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis  
 Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
 Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila :  
 Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanis,  
 Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.  
 Di patrij Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque mater,  
 Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,  
 Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo  
 Ne prohibete. Satis jam pridem sanguine nostro  
 Laomedontæe luimus perjuriam Troiæ  
 Jam pridem nobis cæli te regia, Cæsar,  
 Invidet atque hominum queritur curare triumphos,  
 Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas ; tot bella per orbem  
 Tam multæ scelerum facies : Non ullus aratro*

Then after Length of Time the lab'ring Swains,  
 Who turn the Turfs of those unhappy Plains,  
 Shall rusty *Piles* from the plough'd Furrows take  
 And over empty Helmets pass the Rake. 665  
 Amaz'd at Antick Titles on the Stones,  
 And mighty Relicks of Gigantick Bones.

Ye home-born Deities of Mortal Birth !  
 Thou Father *Romulus*, and Mother *Earth*,  
 Goddess unmov'd ! whose Guardian Arms extend 670  
 O'er *Tuscan* *Tiber's* Course, and *Roman* Tow'rs defend ;  
 With youthful *Cæsar* your joint Pow'rs ingage,  
 Nor hinder him to save the sinking Age.  
 Oh ! let the Blood, already spilt, atone  
 For the past Crimes of curst *Laomedon* ! 675  
 Heav'n wants thee there ; and long the Gods we know  
 Have grudg'd thee, *Cæsar*, to the World below ;  
 Where Fraud and Rapine, Right and Wrong confound ;  
 Where impious Arms from ev'ry Part resound,  
 And monstrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd. 680

The Plains no Honour from the Plough receive ;  
 The ravish'd Hinds their Toils unfinish'd leave :  
 A ghastly Sight the squallid Field affords,  
 And bending Scythes are hammer'd into Swords :  
 Here moves *Euphrates*, fierce *Germania* there ;  
 Towns against Towns perfidious Arms prepare ;  
 Throughout the ruin'd World reigns impious War. }  
 As when the Carrs, swift pow'ring thro' the Race,  
 Encounter furious on the dusty Space :  
 The Charioteer is hurry'd o'er the Plain,  
 And headlong fly the Steeds, nor will they hear the Rein :

*Dignus honos. Squalent abductis arva colonis,  
 Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enses.  
 Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum :  
 Vicinæ ruptis inter se legibus urbes  
 Arma ferunt. Savit toto Mars impius orbe.  
 Ut cum carceribus sese effudere quadrigæ,  
 Addunt se in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens  
 Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.*

The peaceful Peasant to the Wars is prest ;  
 The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Rest :  
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords,  
 The crooked Scythes are streightned into Swords :  
 And there *Euphrates* her soft Off-spring arms, }  
 And here the *Rhine* rebellows with Alarms :  
 The neigh'ring Cities range on sev'ral Sides,  
 Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides,  
 And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides,  
 So four fierce Coursers starting to the Race,  
 Scow'r through the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace : }  
 Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threatning Cries they fear  
 But force along the trembling Charioteer.

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# NOTES.

The Reader will observe, that P. Page refers to the new Translation, L. Line, to Mr. Dryden's.

**R**uæus justly challenges a Seat amongst the most applauded Editors of the Classics, for the Service of the *Dauphin*; but it is not the *Georgic* which gives him this Rank. Here the Remarks are not so judicious as in the preceding or following Parts of the Learned Critic's Labours upon *VIRGIL*. I have already observed in the Preface, that there are two Errors in the two first Lines of his Interpretation; there is another which has not yet been taken Notice of, and that is the explaining *Hinc* by *Deinceps*, which quite destroys the Sence of the Poet. *Hinc* relates to what goes before, as if he had said, *ab his rebus incipiam scribere*, and not *deinceps scribam*; a Manner of speaking which was never seen in any *Exordium* whatever.

Mr. Dryden follows Ruæus in almost every one of his Mistakes; for indeed his Translation is rather a Version of Ruæus's Interpretation, than of *VIRGIL*'s Poetry. The Obligation which the Learned World has to the French Writer, is, his having abstracted, generally with Judgment, most of the Commentators, and put the whole into a better Method than ever any one had done before him.

'Tis pleasant to see with what Forehead a late Writer of his Country assumes the Post of a very great Critick, chiefly upon the Strength of having turned the Notes of Ruæus into his Mother Tongue. Those Remarks which are of that Writer's own Growth are, generally, the greatest Trifles imaginable. I beg the Reader's Patience as to one of 'em, which is under the first Page of his Translation of the *Georgics*. Ruæus in his Edition has writ,

*Sit pecori, ATQUE apibus quanta experientia parcis.*

Catrou has left out *atque*; and the Note he makes upon this wonderful Emendation, which is to be found in twenty Editions before his Lucubrations appeared in the World, is as follows,

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follows, *J'ai corrigé*, &c. " I have corrected the Text in this Place, which was depraved by the scrupulous Exactness of the Grammarians. I have rescinded the Word *atque* after *pecori*.

By this single Passage we may frame a very right Judgment of this Writer, who, I am mighty apt to think, is not only a Frenchman, and of the Society of Jesus, but likewise a Native of Gascony.

P. 1. Hence, will I try to raise the vent'rous Song.]

I think this Translation to be sufficiently justify'd, as to so much of it as is not directly in the Original Text, by what follows in the Invocation,

————— *Audacibus annue captis,* ——— p. 5.

P. 2. This Invocation has been found Fault with for it's Length: Indeed a long Invocation before an Epic Poem, when our Expectation is raised to something sublime in the Subject it self, would be justly blameable; but on this Occasion where the Subject was supposed to be mean and low, the contrary was necessary; and I believe they that first saw this Piece which begun

*Quid faciat letas segetes,* —————

were very much surpris'd to find forty three such Lines before they came to

*Vere novo* —————

L. 7. Ye Deities! who Fields and Plains protect,  
Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct.]

This Passage, which, in the Original, is only applicable to the Sun and Moon, Mr. Dryden, for the Sake of his Metre, has interpreted at large of all the Deities that preside over Country Affairs. He begins where *VIRGIL* ends.

*Dique deaque omnes, Studium quibus arva tueri.*

And by this Means he is forced into a disagreeable Tautology in his Translation, as the Reader will see by comparing the Lines above with Lines 26, 27, in this Invocation.

Several Commentators have made a Difficulty in the Original, by joining *Vos O clarissima mundi*, &c. with *Liber & alma Ceres*, as if they were called the brightest Lights of the World; and thus indeed it is no easy matter to understand

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stand the Poet; but his Sence seems to be very plain without this forced Construction. *VIRGIL* begins with invoking the *Sun* and *Moon*, because they, says he, govern the Year, that is, give favourable Seasons.

Then he goes on to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, because they, says he, taught the Earth how to produce Corn and the Vine; and then he proceeds to the Tutelar Deities of the Husbandman, &c.

Nothing can be more intelligible than this in the Original, and I wish this were the only Passage which the Commentators have obscured by their Expositions.

L. 25. *And thou, whose Hands the Shrowd-like Cypress rear.*]

'Tis very strange that Mr. *Dryden* should make *VIRGIL* talk of Shrowds; and yet this Expression he has repeated, I think, three or four times in the *Georgics*.

P. 3. *You, who the Bloom of Seedless Fruits sustain,  
And you, who on the Sown send down the kindly Rain:*]

The Learned differ very much whether we ought to read *non ullo semine*, or *nonnullo semine*: I must confess, I am not able to determine which is preferable to the other; and therefore the Translation might as well have been, in my Opinion,

*You, who the Fruits from genuine Seed sustain,  
And you, who on the Sown send down the kindly Rain:*

P. 5. *Begin your Reign, and hear ev'n now our Pray'rs.*

I have interpreted this Passage differently from all the Commentators. *Ræus* substitutes *viam*; but this makes the Sence very low, or rather no Sence at all.

The Interpretation I have given it, seems to be justify'd by considering that this is the Summing up, or Conclusion of the whole Invocation: After having called upon the other Deities, he comes at last to *Augustus*, to whom Divine Honours had been decreed, and therefore he says to him, *Ingrede*, i. e. Enter upon your Cælestial Charge, and accustom your self to the First Honours that are paid to Divine Beings, which is *votis vocari*.



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- L. 72. That Crop rewards the greedy Peasant's Pains,  
*Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,*  
*And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than pro-*  
*mis'd Grains.* }

Here Mr. Dryden again interprets *Seges* the Crop: But this Place cannot admit of any Dispute, for there is no Crop that stands two Winters, and two Summers. *Ruæus*, who found the Difficulty of the Passage, has recourse, in his Interpretation, to the same Word, and explains *Seges* by *Seges*, but in his Note, he makes a great deal of Confusion, and sometimes speaks of the Ground, and sometimes of the Corn sown in the Ground. The Passage in it self has no Difficulty at all in it, and means neither more nor less than only that a Field which has lain still two Years together, instead of one, (which last is the Common Method) will bear a much greater Crop.

- L. 90. Epirus for th' E læan Chariot breeds  
*(In hopes of Palms,) a Race of running Steeds.]*

Mr. Dryden would not have pardoned such Poetry as this in Ogilby.

*Epirus breeds*  
*A Race of Running Steeds.*

The next Couplet is much of the same Strength.

*This is th' Original Contract; these the Laws*  
*Imposed by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,]*

The *Original Contract* is a very unpoetical Expression, and *imposed by Nature* is by no Means right; for *VIRGIL* makes Nature here very active; but what follows, *and by Nature's Cause*, is merely expletive.

- L. 103. *Left wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run*  
*In watry Soils; or left the barren Sand*  
*Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land.]*

These are some of the Lines that any one who understands the Original must have no little Patience to be able to read.

*Illic, officiant lætis ne frugibus herbæ:*  
*Hic, Sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor arenam.*

## NOTES.

**VIRGIL** had spoke of the Seasons of ploughing strong heavy Ground, and light Ground. The first, says he, must be plough'd early in the Spring, and lie all Summer, and the other lightly in Autumn, or else the strong Ground will run all to Weeds, and the light Ground will have all its Juices exhausted. Instead of this, *Mr. Dryden* talks of *wicked Weeds in watry Soils*, and of *Sand sucking the Moisture from the thirsty Land*. All which is perfect Jargon: And in the same manner *Mr. Dryden* goes on

*Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears  
And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Tears.]*

*Alternis idem terras cessare novalis,  
Et segenem patiere situ durefcere campum.*

**VIRGIL**, after speaking of the Manner of ploughing whole or unbroken Ground, both heavy and light, goes on to declare how Ground in common Tillage shou'd be manag'd; and what he says of this Third sort *Mr. Dryden* applies to the Two former. *Ramus* wou'd have set him right, but the Lines running very well, *Mr. Dryden* in all Probability would not make them Sence, for that might have spoil'd the Metre in some measure, without more Pains than *Mr. Dryden* was willing to take: And the two last Lines in this Page, in my Opinion, are not to be accounted for in any other Manner.

*Thus Change of Seeds for moagre Soils is best; ---  
And Earth manur'd not idle, though at Rest.]*

L. 123. *Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,  
With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;  
When the light Stubble to the Flames resign'd,  
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind.*

*Sæpe etiam sterilis incendere profuit agros,  
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:*

**VIRGIL** speaks of two different Things, of burning the Soil it self before the Ground is plough'd, and of burning the Stubble after the Corn is taken off from arable Land. *Mr. Dryden* confounds both together.

## NOTES.

L. 139. ——— Nor Ceres from on high  
Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye ; ]

————— neque illum  
Flava Ceres alto nequicquam spectat Olympo,  
Et qui, profciso qua suscitatur aequore terga,  
Rursus in obliquum verso perumpit aratro,  
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis

*Ruæus*, and after him *Mr. Dryden*, apply this Passage to what goes before ; but *VIRGIL* means it only of what follows, namely, *Cross Ploughing*. What the Poet speaks of here retains the *Roman Name* to this Day, in many Parts of *England*, and is called *Sowing upon the Back*, that is, *Sowing stiff Ground* after once *Ploughing*. Now, says *VIRGIL*, He that draws a *Harrow*, or a *Hurdle*, over his *Ground*, before he sows it, *multum juvat arva* ; for this fills up the *Chinks*, which otherwise would bury all the *Corn* : But then, says he, *Ceres* always looks kindly upon him who ploughs his *Ground cross* again, and then exercises it frequently ; that is, often repeats the *Labour of Ploughing*. What made *Ruæus* and others mistake this Place, is, that they did not observe that *Et qui, profciso, &c.* must be constru'd *qui & perumpit, & exercet, & imperat*.

I cannot help observing that this Passage is extremely fine.

————— profciso qua suscitatur aequore terga

is the very Thing itself. All the *Furrows* look like so many *Backs* rais'd up : And the two following Lines are as expressive as 'tis possible for Words to make them.

L. 150. Hence *Mysia* boasts her Harvests, and the Tops  
Of *Gargarus* admire their happy Crops. ]

I shall not observe here that *Mr. Dryden* mistakes the Sense of the Original ; but I cannot help taking Notice how wide this *Verse* is from a majestic Style.

————— and the Tops  
Of *Gargarus* admire their happy Crops.

Is it possible any Thing can be worse rhim'd Prose than these two Lines ?

L. 151. *Wæna*

## N O T E S.

L. 151. *When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,  
Make no Delay but cover it with Speed:}*

These two Lines are entirely of Mr. Dryden's own Fashion. I can't imagine how a Writer, so much us'd to Poetry, shou'd be altogether insensible of what makes the great Beauty of this surprizing Work before us. Take from VIRGIL his Figures, and you take the Club from Hercules. The Figure that VIRGIL uses here, he uses in every Book of the *Georgics*, and 'tis the most necessary of any in Pieces of this Nature, because it flings the Stile out of the Didactic Trot, (if I may use such an Expression) which Mr. Dryden jogs on with to the End of the Stage.

L. 187. *Himself invented first the shining Share. ]*

'Tis strange Mr. Dryden shou'd make so great a Mistake as this, when a few Lines following he says

*First Ceres taught the Ground with Grain to sow,  
And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough; l. 219.]*

What VIRGIL means here he explains more fully afterwards.

————— *primusque per artem*  
*Movit agros* —————

signifies he made it necessary to stir the Ground because he fill'd it with Weeds, and obliged Men to find out Ways to destroy them. *Ceres* help'd them to the Plough out of Compassion. The following Line

*Himself did Handicrafts and Arts ordain,*

is exceeding mean. What a sad Figure the Word *Handicrafts* makes in Sublime Poetry! Nay, in the most Sublime Poetry even of VIRGIL himself, as Mr. Dryden affirms.

L. 207. *Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam; ]*

Mr. Dryden is the First, one would think, that ever made any Body go to Sea in Hollow Trees. VIRGIL says, Men first began to go upon small Streams in such Boats; but Mr. Dryden was led into this Mistake by Mr. May, who falls into the Error for Rhyme Sake. That Mr. Dryden had Mr. May before him, is plain, because this Line

*The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car*

is entirely from Mr. May.

## N O T E S.

L. 211. *Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,*]

I cannot see how any Expression can be more absurd than this,

*Then Lime for Birds were found.*

Bird-lime, connected, is intelligible, but, disjoyn'd, it raises a different Idea.

The Poet's Description is very fine, and very different from Mr. Dryden's.

————— *et fallere visco*  
Inventum ; —————

What follows

*Atque alius latum funda jam verberat amnem,*  
*Alta petens : pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.*

cannot be too much admir'd. *Verberat amnem* is wonderfully descriptive of the *Casting-Net*; and the *Sea-fishing* is as finely painted; for in this Business the Lines are so long, by Reason of the Depth of the Water, that the Fisherman's Employment seems to be nothing else but

————— *trahit humida lina.*

P. 16. *And slowly roll'd along the pond'rous Wain* ]

In this Line the Metre of *Virgil* is endeavour'd after.

*Tardaue Eleusinae matris volventis plaustra.*

This is not the first Line in this Book of this Kind; but I do not pretend to take Notice of them all.

The Reader cannot but observe how slow *Eleusinae* makes the Verse move, and how like the Motion of a Waggon.

P. 17. *Stivaque, quæ cursus a tergo torqueat imos,* ]

I do not know whether any Edition justifies the Alteration I have made in this Line, of *Currus* to *Cursus*. The Reason of my doing it is because *Cursus* is intelligible, and explains the Use of the Handle, or Plough-Staff.

## N O T E S.

———— *curfus torqueat imos,*

The Handle serves to keep the Plough up, which otherwise would run down too deep in the Ground. Mr. *Dryden* finding this Passage difficult to explain, has left it quite out of his Translation. All that the Commentators have said concerning *currus*, in this Place, is very perplext.

L. 280. *Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil.*]

Mr. *Dryden* must have been very little acquainted with the Subject he wrote of, to imagine any Seed could grow after it had been boiled; but Mr. *May* led him into this Mistake, beyond all Dispute; for he has the same Expression.

L. 302. *Linseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm*

*In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.*]

These two Lines are another strange Example of Mr. *Dryden*'s Poverty of Style in this Book. No Translation can possibly fall lower than this does from the Majesty of the Original. I shall take the Liberty to observe in this Place, that the Learned World is more obliged to *Pierius* for his great Pains in comparing the several Manuscripts, and giving us their various Readings, than to all the Commentators together.

This Passage, like many others in the common Editions, is perfectly unintelligible; for *Virgil* had long since done with Ploughing, and therefore *incumbere aratris* leaves the Reader exceedingly in the dark; but *Pierius* tells us in other Manuscripts, he had read *Rastris*; and this Alteration leaves no Doubt.

L. 304. *Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soil,*

*And Millet rising from your Annual Toil;*]

These two mean Lines are taken almost entirely from Mr. *May*, only that Mr. *Dryden* has omitted the principal Word, *Vere*, which Mr. *May* does not. The Apostrophe, which is so remarkable, I wonder Mr. *Dryden* should take no Notice of! As to his translating *Medica*, *Clover*, that is in some measure pardonable. I have endeavoured to express the *Latin* Name by a Circumlocution, because we have no proper Term for this Plant. 'Tis called *Medica*, the *Scriptores de re Rustica*, tell us, *quia a Media translata*. 'Tis very observable how artfully the Poet describes the Duration of this Grass, which is said to last 20 or 30 Years. This he does by immediately mentioning *Millet*, with this Description, *annua cura*.

## N O T E S.

L. 311. *And the bright Gnosian Diadem downward bend: ]*

Mr. Dryden in this Place, and in many others hereafter, discovers his little Knowledge of the lowest Degree of Astronomy. *Ariadne's* Crown does not bend downward at the Time *VIRGIL* mentions, but rises with the Sun; and as the Sun's Great Light soon makes that Star imperceptible, this *VIRGIL* very poetically describes by

*Gnosiaque ardentis decedat stella Corona,*

L. 316. *Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean,  
The Growth of Egypt, or the Kidney-bean! ]*

I begin to be very much tir'd with taking Notice of such sort of Verse as this is; but less Patience is requir'd in the Reader than the Writer.

P. 23. *For this, his Orb the World's Great Light divides,  
And by twelve Stars his certain Passage guides: ]*

This Passage not one of the Commentators or Translators has understood. I shall not take up the Reader's Time with their Interpretations, but put down the Words in such a Construction as makes this Passage intelligible.

*Idcirco sol a reus mundi (as in the Beginning of this Book, clarissima mundi Lumina) regit orbem (suum) dimensum certis partibus, per duodena Astra.*

Mr. Dryden's Translation of this Place is borrow'd almost entirely from Mr. May.

L. 320. *For this, through twelve bright Signs Apollo guides  
The Year, and Earth in several Climes divides. ]*

To understand this Place right, we must consider how it is connected with what goes before. The Poet had mention'd several Stars and Planets, by which he says the Husband-man may know when to plough such and such Lands, and when to sow such and such Grounds: But why, says he, do I mention these Stars and Planets only? the Sun himself, for this Purpose, *Idcirco*, namely, that the Husband-man may know how to govern his Business, divides his Course into Twelve certain Parts, which is of great Use to the Husbandman: But to represent the Sun as dividing the Earth into several Climes, is of no Use at all to the Farmer, whose Affairs extend no farther than his own Clime.

## NOTES.

L. 327. *Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind: ]*

The greatest Beauty of this Passage, *agris mortalibus*, Mr. Dryden has totally neglected.

P. 24. [*Arctos Oceani metuentis equore tingui.*]

I beg leave to suppose that this Line cannot be of VIRGIL's Writing. but that it is slid into the Text from the Marginal Note of some Grammarian or other. There is such a Jingle betwixt *oceani* and *tingui*, and the Sence, if any Sence at all can be affixt to it, is so forc'd, that it seems to me not in any wise to belong to the Author of the *Georgics*.

P. 24. *There, as they say, Or rests the soft, still Night,  
And Shades for ever thick'ning veil the Light: ]*

*Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta filet nox:  
Semper et obtenta densentur nocte tenebræ:*

These two Lines are designed to express *Dead Silence* and *palpable Darkness*. The Reader cannot but observe how the first Verse dies away in the Metre, and the Second is wove closer with thickning Letters than any other Line in the Latin Language that I can recollect.

P. 25. *And when with Oars to cut the shining Way,  
And backwards drive a Length of faithless Sea; ]*

*Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor  
Conveniat: —————*

The Latin is a most beautiful Description of Nature. When a Boat is row'd with great Strength, the Water that is drove backward appears in a long Trail. Mr. Dryden has entirely omitted this Passage.

L. 346. *Or when to fell the Furzes; when 'tis meet  
To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet. ]*

*Furzes*, I suppose, must needs be a Fault of the Printer; but *when 'tis meet*, can only be charg'd to the Account of the Translator. 'Tis surprizing that he shou'd use such exceeding mean Language as this is! And so in the following Page, the *lab'ring Husband* for *Husband-man*. And again, the Work is *huddled*, l. 353. Wou'd any one imagine, that Mr Dryden had said, *That if ever he had imitated VIRGIL's majestick Stile, it is here?*



## N O T E S.

L. 400. And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day, ]

Mr. Dryden thoroughly mistakes this Passage,

*At rubicunda Ceres medio succingitur aestu,  
Et medio tostas aestu terit area fruges.*

The Romans did not thrash or winnow their Corn. In the Heat of the Day, as soon as it was reap'd, they laid it upon a Floor made on Purpose in the Middle of the Field, and then they drove Horses or Mules round about it till they trod all the Grain out. This they still practise in Italy, and the Southern Parts of France. This gives the Meaning of *aestu tostas medio terit area fruges*. Several Copies have *succingitur*, but it is a very improper Expression to say Corn is hew'd down: But *Ceres* represented by a Sheaf of Corn is very poetically said to be Girt, or Bound.

L. 427. Even when the Farmer now secure of Fear. ]

I must confess I cannot comprehend what this Expression *Secure of Fear* means; it is evidently inserted for the Rhime Sake; for there is nothing leading to it in the Latin.

P. 32. ——— So would a Tempest bear

Or Chaff, or empty Straw, and whirl it thro' the Air.]

————— *Ita turbine nigro, &c.* This Passage, which is plainly a Simile, Mr. Dryden, after *Ruæus*, confounds with what goes before, and destroys the Sence of the Place. *VIRGIL* says he had seen a violent Storm, when all the Winds engag'd together, pull up the Standing-Corn by the Roots, and drive it away, just as a Whirlwind at another Time wou'd blow away Chaff, or Light Straw.

Mr. *May* understands this Passage in the same Manner as I have translated it.

*No otherwise than when black Whirlwinds rise  
And toss dry Straw and Stubble to the Skies.*

L. 450. And flying Beasts in Forrests seek Abode :

What a Description is here of Beasts flying to Covert in a Thunder-Storm? — in *Forrests seek abode*. The Latin is as quick and sudden as their Flight. *Fugere ferae*, they are all vanish'd in an Instant. But in Mr. Dryden's Translation, one wou'd imagine these Creatures were drove out of some inclos'd Country, and were searching for Entertainment in the next Forrest.

The

## N O T E S.

### The Majesty of this Line

*Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo*

Mr. Dryden has not endeavour'd to imitate, tho' it is so very evident *VIRGIL* endeavours by the Choice of his Words to make the Line *thunder* as much as it was possible. Most of the Editions have *plangunt*; but it is to *Pierius* that we are oblig'd for a better Reading *plangit*. This carries on the Image to the End; and if masterly Painting is to be met with in any poetical Work, it is here: *Jupiter* is represented in this Place first stretching his Arm all on Fire out of a dark Cloud, then beating down the Tops of the Mountains with his Bolts; and lastly, holding the Winds and the Rains in his Hands like a Rod, and lashing with it the Woods and the Seas. Beasts flying, and Men prostrate on the Ground, contribute to finish the Horror of this Piece. There are others as pleasing; especially that of the Morning in the 24th Page, *Aut redit a nobis Aurora* — which I have not taken any Notice of, nor of many others, because it wou'd take up more Time than I can afford.

P. 34. *But. above all, the Heav'nly Powers adore;*]

'Tis worthy Observation how artfully the Poet has introduced a Sacrifice into every one of his *Georgics*. The first is in this Place, to *Ceres*. The Second is in the next Book, to *Bacchus*. In the Third he mentions the unsuccessful Sacrifice during the Pestilence: And the fourth Book ends with a Sacrifice.

P. 36. *Or a harsh Crash is heard throughout the Wood;*]

*Aridus audiri fragor;*

And

*Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.*

Can any one imagine that all these R's came into these Lines by Chance?

P. 40. *Nor from less certain Signs the Swain descries*

*Unshow'ry Suns, and bright expanded Skies;*]

*Nec minus eximbris soles et aperta serena*

This is a remarkable Passage, to shew how much Care *VIRGIL* took to sling his Diction out of the vulgar Style. The common Editions have *ex imbri*, which makes the Passage

## N O T E S.

sage neither Sence nor Grammar. *Pierius* tells us, he has read *eximbres soles* ; but as this sounds very rough to the Ear, I take the Liberty to write *eximbris*, agreeably to the ancient Way of Writing. *Aperta serena* has been taken Notice of by several Persons already.

L. 563. *Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls  
Inspir'd, as Man, who Destiny controuls.*]

I cannot suppose there is any Body will undertake to make Sence of this last Line.

————— *As Man, who Destiny controuls.*

This Passage in the Original,

————— *rerum fato prudentia major*

has given a great deal of Employment to the Commentators. They all join *fato* with *major* in the Construction ; but they might as well have ranged the Words otherwise, *Aut major prudentia rerum fato*, i. e. *in fato*, or *in futuro*, which is the same Thing.

L. 585. *Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea,]*

————— *pluvia ventisque carebunt.*

This is another of Mr. *Dryden's* Imitations of *VIRGIL's* majestic Style in his first *Georgic* ; and it is very properly followed by this Couplet.

*Above the rest the Sun, who never lies,  
Foretells the Change of Weather in the Skies :*

*Who never lies*, is very majestic ; and so is the *Change of Weather*. Who could think these Lines were intended for a Translation of

*Sol quoque & exoriens, & cum se condet in umbras  
Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,*

L. 613. *What desp'rate Madman then would venture o'er,  
The Frith, or haul his Cables from the Shoar ?]*

How Mr. *Dryden* has mended Mr. *May's* Lines in this Place, I shall leave the Reader to determine.

## NOTES.

————— *venture o'er,*  
*The Seas, or loose my Cables from the Shore.*

*Altum*, seems to me to be better translated *Seas* than *Frith*.

L. 628. *He first the Fate of Cæsar did foretel,*  
*And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.*

The first Line is quite wrong. *VIRGIL* does not say the Sun foretold the Death of *Cæsar*; but that the Sun foretold the Miseries that would fall upon the *Romans*, for having put him to Death.

*And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.*

This is one of Mr. *Dryden's* smooth Lines, that falls very short of the Majesty of *VIRGIL's* Sence.

L. 644.—*dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,*  
————— *pecudesque locuta*

Sheep may be properly said to be *dumb*. But why they should be said to have been *dumb*, when they spoke in a miraculous Manner, I cannot apprehend. *VIRGIL* uses no such Epithet.

P. 50. *As when the Carrs, swift pow'ring thro' the Race,*]

Mr. *Dryden* pleases himself with a Discovery which, he says, he has made of a Compliment to *Augustus* in the three last Lines of this *Georgic*. 'He supposes *VIRGIL*, in this Place, 'endeavours to excuse the Crimes committed by his Patron 'during the Civil War, as if he were constrained against his 'own Temper to those violent Proceedings, by the Necessity 'of the Times in general, but more particularly by his two 'Partners *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*. They were the headstrong 'Horses, who hurry'd *Octavius*, the trembling Charioteer, a- 'long, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I understand this Passage in a manner quite different from Mr. *Dryden*. I take these three last Lines to be only a Simile illustrating what the Poet had been treating of before. He represents several Countries, Towns and Nations, nay, the whole World, in as great a Confusion thro' the Rage of War, as the Chariots in the Race, when the Horses get the better of the Drivers, and run foul of one another. Now the Universe being in this Disorder, and *VIRGIL* having before prayed to the Gods to suffer this young Man to remain on Earth to restore the ruined World, the Compliment to *Augustus* lies in representing Him as the only Person that could give Peace to all Mankind, that is in other Words, who deserved the universal Monarchy of the Earth.

F. I. N. I. S.





