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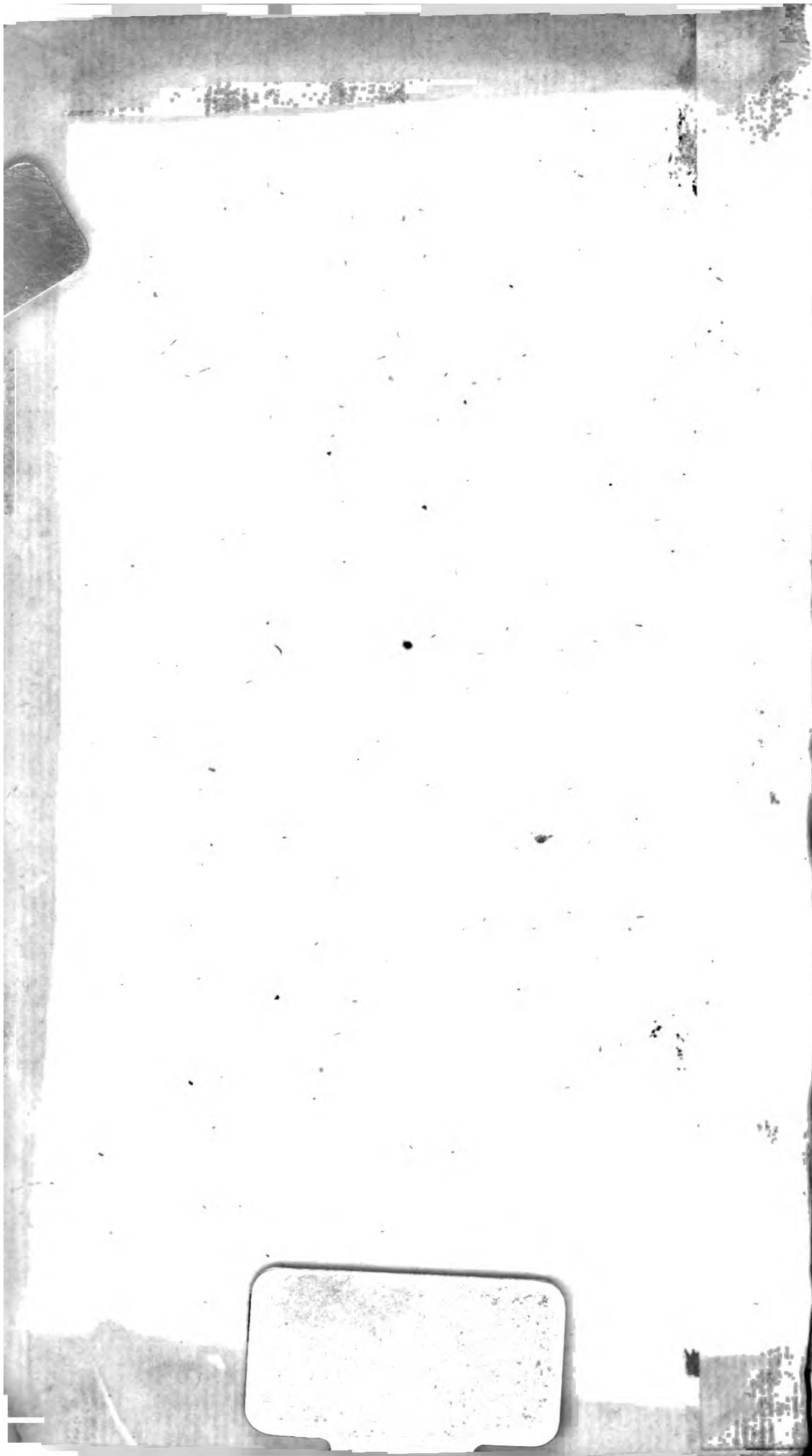
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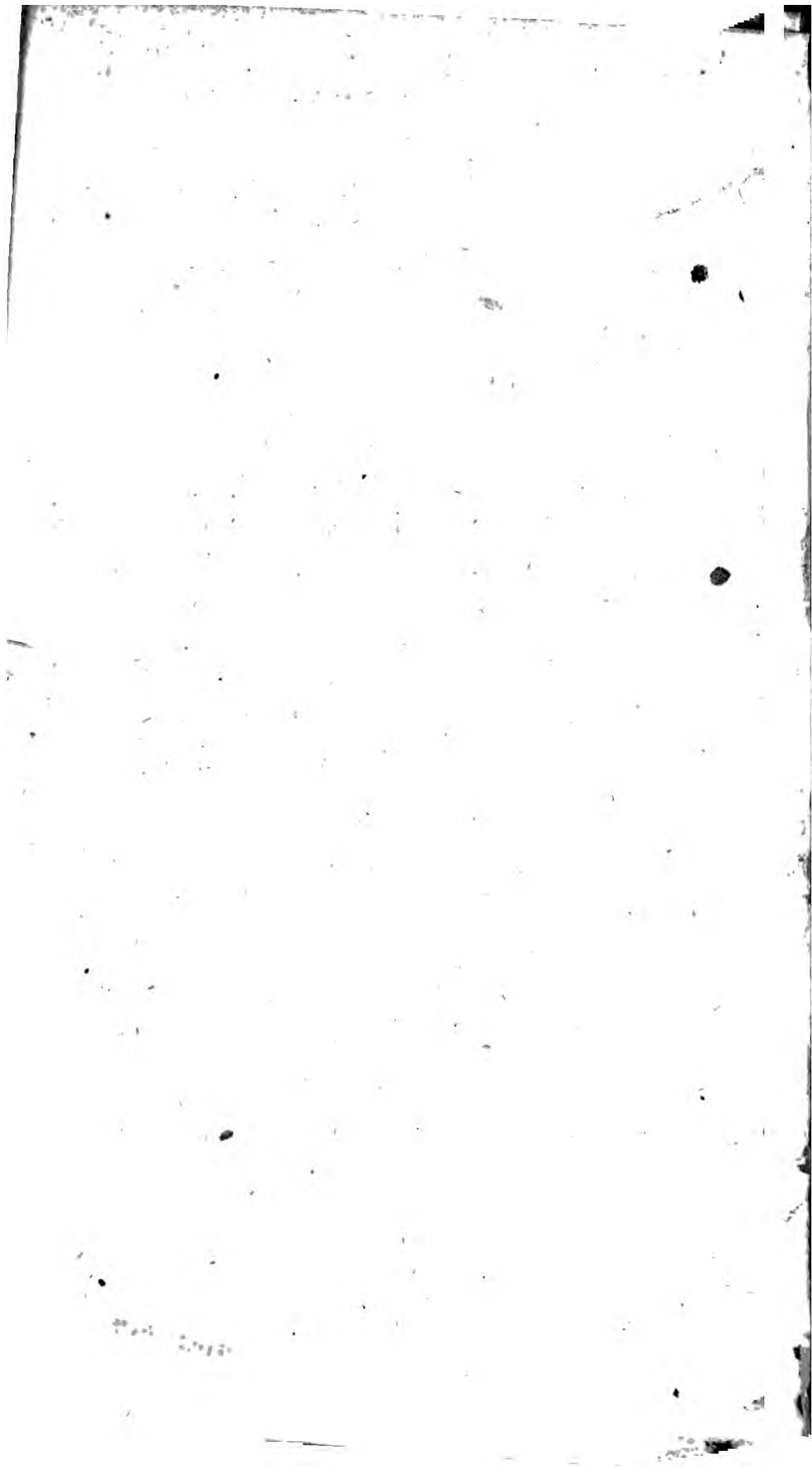


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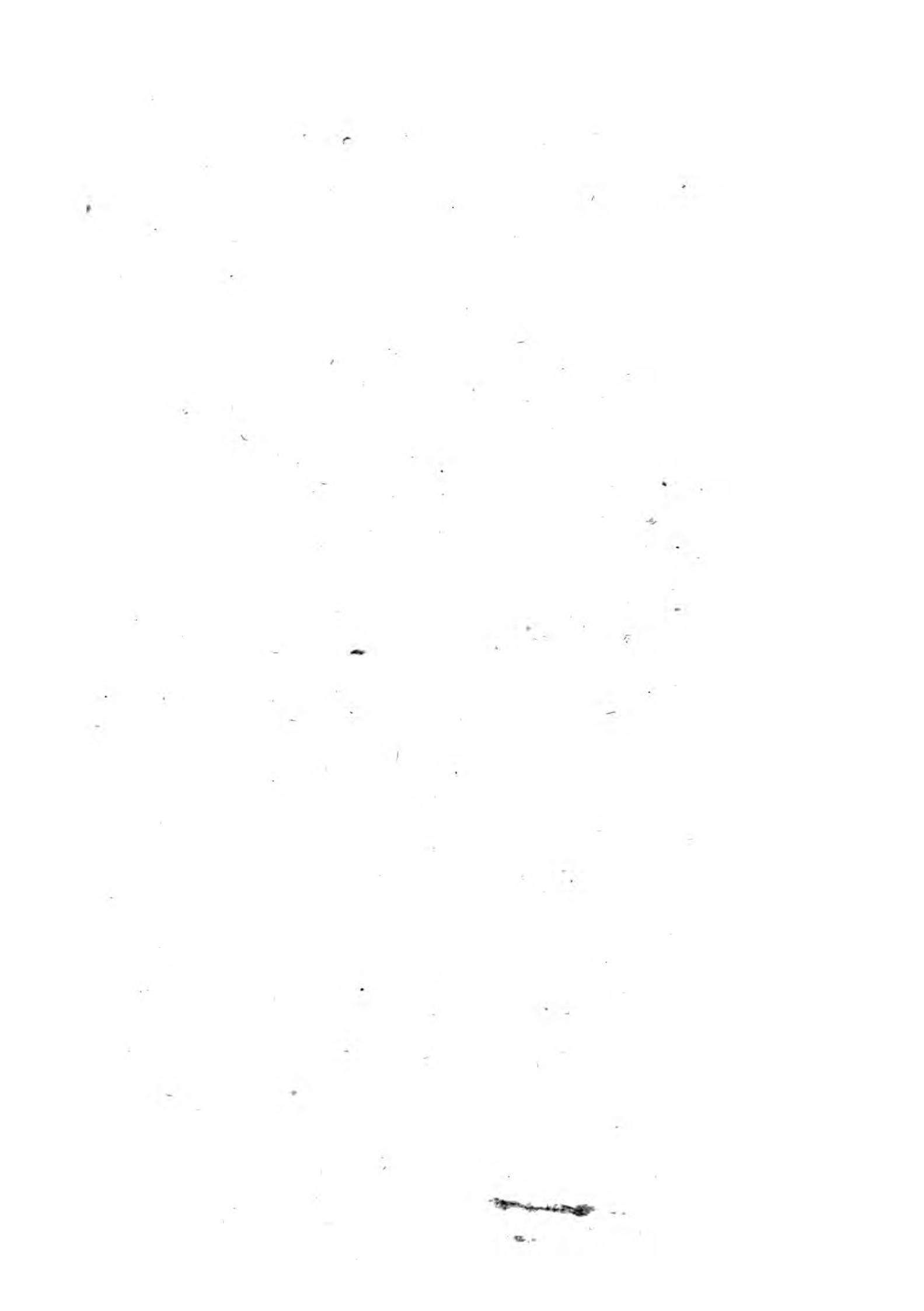












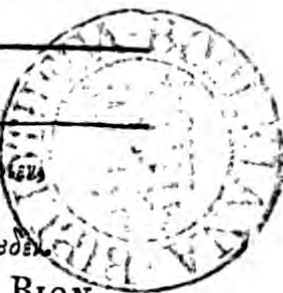
A
POETICAL TRANSLATION
OF THE
E L E G I E S
OF
T I B U L L U S;
AND OF THE
POEMS of S U L P I C I A.

WITH
The ORIGINAL TEXT, and NOTES
Critical and Explanatory.

BY
JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

V O L. II.

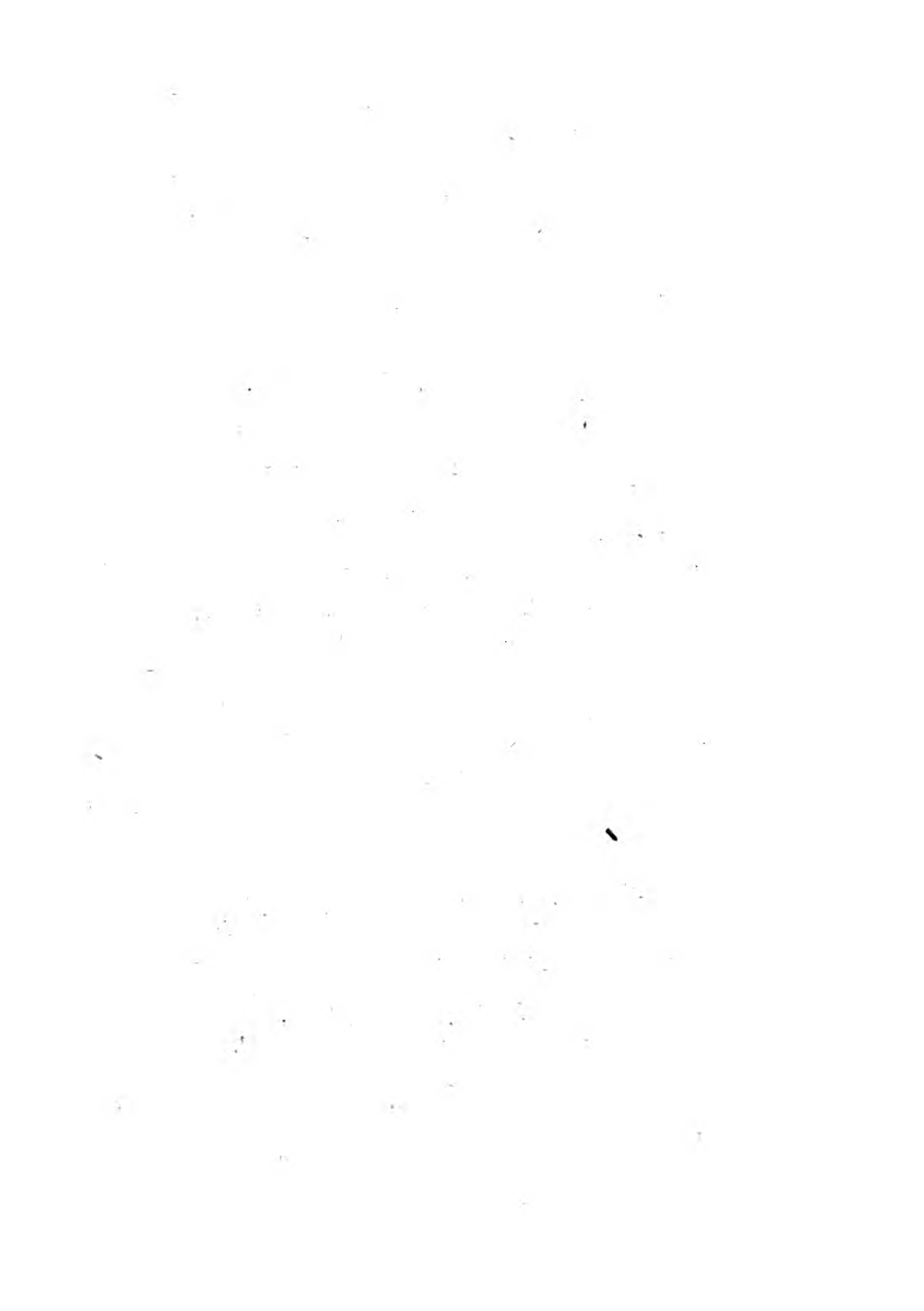
Μοισας Ερωσ καλσοι, Μοισαι τον Ερωλα Φερσεν
Μολπαν ται Μοισαι μοι αιι πωθεονη διδοιεν
Ταν γλυκεραν μολπαν, τας Φαρμακον αδιον εδεν



BION.

L O N D O N:
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297. j. 133.



ALBII TIBULLI
ELEGIÆ.

T H E

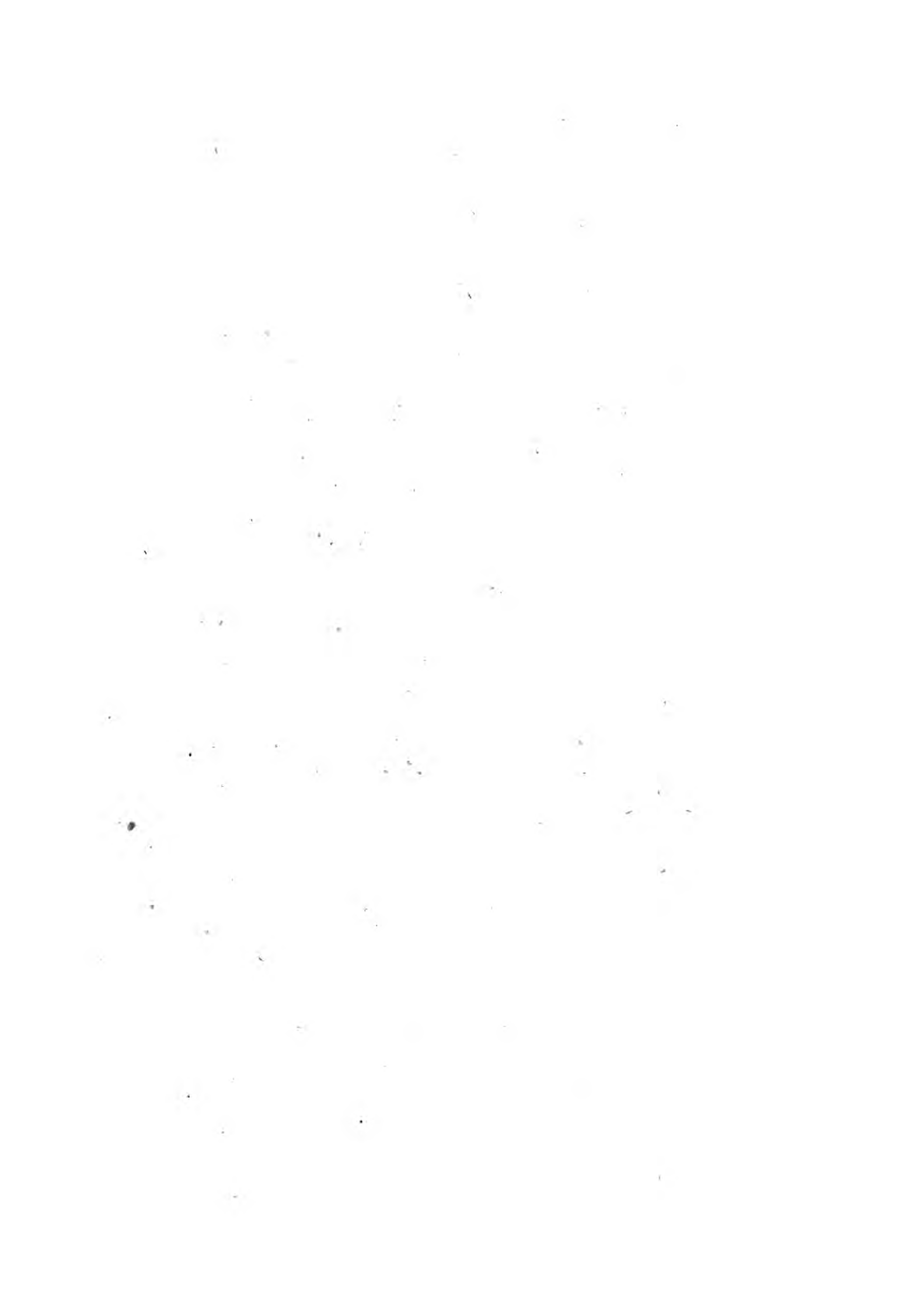
ELEGIES

O F

TIBULLUS.

Vol. II.

B



ADVERTISEMENT

To the Second Book.

THIS Book, though shorter than the former, is not inferior to it in point of poetical Fancy and amorous Tendernefs; the numbers flow with the same easy Correctnefs, and perhaps the Sentiments are more delicate; for, being wholly dedicated to rural Devotion, Friendship, and Love, the Reader will meet with nothing in it, offensive to the strictest Chastity.

If the version of the following Books of **TIBULLUS** should be found less liable to Censure, than that of the former Volume, it is chiefly to be imputed to the kind observations of a Friend, who also obliged the Translator with the elegant notes marked *B*.

ALBII TIBULLI

LIBER SECUNDUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

QUISQUIS ades, faveas; fruges iustramus, et
 agros,

Ritus ut a prisco traditus exstat avo.

Bacche veni, dulcisque tuis e cornibus uva

Pendeat : et spicis tempora cinge Ceres.

Luce

We may, without Hesitation, embrace the Opinion of Muræus, That this Elegy is a Description of the Ambarvalia, a Festival instituted by Acca Laurentia, and honoured with a solemn Sacrifice, for procuring a Blessing on the Fields. We may even, with great Probability, suppose this Poem to make a very interesting Part of the festal Entertainments. But it appears from it, that the Romans, in Tibullus's time, had added many a refined Improvement from the Grecian Ritual, to the plain Institution of the good old Nurse of Romulus ; since we find our Poet alluding to all the remarkable Customs of the festal Sacrifices of Greece. First the sacred Silence is proclaimed, the *EUPHEMISTE* of the Greeks, which restrains the Worshippers from the Use of Words of un-
lucky,

TIBULLUS.
BOOK THE SECOND.
ELEGY THE FIRST.

ATTEND! and favour! as our Sires ordain ;
The Fields we lustrate, and the rising Grain :
Come, Bacchus, and thy Horns with Grapes sur-
round ;

Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten Garland crown'd ;

This

lucky Import. Next follows an Address to the Deities, to whose Honour the Festival is dedicated. The Holiday being then proclaimed, and a strict Rest enjoined, there follows the Exclusion of all those, who had contracted any Pollution, and an Invitation of the Pure to come with clean Hands and Vestments to join in the Sacrifice. The Victim is then introduced, going without any Force to the Altar, attended by a Crowd of Worshippers crowned with Garlands, from the Tree sacred to the rural Deities. After this, is the Prayer for Blessings on the Countryman and his Fields, and Prosperity to the growing Crop. The offering up the Victim succeeds, and lucky Omens appearing, the

Luce facta requiescat humus, requiescat arator ; 5
Et grave suspensio vomere cesset opus.

Solvite

Worshippers are encouraged to indulge themselves in Joy and Festivity. The sacred Hymn closes the Whole, celebrating the Honours of the rural Deities recounting their various Gifts, and the Blessings which they have poured out upon the Country.---Whoever will look into the Collectors of Antiquities will find that these are the very Particulars of the Ritual of refined Greece. We may observe, that the Processions, Lustrations, as well as the Business of the *fratres Arvales*, whose Office it was, upon this Occasion, to settle Boundaries, have found their way into a Religion which in its original Institution, was little concerned with Pomp and Ceremony, but has been forced to receive many a scenical Foolery from Pagan Rome. B

1. *Attend ! and favour !*] The Roman Poets also express this by

Dicamus bona verba.

Both these Forms of Speech intimate a Desire, on the Part of those who prayed at the Festival, that all who were present would sincerely join with them in putting up the same Petitions.

The Mythology of the Antients has been assigned as one of the Causes which have contributed to render their poetical Compositions superior to those of the modern.

And no Doubt, that Enthusiasm, which is so natural to every true Artist in the poetical way, was considerably inflamed by the whole Turn of their religious Doctrines. When all Nature was supposed to swarm with Genii, and every Oak and Fountain was regarded as the Haunt of some presiding Deity ; what wonder if the Poet was animated by the imagined Influence of such exalted Society ; and found himself, as a late Writer elegantly expresses it, hurried beyond the ordinary Limits of sober Humanity. Hence arose the *Prosopopeia*, which, as it is one of the boldest, so is it one of the most pleasing Figures in Poetry. But may not the Omnipresence of the one true God afford the Christian Poet

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 7

This hallow'd Day suspend each Swain his Toil, 5

Rest let the Plough, and rest th' uncultur'd Soil :

Unyoke

Poet a more exalted Assistance ? When true Genius is fired with Devotion, Poesy then shines out in all her Splendor.

2. *The Fields we lustrate*] Macrobius informs us, That the Verb *lustrare* signifies to go round ; especially on a religious or mystical Account. The Ceremony here alluded to, as has been said, was the *Sacrum Ambarvale*, which in some old MSS. is placed as a Title to this Elegy. This most solemn of the rural Ceremonies had the Morning and Forenoon allotted for its Celebration. Cato de R. R. cap. 141. and Virgil, have particularly described it. And as it may not be displeasing to most of our Readers, to compare the different Manners of Maro and Tibullus, in representing the same Objects, we shall here place before them the Picture of this rural Ceremony, as drawn by the great Mantuan.

*Imprimis venerare Deos, atque annua magnæ
Sacra refer Cereri, lætis operatus in herbis,
Extremæ sub casum biemis, jam vere sereno,
Tum agni pingues, et tum mollissima vina :
Tum somni dulces, densæque in montibus umbræ.
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret,
Cui tu lacte favos, et miti dilue Baccho ;
Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges ;
Omnes, quam chorus et socii comitentur ovantes,
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta.*

Geor. I. Ver. 338.

Some Criticks contend, that Tibullus, in this Elegy, does not describe the Ambarval Ceremony, because he mentions some Circumstances relating to it, which Virgil omits, and relates others differently from that Poet. This Argument needs no Confutation.

3. *Come Bacchus.*] This God is frequently called *Tauricornis* by the Poets ; but why Horns were planted on his Head, Mythologists are greatly divided. Some of them look upon Horns as a Mark of Divinity ; but why then do the other

Solvite vincla jugis : nunc ad praeſepia debent

Plena coronato ſtare boves capite.

Omnia

Deities appear without this Badge? Others of them aſſign Horns to Bacchus, becauſe Drinking Cups were anciently formed of Horn; and there are, who contend, that he is thus diſtinguiſhed, becauſe he was the firſt who ploughed with Oxen. Thoſe who recollect the old Sentence,

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus,

may haply be able to afford as ſatisfactory a Reason for the cornuted Appearance of this Deity, as any ſuggeſted above. River Gods are frequently repreſented with Horns; but on a very different Account. Pindar makes Bacchus the *ἄρχος*, or Aſſeſſor of Ceres: and in the Orphic Hymn, addreſſed to that Goddeſs, ſhe is called *Ἐρμαιοῖς ἑυεὶσι*. They were commonly worſhipped together. See Callimachus's ſixth Hymn.

Some Critics, ſuperſtitiouſly bent to deduce from Scripture the Origin of every mythological Practice, have, from the *Cornuta facies*, common to Moſes and Bacchus, ſuppoſed, that the Lawgiver of the Jews, and that Heathen God, were one and the ſame Perſon. But theſe perſpicacious Critics ſhould have conſidered, that as Adoration is natural to Man, and Ignorance and Conjecture were prior to Wiſdom and Philoſophy, Idolatry, which is the Offspring of Devotion and blind Fancy, never was, nor could be, confined to thoſe few Regions bordering on Judea; nor conſequently derived from the Jews, or any of their Heroes. Were we permitted, becauſe of ſome ſaint Reſemblances between them, to form one Perſon out of two, we ſhould rather chuſe, from the ſimilar Circumſtances of their Births, Deaths, &c. to make a Romulus, than a Bacchus, of Moſes. Chronology indeed forbids this odd Incorporation; but Writers would do better to interdict their Pen, as Lord Bacon expreſſes it, all Liberties of this Kind, and not offer ſtrange Fires at the Altar of the Lord.

G

The Grecians had moſt probably an Hero-God of their own, named Bacchus, to whom they were indebted for ſome of the Improvements of Life. But it is very certain, that many of the Actions, Inventions, and Symbols of the Ægyptian

Unyoke the Steer, his Racks heap high with Hay,
And deck with Wreaths his honest Front To-day.

Be

gyptian Osiris, were, in after times, attributed to him. We have here one Instance of it. The Bull was the established Hieroglyphic of Osiris, as the Inventor of Agriculture. Greece adopted the Invention for their own Bacchus; but not having the Use of the hieroglyphic Characters, they contented themselves with borrowing an Attribute for their Deity, and assigned him the Horns of the Animal, by whose Labours he was supposed to cultivate and introduce Agriculture into the Country. I might add, that whenever Bacchus and Ceres are spoken of together, as rural Deities, almost every thing applied to them, more properly belongs to Osiris and Isis. See a remarkable Instance of this, Virg. Georgics, B. 1. Lin. 5. *et seq.* to the 9th.

Vos, ob Clarissima Mundi, &c.

Here Bacchus and Ceres, the humble Inventors of Wine and Agriculture, are exalted into the Heavens, and become Sun and Moon, the great Leaders of the Year through its Seasons. We know there is nothing in the Grecian Mythology to support this; and that those heavenly Luminaries are attributed to other Deities. But it is certain, that the Sun and Moon were worshipped by the Ægyptians under the Denomination of their Hero-Gods Osiris and Isis. Vid. Div. Legation, B. 4. Sect. 5. *et alibi passim.* B

7. *Unyoke the Steer.*] It was usual at the Time of these Sacrifices to dress the Cattle with Garlands, and to give them a Respite from Labour. Vid. Fast. Lib. I. Ver. 663. Lib. VI. Ver. 311.

The ploughing Ox was held in great Estimation among the Antients; respecting this, Varro, de R. R. Lib II. l. 53. Columella in the Preface to his 6th Book, and Pliny, Lib. VIII. c. 45. may be consulted. But though we refer to these Passages, the Translator cannot deny himself the Pleasure of transcribing from Ovid the following good-natured Apostrophe, in favour of those useful Animals.

Omnia sint operata Deo : non audeat ulla
Lanificam pensis imposuisse manum.

10

Vos

*Quid meruere boves animal sine fraude dolisque
Innocuum, simplex, natam tolerare labores ?
Inmemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit curvi demto modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare suum ; qui trita labore
Illa, quibus toties durum renovaverat annum
Tot dederat Messes, percussit colla securi.*

Met. Lib. XV. v. 120.

How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve ?
A down-right simple Drudge, and born to serve ?
O Tyrant ! with what Justice canst thou hope
The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop ;
When thou destroy'st the labouring Steer who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field ?
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck with which the surly Clods he broke ;
And to thy Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Year began.

DRYDEN.

Accordingly we find, that in the antient Times of the Roman Republick, a Person was publicly condemned, for having felled a labouring Ox (*Bos domitus*) in order to gratify the Longings of one he was fond of. Valer. Maxim. Lib. VIII. l. 1. And, in the Declension of that Empire, Constantine ordained, that no ploughing Ox should be either distrained for Debt, or taken from the Traveller, to supply the Place of such, as were wanting to compleat the Number required at the publick Sports and Races.

Scaliger, on the Authority of some old MSS. reads the Original of the last Line, as follows :

Plena coronato vertice stare boves :

Yet most MSS. and the best Editions read it,

Plena coronato stare boves capite.

But without their Concurrence Broekhusius justly observes, that Tibullus must have thus wrote it, as his Ear taught

him

Be all your Thoughts to this grand Work apply'd !
 And lay, ye thrifty Fair, your Wool aside! 10

Hen. 3

him sollicitously to avoid every Combination of harsh hissing Consonants, such as SC. SP. SQ. ST.

Ex Tibullo probanda est Tibullianæ scriptionis consuetudo.

10. *And lay, ye thrifty Fair, your Wool aside.*] There are some Things, says Servius, which, if done on a Holiday, pollute it. Hence it was, that the Pontiffs, when they were to perform a Sacrifice, sent out their Beadles to prevent Artificers from working, lest the sacred Ceremony should be contaminated. Serv. ad G. Lib I. Ver. 263. And Macrobius tells us, that a Herald also was employed on these Occasions to prohibit the People from all secular Business. Those, who unknowingly transgressed, were obliged to purchase their Expiation by sacrificing a Hog; but the wilful Guilt could not be expiated, in the Opinion of Scævola the High-priest. Sat. Lib. c. 16.

These Heralds, from their Office, had the Names of *Præclamatōres* & *præciæ* bestowed upon them.

Yet was not all Work forbidden to the Husbandman; for as Cato de R. R. informs us, they might, even on the most sacred Holiday, clean their Ditches, mend the Highways, cut down Briars, dig their Garden, burn Thorns, weed their Meadows, cleanse their Fish-ponds, bind Withies, and do every Office of Cleanliness in their House. C. 2. BROEKHUS.

Pictures of Life and Manners, when truly copied from Nature, however low the Subject, never fail to delight us. And we have here a very faithful one exhibited to us. When the Poet had dismissed Man and Beast to rest, proclaimed a general Holiday, and a Vacation from all Business, he recollects that his last most difficult Task was, to snatch the Distaff out of the Hands of the Country Housewife. Whoever has peep'd into a Farm-house, must have observed the notable Mistrefs, whatever the rest of the Family were doing, always in an Hurry, and acting as eagerly upon the leading Principle of the Country, Frugality, as a Court Lady in Pursuit

Vos quoque abesse procul jubeo, (discedite ab aris)

Quis tulit hesternæ gaudia nocte Venus.

Castæ placent Superis ; pura cum veste venite,

Et manibus puris sumite fontis aquam.

Cernite, fulgentes ut eat facer agnus ad aras, 15

Vinctæque post olea candida turba comas.

Dir

suit of Pleasure. Perhaps one general Reason might be assigned for the Impetuosity of both. And the fine Lady Harriet, with the Help of a little Change of Education, might have made a very notable Amaryllis in the Country. B

12. *Who spent in amorous Blandishments.*] All matrimonial Converse with Women was strictly prohibited, during a certain Number of Days preceding the ambarval Sacrifices.

*Annua venerunt cerealis tempora sacri.
Secubat in vacuo sola puella toro.*

Complains the amorous Ovid, El. Lib. III. El. 9. but not only the Unchaste, but Persons defiled with recent Blood, or polluted with the Touch of a dead Body, were forbidden to approach the Altar.

14. *But come, ye Pure, in spotless Garbs array'd.*] The pure Vestment mentioned in the Original, was white, as Ovid, in that wonderful Work of his, the FASTI, informs us.

*Alba decent Cererem, vestes Cerealibus albas
Sumite ; nunc pulli velleris usus abest.*

Lib. IV. Ver. 619.

16. *Come ! follow thrice the Victim.*] Altho' the ambarval Sacrifice was, generally, either a Sow with Pigs, or a Lamb, yet the Goat and Bullock were sometimes also used. But whatever was the Animal, it was conducted thrice with great Solemnity round the Field! (*ter ambiens agros*) and thence obtained the Name Ambarval.

If either in the Procession, or at the Altar, it spurned, or shewed the least Reluctance, they removed it, as displeasing

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 13

Hence I command you Mortals from the Rite,
 Who spent in amorous Blandishment the Night,
 The vernal Powers in Chastity delight.

But come, ye Pure, in spotless Garbs array'd!
 For you the solemn Festival is made!

Come! follow thrice the Victim round the Lands!
 In running Water purify your Hands!

See! to the Flames the willing Victim come!
 Ye Swains with Olive crown'd, be dumb! be dumb!

From

to the Deity; and substituted another Victim in its stead. Hence the Verb *Eat*, in the Original, and the Epithet *Willing*, in the Translation. At the Altar the Victim was unbound; for, as Servius observes,

Piaculum est, in sacrificio aliquid esse religatum.

There is a sensible Epigram in the Anthology, which informs us, that not only Ceres and Bacchus, but Hercules and Mercury had Offerings made to them by the Husbandman. Hermes indeed was contented with Milk and Fruits; but, to the former, Sheep and Oxen were sacrificed. This, it seems, disgusted the penurious Farmer; who being told, Hercules deserved Victims of that Value, he made this spirited Reply, What Difference is there to me, whether my Flock is destroyed by Wolves, or by the Keeper?

Τι τὸ πλεον εἰ τὸ φυλακτεν -
 Ολλυται ὑπο λύκου εἰθ ὑπο τοῦ φυλακός.

17. In running Water purify your Hands!] Clean Hands were necessary in all Sacrifices. Thus Hesiod,

μηδὲ ποτ' ἐξ ἡν: Διὶ λείβειν αἰθρα οἶνον -
 χερσὶν ἀπιπτοῖσιν, μηδὲ ἀλλοῖς ἀθανάτοισιν.
 Οὐ γὰρ τριγὼ κλυθεύσιν ἀποπτοῦσι δὲ τ' ἀρας.

Ἐργ. 3. Ἡμεῖς. Ver. 724.

Accord.

Dii patrii, purgamus agros, purgamus agrestes,
 Vos mala de nostris pellite limitibus.

Neu feget eludat messem fallacibus herbis,

Neu timeat celeres feignior agna lupos. 20

Tunc nitidus plenis confusus rusticus agris

Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco.

Tur-

According to Macrobius, when the Romans sacrificed to the *Di Superi*, they washed the whole Body with River Water; but, in Sacrifices to the infernal Gods, a bare Sprinkling was sufficient. Sea Water was also sometimes used for the same Purposes.

19. *From Ills, O sylvan Gods.*] The following is the Form of Prayer used by a Farmer, upon a like Occasion :

“ O Father, I conjure and entreat you, that you will be
 “ propitious to me, to my House and Family; that you
 “ will disperse all Maladies, known and unknown; Cala-
 “ mities, Barrenness, Mortalities, and Pestilence; that you
 “ will give Encrease to my Fruits, Corn, Trees, and Vines;
 “ that you will preserve my Shepherds and my Flocks; and
 “ give Health and Safety to us all.” Vid. Cat. de R. R.
 c. 141.

24. *So shall the Hind.*] I should not have hazarded an Explanation of this Passage, if I had not observed that the meaning of it had escaped the Notice of all the Commentators. One of them has produced from Horace, by way of Explanation,

Ædificare casas, plostello adjungere mures.

And again,

Ædificante casas qui sanior.

Lib. II. Sat. 3.

This is Learning! this is that happy Talent of Criticism which explains a Passage by Authorities from his splendid Fellows. But could this solemn Trifler think, that an Action which Horace represents as the Play of Childhood, which he stigmatizes as a glaring Mark of an unsound Head in any
 one

El. 1.	THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS.	15
"	From Ills, O sylvan Gods, our Limits shield,	20
"	To-day we purge the Farmer and the Field ;	
"	O let no Weeds destroy the rising Grain ;	
"	By no fell Prowler be the Lambkin slain ;	
"	So shall the Hind dread Penury no more ;	
"	But gaily smiling o'er his plenteous Store,	25
"	With liberal Hand shall larger Billets bring,	
"	Heap the broad Hearth, and hail the genial Spring.	
	" His	

one that had attained to Manhood, could be considered by so exact a Writer as Tibullus, as a proper Expression of Gratitude from a Country Village to its divine Protectors ? The Words, we see, are Part of an Address to the *Dii patrii*, upon a solemn Lustration of the Villagers and their Fields. First, their Protection is invoked for their Harvest and Flocks, upon the Grant of which an Assurance is given, that the happy Farmer and his Family would shew their Sense of the Blessing by heaping high the Hearth, and running up hasty Huts of Twigs ; both of which must be supposed to be done in Honour of those very Deities to whom the Promise is made. Consider then, that the Lares, the Guardians, and Protectors of Families, must be especially designed by, or at least included amongst the *Dii patrii*. Now comfortable Houses, and warm Fires, were considered as their proper Gifts, as peculiarly under their Tutelage ; And nothing could be more in the Spirit of Antiquity than for the Farmer and his sportive Family, in the midst of their festal Joy, and in Gratitude to the bounteous Givers, to exhibit the Representation of the very Gifts which they were supposed to have received from them. The warm Hut and the blazing Fire were as proper Expressions of Gratitude to the Lares, as Arms which had been used successfully to Hercules, the First-fruits to Ceres, and the Image of a restored Limb to Æsculapius, or the Hermæ to Mercury the Guide and Protector of Travellers. B

Turbaque vernarum, faturi bona signa coloni,
Ludet, et ex virgis exstruet ante casae.

Eventura precor. Viden' ut felicibus extis 25

Significet placidos nuntia fibra Deos ?

Nunc mihi fumosos veteris proferte Falernos

Consulis : et Chio solvite vincla cado.

Vina diem celebrent ; non festa luce madere

Est rubor, errantes et male ferre pedes. 30

Rura

27. *His numerous Bond-slaves all in goodly Rows.*] These certain Indications of a wealthy Farmer, Horace, with his usual Courtliness of Expression, calls *Ditis examen Domus* ; but as that would have appeared flat in English, Mr. Francis has judiciously passed it over in his Version. So peculiar are Languages !

The *Vernæ* were Slaves born of Slaves.

35. *Pour'd from the Cask.*] The Original of this cannot be rendered into intelligible English. The Romans marked their Wine Casks with the Name of him who was Consul at the Time when they were filled. They then fastened them down with Chains. The older the Falernian and Chian Wines were, they became the more esteemed. They were often mixed together ; and this heightened the Flavour of both.

Might not these Lines have convinced Dacier, and the other Commentators, who represent Tibullus as an indigent Person, of their Mistake ? A poor Man could not have afforded to treat a whole Village with old Falernian and Chian Wines. G

Though the Romans, by a very unlucky proverbial Expression, used *Græcari* for playing the good Fellow, yet I think that Debauchery and Intemperance were the characteristic Manners, neither of the Greeks nor Romans. At their Festivals, they indeed thought them an indispensable Part of their religious Rejoicings ; and if they were not wholly con-

“ His numerous Bond-slaves all in goodly Rows,
 “ With wicker Hutts your Altars shall inclose.
 “ That done, they’ll cheerly laugh, and dance, and
 play,
 “ And praise your Goodness in their uncouth Lay.”

The Gods assent! see! see! those Entrails show,
 That Heaven approves of what is done below!
 Now quaff Falernian, let my Chian Wine,
 Pour’d from the Cask in massy Goblets shine! 35
 Drink deep, my Friends; all, all, be madly gay,
 ’Twere Irreligion not to reel To-day!

Health

confined to these, it is certain that by their means they first got footing amongst them. Athenæus Deipn. L. III. ch. 3. tells us, that the Antients never indulged themselves with Dainties, nor drank any Quantity of Wine, but at such times. As a convincing Proof of which he observes, that the very Names for luxurious Eating and Drinking have some Relation to their religious Sacrifices. Thus *Θαύρη*, a Banquet, is so called, because they thought themselves obliged *δια Θεωρ* *ο:ν:σθ:ς*, to be drunk in Honour of the Gods; and to be drunk they called *μεθυσιν*, because they were accustomed to do it, *μετα το θυσιαν*, after Sacrifice. The Romans had adopted the same Principles and Practice, as appears from this very sober Exhortation of the Poet. B

38. *And not a Letter of his Name be lost.*] Upon certain Occasions the Romans drank a Bumper for every Letter of their Friend or Mistress’s Name. They received this Custom from the Grecians.

40. *Thou noblest Splendor of an antient Race.*] The first Romans wore Beards, and were represented accordingly in their Statues and Pictures. The *Intonsis Avis* of the Original, there-

Sed, Bene Messalam, sua quisque ad pocula dicat,
Nomen et absentis singula verba sonent.

Gentis Aquitanae celebrer Messala triumphis,
Et magna intonsis gloria victor avis,

Huc ades, adspiraque mihi, dum carmine nostro 35
Redditur Agricolis gratia Coelitibus.

Rura cano, rurisque Deos ; his vita magistris
Desuevit querna pellere glande famem.

Illi compositis primum docuere tigillis
Exiguam viridi fronde operire casam. 40

Rure

therefore shews the Antiquity of Messala's Family. Varro de R. R. informs us, that Fianius Mena was the first who introduced Barbers into Rome ; and he brought them from Sicily, A. U. C. 454. Such Circumstances, though seemingly inconsiderable, are yet necessary for a thorough Understanding of the Classics.

48. *And thatch it o'er with Turf, or leafy Sprays.*] Such were the rude Beginnings of Architecture! and such wretched Hovels are still to be seen in the barren and mountainous Parts of this great and civilized Island! See Vitruv. Archit. L. II. c. 1.

Houses at first being only a Defence from the Weather, and built of whatever rude Materials the Country afforded, Rome was originally composed of mud-walled, straw-thatched Cottages. Even Romulus's Palace was a Hut, and as ill furnished as those of his Subjects.

*Parva fuit, si prima velis elementa referre,
Roma : sed in parva spes tamen hujus erat.
Mœnia jam stabant populis angusta futuris ;
Credita sed turbæ nunc nimis ampla suæ ;*

Quæ

Health to Messala, every Peasant toast,
And not a Letter of his Name be lost !

O come, my Friend, whom Gallic Triumphs grace,
Thou noblest Splendor of an antient Race ;
Thou whom the Arts all emulously crown,
Sword of the State, and Honour of the Gown ;
My Theme is Gratitude, inspire my Lays !
O be my Genius ! while I strive to praise
The rural Deities, the rural Plain,
The Use of foodful Corn they taught the Swain.
They taught Man first the social Hut to raise,
And thatch it o'er with Turf, or leafy Sprays :

45

They

*Quæ fuerit nostri si quæris regia nati,
Adspice de canna straminibusque domum :
In stipula placidi carpebat munera somni.*

OV. FAST. L. III.

We are certain, that Rome at first was only a Huddle of Cottages, without any regular Openings and Streets ; nay some Philologists have conjectured, that that City never had regular Streets like ours, as there is no Latin Word which properly signifies a Street : Neither were Rome's first Places of Worship much more superb than its Houses, since we know, from Pliny, that, till after the Conquest of Asia, the Romans had only wooden, or at best earthen Gods in their Temples.

The Translator must finish this Note with correcting an Error into which he has fallen, in his Notes upon the first Elegy of the first Book. There, p. 16, it is asserted, that no Purchaser was intitled to the Spoils with which any
House

Illi etiam tauros primum docuisse feruntur

Servitium, et plaustro supposuisse rotam.

Tunc victus abiere feri; tunc insita pomus;

Tunc bibit irriguas fertilis hortus aquas.

Rure levis verno flores apis ingerit alveo,

45

Compleat ut dulci fedula melle favos.

Agri-

House he might buy, was adorned. But the Fact is quite otherwise; for Pliny expressly says, it was unlawful to take down these Trophies; *Affixis hostium spoliis, nec emptori refigere liceret.*

NAT. HIST. L. 35. C. 2.

Thus it was that the Romans endeavoured to perpetuate the martial Glory of their Ancestors.

55. *And to their Cells.*] Broekhusius, contrary to the Opinion of most of the Commentators, joins *Verno* to *Alveo*; and, in a far-fetch'd manner, justifies this Construction by a Passage from Columella. The Translator cannot however help joining *Verno* with *Rure*. It is certain that Martial couples *asivum* to *rus*, Lib. 8. Ep. 61. Fruterius reads it,

Rure levis vernos flores, &c.

But the Ear may easily convince any one, that Tibullus never wrote it so.

59. *Pip'd to his Household Gods.*] A noble Origin this of Poetry! After the Hymns and Sacrifice were over, the Villagers devoted the rest of the Day to Feasting and Merriment. Their Merriments, as Horace informs us, chiefly consisted in alternate, gay, extempore, innocent, and awkward Jokes.

Verfibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.

This Holiday Wit, and rude Species of Poetry, was called *Fescennine* & *Saturnine*, from the Places in Tuscany and Latium, where it chiefly prevailed.

From

They first to tame the furious Bull essay'd,
 And on rude Wheels the rolling Carriage laid. 50
 Man left his savage Ways ; the Garden glow'd,
 Fruits not their own admiring Trees bestow'd,
 While thro' the thirsty Ground meandring Runnels
 flow'd. }

There Bees of Sweets dispoil the breathing Spring,
 And to their Cells the dulcet Plunder bring. 55
 The Ploughman first to sooth the toilsome Day,
 Chanted in measur'd Feet his sylvan Lay :
 And, Seed-time o'er, he first in blythsome Vein,
 Pip'd to his Household Gods the hymning Strain.

Then

From being practis'd by Rusticks, and only on these Occasions, this Species of witty Raillery soon became the Entertainment of Towns, at their public Diversions. Then it was, probably, that Musick and Dancing, with Gestures suited to the Subject, were added, and the Raillery level'd not only at the Actors, but Spectators. The Success of this motley Entertainment suggested in time the Idea of another Poem, as various and farcastic as the former.

From the Country Custom of making Presents of Baskets filled with Fruits, Flowers, &c. (*Satura Lances*) upon particular Occasions, this new Entertainment assumed the Name of *Satura Poemata*, or Satyr. By Degrees, both these kinds of Raillery became so petulant, that Worth and Virtue were often treated by them, with the same Severity, as Vice and Folly. This obliged the Magistrate to interpose his Authority ; in consequence of which, a Law was made, A. U. C. 302, subjecting not only the Authors of these *Mala Carmina*, but those also who recited and acted them, to a Drubbing ; and hence the Punishment was called, *Fustilegium*. Thus was

Agricola assiduo primum satiatus aratro,

Cantavit certo rustica verba pede.

Et satur arenti primum est modulatus avena

Carmen, ut ornatos diceret ante Deos.

50

Aurea tunc pressos pedibus dedit uva liquores :

Mistaque securo sobria lymphæ mero est.

Rura ferunt messes, calidi quum sideris aestu

Deponit flavas annua terra comas.

Agricola et minio suffusus, Bacche, rubenti

55

Primus inexperta duxit ab arte choros.

Huic

was illiberal and dangerous Wit restrained; and chaste Satyr, by the successive Endeavours of Lucilius and others, advanced to an eminent Degree of Perfection. But as Policy soon discovered that theatrical Entertainments, of one kind or another, were necessary; a Company of Tuscan Histors, or Players, (for the Tuscans were then the best Actors) were invited to Rome about forty Years after the Law above-mentioned had passed. The Language of these Tuscans not being understood at Rome, they endeavoured to supply this Deficiency by a dumb Sort of Declamation, or eloquent Action, wherein the Motions and Gestures of the Body were regulated by the Flute, in such a manner as to represent every Sentiment and Passion to the Eye of the Spectator. This pantomimical Entertainment soon, however, fell into Disuse, either through the Death of the Tuscan Performers, or because it possessed not the poignant Raillery of the former Pieces. Accordingly we find, that in A. U. C. 390, when a Pestilence (for so Historians call it) raged at Rome, the Magistrates were admonished to avert the Anger of the Gods, by exhibiting Plays. In consequence of this, a second Company was sent for from Tuscany; and now they began to act (as Mr. Dryden expresses it) a kind of civil cleanly Farce, the Music, Dancing, and Gestures being

EL. I. [THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 23
 Then first the Prefs with purple Wine o'er-ran, 60
 And cooling Water made it fit for Man.
 The Village-Lad first made a Wreath of Flowers
 To deck in Spring the tutelary Powers :
 Blest be the Country, yearly there the Plain 65
 Yields, when the Dog-star burns, the golden Grain :
 Thence too thy Chorus, Bacchus, first began,
 The painted Clown first laid the tragic Plan.

A

ing retained. These Exhibitions, which had something in them to entertain the Senses, and were not without de-void of Wit and Ridicule, continued in quiet Possession of the Roman Theatre for 124 Years. Livius Andronicus was the first who brought a regular Play upon the Roman Stage. His Plays were divided into Acts, and modelled after the old Comedy. Andronicus was a Grecian by Birth, and had been taken Captive by the Romans. Having acquired a competent Knowledge of the Language of that People, he was presented with his Freedom, by his Master Salinator, whose Children he had educated. This grand scenical Revolution, as Tully informs us, happened a Year after the first Punic War, and a Year before Ennius was born. Now it was that, among the Romans, the Learned began to study the Greek Authors : and as the tragic Poets of Greece had carried the Buskin to so great Perfection, those among the Romans, who wrote for the Stage, thought they could not better employ their Talents than in translating those great Originals, for the Entertainment of their Countrymen : And it was not till the Age of Augustus, that any Piece, intirely Roman, was introduced upon the Stage.

Although Horace, as well as our Poet, attribute the Invention of Poetry to the Husbandman, yet many Critics, and especially Scaliger, bestow that Honour on the Shepherd : And indeed, when we consider that Flocks were tended before the Earth was ploughed, their Opinion is not improbable, But

28

Huic datus a pleno memorabile munus ovili

Dux pecoris ; hirtas duxerat hircus oves.

Rure puer verno primam de flore coronam

Fecit, et antiquis imposuit Laribus.

60

Rure etiam teneris curam exhibitura puellis

Molle gerit tergo lucida vellus ovis.

Hinc et femineus labor est, hinc pensa, colusque,

Fusus et apposito pollice versat opus.

Hic

as Poetry is natural to Man, and peculiar to no Nation, who can ascertain its Inventor ?

64. *Blest be the Country.*] Broekhusius says, the Poet means the Sun by the *Calidum sidus*. It seems rather that he meant the Dog star. Tibullus calls the growing Corn the Earth's annual Hair. This Metaphor will not do in English.

66. *Thence too thy Chorus.*] Tragedy was at first nothing but an annual Hymn, sung by Peasants, in Honour of Bacchus ; and he who acquitted himself best upon this Topic, was rewarded with a Goat. Hence the Greek Name *τραγῳδία*. But as the Sameness of the Subject must at last have proved irksome, not only to the Poet, but to the Audience ; it was no Wonder that this Entertainment was afterwards diversified. Thespis, a Native of Icaria, a mountainous Part of Attica, where this Ceremony first obtained, interrupted the Bacchic Chorus, A. Mund. 3530, by Recitation, on Pretence of easing the Chorus, and varying the Amusement. He happily succeeded ; and what, at first, was only a subsidiary Interlude, soon became the principal Entertainment. Rude, doubtless, it was ; for Thespis, as Aristotle hints, employed but one Interlocutor. The Entertainment yet scarce merited the Name of Tragedy, which cannot subsist without Dialogue. Succeeding Poets saw this ; and, by improving on one another, carried Tragedy to Perfection.

The

A Goat, the Leader of the shaggy Throng,
 The Village sent it, recompenc'd the Song.
 There too the Sheep his woolly Treasure wears ; 70
 There too the Swain his woolly Treasure shears ;
 This to the thrifty Dame long Work supplies ;
 The Distaff hence, and Basket took their Rife.

Hence

The Chorus was retained ; but then, it was no longer a Hymn in Honour of Bacchus. The Subject of the Song arose from the Subject of the Play ; and those who performed it in the Chorus, became essential Persons in the Drama.

Although the Greeks fix upon Attica, as the Place where Tragedy made its first Appearance, yet as Man is an imitative Animal, the Source of this Species of Poetry, as well as of the other imitative Arts, is to be sought for in human Nature. The Chinese, from the earliest Antiquity, have had dramatic Entertainments ; and that excellent Historian Garcilaffo de la Vega, informs us, in the first Part of his *Commentarios Reales*, that the Peruvians composed and acted several Tragedies and Comedies.

The Reason for sacrificing a Goat to the God of Wine, the Antiquarians tell us, was this : Bacchus, having found out the Secret of cultivating the Vine, and of making Wine from the Grape, taught his Discovery to one Icarus (Vid. Bulinger. de Theat. L. 1. c. 1.) a Native of Icaria, who successfully continued the Practice. One Day, as Icarus was visiting his Vineyard, he caught a Goat, which had made great Havock among his Vines. Interest, and Gratitude to his Instructor, equally conspiring, he sacrificed the Creature to Bacchus. His Peasants, who doubtless had been invited to see the Foe immolated, danced around the Sacrifice, and joyfully sung the Praises of the God. Institutions of this kind, need but be begun, to make them continual. Hence what at first was merely accidental, became a Part of annual Devotion.

71. *There too the Swain his woolly Treasure shears.*] See a fine Description of Wool-shearing in Mr. Thomson's Summer.

Atque aliqua assiduæ textis operata Minervae 65

Cantat, et adplauso tela sonat latere.

Ipse interque greges, interque armenta Cupido

Natus, et indomitas dicitur inter equas.

Illic indocto primum se exercuit arcu.

Hei mihi, quam doctas nunc habet ille manus ! 70

Nec pecudes velut ante petit : fixisse puellas

Gessit, et audaces perdomuisse viros.

Hic

74. Hence too the various Labours of the Loom.] Weaving was held in such Estimation by the Antients, that the Goddesses of Wisdom patronized that Art. Hence not only the greatest Queens of old, but Circe, the Daughter of the Sun, and a Goddess, practised it. The Reader, who chuses to see this Subject treated of, with all the Importance it deserves, must peruse that most elegant of dydaëtic Poems, the Fleece.

76. Mid Mountain.] The Author of that delicate Poem, the *Perwigilium Veneris*, also makes the God of Love to have been born in the Country.

Ipse amor, puer Dionæ, rure natus dicitur.

Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipsa, suscepit sinu ;

Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

Which are thus elegantly translated by Parnell,

E'en Love (if Fame the Truth of Love declare)

Drew first the Breathings of a rural Air.

Some pleasing Meadow, pregnant Beauty prest,

She laid her Infant on its flow'ry Breast,

From Nature's Sweets he sipp'd the fragrant Dew,

He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew. G

This Birth of Love is very prettily imagined ; and the epifodical Address to him, in a precatory Hymn to the rural Deities, is not without its Propriety. We know, that to gratify the Farmer's Hopes, his Cattle must increase as well as his Grain flourish, and that Beasts as well as Men were supposed to feel the Influence of Almighty Love. Poetry ani-
mates

EL. I, THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS, 27

Hence too the various Labours of the Loom,
Thy Praise, Minerva, and Arachne's Doom ! 75
Mid Mountain Herds Love first drew vital Air,
Unknown to Man, and Man had nought to fear ;
'Gainst Herds, his Bow th' unskilful Archer drew ;
Ah my pierc'd Heart, an Archer now too true !
Now Herds may roam untouch'd, 'tis Cupid's Joy, 80
The Brave to vanquish, and to fix the Coy.

The

mates every thing. In an Heathen Poet's Creed, not only Hills, Trees, Fountains, are inhabited by superior Intelligences, but the very Passions themselves must be exalted into Deities. If we strip the Description of Tibullus of its poetical Ornaments, it will be found to agree very well with Truth and Nature. The Workings of the Passions in Minds rude and uncultivated, such as an Heathen Poet must suppose the first Men to have been, must needs be tumultuous and undistinguishing. Love in this Case would be meer Lust, without either Choice or Discernment, raised and gratified by the first Object that offered ; and when exalted into a Person, may justly be supposed to have his Birth amongst Beasts, or Men little superior to them, and to throw his Arrows about at random. But when the Mind begins to admit of Refinement, becomes curious about its Objects, and delicate in its Pursuits, then Love will only be excited in it by Excellence, either real or imagined ; and, despising promiscuous Concubinage, and the Possession of easier Gratifications, it will, with much Pain and Anxiety, and severe Distress upon Miscarriage, confine itself to the Pursuit of some favourite Object. Then it is, that the deified Passion must be supposed, to become skilful in its Business, to take exact Aim, and neglecting the bestial Throng, to wound those Hearts deepest that are capable of the most exquisite Feeling. Thus does our Poet keep close to Nature, even when

C 2

his

Hic juveni detraxit opes : hic dicere juffit

Limen ad iratae verba pudenda fenem.

Hoc duce custodes furtim transgressa jacentes

75

Ad juvenem tenebris sola puella venit :

Et pedibus praetentat iter suspenfa timore,

Explorat caecas cui manus ante vias.

Ah

his Language is most figurative, and speaks of the Passions, almost with as much Precision, as the most curious Theorist. B 88. *With out stretch'd Arms.*] Ariosto, as Broekhusius remarks, has happily imitated our Poet, in his Fable of Jovcondo and Astolphus.

*Il Greco, si come ella li disegna
Quando sente dormir tulla la torma,
Viene a l'uscio, e lo spinge, e quel li cede.
Entra pian piano, e va à tenton col piede.*

*Fa lunghi i passi, e sempre in quel di dietro
Tutta si ferma, e l'altro par che mova
A Guisa, che di dar tema nel vetro
Non che'l terreno habbia calcar, ma l'uova ;
E tien la mano inanzi simil metro
Va brancolando in fin che'l letto trova, &c.*

CANT. 28. St. 62, 63.

Which is thus rendered by a late Translator,

The Greek, just as she had design'd at Night,
When all the Crowd he sleeping did perceive,
Came to the Door, and push'd it, and it op'd ;
He enter'd softly, and on Tiptoe grop'd.

He makes long Strides, still on his Foot behind
Rests firm, and seem'd as if he cautious led
His t'other Foot, as fearing Glass to find,
And that an Egg, not ground, he had to tread :

And

The Youth whose Heart the soft Emotion feels,
 Nor fights for Wealth, nor waits at Grandeur's Heels ;
 Age fir'd by Love is touch'd by Shame no more,
 But blabs its Follies at the Fair One's Door ! 85
 Led by soft Love, the tender trembling Fair
 Steals to her Swain, and cheats Suspicion's Care,
 With out-stretch'd Arms she wins her darkling Way,
 And Tiptoe listens that no Noise betray !

Ah

And forward, keeping Time, his Hand inclin'd,
 Still tottering on, until he found the Bed, &c.

This Sweetness, however, the Author of the *Perwigilium Veneris* has attained to.

*Ipsa Nymphas Diva luco jussit ire Myrteo,
 It puer comes puellis, nec tamen credi potest
 Esse amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.
 Ite Nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatu est Amor.
 Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est ;
 Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
 Sed tamen Nymphæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcer est.
 Est in armis totus idem, quando nudus est Amor.*

Now fair Dione to the myrtle Grove
 Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
 And shall they venture ? Is it safe to go ?
 While Nymphs have Hearts, and Cupid wears a Bow ?
 Yes, safely venture, 'tis his Mother's Will,
 He walks unarm'd, and undesigning Ill,
 His Torch extinct, his Quiver uselefs hung,
 His Arrows idle, and his Bow unstrung.
 And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his Eyes have Charms,
 And Love that's naked, still is Love in Arms.

Ah miseri, quos hic graviter Deus urget : at ille

Felix, cui placidus leniter afflat Amor. 80

Sancte veni dapibus festis ; sed pone fagittas,

Et procul ardentem hinc procul abde faces.

Vos celebrem cantate Deum, pecorique vocate

Voce, palam pecori, clam sibi quisque vocet.

Aut etiam sibi quisque palam ; nam turba jocosa 85

Obstrepat, et Phrygio tibia curva sono.

Ludite, jam Nox jungit equos, currumque sequuntur

Matris lascivo sidera fulva choro.

Postque venit tacitus fuscis circumdatus alis

Somnus, et incerto somnia vana pede. 90

And again,

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, &c.

To fill the Presence of the gentle Court,

From every Quarter, rural Nymphs resort.

From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble

Vales,

From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.

Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the laughing Queen

In Circles seats them round the Banks of Green,

And " lovely Girls, she whispers, guard your Hearts,

" My Boy, tho' stript of Arms, abounds in Arts."

93. *O come—but throw.]*

Come Cupid then, but throw thy Shafts away,

Thy burning Shafts, &c.

Hæc sunt bellissima, as Broekhusius justly remarks, et amænæ simplicitatis lenocinio amabilissima. Frustra ad hanc suavitatem adspirant illi, qui perspicere non possunt, quid sit pulchritudo naturalis.

97. *Your*

Ah wretched those, on whom dread Cupid frowns !
 How happy they, whose mutual Choice he crowns !
 Will Love partake the Banquet of the Day ?
 O come—but throw thy burning Shafts away.

Ye Swains, begin to mighty Love the Song,
 Your Songs, ye Swains, to mighty Love belong ! 95
 Breathe out aloud your Wishes for my Fold,
 Your own soft Vows in Whispers may be told.
 But hark ! loud Mirth and Musick-fire the Crowd —
 Ye now may venture to request aloud !

Pursue your Sports ; Night mounts her curtain'd
 Wane ; 100

The dancing Stars compose her filial Train ;
 Black muffled Sleep steals on with silent Pace,
 And Dreams flit last, Imaginations Race !

THE

97. *Your own soft Vows.*] When the Superstitious, among the Antients, were solicitous to obtain what Morality forbade them to desire, they put up private Petitions to the Gods, and imagined that the Gods were, in that Case, obliged to grant their Requests ; more especially when the Offerings they presented were sufficiently costly. See this abominable Superstition, forcibly redargued by that great moral Satyrist Persius, whom now the English Reader may with Pleasure peruse, in a no less faithful than elegant poetical Version. When the Antients were particularly anxious about the Attainment of any thing, they used to bribe the Keepers of the Temple of their favourite God, to let them come nearest his Statue, in order that their Petition might be the best heard. Senec. Ep. 41.

100. *Night mounts her curtain'd Wane.*] Evening and Night are variously represented by both Poets and Painters: In one of the Hymns usually ascribed by Critics to Orpheus, the Stars, as in our Poet, are called the Daughters of Night. And Theocritus names them

Ευκηλοι κατ' αντυγα νυκτος οπαδοι.

Id. 2.

Mr. Thomson's Description of a Summer's Eve and Night is exquisitely fine, containing many appropriated and original Images: Neither is the following Picture, by Mr. Smart, destitute of real Poetry.

Night, with all her Negro Train,
Took Possession of the Plain,
In a Herse she rode, reclin'd,
Drawn by Scritch-Owls, slow and blind.
Close to her, with printless Feet,
Crept Stillness, in a winding Sheet.

See his orig. Poems, p. 13.

Mr. Spence, in the Notes on his Dialogue of the Planets, Times, and Seasons, converts the *Matris* of the Original into *Martis*, and so applies it to the Planet *Mars*. But as this Reading is unauthoriz'd by any MSS. or good Edition, and in Truth has no Sort of Connexion with the Context, Night being there represented as the Mother of the Stars, we have been obliged to reject it.

104. *Black muffled Sleep.*] Statius and Claudian make Sleep the Charioteer of Night. But the Poet assigned Somnus by our Poet, is both more poetical, and more consonant to Truth.

This Night-piece is worthy the Pencil of a Claude Lorraine or a Guido Rheni.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

DICAMUS bona verba, venit Natalis, ad aras.
 Quisquis ades, lingua vir, mulierque fave.
 Urantur pia tura focis, urantur odores,
 Quos tener e terra divite mittit Arabs.
 Ipse suos Genius adfit visurus honores,
 Cui decorent sanctas mollia farta comas.
 Illius puro destillent tempora nardo :
 Atque satur libo fit, madeatque mero.

Adnuat

This Elegy celebrates the Birth-day of Cornutus ; and is addressed to Genius, a Sort of Divinity, who was supposed constantly to attend every Man through the whole Course of his Life. It exhibits a Description of the Rites usually performed on that Occasion.

In some less perfect Editions, the Person, on whose Birth-day this Elegy was written, is called Cerinthus ; but as the laborious Broekhusius has proved, that Cerinthus is the foreign Name of a Slave, and Slaves according to him were not permitted to marry, *servis enim non uxores, sed concubinales erant* ; a Wife being mentioned by the Poet as the chief Boon his Friend had to demand of his natal God : and as the oldest MSS. and least corrupted Editions read Cornutus, we also have retained that Name.

After

Adnuat et, Cornute, tibi quodcumque rogabis.

En age, quid cessas? adnuet ille; roga. 10

Auguror, uxoris fidos optabis amores.

Jam reor hoc ipsos edidicisse Deos.

Nec tibi malueris totum quaecumque per orbem

Fortis arat valido rusticus arva bove.

Nec tibi gemmarum quidquid felicibus Indis

Nascitur, Eoi qua maris unda rubet.

Vota

Insinuations Mankind were inclined to the Practice of Goodness. According to Varro, in his Book intituled *Atticus*, the Antients obtained from all bloody Sacrifices at the Festival of Genius: and the Reason given for this Conduct is, that they might not deprive other Beings of Life, on that Day, wherein they themselves joyfully commemorated the Reception of it. They offered Wine indeed, because that promotes Hilarity; as also Pulse, which they called *Tritilla*, that being in antient Times a Child's first Spoon Meat. Vid. *Censor. de Die natal. & Boxborn. Quæst. Rom.* p. 94.

Genius is derived from *Gigno*; and therefore Horace styles him

*Natale Comes qui temperat astrum,
Humanæ Deus Naturæ.*

Vid. Notes on El. 8. B. 1. and El. 5: B. 4.

2. *This Morn, &c*] This Cornutus, if Broekhusius is not mistaken in his Conjecture, is he who was Prætor of Rome A. U. C. 710. in the Consulate of Hirtius and Pansa; who, in their Absence, enjoyed the consular Authority, and was appointed by the Senate *Supplicationes per 50 dies ad omnia pulvinaria constituere*, for the Victory obtained at Modena. Vid. Cicer. lib. 10. Ep. fam. 12 & 16. See also the Notes on El. 6. B. 3.

However as this Supposition is founded upon the Sameness of Name only, so the Person, whose Birth our Poet celebrates, may have been some young Nobleman of the Sulpician

O Genius, grant whate'er my Friend desires :
 The Cake is scatter'd, and the Flame aspires ! 10
 Ask then, my noble Friend, whate'er you want :
 What silent still ? your Prayer the God will grant :
 Uncovetous of rural wide Domains,
 You beg no woody Hills, no cultur'd Plains :
 Not venal, you request no Eastern Stores, 15
 Where ruddy Waters lave the gemmy Shores :
 Your

pician or Cœcilian Families, Cornutus being a Surname in both these Houses.

It was the Custom, says Dart, to injoin Silence at all religious Invocations ; the Priest began with the known Expression *Favete linguis*, lest any Words of ill Omen should injure the Sacrifice. Vid. Hor. Ep. Lib. 3. Ode 1. and Virg. *Æn.* Lib. 5. but as Tibullus enjoins *bona verba*, which Ovid calls *bonæ preces*; it would seem, that Silence was not so much expected, as that the Words and Prayers of the Spectators should have a Tendency to further the Happiness of him, for whom the Offering was made.

The different Manners in which these two Lines are printed in the Original, have occasioned a Variety of Interpretations.

See a more particular Account of the Festival of Genius in Ovid, Lib. 3. Trist. El. 13. Lib. 5. Trist. El. 5. also Lib. 1. Fast. V. 72. and Lib. 3. Pont. Epist. 4.

9. *O Genius, grant, &c.*] Altho' among the Romans each Person was supposed to have his own distinct Genius, who was born and died with him, and consequently, tho' Genius was but a Plebeian Divinity, yet it appears from this, and some other Passages in the Classics, that the Genii were thought to have a Power of bestowing important Favours on those they attended. They seem, however, to be nothing else, but the particular Bent of each Person, made into a Deity ;

Vota cadunt, viden' ut trepidantibus advolet alis.

Flavaque conjugio vincula portet Amor ?

Vincula quae maneant semper, dum tarda senectus

Inducat rugas, inficiatque comas.

20

Hac venias Natalis avi, prolemque ministros,

Ludat et ante tuos turba novella pedes.

E L E G I A

a Deity ; and as every Body's own Temper is, in a great measure, the Cause of his Happiness or Misery, they were supposed to share in all the Enjoyments and Sufferings of the Persons they attended. Hence, probably, come those Expressions among the Antients, of indulging or defrauding your Genius. The Comes, or presiding Genius of the Sex, was a Female, and called *Juno*. The Women, as well as their Admirers, used to swear by this Deity. Of the latter we have an Instance in the last Elegy of the last Book of Tibullus ; and Petronius gives us a pleasant Instance of the former, *Junonem meam iratam habeam*, says the debauched Quartilla, *si me unquam virginem fuisse memini !* On Medals these Deities are sometimes dressed, like the Persons, over whom they presided: Thus the Juno of a Vestal was habited like a Nun of that Order. There was no Harm in this ; but when the Medallists represent the Genius of that Monster Nero, with the *Insignia* of Piety, Plenty, and Prosperity, we cannot help lamenting at least the Depravity of these Artists.

16. *Where ruddy Waters lave, &c.*] A Quotation from that accurate and curious Roman Traveller Pietro della Valle, will shew the Propriety of this Expression.

Mi maravigliai ben' assai del nome di Rosso, che si dà a questo mare : perche non è come il mar Nero, che per la sicurezza sua, che nasce dal fondo cupo e sporcho, merita degnamente quel nome : in questo l'acqua è chiarissima, che si vede il fundo più, che non si fa a Posilipo la state ; ed a vederla di lontano piglia, come gli altri mari, color di turchino. L'arena poi, dalla quale vogliono alcuni che il nome derivi, (son tutte bugie) è come le altre ; anzi bianca assai più delle nostre : di maniera, che il nome non può venir da altro, che dal nome proprio di quel rè Eytbra, sepolto in

Your Wish I guess; you wish a beauteous Spouse,
 Joy of your Joy, and faithful to your Vows.
 'Tis done! my Friend! see nuptial Love appears!
 See! in his Hand a yellow Zone he bears! 20
 A yellow Zone, that spite of Years shall last,
 And heighten Fondness, even when Beauty's past.

With happy Signs, great Power, confirm our Prayer,
 With endless Concord bless the married Pair.
 O grant, dread Genius, that a numerous Race 25
 Of beauteous Infants crown their fond Embrace;
 Their beauteous Infants round thy Feet shall play,
 And keep with custom'd Rites this happy Day.

T H E

un' isola del oceano meridionale come dice Strabone, che significava Rosso; dal quale, come si vede in uso appresso i Latini, tutto quel mare, e non il solo seno Arabico, che è una particella di esso, prese di Rosso il nome; che da' moderni poi, forse perche così lo chiama la Sacra Scrittura nel passaggio degli Ebrei, al seno Arabico, di cui parliamo, più spetialmente a stato appropriato.

BROEKHUS. p. 232.

19. 'Tis done, &c.] The Original of this Passage Mr. Dart, in conformity to Achilles Statius, interprets,

Alas, your Prayers are slighted, &c.

But the subsequent Part of the Elegy shews the Mistake.

Besides, we know the Antients supposed, that Genius was very complaisant upon those Occasions, never refusing any Petition. The nuptial Bed was consecrated to this God.

Not only Men, but Cities and Nations had their Genii. The Concealment of the Names of the latter was looked upon as of the highest Consequence; it being believed, that

when a Town was invested, or a Country harrafs'd by War, if the Enemy implored them by their right Appellation, they would abandon that City or Nation.

Cicero twice uses the Word *cadere* in the same Sense that our Poet uses it.

20. *And in his Hand a yellow Zone he bears.*] Yellow was consecrated, by the Antients, to the God of Marriage.

23. *With happy Signs, great Power, confirm, &c.*] The Original of this Passage is variously read. According to Heinsius's Correction it is,

Huc venias natalis avi, prolemque minifres.

But Scaliger, and other Editors, print it thus,

Huc veniat Natalis avis prolemque minifret.

The natal Bird, which this Reading supposes, was, according to them, the Crow. It is true, Ælian (de Anim. Lib. 3. c. 9.) tells us, he was informed, that the Antients, in their Marriages, were wont to invoke that Bird, after their

their Addressees to Hymenæus, it being regarded as a Symbol of Concord by those who married on account of Children. The Passage, however, upon which they build this their Interpretation, plainly shews, that the Crow was not looked upon, in the Days of Hadrian, as propitious to Marriage; and we have the Authority of Virgil and Horace, not to mention Pliny the Elder, for asserting, that the Crow was a Bird of bad Omen. The *hac Avi* then, of the Original signifies *hoc Augurio*; as is expressed in the Version, where something of Scaliger's Interpretation is also retained.

According to Vulpus they used to observe at the Birth of a Child, what Birds either flew past, or made a Noise, and from these Circumstances predicted good or bad Fortune to their Progeny. But as Cupid some few Lines before is represented with *Strepitantibus alis*, that Critic is of Opinion that the *Natalis Avis* mentioned in the Text, is the God of Love, who, at the Birth of Cornutus and his Wife, gave happy Omens. But though it is true, that Bion has represented Love as a large Bird, the Interpretation seems too far-fetched for Tibullus.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

RURA meam, Cornute, tenent villaeque puellam.
 Ferreus est eheu quisquis in urbe manet.
 Ipsa Venus laetos jam nunc migravit in agros,
 Verbaque aratoris rustica discit Amor.
O ego, quum dominam adspicerem, quam fortiter illic
 Versarem valido pingue bidente solum.
 Agricolaeque modo curvum sectarèr aratrum,
 Dum subigunt steriles arva ferenda boves.
 Nec quererer, quod Sol graciles exureret artus,
 Laederet aut teneras pustula rupta manus.

10

Nec

Nemesis, to whom the remaining Elegies in this Book are addressed, had gone from Rome, to her Estate in the Country, to be present, as is supposed, at the Festival of the God Terminus, which was annually celebrated about the 21st of Feb. As the Poet was deeply enamoured of Nemesis, her Departure gave him great Uneasiness; but being informed, that she meant to continue at her Seat till the Vintage and Harvest were past, he determined to follow her in the Dress of a Peasant, and by getting himself employed in her Fields, thus to enjoy the Satisfaction of beholding her undiscover'd. Cornutus probably objected to the Disgrace of this Metamorphosis; but to this Tibullus gave an appropriated Answer; the God of Poets, Apollo himself, in Circumstances analogous

T H E
T H I R D E L E G Y.

MY fair, Cornutus, to the Country's flown,
Oh how insipid is the City grown !
No Taste have they for Elegance refin'd ;
No tender Bosoms, who remain behind :
Now Cytherea glads the laughing Plain, 5
And Smiles and Sports compose her sylvan Train.
Now Cupid joys to learn the Ploughman's Phrase,
And clad a Peasant o'er the Fallows strays.
O how the weighty Prong I'll busy weild !
Should the Fair wander to the labour'd Field ; 10
A Farmer then the crooked Plough-share hold,
Whilst the dull Ox prepares the vigorous Mold :
I'd not complain tho' Phœbus burnt the Lands,
And painful Blisters swell'd my tender Hands.

Adme-

gous to mine, said he, abandoned Heaven, and became the
Herdsman of Admetus : Nay so thoroughly was that Deity
mastered by Love, that he withdrew his Attention from the
Del-

Pavit et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo :

Nec cithara, intonfae profueruntve comae.

Nec potuit curas sanare falubribus herbis ;

Quidquid erat medicae vicerat artis Amor.

Ipsè Deus solitus stabulis expellere vaccas,

Et potum fessas ducere fluminibus ;

Et miscere novo docuisse coagula lacte,

Lacteus, et mistis obriguiffe liquor.

Tunc fiscella levi detexta est vimine junci,

15

Raraque per nexus est via facta fero.

O quoties illo vitulum gestante per agros

Dicitur occurrens erubuiffe foror.

O quo-

Delphian Shrine, &c. and submitted to perform the meanest rural Drudgeries.

As Tibullus deemed his Friend's Approbation of Consequence, he enumerates these Servilities, and therefore the Translator cannot help thinking that the Line

Ipsè Deus, &c.

and the three following, being descriptive of these, are genuine. What farther confirms the Translator in his Opinion of their Authenticity, is, that Ovid makes use of the same Argument in his Art of Love.

But probably, the Example of Apollo had not all the Influence on the uninspired and laughing Cornutus, that our Poet could have wished. Tibullus therefore curses the Occasion of his amorous Travesty, exclaims against Agriculture, and wishes for a Return of the golden Age ; but suddenly changing his Tone, he offers himself to the meanest and most laborious Employments of the Country, to enjoy the Felicity of obeying his Mistress.

Propertius's 19 El. Lib. 2. and Ovid's beautiful Invitation to Corinna, from his Country Seat, may be compared with this.

5. Note

Admetus' Herds the fair Apollo drove, 15
 In spite of Med'cine's Power, a Prey to Love ;
 Nor aught avail'd to sooth his amorous Care,
 His Lyre of silver Sound, or waving Hair.
 To quench their Thirst, the Kine to Streams he led,
 And drove them from their Pasture to the Shed : 20
 The Milk to curdle, then, the Fair he taught,
 And from the Cheese to strain the dulcet Draught.
 Oft, oft his Virgin-sister blush'd for Shame,
 As bearing Lambkins o'er the Field he came !

Oft

5. *Now Cytherea glads, &c.*] Hercules Strozza, no mean Poet of Ferrara, has happily imitated this Passage of Tibullus ;

*Rura peto ; valeatque forum, valeantque sodales.
 Et Venus et Veneris cessit in arva puer.
 Pascit Amor pecus ; at numerum Cytherea recenset :
 Vomere dura gravi jugera findit Hymen.
 Et dominam mirantur Oves, dominumque volucrum :
 Vicinasque rudis combibit agna faces.
 Plus solito petulans aries sa'it ; istaque tellus
 Sentit aratori numen inesse suo.*

Lib. 1. Am. El. 2.

Strozza inherited the poetical Talent of his Father Titus.

7. *Now Cupid joys to learn, &c.*] It is not improbable, as Broekhusius remarks, that Tibullus was indebted to Moschus's Epigram *Εἰς ἐρωτα ἀστροειωντα*, for this Thought.

9. *O how, &c.*] Hammond's 7th Elegy is almost a Translation of this.

15. *Admetus' Herds, &c.*] Mythologists assign different Reasons for Apollo's Absence from Heaven ; but whatever the Cause was, Love (according to these Gentlemen) soon made
 made

O quoties aufae, caneret dum valle sub alta,
 Rumpere mugitu carmina docta boves. 20
 Saepe duces trepidis petiere oracula rebus :
 Venit et e templis irrita turba domum.
 Saepe horrere sacros doluit Latona capillos,
 Quos admirata est ipsa noverca prius.
 Quisquis inornatumque caput, crinesque solutos
 Adspiceret, Phoebi quaereret ille comam.
 Delos ubi nunc, Phoebæ, tua est ? ubi Delphica Py-
 tho ?
 Nempe Amor in parva te jubet esse casa.

Felices

made him less solicitous to regain his native Skies. Alcestis, the Wife of Admetus was his Favourite ; but it is probable, that all his Endeavours to gain that Lady proved ineffectual ; for when Admetus, in a dangerous Fit of Illness, consulted the Oracle for a Remedy, and was answered, that he must perish unless another would die in his room, she, with a Disinterestedness and Love peculiar to conjugal Fidelity, became the willing Sacrifice, and by her Death recovered her Husband. It happened fortunately, that Hercules arrived at Admetus's Palace the very Day that Alcesti was sacrificed ; and having been well entertained by that Prince, expressed his Gratitude to him by descending into Hell, foiling Death, and bringing back again Alcesti to her beloved Husband. Upon this Fable Euripides has founded one of his most pathetic Tragedies.

The Ladies are not greatly indebted to the Mythologists, who have unanimously represented Apollo, tho' αἰεὶ κάλος & αἰεὶ νεός, always beautiful, and always young, as unsuccessful in his Amours: but whatever Reason they have to complain, those who are fond of Poetry have none ; as the Repulse, that God met with from Daphne, hath given rise to a Piece in Waller, which for Ease of Numbers, and
 Happiness

El. 3. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 47

Oft would he sing the lifting Vales among, 30

Till lowing Oxen broke the plaintive Song:

To Delphi, trembling anxious Chiefs repair,

But got no Answer, Phœbus was not there:

Thy curling Locks that charm'd a Step-dame's Eye,

A jealous Step-dame, now neglected fly ! 30

To see thee, Phœbus, thus disfigur'd stray !

Who could discover the fair God of Day ?

Constrain'd by Cupid in a Cott to pine,

Where was thy Delos, where thy Pythian Shrine ?

Thrice

Happiness of fabulous Allusion, is surpassed by few modern Poems. Vid. his Story of Daphne and Phœbus applied.

19. *To quench their Thirst, &c.*] If Love had so much Power over Apollo, as to make him undergo, not only the most servile Drudgeries, but also to neglect the Fate of Nations ; surely, I may be excused, argues our Poet, when the same Passion obliges me to become a Ploughman. But should not Tibullus have added, that as his Nemesis every way excelled Apollo's Flame ; so he himself, in acting the Part he did, was more excuseable than the Deity ? This gallant Addition, Mr. Prior, had he produced Phœbus's Conduct as an Apology for his own, would not have omitted, though Mr. Hammond has.

21. *The Milk to curdle, &c.*] Homer, Il. 5. mentions the Juice of the Fig, as applied to this Purpose. All Acids coagulate Milk.

Nor was Apollo only bountiful to the Swains in those respects ; Callimachus records many other Instances of Blessings, which, in this his Absence from Heaven, he bestowed on the Country.

Felices olim, Veneri quum fertur aperte

Servire aeternos non puduisse Deos.

30

Fabula nunc ille est ; sed cui sua cura puella est,

Fabula fit, mavult, quam sine amore Deus.

At tibi dura Ceres, Nemefin quae abducis ab urbe,

Perfolvat nulla femina terra fide.

Et tu, Bacche tener, jucundae confitor uvae,

35

Tu quoque devotos, Bacche, relinque lacus.

Haud inpune licet formosas triftibus agris

Abdere : non tanti sunt tua musta, pater.

O valeant fruges ; ne sint modo rure puellae,

Glans alat, et prisco more hibantur aquae.

40

Glans

φοῖβον ἢ νόμιον κικλήσκομεν ἐξ ἔτι κείνη
Ἐξοτ' ἐπ' ἀμφρύσω ζευγητίδας ἔτρεφεν ἵππους
Ἠέθευ ὑπ' ἐρώτι κεκαύσμενος ἀδμήτιο, &c.

Vid. his Hymn Εἰς Ἀπολλωνα, V. 46, &c.

Which Prior has thus translated,

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from Heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphryfus' Banks
Didst guard Admetus' Herds ; thence the Cow
Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk, and the She-Goat
Not without Pain dragg'd her distended Udder, .
And Ews that erst brought forth but single Lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold Burdens ; blest the Cattle
On which Apollo cast his favouring Eye.

23. *Oft, oft his virgin-sister, &c.*] Valerius Flaccus has imitated this Thought in the first Book of his *Argonauts* ; a Poem, which, however little read, is by no means destitute of many striking poetical Beauties.

El. 3. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. - 49

Thrice happy Days, when Love almighty sway'd ! 35

And openly the Gods his Will obey'd.

Now Love's soft Power's become a common Jest—

Yet those, who feel his Influence in their Breast,

The Prudes Contempt, the Wiseman's Sneer despise,

Nor would his Chains forego, to rule the Skies. 40

Curst Farm ! that forc'd my Nemesis from Town,
Blasts taint thy Vines, and Rains thy Harvests drown.

Tho' Hymns implore your Aid, great God of Wine !

Assist the Lover, and neglect the Vine ;

To Shades, unpunish'd, ne'er let Beauty stray ; 45

Not all your Vintage can its Absence pay !

Rather than Harvest should the Fair detain,

May Rills and Acorns feed th' unactive Swain!

The

*Te quoque dant campi tanto pastore pberari
Felices Admeti. Tuis nam pendet in arvis
Delius, irato Steropen quod fuderat arcu.
Ab quoties famulo notis soror obvia sylvis
Flevit, ubi Oseeæ captaret frigora quercus,
Pelleret et pingui mersos Babeide crines!*

V. 444.

31. To see thee, Phœbus, &c.] As the Antients supposed, that Apollo shewed a particular Fondness for fine long curling Hair, they never failed in their Addresses to that God, to praise him, as possessing that Ornament. Hence in the Hymns ascribed to Orpheus, Apollo is stiled *χρυσόκομος*, and by other Greek Poets, *ακροκομης*, and *ακροκομης*, and by the Latins *Crinitus*. In Imitation of their Patron-God, the Bards of old also affected to wear long Hair. Thus Virgil represents Jopas.

VOL. II.

D

Pha-

Glans aluit veteres, et passim semper amarunt.

Quid nocuit, sulcos non habuisse fatos ?

Tum quibus adspirabat amor, praebebat aperte

Mitis in umbrosa gaudia valle Venus.

Nullus erat custos, nulla exclusura volentes 45

Janua ; si fas est, mos, precor, ille redi.

Ducite ; ad imperium dominae fulcabitur agros.

Non ego me vinclis verberibusque nego.

ELEGIA

Phavorinus, in a Quotation which Stobæus has preserved of his, uses Ζητειν in the same Sense, as Tibullus uses *quaerere* in this Passage. Serm. 64.

34. *Where was thy Delos, &c.*] Delos is an Island in the Ægean Sea, the most famous of the Cyclades, the Birth-place of Apollo and his Sister Diana ; upon which Account it was held in such Reverence by the Antients, that when the Persians, in one of their Expeditions against Greece, anchored there with a thousand Ships, nought belonging to the Island was violated by the Army.

Etymologists say, it obtained the Name of *Delos*, αὐτὸ τοῦ δηλοῖν, from its suddenly emerging from the Waves at the Command of Neptune. Latona, not daring to remain long during her Pregnancy, in a known Place, the jealous Juno having dispatched the Serpent Python in pursuit of her, was here safely delivered. Apollo afterwards slew this Serpent. Vid. Ovid's Met. The Athenians, in performance of a Vow, made by Theseus, sent, every Year, a sacred Vessel to Delos, with Offerings to that God. Till this Vessel returned to Athens, the Punishment of Criminals, however guilty they were, was respited. As soon as Apollo's Priest crowned the Poop of the Vessel, which was the Signal for sailing, the City was purified.

Delphi was a City of Phocis, in the Neighbourhood of Parnassus, built by Delphus the Son of Apollo, or Neptune. It was of difficult Access, being situated among Rocks and frightful Precipices. Here Apollo had a famous Temple,

El. 3. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 51

The Swains of old, no golden Ceres knew,
 And yet how fervent was their Love and true? 50
 Their melting Vows the Paphian Queen approv'd,
 And every Valley witness'd how they lov'd.
 Then lurk'd no Spies to catch the willing Maid;
 Doorless each House; in vain no Shepherd pray'd.
 Once more ye simple Usages obtain! 55
 No — lead me, drive me to the cultur'd Plain!
 Enchain me, whip me, if the Fair command;
 Whipp'd, and enchain'd, I'll plough the stubborn Land!

T H E

to which other Nations, as well as the Greeks, repaired in Times of public Distress, to learn, how an end might be put to their Calamities, as also to be informed of the Manner in which any Enterprize ought to be conducted, or what would be the Issue of any Event. The Pythoness, or Priestess of this Temple, was famed for the Ambiguity of her Answers. As nothing is more profuse than superstitious Credulity, the Riches brought to this Temple were immense; insomuch, that the Retainers to the Temple, could well afford to maintain Spies every where, to inform them of what passed, or was likely to happen, as well as Poets, to verify their Responses. The Name by which Delphi now goes, is *Salona*. Vid. Steph. Dict. See also the Abbe Banier for the immense Wealth of this Temple.

41. *Curs'd Farm* &c.] Editions in general read,

At tibi dura seges &c.

And the Commentators make *seges* here to signify Nemesis's Estate; but as there is no Authority for this Application of that Term in any other Classic, Broekhusius adopts Hensius's Correction,

At tibi dura Ceres &c.

And this the Dutchman thinks warranted by the immediate Introduction of Bacchus in the Original. The Translator,

however, has preferred the first Reading, that being supported by most MSS.

48. *May Rills and Acorns, &c.*] This Thought shews the Intenseness of our Author's Passion for Nemesis. The Romans highly esteemed Agriculture. Cicero speaks of it as *proxima sapientiæ* ; and Tibullus seems to have been of the same Opinion.

The wise and good Boethius has drawn no contemptible Picture of this primæval Simplicity, Lib. 2. Carm. 5. although we cannot agree with him, when he wishes for a Return of that State.

55. *Once more ye simple Usages obtain!*

No — lead me, drive me to the cultur'd Plain !] This abrupt

rupt Refusal of a State, from which he expected so much Happiness, is so strongly expressive of Love, that it may be put in Competition with any of the most boasted Passages in the heroic Poets, where a sudden Change of impetuous Desire is expressed.

Slaves were employed in performing the more servile Offices of Husbandry; and their most faithful Labours seldom exempted them from the Chain. It is indeed shocking to Humanity to think, with what Cruelty these unfortunate Wretches were treated by their Roman Masters. See Mr. Hume's entertaining Discourse on the Populousness of antient Nations.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

HIC mihi servitium video, dominamque paratam.

Jam mihi libertas illa paterna vale.

Servitium sed triste datur, teneorque catenis,

Et numquam misero vincla remittet Amor.

Et, seu quid merui, seu quid peccavimus, urit. 5

Uror; iô remove, saeve puella, faces.

O ego

Tibullus, finding all his Endeavours to gain the Heart of Nemesis unavailing, determined to conquer his Affection for her; he accordingly put his Resolution in Practice; but finding his every Effort ineffectual, he gave over the Struggle, yielded to his Destiny, and sent her the following beautiful Elegy, in which he acknowledges the Sovereignty which her Charms had gained over him, and entreats her to mitigate her Cruelty.

The whole Poem is a Tempest (if the Expression may be allowed) of amorous and contrary Affections. By these, our Author is particularly distinguished from Ovid and Propertius. These Poets, generally begin, and end their Elegies with the same Passion; whereas the Reader will often find in one of Tibullus's, all those Contrarieties and Transitions, which peculiarly characterize the Passion of Love, and are so beautiful in Poetry. This justifies the elegant Encomium, which Joannes Baptista Pius bestows on our Author; *Princeps elegorum poetarum est dubio procul Al. Tibullus, quia*

T H E
F O U R T H E L E G Y.

CHAINS, and a haughty Fair I fearless view!
Hopes of paternal Freedom all adieu.

Ah when will Love compassionate my Woes?

In one sad Tenour my Existence flows :

Whether I kiss or bite the galling Chain, 5

Alike my Pleasure, and alike my Pain.

I burn, I burn ! oh banish my Despair !

Oh ease my Torture, too too cruel Fair :

Rather

quia vere amantem agit. Modo superbit, modo supplicat, annuit, venit, minatur, intercedit, dedignatur, devovet, orat, inconstans est, quod voluit, non vult, quod optavit, refugit, secum dissidens, ut in vera Cupidinis rota circumagi credas.

Major Pack's Version of this Elegy, would have been more in the Spirit of Tibullus, had he mingled less Wit with it.

1. *Chains, and a haughty Fair, &c.*] Chains, Imprisonment, Flames, Darts, have been huddled together, by many a gentle Writer, who imagined himself qualified for telling a curious Love-tale ; and probably they have drawn much Self-complacency from this Passage of Tibullus, who has expressed, and probably felt all the soft Distresses of the tender

O ego ne possim tales sentire dolores,

Quam mallet in gelidis montibus esse lapis !

Stare vel infanis cautes obnoxia ventis,

Naufraga quam vasti tunderet ira maris ! 10

Nunc et amara dies, et noctis amarior umbra est :

Omnia jam tristi tempora felle madent.

Nec profunt Elegi, nec carminis auctor Apollo.

Illa cava precium flagitat usque manu.

Ite procul Musae, si nil prodestis amanti, 15

Non ego vos, ut sint bella canenda, colo.

Nec refero Solisque vias, et qualis, ubi orbem

Complevit, versis Luna recurrit equis.

Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quaero.

Ite procul Musae, si nihil ista valent. 20

At

Passion, superior to every other Writer. But whatever Tibullus feels, he never loses his Judgment and Correctness in Writing. A little Attention will convince us, that the Metaphor here is simple, intire, and uniformly pursued throughout. The Tyranny of the Passion of Love over Reason ; the Waywardness of a Love-stricken Mind ; and the Distresses which it feels from the Caprice and Frowns of an haughty Mistress ; suggested to Tibullus, that the most abject State of Slavery aptly represented the Condition of a drooping Lover. Let us not estimate the Severity of this Servitude by our own Customs and Manners. We must step into America to see cruel Instances of it : or if we look into antient Times we shall find, that those, who were Servants utterly lost their Liberty, lost all Power over their Actions, and almost over their Thoughts themselves : that those of them whose Condition was the worst, were employed in the heaviest Labours ; were constantly kept in Chains ; had se-

vere

El. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 57

Rather than feel such vast, such matchless Woe,
I'd rise some Rock o'erspread with endless Snow! 10
Or frown a Cliff on some disastrous Shore,
Where Ships are wreck'd, and Tempests ever roar!

In pensive Gloominess I pass the Night,
Nor feel Contentment at the Dawn of Light.
What though the God of Verse my Woes indite, 15
What though I soothing Elegies can write,
No Strains of Elegy her Pride controul;
Gold is the Passport to her venal Soul.
I ask not of the Nine the epic Lay;
Ye Nine! or aid my Passion, or away. 20
I ask not to describe in lofty Strain,
The Sun's Eclipses, or the lunar Wane;
To win Admission to the haughty Maid,
Alone I crave your elegiac Aid;
But if she still contemns the tearful Lay, 25
Ye, and your Elegies, away, away!

In

were Task-masters set over them; and upon every slight Occasion, were exposed to some of those sharp Torments, which a Slave in Plautus thus humourously describes:

---- *Stimulos, laminas, cruceſque compedeſque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres numellas, pedicas, beias,
Indoctorumque acerrimos, gnarumque noſtri tergi.*

Laminas here answers to *faces* in Tibullus. They were heated Bars of Iron used in the Punishment of Slaves. Thus

At mihi per caedem, et facinus sunt dona paranda ;

Ne jaceam clausam flebilis ante domum.

Aut rapiam suspensa sacris insignia fanis.

Sed Venus ante alios est violanda mihi.

Illa malum facinus suadet, dominamque rapacem 25

Dat mihi : sacrilegas sentiat illa manus.

O pereat quicumque legit viridesque zmaragdos,

Et niveam Tyrio murice tinguit ovem.

Hic dat avaritiae stimulos : hinc Coa puellis

Vestis, et a Rubro lucida concha mari. 30

Haec fecere malas : hinc clavim janua sensit,

Et coepit custos liminis esse canis.

Sed

Cicero, in his Accusation of Verres, for treating a Roman Citizen as a Slave, charges him, *Quid, cum ignes et ardetes laminae, ceterique cruciatus admovebantur ?* So that, when Tibullus cries out, "*io remove, sava puella, faces,*" he is still describing the metaphorical Slavery he was fallen into. We shall now know, what to do with the following Line,

Et, seu quid merui, seu quid peccavimus, uror.

One of the Commentators thinking it hard, that a Man should be burnt for his good Deserts, has explained *quid merui* by *quid deliqui* ; he might as well have said *peccavi* ; but *peccavimus* followed, and the Critic was resolved to vary the Word, if he could not the Image : but Tibullus well knew how to do both. His Design was to represent the Hardness of his Slavery ; and to this Purpose he declares, that such was the capricious Cruelty of his Mistress, such the Severity of Love his Task-master and Torturer, that he was not only closely kept in Chains, but had the Torture wantonly applied, whether he was faithful to the Offices Love enjoined, or was rebellious, mutinous, or negligent ; that is, that his Mistress was

El. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 59

In vain I ask, but Gold ne'er asks in vain ;
Then will I desolate the World for Gain!
For Gold, I'll impious plunder every Shrine ;
But chief, O Venus, will I plunder thine ! 30
By thee compell'd, I love a venal Maid,
And quit for bloody Fields my peaceful Shade :
By thee compell'd, I rob the hallowed Shrine,
Then chiefly Venus will I plunder thine !

Perish the Man ! whose curst industrious Toil 35
Or finds the Gem, or dies the woolly Spoil ;
Hence, hence the Sex's Avarice arose,
And Art with Nature not enough bestows :
Hence, the fierce Dog was posted for a Guard,
The Fair grew venal, and their Gates were barr'd. 40

But

was cruel, and Love a Torment to him, as well when he attempted to please her, as when he was impatient under her harsh Usage, and endeavoured to regain his Ease and Liberty. B
10. *I'd rise a Rock, &c.*] As the Antients had but imperfect Assurances of a future State, many of them regarded mere animal Life, as the greatest of Blessings, and dedicated every Hour to some sensual Gratification. This manner of Living, at least, was not unusual among the Epicureans ; a Sect, from which, we have reason to think, Tibullus was not averse. His Misery therefore must have been extreme, when it forced him, to wish for such a Metamorphosis, as not only would have deprived him, of every Satisfaction of Sense, but rendered him, an eternal Curse and Reproach to all Sea-faring People.

17. *No Strains of Elegy.*] Some Critics contend, that Tibullus here ascribes to Apollo the Invention of Elegy, and thereby determines the Dispute, which so warmly engaged the

Sed precium si grande feras, custodia victa est :

Nec prohibent claves, et canis ipse tacet.

Heu quicumque dedit formam coelestis avarae, 35

Quale bonum multis addidit ille malis!

Hinc fletus, rixaeque sonant; haec denique causa

Fecit, ut infamis hic Deus esset Amor.

At tibi, quae precio victos excludis amantes,

Diripiant partas ventus et ignis opes. 40

Quin tua tunc juvenes spectent incendia laeti,

Nec quisquam flammae sedulus addat aquam.

Seu tibi mors veniat, neque sit qui lugeat ullus,

Nec qui det moestas munus in exsequias.

At

Grammarians of the Augustan Age ; but others with more Reason suppose that the Poet, in this Place, intended only in general to represent this God as the Author and Patron of Poetry. The Translator has given the Line a Sense different from both ; with what Propriety the Reader will determine.

29. *Then will I fill the World, &c.*] *The Facinus and Cedes, in the Original, allude to the many Massacres and Proscriptions, which were the dreadful Effects of those Civil Wars, which at last extinguished the Liberty of Rome. The Butcheries, by which Octavius acquired the Sovereignty of the World, fixed such Disgrace upon himself, and so deeply stained his Family with the Imputation of Cruelty, that even the Mercies of Cæsar are become suspected. Indeed, neither Augustus nor Julius, are to be accused of having been the first, who subverted the Constitution of their Country ; for this was done in the Days of Marius and Sylla : And if we consider the Venality of the People, the Luxury of the Senate, the small Number of good Men, who survived the public Calamities ; and add to this, the Rapaciousness of the Generals,*
and

But weighty Presents Vigilance o'ercome,
The Gate bursts open, and the Dog is dumb.

From venal Charms, ye Gods! what Mischiefs flow?
The Joy, how much o'er-ballanc'd by the Woe!
Hence, hence so few, sweet Love, frequent thy Fane,
Hence impious Slander loads thy guiltless Reign. 46

But ye! who sell your heavenly Charms for Hire,
Your ill-got Riches be consum'd with Fire!
May not one Lover strive to quench the Blaze,
But smile malicious, as o'er all it preys!
And when ye die, no gentle Friend be near,
To catch your Breath, or shed a genuine Tear!
Behind the Corpse, to march in solemn Show,
Or S, rian Odors on the Pile bestow.

Far

and Governors of Provinces; we shall be induced, perhaps, to allow, that Augustus had it not in his Power, to comply with Agrippa's Advice, of restoring Rome to its old Plan of Government.

30. *But chief, O Cupid, &c.*] Our Poet seems here unjustly to accuse the God of Love; for no Passion is less mercenary, than that, which he inspires. It must be admitted, however, that Tibullus acts a gallant Part at least, in endeavouring to remove an Aspersion from his Mistress; tho' his Regard for Cupid may be called in question, when he attempts to fix this Odium upon him. He seems to be aware of this, and therefore involves also in his Censure those who certainly better deserved it.

35. *Perisfo*

At bona quæ, nec avara fuit, centum licet annos 45

Vixerit, ardentem flebitur ante rogam.

Atque aliquis senior, veteres veneratus amores,

Annua constructo ferta dabit tumulo.

Et, bene, discedens dicet, placideque quiescas,

Terraque securæ fit super ossa levis.

50

Vera

35. *Perish the Man ! &c.*] Propertius derives female Infidelity, and female Avarice, from the same Sources, see Lib. 3. El. 11. which is a keen and witty, if not a just Invective.

42. *The Gate bursts open, and the Dog is dumb.*] A Bawd, in Plautus, thus describes the Behaviour of a new Lover.

————— *Ubi de pleno promitur*
Neque ille scit quid det, quid damni faciat, illi rei studet.
Vult placere sese Amicæ, vult mibi, vult pedissequæ,
Vult famulis, vult etiam ancillis, et quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut cum videat, gaudeat.

ASIN. ACT. I. I. 5.

Andreas Maranus, a Poet of Vicenza, seems to have had this Passage of Tibullus in his Eye in one of his Elegies.

Optamus sero, quæ oblata remisimus ultro.
Utere felici dum licet esse tibi.
Mox subeunt casus, subeuntque pericula mille,
Advigelat custos advigelatque Canis.
Intertia obrepunt morbi vel decolor ætas,
Blanditiæ nec fas dicere, nec facere.

VULP.

But more correspondent to our Poet's Sentiments is the following Greek Epigram :

Ἦν μιν τὸ χαρῆμα φέρης φίλος οὐτε ευχαρῶς
 Ἐν πῶσιν, οὐτε κύνῃ ἐν προθύοις δέδεται.

Will the Reader pardon me one Quotation more ? It is a humorous Epitaph, on a Dog which belonged to a married Lady of Intrigue.

Latrata

EL. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 63

Far other Fates attend the generous Maid, 55
Tho' Age and Sicknefs bid her Beauties fade,
Still she's rever'd; and when Death's eafy Call
Has freed her Spirit from Life's anxious Thrall,
The pitying Neighbours all her Lofs deplore,
And many a weeping Friend befets the Door; 60
While fome old Lover touch'd with grateful Woe,
Shall yearly Garlands on her Tomb beftow;
And home returning, thus the Fair address,
' Light may the Turf thy gentle Bofom prefs.'

'Tis

*Latratu fures excepi, mutus amantes.
Sic placui Domino, fic placui Domina.*

48. *But ye who fell, &c.*] By the Pronoun *Tibi* in the Text, the Poet feems to have had fome particular Perfon in his Eye.

The Antients looked upon it, as one of the moft dreadful Misfortunes, which could befall any Perfon, to be deprived of funeral Honours.

The inculcating of this, was one of the wifeft Contrivances of antient Legislation, and was tranfmitted originally from Egypt to Greece. By it, not only private Murders, but Vices of all kinds, were, in a great meafure, checked or prevented. For, as an ingenious Writer obferves, it was a Custom among the Egyptians, before they interred their Dead, to canvafs over their Actions, and to bring their whole paff Life to a Tryal, before Judges appointed for that Purpofe. Thofe who, upon a fair and impartial Examination, were found to have lived a virtuous and good Life, were difmiffed from the Tribunal, with Praifes proportionable to their Merit, recommended as worthy Examples to Pofterity, and affigned over to the Society of the Blessed in the Shades below; but others, in whofe Characters, Vice and Mifchief were predominant, were publickly branded with
Infamy,

Vera quidem moneo : sed profunt quid mihi vera ?

Illius est nobis lege colendus amor.

Quin etiam sedes jubeat si vendere avitas :

Ite sub imperium, sub titulumque lares.

Quidquid habet Circe, quidquid Medea veneni, 55

Quidquid et herbarum Theffala terra gerit :

Et quod, ubi indomitis gregibus Venus afflat amores,

Hippomanes cupidae stillat ab inguine equae :

(Si modo me placido videat Nemesis mea vultu)

Mille alias herbas misceat illa : bibam. 60

ELEGIA

Infamy, and assign'd over to the Regions of Affliction. (*Diod. Sicul.*) As every one was convinced, that he should undergo this impartial Tryal after Death, wherein his former Abilities, Power, and Fortune, could avail nothing to avert a proper and just Sentence ; such Examples were powerful Checks to Vice, and pleasing Incentives to Virtue. The Legislators having found their End in this Institution, enforced the Observance of it, by the Superstition already mentioned, that those, whose Bodies were unburied, should wander in a State of Restlessness a Hundred Years on the Banks of the River Styx. Now, this was invented to obviate by Terror, the clandestine Interment of those, whom the surviving Parents or Relations were afraid to bring to this Test of Justice, being desirous to shelter the Memory of the Defunct from Ignominy, by an Omission of this Ceremony. The publick Interment of the Body, being first insisted upon, only as concomitant to the Rites, and by Corruption afterwards, made a necessary Part of them.

62. *Sball yearly Garlands, &c.*] Joannes Baptista Pius (*Annot. poster. c. 115.*) imagines, that these Garlands were composed solely of Parsley ; but Magius has shewn the Falsity of this. Broekhusius is of Opinion, that the Poet in this Place meant Garlands of Roses ; and indeed innumerable Quotations

EL. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 65

'Tis Truth ; but what has Truth with Love to do ?

Imperious Cupid, I submit to you ! 66

To sell my Father's Seat should you command ;

Adieu my Father's Gods, my Father's Land !

From madding Mares, whate'er of Poyson flows,

Or on the Forehead of their Offspring grows, 70

Whate'er Medea brew'd of baleful Juice,

What noxious Herbs Æmathian Hills produce ;

Of all, let Nemesis a Draught compose,

Or mingle Poysons, feller still than those ;

If she but smile, the deadly Cup I'll drain, 75

Forget her Avarice, and exult in Pain !

T H E

tations might be brought from the Classics to prove, that
Roses were used of old, in the adorning of Tombs.

65. *Light may the Turf, &c.*] Propertius says,

Sit sibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vita.

Hence we often meet with the initial Letters S. T. T. L.
upon antient Tomb-stones.

68. *To sell my Father's Seat, &c.*] Upon such Verses of
our Author as these, have the Commentators reared the
trite Opinion, that Tibullus, by his Extravagance, squan-
dered away his Fortune. The Text, however, cannot be
construed into any such Meaning. Ovid, with more Justice,
might be said to have spent his Inheritance, from the follow-
ing Lines ;

*Illud et illud habet, nec ea contenta rapina est,
Sub titulum nostros misit avara lares.*

Remed. Amor.

But, in Truth, small Stress is to be laid upon such Expres-
sions in the Poets ; and therefore Broekhusius might have
spared

spared the Censure, he passes on Tibullus, on Account of this Passage, Elegy delighting in imaginary Distresses.

69. *From madding Mares, &c.*] Critics are greatly divided in their Opinions, about the *Hippemanes*. Theophrastus, Aristotle, and Theocritus mention a Plant of that Name, the Smell of which made Mares run mad for the Stallion, While some Commentators assert, that it was a Fig-like Excrecence which grew on the Forehead of a Foal; and which being bit off, and swallowed by the Mother, made her passionately fond of her Offspring. Hence it came to be used in Philtres of old, and to be applied metaphorically, to express Love. Others contend, that it was a Poyson, *quod equae in libidinem excitatae e locis emittebant.*

72. *What noxious Herbs, &c.*] The Thessalians being a wild and uncivilized People, it is no Wonder that they were addicted to the Follies of Witchcraft. Their Country produced many powerful Plants; and some of the first Physicians, we read of, were born there.

The Word *Venenum* does not always mean Poyson, since Horace and other approved Writers, use it often to signify the Juice of such magical Herbs, as were proper to correct the Malignity of Poyson. It also sometimes signifies a Love-potion. In this Place, however, it stands for Poyson, and not a Philtre; for our Poet at present was in no need of the latter, being already sufficiently fond of Nemesis: But whether he would have been in reality as good as his Word, let the Lover determine.

Mr. Hammond's first Elegy is an Imitation of this.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

PHOEBE fave ; novus ingreditur tua templa fa-
cerdos ;

Huc age cum cithara, carminibusque veni.

Nunc te vocales inpellere pollice chordas,

Nunc precor ad laudes flectere verba meas.

Ipse

Messalinus, to whom the following noble Elegy is addressed, was the Son of the illustrious Messala. This young Nobleman, whom both Historians and Poets represent, as inheriting his Father's Eloquence, had been appointed one of the quindecimviral Priests, to whose Care the keeping and Interpretation of the Sibylline Oracles were entrusted. As these venerable Writings, had been deposited by Augustus, under the Statue of Apollo, in his new Temple, erected on Mount Palatine and as Apollo was supposed to preside over Vaticination, and in a particular manner, over these mysterious Volumes, the Poet begins his Poem with an Address to Apollo, whom he earnestly implores, to be present at the Inauguration of the new Pontiff. Moreover, as these Writings were never consulted, but in the greatest Emergency, and then only, when the Senate passed a Decree for that Purpose : and as their Interpretation, even then, was thought to be suggested by Apollo, Tibullus entreats the God to assist his young Friend, whenever public Calamities should render it necessary for the Priests to have Recourse to them.

The

T H E
F I F T H E L E G Y.

TO hear our solemn Vows, O Phœbus deign!
 A novel Pontiff treads thy sacred Fane:
 Nor distant hear, dread Power! 'tis Rome's Request,
 That with thy golden Lyre thou standst confest:
 Deign mighty Bard! to strike the vocal String, 5
 And praise thy Pontiff; we, his Praises sing:

Around

The Romans were proud of being thought the Posterity of the Trojans; and their Poets embraced every Opportunity of making their Court to the People by adopting that Notion. Nor was this Prejudice confined to the meaner Sort of Romans; Julius Cæsar, and his Successor, either believed, or effected, from political Motives, to believe that they were Descendants of Æneas (Vid. Suet. in Vit. J. Cæs. et Aug.) Nay so far was this Folly carried, that Augustus entertained a Design of transferring the Seat of Empire from Rome to Troy; which City, by his, and Julius's Attention, was again in a flourishing Situation. This, the Romans dreaded not a little; and to such a Height did their Apprehensions encrease, A. U. C. 734, when Augustus was in Syria, that Horace, all Courtier as he was, is

Ipse triumphali devinctus tempora lauro, 5

Dum cumulant aras, ad tua sacra veni.

~~Sed nitidus, pulcerque veni; nunc indue vestem~~

Sepositam, longas nunc bene pectus comas.

Qualem te memorant, Saturno rege fugato,

Victori laudes concinuisse Jovi. 10

Tu

supposed, to have written that noble Ode, *Iustum et tenacum*-Lib. 3. Od. 5, obliquely to dissuade the Emperor from that Measure. As this, however, was a very delicate Subject, and none knew better to flatter his Patron than Horace, he abruptly breaks off,

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt Lyrae.

Tibullus, however, not lying under the same Obligations to Augustus as the lyric Poet, and neither courting the Smiles, nor dreading the Frowns of the Court, he, like a true Patriot, in all the Enthusiasm of Poetry, introduces the Sibyl, pushing on *Æneas* to the new Settlement destined by Heaven for him and his Followers, in Italy. This Event, says the Prophetess, whenever it takes Place, will effectually recompence you for your present Loss, and future Disasters, you yourself being to become a God; as your Posterity, the Romans, are predestined to conquer the World, of which Rome is to be the Capital.

This Surmise, which no Commentator has touched on, throws a particular Beauty on the whole of the Sibyl's Speech, which otherwise appears inaptly placed, where it now is inserted.

Shall we pay a Compliment to Horace and Tibullus (who probably let one another into the full Scope of their Patriot-productions) and suppose, that these, had some Weight with the Emperor of the World? At all Events, as Augustus professed a great Veneration for the Sybilline Books, and was anxious to be thought the Son of Apollo (see the Notes) who, he said, fought for him at the Battle of Actium; the People (whose Prejudices, to the removing

Around thy Brows, triumphant Laurels twine,
 Thine Altar visit, and thy Rites divine :
 New flush thy Charms, new curl thy waving Hair ;
 O come the God in Vestment, and in Air ! 10
 When Saturn was dethron'd, so crown'd with Bays,
 So rob'd, thou sungst th' Almighty Victor's Praise.

What

moving their Seat of Empire, must have been augmented, by our Poet's well-timed Prophecy) would have regarded Augustus's Breach of the Sybill's Orders, as the most impious of Violations. Besides so flagrant a Disrespect, and in one too, of such Eminence, might have produced the most fatal Consequences to his Government, by weakening the Reverence which his Subjects entertained for the Sybilline Writings. This, Augustus was too sensible, not to perceive, and too political, not to avoid.

But, if the Translator is deceived in his Conjecture of the Design, which Tibullus proposed to himself, in writing this fine Poem, he, however, sincerely wishes, that the Nine may always devote their Raptures to the Service of their Country, and never prostitute their Talents, in flattering Tyranny, or inflaming the Passions of guilty Greatness. The People shall then joyfully acknowledge the Language of the Gods, and own the Muses for the legitimate Daughters of Jove.

The remaining Part of the Elegy is thrown, we may suppose, on purpose into an artful Obscurity of Connexion. Most of the Prodigies, which the Poet mentions, are said by Historians to have happened at the Death of Julius Cæsar ; and may we not conjecture, that Tibullus meant, by recapitulating these, to insinuate, that the Gods caused the Tyrant to be slain, for his Attachment to Troy ? This Circumstance could not fail to alarm his Successor, especially too as he must have been conscious, that he even out-did Julius in his Affection to that City ; and it is certain, that he, by no means, equalled that Usurper, in point of personal Courage.

But

Tu procul eventura vides : tibi debitus augur

Scit bene quid fati provida cantet avis.

Tuque regis sortes : per te praesentit haruspex,

Lubrica signavit quum Deus exta notis.

Te

But if Tibullus wrote with Freedom, his Freedom was accompanied with Decorum ; for, as a Roman expresses it, it is always dangerous, *Scribere in eum, qui potest proscribere.*

So the Poet supplicates Apollo, to avert such Presages for the future ; by which means, Peace would return to bless Italy, and rural Devotion again flourish. Tibullus supposes, that the God grants his Petition, and describes the joyful Ceremonies, practised by the grateful Villagers, upon the Occasion.

These Solemnities concluding, as usual, with Mirth and Wine, the young Peasants begin to disclose their Loves, and condemn the Cruelty of their Mistresses. This leads our Poet insensibly into a Recollection of his own amorous Misfortunes ; for Nemesis was still inflexible: This, he says, not only impaired his Health, but affected his poetical Powers ; so that, far from being able to do Justice to great Subjects, he scarce could write a little Elegy. This was an artful Apology for the seeming Inaccuracy of his present Poem. Notwithstanding all the Consequences of his ill-requited Passion, so thorough a Lover was our Poet, that he did not wish to shake off his Love ; but only begged, that Nemesis would at last condescend to abate of her Rigour ; for' as Messalinus, adds he, is pushing forward in the Lists of Fame, the Regard and Friendship which I profess for his Father, and himself, absolutely require a total Freedom of Genius, that I may celebrate those Triumphs which his grateful Country will soon decree him.

In the Conclusion, Messala is introduced as enjoying the Felicity of seeing his Son triumph ; upon which Occasion the Poet supposes, that his Patron will entertain Rome with magnificent Spectacles.

The Poem ends with a Petition to Apollo, that these Things might be accomplished.

History

What Fate, from Gods and Man, has wrapt in Night,
 Prophetic flashes on thy mental Sight :
 From Thee, Diviners learn their prescient Lore, 15
 On reeking Bowels, as they thoughtful pore :
 The Seer thou teachest the Success of Things,
 As flies the Bird, or feeds, or screams, or sings :

The

History informs us, that Messalinus, by steadily treading in the Footsteps of his Father, was honoured with a Triumph; and A. U. C. 750, had the Consulship conferred upon him; but Tibullus died many Years before these things happened.

It is not easy to determine, how old Messalinus was, at the time this Poem was written. He had not, probably, long put on the manly Gown; for we find, that Lentulus, the Son of Lentulus, was chosen into the College of Augurs at 17 or 18 Years of Age; and from this College the Quindecemvirs were elected. Upon these Occasions the Friends of the Pontiff were invited to a magnificent Supper; and it is probable it was at this Entertainment, that the following Poem was first recited.

9. *New flush thy Charms, &c.*] The Original here would seem extremely ridiculous to a mere modern Reader. Literally translated, it signifies neither more nor less, than an Entreaty to his Godship to put on his Holy-day-suit, curl his Hair, and wash his Face. A strange Hint this, to so great, so young, and beautiful a Divinity as Apollo. Is it from their Patron-God, that some of his modern Vassals have derived their Ideas of Dress and Cleanliness? The sublimest Genius's are not exempted from paying an Attention to the little Decencies of Life, respecting which, the Fair-sex are our best Instructors.

The polite Callimachus, in his Hymn to Apollo, draws a more amiable Picture of the God of Poetry, in the following Verses :

Te duce Romanos numquam frustrata Sibylla est. 15

Abdita quae fenis fata canit pedibus.

Phoebe

Τον χορον ὡ πολλων ὅτι οὐ κατὰ θυμον αἰδεῖ
 Τιμησει, δυνατὰι γὰρ ἐπεὶ Διὶ δεξιῶν ἴσται.
 Οὐδὲ ὁ χορὸς τον φοῖβον ἐφ' ἐν μονον ἡμαρ αἰσει
 Ἐστὶ γὰρ εὐμνῶν, τις ἀν ἔρεα φοῖβον αἰδοι;
 Χρυσᾶ τῶ πολλωνι τὸτ' ἐνδύλον ἢ τ' ἐπιπορπις
 Ἡ τε λυρη, &c. V. 28, 29, &c.

Immortal Honours wait the happy Throng,
 Who, grateful to the God, refund the Song:
 And Honours well Apollo can command,
 For high in Pow'r he sits, at Jove's Right hand.
 But in the God, such beaming Glories blend,
 The Day unequal to his Praise will end.
 His Praise, who cannot with Delight refund,
 Where such eternal Theme for Song is found?
 A golden Robe invests the glorious God,
 His shining Feet with golden Sandals shod:
 Gold are his Harp, his Quiver, and his Bow;
 Round him bright Riches in Profusion flow.
 His Delphic Fane illustrious Proof supplies,
 Where Wealth immense fatigues the wond'ring Eyes.
 On his soft Cheeks no tender Down has sprung,
 A God forever fair, forever young:
 His fragrant Locks distil ambrosial Dews,
 Drop Gladness down, and blooming Health diffuse, &c.

Dodd.

12. *Sorob'd, &c.*] Ariosto has imitated this Passage in the Beginning of his third Canto. The proper Emblems of Apollo the Poet, Lyrist, or Festal Apollo, were a Crown of Laurel, his Hair finely dressed, flowing at full Length, a Lyre in his Left-hand, and wearing a magnificent Robe that fell down to his Feet. In this Manner, was this God represented in the Temple which Augustus dedicated to him in the Palatium: and thus it was, that the Poets of old were habited, when they sang to the Lyre at the Tables of the Great. Hence, as
 Mr.

The Sibyl-leaves if Rome ne'er fought in vain ;
 Thou gav'it a Meaning to the mystic Strain : 20
 Thy

Mr. Spence observes, the Propriety of the Epithet *Crinitus* conferred on Jopas by Virgil, which some Critics have too hastily censured, as wholly foreign to the purpose.

So fond was Augustus of Apollo, that, in the Medals and other Representations of that Emperor, his Face is what the Romans called an Apollinean Face. This we know from History, that Augustus was really very beautiful ; and Suetonius informs us, that some Writers had even asserted, that he was in fact the Son of Apollo. Vit. Aug. sect. 94. Accordingly Servius tells us, that there were Statues of Augustus in Rome, which represented him under the Character, and with the Attributes of that God. We also know, that in a certain infamous Feast made by Augustus, (at which he and five of his Courtiers represented the six Great Celestial Gods, as some of the Ladies of his Court represented the six Great Goddesses) he himself chose to appear with the Emblems of Apollo. All these Circumstances but too plainly shew, that the Successor of Julius gave in to the Flattery that was paid him, and that he thought himself, at least loved to be thought by others, like Apollo. But the greatest Absurdity of all, as Mr. Spence justly observes, was, that, because Apollo was usually represented with a particular Flow of Light beaming from his Eyes, he must needs have it supposed that his Eyes also, which were really fine, darted forth so strong a Brightness, as to dazzle those who looked upon them too nearly, or too steddily. *Oculos habuit claros, ac nitidos* (says Suetonius) *quibus etiam existimari volebat in se quiddam divini vigoris, gaudebatque si quis sibi acrius contuenti quasi ad fulgorem solis, vultum submitteret.* To such a Pitch of Extravagance does absolute Power lead even the Well-meaning !

16. From Thee, Diviners, &c.] For the Lots, see Notes on the third Elegy of the first Book ; and who the Augurs were, hath been explained already. The Haruspices, to whom, according to the Tuscan Discipline, belonged the Province of explaining Prodigies, by inspecting the Bowels

Phoebe facras Messalinum sine tangere chartas

Vatis : et ipse, precor, quid canat illa, doce.

Haec

of Victims, were servants of the Public, and had Salaries for attending the Magistrates in all their Sacrifices. Hence they never failed to accommodate their Answers to the political Views of those who employed them.

As the Order of Priesthood, among the Romans, was, for some Ages, conferred upon none, but such as were of the first Nobility ; by their Influence over a People naturally superstitious, the Ballance of Power was thrown into the Hands of the Senate and Optimates, who, by this means, as Cicero observes, De Legib. lib. iii. cap. 12. were often enabled to check the factious Attempts of the Tribunes.

Minucius Felix, and other Christian Writers, ascribe Oracles, &c. to the Intervention of the Devil, or other impure Spirits.

Polybius very sensibly deduces that Superiority, which the Roman State had over all others, from the Superstition of its Vulgar. This was carried by the Statesmen, says he, to such Lengths, and so effectually introduced into the private Lives of the Citizens, and into public Affairs, that one cannot help being surpris'd at it. This, continues our sagacious Politician, was, as I take it, projected entirely for the sake of the Vulgar ; for if a Society of wise Men only, could be formed, such a Scheme would be superfluous : But since the Crowd is always giddy, and often agitated by the most unruly passions, secret Terrors and tragical Fictions are necessary to restrain them within due Bounds. Lib. vi.

Nor is the Greek Historian singular in his opinion, Appianus Claudius Crassus asserts, that the Romans owed the great Success of their Arms, to their Observance of the sacred Chickens, &c. *Parva sunt hæc*, as Livy makes him speak, *sed parva ista non contemnendo, majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.*

While the Augurs were taking the Auspices, or observing the Heavens, all public Business was intermitted : Julius Cæsar

Thy sacred Influence may this Pontiff know,
 And as he reads them, with the Prophet glow.

When

Cæsar first broke through this ; and Clodius, to facilitate the Banishment of Cicero, among other Laws to decoy the People, enacted, that no Magistrate should take the Auspices, or contemplate the Heavens, while they were actually assembled on public Business. This Regulation took place A. U. C. 695. But the People, not content with this, extended the Privilege to the uninterrupted Prosecution of Affairs on the *Dies fasti*.

20. *The Sibyl-leaves, if Rome, &c.*] These Writings were kept antiently in a Coffin of Stone, and deposited in a subterranean Place in the Capitol. But that noble Pile of Buildings being destroyed by Fire, A. U. C. 671. and the Sibylline Books along with them, Sylla rebuilt the Capitol, and sent Deputies into Ionia, to collect all the Sibylline Verses, which Tradition had still preserved. They succeeded so well, that a Volume, consisting of a thousand Lines, was composed from their Gleanings, and deposited in the Capitol. Augustus Cæsar, after the Death of Lepidus, when he took upon himself the Office of High Priest, *quidquid fatidicorum librorum Græci Latiniq̄ generis, nullis vel parum idoneis auctoribus vulgo ferebatur, supra 2. millia, contracta undiq̄, cremavit ac solos retinuit Sibyllinos.* These, indeed, when purged of what he supposed to be spurious, Augustus placed in two golden Lockers, under the Statue of Apollo, in the Temple he had dedicated to that God on Mount Palatine, A. U. C. 726. Vide Sueton. in Vit. Aug. cap. 31.

According to Lætantius, the only Sibylline Verses which were preserved sacred from the Inspection of all, but that of the Quindecemvirs, were those of the Cumæan Sibyl. Her Verses, as well as those of her Sisters, were composed in heroic Numbers, *senis pedibus* ; and, if Symmachus may be depended upon, were written on Linen Volumes. Lib. iv.

In the second Punic War, when Rome was reduced to very great Difficulties, the Romans consulted the Sibylline Books. These made the Expulsion of the Enemy

Haec dedit Aeneae fortes, postquam ille parentem

Dicitur, et raptos sustinuisse Lares : 20

Nec fore credebat Romam, quum moestus ab alto

Ilion, ardentem respiceretque Deos.

Romulus Aeternae nondum formaverat Urbis

Moenia, consorti non habitanda Remo.

Sed tunc pascebant herbosa palatia vaccae, 25

Et stabant humiles in Jovis arce caesae.

Lacte

from Italy to depend upon their instituting, with extraordinary Pomp, certain annual Games to Apollo,

The Year in which the Secular Games were performed, the Apollinarian were blended with them, as Macrobius informs us, lib. xvii.

The Sibylline Books continued in high Reverence, till about the Time of Theodosius the Elder, when the greatest Part of the Senate being converted to Christianity, they began to be regarded as Fables; and at last, in the reign of Honorius, Stilicho burnt them.

The Book which at present goes under the Name of the Sibylline Oracles (*Σιβυλλιακοὶ χρησμοὶ*) is plainly a modern Counterfeit.

24. *And honour'd Lares, &c.*] Troy was destroyed A. M. 2820. Æneas landed in Italy some Years after, where he married the Daughter of King Latinus, and in her Right succeeded to his Throne. His Posterity enjoyed, from him, the Sovereignty, by regular Succession, till Aurelius seized on the Crown, in Prejudice of his elder Brother Numitor, and continued in quiet Possession of the regal Dignity, till he was slain by Romulus and Remus, the Sons of Ilia, Numitor's Daughter. These seated their Grandfather upon the Throne; and two Years after founded Rome. Usher places this last Event before the 8th Olympiad, A. M. 3250. Others, with Varro, fix it to the 3d Olympiad, and 433d Year after the Destruction of Troy, in the 3960th of the Julian Period, 753 Years before the Nativity of our Saviour.

29. *Qui-*

When great Æneas snatch'd his aged Sire,
 And burning Lares, from the Grecian Fire,
 She *, she foretold this Empire fix'd by fate, 25
 And all the Triumphs of the Roman State ;
 Yet when he saw his Ilion wrapp'd in Flame,
 He scarce could credit the mysterious Dame.

(Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,
 Nor had his Brother met his early Doom, 30
 Where now Jove's Temple swells, low Hamlets stood,
 And Domes ascend, where Heifers crop'd their Food.

Sprinkled

* The Sibyl.

29. *Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,*] Rome was usually called *URBS ÆTERNA*, as the Antiquaries, Poets, and Medals testify. But if Rome was predestined by the Gods to last for ever, how vain, how impious, would it be, to remove the seat of Empire to any other Place ?

31. *Where now Jove's Temple swells.*] Such, at that time, was the Condition of those Hills, on which Rome was founded. But Petrarch and Dyer, in describing their present State, present us with a very different Prospect.

*Qui fu quella di Imperio antica sede
 Temuta in pace e triomphante in guerra.
 Fu ! perch' altro che il loco hor non si vede.
 Quella che Roma fu guace, s'atterra
 Quest' cui l'herba copre e calca il piede
 Fur Moli ad ciel vicine, & hor son terra:
 Roma che'l mondo vinse, al tempo cede
 Che i piani in alza e che l'altrezza alterra.
 Roma in Roma non e, Volcano e Marte
 La grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta,
 Struggendo l'opre e di natura e di arte.*

Lacte madens illic fuberat Pan ilicis umbrae,
Et facta agrefti lignea falce Pales.

Pen-

*Volio foffopra il mondo e'n polve e volta
E fra quefte ruine a terra fparte
In fe fteffa cadea morta e fepolta.*

But more folemnly picturesque is the following Description of the Ruins of Rome by Mr. Dyer :

The rough Relics of Carinæ's Street,
Where now the Shepherd to his nibbling Sheep
Sits piping, with his oaten Reed : as erft
There pip'd the Shepherd to his nibbling Sheep,
When th' humble Roof Anthifes' Son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-defpifing King,
Amid the Thickets : So revolves the Scene,
So Time ordains, who rolls the Things of Pride
From Duft again to Duft. Behold that heap
Of mouldering Urns (their Afhes blown away,
Duft of the Mighty !) the fame Story tell ;
And at it's Bafe, from whence the Serpent glides
Down the green defart Street, yon hoary Monk
Laments the fame.

Dodfley's Collect. vol. i.

By Jove's Temple, the Poet means the Capitol ; which, in the Days of Auguftus, was, for Structure, Embellishment, and Riches, one of the moft noble and magnificent Edifices in the World. When it was destroyed by Fire, an Event which we have already taken Notice of, Auguftus undertook to rebuild it, but died ere it was finished : this, it is faid, he, in his laft moments, regretted as the only thing wanting to complete his Felicity. It was not, however, wholly rebuilt till the Confulship of Catulus, who had the Honour to dedicate it, and to have his Name infcribed upon it. And indeed Catulus well merited that Difinction ; for, befides many other Marks of his Munificence, he gilded over with Gold all the Copper Tiles of the Temple. Pliny obferves, that this was the firft Time Gold was used on
the

Sprinkled with Milk, Pan grac'd an Oak's dun Shade,
 And Scythe-arm'd Pales watch'd the mossy Glade ;
 For

the Outside of Buildings. Thus the Fire, to speak in the beautiful Words of Cicero, seem'd to have been sent from Heaven, not to destroy, but to raise to Jupiter a Temple more worthy of his Majesty. On the first of January, the Consuls always went in Procession to this Temple ; and all, who entered the City in Triumph, repaired thither in Pomp to pay their solemn Thanks to Jove.

Grammarians make a Difference between *Arx* and *Capitolium* ; but, if we are not mistaken, they are, sometimes, indiscriminately used.

The Verses from Line 29, of the Version, to that where the Sibyl addresses Æneas, may appear too long, as it diverts the Attention from the Cumæan Sibyl, who is about to prophesy : But as the Prophetess's Allusion to the particular Place, where the Descendants of Æneas were to found their Eternal City, might have, perhaps, appeared obscure (a Defect, to which prophetic Language is liable) without a previous and more full Description ; our Poet's Conduct, it would seem, is not so foreign to the Purpose, as might at first be imagined.

See Ovid, *Fast.* and Propert. lib. iv. for similar Descriptions.

32. *And Domes ascend, &c.*] In a former Note we have taken Notice of the Meanness of infant Rome : Neither did it greatly improve in Magnificence till many Centuries after. Their Temples indeed were adorned with Trophies ; but these, as Plutarch observes in his Life of Marcellus, made the City rather dreadful than pleasing. After the Conquest of Syracuse by Marcellus, the Romans became acquainted with the finer Arts, and no doubt their Architecture was also improved : And yet Augustus boasted, that he had found Rome ill built of Brick, but left a City of Marble : *maimorem se relinquere, quam lateritiam accepisset.* Suet. in Aug. § 28.

Pendebatque vagi pastoris in arbore votum.

Garrula filvestri fistula sacra Deo. 30

Fistula, cui semper decrescit arundinis ordo ;

Nam calamus cera jungitur usque minor.

At qua Velabri regio patet, ire solebat

Exiguus pulsa per vada linter aqua.

Illæ faepe gregis ditis placitura magistro 35

Ad juvenem festa vecta puella die est.

Cum qua foecundi redierunt munera ruris

Cæsus, et niveæ candidus agnus ovis.

Impiger Aenea volitantis frater Amoris,

Troia qui profugis sacra vehis ratibus, 40

Jam

33. *Sprinkled with Milk, &c.*] It was customary to sprinkle the sylvan Gods Pan and Pales with Milk.

Plutarch informs us, that Rome was founded on the 21st of April; and that on that Day, a solemn Festival was ever afterwards held. This Festival was formerly called by the Romans Palilia; but, upon building a Temple afterwards to Roma and Venus, they changed the Name of this Festival into that of Romana.

36. *Pipes bung, &c.*] The Curious in Antiquities may either consult Servius, or Virgil's Bucolics, or Julius Scaliger, lib. i. Poet. cap. 4. concerning the sylvan Pipe of the ancient Shepherds.

Some attribute the Invention of it to Pan, and others to Marsyas. It consisted of seven Reeds (joined together by Thread and Wax) equal at top, where the Lips were applied, but unequal below, *qua exibat spiritus*.

But no Words can convey so distinct an Idea of this ancient musical Instrument, as the Inspection of its Figure upon Antiques, of which many are to be found in Boiffard, Goriæus, and others. It appears from § 9. of the second

Epistle

El. 5. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 83

For Help from Pan, to Pan on ev'ry Bough 35
Pipes hung, the grateful Shepherd's vocal Vow,
Of Reeds, still lessening, was the Gift compos'd,
And friendly Wax th' unequal Junctures clos'd.
So where Velabrian Streets like Cities seem,
One little Wherry plied the lazy Stream, 40
O'er which the wealthy Shepherd's favourite Maid
Was to her Swain, on Holydays, convey'd ;
The Swain, his Truth of Passion to declare,
Or Lamb, or Cheese, presented to the Fair.)

The Cumæan Sibyl speaks.

“ Fierce Brother of the Power of soft Desire, 45
“ Who fly’st, with Trojan Gods, the Grecian Fire !
“ Now

Epistle of that famous Italian Traveller, Pietro della Valle, that the Turks, in his Time, used a Pipe, which they called *Muscab*, and which very much resembled that played on by the Ancients.

39. *So where Velabrian Streets, &c.*] This was a large Street in the eighth, or, as others say, in the eleventh Division of Rome. The Place, which this Street afterwards occupied, had been, in former Times, a boggy Lake, and exposed to frequent inundations from the Tyber ; but Tarquinius Priscus having effectually drained it, it became, in process of Time, one of the noblest Streets in the City.

45. *Fierce Brother of the God, &c.*] In Virgil, Creusa appears to Æneas, and prophesies to him his future Settlement. The Ancients generally suppose, that the Souls of the Departed are endowed with a Power of predicting future Events ; but no Prophecy was so awfully striking, none more to be depended upon, than what proceeded from the Mouth of a Sibyl. Hence the Reverence paid by the Ro-

Jam tibi Laurentes adsignat Jupiter agros :

Jam vocat errantes hospita terra Lares,
Troja quidem tum se mirabitur, et fibi dicet
Vos bene tam longa consuluisse via.

Illic sanctus eris, quum te veneranda Numici 45

Unda Deum coelo miserit Indigetem,

Ecce

mans to the Sibylline Books ; and hence it was, that Augustus himself affected so much to rely upon their Declarations. Thus has Tibullus happily blended Sublimity with Art. The Sibyll concludes her Prophecy with a Prayer to Apollo, by which she interests that God in the Events of her Prediction ; and from this Circumstance, the Propriety of our Poet's Address to Apollo, in the Beginning of the Elegy, more conspicuously appears.

Poetical Prophecy makes the Reader acquainted, beforehand, with some Events, which are to happen in the Progress of the Poem : and Prevention (as an elegant Critic calls it) is when such Things are spoken of as present, which nevertheless are not to come to pass for Years or Ages.

The same Critic observes, that poetical Predictions are generally uttered by superior Beings ; or if human Beings are introduced, they are either such as are already in another State of Existence, or just on the Verge of quitting this. Thus Hector, in Homer, foretells the Death of Achilles ; and, in the same Manner, Orodes, in Virgil, warns Mezentius of his Fate. Both these Kinds of Prediction are great : and if the latter, as the same Author alleges, is the greatest ; the first however, by his own acknowledgement, is the most poetical.

Nor are these two the only kinds of poetical Prophecy. Heroic Poets often use another, by foretelling the Death of a Hero, at a Time when he is perhaps exulting in Victory. Virgil affords us an Instance of this, *Æn. x.* in relation to the Death of Pallas by Turnus.

That

“ Now Jove affigns thee Laurentine Abodes,
 “ Those friendly Plains invite thy banish’d Gods !
 “ There shall a nobler Troy herself applaud,
 “ Admire her Wanderings, and the Grecian Fraud !
 “ There,

That Form of Prophecy, distinguished above by the Title of Prevention, gives an uncommon Greatness and Energy to the Language : It places distant Actions full before our Eyes, and carries a certain Boldness and Assurance with it, that is wonderfully pleasing, Prophecy being of great Strength in possessing and captivating the Reader, as we love to look into Futurity. Thus it flatters the Powers and Capacity of our own Minds, at the same time that it gives an Air of superior Knowledge and Authority to the Poet. This Speech of the Sibyl includes in it all these Advantages : It is not only preventive, but prophetic. Perhaps there are no Speeches in the fourth Book of the *Odyssey*, or sixth of the *Æneid*, more remarkable for their prophetic Beauty, than this is. The subject of this is loftier, the Speaker more venerable, and the Design of the Poet himself more truly great.

The terrifying Raptures of Theochymenus, *Od.* xx. which represent the fall of the Suitors, and which contain a higher Orientalism than any we meet with in any other Part of Homer’s Writings, may be compared, as Mr. Spence observes in his excellent Dialogues on the *Odyssey*, with what Joel says in a truly inspired Language : “ I will shew thee Wonders in
 “ the Heavens and in the Earth : Blood, and Fire, and
 “ Pillars of Smoak : The Sun shall be turned into Dark-
 “ nefs, and the Moon into Blood. I will cause the Sun to
 “ go down at Noon, and will darken the Earth in clear
 “ Day. All the bright Lights of Heaven will I make dark
 “ over thee, and set Darkness upon the Land.” In that truly sublime Passage, the Sun and Lights seem only to have left the Heavens to shine with all their boundless Majesty in the Poet’s Mind.

51. *There, thou from yonder sacred Stream shalt rise
 A God thyself, &c.*] The Poet here plainly points out the River Numicius, which, as the Sibyl prophesied, washed
 away

Ecce super fessas volitat Victoria puppes.

Tandem ad Trojanos diva superba venit.

Ecce mihi lucent Rutulis incendia castris.

Jam tibi praedico, barbere Turne, necem. 50

Ante oculos Laurens castrum, murusque Lavini est,

Albaque ab Ascanio condita longa duce.

Te

away from Æneas all that was mortal, and fitted him for the Company of the Gods, as Ovid beautifully tells the Story. Vide Ovid's Metam. Book xiv. Line 609.

Such is the poetical Account of Æneas's Departure from Life; but Antiquaries differ widely as to the Manner of his Death. Some assert, that his Body was found drowned in the Numicius, after his Rencounter with Mezentius; while others maintain, that he was indeed killed on the Banks of that River, but that his Body, tumbling into the Stream, could never be recovered; and that it was hence artfully given out by his Successors, that the Gods had taken him to themselves. Accordingly he was honoured with the Appellation of *Deus Indiges*, or *αὐθροπεδύμιον*; and Dionysius Halicarnassæus (lib. i. p. 40.) informs us, that not only a Chapel was dedicated to him, with the following Inscription:

P A T R I . D E O : I N D I G E T I .
 Q V I . N U M I C I . A M N I S .
 V N D A S . T E M P E R A T .

but that he had many Monuments erected to him, in divers Parts of Italy.

But why is Numicius called sacred? (*veneranda Numici unda*.) Servius, in his Notes on the seventh Æneid, ver. 150. assigns the following Reason: *Numicius ingens ante fluvius fuit; quo repertum est cadaver Æneæ, & consecratum, post paulatim descrescens, in fontem redactus est: qui ipse siccatus*

“ There, thou from yonder sacred Stream shalt rise

“ A God thyself, and mingle with the Skies !

“ No more thy Phrygians for their Country figh,

“ See Conquest o’er your shatter’d Navy fly !

“ See the Rutulian Tents, a mighty Blaze ! 55

“ Thou, Turnus ! soon shalt end thy hateful Days !

“ The Camp I see, Lavinium greets my View !

“ And Alba ! brave Ascanius ! built by you :

“ I see

ficcatns est, sacris interceptus. Vestæ enim libari, non, nisi de hoc flumine, licebat.

BROEKH.

56. *You, Turnus ! soon shall end your hateful Days !*] In the first Battle, which Æneas carried on against the Latins and Rutulians, *propter fraudatas Lavinie nuptias*, Latinus was slain ; upon which, the Rutulian Prince, Turnus, implored Aid from Mezentius, King of the Tuscans ; and fell in the second Action : but Æneas never afterwards appeared, as the Scholiast tells us. In the third and last Engagement, Ascanius revenged the Death of his Father, by killing Mezentius.

But why does the Poet bestow on Turnus the Epithet *Barbaro*, since this Prince, as Amata, in Virgil, informs us, was of Grecian Original ? Cyllenius endeavours to solve this question, by supposing, that Turnus spoke bad Latin, *vel blæsus, vel balbus erat*. But there is no Occasion for any such Hypothesis, since we find, from Plautus, that the Romans called both Italians and Latins, *Barbari*. Vide Fest. in VOC. BARBAR.

BROEKH.

57. *Lavinium greets my View.*] This is the City, which Æneas is said to have built in Honour of his Wife Lavinia. See more of this in the twenty-eighth Chapter of the first Book of Dionys. Halicarnass. in Virgil, *Æn. i. ver. 258.* in Livy, Book i. cap. 1, and 3. in the Author of the Book intitled, *De Orig. Roman.* and in Justin, lib. xliii. cap. 1.

BROEKH.

59. I see

Te quoque jam video, Marti placitura sacerdos

Ilia, Vestales deseruisse focos :

Concubitusque tuos furtim, vittasque jacentes, 55

Et cupidi ad ripas arma relicta Dei,

Carpite nunc, tauri, de septem montibus herbas,

Dum licet : hic magnae jam locus Urbis erit.

Roma, tuum nomen terris fatale regendis

Qua sua de coelo prospicit arva Ceres : 60

Quaque

59. *I see thee, Ilia, &c.*] Broekhusius is ample in citing Authorities, to prove, that Ilia was either asleep, or ravished (contrary to what is asserted in the Text) when Mars, or whoever was the Father of Romulus and Remus, begot these Twins upon her. After her Delivery she drowned herself in the Tyber; and hence she is said, by the Poets, to have been married to that River.

62. *And Arms abandon'd, eager God, &c.*] Mars was so fond of his Helmet, Shield, and Javelin, that he did not quit them, even when going upon his Amours, of which he had several; but as the most famous of these was his Intrigue with Ilia, or, as others call her, Rhea Sylvia, the Mother of Romulus and Remus, so it became a popular Subject for the Medalists, Statuaries, and Painters, as well as Poets, among the Romans. In a Relievo, in the Possession of the Mellini Family, at Rome, we see Mars descended upon Earth, and moving toward Rhea, who is asleep on it. And on the Reverse of a Medal, which Mr. Addison mentions, and Mr. Spence has given an Engraving of, that God is represented in an earlier Point of Time, in the Air, as descending down to her. By means of this Medal, that polite Scholar, Mr. Addison (Vide Travels, p. 182.) was enabled to explain the two following Lines in the eleventh Satire of Juvenal, which had puzzled all the Commentators :

*Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & hasta,
Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.*

For

‘ I see thee, Ilia! leave the Vestal fire ;
 “ And, clasp’d by Mars, in amorous Blifs expire ! 60
 “ On Tyber’s Bank, thy sacred Robes I see,
 “ And Arms abandon’d, eager God ! by thee.
 “ Your Hills crop fast, ye Herds ! while Fate allows ;
 “ Eternal Rome shall rise, where now ye brouze :
 “ Rome, that shall stretch her irresistless Reign, 65
 “ Wherever Ceres views her golden Grain ;
 “ Far

For the Roman Soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the military Genius of their Republic, used to bear on their Helmets the first History of Romulus. On these Occasions, the Figure of the God was made as descending on, that is, as suspended in the Air over the Vestal Virgin ; in which Sense the Word *pendentis* is extremely poetical.

63. *Your Hills, crop fast, ye Herds ! while Fate allows.*] This Apostrophe to the Cattle, that were feeding on the seven Hills, where Rome afterwards stood, is highly picturesque ; it more than places the Object before the Eyes of the Reader : Such is the Magic of Poetry ! The heroic Poets, but especially the sacred and prophetic Writers, abound with these bold Sallies of Imagination.

65. *Rome, that shall stretch her irresistless reign.*] The Romans were early made to believe, the Gods had predetermined, that their City should be the Metropolis of the World. Hence Horace writes,

*Gentibus est aliis tellus data limite certo ;
 Romanæ spatium est urbis & orbis idem.*

And Martial calls Rome

Terrarum domina gentiumque Roma.

Into

Quaque patent ortus, et qua fluitantibus undis

Solis anhelantes abluit amnis equos.

Vera cano ; sic usque sacras innoxia laurus

Vescar, et aeternum fit mihi virginitas,

Haec cecinit vates, et te sibi, Phoebæ, vocavit, 65

Jaſtav.it fuſa ſed caput ante coma.

Quidquid

Into how many Misfortunes this Belief plunged that State, and eſpecially the Nations around, let her own Annals teſtify !

69. *The truth I ſing, &c.*] A frequent chewing of the Laurel, was ſuppoſed to be of great efficacy in raiſing a Spirit of Divination and Poetry. See Spanheim's learned Notes on the ninety-fourth Verſe of Callimachus's Hymn to Delos. With a View to this, we may ſuppoſe it was, that Commodus, as Xiphilinus tells the Story, eat the Laurel Leaves with which he was crowned : *δαφνης φυλλα ἀ ἐκ τῆς ρεφανῆς εἶχον αὐτὸν διεφαλον.*

71. *So ſung the Sibyl, &c.*] Critics differ greatly in the Number, as well as in the Names of the Sibyls ; nor are they better agreed with Regard to their Parentage, Country, Reputation, and the Age in which they lived. Varro makes them to have been ten in Number, Suidas, in his Catalogue of them, gives us only nine. Ælian and Auſonius limit them to four ; while Aulus Gellius and Pliny the Elder, acknowledge but one. But Roſinus adopted Varro's Opinion ; and has, from good Authority too, given us their ſeveral Names. Lib. iii. cap. 24.

Our Poet mentions four of the Sibyls by Name, viz. Herophile, Mermefſia, Amalthea, and Albuna. Roſinus makes the firſt and third of theſe to be the ſame with the Cumæan Sibyl ; but we have the Authority of Pausanias for aſſerting that Herophile was born on Mount Ida, of a mortal Father, but immortal Mother ; that ſhe lived before the Time of the Trojan War, and predicted the Rape of Helen, and the Fall of the Trojan Empire. In her Verſes too, were probably

“ Far as the East extends his purple Ray,
 “ And where the West shuts up the Gates of Day.
 “ The Truth I sing ; so may the Laurels prove
 “ Safe Food, and I be screen’d from guilty Love.” 70

Thus sung the Sibyl, and address’d her Prayer,
 Phœbus ! to thee, and madding, loos’d her Hair.

Nor,

probably scattered some Admonitions, *admonuit*, exciting the Romans, who by Æneas were of Trojan Descent, to act a friendly Part to the Phrygians, and by their good Offices compensate to them all the Losses they had sustained by the Destruction of Troy ; and therefore our Poet mentions her, and desires Apollo to guide Messalinus also in the Interpretation of her prophetic Writings, as well as in those of the other three. This method of explaining

*Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermessia dixit,
 Herophile Phæbo grata quod admonuit :
 Quodque Albuna sacras Tiberis per flumina sortes
 Portarit, sicco perlueritque sinu.*

removes all the Difficulty of Connexion, which Commentators saw, but never offered to unriddle, till Vulpus, p. 259. by joining these four Lines with

*Phæbe sacras Messalinum sine tangere chartas
 Vatis : & ipse, precor, quid canat illa, doce.*

in one common Petition to Apollo, made Sense of the Passage.

Herophile is called in the Text, *Grata Phæbo* ; and Pausanias, lib. x. cap. xii. tells us, that in her Verses, she sometimes called herself the Wife, sometimes the Daughter, and sometimes the Sister of Apollo. She visited Claros, Delos, and Delphi, where, from a Stone, which that ancient
 Greek

Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermessia dixit,

Herophile Phoebæ grata quod admonuit :

Quodque Albuna sacras Tiberis per flumina sortes

Portarit, ficco perlueritque finu.

70

Hæ fore dixerunt belli mala signa cometen,

Multus ut in terras deplueretque lapis :

Atque

Greek Traveller saw, she uttered Oracles: but she past most of her Time at Samos; and, dying at Troas, was buried in the Grove of Smintheus, where he read her Epitaph, which he has preserved.

Mermessia, although our Poet makes her a distinct Person, was probably the same as the former, since Antiquaries inform us, that she was born at Mermessus, a pastoral Village of Mount Ida. She is also called Marpeffia; and we learn from Pausanias, lib. x. that in his Time the Vestiges of the ancient City Marpeffus were still to be seen on Mount Ida.

Albuna was worshipped as a Goddess at Tibur, upon the Banks of the Anio, in whose Stream her Image was found, holding in its hand a Book, which being uninjured by the Water, was conveyed, according to Lactantius, to the Capitol. But our Poet seems to insinuate, that she swam across the Tyber with her Prophecies in her Bosom; and that though its Waters touched these Compositions, yet had they not the Power to wet them.

But though all these Sibyls were eminent, the Cumæan Sibyl was chiefly regarded by the Romans; who, according to Livy, brought nine Books to Tarquinius Priscus, offering them to him for three hundred Pieces of Gold (*Philippi*). The King deriding her Price, she instantly burnt three of them in his Sight, and then demanded the same Sum for the six. Tarquin hereupon calling her an extravagant Mad-woman, she committed three more to the Flames and asked him still the same Money for the Remainder. The King, astonished at this, paid her what she demanded; and

El. 5. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 93

Nor, Phœbus ! give him only these to know,
A farther Knowledge on thy Priest bestow :
Let him interpret what thy fav'rite Maid, 75
What Amalthea, what Mermeffia said :
Let him interpret what Albuna bore
Thro' Tyber's Waves, unwet, to Tyber's farthest
Shore.

When stony Tempests fell, when Comets glar'd,
Intestine Wars their Oracles declar'd : 80
The

and receiving the Volumes, which were supposed to contain the future Destinies of Rome, deposited them in the Capitol, as above related.

Pliny, in talking of the oldest Statues which were to be seen in his Time at Rome, has the following Passage : *Equidem & Sibyllæ juxta rostra esse, non miror, tres sint, licet ; una quam Sex. Pacuvius Taurus ædilis plebis restituit : duæ quas M. Messala (Corvinus's Father) primas putarem has, & Actii Nævii, positas ætate Tarquini Prisci, nisi regum antecedentium essent in Capitolio.* Lib. xxxiv. cap. 5.

79. *When stony Tempests fell, &c.*] See Instances of all these Prodigies in the sixth Chapter of the first Book of Valerius Maximus.

A late Italian Author ingeniously accounts for Showers of Stones, and all the other Kinds of Showers, which Historians and Naturalists mention. See also Lucan's ninth Book.

Ibid. *When Comets glar'd.*] Few Prejudices are more ancient, than that, which makes Comets portend the Downfall of Empires. A sounder Philosophy has at last taught us, that though they are less known, they are not more ominous than the Planets ; and yet Mr. Whiston was of Opinion that this Earth will be finally destroyed by a Comet.

Atque tubas, atque arma ferunt crepitantia coelo

Audita, et lucos praecinuisse fugam.

Ipsum etiam Solem defectum lumina vidit 75

Jungere pallentes nubilus annus equos.

Et simulacra Deum lacrimas fudisse tepentes,

Fataque vocales praemonuisse boves.

Haec fuerint olim ; sed tu, jam mitis, Apollo,

Prodigia indomitis merge sub aequoribus. 80

Et succensa facris crepitet bene laurea flammis :

Omne quo felix, et facer annus erit.

Laurus ïo bona signa dedit : gaudete coloni :

Distendet spicis horrea plena Ceres.

Oblitus et musto feriet pede rusticus uvas, 85

Dolia dum, magni deficientque lacus.

At

83. *To charge the Clarion, &c.*] Instances of this Prodigy are frequent in both the Roman Poets and Historians, to the disgrace of the latter.

86. *An annual Darknes, &c.*] Although an Eclipse of the Sun was ever regarded by the Romans as a Prodigy ; that which Tibullus speaks of, and which happened when Cæsar was killed, was, says Broekhusius, most prodigious, since it lasted almost a whole Year.

What ? and is Nature then to be shook with Convulsions, to be forced out of her natural Course, when a Tyrant is cut off ? This is the Language of base Adulation, but not of sound Philosophy. When, indeed, a Friend to Man perishes, all the Elements may with Propriety be introduced as lamenting his Fall ; and yet, as the Author of an excellent Ode to Mankind sings, it too generally happens, that,

Those

The sacred Groves (our Ancestors relate)
 Foretold the Changes of the Roman State :
 To charge the Clarion founded in the Sky,
 Arms clash'd, Blood ran, and Warriours seem'd to die :
 With monstrous Prodigies the Year began : 85
 An annual Darknes the whole Globe o'er-ran ;
 Apollo, shorn of every beamy Ray,
 Oft strove, but strove in vain, to light the Day :
 The Statues of the Gods wept tepid Tears ;
 And speaking Oxen fill'd Mankind with Fears ! 90

These were of old : No more, Apollo ! frown,
 But in the Waves each adverse Omen drown.
 O ! let thy Bays in crackling Flames ascend ;
 So shall the Year with Joy begin and end !
 The Bays give prosp'rous Signs ; rejoice ye Swains ! 95
 Propitious Ceres shall reward your Pains.
 With Must the jolly Rustic purpled o'er,
 Shall squeeze rich Clusters, which their Tribute }
 pour, }
 Till Vatts are wanting, to contain their Store.

Far

Those have no Charms to please the Sense,
 No graceful Port, no Eloquence,
 To win the Muses' Throng ;
 Unknown, un Sung, unmark'd they lie,
 But Cæsar's Fate o'ercasts the Sky,
 And Nature mourns his Wrong.

92. *But in the Waves, &c.*] Monstrous Births, by Way of
 Expiation, were either thrown into the Sea, or burnt with
pyrum

At madidus Baccho sua festa Palilia pastor

Concinet; a stabulis tunc procul este lupi.

Ille levis stipulae solennes potus acervos

Accendet, flammam transilietque sacras.

90

Et foetus matrona dabit, natusque parenti

Ocula comprehensis auribus eripiet.

Nec taedebit avum parvo advigilare nepoti,

Balbaque cum puero dicere verba senem.

Tunc operata Deo pubes discumbet in herba,

95

Arboris antiquae qua levis umbra cadit.

Aut e veste sua tendent umbracula fertis

Vincta: coronatus stabit et ante calix,

At sibi quisque dapes, et festas extruet alte

Cespitibus mensas, cespitibusque torum.

100

Ingeret

pyrum sylvaticum, and such like *plantæ infelices*, as the Romans called them, from the supposed Circumstance of their being under the Protection of the *Dii Inferi* & *Avertentes*. See Instances of this, in Livy, and Julius Obsequens.

102. Now fir'd with Wine, &c.] Ovid, in that astonishing Work of his, entitled *Fasti*, gives us the following accurate Description of the Palilia.

Certe ego de vitulo, cinerem, stipulasque fatales

Sæpe tuli plena februa casta manu.

Certe ego transilii positas ter in ordine flammam;

Virgaque lauratas aurea misit aquas..

And again,

Tum licet, apposita veluti cratera camella,

Lac niveum potes, purpureamque saram:

Moxque per ardentem stipulam crepitantis acervos,

Trajicias celeri strenua membra pede.

Lib. iv.

104. From

Far hence, ye Wolves! the mellow Shepherds bring 100
 Their Gifts to Pales, and her Praises sing.
 Now, fir'd with Wine, they solemn Bonfires raise,
 And leap, untimorous, thro' the strawy Blaze!
 From every Cott, unnumber'd Children throng,
 Frequent the Dance, and louder raise the Song: 105
 And while in Mirth the Hours they thus employ,
 At home the Grandfire tends his little Boy;
 And in each Feature pleas'd himself to trace,
 Foretells his Pratler will adorn the Race.

The fylvan Youth, their grateful Homage paid, 110
 Where plays some Streamlet, seek th' embowering
 Shade;

Or stretch'd on soft enamel'd Meadows lie,
 Where thickest Umbrage cools the Summer-sky:
 With Roses, see! the sacred Cup is crown'd,
 Hark! Music breathes her animating Sound: 115
 The Couch of Turf, and festal Tables stand
 Of Turf, erected by each Shepherd-hand;
 And all well-pleas'd, the votive Feast prepare,
 Each one his Goblet, and each one his Share.

Now

104. *From every Cott, &c.*] The Original of this Passage cannot be expressed in poetical English. It describes a Method of kissing, wherein the Person to be kiss'd, was, by the Saluter, held and pulled forward by the Ears, till his Lips met the others. This, according to Broekhusius, the Italians call a Florentine Kiss. Vide Kemp. Dissert. de Oscul.

Ingeret hic potus juvenis maledicta puellae,
 Postmodo quae votis inrita facta velit.

Nam ferus ille suae plorabit sobrius idem,
 Et se jurabit mente fuisse mala.

Pace tua, pereantque arcus, pereantque sagittae, 105
 Phoebe : modo in terris erret inermis Amor.

Ars bona : sed postquam fumsit sibi tela Cupido,
 Heu heu quam multis ars dedit illa malum.

Et mihi praecipue, jaceo quum saucius annum :
 Et faveo morbo, tam juvat ipse dolor. 110

Vixque cano Nemefim, sine qua versus mihi nullus
 Verba potest, justos aut reperire pedes.

Acer Amor, fractas utinam tua tela sagittas
 Ilicet, extinctas adspiciamque faces.

Tu miserum torques, tu mihi dira precari 115
 Cogis, et infana mente nefanda loqui.

At tu, nam Divûm servat tutela poëtas,
 Praemoneo, vati parce, puella, sacro :

Ut

106. *And while, &c.*] Such domestic Descriptions are often more pleasing than the boldest Flights of Poetry ! Tibullus abounds in them : They are certain Signs of the Goodness of a Writer's Heart.

121. *But sob.r., deprecate, &c.*] The Form of Deprecation was this : To confess, that the Person injured did not deserve the Curse ; that they wished it had not been pronounced ; and owned themselves actuated by a bad Disposition : *Mente mala, mala fatebantur.* Nennius, as Broekhusius remarks, was the first who explained the former part of the Latin Deprecation, as Douza did the last. This was a

124. *Yet*

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Now drunk, they blame their Stars and curse the Maid ;
But sober, deprecate whate'er they said. 121

Perish thy Shafts, Apollo ! and thy Bow !
If Love unarmed in our Forests go.
Yet since he learn'd to wing th'unerring Dart,
Much cause has Man to curse his fatal Art : 125
But most have I ; the Sun has wheel'd his round
Since first I felt the deadly festering Wound ;
Yet, yet I fondly, madly, wish to burn,
Abjure Indifference, and at Comfort spurn ;
And tho' from Nemesis my Genius flows ; 130
Her scarce I sing, so weighty are my Woes !

O cruel Love ! how joyous should I be,
Your Arrows broke, and Torch extinct to see !
From you, my want of Reverence to the Skies !
From you, my Woes and Imprecations rise ! 135
Yet I advise you, too relentless Fair !
(As Heaven protects the Bards) a Bard to spare !
E'en

better Method surely of making Satisfaction, than what we Moderns have substituted in its Place, the Pistol and Sword.

124. *Yet since he learnt, &c.*] The Reader by this Time must have perceived a frequent Recurrence of Ideas in Tibullus ; yet are both Ovid and Propertius equally reprehensible on that Account.

Ut Messalinum celebrem, quum præmia belli

Ante suos currus oppida victa feret. 120

Ipse gerens laurus, lauro devinctus agresti

Miles, io magna voce triumphæ canet.

Tum Messala meus pia det spectacula turbae,

Et plaudat curru prætereunte pater.

Adnue; sic tibi sint intonsi, Phœbe, capilli: 125

Sic tua perpetuo sit tibi casta foror.

ELEGIA

139. *In Triumph soon, &c.*] Bacchus, or (as Sir Isaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Sesostris, after his Return from his Indian Conquest, gave the first Instance of this ungenerous Ceremony, which the Romans afterwards adopted. It is impossible to read the Description of those arrogant Exhibitions of Prosperity, without being struck with Indignation: and we can never think highly of the Humanity of that People, who could behold with Pleasure such striking Instances of Calamity, and of the Caprice of Fortune, as those Solemnities afforded; when the greatest Monarchs of the Earth were sometimes dragged from their Thrones, to attend in Chains the insolent Parade of an insulting Conqueror. But it was natural for the Romans to enjoy that with Insolence, which they gained by Oppression.

140. *Then pier'd Towns shall show, &c.*] These were at first of Wood; but in Cæsar's last Triumph they were of Silver.

144. *While war-worn Veterans.*] *Laureati milites* (says Festus Pompeius) *sequebantur currum triumphantis, ut quasi purgati, a cæde humana intrarent urbem.*

151. *Pre-*

E'en now, the Pontiff claims my loftiest Lay,
 In Triumph, soon he'll mount the sacred Way.
 'Then pictur'd Towns shall show successful War, 140.
 And Spoils and Chiefs attend his ivory Car:
 Myself will bear the Laurel in my Hand;
 And pleas'd, amid the pleas'd Spectators stand:
 While war-worn Veterans, with Laurels crown'd,
 With Io-triumphs shake the Streets around. 145
 His Father hails him, as he rides along,
 And entertains with pompous Shews the Throng.

O Phœbus! kindly deign to grant my Prayer;
 So may'st thou ever wave thy curled Hair;
 So ever may thy Virgin-sister's Name 150
 Preserve the Lustre of a spotless Fame.

T H E

151. *Preserve the Lustre, &c.*] The Poet, as Vulpus observes, wishes eternal Chastity to Diana, because Orion, one of the Giants, had endeavoured, but in vain, to ravish her.

*Testis mearum centimanus Gyas
 Sententiarum notus, & integræ
 Tentator Orion Dianæ
 Virginea domitus sagitta.*

Lib. iii. Od. 4.

This Truth shall hundred-handed Gyas tell,
 And warm Orion, who with impious Love
 Tempting the Goddess of the sylvan Scene,
 Was by her Virgin Darts, gigantic Victim, slain.

Francis,

ELEGIA SEXTA.

CASTRA Macer fequitur; tenero quid fiet
Amori,

Si comes, et collo fortiter arma geret ?

Et, feu longa virum terrae via, feu vaga ducent

Aequora, cum telis ad latus ire volet ?

Ute

This Elegy is more than commonly difficult ; and, what too frequently happens, the Commentators, especially Scaliger, have increased these difficulties, by endeavouring to explain them.

Æmilius Macer, a Nobleman, even famous in the Augustan Age for his Gallantry and Wit, had been entrusted by the Successor of Julius with the Execution of some military Enterprize. At his Departure from Rome, it is probable, he boasted to our Poet, that however deeply he seemed engaged in Love, yet was his Heart his own, and now only panted for military Fame. As Tibullus could not but regard this Declaration as a secret Satire on his own Conduct, he earnestly addresses Cupid to follow Macer to the Field ; from which if he did not bring him back, he threatens to desert his Service himself, and, in the various Life of a Soldier, to dissipate his Tendresse for the Fair. In Fancy our Poet becomes a military Man, and bids adieu to Love and its trifling Pursuits : but his Ardour soon cools ; he owns, though Nemesis was still insensible to his Sufferings, that his Passion for her was as violent as ever. From this, he
takes

Ure, puer, quaeso, tua qui ferus otia liquit : 5

Atque iterum erronem sub tua signa voca.

Quod

Negligat hybernas.

For by this Change these two Lines, which universally puzzled the Commentators, have a Connexion, and may be made Sense of. But though the Love of Riches had so generally infected even the Young, Tibullus only begs that he might enjoy the little he had, in all the Simplicity of ancient Times. Unfortunately, however, for our Poet, Nemesis liked Opulence; and, as he was wholly attached to her, he suddenly determines to become rich by War; neither could Cupid be offended with this, as with his Spoils he only meant to adorn his Mistress.

1. *Macer campaigns, &c.*] This Elegy, and the third and seventh of this Book, have been miserably mangled and blended together, in the Variorum Edition: for Instance, all the Verses of this, from *At tu quisque is es*, to the End, are in that Edition foisted into the third Elegy, *Rura tenent, &c.* although these Lines have no Manner of Connexion with that Elegy. But, by way of Compensation, the Variorum Editors have not only laid the foresaid third Elegy under a Contribution of four Lines to this, beginning at *Acer amor fractas, &c.* but have also tagged to it the next Elegy, beginning *Finirent multi leto mala.*

Joannes Baptista Pius, Achilles Statius and Glandorpius are all of Opinion, that Tibullus means here Pompeius Macer, the Son of Theophanes of Mitylene, to whom Augustus entrusted, as Suetonius informs us, the Management of his Library. The Arguments they allege in Defence of this, are chiefly taken from Ovid, who, in the eighteenth Elegy of his second Book, speaks thus of Macer:

*Carmen ad iratum dum tu perducis Achillem,
Primæque juratis induis arma viris
Nos, Macer, ignavæ Veneris cessamus in umbra.*

And again,

*Tu canis, æterno quidquid restabat Homero
Ne careant summa Troica bella manu.*

Pont. Ep. lib. ii. ep. 10. ver. 13.

From

To dare desert thy sweetly-pleasing Pains,
 For stormy Seas, or sanguinary Plains!
 'Tis, Cupid! thine, the Wanderer to reclaim,
 Regain thy Honour, and avenge thy Name! 10
 If

From whence they conclude, that Pompeius Macer was a Poet, and wrote the Paralipomena of Homer. This Opinion is however unsupported by classical Authority. But if there is no cause to believe that Theophanes was a Poet, we know, that Æmilius Macer was a considerable one; and as he made a distinguished figure in the Court of Augustus, it is not unreasonable to conclude, he was the Nobleman, whom Tibullus mentions in this Elegy.

Æmilius Macer then was born at Verona, a City famous for the Births of Lucretius, Catullus, and the Architect Vitruvius. Ovid informs us, that Macer was his senior, and that he travelled with him through Asia and Sicily. We also know from the same Poet, as well as from Pliny, that Macer, besides the Pieces already mentioned, wrote likewise a Poem on Birds, Serpents, and on the Virtues of Plants. Of this Performance, which he used often to recite to Ovid, two or three Lines only remain. In it he chiefly copied Nicander, a Poet of Colophon. Nor were these his only poetical Performances: he composed a Piece, intitled Theriaca, of which Isidorus and others have saved near half a dozen Verses. Nonius Marcellus adds, that he wrote a Theogony, of which he mentions one Verse: but some learned Men think, that the Line quoted must have belonged rather to his Ornithology. Besides these useful Works, he published something on Bees (probably in Verse) as Pliny informs us, lib. xi. Quintilian allows both Macer and Lucretius to have been elegant, but stigmatizes the one as obscure, and the other as creeping. *Utinam* (says Broekhusius) *hodie de Macro & nobis arbitrari liceret! Utinam saltem Iliaca exstarent, quas tanti facit Naso, ut ab his libris, honorificum dederit auctori cognomentum;*

Quod si militibus parces, erit hic quoque miles

Ipse, levi galea qui sibi portet aquam.

Castra peto : valeatque Venus, valeantque puellae.

Et mihi sunt vires, et mihi facta tuba est. 10

Magna

*Cum foret & Marsus, magnique Babirius oris,
Illiaceusque Macer sideriusque Pedo.*

Lib. iv. Pont. Ep. 16.

Macer died in Asia, about the Time that Augustus adopted Caius and Lucius, the Sons of Agrippa; which, according to the Eusebian Chronicle, happened A. U. C. 737. in the Consulate of C. Furnius, and Jus. Silanus.

The Poem De Viribus Herbarum, which at present passes under the Name of Æm. Macer, is the Work of one Odo, who was as wretched a Poet, as he was a bad Physician. Vide Lilio Gyrald. J. C. Scaliger, and Gaudent. Merul. Ital. Illustr. We therefore wonder how that elegant Scholar and excellent Anatomist, Thomas Bartholin, could be so far imposed upon, as to take this miserable Stuff, for a Poem, which was the Delight of the Augustan Age. See his Dissert. de Medicis Poeticis.

3. *Put on the Crest, &c.*] This Passage in the Original has mightily puzzled the Interpreters. Scaliger and Broekhusius explain it, as if the Poet lamented the Fate of little Cupid, who would now be obliged to attend Macer to the Field, and to be his Armour-bearer. Vulpius, on the other hand, condemns Scaliger's Explanation, and says, that the Poet seems to intimate, that Cupid himself should put on Arms. This Sense of the Passage is what the Translator has adopted, as the most poetical.

We learn from Ovid, that Macer was not averse to Love, but even mixed Strokes of Gallantry in his heroic Compositions.

*Nec tibi (qua tutum vati, Macer arma canenti)
Aureus in medio Marte, tacetur amor.*

Et

If such thou spar'ft, a Soldier I will be,
 The meanest Soldier, and abandon thee.
 Adieu, ye trifling Loves ! farewell, ye Fair !
 The Trumpet charms me, I to Camps repair ;

The

*Et Paris est illic, & adultera nobile crimen ;
 Et comes extincto Laodamia viro.
 Si bene te novi, non bella libentius istis
 Dicis, & a vestris in mea castra venis.*

Lib. ii. El. 18. ver. 35.

14. *The Trumpet charms me.*] Read, instead of *facta*, in the Generality of Editions,

& mihi grata tuba est.

Hammond has improved upon this Elegy in his second.

I.

Adieu, ye Walls, that guard my cruel Fair !
 No more I'll sit in rosy Fetters bound ;
 My Limbs have learnt the Weight of Arms to bear,
 My rouzing Spirits feel the Trumpet's Sound.

II.

Few are the Maids that now on Merit smile ;
 On Sport and War is bent this Iron Age ;
 Yet Pain and Death attend on War and Spoil,
 Unfated Vengeance, and remorseless Rage.

III.

To purchase Spoil, ev'n Love itself is sold :
 Her Lover's Heart is least Næra's Care.
 And I, thro' War, must seek detested Gold ;
 Not for myself, but for my venal Fair !

Magna loquor : sed magnifice mihi magna locuto

Excutiunt clausæ fortia verba fores.

Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina numquam ?

Quum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit.

At

IV.

That while she bends beneath the Weight of Drefs,

The stiffen'd Robe may spoil her easy Mien;

And Art mistaken, make her Beauty less,

While still it hides some Graces, better seen.

V.

But if such Toys can win her lovely Smile,

Her's be the Wealth of 'Tagus' golden Sand,

Her's the bright Gems that glow in India's Soil,

Her's the black Sons of Afric's sultry Land.

VI.

To please her Eye, let every Loom contend;

For her be rifled Ocean's pearly Bed.

But where, alas ! would idle Fancy tend,

And sooth with Dreams a youthful Poet's Head ?

VII.

Let others buy the cold, unloving Maid,

In forc'd Embraces act the Tyrant's Part ;

While I their selfish Luxury upbraid,

And scorn the Person, where I doubt the Heart.

VIII.

Thus warm'd by Pride, I think I love no more,

And hide in Threats the Weakness of my Mind

In vain — Tho' Reason fly the hated Door,

Yet Love, the Coward Love, still lags behind.

21. Unconscious what I did, &c.] This, in the Original,
is,

pes tamen ipse redit.

And,

EL. 6. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 109

The martial Look, the martial Garb assume, 15

And see the Laurel on my Forehead bloom!

My vaunts how vain! debarr'd the cruel Maid,

The Warriour softens, and my Laurels fade.

Piqu'd to the Soul, how frequent have I swore,

Her Gate so servile to approach no more? 20

Unconscious what I did, I still return'd,

Was still deny'd Access, and yet I burn'd!

Ye

And, as Vulpius observes, it appears to have been a colloquial Expression, equally idiomatical both to Greeks and Romans.

Horace has a Thought of the same Nature, in his excellent Epode to Pollius; where, complaining of the Cruelty of Inachia, whom he had resolv'd to see no more, he thus expresses his own Impotence of Will:

Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram.

Jussus abire domum

Ferebar incerto pede

Ad non amicos, heu mihi postes, & heu

Limina dura, quibus

Lumbos, & infregi latos.

Ep. xi.

When thus, with vaunting Air, I solemn said;
Inspir'd by thy Advice, I homeward sped;
But, ah! my Feet in wonted Wandering stray,
And to no friendly Doors my Steps betray,
There I forget my Vows, forget my Pride,
And at her Threshold lay my tortur'd Side.

FRANCIS.

But are we therefore to conclude, that Horace was indebted to Tibullus for this Thought? By no means. For, as one of the best Critics that ever instructed this Island, observes, "Many Subjects fall under the Consideration of an Author, which being limited by Nature, can admit

At tu, quisque is es, cui tristi fronte Cupido 15
 Imperitat, nostra sint tua castra domo.
 Ferrea non Venerem, sed praedam faecula laudant.
 Praeda tamen multis est operata malis.
 Praeda feras acies acuit crudelibus armis.
 Hinc furor, hinc caedes, mors propiorque venit, 20
 Praeda vago jussit geminare pericula ponto,
 Bellica quum dubiis rostra dedit ratibus.
 Praedator cupit immensos obsidere campos,
 Ut multo innumeram jugere pascat ovem.
 Quid lapis externus curae est? urbiq; tumultus 25
 Portatur validis mille columna jugis?
 Claudit et indomitum moles mare, lentus ut intra
 Negligat hibernas piscis adesse minas?
 Nota loquor: regnum ipse tenet, quem saepe coëgit
 Barbara gypsatos ferre catasta pedes.

At

“ admit only of slight and accidental Diversities. All Defi-
 “ nitions of the same Thing, must be nearly the same;
 “ and Descriptions, which are Definitions of a more loose
 “ and fanciful Kind, must always have, in some Degree,
 “ that Resemblance to each other, which they all have to
 “ their Object. Different Poets describing the Spring and
 “ the Sea, would mention the Zephyrs and the Flowers,
 “ the Billows and the Rocks: reflecting on Human Life,
 “ they would, without any Communication of Opinions,
 “ lament the Deceitfulness of Hope, the Fugacity of Plea-
 “ sure, the Fragility of Beauty, and the Frequency of Ca-
 “ lamity; and, for Palliatives of these incurable Miseries,
 “ they

Ye Youths, whom Love commands with angry
 Sway,
 Attend his Wars, like me, and pleas'd obey:
 This Iron Age approves his Sway no more : 25
 All fly to Camps for Gold, and Gold adore :
 Yet Gold clothes kindred States in hostile Arms !
 Hence Blood and Death, Confusion and Alarms !
 Mankind, for Lust of Gold, at once defy
 The naval Combat, and the stormy Sky ! 30
 The Soldier hopes, by martial Spoils, to gain
 Flocks without Number, and a rich Domain :
 His Hopes obtain'd by every horrid Crime,
 He seeks for Marble in each foreign Clime :
 A thousand Yoke sustain the pillar'd Freight, 35
 And Rome, surpriz'd beholds th'enormous Weight.
 Let such with Moles the furious Deep inclose,
 Where Fish may swim unhurt, tho' Winter blows :
 Let Flocks and Villas call the Spoiler Lord !
 And be the Spoiler by the Fair ador'd ! 40
 Let

“ they would concur in recommending Kindness, Temperance, Caution, and Fortitude.” Rambler, No. 143.

37. *Let such with Moles, &c.*] Would the Reader know to what immense Extravagance the Romans went in this Article of Sea-fish-ponds, he may consult Varro, *De Re Rust.* cap. 17. where he treats of these *piscinæ marinæ*:

41. *Let*

At mihi laeta trahant Samiae convivia testae,
 Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota. 30
 Heu heu divitibus video gaudere puellas
 Jam veniant praedae, si Venus optat opes:
 Ut mea luxuria Nemesis fluat: utque per urbem
 Incedat donis conspicienda meis.
 Illa gerat vestes tenues, quas femina Coa 35
 Texuit, auratas disposuitque vias.
 Illi sint comites fufci, quos India torret,
 Solis et admotis inficit ignis equis.
 Illi selectos certent praeberere colores.
 Africa puniceum, purpureumque Tyros. 40

ELEGIA

41. *Let one we know, &c.*] It is reported by Historians, that Demetrius, the Freed-man of Pompey, by attending that General in his Conquests, amassed greater Wealth than his Master himself. It is probable, however, our Poet, in this Passage, glances at some of the Cæsarian Party.

43. *Be ours the Joys of æconomic Ease.*] From the Original,

*At mihi læta trahant Samiæ convivia testæ
 Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.*

The Translator approves of Scaliger's Correction, in inserting *mibi*. Although by rendering it *ours*, he takes in also *tibi*, which is the other Pronoun that contends for a Place here. The Poet particularly celebrates Samos and Cumæ, as Marts of the best and cheapest Earthen Ware. Vide Pliny, lib. xxxiii. cap. 12.

Let one we know, a whipp'd Barbarian Slave,
 Live like a King, with kingly Pride behave !
 Be ours the Joys of œconomic Ease,
 From bloody Fields remote, and stormy Seas !

In Gold, alas ! the venal Fair delight ! 45
 Since Beauty fights for Spoil, for Spoil I'll fight !
 In all my Plunder Nemefis shall shine,
 Yours be the Profit, be the Peril mine :
 To deck your heav'nly Charms the Silk-worm dies,
 Embroidery labours, and the Shuttle flies ! 50
 For you be rifled Ocean's pearly Store !
 To you Pactolus fend his golden Ore !
 Ye Indians ! blacken'd by the nearer Sun,
 Before her Steps in splendid Liveries run ;
 For you shall wealthy Tyre and Afric vie, 55
 To yield the Purple, and the Scarlet Dye.

T H E

45. *In Gold, alas ! the venal Fair, &c.*] Pliny informs us, that Gold was not coined at Rome till the Year 617, about sixty-two Years after Silver had been first coined there. Until this Period, the Romans, it seems, subsisted on the Money of the Nations they conquered.

50. *Embroidery labours, &c.*] This in the Original is,

Illa gerat vestes, &c.

The Island Cos was remarkable of old for Gold Tissues and other Luxuries of Apparel. The great Hippocrates was born there.

55. *For*

55. *For you shall wealthy Tyre, &c.*] Authors make a Difference between the Tyrian and Lybian Dye, though they are sometimes used promiscuously by good Classic Writers. The Tyrian was the richest Dress a Lady could wear. The Pretexta of the Roman Magistrates was

El. 6. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 115

was of purple, a Colour which they sometimes permitted such foreign Princes as depended on them, to assume, but never till they had made exorbitant Presents to the Consuls.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

FINIRENT multi leto mala ; credula vitam
 Spes fovet, et melius cras fore femper ait.
 Spes alit agricolas, Spes fulcis credit aratis
 Semina, quae magno foenere reddat ager.

Haec

Suicide was not only not criminal, but esteemed heroic by the Romans. We may suppose but few destroyed themselves from philosophical Motives, although the Stoics permitted it. Under the Emperors, indeed, those especially that disgraced Nature, Self-murder became too frequent, as then only the best Men were doomed the Victims of their Barbarity ; for by this Means they preserved their Estates to their Posterity. Under such Circumstances, Suicide was in Truth less blameable ; but still no Circumstances can be offered, which wholly abate its Iniquity. Be that, however, as it will, even those who condemn Self-murder as unjustifiable, will own that Death sounds prettily in the Mouth of a Lover ; and this gives some Countenance to the Reading,

Jam mala firissem leto,

which makes the Beginning of this Elegy, in some Editions ; but as our Poet every where else shews the utmost Abhorrence at Death, as the best MSS. read

Finirent

T H E
S E V E N T H E L E G Y .

THOUSANDS in Death would seek an End
of Woe,
But Hope, deceitful Hope! prevents the Blow!
Hope plants the Forest, and she sows the Plain;
And feeds, with future Granaries, the Swain;
Hope

Finirent multi leto mala, &c.

and as it appears by the Line

Spes facilem Nemefin, &c.

that he only was enumerating some of the many Effects of that catholic Cordial, Hope, the Translator has adopted the more common Reading, and, with Broekhusius, has made this a distinct Elegy; which, in not a few Editions, is preposterously tacked to the foregoing Poem.

The whole Existence of a Lover is made up of Hope and Fears: Though always disappointed by Nemesis, our Poet still hoped, that his amorous Inclinations would at last be indulged: for this Purpose, he entreats her, as was natural, by the Things she held most dear. — The Text informs us, that her Sister had unfortunately fallen from a Window, and
broken

Haec laqueo volucres, haec captat arundine pisces, 5

Quum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.

Spes etiam valida solatur compede vinctum,

Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus.

Spes

broken her Neck: this Person had always warmly espoused the Interest of Tibullus; and as it was a Point of pagan Belief, that their Ghosts continued their Attention to their Friends on Earth, especially if these paid proper Honours to their Tombs, our Poet informs his cruel Fair-one, that he means to repair to her Sister's Monument, and, by Oblations of Flowers, &c. to implore her Assistance. But, as it was natural for him to imagine, that the mentioning so favourite an Object, would renew all Nemesis's Grief for her unfortunate End, he breaks off, and artfully throwing the Blame of what he had suffered on her Servant, he finishes the Elegy with cursing her.

1. *Thousands in Death, &c.*] Although the Romans looked upon Suicide as heroical; yet Virgil thus describes the evil Condition and Remorse of those who had laid violent Hands upon themselves:

*Proxima deinde tenent nœsti loca, qui sibi letum
Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projecere animas: quam velent in æthero alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!
Fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis unda
Adligat, & novies Styx interfusa coerces.*

In Plato's almost divine Dialogue, intituled, Phædo, Socrates has fully evinced the Unlawfulness of Self-murder. This Dialogue Cicero seems to have copied in his admirable Piece, intituled, Somnium Scipionis. *Quæso, inquam, pater sanctissime atque optime, quoniam hæc est vita, (ut Africanum audio dicere) quid moror in terra? quin hinc ad vos venire propero? Non est ita, inquit ille; Nisi Deus is, cujus hoc templum est omne quod conspicis, istis te corporis custodiis liberaverit, huc tibi aditus patere non potest. Homines enim sunt hac lege generati,*
qui

Hope snares the winged Vagrants of the Sky, 5
 Hope cheats in reedy Brooks the scaly Fry ;
 By Hope, the fetter'd Slave, the Drudge of Fate,
 Sings, shakes his Irons, and forgets his State ;

Hope

qui tuerentur illum globum, quem in hoc templo medium vides, quæ terra dicitur ; bisque animus datus est ex illis sempiternis ignibus, quæ sidera, & stellas vocatis : quæ globosæ, & rotundæ, circos suos orbisque conficiunt celeritate mirabili. Quare & tibi, Publi, & piis omnibus retinendus est animus in custodia corporis : nec injussu ejus, a quo ille est vobis datus, ex hominum vita migrandum est, ne munus humanum adsignatum a Deo defugisse videamini.

2. *But Hope, deceitful Hope, &c.*] Hope is a poetical Subject, to which many, both ancient and modern, have done great Justice. Theognis supposes, that when the other Gods left the Earth, Hope only staid behind. This Thought Ovid has adopted :

*Hæc dea, quum fugerent sceleratas numina terras,
 In diis invisâ sola remansit humo.*

As Hope, as well as Fear, is one of the Barriers implanted in us by Nature, to prevent our rushing out of Life, ought it not to have been taken into the Estimate of Life in Hamlet's Soliloquy ?

To be, or not to be ;

which, however sensible, has, as a late Critic well observes, nothing to do in the Place where it is introduced.

This Enumeration of the Consequences of Hope, or what it may be productive of, though not frequent in our Poet, is yet common in Ovid, and has indeed a fine Effect even in preceptive Poems ; but in such as are impassioned or heroic, seems essentially improper. Hence Marino and Davenant are reprehensible ; neither is Shakespear himself entirely free from Blame on this Score.

St. Paul, with no less Beauty than Emphasis of Expression, calls Hope our early Immortality. The excellent author

Spes facilem Nemefin spondet mihi ; sed negat illa.

Hei mihi, ne vincas, dura puella, Deam. 10

Parce per inmatura tuæ precor offa fororis ;

Sic bene sub tenera parva quiescat humo.

Illa mihi sancta est ; illius dona sepulcro,

Et madefacta meis ferta feram lacrimis.

Illius ad tumulum fugiam, supplexque fedebo, 15

Et mea cum muto fata querar cinere.

Non feret usque suum te propter flere clientem.

Illius ut verbis, sis mihi lenta, veto.

Ne tibi neglecti mittant nova somnia manes,

Moestaque sopitæ stet foror ante torum. 20

Qualis

Author of the Night Thoughts, thus expresses his Sentiments with regard to Wishing :

Wishing, of all Employments, is the worst,
 Philosophy's Reverse, and Health's Decay !
 Were I as plump as stall'd Theology,
 Wishing would waste me to this Shade again.
 Were I as wealthy as a South-Sea Dream,
 Wishing is an Expedient to be poor.
 Wishing, that constant Hectic of a Fool ;
 Caught at a Court ; purg'd off by purer Air,
 And simpler Diet ; Gifts of rural Life !

9. *Hope promis'd you, &c.*] The Goddess, mentioned in the Original, is, by some Commentators, supposed to be Nemesis : but as that would be more in the affected Mode of Ovid, than in the natural Way of Titullus ; and as the Context, when carefully considered, shews that the Poet meant Hope ; the Translator has kept to that Interpretation in the Version, notwithstanding Otway, in his Translation of this Elegy, retains the former.

EL. 7. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 121

Hope promis'd you, you haughty still deny ;
Yield to the Goddess, O my Fair ! comply. 10
Hope whisper'd me, " Give Sorrow to the Wind !
" The haughty Fair-one shall at last be kind."
Yet, yet you treat me with the same Disdain :
O let not Hope's soft Whispers prove in vain !

Untimely Fate your Sister snatch'd away ; 15
Spare me, O spare me, by her Shade I pray !
So shall my Garlands deck her Virgin-tomb ;
So shall I weep, no Hypocrite, her Doom !
So may her Grave with rising Flowers be dress'd,
And the green Turf lie lightly on her Breast. 20

Ah me ! will nought avail ? The World I'll fly,
And, prostrate at her Tomb, a Suppliant sigh !
To her attentive Ghost, of you complain ;
Tell my long Sorrowing, tell of your Disdain :
Oft, when alive, in my Behalf she spoke : 25
Your endless Coyness must her Shade provoke :
With ugly Dreams she'll haunt your Hour of Rest,
And weep before you, an unwelcome Guest !

Ghastly

22. *A Suppliant sigh!*] Vulpus has collected almost a Century of Quotations, to prove that the Ancients, when deeply affected with Sorrow, generally sat. *Graviter dolentes, veteri consuetudine, fere semper sedebant.* A wonderful Discovery this, and well worthy of critical Investigation !

Qualis ab excelsa praeceps delapsa fenestra

Venit ad infernos fanguinolenta lacus.

Defino, ne dominae luctus renoventur acerbi.

Non ego sum tanti, pleret ut illa semel.

Nec lacrimis oculos digna est foedare loquaces. 25

Lena nocet nobis, ipsa puella bona est.

Lena necat miserum Phryne, furtimque tabellas

Occulto portans, itque, reditque sinu.

Saepe,

29. *Ghastly and pale, &c.*] According to ancient Superstition, Ghosts often appeared in the same dismal Circumstances in which they had departed Life. Of this we have a striking Instance in Virgil :

*Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, & dono divum gratissima serpit.
In somnis, ecce ante oculos mœstissimus Hector
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus ;
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes,
Hei mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillei !*

Æn. ii. 268.

Instances of the same Sort may be found in Ovid, Met. lib. ii. ver. 650. Fast. lib. v. ver. 451. and in Statius, Theb. lib. ii. ver. 120.

ΒΑΟΕΚΗ.

31. *No more, my Strains ! &c.*] Baptista Guarini, in a Sonnet where he blames his Tongue for being unable to express his Love, thus addresses his Eyes :

*Ma se muta se' tu, sien gli occhi nostri
Loquaci, e caldi ; e'n lor le sue profonde
Piaghe, e l'interno duol discopra il core.
Non e si chiuso o si segreto ardore
Cb'un ciglio a l'altro no'l riveli o mostri
La dove amor vera eloquenza asconde.*

Son. xlv.

Many

Ghastly and pale, as when besmear'd with Blood,
Oh fatal Fall! she pass'd the Stygian Flood. 30

No more, my Strains! your Eyes with Tears o'erflow,
This moving Object renovates your Woe:
You, you are guiltless! I your Maid accuse;
You generous are! she, she has selfish Views.
Nay, were you guilty, I'll no more complain; 35
One Tear from you o'erpays a Life of Pain!
She, Phryne, promis'd to promote my Vows:
She took, but never gave my Billet-doux.

You're

Many other Passages might here be added, wherein speaking Eyes are mentioned; for this has been the Language of Lovers in all Ages. But, as the excellent Rambler remarks, "There are Flowers of Fiction so widely scatter'd, and so easily cropped, that it is scarcely just to tax the Use of them, as an Act by which any particular Writer is spoiled of his Garland; for they may be said to be planted by the Ancients in the open Road of Poetry, for the Accommodation of their Successors, and to be the Right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their Colours or their Fragrance."

35. *Nay, were you guilty, &c.*] This is Nature; but the Arcadian Lovers of Italy carry such Emotions beyond the Bounds of Probability.

ogni cosa (says Aminta)

*O tentato per placarla fuor che morte
Mi resta suol che per placarla io mora,
E morro volontier pur ch'io sia certo
Ch'ella o se ne compiacerà, o se ne doglia
Ne so de tai due cose qual piu brami.*

A mighty Difficulty, in Truth!

Saepe, ego quum dominae dulces a limine duro

Agnosco voces, haec negat esse domi. 30

Saepe, ubi nox promissa mihi est, languere puellam

Nuntiat, aut aliquas extimuisse minas.

Tunc morior curis : tunc mens mihi perdita fingit,

Quisve meam teneat, quot teneatve modis.

Tunc tibi, lena, precor diras : fatis anxia vivas,

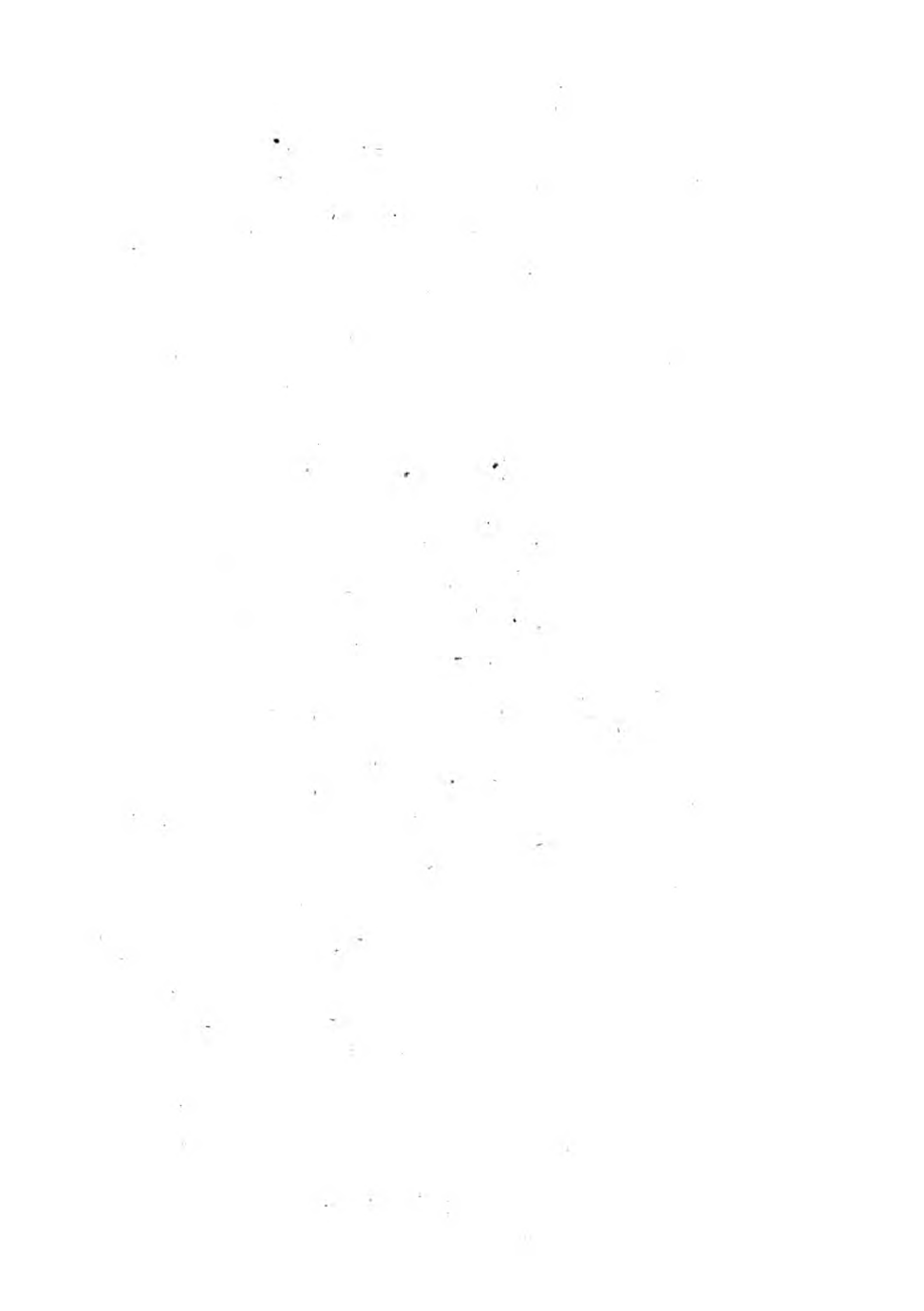
Moverit e votis pars quotacumque Deos.

37. *Sbe, Phryne, promis'd, &c.*] If the Reader is desirous to know the Stratagems practis'd by the Bawds of Antiquity, he may peruse Ovid's El. 8. lib. i. and Propertius, lib. iv. el. 5. In this Particular, however, the modern Sisterhood,

You're gone abroad, she confidently swears,
Oft when your sweet-ton'd Voice salutes mine Ears :
Or, when you promise to reward my Pains, 41
That you're afraid, or indispos'd, she feigns :
Then madding Jealousy inflames my Breast ;
Then Fancy represents a Rival blest ;
I wish thee, Phryne ! then, a thousand Woes ; — 45
And if the Gods with half my Wishes close,
Phryne ! a Wretch of Wretches thou shalt be,
And vainly beg of Death to set thee free !

hood, if the modest Editor of a late justly famous Romance describes them aright, greatly surpasses their ancient Predecessors.

THE
ELEGIES
OF
TIBULLUS,
BOOK III.



INTRODUCTION

TO THE

THIRD BOOK.

SOME Words in the Elegies of this Book are of that Sort, which are frequently used by the best Writers catachrestically, sometimes denoting more lax, sometimes more intimate Relations. The Difficulty of ascertaining the Sense in which Tibullus has used them, has thrown a seeming Obscurity on a Poet, who will ever have the first Place amongst the Wits of Greece and Rome, for elegant Simplicity; and has caused such illustrious Annotators as Scaliger, Lipsius, and Muretus, to stumble. The great Difficulty is contained in the following lines; and if this can be cleared up, all the rest will be easy and intelligible. El. I. Lin. 23.

Hæc tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, casta Neæra,

Mittit, & accipias munera parva, rogat.

Teque suis jurat caram magis esse medullis,

Sive sibi conjunx sive futura soror.

G 5.

Sed

*Sed potius conjunx hujus spem nominis illi
 Auferet extincto pallida ditis aqua.*

Where it is first inquired, what is meant by *frater* and *soror*? It is readily seen, that they cannot be understood in their primitive Sense, because a Marriage betwixt Brother and Sister would never have been tolerated at Rome: the very Thoughts of it would have been regarded with Abhorrence. These Words sometimes mean Cousin-germans, and in this Sense Muretus here understands them; but this is too cold and unanimated to be admitted into Poetry, or to flow from the Pen of Tibullus, when he is expressing the tender Feelings of a fond doating Lover. It is much more probable, that he designed to represent by them one of those delicate Connexions, which have their Foundation in the Will and the Affections; that by *frater* he would have us to understand a fond Admirer; and by *soror*, a beloved Mistress, who had entertained a reciprocal Kindness and Esteem for her Lover. This Sense of the Words is familiar to most Languages. Nothing can be more full to this Purpose than what we meet with in the Canticles of Solomon, — “Thou hast ravished my Heart, my Sister, my Spouse,”—ch. iv. ver. 9. and in several other Places.

Ovid

Ovid also has used the Words in this Sense :

*Alloquor Hermione nuper fratremque virumque,
Nunc fratrem, nomen conjugis alter habet.*

And the Greeks had so accustomed themselves to this Use of them, that we find their Venus has a Title given her by Lycophron, which his Scholiast explains by “ *την αδελφοποιον*, the Author of brotherly Affociations.” And assigns this pretty whimsical Reason for it: “ For a Commerce in Love Matters makes those who were Strangers, Brothers; and those who would carry on an amorous Commerce secretly, say of one they favour, he is my Brother, he is my Relation.

Having solved, we hope, this Difficulty, we shall next consider what is the import of *vir* and *conjunx*. They certainly were designed to express some nearer Connexion, some closer Tye, than mere Friendship, or whatever else is comprehended in *frater* and *soror*. The Epithet *casta*, given to *Næra*, will not permit us to understand them of any loose Amour; that Title never could belong to a Jilt, who had granted Favours to one Lover, and, upon some Caprice, had thrown herself into the Arms of another: but Divorces were common enough at Rome, so that even a

Wife might dismiss her Husband upon some displeasure taken, at least before actual Matrimony, without hurting her Reputation by it: so that I think Husband and Wife are the true Meaning of *vir* and *conjunx*.

This Interpretation however is not without Difficulties: the Silence of Antiquity, and several other Circumstances, make the Marriage of Tibullus appear improbable; it has therefore been supposed by Lipsius, that *quondam* was intended to express future, and not past Time. It cannot be denied, that it is sometimes thus used; but it more commonly signifies the Time past, or formerly; and to understand it otherwise here, would make the Construction harsh and ungrammatical. In further Confirmation of this, it appears that the following Elegies of this Book relate to the same Persons and the same Distress: they were probably the New-year's Gift which Lygdamus, by the Advice of the Muses, proposes to send to Neæra: now these furnish us with Passages which can be understood of nothing else but a Marriage-contract, and a subsequent Separation: thus, in El. II. we find,

*Sed veniat caræ matris comitata dolore,
Mæreat hæc genero, mæreat illa viro.*

And again,

*Lygdamus hic fitus est, dolor huic & cura Neæra
Conjugis ereptæ causa perire fuit.*

In

In the third Elegy,

Ob niveam quæ te poterit mihi reddere lucem.

And again,

Aut, si fata negant reditum tristesque sorores.

In El. iv.

Nec gaudet casta nupta Neæra domo.

One must torture these Passages extremely, to make them consistent with any thing else but a previous Marriage, or at least a very solemn Contract. Was Tibullus then married? or did he intend at all to marry Neæra? I am not inclined to think so, as none of the ancient Writers have given us the least Hint of it. But the Poet is not tied down to actual Life :

Pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, is probably a mere Fable ; and yet what noble, what affecting, what interesting Scenes of Distress have both the Tragedian and Painter formed upon it? And might not Tibullus, to indulge his plaintive Humour, and to display the soft Feelings of his Soul, chuse to represent himself in a Situation that forms one of the
most

most melting and agonizing Distresses, to be found amongst those Beds of Thorns and Roses which Love prepares for his capricious Votaries? A beloved Wife, grown dearer by more intimate Acquaintance, charming without the help of Artifice, and rooted in the Soul by a thousand repeated Endearments, torn from the Arms of an enraptured Husband, whilst he still doats upon her, and ready to be sacrificed to another; — what feeling Heart but shudders at the Thought? — especially when the delicate affecting Colours are laid on by the Pencil of Tibullus? The Names certainly are fictitious; Neæra was as trite a Name for a Mistress in Rome, as Phyllis or Cloe with our modern Sonnetteers. And what confirms me in the Opinion, that the Distress painted in these Elegies is also fictitious, so far as Tibullus is concerned in it, is, that Ovid, in his Poem on Tibullus's Death, takes Notice of no other Mistress but Delia and Nemesis; to one of whom he assigns the last, to the other the first Interest in him, without any intermediate Favourite.

Sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebit:

Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.

Ovid seems to have carefully searched out every curious Particular of Tibullus's Life, and therefore could
not

not have overlooked so striking a Circumstance as the Distresses celebrated in these Elegies, if they had really happened to Tibullus. He, and his cotemporaries of the Augustan Age, were probably well informed of the true Reason of Tibullus's composing the following Book. Some such Distress might have happened, and been much talked of in Rome; and Tibullus might seize upon it as a favourable Opportunity for displaying his elegiac Genius in its full Lustre. Propertius has made the same Use of the Misfortunes of a noble Family, in the twelfth Elegy of Book iv. It is a common Artifice with delicate Writers, to sigh and tell a piteous Tale, while their Hearts are not at all affected.

B.

ALBII TIBULLI

LIBER TERTIUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

MARTIS Romani festae venere kalendae.
Exoriens nostris hinc fuit annus avis.

Et vaga nunc certa discurrunt undique pompa

Perque vias urbis munera, perque domos.

Dicite

Romulus, who divided the Year into ten Months, dedicated the first to his Father Mars : on the first Day of this Month the Vestal Virgins lighted anew the sacred Fire, fresh Laurels were hung up in the Senate, and at the Doors of the High Priest's House, &c. the Comitia began, the Revenues were farmed, and Servants not only had their Wages paid them (and hence these Days were called *Mercedoniæ*), but, for one Night this Month, were attended upon at Supper by their Masters.

The Poet enquires of the Muses, what Present he should send to Neæra, who, as she was still the sole Object of his Wishes, so he yet hoped to be again possessed of her in Marriage.

The Muses answer (for with Muretus the Translator reads

Gaudet,

TIBULLUS.
BOOK THE THIRD.
ELEGY THE FIRST.

P O E T.

THY Calends, Mars! are come, from whence
of old,

The Year's Beginning our Forefathers told :
Now various Gifts thro' every House impart,
The pleasing Tokens of the friendly Heart.

To

Gaudeat, ut digna est, versibus illa tuis;

that, as Neæra was a very competent Judge of Poetry, so he ought to present her with his Performances in that Way. Our Author, however self-denied, was yet too much of the Poet not to relish their Advice ; but as the Dignity of those who carry a Present, enhances the Value thereof, he entreats the Muses to take the Trouble themselves of delivering into the Hands of Neæra his Poems ; and to assure her, that he shall never forego the pleasing Expectation of being one Day again united to her in Marriage.

Scaliger,

Dicite Pierides, quonam donetur honore 5

Seu mea, seu fallor, cara Neaera tamen.

Carmine

Scaliger, in his Poetics, calls the Beginning of this Elegy Plebeian, on Account of its Spondees, & *tactus ejusdem vocalis sonus*.

His own Correction, however, is not much better :

Romani festæ Martis, &c.

It is remarkable, that this Hypercritic does not find fault with one single Line of the two former Books.

1. *Tby Calends, &c.*] Numa Pompilius, in Imitation of the Greeks, added January and February to Romulus's Calendar, and began the Year with January. From the Time of Numa to that of Julius Cæsar, the Roman Year was lunar, and consisted of three hundred and fifty five Days. But as this fell about eleven Days short of the true solar Course, Tables of Intercalation or Insertion were invented, to adjust Time as nearly as possible to the Motions of the Sun and Moon. The Pontifex Maximus and College of Priests had the Care of inserting these intercalary Days; and they, from Negligence, Superstition, but chiefly from an arbitrary Abuse of their Power, by which they could make the Year either longer or shorter, as suited their own or Friends Interest, did not punctually insert them; insomuch that in Julius's Time, the Winter Months became autumnal; and those of Autumn had fallen back into Summer. This gave Rise, A. U. C. 707. to the Julian Correction, or solar Year, adjusted to the exact Measure of the Sun's Revolution in the Zodiac, and consisting of three hundred and sixty-five Days and six Hours. This Method of computing Time continued in Europe till 1582, when Pope Gregory, by sinking ten Days between the 4th and 14th of October, reduced the vernal Equinox to the 21st of October, the Day which it had fallen upon, when the Festivals were regulated by the Council of Nice, and made the Year consist of three hundred and sixty-five Days, five Hours, and forty-nine Minutes. This New Style, as it was called to distinguish it from the Julian, being the most correct Calculation

To my Neæra, tuneful Virgins! say, 5
 What shall I give, what Honour shall I pay?
 Dear, e'en if fickle; dearer, if my Friend!
 To the lov'd Fair, what Present shall I send?

MUSES.

lation of the Flow of Time, is authorized every where by Law, and prevails now in almost all the Kingdoms of Europe.

3. *Novæ various Gifts, &c.*] It has been observed by the Writers on Antiquities, that a Feast called Matronalia, was celebrated on the Calends of March, when solemn Sacrifices were offered up to Juno by the Roman Ladies, to whom also Presents were then sent by their Friends, in grateful Remembrance of the Interposition of the Sabine Women betwixt their Fathers and Husbands. But it is not this Custom which Tibullus alludes to. The Beginning of the Year in ancient Times on the Calends of March would have been an idle Circumstance here, if the Presents Tibullus speaks of, were not what we call New-year's Gifts, the *Strenæ* of ancient Rome, which flew about in every Corner, and which Emperors themselves did not disdain to accept of. Ovid indeed, and Suetonius, expressly assign the Calends of January for these Expressions of Benevolence: but even two such Authorities are not sufficient to convict Tibullus, in the Judgment of one conversant with his Writings, of either writing idly, or falsifying ancient Customs. It should seem then, that the Romans continued to distribute these Presents as Earnests of their good Wishes for their Friends, on the Calends of March, according to the Institution of Romulus, even after Numa had added two Months to the Year, and placed them at the Head of it; that this remained thus, till the Calendar took a more settled Form, under Julius Cæsar, by whose Directions the Beginning of the Year being certainly fixed to the Calends of January; and the Emperors being jealous of their Authority, even in Trifles, it became the Court Fashion to confine this Distribution of New Year's Gifts to that Time only. No wonder then, that Ovid, who was a Court-flatterer, and Suetonius, who wrote when the Powers of
 the

Carmine formosæ, precio capiantur avaræ.

Gaudeat, ut digna est, versibus illa tuis.

Lutea sed niveum involvat membrana libellum,

Pumex et canas tondeat ante comas : 10

Summaque

the Emperors had swallowed up all Law and Custom, should mention that Observance *only*, which the first Cæsar had established; nor that Tibullus should honour that Usage which prevailed when his darling Liberty flourished, and disdained to take Notice of a Change which was introduced by a Tyrant. We know the Obstinacy of many of our own Countrymen in Favour of the Old Style; but amongst the Romans it had somewhat of Virtue in it, it was a generous Indignation against the Authority which had robbed their Country of every valuable Privilege. Suetonius himself seems to confirm this Opinion: we find Tiberius, who thought his Power undermined by the slightest Deviation from the Institution of his Predecessors, at the Pains of making an Edict to confine the New-year's Gifts to the Calends of January: *edicto prohibuit — strenarum commercium, ne ultra calend. Januarias exerceretur.* The Historian indeed assigns a different Reason — that Tiberius did it for his own Ease, as Numbers, who could not get at him the first Day, were plaguing him the whole Month through: but what Occasion for a solemn Edict, extended to all the People; for the Ease of the Emperor, when the bare Notice of his Pleasure, supported by a few Prætorian Guardsmen, would have sufficiently secured it? Might not then the Edict remain upon Record, and the Reason of it be forgot at such Distance of Time; or be thought improbable by the Historian, when the Caprices which usually attend the Struggles betwixt Prerogative and Liberty were buried in Oblivion. B. 9. *In your smooth Numbers, &c.*] The whole Beauty of this Elegy is lost, by Scaliger and Broekhusius's reading

gaudeat illa meis.

Whatever the Wits may alledge, wherever *meum* and *tuum* contend

MUSES.

Gold wins the venal, Verse the lovely Maid :
 In your smooth Numbers be her Charms display'd. 10
 On polish'd Ivory let the Sheets be roll'd,
 Your Name in Signature, the Edges Gold.

No

contend for Pre-eminence, it is a Logomachia of real Importance.

11. On *polish'd Ivory, &c.*] To understand the Original, it must be considered, that the Ancients had very few *libri quadrati*, or square Books, like ours; as they generally wrote on *membranæ*, or such large Sheets as resembled our Parchment: fastening these therefore one to another, they rolled them up, when finished, on a long Piece of Wood, which was tipped at both Ends with Horn or Ivory, and sometimes decorated with Paint. These are what the Poet means by his *cornua*. By *geminae frontes* are to be understood the two Ends of the Wood next the *cornua*, where the Author's Name was inscribed on a Label.

As the Ancients therefore only wrote on one Side of their *volumina*, the other was generally stained with yellow or purple, both to preserve them, and make the Writing more legible. Add to this, that they wrapped up the folded Scroll in a proper Envelope. That wherein our Poet here was to send his *volumina*, was to be of a Saffron Colour, *lutea membrana*.

The Sheets were smoothed with Pumice, and hence *pumex* came metaphorically to signify an elaborate Performance. The *stylus* was an Instrument with one End of which they wrote, and with the other erased Inaccuracies; hence *invertere stylum* signifies, in classical Writers, to correct. But when not Words only, but whole Sentences were to be changed, they used a Sponge, and hence, to sponge out, even in our Days, means to obliterate. The Ink the Ancients wrote with, was the Juice of the *Loligo*.

Summaque praetexat tenuis fastigia chartae,

Indicet ut nomen litera facta tuum.

Atque inter geminas pingantur cornua frontes.

Sic etenim comtum, mittere oportet opus.

Per vos auctores hujus mihi carminis oro, 15

Castaliamque umbram, Pieriosque lacus;

Ite domum, cultumque illi donate libellum,

Sicut erit: nullus defluat inde color.

Illa mihi referet, si nostri mutua cura est,

An minor, an toto pectore deciderim. 20

Sed primum meritam longa donate salute,

Atque haec submisso dicite verba sono:

Haec tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, casta Neaera,

Mittit, et, accipias munera parva, rogat.

Teque suis jurat caram magis esse medullis: 25

Sive sibi conjunx, sive futura soror.

Sed

25. *But first your graceful, &c.]* In the Original it was,

Sed primum nympham larga donate salute,

till Scaliger first changed it into

Sed primum meritam longa, &c.

And afterwards, in his Poetics, read

Sed dominam rara primum donate salute,

to avoid the Word *nympha*, which, according to him, always signifies the Daughter of a God and a Mortal, or *vice versa*. Might, however, the Translator make any farther Alteration upon this unhappy Passage, he would read

Sed

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 143

No Pumice spare to smooth each Parchment Scroll,
In a gay Wrapper then secure the whole.
Thus to adorn your Poems be your Care; 15
And thus adorn'd, transmit them to the Fair.

P O E T.

Fair Maids of Pindus! I your Counsel praise:
As you advise me, I'll adorn my Lays:
But by your Streams, and by your Shades, I pray,
Yourselfes the Volume to the Fair convey. 20
O let it lowly at her Feet be laid,
Ere the gilt Wrapper, or the Edges fade;
Then let her tell me, if her Flames decline,
If quite extinguish'd, or if still she's mine.
But first your graceful Salutations paid, 25
In Terms submissive thus address the Maid:
" Chaste Fair! the Bard, who doats upon your
Charms,
" And once could clasp them in his nuptial Arms,
" This Volume sends; and humbly hopes, that you,
" With kind Indulgence, will the Present view. 30
" You, you! he prizes more, he vows, than Life;
" Still a lov'd Sister, or again his Wife.

" But

Sed nymbam facili primum donate salute.

As *νυμφη*, in Greek, signifies *nupta*; and as even some Passages might be produced to shew, that *nymba* sometimes meant a Wife, among the Romans.

35. Fix'd

Sed potius conjunx ; hujus spem nominis illi

Auferet extincto pallida Ditis aqua,

ELEGIA

35. *Fix'd in this Hope, &c.*] The Beauty of this Passage has not, it is presumed, been sufficiently attended to. The literal Translation is, "The pale Water of Pluto shall ravish the Hope of this Title from him when he is dead," *extincto*. Where it should seem, that Tibullus, in this assumed Character of a Lover and discarded Husband, in order to convince Neæra of his fond Attachment to her, assures her, that not only Life, but Memory itself must fail him, before he can quit the pleasing Hope of being again united in Marriage to her. Plato's Metempsychosis was at that Time a fashionable Doctrine at Rome ; which Virgil has thus represented, Book vi. Line 748, & seq.

*Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethæum ad flumen Deus evocat agmine magno :*

Scilicet

“ But oh ! may Hymen bless his virtuous Fire,
 “ And once more grant you to his fond Desire !
 “ Fix’d in this Hope, he’ll reach the dreary Shore, 35
 “ Where Sense shall fail, and Memory be no more.”

T H E

*Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant,
 Rursus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.*

And as Tibullus, even in the Midst of a Love-tale, shews himself to be Master of all the Learning of his Times, it is probable, that by *pallida Ditis aqua*, is meant the River Lethe ; and that the Design of the whole Passage is to assure Næra, that he should always, even in Death, retain a fond Remembrance of her Charms ; that in the separate State of his Soul, he should still indulge the Hope of a Re-union with her, when they should enter again upon the Scene of Life : and that he would not suffer this Hope to be ravished from him by any thing else but the same Waters of Oblivion, in which he should lose the Memory of every thing he had formerly been acquainted with. .

B.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

QUI primus caram juveni, carumque puellae
Eripuit juvenem, ferreus ille fuit.

Durus et ille fuit, qui tantum ferre dolorem,

Vivere et erepta conjuge qui potuit.

Non

Lygdamus having by Force been deprived of Neæra, he says in this Elegy, that he can no longer support Life; and dwells, with such a seeming Satisfaction, on the Rites which he desires may attend his Funeral, that we may suppose the Loss greatly affected him.

The Beginning of this Poem discovers a Kind of animated Indifference, befitting his Situation of Mind; for here Wit, or too much Care about Language, would have been extremely improper; because, as Cicero somewhere observes, *quædam etiam negligentia est diligens*.

Although the Translator is afraid, that this Elegy will afford but small Entertainment to the mere English Reader, the Scholar will not be surprized to be told, that it cost him more Trouble to translate, than most of the other Elegies.

I. *Hard was the first, &c.*] This Sentiment is finely expressed by Hammond, El. ix.

I.

He who could first two gentle Hearts unbind,
And rob a Lover of his weeping Fair,
Hard was the Man; but harder, in my Mind,
The Lover still, who died not of Despair.

II. With

T H E
S E C O N D E L E G Y.

HARD was the first, who ventur'd to divide
The youthful Bridegroom, and the tender Bride:
More hard the Bridegroom, who can bear the Day,
When Force has torn his tender Bride away.

Here

II.

With mean Disguise let others Nature hide,
And mimic Virtue with the Paint of Art;
I scorn the Cheat of Reason's foolish Pride,
And boast the graceful Weakness of my Heart.

* * * *

Sad is my Day, and sad my lingering Night,
When, wrapt in silent Grief, I weep alone;
Delia is lost! and all my past Delight
Is now the Source of unavailing Moan.

What follows is an Improvement on Tibullus:

Where is the Wit, that heightned Beauty's Charms?
Where is the Face, that fed my longing Eyes?
Where is the Shape, that might have blest my Arms?
Where all those Hopes, relentless Fate denies?

3. *More hard the Bridegroom, &c.*] What says the sagacious Broekhusius? *Si mulier mutet mentem non nolens, tralato in alium amore; an & tunc moriendum misero illi, spreto, atque rejecto? Quid si stupro alieno polluta fidem fallat?*

H 2

10. When

Non ego firmus in hoc ; non haec patientia nostro 5
 Ingenio ; frangit fortia corda dolor.
 Nec mihi vera loqui pudor est, vitaeque fateri
 Tot mala perpeffae taedia nata meae.
 Ergo quum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram,
 Candidaque ossa super nigra favilla tegit, 10
 Ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos,
 Et fleat ante meum moesta Neaera rogam.
 Sed veniat carae matris comitata dolore.
 Moereat haec genero, moereat illa viro.
 Praefatae ante meos manes, animamque precatae, 15
 Perfusaeque pias ante liquore manus :

Pars

10. *When on the mournful Pile, &c.*] This Rite, which is altogether foreign to English Manners, Mr. Hammond has, we fear, rather injudiciously transferred into his ninth Elegy :

Wilt thou in Tears thy Lover's Corse attend ?
 With Eyes averted light the solemn Fire ?
 Till all around the doleful Flames ascend,
 Then, slowly sinking, by Degrees expire.

If the Reader is desirous to know the Manner in which the Funeral Pile was constructed, he may consult Boxhornius, *Quæst. Rom.* p. 99. who, by a Figure, explains the Method the Romans took to distinguish between the Ashes of the burnt Body, and the Ashes of the Wood and other Combustibles, which were thrown upon the Fire. The Solution of this formerly occasioned mighty Controversies amongst the Critics ; which might have been prevented, had they considered, that Burning, or, as the Chemists call it, Calcination, does not change the Figure of the Bones.

12. *Wilt thou, Neæra ! &c.*] There is a Thought similar to this, in that beautiful pastoral Ballad called *Colin*.

At

Here too my Patience, here my Manhood fails ; 5
 The Brave grow Daftards, when fierce Grief affails :
 Die, die I must ! the Truth I freely own ;
 My Life too burthenfome a Load is grown.
 Then, when I flit a thin an empty Shade,
 When on the mournful Pile my Corfe is laid, 10
 With melting Grief, with Tresses loofe and torn,
 Wilt thou, Næra ! for thy Husband mourn ?
 A Parent's Anguifh will thy Mother fhew,
 For the loft Youth, who liv'd, who dy'd for you ?

But fee the Flames o'er all my Body fray ! 15
 And now my Shade ye call, and now ye pray
 In

At the Funeral of their Parents, the Sons attended *velatis capitibus*, but the Girls went uncovered and with difhevelled Hair, wearing white Garments and white Fillets. See Plutarch's *Ρωμαϊκα*. Black, however, came afterwards to be the Mourning Colour, as it was in the Time of our Poet.

15. *But fee the Flames, &c.*] When a Person died at Rome, a Branch of Cyprefs was hung over the Door of the Houfe; that the Pontiff, and others of the fared College, might not pollute themfelves by entering it. The old Commentator on Virgil fays, that the Bodies of the better Sort were kept feven Days, burnt on the eighth, and buried on the ninth. By this, the moft dreadful of Calamities was prevented, that of coming to life on the Pile, after it was fet on fire. And that the Bodies might not putrefy by being kept fo long, they were wafhed with proper Drenches, and anointed with antifeptic Unguents : after this they were fplendidly clothed, and fome Pieces of Money put into their Mouths.

The Body was attended by the male and female Relations of the Deceased ; and fometimes, as Homer mentions, by

Pars quae sola mei superabit corporis, ossa
 Incinctae nigra candida veste legant.

Et primum annofo spargant collecta Lyaeo,
 Mox etiam niveo fundere lacte parent.

20

Post haec carbasseis humorem tollere velis,
 Atque in marmorea ponere sicca domo.

Illuc

hired Mourners. The Attendants were called together by Sound of Trumpet; and the Body, preceded by the Statues of the Deceased's Ancestors, was carried through the Forum, to the Place where it was to be burnt. Trumpets were blown on at the Funerals of the Men, during the Procession; as were Flutes at those of Children, &c. The Laws of the Twelve Tables limited the Number of musical Instruments to twelve. While the Pile was erecting, the Praises of the Deceased were sung in melancholy Strains, accompanied with Music sad and solemn: and being kindled, the nearest Relations stung Cypress and Perfumes upon it, both to feed the Flames, and abate the Stench, the Dirge still proceeding. When the Body was burnt, the chief Mourners, after washing their Hands in Water, separated the Bones from the Ashes; and, pouring new Milk, old Wine, and sometimes Blood upon them, wrapt them up in fine Lawn, and then inurned them, placing sometimes in the Urn a Bottle of Tears (hence on old Monuments, *cum lacrymis posui*), but always some Perfume, according to the Quality of the Deceased. When inurned, they conveyed them to a Monument, in the building of which, in the Times of the old Republic, a certain Sum was not to be exceeded, without forfeiting an equal Sum to the State. These Monuments the Greeks sometimes anointed with rich Unguents. The Funeral Ceremony being finished, the Relations were entertained with a Supper: besides which, Antiquaries make also mention of three other Kinds of mortuary Banquets. The fullest, as well as most ancient Account of funeral Rites, is that contained in the 23d Iliad.

The

In Black array'd; the Flame forgets to soar;
 And now pure Water on your Hands ye pour;
 My lov'd Remains next gather'd in a Heap,
 With Wine ye sprinkle, and in Milk ye steep. 20
 The Moisture dry'd, within the Urn ye lay
 My Bones, and to the Monument convey.

Panchaian.

The *Venus Infera*, or *Ἐπιούμεια*, presided over Funerals. The Roman Undertakers lived in a Street called *Libitina*. If the Reader is desirous to inform himself of the Funeral Ceremonies of different Nations, he may consult Lucian's excellent Discourse *Περὶ νεκρῶν*, and the Notes in the Basil Edition, an. 1563. as also Kirchmannus *De funeribus*.

21. *The Moisture dry'd, within the Urn you lay, &c.*] Vulpius and others, authorised by all the MSS. read

carbais humorem tollere ventis.

And farther support their Reading by the Authority of that witty Mimographer Publius Syrus, where the *carbais venti* signify a transparent Covering of fine Linen. Vulpius also finds great Fault with the common Interpretation of this Passage: *Quid enim frigidius excogitari potuit (says he) quam essa in linteo ventilari solita, ut exsugeretur humor, quo sparsa erant? Nostro tempore (adds he, no doubt very archly) ab ole-ribus ita guttas excutiunt coqui.* And thus in particular he censures Scaliger: *Nul'um præterea idoneum auctorem producat, quo sententiam suam tueatur, sed quasi ex tripode ac lauro consulentibus responsa daret, sibi credi jubet.* But notwithstanding all this Zeal, Broekhusius understands the Passage in the same Sense as Vulpius does, only he reads *carbais velis*, which he supports by two Passages from Cicero's Oration against Verres; adding, that though such an Expression as *carbais venti* might be used on the Stage, or in Satire, yet in serious Compositions it would be as cold as Varro's *vitrea toga*. The Version includes both Meanings.

Illuc quas mittit pinguis Panchaia merces,
 Eoque Arabes, dives et Assyria,
 Et nostri memores lacrimae fundantur eodem. 25
 Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.
 Sed tristem mortis demonstrat litera causam,
 Atque haec in celebri carmina fronte notet :
 “ Lygdamus hic situs est ; dolor huic, et cura Neerae
 “ Conjugis ereptae, causa perire fuit.” 30

E L E G I A

22. *My Bones, and to the Monument convey.*] The Monuments of the more wealthy were erected of Marble ; and in such a one Tibullus desires Neera to place the Ashes of Lygdamus.

There are many Inscriptions in Gruterus, and some in Reinetius, which show, that the Romans called a Tomb *domus* (as in the Original), with the Adjective *æterna* annexed to it.

29. *By some throng'd Way, &c.*] It is certain that the Romans often had their Monuments erected by some public Road ; and Broekhusius interprets the *celebri fronte* of the Original in this Sense. Although the Translator has adopted that Meaning, he is also of Opinion, that the *celebri fronte* may signify the Fore-part of the Monument, which was to be

Panchaian Odours thither ye will bring,
 And all the Produce of an Eastern Spring :
 But what than Eastern Springs I hold more dear, 25
 O wet my Ashes with a genuine Tear !

Thus, by you both lamented, let me die,
 Be thus perform'd my mournful Obsequy !
 Then shall these Lines, by some throng'd Way, relate
 The dear Occasion of my dismal Fate : 30
 “ Here lies poor Lygdamus ; a lovely Wife,
 “ Torn from his Arms, cut short his Thread of Life ”

T H E

be rendered famous by its Architecture, and especially by the Epitaph which was to be inscribed on it.

31. *Here lies poor Lygdamus, &c.*] The Ancients, as Broekhusius observes, had the Cause of their Death inscribed on their Tombs, sometimes that they might acquire Glory hereby, and sometimes to gain Compassion. Theocritus affords us an Instance of the latter, pretty similar to that in our Poet :

Τύλον ερωσ εκλείβεν οιδόπορε μη παραδουσης
 Αλλα σας τοδε λεξεν, Απηγια ειχεν εταιρον.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Quod prodest coelum? utis impicere, Neera?
 Quaeque cum multa cura legitur prece?
 Quaeque proleptis proleptis? Quaeque
 Quaeque proleptis proleptis? Quaeque
 Quaeque proleptis proleptis? Quaeque
 Quaeque proleptis proleptis? Quaeque
 Quaeque proleptis proleptis? Quaeque

Sed

... of a true philosophical
 ... of Riches or
 ... of his
 ... of a sagacious Son of
 ... of foid in-
 ... of the Muses,
 ... of all
 ... of Sir, Haro's
 ... of the hands
 ... of Posterity,
 ... of the Temple
 ... of
 ... of
 ... of our po-
 ... of

T H E
T H I R D E L E G Y.

WH Y did I supplicate the Powers divine?
 Why votive Incense burn at every Shrine?
 Not that I Marble Palaces might own,
 To draw Spectators, and to make me known;
 Not that my Teams might plough new-purchas'd Plains,
 And bounteous Autumn glad my countless Swains: 6
 I begg'd

Addresses to Neæra. In that one Wish all his Happiness was centred: with her, any Station of Life could please; without her, no Station, however splendid, could afford him the smallest Comfort.

3. *Not that I Marble Palaces might own.]* How little these Things are capable of making the Possessors of them happy, has long been known; and yet how keenly busy are the Great Vulgar and the Small in the Pursuit of them? Had Mankind estimated the Value of Possessions, or the Extensiveness of them, by the Felicity they confer, and regulated their own Conduct accordingly, how many disastrous Wars and other Calamities would have been prevented?

Sed tecum ut longae sociarem gaudia vitae,

Inque tuo caderet nostra senectâ finu ;

Tunc, quum praemensae defunctus tempora lucis

Nudus Lethea cogerer ire rate. 10

Nam grave quid prodest pondus mihi divitis auri ?

Arvaque si findant pinguia mille boves ?

Quidve domus prodest Phrygiis innixa columnis,

Taenare five tuis, five Cariste tuis ?

Et nemora in domibus sacros imitantia lucos ? 15

Aurataeque trabes, marmoreumque solum ?

Quidve

10. *I begg'd to pass alone the Stygian Shore.*] Not so my Lord Littleton, in his fine Eclogue, intituled, Possession :

When late Old Age our Heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow Pulses dance with Joy no more ;
When Time no longer will thy Beauties spare,
And only Damon's Eye shall think thee fair ;
Then may the gentle Hand of welcome Death,
At one soft Stroke, deprive us both of Breath :
May we beneath one common Stone be laid,
And the same Cypress both our Ashes shade.
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender Verse,
Shall deign our faithful Passion to rehearse ;
And future Ages, with just Envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

13. *Can Marble-pillar'd Domes, &c.*] Tibullus mentions three Kinds of Marble ; the Phrygian, which was then most in Esteem, the Lacedemonian, and the Eubæan. The Romans ran into immense Expence in the Article of Marble Pillars ; although it appears, that the Julian Law endeavoured, by Taxes, to restrain that Luxury ; for they, not content with the native Colours of the Marble, not only

I begg'd with you my youthful Days to share,
 I begg'd in Age to clasp the lovely Fair;
 And when my stated Race of Life was o'er,
 I begg'd to pass alone the Stygian Shore. 10

Can treasur'd Gold the tortur'd Breast compose?
 Or Plains, wide-cultur'd, sooth the Lover's Woes?
 Can Marble-pillar'd Domes, the Pride of Art,
 Secure from Sorrow the Possessor's Heart?
 Not circling Woods, resembling sacred Groves,
 Not Parian Pavements, nor gay-gilt Alcoves,
 Not

ly painted, but stained it. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an Account how the latter Process may be performed. Pliny tells us, that Mamurra, who commanded Cæsar's Artificers (*præfectus fabrorum*) in Gaul, was the first who incrusted the whole Inside of his House with Marble. This Mamurra, who was a Roman Knight, and born at Formæ, is he whom Catullus laments in his Verses.

15. *Not circling Woods, &c.*] The Antients distinguish'd, according to Servius, between *nemus*, *lucus* (the Words of the Original), and *sylva*; the first signifying a regular Plantation of Trees; the second the same, but devoted to Religion; and the third a Forest (*diffusa & inculta arborum multitudo*.) Roman Writers, however, often use *nemus* and *sylva* synonymously.

The Inhabitants of Rome were even more expensive in this Article than they were with regard to Marble itself. Take the following Instance: Cneius Domitius having objected to Lucius Crassus, in a public Debate, that the Portico of his House was supported by Hyettian Pillars, was asked by the latter, what Price he put upon his own House? And being answered *sexagies sestertia*; Crassus again demanded, how much less it would be worth, should he cut down the ten little Trees that stood before it;
tricies

Quidve, in Erythraeo legitur quae litore concha,

Tinctaque Sidonio murice lana juvat ?

Et quae praeterea populus miratur ? in illis

Invidia est ; falso plurima vulgus amat. 20

Non opibus mentes hominum curaeque levantur.

Nam fortuna sua tempora lege gerit.

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neaera.

At sine te, regum munera nulla volo.

O niveam, quae te poterit mihi reddere, lucem ! 25

O mihi felicem terque, quaterque diem !

At si pro dulci reditu quaecumque voventur,

Audiat averſa non meus aure Deus :

Nec me regna juvant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis,

Nec quas terrarum fuſtinet orbis opes. 30

Haec alii cupiant ; liceat mihi paupere cultu

Securo cara conjuge poſſe frui.

Adſis

tricies ſeſtertia, replied Domitius. To whom Craſſus, Whether am I then, who bought ten Columns *centum millibus nummum*, or you who value the ſhade of ten ſhrubs at *tricies ſeſtertium*, the moſt extravagant Man ? And yet, adds the ſenſible Miscellany Writer, from whom I copy here, all this was nothing when compared to the Luxury of After-times, both in their Buildings and Groves. And indeed, if it is conſidered, that a Knight's Houſe, in the upper Part of Rome, would ſell for thirty thouſand Pounds Sterling, a Grove of ſmall Extent to ſuch a Houſe, muſt be vaſtly expensive in a City, which, according to the moſt moderate Calculation, contained as many People as any City at preſent in Europe.

10. Nec

Not all the Gems that load an Eastern Shore,
 Not whate'er else the greedy Great adore,
 Possess'd, can shield the Owner's Breast from Woe,
 Since fickle Fortune governs all below : 20
 Such Toys, in little Minds, may Envy raise;
 Still little Minds improper Objects praise.
 Poor let me be ; for Poverty can please
 With you ; without you, Crowns could give no Ease.

Shine forth, bright Morn ! and every Bliss impart,
 Restore Næra to my doating Heart ! 26
 For if her glad Return the Gods deny,
 If I sollicit still in vain the Sky,
 Nor Power, nor all the Wealth this Globe contains,
 Can ever mitigate my Heart-felt Pains ; 30
 Let others these enjoy ; be Peace my Lot,
 Be mine Næra, mine a humble Cot !

Saturnia,

17. *Not all the Gems, &c.*] Horace has illustrated this with his usual Felicity of Expression.

*Non enim Gazæ, neque consularis
 Summovet licitor miseros tumultus
 Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
 Tecta volantis.*

Nor Wealth, nor Grandeur can controul
 The sickly Tumults of the Soul ;
 Or bid grim Care to stand aloof,
 Which hovers round the vaulted Roof.

The Truth is, Virtue is the sole Parent of Happiness. See Mr. Johnson's admirable Poem, intitled, the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Adfis, et timidis faveas, Saturnia, votis :

Et faveas concha Cypria vecta tua.

Aut si fata negant reditum, tristesque sorores 35

Stamina quae ducunt, quaeque futura canunt :

Me vocet in vastos amnes, nigramque paludem

Dives in ignava luridus Orcus aqua.

ELEGIA

34. *And aid me, Venus, from thy pearly Chair !*] A Critic of no small Learning, whom the Dutch Editor mentions, supposes that our Poet in this Passage alludes to the Statue of Venus, which Phidias made of Gold and Ivory, for the Elians. In this Work of Phidias, the Goddess was represented as treading with one of her Feet upon a Tortoise ; by which Symbol the unpolite Statuary meant to insinuate, that the Ladies ought to keep Silence, and mind their domestic Affairs. Upon this Broekhusius wisely observes, *non omnes sapimus horis omnibus* ; and indeed, if it is considered, that Venus was, by the Mythologists, supposed to spring from the Sea, and often to ride in a Chair of Shell, what Occasion was there for making Tibullus, who always thought naturally, allude to so remote an Object ? But thus
it

Saturnia, grant thy Suppliant's timid Prayer!
And aid me, Venus! from thy pearly Chair!

Yet, if the Sisters, who o'er Fate preside, 35
My Vows contemning, still detain my Bride,
Cease, Breast, to heave! cease, anxious Blood, to flow!
Come, Death! transport me to thy Realms below.

T H E

it is to play the fool with Learning! or, as an excellent
Poet better expresses it, we have here

much hard Study without Sense or Breeding,
And all the grave Impertinence of Reading.

Verbal Criticism.

If Venus had her Shell of old, a modern Latin Poet, Hadrian Marius, has bestowed a Barge on Love, in a beautiful Poem he calls *Cymba Amoris*, on which his Brother, Johannes Secundus, thus compliments him:

*Ingeniose Mari, ventura in sæcula tecum
Me tua cymbat webat, non græve pondus ero.
Cymba, reidentem qua mutet Cypria concham,
Quamque columbino præferat ipsa jugo. Lib. ii. El. i.*

ELEGIA QUARTA.

DI meliora ferant, nec sint infomnia vera,
Quae tulit extrema pessima nocte quies!
Ite procul; vanum, falsumque avertite visum.
Definite in vobis quaerere velle fidem.
Divi vera monent; venturae nuntia fortis
Vera monent Thufcis exta probata viris.

5

Somnia

This is one of the finest Poems in Tibullus. Our Dreams are commonly the imperfect Images of our waking Thoughts, especially when the Mind is under the Influence of some violent Passion. Thus in particular it fares with the genuine Inamorato, and such a one at this Time was the Lover of Neæra. Swallowed up in his Affection for that Fair-one, and distracted at her affected Delays to make him happy, he one Night solicited Sleep; but the drowsy God long resisted his Importunities: at last, however, the Lover being fatigued with the Want thereof, but more with the Succession of unpromising Forebodings, dropped into a Slumber about the Morning, but did not long enjoy this pleasing State of Insensibility; for soon after Apollo appeared, and informed him, that Neæra was about to desert him for another. As this News was of a most alarming Nature, and could not fail to rouse his Indignation against the Sex; Apollo, by artfully adopting his Sentiments on that Score, paves the Way for his recommending Patience as his only Remedy. Apollo's Speech

T H E
FOURTH ELEGY.

LAST Night's ill-boding Dreams, ye Gods
 avert!

Nor plague, with Portents, a poor Lover's Heart!

But why? From Prejudice our Terrors rise;

Vain Visions have no Commerce with the Skies:

Th'Event of Things the Gods alone foresee, 5

And Tuscan Priests foretel what they decree.

Dreams

Speech concludes with a Message to Næra, that if she ever expected Happiness, she must think of none else for her Husband but her former Lover. This was a very dextrous Way of reclaiming his Mistress; and it may with Propriety be observed, that if Apollo did not appear to our Poet, he certainly inspired the Description which Tibullus gives of that God; as we half pardon Næra her Infidelity, in Consideration of this beautiful Elegy.

Propertius has a fine Vision upon his Mistress's proposing to go abroad.

6. *And Tuscan Priests, &c.*] The Roman Hauruspices, of whom before (Book ii. El. 6.) were called Tuscan, because their Art was founded on the religious Practice of Tuscany. The first sixteen Lines of this Elegy are an Introduction to
the

Somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte,

Et pavidas mentes falsa timere jubent.

Et vanum ventura hominum genus omnia noctis

Farre pio placant, et saliente sale.

10

Et tamen, utcumque est, five illi vera moneri,

Mendaci somno credere five volent :

Efficiat vanos noctis Lucina timores,

Et frustra immeritum praetimuiffe velit:

Si mea nec turpi mens est obnoxia facto,

15

Nec læsit magnos in pia lingua Deos.

Jam Nox aetherium nigris emensa quadrigis

Mundum, caeruleas laverat amne rotas :

Nec

the Vision: Reason and Philosophy seemed to persuade our Lover, that Dreams were not to be minded; but Superstition, and those Fears which are so natural to Love, won him over to the other Side. He therefore intreats Lucina, that as he was not conscious of having acted any otherwise than as became a Man of Probity, she would be pleased (*ut velit*) to render all his Fears groundless.

9. *And hence Oblations, &c.*] The Oblations mentioned in the Text, are the Holy Cake (*farre pio*), and Salt (*& saliente sale.*) This the Romans also learnt from the Tuscans, for whose Application to Haruspicy, &c. Cicero assigns some extraordinary Reasons. *Etrusci autem* (says that incomparable Writer and good Man) *quod in religione imbuti, studiosius & crebrius hostias immolabant, extorum cognitioni se maxime dederunt: quodque propter aeris crassitudinem de caelo apud eos multa fiebant, & quod ob eandem causam multa inusitata partim ex caeli, alia ex terra oriebantur, quædam etiam ex hominum pecudumve conceptu & satu; portentorum exercitatissimi interpretes extiterunt.*

13. *Dread Juno! make, &c.*] Some Interpreters understand Diana to be the Lucina of the Original; but the Poet certainly

Dreams flit at Midnight round the Lover's Head,
 And timorous Man alarm with idle Dread :
 And hence Oblations to divert the Woe,
 Weak superstitious Minds on Heaven bestow. 10
 But since whate'er the Gods foretel is true,
 And Man's oft warn'd, mysterious Dreams ! by you ;
 Dread Juno ! make my nightly Visions vain,
 Vain make my boding Fears, and calm my Pain !
 The blessed Gods, you know, I ne'er revil'd, 15
 And nought iniquous e'er my Heart defil'd.

Now Night had lav'd her Coursers in the Main,
 And left to dewy Dawn a doubtful Reign ;

Bland

certainly meant Juno Lucina, or the Goddess of Light and of Matrimony. Festus and Varro derive the Appellation Lucina from *lux, lucis* ; but Pliny, with whom Ovid also, in one Place of his Fasti, agrees, thinks that Juno was called Lucina from *lucus*. Both Etymologies, however, at last turn out to be the same. *Nam lucum (says Broekhusius) dici a luce luminum religionis causa ex arboribus suspensorum satis constat.*

17. *Now Night had lav'd her Coursers in the Main.*] Tibullus is the only Poet of Antiquity who bestows on Night a Chariot and four ; as Marini is the only one among the Moderns, who has imitated him. This he does in a Prologue, prefixed to a wretched pastoral Drama, intitled, *Filli de Sciro*, composed by Count Giudubaldo de Bonarelli.

*Cbiunque haver desia
 Di mia conditïon piena contexxa,
 Questa bruna quadriga
 Miri, e questi aurei fregi : e saprà poi
 Qual è quanta i' mi sia.*

Our

Nec me sopierat menti Deus utilis aegrae

Somnus ; sollicitas deficit ante domos. 20

Tandem quum summo Phoebus prospexit ab ortu,

Pressit languentis lumina sera quies.

Hic juvenis casta redimitus tempora lauru

Est visus nostra ponere sede pedem.

Intonsi crines longa cervice fluebant : 25

Stillabat Syrio myrtea rore coma.

Candor

Our Poet, in Imitation of Homer, calls the Ocean *cæruleus amnis*, or a *cærulean Stream*.

21. *At last, when Morn, &c.*] The Ancients thought that those Visions were truly prophetic, which appeared in the Morning. *Certiora & colatiora* (says Tertullian) *de anima somnari affirmant sub extremis noctibus*; or, as Ovid expresses it, in his Epistle of Hero to Leander,

*sub Auroram, jam dormitante lucerna,
Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.*

Mr. Pope begins his intellectual Vision of the Temple of Fame at the same Time :

What Time the Morn mysterious Visions brings,
While purer Slumbers spread their golden Wings.

25. *Such Charms, such manly Charms, &c.*] This is not a Version of the Hexameter and Pentameter, which make the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth Lines of the Original in all the Editions the Translator ever saw : for, as Vulpus well observes, these Lines,

*Non illo quidquam formosius ulla priorum
Ætas humanam nec videt illud opus,*

cannot be applied to the Beauties of Apollo. *Certe* (says he) *latet malignum ulcus, quod Chironis auxilio indigeat: ego lubens*

Bland Sleep, that from the Couch of Sorrow flies,
 (The Wretch's Solace) had not clos'd my Eyes; 20
 At last, when Morn unbar'd the Gates of Light,
 A downy Slumber shut my labouring Sight:
 A Youth appear'd, with Virgin-laurel crown'd,
 He mov'd majestic, and I heard the Sound.
 Such Charms, such manly Charms, were never seen,
 As fir'd his Eyes, and harmoniz'd his Mein; 26
 His Hair, in Ringlets of an auburn Hue,
 Shed Syrian Sweets, and o'er his Shoulders flew;

So

lubens depono, & peritiori manui committo. Broekhusius passes them over without any Remark, although he must have seen the Absurdity of the Passage. But are we to think that Tibullus wrote Nonsense? By no Means. Place the Lines after the thirty-eighth (in the Original) and you will find they exactly correspond with that Station; and that there is no Occasion to change the *videt* in the Pentameter, into *luit*, as Achilles Staius proposes.

27. *His Hair in Ringlets of an auburn Hue.*] The *myrtea coma* which Tibullus bestows on Apollo, Ovid thus explains:

*Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureus illis,
 Sed quamvis neuter, mistus uterque color.*

Nor of a black, nor of a golden Hue,
 They were, but of a Dye between the two.

But as the Painters (for thus Athenæus informs us) drew Apollo with black Hair, and the Poets gave him yellow or golden Locks; why does Tibullus make the God's Hair auburn? Næra's own Hair, say some Critics, was of that Colour,

Di

Candor erat, qualem praefert Latonia Luna :

Et color in niveo corpore purpureus. 30

Ut juveni primum virgo deducta marito

Inficitur teneras ore rubente genas.

Ut quum contextunt amaranthis alba puellae

Lilia : ut autumnno candida mala rubent.

Ima

*Dic & argutæ properet Neæra
Myrteum nodo cobibere crinem.*

Hor. lib. iii. Od. 14.

For so Porphyrio, and Cunningham, upon the Authority of several MSS. read it. This therefore, add they, was a delicate Compliment to his Mistress. But this Solution is more ingenious than solid ; for though Horace's Neæra had *myrteus crinis*, it by no means follows, that Tibullus's Neæra had Hair of that Colour ; nor indeed is it of any Consequence. The Emperor Commodus used to powder his Hair, of which he was passionately fond, with Gold-dust.

29. *As white as thine, fair Luna, &c.*] The Whiteness of the Moon has been a favourite Resemblance since the Days of Solomon ; the Sun, however, for some Centuries past, appears to have been the more common Simile. Tasso, however, has a beautiful Address to the Moon, which the Reader will not be displeas'd to see.

*In bianca e vaga Luna,
C'hai tanti specchi quanti sono i mari
Mira questo candor, ch'è senza pari.
A lei mena i tuoi balli, a lei distilla
Le tue dolci rugiade ;
Specchiati con lei con amoroso affetto.*

But, besides this general Resemblance, there is a farther Propriety in Tibullus's comparing Apollo to Diana, as she was his Sister.

30. *So wein'd with Azure, and as smootbly thin ;*] As Poetry is a great Assistant to Painting and Statuary, those who have excelled in these Arts, have always particularly

As white as thine, fair Luna! was his Skin,
 So vein'd with Azure, and as smoothly thin; 30
 So soft a Blush vermilion'd o'er his Face,
 As when a Maid first melts in Man's Embrace;
 Or when the Fair with curious Art unite
 The purple Amaranth, and Lilly white.
 A Bloom like his, when ting'd by Autumn's Pride,
 Reddens the Apple on the sunny Side; 36

A Tyrian

cularly cultivated the Muses. Thus Phidias obtained the Idea of his Olympian Jove from the Iliad of Homer, and probably was indebted to Pindar's first Pythian Ode for placing an Eagle on the Sceptre of the same God. On the other hand again, Painting has been of Use to Poetry; thus, in this Century, an excellent Italian Poem was composed from the Drawings of the famous Bolognian Painter Spagnoletto.

31 *So soft a Blush, &c.*] This is one of the Strokes which seems to me, says the Author of the Polymetis, to have been borrowed from some Painting in Rome, in which the Mixture of Colours here mentioned to be blended together, was remarkably well executed. Pliny, in speaking of the best Pieces by Echion there, instances in one on this Subject; *nova nupta, verecundia notabilis*, lib. xxxv. 10. The famous Picture of the Aldobrandine Palace in Rome is on the same Subject; and the Air of the new Bride in it is remarkably modest. As that is so good, though done when the Art of Painting was extremely fallen at Rome, it was very probably copied from some celebrated Picture there, and possibly from that Piece of Echion's. The Colours are all so faded in it (as one may well expect, after the Course of almost seventeen hundred Years) that we can see nothing of the beautiful blush, that was probably on the Face of the Bride. Dialogue 8.

32. *As when a Maid, &c.*] The Word *deducta*, in the Original, has a peculiar Beauty, being only applied to the

Ima videbatur talis inludere palla,

Namque hæc in nitido corpore vestis erat.

Artis opus raræ fulgens testudine et auro 35

Pendebat læva garula parte lyra.

(Non illo quidquam formosius ulla priorum

Actas, humanum nec videt illud opus.)

Hanc

modest, in Opposition to *producta*, a Term used for Women of the Town.

33. *Or when the Fair, &c.*] Charmed with the Beauties of his Vision, Tibullus here, contrary to Custom, multiplies his Illustrations: the Lilly and the Amaranth furnished the Ancients with favourite Allusions; but, as the finest Similes, by Repetition, become un affecting, the Moderns labour under great Difficulties in this Respect. It is true, they have exchanged the Amaranth for the Rose; but that has been now so long employed, that it is grown stale, and the Poets of this Age may exclaim, with the old Grammarians, *percant isti, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt*. It is a pity that Tibullus, who was so excellent an Artist, did not leave more Pictures of Beauty behind him.

Although Ovid and others paint Apollo in much the same Colours as our Poet does, we are not therefore to suppose that they copied from one another. The Figure, Features, Diets, &c. of the Heathen Gods, were as well known to the Ancients from Statues, Paintings, &c. of them, formed according to a common Standard, as St. Peter is now a-days to any Roman Catholic!

36. *Reddens the Apple, &c.*] Broekhusius makes our Poet indebted to the great Sicilian Shepherd, Idyll. vii. for this Simile. But why need we suppose this? It is only such as grows in the poetical Common of Nature; and what no Traveller, however little inspired, could fail to pluck as he passed.

37. *A Tyrian Tunic to his Ancles flow'd.*] The Word, in the Original, is *palla*, the Name of a Robe, with which not only Apollo, but the Poets and Musicians of old, were vested. Valerius Flaccus clothes his Bard Mopsus with a
white

A Tyrian Tunic to his Ancles flow'd,
Which thro' it's frised Plaits his godlike Beauties
show'd.

A Lyre, the Present Mulciber bestow'd,
On his left Arm with easy Grandeur glow'd; 40
The peerless Work of Virgin Gold was made,
With Ivory, Gems, and Tortoise interlaid;

O'er

white *palla*. But the more common Colour of it was purple,
Tyrio bis murice tineta.

39. *A Lyre, the Present Mulciber bestow'd.*] Who the In-
ventor of the Lyre was, is uncertain: some attribute it to
Apollo, and others to Mercury. Diodorus informs us, that
this Instrument, in Conformity to the Seasons, assumed at
first four Strings; but soon after, it mounted seven, in imi-
tation of the Planets: and hence Pindar's Epithet, when he
calls it seven-tongued. It was at first made of Gold, Sil-
ver, or Ivory, ornamented with precious Stones; but, in
the Augustan Age, the Shell of the Sea-tortoise coming into
very high Estimation, the Body of the Lyre was principally
composed of it, yet still adorned with Gold, Silver, &c.
Hence Horace says,

*O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum.*

Goddeſs of the ſweet-ſounding Lute,
Which thy harmonious Touch obeys;
Who canſt the finny Race, tho' mute,
To Cygnets' dying Accents raiſe.

FRANCIS, Book iv. Od. 3.

The Lyre was played upon with a plectrum of Ivory. See
a curious Diſſertation on this Subject preſented by Mr. Mo-
lyneux to the Royal Society.

Hanc primum veniens plectro modulatus eburno
 Felices cantus ore sonante dedit. 40

Sed postquam fuerant digiti cum voce locuti,
 Edidit haec dulci tristitia verba modo.

SALVE cura Deum : casto nam rite poëtae
 Phoebusque, et Bacchus, Picridesque favent.

Sed proles Semelae Bacchus, doctaeque sorores 45
 Dicere non norunt, quid ferat hora sequens.

At mihi fatorum leges, aevique futuri
 Eventura, pater posse videre dedit.

Quare ego quae dico non fallax, accipe, vates :
 Quodque Deus vero Cynthus ore feram. 50

Tantum cara tibi, quantum nec filia matri,
 Quantum nec cupido bella puella viro :
 Pro qua sollicitas coelestia numina votis,
 Quae tibi securos non finit ire dies :

Et quum te fusco somnus velavit amictu, 55
 Vanum nocturnis fallit imaginibus :

Carminibus

50. *But neither Bacchus, &c.]* In this Passage Bacchus is deprived of the Power of Prescience ; and yet we know that many of the Ancients regarded him as a prophetic Deity. Thus Pausanias tells us, that Bacchus had an Oracle in Thrace. But especially (book x. chap. 33.) a Cave (*αδυτον*) at Ophitea, corruptly called Amphiclea, in which were performed his Orgies. This Cave was accessible by one Road only ; and there was in it, no Statue of the God. There, the Inhabitants of the City and Neighbourhood, were, in their Sleep, informed by the Divinity, of Remedies appropriated to their Diseases ; and his Priest, inspired by him, acquainted them with future Events.

EL. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 73

O'er all the vocal Strings his Fingers stray,
The vocal Strings his Fingers glad obey,
And, harmoniz'd, a sprightly Prelude play : 45
But when he join'd the Music of his Tongue,
These soft, sad elegiac Lays he sung :

“ All hail, thou Care of Heaven! (a virtuous Bard
“ The God of Wine, the Muses, I, regard ;)
“ But neither Bacchus, nor the Thespian Nine, 50
“ The sacred Will of Destiny divine :
“ The secret Book of Destiny to see,
“ Heaven's awful Sire has given alone to me ;
“ And I, unerring God, to you explain
“ (Attend and credit) what the Fates ordain. 55

“ She who is still your ever constant Care,
“ Dearer to you than Sons to Mothers are,
“ Whose Beauties bloom in every softned Line,
“ Her Sex's Envy, and the Love of thine : 59
“ Not with more Warmth is female Fondness mov'd,
“ Not with more Warmth are tenderest Brides belov'd.
“ For whom you hourly importune the Sky,
“ For whom you wish to live, nor fear to die,
“ Whose Form, when Night has wrap'd in Black the
Pole,
“ Cheats in soft Vision your enamour'd Soul ; 65

Carminibus celebrata tuis formosa Neæra

Alterius mavult esse puella viri.

Diversasque tuis agitat mens impia curas,

Nec gaudet casta nupta Neæra domo. 60

Ah crudele genus, nec fidum femina nomen!

Ah pereat, didicit fallere siqua virum!

Sed flecti poterit, mens est mutabilis illis;

Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece.

Sævus Amor docuit validos tentare labores. 65

Sævus Amor docuit verbera sæva pati.

Me quondam Admeti niveos pavisse juvencos,

Non est in vanum fabula ficta jocum.

Tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere sonora,

Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos. 70

Sed perlucenti cantus meditabar avena,

Ille ego Latonæ filius, atque Jovis.

Nescis

70. *O cruel, perjur'd, false, intriguing Sex!*] There is a design'd Harshness in these Lines, as in the Original. English Translators can never be at a Loss for unharmonious Combinations; these however, like Discord in Music, when properly introduced, greatly encrease the Harmony.

The Translator cannot help thinking this a very unjust Description of the fair Sex, as they are commonly more constant than Men.

75. *A patient Homage, &c*] The Posture of a Suppliant and vanquished Person is happily expressed in the Original,

Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece,

but

“ Neæra! whose bright Charms your Verse displays,
“ Seeks a new Lover, and inconstant strays!
“ For thee no more with mutual Warmth she burns,
“ But thy chaste House, and chaster Bed, she spurns.

“ O cruel, perjur'd, false, intriguing Sex! 70
“ O born with Woes poor wretched Man to vex!
“ Who'er has learn'd her Lover to betray,
“ Her Beauty perish, and her Name decay!

“ Yet, as the Sex will change, avoid Despair;
“ A patient Homage may subdue the Fair. 75
“ Fierce Love taught Man to suffer, laugh at Pain;
“ Fierce Love taught Man, with Joy, to drag the
Chain;

“ Fierce Love, nor vainly fabulous the Tale,
“ Forc'd me, yes forc'd me, to the lonely Dale:
“ There I Admetus' snowy Heifers drove, 80
“ Nor tun'd my Lyre, nor sung, absorb'd in Love.
“ The favourite Son of Heaven's almighty Sire,
“ Prefer'd a Straw-pipe to his golden Lyre.

“ Tho'

but could not be preserved in the Version. Achilles Statius and Douza misunderstood this Passage.

79. *Forc'd me, yes forc'd me to the lonely Dale.*) See the Notes to Elegy 3. Book ii.

Nescis quid sit amor, juvenis, si ferre recusas:

Innitent dominum, conjugiumque ferum.

Ergo ne dubita, blandas adhibere querelas. 75

Vincuntur molli pectora dura prece.

Quodsi vera canunt sacris oracula templis,

Hæc illi nostro nomine dicta refer :

Hoc tibi conjugium promittit Delius ipse.

Felix hoc, alium desine velle virum. 80

Dixit, et ignavus defluxit pectore somnus.

Ah ego non possum tanta videre mala.

Nec tibi crediderim votis contraria vota,

Nec tantum crimen pectori inesse tuo.

Nam te nec vasti genuerunt aequora Ponti, 85

Nec flammam volvens ore Chimaera fero :

Nec consanguinea redimitus terga caterva,

Cui tres sunt linguae, tergeminumque caput.

Scyllaque virgineam canibus subcincta figuram :

Nec te conceptam sacra leaena tulit. 90

Barbara

92. *A Bard on you. &c.*] The Original Passage was incomprehensible, till Muretus restored it, from an old MSS. thus,

Felix. Hoc alium desine velle virum.

The Sense of which, according to him, is, that Neæra must think of no other Husband but this, *alium ab hoc*. But Scaliger and Douza allege, that the *felix hoc* alludes to the old Form of nuptial Contracts; as if they had said, *felicitate felix hoc sit*. Salmasius, however, and Broekhusius interpret it in this Manner: As this Marriage is, on the Word
of

“ Tho’ false the Fair, tho’ Love is wild, obey;
 “ Or, Youth, you know not Love’s tyrannic Sway.
 “ In plaintive Strains address the haughty Fair; 86
 “ The Haughty soften at the Voice of Prayer.
 “ If ever true my Delphian Answers prove,
 “ Bear this my Message to the Maid you love.
 “ Pride of your Sex, and Passion of the Age! 90
 “ No more let other Men your Love engage;
 “ A Bard on you the Delian God bestows,
 “ This Match alone can warrant your Repose.”

He sung. When Morpheus from my Pillow flew,
 And plung’d me in substantial Grievs anew. 95

Ah! who could think that thou had’st broke thy
 Vows,
 That thou, Neæra! fought’st another Spouse?
 Such horrid Crimes, as all Mankind detest,
 Could they, how could they, harbour in thy Breast?
 The ruthless Deep, I know, was not thy Sire; 100
 Nor fierce Chimæra, belching Floods of Fire;
 Nor did’st thou from the triple Monster spring,
 Round whom a Coil of kindred Serpents cling;
 Thou art not of the Lybian Lions’ Seed,
 Of barking Scylla’s, nor Charybdis’ Breed; 105
 Nor

of Apollo, to be productive of real Happiness to you,
 Neæra; presume not to wish for another Lover; *felix hoc
 conjugio, define alium virum velle.*

Barbara nec Scythiae tellus, horrendave Syrtis :

Sed culta, et duris non habitanda domus.

Et longe ante alias omnes mitissima mater :

Isque pater, quo non alter amabilior.

Haec Deus in melius crudelia somnia vertat, 95

Et jubeat tepidos inrita ferre Notos.

ELEGIA

106. *Nor Afric's Sands, &c.*] These were the strongest poetical Emblems of Barbarism and infidel Ferocity. The Thought is originally Homer's (H. xvi ver. 34.) but adopted by Catullus and Virgil, travestied by Giambattista Lalli, often used by Ovid, and parodied by Boileau in his admirable *Lutrin* :

Non ton pere a Paris ne fut pas Boulanger, &c.

In the famous Interview of Glaucus and Diomed, Glaucus thus describes Chimæra :

First dire Chimæra's Conquest was enjoin'd ;

A mingled Monster, of no mortal Kind ;

Behind,

Nor Afric's Sands, nor Scythia gave thee Birth ;
But a compassionate, benignant Earth.
No ! thou, my Fair ! deriv'ft thy noble Race
From Parents deck'd with every human Grace.

Ye Gods ! avert the Woes that haunt my Mind,
And give the cruel Phantoms to the Wind.

T H E

Behind, a Dragon's fiery Tail was spread ;
A Goat's rough Body bore a Lion's Head ;
Her pitchy Nostrils flaky Flames expire,
Her gaping Throat emits infernal Fire. POPE.

Verfes nothing inferior to the Original.

108. *No ! you, my Fair, derive your noble Race, &c.*] This was an awful Method of still farther interesting Neera's Family in Favour of her Lover.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

VO S tenet, Etruscis manat quae fontibus unda,
 Unda sub aestivum non adeunda Canem.
 Nunc autem sacris Bajarum maxima lymphis,
 Quum se purpureo vere remittit hiems.
 At mihi Persephone nigram denuntiat horam. 5
 Immerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.

Non

Some Critics are of Opinion that this Elegy was written by Tibullus when very young, and disengaged from any amorous Attachment, as in it he makes no mention of any of his former Mistresses. And indeed it must be confessed, that their Conjectures are not always so well founded; for had his Heart been engaged, his Sickness, which makes the Subject of the Poem, would have supplied him with as many pathetic Thoughts as it did when he was left behind in the Island of Corfu. But be this as it will, the Elegy itself is valuable, for being the only one wherein our Poet gives us any Hints of his own Person, which, as it really was amiable, is no small Proof of his Modesty.

It is addressed to some of his Friends, who were then at the hot Baths of Tuscany, where probably our Poet was to have been of the Party, had not a violent Fever prevented him. However desirous the Commentators may shew themselves to discover the Names of the Poet's Friends, that Discovery

covery.

T H E
F I F T H E L E G Y.

WHILE you at Tuscan Baths for Pleasure stay,
 (Too hot when Sirius darts his sultry Ray,
 Tho' now that purple Spring adorns the Trees,
 Not Baia's more medicinal than these,)
 Me harder Fates attend, my Youth decays ; 5
 Yet spare, Persephone! my blameless Days :

With.

recovery is now impossible ; but if we are ignorant of this, the Poem itself informs us, that Tibullus composed it on the fifteenth Day of his Disorder, which he entreats Persephone speedily to bring to a happy Crisis, as he was then young, and by his Conduct had never merited any Chastisement from Heaven.

1. *While you at Tuscan Baths, &c.*] Critics have in vain endeavoured to determine which of the Tuscan Baths are here meant. Schoppius believes them to have been the Clusina ; but these were cold, as we learn from Horace, Ep. 15. Lib. i. whereas those, at which Tibullus's Friends appear to have been, were warm.

4. *Not Baia's more medicinal than these.*] Baia was the most remarkable warm Bath in Italy. The Name of it came in Time to stand for *thermæ* in general.

9. 1

Non ego tentavi, nulli temeranda virorum,
 Audax laudandae sacra docere Deae ;
 Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula succis
 Dextera, nec cuiquam taetra venena dedit. 10
 Nec nos sacrilegos templis admovimus ignes :
 Nec cor sollicitant facta nefanda meum.
 Nec nos infana meditantés jurgia mente,
 In pia in averfos solvimus ora Deos.

Et

9. *I ne'er the holy Mysteries proclaim'd.*] The Mysteries here meant, were those of Ceres, the most revered of any in ancient Times. As it was piacular to divulge them, the Reader must not expect to find them described with the same Exactness as the other religious Ceremonies of Paganism. But what is known of Certainty of them, shall here briefly be collected.

The Eleusinian Mysteries, for so they were also called, were divided into the greater and the lesser, and celebrated at Athens, at stated Seasons, with great Pomp of Machinery and solemn Shows. These drew together a vast Concourse of People from all Nations ; and many earnestly desired to be initiated, but that Favour was bestowed upon none but those of the first Rank and Figure. The Reverence with which Cicero speaks of them, and the Hints he drops of their Use and End, seem to confirm Dr. Warburton's Conjecture about them, *viz.* that they were intended to inculcate God's Unity and the Immortality of the Soul. The Shows are supposed to have represented Heaven, Hell, Elysium, and whatever concerned a future State. The Poets often alluded to them ; and we find Cicero, at the Request of Chilias a famous Poet, requesting Atticus to send him from Athens a Detail of them. This intimates, that these Shews were occasionally varied ; and Dr. Middleton conjectures, that the Detail here desired from Atticus was intended by the Poet as Episodes to some of his poetical Performances. Is Virgil's sixth Æneid a Representation of this kind ?

The

El: 5. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 183

With secret Wickedness unftung my Soul ;
I never mix'd, nor gave the baneful Bowl ;
I ne'er the holy Myfteries proclaim'd ;
I fir'd no Temple, and no God defam'd ;. 10
Age

The Suppofition is highly ingenious, and Dr. Warburton has fupported it with no lefs Fancy than Learning.

So cautious were the Athenians, in Cicero's Time, of violating the Solemnity of thefe Myfteries, that the famous Orator Craffus, coming to Athens two Days after the Proceffion was over, could not prevail on the Magiftrates to re-exhibit the Shews, although he was one of the firft Senators of Rome.

Whoever divulged the Eleufinian Myfteries, was expelled the Society of Human kind, and abhorred as a Monster unworthy the common Benefits of Life. It was efteemed dangerous to converfe with him, left Jupiter, in his Wrath, fhould make no Difinction between the innocent and the guilty. Thus Horace,

*vetabo, qui Cereris facrum
Vulgarit arcanae, fub ifdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat pbafelum.* Horat. Lib. iii. Od. 2.

He who can Friendship's Secrets tell,
Or Ceres' hallow'd Rites reveal ;
The Wretch with me fhall never dwell,
With me fhall never hoift the doubtful Sail.

FRANCIS.

The Greeks, according to Dacier, not only punifhed with Death thofe who revealed, but thofe alfo to whom the Myfteries were imparted. When the Athenians for two Years were baffled in their Attempts againft Sicily ; Alcibiades, who not only advifed but conducted that War, was accused by that fuperftitious People of having divulged the Myfteries of Ceres.

Numenius,

Et nondum cani nigros laefere capillos,

15

Nec venit tardo curva fenestra pede.

Natalem nostri primum videre parentes

(Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari).

Quid

Numenius, the celebrated Pythagorean, having published an Account of the Mysteries, some Goddeses, in the wanton Dress of Courtfans, appeared to him. The Philosopher, with Surprize, asking the Reason, was told by them in an angry Tone, *Ab se, ipso adyto pudicitiae abstractas, & passim adeuntibus prostitutas*: That he himself dragged them from the Shrine of Chastity, and prostituted their Charms to every Comer. Macrob. Somn. Scip. cap. 2.

10. *I fir'd no Temple, and no God defam'd.*] Nothing tends so much to soften the Horrors of Death, as the Consciousness of a well-spent Life. Upon a Death-bed, every Object appears in its genuine Colours; as the Mind then often has the nicest Perception of Right and Wrong.

13. *(When both the Consuls fell, ah fatal Morn!*

Fatal to Roman Freedom! I was born.)] At the End of the Year U. C. 709, the famous Mark Antony, under the specious Pretext of revenging the Murder of Cæsar, left Rome. Decimus Brutus (whose Name, next to that of Marcus Brutus, the Patrons of Liberty will ever reverence for his glorious Share in the Death of Julius) was to feel the first Effects of his bloody Rage. Although Gaul had cheerfully declared in Favour of Brutus, and had levied a considerable Force; yet was that Patriot, at the Approach of Antony, obliged to throw himself into Modena. As Antony knew the Aversion of the better and wiser Senators to his Conduct; how devoted the Veterans were to his political, though young Enemy, Octavius; and the Levies that were vigorously carrying on by Decree of the Senate, to support the Consuls elect, Hirtius and Pansa; he easily saw that no Time was to be lost in the Reduction of that City: accordingly he invested it with a formidable Body of Troops, posted to so great Advantage, that even after Octavius and the Consul Hirtius arrived with a veteran Army, the Place too defending

Age has not snow'd my jetty Locks with White,
 Nor bent my Body, nor decay'd my Sight;
 (When both the Consuls fell, ah fatal Morn!
 Fatal to Roman Freedom! I was born.)

Apples.

defending itself with no less Art than Courage, he reduced the Besieged to very great Straits, and seldom was worsted in his Rencounters with the consular Army. Modena had now stood out near four Months, when, on the 15th of April U. C. 710, Antony having Intelligence that the other Consul, Panfa, with four Legions, was to join the confederate Chiefs, he resolved to attack him on his March, with two Legions, two Prætorian Cohorts, and Part of the Evocati. It is scarce to be imagined but the Plan would have succeeded, as the Enemy was made up of raw Levies, had not Hirtius privily in the Night detached the Martial Legion and two Prætorian Cohorts, to cover their March to the Camp. By the Eagerness of that Reinforcement, which run forward to attack Antony, Panfa was obliged to follow after with two of the new Legions, and a brisk Engagement was fought at Castel-Franco, in which Panfa was mortally wounded, and the Victory, by the Retreat of his Enemies, inclined to Antony. His Joy however was short, for Hirtius, hearing of the Engagement, marched out with twenty veteran Cohorts, met Antony, intirely routed and put to flight his whole Army, in the very Plain so lately the Scene of his Glory. Antony, though now obliged to lie on the defensive in his strongly fortified Camp, still hoped to make himself Master of Modena, which was now reduced to the greatest Difficulties. Octavius and Hirtius saw this; and, flushed with their late Success, were determined at all Hazards, to relieve the Town. To effectuate this, after two or three Days spent in finding out the weakest Part of Antony's Camp, they attacked the Intrenchments with such Vigour, that Antony, rather than suffer the Town to be snatched at last from him, drew out all his Forces and came to a general Battle. Little Advantages were gained on either Side, both Armies fought like Romans, till D. Brutus, taking the Opportunity, sallied out of the Town at the
 Head.

Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis ?

Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu ? 20

Parcite,

Head of his Garrison, and helped greatly to determine the Victory on the Side of the Republic. Hirtius pushed his Advantages with great Spirit, drove all before him to the Middle of the Enemy's Camp, where he was unfortunately killed, near the General's Tent. This probably would have turned the Fortune of the Day, had not Octavius made good the Attempt, by keeping Possession of Antony's Camp, while that General, after the Destruction of his best Troops, fled precipitately, with his Horse, towards the Alps. The other Consul died the Day after, of his Wounds, at Bologna. This was the greatest Loss the Republic could possibly sustain at that Time ; as the Death of the two Consuls placed Octavius above all Controul, left him sole Master of their Armies, especially the Veterans, and first inspired him with the Design of succeeding to his Uncle's Power as well as to his Estate. That with inferior martial Virtues, the Successor of Julius was equally successful ; and that after the most bloody Proscriptions of the best Families of the Empire, he reigned quietly, nay gloriously ; are Particulars which our present Purpose calls not upon us to explain : we only beg leave to remark, that if the two Lines which gave Rise to this Note, are genuine, Tibullus must have been born A. U. C. 710, some time between the 10th and 15th of April, and perhaps on the very same Day with Ovid. This was the Opinion of Petrus Crinitus and Lelio Giraldi, and of every Biographer till the Time of Josephus Scaliger. That great Scholar could not well reconcile that Date to some other Passages in Tibullus : but the Affair remained undetermined, till Janus Douza the younger attempted to prove, that the *sum cecidit fato*, &c. was stolen from Ovid, and inserted in Tibullus. The Reasons on which he, and those of his Party, ground their Opinion, and the Objections which may be urged against them, are as follow.

In the first Place, it appears from the seventh Elegy of the first Book, that our Poet not only attended Messala to the War of Aquitaine, but that he was also rewarded with military

El. 5. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 187

Apples unripe, what Folly 'tis to pull, 15
 Or crush the Cluster ere the Grapes are full !
 Ye

litary Honours for his Behaviour at that Time. Now it is known, that the Reduction of that Province was accomplished A. U. C. 725 ; of course, if Tibullus was born 710, he must have had those Marks of successful Bravery conferred on him when he was only fifteen Years of Age : but the Romans did not put on the *toga virilis* at soonest till the fifteenth Year of their Age ; therefore, say they, Tibullus could not, if no older, serve with Messala. This Argument, however, is more specious than solid ; for it is certain that some Roman Youths had the manly Gown conferred on them before their fifteenth Year ; and Experience shews us, that young Men at that Age often behave with as much Intrepidity, as those who are more advanced in Life.

Again, Horace, in the Ode addressed to Tibullus, has the following Lines :

Albi ne deleas plus nimio memor, &c.
 No more in elegiac Strain
 Of cruel Glycera complain ;
 Tho' she resigns her faithless Charms
 To a new Lover's younger Arms.

FRANCIS, Lib: i. Od. 33.

Now, argues Douza, as Horace was but about forty when this Ode was wrote, Tibullus could only be about fifteen ; and how could one at those Years write mournful Elegies ? or how could Glycera well prefer one younger than himself ? To obviate this Objection, Dacier explains *junior* by a *new Lover*. But there is no Occasion for this strained Interpretation ; for it will afterwards be proved, that younger Folks have written, and with Applause too, Poems of a more difficult Nature than Elegy ; and he must know little of Life, who has not observed some Women, even in our cold Climate, prefer a Lover of fourteen even to one of twenty : and Julius Cæsar divorced Cossutia in the sixteenth Year of his Age. But not to insist on these Arguments : the Critics may be desired to prove Horace's Age, when the thirty-third Ode of his first Book was written : for though that Poet was just forty,

Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis,

Duraque fortiti tertia regna Dei.

Elyfios

forty when some of the Odes of the second Book were composed, we know that his Odes are not placed in the Order they were written : hence there is no Necessity of alledging, with some Critics, that this Ode was written to our Poet's Father.

But, says Vulpius, Horace, when upwards of forty (*octo lustra prætergressum*), used to consult Tibullus upon his Satires, as appears from the following Line,

Albi nostrorum sermonum candidè judex.

Ep. 4. Lib. i.

Albius, in whom my Satires find

A candid Critic, and a kind.

FRANCIS.

Now this, adds the Italian Editor, is not to be supposed ; as Tibullus, at this Time, must, if born in 710, have been nineteen Years younger than the Poet. To this it may be answered, that a Person of nineteen, if endowed with good Sense and some Practice in Poetry, may be capable of correcting the Writings of a Man of forty : thus Pope, when younger than Tibullus is supposed to be, amended Wycherley's Poems, when that Gentleman was upwards of fifty ; and even wrote the Essay on Criticism at twenty. But, what is of more Consequence, the Critics are not agreed about the Time when the fourth Epistle of the first Book was written : thus Sanadon says, it was composed about the Year 720, when Horace was thirty-one, and Tibullus thirty Years old. And the Truth is, the precise Time of it cannot be determined. Besides, the Commentators have proved, that Horace wrote an Epistle to Lollius, when that Nobleman attended Augustus in the Cantabrian War, A. U. C. 727, and was only sixteen Years of Age.

Again, says Broekhusius, our Roman Knight fell sick at Phæacia, in his Voyage with Messala to Syria. Now it is certain, that excellent General went thither with an extraordinary Command A. U. C. 724 ; therefore Tibullus, if born 710, could only then be fourteen : and yet it appears from the Elegy itself (which is much too fine a Piece for

Ye gloomy Gods ! whom Acheron obeys,
 Dispel my Sickness, and prolong my Days !

Ere

for a Boy of those Years), that he had been some Time in Love with Delia. To this Argument this short Reply may be made : that it cannot be proved that Messala was upon his Syrian Expedition when our Poet was left behind sick in Phæacia ; and, could that even be established, Instances are not wanting to prove, that Poems, not inferior to the third Elegy of the first Book, have been the Production of Youths not much older. L. Valerius Prudens gained the Prize of Poety, and was crowned, in the Reign of Domitian, when only thirteen Years old ; Johannes Secundus was not twenty-five Years old when he died ; and there is good Reason for asserting, that Cardinal Rovera, when only ten Years of Age, published at Pavia a Collection of his own Poems ; nay, it is a Fact, that Cowley printed a Volume of Poems, all which were written before his fifteenth Year.

Well ; but, says Vulpius, it is not to be believed, that Ovid, who was so studious of the Memory of Tibullus, and so minutely exact in other Things of less Moment, would have passed by an Event which did such Honour to his own Birth, had Tibullus and he been born at the same Time. To this it may be answered, that he had but a short Acquaintance with our Poet, as he himself informs us,

*nec avara Tibullo
 Tempus amicitiae fata dedere meae.*

It may however be objected, say Douza and others, that Domitius Marfus calls Tibullus a Youth when he died :

*Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
 Mors juvenem campos misit ad Elyfios.*

Now as Marfus lived at that Time, Tibullus must have died when twenty-four or twenty-five Years of Age, and therefore must have been born A. U. C. 710.

To

Elyfios olim liceat cognoscere campos,
 Lethæamque ratem, Cimmeriosque lacus,

Quum

To this it may be opposed, that by the Laws of Servius Tullus, the Romans considered every Citizen as a *juvenis* till his forty-sixth Year. After that Time indeed they called them *seniores*; and therefore, as Tibullus was only forty-five when he died, Marfus might call him *juvenis*. Doubtless he might, according to the Tullian Computation; but then, it may be observed, that Marfus does not say that Tibullus died the same Year with Virgil, *i. e.* in his forty-fifth Year; but only, that he was the first Poet who died after him; and therefore he must either have been out of the Class of *juvenes*; or born in 710, and consequently then only twenty-five or twenty-six when he died.

But had our Author been so young, Ovid would not have omitted that Circumstance, as it would have greatly added to the Pathos of his famous Elegy on his Death; especially since, in that very Poem, he mentions the Youth of Catullus, who, by the bye, was upwards of forty when he died, contrary to the common Opinion.

*Obvius huic venies, bedera juvenilia cinctus
 Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.*

This Argument indeed is of Moment; but the same Poet affords some other Arguments of still greater Weight to prove that Tibullus could not be born in 710. In the first Place, he says that our Poet was eminent for his Reputation as a Writer, when Augustus Cæsar was prince,

jam te principe notus erat.

that is, when Cæsar was *princeps senatus*, after having had the glorious but undeserved Title of *pater patriæ* bestowed on him by Messala and the Senate, A. U. C. 727. But how could a Youth of seventeen be known as a Poet? The Answer to this has in Part been anticipated; and when we add, that Heinsius reads *natus*, it rather is an
 Argument

Ere to the Shades my dreary Steps I take,
 Or ferry o'er th'irremeable Lake, 20
 Let

Argument in Support of Tibullus's being born in 710, as Octavius Cæsar and Pedius succeeded Hirtius and Pansa in the Consulate. It must here at the same Time be confessed, that Cæsar could not be styled *princeps*, far less *princeps senatus*, for being made Consul; yet could even this be granted, Heinsius's Reading is unsupported by MS. Authority.

But the Argument to which the least Objection can be made, is that which follows, and Ovid furnishes it. It runs thus,

*Virgilium vidi tantum; nec avara Tibullo
 Tempus amicitiae fata dedere meæ:
 Successor fuit hic tibi, Galle; Propertius illi;
 Quartus ab his serie temporis ipse fui.*

Trist. lib. iv. El. 10.

That is, I only saw Virgil, and the cruel Fates did not long indulge me with the Friendship of Tibullus. He (*viz.* Tibullus) was thy Successor, Gallus; Propertius followed Gallus; and, in Order of Time, I myself was the fourth. Now as Gallus was born A. U. C. 681; and Propertius, by his own Confession, did not put on the *toga virilis* till after the Division of the municipal Lands among the Veterans, A. U. C. 711, when he was at least fifteen; Tibullus must have been born between the Year 681, and the Year 696, that is, about the Year 690, one Year after Horace. But why might he not be five Years younger, as well as one Year? And indeed, as this corresponds more with Mar-fus's Epigram, it seems as likely that Tibullus was born 695. Some indeed object to the Quotation from Ovid, as if that Poet meant poetical Fame, or the Order in which the Poets he there mentions were known to the World by their

Quum mea rugosa pallebunt ora senecta,
Et referam pueris tempora prisca senex.

25

Atque

their Writings; and indeed, were it not for the former Passage from Ovid, such a Suggestion might invalidate the Argument upon which Douza chiefly builds his Opinion.

But (add Douza, and the rest who espouse his Opinion) what if we can prove, from Tibullus himself, that he was not born A. U. C. 710? Had he been so young when sick at Corfu, would he not in a particular Manner have mentioned it? And would not a Youth of twenty-five Years, have expressed himself differently in the Poem before us from

*Et noncum cani nigros læsere capillos
Nec venit tardo curva senecta pede.*

Besides, in his Panegyric, which we know was written 722 (vide l. 121, &c.) he has the following Lines,

*nam cura novatur,
Cum memor ante actos semper dolor admonet annos.*

which could not be proper from a Boy of twelve Years of Age. Nay that Poem itself, though inferior in every Respect to his Elegiac Compositions, is yet too great a Work for one so young. And if to this we add, that in this Poem he talks of the old Warrior of Arupinum, and of his having attended Messala in his Pannonian Expedition; and if we consider, that this Expedition took place A. U. C. 718, or 719, it must appear that 710 could not be the Year of Tibullus's Birth, and that therefore the

Cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari

is spurious, and foisted in by some Librarian from Ovid. Nay Vulpus, not content with putting a Mark of Reprobation on that Line, even suspects the following one, as it is, according to him, not only languid, but interrupts the Sentence, which is complete without it.

However

Let me (with Age when wrinkled all my Face)

Tell ancient Stories to my listening Race ;

Thrice

However immaterial these Remarks may appear to the Generality, the Translator hopes, that the critical Reader will pardon their Length, as they may be found of some Service to future Biographers.

15. *Apples unripe, what Folly 'tis to pull ?*] This Sentiment would answer in Pastoral ; and were it not what every Man might have thought, it might be said, that Ovid had almost transcribed it :

*Quid plenam fraudas vitem crescentibus uvis ?
Pomaque crudeli vellis acerba manu ?*

El. 14. Lib. 2.

The *tolle cupidinem immitis uvæ* of Horace, is almost the same ; but as the lyric Bard in the Ode where he uses these Expressions, describes Lalage as a young frisking Heifer, and her Lover as a Bull, the Metaphor is not so happily exact.

17. *Ye gloomy Gods, &c*] This and the foregoing Thought are thus imitated by Mr. Hammond :

No Stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing Hair,
Nor Age yet bent me with her Iron Hand ;
Ah why so soon the tender Blossom tear ?
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd Fruit demand.

Ye Gods who dwell in gloomy Shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy Round ;
Now wandering view the baleful Rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound :

O let me still enjoy the chearful Day,
Till many Years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my Age I trifle Life away,
And tell how much I lov'd ere I grew old.

Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear aestu !

Languent ter quinos fed mea membra dies.

At

The whole fourth Elegy, from which these Stanzas are taken, is an Improvement upon our Author. In the Original, the Poet joins two Adjectives to one Noun, which Servius, in his Notes on Virgil, blames as a Vice in Writing ; and yet not only Instances of this may be produced from the ancient Roman Authors, but also from Lucretius, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil.

21. *Let me (with Age when wrinkled all my Face.)*] That Man should be so solicitous for old Age is really astonishing, when we consider, with a great moral Poet,

That Life protracted, is protracted Woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the Passages of Joy :
 In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
 The Fruit autumnal, and the vernal Flower.
 With listless Eyes the Dotard views the Store ;
 He views, and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless Meats, and joyless Wines,
 And Luxury, with Sighs, her Slave resigns.
 Approach, ye Minstrels, try the soothing Strain,
 And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain ;
 No Sound, alas ! would touch th'impervious Ear,
 Tho' dancing Mountains witness'd Orpheus near :
 Nor Lute, nor Lyre his feeble Powers attend,
 Nor sweeter Music of a virtuous Friend ;
 But everlasting Dictates crowd his Tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong :
 The still returning Tale, and lingering Jest,
 Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Guest,
 While growing Hopes scarce awe the gathering Sneer,
 And scarce a Legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful Guests still hint the last Offence,
 The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence ;
 Improve his heady Rage with treacherous Skill,
 And mould his Passions, till they make his Will.

Thrice five long Days and Nights consum'd with
Fire,

(O foorth its Rage!) I gradually expire;

While

Unnumber'd Maladies his Joints invade,
Lay siege to Life, and press the dire Blockade:
But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded Losses aggravate his Pains;
He turns, with anxious Heart and crippled Hands,
His Bonds of Debt, and Mortgages of Lands;
Or views his Coffers with suspicious Eyes,
Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant the Virtues of a temperate Prime,
Bless with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;
An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
And glides in modest Innocence away:
Whose peaceful Days Benevolence endears,
Whose Nights congratulating Conscience cheers;
The general Favorite, as the general Friend:
Such Age there is, and who could wish its End?
Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary Minutes' flagging Wings:
New Sorrow rises as the Day returns;
A Sister sickens, or a Daughter mourns;
Now kindred Merit fills the sable Bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a Tear.
Year chafes Year, Decay pursues Decay,
Still drops some Joy from withering Life away;
New Forms arise, and different Views engage,
Superfluous lags the Veteran on the Stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last Release,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.
But few there are whom Hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the Gulphs of Fate;
From Lydia's Monarch should the Search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his End,

At vobis Tuscae celebrantur gramina Nymphae,

Et facilis lenta pellitur unda manu.

30

Vivite felices, memores et vivite nostri,

Sive erimus, seu nos fata fuisse volent.

Interea nigras pecudes promittite Diti,

Et nivei lactis pocula mixta mero.

ELEGIA

In Life's last Scene what Prodigies surprize,
Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wife ;
From Marlborough's Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,
And Swift expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

Its great Beauty will, it is presumed, excuse the Length of this Quotation.

26. *Or lave, &c.*] Swimming was much practised by the Romans; an Exercise which they, as a military People, found serviceable to them on many Accounts, and which Britons, both on that Account, and as a naval People, would do well to practise more; for, as the Poet of the Seasons sings,

This is the purest Exercise for Health,
The kind Refresher of the Summer-heats ;
Nor when cold Winter keeps the brightening Flood,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the Brink.
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse
Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs
Kpit into Force; and the same Roman Arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.
E'en from the Body's Purity, the Mind
Receives a secret sympathetic Aid.

Summer.

28. *Joy guide your Steps, and still remember me!*] Tibullus was as warm in his Friendship as in his Love; and certainly, if

EL. 5. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 197

While you the Naiad of your Fountain praise, 25
Or lave, or spend in gentle Sport your Days:
Yet, O my Friends! whate'er the Fates decree,
Joy guide your Steps, and still remember me!

Mean Time, to deprecate the fierce Disease,
And hasten glad Returns of vigorous Ease, 30
Milk, mix'd with Wine, O promise to bestow,
And fable Victims, on the Gods below.

T H E

if the Love of Fame is ever allowable, the wishing to be remembered, after Death, by one's Friends, is highly natural. The

Oblitus meorum, obliviscendus & illis,

The World forgetting, by the World forgot,

of some Authors, is too misanthropical; for the Love of Fame being natural to Man, and the Source from whence have sprung most of the good Actions which have astonished or benefited Humanity, the Translator cannot join Issue with those, who condemn its Exertion.

31. *Milk, mix'd with Wine, &c.*] The old Scholiast on Statius, whose Comment, Barthius had in his Possession, calls Blood, Honey, and Milk, the Banquet of the Infernal Powers, *inferorum pastus*. But this Passage in our Poet shews, that Wine was also Part of their Cheer.

Black Cattle were the only Victims sacrificed to the *Dii inferni*. The Ancients, say the Critics, generally offered to their Gods, those Beasts which they were supposed to hold in the greatest Abhorrence. When they sacrificed to the Infernal Powers, they turned their Palms downwards. There are two or three Instances, in the legendary Part of the Roman Story, of the ceasing of Plagues at Rome, upon immolating on the Altars of Pluto and Proserpine. Pluto's Altars at Tarentum were

chiefly remarkable for Miracles of this kind. These Sacrifices, which in Time gave Rise to the secular Games, the Jubilee of Paganism, were performed in the Evening ; as those to the Celestial Powers were in the Morning. The Priests were sprinkled with Water, when Offerings

El. 5. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 199

Offerings were made to the Infernal Deities. See the old Scholiast on the fourth Isthmian Ode of Pindar. And it is certain from Homer (Iliad. ix. Lin. 566.) that those who addressed these Powers, fell on their Knees when they prayed to them.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

CANDIDE Liber ades ; sic fit tibi mystica vitis
Semper ; sic hedera tempora vineta geras.
Aufer et ipse meum pariter medicande dolorem.
Saepe tuo' cecidit munere victus Amor.

Care

We have seen, with what Cruelty Neera had treated her Lover, all his Endeavours to fix her solely his, having proved hitherto ineffectual. But his Misery being now extreme, some Remedy must be attempted ; and Wine, by the joint Approbation of Antiquity, being esteemed the certain Antidote of Affliction, his Friends strongly recommended his making an Experiment of its Virtues : he follows their Advice, and begins the present Elegy with an Address to the God of Wine, in full Confidence of his being able to free him from his amorous Inquietude.

This Poem, which is one continued Struggle between the Powers of Love and Wine, but in which the latter triumphs over the former, the Translator has thrown into a Dialogue between the Lover and one of his boon Companions. This gives it a more spirited Air, but does not entirely remove all its Obscurities ; and hence the Translator has been led to believe, that it is imperfect ; unless, with some judicious Critics, it is supposed, that as the Author was agitated with a Diversity of Passions at the Time of his composing it, so the Hyperbaton and disorderly Connection was the Result of judicious Choice, and not the Fault of Imperfection.

In

T H E
S I X T H E L E G Y.

L O V E R.

COME, Bacchus, come! so may the mystic Vine
And verdant Ivy round thy Temples twine!
My Pains, the Anguish I endure, remove;
Oft hast thou vanquish'd the fierce Pangs of Love.

Haste,

In some Editions this Elegy is improperly split into two.

1. — *so may the mystic Vine.*] Why mystic? Because those who were initiated in the Mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus carried *tbyrsi*, round which were twisted Vine Branches; or because those who assisted at the Orgies of Bacchus, wore Vine Garlands. See a Description of these frantic Ceremonies in the sixth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, ver. 587.

2. *And verdant Ivy, &c.*] Bacchus wore Grapes on his Horns, see Notes on the first Elegy of the second Book; and Ivy round his Temples.

Cur bedera cineta est? bedera est gratissima Baccho:

Hoc quoque cur ita sit, dicere nulla mora est.

Nysiades Nymphæ, puerum quærente noverca,

Hanc frondem cunis apposuere novis.

Lib. iii. *Fast.* ver. 769.

K 5

But

Care puer, madeant generoso pocula Baccho : 5
 I, nobis prona funde Falerna manu.
 Ite procul durum curae genus, ite labores.
 Fulserit hic niveis Delius alitibus.
 Vos modo proposito dulces faveatis amici,
 Neve neget quisquam me duce se comitem. 10
 Aut si quis vini certamen mite recusat,
 Fallat eum tecto cara puella dolo.
 Ille facit dites animos Deus ; ille ferocem
 Contudit, et dominae misit in arbitrium.
 Armeniae tigres, et fulvas ille leaenas 15
 Vicit, et indomitis mollia corda dedit.
 Haec Amor, et majora valet, sed poscite Bacchi
 Munera ; quem vestrûm pocula ficca juvant ?

Convenit

But Constantinus Cæsar, in the eleventh Book of his Geopon. says, that Bacchus loved the Ivy because his favourite Boy Cissus was metamorphosed into that Plant. ΒΡΟΕΚΗ.

The true Reason however seems to have been, that the Ancients thought Ivy Chaplets had a Power of preventing Intoxication.

Those who conquered in poetical Contests, had, of old, a Wreath of Ivy bestowed upon them. Andreas Alciatus gives the following Reason for it :

*Haud quaquam arefcens bedera est arbuscula, Cisso
 Quæ puero Bacebum dona dedisse ferunt :
 Errabunda, procax, auratis fulva corymbis,
 Exterius viridis, cætera pallor habet.
 Hinc aptis vates cingunt sua tempora fertis ;
 Palefcunt studiis, laus diuturna wiret. Emb. 204:*

15. *But Love the Monsters of the Wood can tame.]* The two great Italian Pastoral Poets have enlarged upon this Thought in their Tragi-comedies,

Van

EL. 6. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 203

Haste, Boy, with old Falernian crown the Bowl, 5
In the gay Cordial let me drench my Soul.
Hence, gloomy Care! I give you to the Wind;
The God of Fancy frolicks in my Mind!
My dear Companions! favour my Design,
Let's drown our Senses all, in rosy Wine! 10

C O M P A N I O N.

Those may the Fair with practis'd Guile abuse,
Who, sourly wise, the gay Dispute refuse:
The jolly God can Cheerfulness impart,
Enlarge the Soul, and pour out all the Heart.

L O V E R.

But Love the Monsters of the Wood can tame, 15
The wildest Tygers own the powerful Flame:
He bends the stubborn to his awful Sway,
And melts Insensibility away:
So wide the Reign of Love!

C O M P A N I O N.

Wine, Wine, dear Boy!
Can any here in empty Goblets joy? 20
No,

*Van le tigre in amore
Ama il leon superbo, &c.*

Amynt.

*Rugge il leon al bosco
Ne quel rugito è d'ira
Così d'amor sospira, &c.*

Past. Fido.

K 6

21. What

Convenit ex æquo, nec torvus Liber in illis,

Qui se, quique una vina jocosa colunt. 20

Jam venit iratus nimium, nimiumque severis.

Qui timet irati numina magna, bibat.

Quales his poenas qualis quantusque minetur,

Cadmaeae matris praeda cruenta docet.

Sed procul a nobis hic fit timor: illaque, siqua est, 25

Quid valeat laesi, sentiat, ira Dei.

Quid precor ah demens? venti temeraria vota,

Aeriae et nubes diripienda ferant.

Quamvis

21. *What Terrors arm, &c.*] When the Gods appeared in Anger to Mortals, they were supposed to become much taller than usual. Thus Ceres, when she appeared to Erychton, who had violated her sacred Grove, trod indeed on the Ground, but with her Head she touched the Skies:

Δαμάλη δ' ἀφ' ἄλων &c.

Callim. Hymn. in Cerer. ver. 58.

23. *Her Son who mock'd his Rites, &c.*] Pentheus, King of Thebes, was torn in Pieces by his Mother and the other Mænades, for having ridiculed the newly-introduced Orgies of Bacchus. See Ovid, Met. lib. iii. and Theocritus, Idyll. 26. See also the Βαρχαί of Euripides.

29. *What pray'd I rashly for, &c.*] This is a fine Instance of amorous Irresolution; and the Prayer the Poet puts up to Heaven for the Happiness of his inconstant Fair, makes us compassionate him more, than if he had broke out into the most direful Execrations.

Tasso has given us a no less beautiful instance of this passionate Figure in his Gierusalem. Liberat. Canto xx. where Armida, being abandoned by Rinaldo, breathes Fury and Revenge; and, pursuing him through the Ranks of the Battle,

No, no! the God can never disapprove,
 That those who praise him, should a Bumper love.
 What Terrors arm his Brow? the Goblet drain :
 To be too sober, is to be profane !
 Her Son, who mock'd his Rites, Agave tore, 25
 And furious scatter'd round the yelling Shore !
 Such Fears be far from us, dread God of Wine !
 Thy Rites we honour, we are wholly thine !
 But let the sober Wretch thy Vengeance prove :

L O V E R.

Or her, whom all my Sufferings cannot move! 30
 — What pray'd I rashly for? my madding Prayer,
 Ye Winds! disperse, unratified, in Air :

For

Battle, aims an Arrow at his Heart ; but scarce had the
 Shaft left the Bow, when returning Love compelled her to
 wish it might miss its Aim :

*Lo stral volò ; ma con lo stral, un voto
 Subito uscì, che vada il colpo a voto.*

Swift flies the Shaft, as swiftly flies her Prayer
 That all its Vehemence be spent in Air.

SPENCE.

Such sudden Changes of Passion give a vast Energy to poeti-
 cal Compositions. They are frequent in the elegiac Poets ;
 but no Instance of this Kind ever afforded the Translator
 more Pleasure than the following of Lotichius, who desiring
 his deceased Mistress's Shade often to appear to him, sud-
 denly checks himself :

Quid

Quamvis nulla mei superest tibi cura, Neaera :

Sis felix, et sint candida fata tua.

30

At nos securae reddamus tempora mensae.

Venit post multos una ferena dies.

Hei mihi, difficile est imitari gaudia falsa :

Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum.

Nec bene mendaci rifus componitur ore,

35

Nec bene follicitis ebria verba fonant.

Quid queror infelix ? turpes diçedite curae.

Odit Lenaeus tristia verba pater.

Gnosia, Theseae quondam perjuriam linguae

Flevisti ignoto, sola relicta, mari.

40

Sic cecinit pro te doctus, Minoi, Catullus,

Ingrati referens in pia facta viri.

Vos

Quid precor imprudens ? non fas ita velle priumæ

Otia sint cineri, sit sopor usque tuo.

Et tumulum myrti virides, & amaricus ornet ;

Et sedeat custos ad tua busta Venus. B. iii. El. 3.

37. *How forc'd the drunken Catch, &c*] This double Passion is aptly termed Dissimulation by Mr. Spence, in his ingenious Observations on Pope's Odyssey. Such Figures are viewed in a juster Light, when we look upon them as naturally expressive of what we feel within us, than when we regard them only as the artful Machineries of Writing.

43. *But learn'd Catullus, &c.*] Catullus is here called learned ; and Antiquity, with one Consent, bestows upon him that distinguished Epithet. He certainly understood the Greek Language, and translated, with some Applause, Callimachus's beautiful Poem on Berenice's Hair : but his Version from Sappho is very indifferent. Yet these perhaps

For tho', my Love ! I'm blotted from your Soul,
Serenely rise your Days, serenely roll !

C O M P A N I O N.

The Love-sick Struggle past, again be gay : 35
Come, crown'd with Roses, let's drink down the Day !

L O V E R.

Ah me ! loud-laughing Mirth how hard to feign !
When doom'd a Victim to Love's dreadful Pain :
How forc'd the drunken Catch, the smiling Jest,
When black Sollicitude annoys the Brest ! 40

C O M P A N I O N.

Complaints, away ! the blythsome God of Wine
Abhors to hear his genuine Votaries whine.

* * * * *

L O V E R.

You, Ariadne ! on a Coast unknown,
The perjur'd Theseus wept, and wept alone ;
But learn'd Catullus, in immortal Strains, 45
Has sung his Baseness, and has wept your Pains.

C O M-

haps obtained him the Reputation of Learning ; or perhaps it arose from his frequent Use of cramp Words ; Men are often called learned even now-a-days, for no better Reasons. The Translator, however, is not of Opinion, that he merited that Distinction, so much at least as some of his Roman Predecessors. Nay, are not the best Critics

Vos ego nunc moneo : felix, quicumque dolore
 Alterius difces posse carere tuo.

Nec vos aut capiant pendentia brachia collo, 45
 Aut fallat blanda fordida lingua prece.

Etsi perque suos fallax jurarit ocellos,
 Junonemque suam, perque suam Venerem,

Nulla

Critics now agreed, that had all his Poems perished, the World would have been at no very great Loss, except for the Piece here alluded to, his Epithalamium on Peleus and Thetis, and one or two more?

The most remarkable Part of Catullus's Character is, the Freedom with which, in his Writings, he attacked Julius Cæsar, at a Time when he was the sovereign Master of the World. That great, but wicked Roman understood the Importance of having the Men of Abilities and Learning on his Side, and therefore invited the Poet to sup with him on the Night his Pasquin was published. Could the Poet satirize after such an Act of Condescension? Something of the same Kind is also told us, of that most consummate of Politicians Philip, who more than paved the Way for his Son's Conquest of the East. See Dr. Leland's excellently written Life of that Monarch.

In the Poem which Tibullus here had in his Eye, there is an exquisite Stroke of Nature, where Ariadne runs into the Sea, as if to reach Theseus, who was sailing off.

*Tum tremuli salis adversas percurrere in undas
 Mollia nudatæ tollentem tegmina suræ, &c.*

Ovid has written on the same Subject : but there is more real Beauty in the pathetic Exclamations and frantic Behaviour of Catullus's Ariadne, than in the witty but unaffecting Epistle of Naso.

There appears no Connexion between this Story of Ariadne, and what either goes before or follows it. But if
 the



COMPANION.

Thrice happy they, who hear Experience call,
 And shun the Precipice where others fall.
 When the Fair clasps you to her Breast, beware,
 Nor trust her, by her Eyes altho' she swear; 50
 Not tho', to drive Suspicion from your Breast,
 Or Love's soft Queen, or Juno she attest;

No

the Translator durst venture upon a Transposition, he would join

Thrice happy they,
 and so on, to
 Hence, serious Thoughts!

to the forty-second Line, and make it Part of the Advice which our Poet's Companion gave him. This Manner of disposing and connecting these Verses, would make the Story of Ariadne appear as Part of Tibullus's Answer, by which he would insinuate, that if the Women were deceitful, the Men art not much better, as witnesses the Treatment which Theseus, whom they all deemed a Hero, gave Ariadne.

50. Or Love's soft Queen, or Juno she attest.] The common Editions read

Junonemque suam, perque suam venerem.

But Broekhusius is of Opinion that Tibullus wrote

Junonemque suam, per Veneremque suam,

and produces several Instances of his using the *que* in that Manner. He closes his Quotations on that Subject with the following Sentence, which is in the true Spirit of a verbal Critic: *Hæc palæmonibus nostris exilia videbuntur, neque satis digna in quibus otium ponatur: mihi vero, quæ mea est humilitas, nihil*

Nulla fides inerit; perjuria ridet amantum
 Jupiter, et ventos irrita ferre jubet. 50
 Ergo quid toties fallacis verba puellae
 Conqueror? ite a me feria verba procul.
 Quam vellem tecum longas requiescere noctes,
 Et tecum longos pervigilare dies!
 Perfida, nec merito nobis inimica merenti. 55
 Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.

Naiada

nihil exile habetur, quod faciat ad inlustrationem sermonis Latini.

51. *No Truth the Women know, &c.*] Female Infidelity has been a common Topic of Invektive with the Wits of all Ages; and yet, had they looked into their own Conduct with the same virulent Penetration, they would have found that the Lion made a just Observation to the Man, who vauntingly shewed him a Picture wherein one of the Lion-kind was represented as conquered by a Man, when that Monarch of the Woods said, "We Lions are not Painters."

52. *And Jove connives, &c.*] Plato assigns a whimsical Reason for Jupiter's Good-nature in this Affair; the Pleasures (says he) are Infants, incapable of Understanding and Judgment, and therefore not liable to Punishment for Perjury, or Breach of Promise.

59. *O let my Passion, &c.*] *Nobis merenti*, in the Original, as Broekhusius observes, is an elegant Græcism (*archaismus*), which Terence and the most correct Roman Poets have admitted. There are many such Græcisms in both Milton and Shakespear; the former, no doubt, thought the joining a Singular with a Plural an Elegance; but it is a Question whether the Instances of this Kind which occur in the tragic Bard are not the Effect of Chance, or Fault of Transcribers, &c. This Pentameter is the only Turn on Words to be found in Tibullus. When sparingly admitted, such Turns are doubtless Beauties. Mr. Dryden makes Virgil the Parent of this Elegance in Composition: that

No Truth the Women know; their Looks are Lies.

L O V E R.

Yet Jove connives at amorous Perjuries.

Hence, serious Thoughts! then why do I complain?

The Fair are licenc'd by the Gods to feign. 56

Yet would the Guardian Powers of gentle Love,

This once indulgent to my Wishes prove,

Each Day we then should laugh, and talk, and toy,

And pass each Night in hymeneal Joy. 60

O let my Passion fix thy faithless Heart!

For still I love thee, faithless as thou art!

Bacchus

that Critic however is mistaken, as Homer has a Turn on the Words, Il. xx. where Hector says, that at all Events he will attack Achilles :

καὶ εἰ πύρρ' ἤρατος εἴκειν
 εἰ πύρρ' ἤρατος εἴκειν· μέντοι αἰθωνὶ λιδήρω.

Not from your Boaster shall your Chief retire,
 Not tho' his Heart were Steel, his Hands were Fire :
 That Fire, that Steel, your Hector should withstand,
 And brave the vengeful Heart, and dreadful Hand.

So very attentive was Mr. Pope not to lose any of the Beauties of his Original. And if Mr. Dryden (Dedicat. to Juvenal) had looked, he would have found that Catullus used this Charm in Writing before Virgil.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber :
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ :*

Idem

Naida Bacchus amat ; cessas ô lente minister ?

Temperet annosum Marcia lympha merum.

Non ego, si fugiat nostrae convivia mensae

Ignotum cupiens vana puella torum,

60

Sollicitus

*Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit unguï,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est.
Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.*

Carm. Nupt. 60.

It must indeed be owned, that Virgil and Ovid more frequently use Turns, both on Words and Thoughts. Neither is Milton wholly destitute of that Beauty, though Mr. Dryden says he could find none such in his Poems, as witness the following charming Verses, where Eve addresses our general Ancestor :

With thee conversing, I forget all Time !
All Seasons, and their Change, all please alike,
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet
With Charm of earliest Birds ; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flower
Glistering with Dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft Showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the Gems of Heaven, her starry train :
But neither Breath of Morn, when she ascends
With Charm of earliest Birds ; nor rising Sun
On this delightful Land ; nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Glift'ring with Dew ; nor Fragrance after Showers ;
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird ; nor Walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light, without thee is sweet.

This

EL. 6. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 213

Bacchus the Naiad loves ; then haste, my Boy !
 My Wine to temper cooler Streams employ.
 What tho' the smiling Board Neæra flies, 65
 And in a Rival's Arms perfidious lies,
 The

This Quotation Mr. Addison has inserted in one of the Tatlers (No. 114.) and indeed Mr. Mason makes this Turn on Words characteristical of Milton's Manner, in that beautiful Poem of his, intitled Musæus.

Various this peaceful Scene, this mineral Roof ;
 This 'Semblance meet of Coral, Ore, and Shell ;
 These pointed Chrystals fair, 'mid each Obscure
 Bright glistening ; all these slowly-dripping rills,
 That tinkling stray amid the cooly Cave.
 Yet not this various peaceful Scene, with this
 Its mineral Roof, nor this Asssemblage meet
 Of Coral, Ore, and Shell ; nor 'mid th'Obscure
 These pointed Crystals glittering fair ; nor Rills
 That straying tinkle thro' the cooly Cave,
 Deal Charms more various to the raptur'd Sense,
 Than thy mellifluous Lay.

61. *Bacchus the Naiad loves, &c.*] Bacchus was brought up by the Nymphs ; which, says Vulpius, is a poetical Figure, signifying that Wine ought to be mixed with Water.

Αἱ Νυμφεῖ τον Βακχον οἱ ἐκ πυρῶν ἠλαθ' ὁ κερῶν
 Νιψιν, ὑπερ τεφρης ἀλι κυλιόμενον.
 Τονεκεσση Νυμφαῖς βρομειῶ φίλος, ἢν δε νιν εἰς ἡς
 Μισθεσθαί, δεξή πυρῶ ἐτι καιομενον.
 Ανθολογια.

*E cinere ut Bacchum nymphæ cessere sorores,
 Membraque lavarunt fonte perennis aquæ,
 Junctus amicitia est Nymphis. Si forte repellas,
 Natum de flammis experiere Deum.*

And Plato, in his poetical Language, calls the mixing of Wine with Water, the taming a mad God with a sober one.

68. *Let*

Sollicitus repetam tota suspiria nocte.

Tu puer, i, liquidum fortius adde merum.

Jam dudum Syrio madefactus tempora nardo

Debueram fertis implicuisse comas.

ELEGIA

68. *Let rosy Garlands, &c.] Jam dudum* in the Original, says Broekhusius, *formula venusta de tempore non longo in re presente, & scriptoribus elegantibus adamata.*

Festus observes, that the boon Companions, of old used sometimes to tye Birds to their Garlands, not only to amuse themselves with their Songs, but also to be kept awake by their pecking; so ingenious were they in the article of drinking!

The Garlands used at first upon these Occasions, were made of fine Wool; and therefore Theocritus calls them *nos αωτον*, the Flower of the Sheep.

Parley,

The live-long Night, all sleepless, must I whine?
Not I—

COMPANION.

Quick, Servants! bring us stronger Wine.

LOVER.

Now Syrian Odours scent the festal Room, 70
Let rosy Garlands on our Foreheads bloom.

T H E

Parsley, Roses, Ivy, &c. came afterwards to be worn; for which, as well as for the Introduction of Essences in Drinking, the Toppers of Antiquity were indebted to the fair Sex. Lipsius has given us the *leges convivales* of the Ancients.

T H E
S E V E N T H E L E G Y .

I.

TO you my Tongue eternal Fealty swore,
My Lips the Deed with conscious Rapture own;
A fickle Libertine I rove no more,
You only please, and lovely seem alone.

II.

The numerous Beauties that gay Rome can boast,
With you compar'd, are Ugliness at best;
On me their Bloom and practis'd Smiles are lost,
Drive then, my Fair! Suspicion from your Breast.

III.

Ah no! Suspicion is the Test of Love:
I too dread Rivals, I'm suspicious grown;
Your Charms the most insensate Heart must move;
Would you were beauteous in my Eyes alone!

IV.

I want not Man to envy my sweet Fate,
I little care that others think me blest;
Of happy Conquests let the Coxcomb prate;
Vainglorious Vaunts the silent Wife detest.

V. Su.

Poet, as in After-times, those who excelled in Elegy affected to style themselves Tibullus: and it is known that Nero used to call the poet Nerva by that Appellation.

Sic ego secretis possim bene vivere silvis,
 Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede. 10
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
 Lumen, et in folis tu mihi turba locis.
 Nunc licet e coelo mittatur amica Tibullo :
 Mittetur frustra, deficientque Venus.
 Haec tibi sancta tuae Jononis numina juro, 15
 Quae sola ante alios est mihi magna Deos.

Quid

11. *Your Charms the most insensate Heart must move ;
 Would you were charming in my Eyes alone !*] This,
 exclaims the polite Dutch Commentator, is Rusticity itself !
 For what more cruel, to a fine Woman, could he wish, than
 that she should please one Man only ? And what do the
 Ladies aim at, in all their Finery and Variety of Dress, but
 to appear amiable even to those whom they neither can,
 nor wish to love ?

Delectant etiam castas præconia formæ.

And what Woman did you ever see, however vile and
 wretched, whose Face or Person you dared, in her own
 Presence, to contemn with Impunity ; or who thought her-
 self ugly ? Beauty they prefer to Life itself ; and Death they
 view without Dismay, if they carry their Charms along with
 them. Thus far Broekhusius.

D'Urfey, who was the first, that gave the French an Idea
 of Pastoral Romance, has copied this Thought of our Au-
 thor ; and, indeed, it better suited such languid unnatural
 Compositions as the *Astrea*, than the serious Sensibility of
 the Elegiac Muse.

12 — *in folis tu mihi turba locis.*] Cowley has imitated
 this ; or rather, such Conceits were in his Way.

How happy here, should I
 And one dear She, live, and embracing die ;
 She who is all the World, and can exclude
 From Desarts, Solitude.

I should

V.

Supremely pleas'd with you, my heavenly Fair !
In any trackless Desert I could dwell ;
From our Recess your Smiles would banish Care,
Your Eyes give Lustre to the Midnight Cell.

VI.

For various Converse I should long no more,
The blythe, the moral, witty, and severe ;
Its various Arts are her's, whom I adore ;
She can depress, exalt, instruct, and cheer.

VII.

Should mighty Jove send down from Heaven a Maid,
With Venus' Cestus zon'd, my Faith to try,
(So, as I Truth declare, me Juno aid !)
For you I'd scorn the Charmer of the Sky.

VI. For

I should have then this only Fear,
Lest Men, when they my Pleasure see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a City here.

How much more truly does Prior represent the Contentment which Lovers feel in one another's Company ?

My Conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
My Freedom in her Chains ; my Heart was fill'd
With her ; with her alone, in her alone
It fought its Peace and Joy ; while she was gone,
It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her Stay ;
Return'd, she chas'd those Sighs, that Grief, away ;
Her Absence made the Night, her Presence made the
Day. }

L 2

The

Quid facio demens? heu heu mea pignora cedo.

Juravi stulte; proderit iste timor.

Nunc tu fortis eris, nunc tu me audacius ures.

Hoc peperit misero garrula lingua malum. 20

Jam faciam quodcumque voles: tuus usque manebo,

Nec fugiam notae servitium dominae.

Sed Veneris sancte confidam vincetus ad aras.

Haec notat injustos, supplicibusque favet.

The Pastoral Writers often ascribe still greater Force to the Charms of their Galateas and Phyllises, perhaps very impertinently.

25. *Should mighty Jove, &c.*] Thus finely imitated by Croxal:

Were I invited to a Nectar Feast
 In Heaven, and Venus nam'd me for her Guest;
 Tho' Mercury the Messenger should prove,
 Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
 At the same Instant let but honest Tom
 From Sylvia's dear terrestrial Lodging come,
 With Look important say — "Desires — at Three,
 "Alone — your Company — to drink some Tea."
 Tho' Tom were mortal, Mercury divine,
 Tho' Sylvia gave me Water, Venus Wine;
 Tho' Heaven was here, and Bow-street lay as far
 As the vast distance of the utmost Star;
 To Sylvia's arms with all my Strength I'd fly:
 Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

VIII.

But hold ! you're mad to vow, unthinking Fool !
Her boundless Sway you're mad to let her know :
Safe from Alarms, she'll treat you as a Tool —
Ah, babbling Tongue ! from thee what Mischiefs
flow !

IX.

Yet let her use me with Neglect, Disdain ;
In all, subservient to her Will I'll prove ;
Whate'er I feel, her Slave I'll still remain,
Who shrinks from Sorrow, cannot be in Love !

X.

Imperial Queen of Bliss ! with Fetters bound,
I'll sit me down before your holy Fane ;
You kindly heal the constant Lover's Wound,
Th'inconstant torture with Increase of Pain.

THE
P O E M S
O F
S U L P I C I A.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME of the best modern Commentators contend, that the little Poems which compose this Fourth Book, are not the Work of Tibullus. Their chief Arguments are derived from the Language and Sentiment; in both which, it is said, and with more Justice than is common on such Occasions, that they bear no Resemblance to our Poet's Productions.

But if the following little Pieces are not the Composition of Tibullus, to whom shall we impute them? Shall we, with Caspar Barthius, and Broekhusius, ascribe them to Sulpicia, the Wife of Calenus, who flourished in the Reign of Domitian? This Opinion is by no means improbable, for we know from Martial and Sidonius Apollinaris, that Sulpicia was eminent in those Days for her Poetry.

*Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellæ,
 Uni quæ cupiunt viro placere.
 Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
 Uni qui cupiunt placere nuptæ.
 Non hæc Colchidos adserit furorem,
 Diræ prandia nec refert Thyestæ;*

Scyllam, Byblida, nec fuisse credit :
Sed castos docet & pios amores,
Lusus, delicias, facetiasque.
Cujus carmina qui bene æstimarit,
Nullam dixerit esse nequiores,
Nullam dixerit esse sanctiores.
Tales egregiæ jocos fuisse.
Udo crediderim Numæ sub antro.
Hac condiscipula, vel hac magistra
Esses doctior & pudica Sappho :
Sed tecum pariter simulque visam
Durus Sulpiciam Phaon amaret.
Frustra : namque ea nec Tonantis uxor,
Nec Bacchi, nec Apollinis puella,
Erepto sibi viveret Caleno. Mart. L. x. Ep. 35.

But to this Proof, it is objected by Vulpus, that as the following Pieces are of a Strain different from those celebrated by Martial, so they could not be written by the Wife of Calenus, but are Tibullus's; and that the Sulpicia they praise, was the Daughter of Servius Sulpicius, the famous Lawyer, some of whose Epistles to Cicero are still extant: For, she who is called Sulpicia in this Book, adds he, certainly lived in the Reign of Augustus, as Horace himself mentions Cerinthus, and Messala is named in the eighth Poem. To this it may be answered, that it cannot be proved, that Sulpicia had never been in Love before she married Calenus; or had never composed any other Poems, besides those of the conjugal kind.

kind, so much extolled by Martial? Nay, have we not her own Testimony, that she wrote some thousands of Pieces?

Cetera quin etiam, quot denique millia lusi!

And we know from some of Sulpicia's Lines, preserved by the old Scholiast on Juvenal, that she sometimes wrote in a Manner the very reverse of that which the Epigrammatist celebrates; and of course she may still be the Author of these Poems. Nor does it follow from Horace's having made mention of one Cerinthus (lib. i. sat. 2. lin. 81.) who was fond of a rich Mistress, that therefore this Mistress was Sulpicia; unless it could be proved, that Cerinthus never loved any but Sulpicia; and that there never was a Person of the Name of Cerinthus, but in the Age of Augustus. Again, though Messala is mentioned in the eighth Poem of this Book, it cannot thence be inferred, that this was our Poet's Patron; unless it could be proved that the Name Messala (which is not true) expired with that illustrious Roman. Therefore the following Poems may still be the offspring of Martial's Sulpicia.

But against this Opinion it is farther urged by Vulpinus, that Quintilian (lib. i. cap. 11.) plainly alludes to,

*Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movet
Componit, furtim subsequiturque decor,*

in the following Sentence : *Neque enim gestum oratoris componi ad similitudinem saltationis volo, sed subesse aliquid ex hac exercitatione puerili, unde nos non id agentes, furtim decor ille discipulis traditus prosequatur.* But that eloquent Rhetorician, says Vulpius, would have been ashamed to use the Words of a Woman, who was then alive ; and therefore it is more probable, that he borrowed his Illustration from Tibullus, a Poet of an established Reputation.

We cannot see any Reason, however, why Quintilian should be more ashamed to borrow from a contemporary Poetess, if her Words suited his Purpose, than from a dead Poet, let his Character be ever so great. Nay, the great Rhetorician, we apprehend, would rather have chosen to have expressed himself in the Words of a Woman, who was honoured with the Epithet of Learned, which was Sulpicia's Case, than to have used the Language of Tibullus, or any other Person, when treating of a Subject (viz. Decency of Gesture) wherein the Fair Sex must be allowed to be the most competent Judges. But why might not Quintilian stumble upon *componit* and *furtim decor*, without having ever read this Poem ? Can any Reason be assigned to the contrary ? Or rather, did not his Subject naturally lead him to express his Sentiments of Oratorical Gesture in these very Words ?

Some Critics, however, whom the Translator has consulted, and who acknowledge the Futility of Vulpius's Arguments, are yet of Opinion, that the first, third, and fifth Poems of this Book cannot be of Sulpicia's

picia's writing, but must be the Work of Cerinthus, or some Poet; as Sulpicia, they say, could not, with any Grace, write the Encomium on her own Person; nor can the Poem on her Birth-day be, with any more Propriety, ascribed to her; and it is evident, they think, that the fifth Poem is the Composition of a common Friend.

Nor, granting this, every Difficulty is not yet surmounted: the twelfth Poem, according to some others, cannot be Sulpicia's, for from the following Lines:

*Nunc licet, e cælo, mittatur amica Tibullo;
Mittetur frustra, deficietque Venus.*

it is, they assert, plainly the Composition of Tibullus. *Tibulli carmen arbitror* (says Broekhusius) *ipsa dictione ita persuadente & numeris ad Albianum characterem artificiose conformatis*: adding, that it has certainly slipped out of its Place, and must belong to the third Book, as the old Critics inform us, that Tibullus wrote no more than three Books of Elegies.

Although we have so far admitted this Opinion, as to place that Poem at the End of the third Book, yet that our Poet certainly wrote more Elegies than we have of his at present, is obvious, both from his Works themselves, and from Horace: nor can the Translator help being of Opinion, that, however similar the metrical Composition in the twelfth Poem may be to that of Tibullus, yet the Mode of Thinking is very different from his; and therefore, if Tibullus is the Author, he either in this Piece, imitated Ovid, or the Piece itself was written by somebody else, perhaps in the
Age

Age of Domitian, who was so fond of Tibullus, as to be willing to usher his own Productions into the World under the Sanction of his Name.

But if the fourth Book was composed by Sulpicia, how comes it, objects Vulpus, to be found in all the ancient MSS. of Tibullus? To this it may be answered, that the old Librarians used commonly, in order to enhance the Price of their MSS. to join to an Author, who had not left many Works behind him, any Writer who composed in what they thought a similar Taste. By this Means, a Satire, which our Sulpicia certainly wrote, was long ascribed by some to Juvenal, and by others to Ausonius, from having been found in the MS. Works of those two Poets; till some Critics of more Understanding* proved to the Learned, neither Juvenal, nor Ausonius, but Martial's Sulpicia wrote it.

Such are the Arguments by which the Commentators support their different Opinions. The Reader must determine for himself. But if the Translator might be permitted to pronounce on the Subject, he would say, that if any Weight might be laid on Difference of Style, and especially of Thought, the following Poems cannot be the Work of Tibullus: — but whether Martial's Sulpicia, or who else wrote them, is not in his Power to determine. But as Sulpicia is the only Person to whom the Critics attribute them, the Translator, not knowing any one else, who can shew

* Scaliger, &c.

a preferable Claim, has retained her Name in the Title Page.

Notwithstanding, however, it cannot be absolutely ascertained (and how can Controversies of this Sort be absolutely ascertained?) who was the Person to whose happy Talent we owe the following Poems; every Reader of Taste will allow, that they abound with striking Beauties; and that upon the whole, those Critics do no great Injury to Tibullus, who still ascribe them to that Poet.

As Sulpicia and Cerinthus perfectly understood one another, we must not expect in their Poems those Sallies and Transitions of Passion, that frantic and despondent Air, so observable in Tibullus: for these are the natural Emanations of a heated Fancy and a distracted Heart. But the Poems before us abound in what the Moderns denominate Gallant Flattery. Most of them shew the Poet and happy Lover. They give us little Anecdotes of their Passion, and make us regret we have not more.

S U L P I C I Æ
P O E M A T A.

P O E M A P R I M U M.

SULPICIA est tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, ka-
lendis,

Spektatum a coelo, si sapias, ipse veni.

Hoc Venus ignoscet ; at tu, violente, caveto,

Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.

Illius

4. *Even Cytherea will indulge the Sight.*] One of the Critics has observed upon this Passage, that Venus must either have had great Confidence in her own Charms ; or have been little sollicitous what became of her Paramour Mars, to indulge him in this Interview.

6. *Beware your Hands unnerv'd, &c.*] When Euryclea, in the Odysey (lib. xix.) discovers Ulysses (whom she was bathing) by the Scar in his Leg, her joyful Surprise is finely imagined, by her being ready to faint, and her dropping the Jar of Water. Nor less beautiful is the Surprise testified by Paris, when by Chance he beheld the fair Bosom of Helen :

Dum

S U L P I C I A ' s
P O E M S.

POEM THE FIRST.

GREAT God of War! Sulpicia, lovely Maid,
To grace your Calends, is in Pomp array'd.
If Beauty warms you, quit th'ethereal Height,
E'en Cytherea will indulge the Sight :
But while you gaze o'er all her matchless Charms, 5
Beware your Hands should meanly drop your Arms!

When

*Dum stupeo visis (nam pocula forte tenebam)
Tortilis e digitis excidit ansa meis.*

Ep. Her. lin. 251.

Menage, in his Bird-catcher and Adonis, gives a no less fine Instance of Astonishment ; but Milton has surpassed them all, in the Picture he has drawn of Adam's Consternation and Horror, upon being told by Eve that she had eat of the forbidden Fruit, which is a beautiful Contrast to the Joy which she shewed in narrating the Fact :

Thus Eve, with Count'nance blythe, her Story told,
But in her Cheek Distemper flushing glow'd.

On.

Illius ex oculis, quum vult exurere Divos,
Accendit geminas lampidas acer Amor.

5

Illam

On th'other Side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal Trespafs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astoned stood, and blank ; while Horror dull
Ran thro' his Veins, and all his Joints relax'd ;
From his slack Hand the Garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded Roses shed :
Speechless he stood, and pale ; till thus at length
First to himself he inward Silence broke.

Book ix. l. 886.

What the Author of this Poem ascribes to the Power of
Beauty, Pindar ascribes (perhaps no less truly) to the Force
of Harmony.

Χρυσέα φορμιγξ Ἀπολλῶ, &c.

Pyth. Od. 1.

which the late Mr. West has thus poetically rendered :

Hail, golden Lyre ! whose heaven-invented String
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs,
Who in sweet Chorus, round their tuneful King,
Mix with thy sounding Chords their sacred Songs,
The Dance, gay Queen of Pleasure ! thee attends ;
Thy jocund Strains her listening Feet inspire :
And each melodious Tongue its Voice suspends,
Till thou, great Leader of the heavenly Choir !
With wanton Art preluding, giv'st the Sign —
Swells the full Concert then with Harmony divine.

D E C A D E II.

Then, of their streaming Lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering Thunder-bolts of Jove expire :
Then, by the Music of thy Numbers charm'd,
The Birds fierce Monarch drops his vengeful Ire ;
Perch'd on the Sceptre of th'Olympian King,
The thrilling Darts of Harmony he feels ;
And indolently hangs his rapid Wing,
While gentle Sleep his closing Eye-lid seals ;

And

When Cupid would the Gods with Love surprize,
He lights his Torches at her radiant Eyes.

A secret

And o'er his heaving Limbs, in love Array,
To every balmy Gale, the ruffling Feathers play.

But what gave Rise to this Quotation, follows Decade III.

Ev'n Mars, stern God of Violence and War,
Sooths with thy lulling Strains his furious Breast,
And, driving from his Heart each bloody Care,
His pointed Lance consigns to peaceful Rest.

Which Image, as well as that of the Eagle, are thus imitated by two excellent Poets of our own Days.

O! Sovereign of the willing Soul
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing Airs,
Enchanting Shell! the fullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft Controul.
On Thracia's Hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the Fury of his Car,
And dropp'd his thirsty Lance at thy Command.
Perching on the scepter'd Hand
Of Jove, thy Magic lulls the feather'd King
With ruffled Plumes and flagging Wing;
Quench'd in dark Clouds of Slumber lie
The Terror of his Beak, and Lightning of his Eye.

Ode by Gray.

What follows, is from Dr. Akenfide's Hymn to the Naiads :

With Emulation all the sounding Choir,
And bright Apollo, Leader of the Song,
Their Voices thro' the liquid Air exalt,
And sweep their lofty Wings : those awful Strings,
That charm the Mind of Gods ; that fill the Courts
Of wide Olympus with Oblivion sweet
Of Evils, with immortal Rest from Cares ;
Assuage the Terrors of the Throne of Jove ;
And quench the formidable Thunderbolt

OE

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,

Componit furtim, subsequiturque Decor.

Seu solvit crines, fufis decet esse capillis :

Seu comfit, comtis est veneranda comis. 10

Urit, seu Tyria voluit procedere palla :

Urit, seu nivea candida veste venit.

Talis

Of unrelenting Fire, with slacken'd Wings,
While now the solemn Concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the Sceptre of his Lord
Sleeps the stern Eagle, by the number'd Notes
Possess'd, and fatiate with the melting Tone;
Sovereign of Birds. The furious God of War,
His Darts forgetting, and the rapid Wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th'embattled Plain,
Relents, and sooths his own fierce Heart to Ease.

Doddsley's Collect. vol. vi.

While such Imitations make it doubtful, to whom the Palm of Preference should be given, all Complaints of Decay of poetical Genius among us, must be imputed, either to Ignorance or Malice.

8. *He lights bis Torches, &c.*] Andreas Schottus makes our Authorefs indebted to Euripides for this Thought; and yet what he quotes from that excellent tragic Poet, has little or no Reference to the Text. The Words are,

Ερωσ ερωσ, ο κατ' ομματα
Σταξεις ποθον, εισαγων γλυκειαν
Ψυχα χαριν, υς επιστραλευση.

Hippol. ver. 525.

Broekhusius has collected most of the Passages from the antient and modern (Latin) Poets, where Love is either said to lurk in the Eye, or bask in the Cheek of a fine Woman, but gives justly the Preference to the Text. Thoughts of this Kind however, are now-a-days too threadbare even to please a Chambermaid.

9. *A secret Grace ber every Act, &c.*] Cardinal Bembow and Count Castiglione have both imitated this Passage. The latter inserted his Imitation in a Poem he addressed to his Wife Elizabeth Gonzaga, on her singing, and is as follows:

Quidquid

A secret Grace her every Act improves,
 And pleasing follows wheresoe'er she moves : 10
 If loose her Hair upon her Bosom plays,
 Unnumber'd Charms that Negligence betrays :
 Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd Care,
 Alike the labour'd Plaits become the Fair.
 Whether rich Tyrian Robes her Charms invest, 15
 Or all in snowy White the Nymph is drest,
 All, all she graces, still supremely fair,
 Still charms Spectators with a fond Despair.

A thou-

*Quidquid agit, certant pariter componere furtim
 Et Decor & charitis, & pudor ingenuus.*

Elizabeth had a fine Genius for Poetry.

13. *Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd Care.*] *Comæ, aπo τῆς κομμῆς, dicuntur Capilli aliqua cura compositi ; teste Festo.* And Servius adds, that *coma* belongs to Women's, as *caesariis* does to Men's Hair: but this Distinction is too refined; Tibullus himself applies *coma* to the Hair of a Boy. Vide Book i. El. 10.

17. *All, all she graces, &c.*] Lord Lansdown has some Thoughts analogous to these of our Poetess.

When Myra walks, so charming is her Mien,
 In every Motion every Grace is seen.

And again,

With Charms so numerous Myra can surprize,
 The Gazer knows not by what Darts he dies ;
 So thick the Volley, and the Wound so sure,
 No Flight can save, no Remedy can cure.

Ovid's Vertumnus is a Master-piece. See Metamorphosis, lib. xiv.

Talis in aeterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,
 Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.
 Sola puellarum digna est, cui mollia caris 15
 Vellera det fucis bis madefacta Tyros ;
 Possideatque, metit quidquid bene olentibus arvis
 Cultor odoratae dives Arabs segetis ;
 Et quascumque niger rubro de litore conchas
 Proximus Eois colligit Indus equis. 20
 Hanc vos, Pierides, festis cantate kalendis,
 Et testudinea Phoebe superbe lyra.
 Hoc solenne sacrum multos celebretur in annos.
 Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.

ELEGIA

21. *The richest Tints, &c.*] This and the Remainder of the Poem are also imitated by Castiglione ; and tho, he hath well performed, yet Francius, who has also adopted the Sentiments of our Author, hath surpassed the Count in a Poem addressed to that great Scholar, but midling Poet, Monf. Menage.

23. *To thee th' Arabian Husbandman, &c.*] It was so commonly believed, in the Time of Augustus, that Arabia, besides

THE POEMS OF SULPICIA. 239

A thousand Dresses thus Vertumnus wears,
And beauteous equally in each appears. 20

The richest Tints and deepest Tyrian Hue,
To thee, O wonderous Maid ! are solely due :
To thee th' Arabian Husbandman should bring
The spicy Produce of his eastern Spring :
Whatever Gems the swarthy Indians boast, 25
Their shelly Treasures, and their golden Coast,
Alone thou merit'st ! Come, ye tuneful Choir !
And come, bright Phœbus ! with thy plausive Lyre !
This solemn Festival harmonious praise,
No Theme so much deserves harmonious Lays. 30

T H E

rides Spices, contained immense Quantities of Gold, that the Emperor marched thither a considerable Army, A. U. C. 729. which perished by Sickness. A like Fate attend every Army, which invades any Country on such an Account.

POEMA SECUNDUM.

PARCE meo juveni, seu quis bona pascua campi,
 Seu colis umbrosi devia montis, aper.

Nec tibi sit duros acuisse in praelia dentes.

Incolumem custos hunc mihi fervet Amor.

Sed procul abducit venanti Delia curas. 5

O pereant silvae, deficientque canes.

Quis furor est, demens denfos indagine colles
 Claudentem, teneras laedere velle manus ?

Quidve juvat furtim latebras intrare ferarum ?

Candidaque hamatis crura notare rubis ? 10

Sed tamen, ut tecum liceat, Cerinthe, vagari,
 Ipsa ego per montes retia torta feram.

Ipsa

3. ——— *my lov'd Cerintbus spare!*] The Cerinthus whom Horace mentions, was a beautiful Slave from Chalcis ; and under this Name, applied only to the handsome, Sulpicia probably veiled her regard for some young Person of Fashion.

4. *Know, Cupid! I consign him, &c.*] Mr. Gay, in his fine Ballad, intitled William and Susan, has the following pretty if not true Thought,

Love

T H E
S E C O N D P O E M.

WHETHER, fierce churning Boars! in Meads
ye stray,

Or haunt the shady Mountain's devious Way;

Whet not your Tusks, my lov'd Cerinthus spare!

Know, Cupid! I consign him to your Care.

What Madness 'tis, shagg'd tractless Wilds to beat,

And wound, with pointed Thorns, your tender Feet:

O! why to savage Beasts your Charms oppose?

With Toils and Blood-hounds why their Haunts in-
close?

The Lust of Game decoys you far away;

Ye Blood-hounds perish, and ye Toils decay! 10

Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove

Thro' dreary Desarts, and the thorny Grove:

The cumbrous Meshes on my Shoulders bear,

And dare the Monsters with my barbed Spear:

Could

Love will ward off the Bullets as they fly,

Left precious Drops should fall from Sufan's Eye.

11. *Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove.*] However disagreeable Field-sports were to the amiable Sulpicia, yet to

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M

have

Ipsa ego velocis quaeram vestigia cervae,
 Et demam celeri ferrea vincla cani.
 Tunc mihi, tunc placeant silvae; sic, lux mea tecum 15
 Arguar ante ipfas concubuisse plagas.
 Tunc veniat licet ad casses, illaesus abibit,
 Ne Veneris cupidae gaudia turbet, aper.
 Nunc sine me fit nulla Venus; sed lege Dianae,
 Caste puer, casta retia tende manu. 20
 Et quaecumque meo furtim subrepet amori,
 Incidat in faevas diripienda feras.
 At tu venandi studium concede parenti,
 Et celer in nostros ipse recurre sinus.

P O E M A

have the Pleasure of Cerinthus's Company, she was willing
 to undergo all the Fatigues and Dangers of Boar-hunting.
 Such is the Nature of Love!

Had Guarini our Sulpicia in his Mind, when he made
 Dorinda thus address Sylvio?

*Te seguero compagna
 Del tuo fido, Melampo assai piu fida :
 E quando sarai fianco
 T'auschiugerò la fronte :
 E sopra questo fianco,
 Che per ti mai non pesa, bavrà riposo.*

It is thus that Prior describes the Disguises which Henry
 assumed, in order to obtain the Affection of the beautiful
 Emma:

When Emma hunts, in Huntsman's Habit drest,
 Henry on Foot pursues the bounding Beast ;
 In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears,
 And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears, &c.

Again,

Could track the bounding Stags thro' tainted
Grounds, 15

Beat up their Cover, and unchain the Hounds :

But most to spread our artful Toils I'd joy,
For while we watch'd them, I could clasp the Boy!
Then, as entranc'd in amorous Blifs we lay,
Mix'd Soul with Soul, and melted all away ! 20
Snar'd in our Nets, the Boar might safe retire,
And owe his Safety to our mutual Fire.

O! without me ne'er taste the Joys of Love,
But a chaste Hunter in my Absence prove.
And O! may Boars the wanton Fair destroy, 25
Who would Cerinthus to their Arms decoy!
Yet, yet I dread! — Be Sports your Father's Care;
But you, all Passion! to my Arms repair!

THE

Again,

A Falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks;
With her of Tarfels and of Lures he talks;
Upon his Wrist the towering Merlin stands,
Practis'd to run, and stoop, at her Commands, &c.

Again,

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves:
The neighbouring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his Song, &c.

And lastly,

A frantic Gypfy, now, the House he haunts,
And in wild Phrases speaks dissembled Wants:
With the fond Maids in Palmestry he deals;
They tell the Secret first, which he reveals, &c.

POEMA TERTIUM.

HUC ades, et tenerae morbos expelle puellae :
 Huc ades intonsa Phoebe superbe coma.
 Crede mihi, propera, nec te jam Phoebe pigebit,
 Formosae medicas adplicuisse manus.
 Effice, ne macies tabentes occupet artus, 5
 Neu notet informis pallida membra color.
 Et quodcumque mali est, et quidquid triste timemus,
 In pelagus rapidis devehat amnis aquis.
 Sancte veni, tecumque feras quicumque sopores,
 Quicumque et cantus corpora fessa levant. 10
 Neu

1. *Come, Phœbus, &c.*] Would not a long Enumeration of the Epithets of Apollo have been extremely improper here? and does not his immediate Call for Assistance shew the Greatness of the Writer's Concern?

When Laura was at the Point of Death, how very coldly does Petrarch place her next to Jupiter, instead of breaking forth into passionate Exclamations? and how poorly consolatory is his Vision? Prim. Part. Canzon. 12, 13, 14, &c.

9. *Or real Ills, or what'er Ills we fear.*] Hence Apollo, from the Greeks, had the Appellation of θεὸς ἀλεξικακῶν, (*deus malorum depulsor*), bestowed on him; as the Latins called him *Averruncus*.

10. *To Ocean's fartbest Verge, &c.*] All Expiations and *purgaments*

T H E
T H I R D P O E M.

COME, Phœbus! with your loosely-floating Hair,
O sooth her Torture, and restore the Fair!

Come, quickly come! we supplicant implore,
Such Charms your happy Skill ne'er sav'd before!
Let not her Frame, consumptive pine away, 5
Her Eyes grow languid, and her Bloom decay;
Propitious come! and with you bring along
Each pain-subduing Herb, and soothing Song;
Or real Ills, or whate'er Ills we fear,
To Ocean's farthest Verge let Torrents bear. 10

O! rack

menta were, by the Ancients, performed either on the Brink of a River, or on the Sea-shore: this Practice continued long after the Introduction of Christianity, for we are informed by Petrarch, that he saw the Women of Cologne, with Garlands on their Heads, wash their Arms in the Rhine, while they muttered some foreign Charm. The Poet, wondering both at the Crowd and the Action, enquired the Reason, and was told, that it was a very ancient Rite, the common People believing that all the Calamities of the ensuing Year were prevented by the solemn Ablution of that Day. Vide lib. i. Ep. 4.

Neu juvenem torque, metuit qui fata puellae,

Votaque pro domina vix numeranda facit.

Interdum vovet : interdum, quod langueat illa,

Dicit in aeternos aspera verba Deos.

Pone metum, Cerinthe : Deus non laedit amantes : 15

Tu modo semper ama : salva puella tibi est.

At nunc tota tua est ; te sola candida secum

Cogitat, et frustra credula turba sedet.

Nil opus est fletu ; lacrimis erit aptius uti,

Si quando fuerit tritior illa tibi. 20

Phoebe fave ; laus magna tibi tribuetur, in uno

Corpore servato restituisse Duos.

Jam ceber, jam laetus eris, quum debita reddet

Certatim sanctis lotus uterque focus.

Tunc te felicem dicent pia turba Deorum : 25

Optabunt artes et sibi quisque tuas.

ELEGIA

Petrarch flourished in the fourteenth Century, and was no less eminent for his Latin (insomuch that he obtained the Appellation of the Restorer of that Language), than for his Italian Compositions. In Propriety, Exactness, Elegance, and Melody he surpassed all his poetic Predecessors ; and so much was he esteemed, that a Man, for having shot, out of Wantonness, at his Statue in Padua, and broke its Nose, was hanged by the Venetians. Vindelino Spira published the first Edition of his *Rime*, at Venice, A. D. 1470.

18. *And*

O! rack no more, with harsh, unkind Delays,
 The Youth, who ceaseless for her Safety prays ;
 'Twixt Love and Rage his tortur'd Soul is torn ;
 And now he prays, now treats the Gods with Scorn.

Take Heart, fond Youth! you have not vainly
 pray'd,

Still persevere to love th'inchanting Maid : 16

Sulpicia is your own ! for you she sighs,
 And flights all other Conquests of her Eyes :

Dry then your Tears ; your Tears would fitly flow
 Did she on others her Esteem bestow. 20

O come ! what Honour will be yours, to save
 At once two Lovers from the doleful Grave ?
 Then both will emulous exalt your Skill ;
 With grateful Tablets, both your Temples fill ;
 Both heap with spicy Gums your sacred Fire ; 25
 Both sing your Praises to th'harmonious Lyre :
 Your Brother-Gods will prize your healing Powers,
 Lament their Attributes, and envy yours.

T H E

18. *And flights all other Conquests of her Eyes.*] Some Editions read *sedula* ; and indeed the Epithet is more consonant to the Interpretation which Broekhusius and the Translator have given of the Passage. Vulpus explains the *credula turba* to be those, who, either about Sulpicia's Bed, or in the Temples of the Gods, put up Petitions for her Recovery.

27. *Your Brother-Gods, &c.*] This is an elegant Compliment on the Professors of Medicine.

POEMA QUARTUM.

ESTNE tibi, Cerinthe, tuae pia cura puellae,
Dum mea nunc vexat corpora fessa calor ?
Ah ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarim, quam te si quoque velle putem.
Nam mihi quid profit morbos evincere, ubi tu
Nostra potes lento pectore ferre mala ?

POEMA QUINTUM.

QUI mihi te, Cerinthe, dies dedit, hic mihi sanctus,
Atque inter festos semper habendus erit.
Te nascente novum Parcae cecinere puellis
Servitium, et dederunt regna superba tibi.
Uror ego ante alias : juvat hoc, Cerinthe, quod uror,
Si tibi de nobis mutuus ignis adest, 6
Mutuus adfit amor; per te dulcissima furta,
Perque tuos oculos, per Geniumque rogo.

Magne

Magne Geni, cape tura libens, votisque faveto:

Si modo, quum de me cogitat ille, calet. 10

Quod si forte alios jam nunc suspirat amores;

Tu, precor, infidos, sancte, relinque focos.

Nec tu fis injusta Venus; vel ferviat aequè

Vinctus uterque tibi, vel mea vincla leva.

Sed potius valida teneamur uterque catena, 15

Nulla queat posthac nos soluisse dies.

Optat idem juvenis, quod nos: sed tectius optat.

Nam pudet haec illum dicere verba palam.

At tu, Natalis, quoniam Deus omnia fentis,

Adnue; quid refert clamne, palamne roget? 20

P O E M A

19. *In secret my Cerinthus begs the same.*] In this manner he prayed, lest any of the Auditors should envy him, say the Commentators; or lest a fascinating Tongue (*lingua fascinatric*) should prevent the Completion of his Prayers. None, add they, chose in an audible Voice to lay open their real Wants to the Gods, lest the Bystanders should over-hear them; and therefore all those, who desired of the Gods, what was extravagant, or what was immodest, or in short what they did not chuse to own, either muttered their Vows, or whispered them in the Ear of their Deity. And thus the Ancients, as Seneca expresses it, told that to
God,

This by your Genius, and the Joys we stole,
Whose sweet Remembrance still enchants my Soul! 10

Great natal Genius! grant my Heart's Desire,
So shall I heap with costly Gums your Fire!
Whenever Fancy paints me to the Boy,
Let his Breast pant with an impatient Joy:
But if the Libertine for others sigh 15
(Which Love forbid!) O Love! your Aid deny.
Nor, Love! be partial, let us both confess
The pleasing Pain, or make my Passion less.
But O! much rather 'tis my Soul's Desire,
That both may feel an equal, endless Fire.

In secret my Cerinthus begs the fame,
But the Youth blushes to confess his Flame:
Assent, thou God! to whom his Heart is known,
Whether he public ask, or secret own.

T H E

God, which they were ashamed a Mortal should be made privy to. *Quanta dementia est hominum? turpissima vota Diis insurrant: si quis admoverit aurem, conticescent; & quod scire hominem nolunt, Deo narrant.* Ep. 10. See this Impiety severely treated by Persius, in his second Satire.

POEMA SEXTUM.

NATALIS Juno, sanctos cape turis honores,
 Quos tibi dat tenera docta puella manu.
 Tota tibi est hodie ; tibi se laetissima comsit,
 Staret ut ante tuos conspicienda focos.
 Illa quidem ornandi causas tibi, Diva, relegat : 5
 Est tamen, occulte cui placuisse velit.
 At tu, sancte, fave, ne nox divellat amantes :
 Sed juveni, quaeso, mutua vincla para.
 Sed bene compones ; ulli non ille puellae
 Servire, aut cuiquam dignior illa viro. 10
 Nec

2. *The Incense offer'd by the learned Fair.*] Sulpicia had a good Title to that Epithet ; for in the following Line, she said no more of her poetical Endowments, than she modestly might,

Primaque Romanas docui contendere Graiis.

That the Romans should have produced not one Poetess before Sulpicia, to put them more upon a Level with the Greeks, is Matter of no small Astonishment ; since, as Cato observed, the Romans governed the World, but the Women governed the Romans. How many fair Poetesses has this Island produced ? and in particular, how many does Britain at present boast of, whose Writings, both in Prose and Verse, may be compared, much to their Advantage, with all the female Productions of Antiquity ?

Besides

T H E
S I X T H P O E M.

A CCEPT, O natal Queen! with placent Air,
 The Incense offer'd by the learned Fair.
 She's rob'd in cheerful Pomp, O Power divine!
 She's rob'd to decorate your Matron-shrine;
 Such her Pretence; but well her Lover knows 5
 Whence her gay Look, and whence her Finery flows.

Thou, who dost o'er the nuptial Bed preside,
 O! let not envious Night their Joys divide,
 But make the Bridegroom amorous as the Bride! }
 So shall they tally, matchless lovely Pair!
 A Youth all Transport, and a melting Fair! 10
 Then

Besides Sulpicia, the Poets mention Perilla and Theophila. Perilla lived in the Augustan Age, and is praised by Ovid, Trist. lib. iii. El. 7. The other was a Cotemporary of Martial's, who celebrates her, Lib. 7. Ep. 63. Their Works, if ever they published any, are now lost. But we have a Virgilian Canto on the Life of our Saviour, written in the Reign of Theodosius and Honorius, by Proba Falconia. This Poetess, who was married to a Person of provincial Dignity, is accused by some of having betrayed Rome into the Hands of Alaric the Goth; but Cæsar Baronius has fully cleared her from that disloyal Imputation.

Juvenal,

Nec possit cupidus vigilax deprendere custos,

Fallendique vias mille ministret Amor.

Adnue, purpureaque veni pellucida palla.

Ter tibi fit libo, ter, Dea casta, mero.

Praecipit en natae mater studiosa, quid optet, 15

Illa aliud tacita clam sibi mente rogat.

Uritur, ut celeres urunt altaria flammae;

Nec, liceat quamvis, sana fuisse velit.

Sic juveni gratis, veniet quum proximus annus,

Hic idem votis jam vetus adfit Amor. 20

P O E M A

Juvenal, Boileau, and others, have expressed, in their Writings a vast Aversion to learned Women; and indeed were all of the Sex, who have Learning, to be such as they represent them, the Translator would heartily join with the Satirists: but how can he do it, whilst he has the Honour to know some Ladies, who possess as great a Fund of Erudition, as most Men are enriched with, and who, nevertheless, are intirely free from all those disagreeable Concomitants, with which those Poets have loaded their learned Women? In short, when we consider in what Manner the Welfare of Society depends upon the Fair Sex, we cannot but own, that their Understandings ought to be cultivated with much Assiduity: a fine Woman, with a good Heart, and an improved Head, is the loveliest Object in the Creation.

9. *So shall they tally, &c.*] The Word *componere*, in the Original, is a Metaphor taken from Gladiators, who were then said *componi*, when they fought together, and were well matched.

VULPIUS.

13. ——— *in purple Pomp appear.*] That is, in a Palla of Purple; which not only Apollo and his Votaries, with Osiris, wore, but in which also Bacchus, Mercury, Pallas, Night, the Furies, Discord, and even Rivers were habited. *Adeo semper* (says Macrobius) *ita se & sciri & coli numina maluerunt, qualiter in vulgus antiquitas fabulata est; quæ & imagines*

Then let no Spies their secret Haunts explore ;
Teach them thy Wiles, O Love! and guard the Door.

Affent, chaste Queen ! in purple Pomp appear ;
Thrice Wine is pour'd, and Cakes await you, here. 15
Her Mother tells her for what Boon to pray ;
Her Heart denies it, tho' her Lips obey.

She burns, that Altar as the Flames devour ;
She burns, and flights the Safety in her Power.
So may the Boy, whose Chains you proudly wear, 20
Thro' Youth the soft indulgent Anguish bear ;
And when old Age has chill'd his every Vein,
The dear Remembrance may he still retain !

T H E

gines & simulacra formarum talium prorsus alienis, & ætates tam incrementi quam diminutionis ignaris, & amictus ornatusque varios corpus non habentibus adsignavit.

BROEKH.

16. *Her Heart denies it, tho' her Lips obey.*] Vulpus retains the old Reading,

jam sua mente rogat,

and explains it, as if Sulpicia were now *sui juris & arbitrii*, of Age and fit to make Vows for herself ; but had that ingenious Commentator attended to the Words *clam & tacita* in the same Line, he would have seen that the true Reading was that which is retained in the Text.

17. *She burns, that Altar as the Flames, &c.*] Menage observes of the Original of this Passage, that an active should not follow a passive Verb ; and therefore contends that the *urunt* should be *uruntur* : and yet we know that the contrary Practice is warranted by some of the purest Writers of the Augustan Age ; and, if the Translator is not mistaken, that learned Grammarian himself has, in his Latin Poems, fallen into the mode of Expression, which he here condemns in Sulpicia.

POEMA SEPTIMUM.

INVISUS natalis adest, qui rure molesto,
Et sine Cerintho tristis agendus erit.

Dulcius urbe quid est? an villa sit apta puellae,

Atque Eretino frigidus annus agro?

Jam nimium, Messala, mei studiose quiescas,

Non tempestivae saepe propinque viae.

Hic animum, sensusque meos abducta relinquo:

Arbitrii quoniam non finis esse mei.

P O E M A

2. *When to your cold, cold Villa I must go.*] The Villa, mentioned in the Original, is Eretum, now Monte Ritondo. It was situated upon a high Hill, not far from the Banks of the Tibèr, and was therefore cool, even in the Midst of Summer. Cluverius places it at the Distance of fourteen Miles from Rome; but Holstenius, in his Annot. Geogr. on the Authority of Antoninus's Itinerary, and Ferrarius removes it four Miles farther off.

T H E
S E V E N T H P O E M .

I.

AT last the natal odious Morn draws nigh,
When to your cold, cold Villa I must go ;
There, far, too far from my Cerinthus Sigh :
Oh why, Messala ! will you plague me so ?

II.

Let studious Mortals prize the sylvan Scene ;
And ancient Maidens hide them in the Shade ;
Green Trees perpetually give me the Spleen ;
For Crowds, for Joy, for Rome, Sulpicia's made !

III.

Your too officious Kindness gives me Pain.
How fall the Hail-stones ! hark ! how howls the
Wind !
Then know, to grace your Birth-day should I deign,
My Soul, my All, I leave at Rome behind.

T H E

POEMA OCTAVUM.

SCIS iter ex animo sublatum triste puellae ;
Natali Romae jam finis esse tuo.
Omnibus ille dies nobis natalis agatur,
Qui necopinanti nunc tibi forte venit.

POEMA NONUM.

GRATUM est, securus multum quod jam tibi de me
Promittis, subito ne male inepta cadam.
Si tibi cura toga est potior, pressumque quasillo
Scortum, quam Servi filia Sulpicia :

Solliciti

1. *That I descended, &c.*] From the Original, the Commentators conclude, that Sulpicia was the Daughter of that famous Servius Sulpicius, who died at Modena, whilst he was engaged in an Embassy to Antony, which he had undertaken at the Request of the Consuls Hirtius and Pansa, and of the Senate : but then they seem to forget that Servius was a Prænomen common to all the Males of the Sulpician Family, and therefore not distinguishingly characteristic of any of them. Those who suppose that Tibullus wrote these Poems, and believe he was born in 710, make him a Poet before his Birth ; for, says Broekhusius, Sulpicia

T H E
E I G H T H P O E M.

AT last the Fair's determin'd not to go :
My Lord ! you know the Whimfies of the Sex.
Then let us gay carouze, let Odours flow ;
Your Mind no longer with her Absence vex :
For oh ! confider, Time incessant flies ;
But every Day's a Birth-day to the Wife !

T H E
N I N T H P O E M.

THAT I, descended of Patrician Race,
With Charms of Fortune, and with Charms of
Face,
Am so indifferent grown to you of late,
So little car'd for, now excites no Hate.
Rare Taste, and worthy of a Poet's Brain, 5
To prey on Garbage, and a Slave adore !
In such to find out Charms, a Bard must feign
Beyond what Fiction ever feign'd of Yore.

Her

cia speaks of her Parents as if both were alive. Although
the Translator is persuaded that the Pieces in this Book
are

Solliciti sunt pro nobis, quibus illa dolori est,
 Ne cedam ignoto, maxima cura, toro.

are not Tibullus's, yet he can see nothing in the Poem to support this Assertion. Sure Sulpicia might call herself the Daughter of Servius Sulpicius, notwithstanding her Father's Death ;

POEMA DECIMUM.

NE tibi sim, mea lux, aequae jam fervida cura,
 Ac videor paucos ante fuisse dies ;
 Si quidquam tota commisi stulta juventa,
 Cujus me fatear poenituisse magis,
 Hesternam quam te solum quod nocte reliqui,
 Ardorem cupiens dissimulare meum.

Her Friends may think Sulpicia is disgrac'd ;
No! no! she honours your transcendent Taste. 10

Death ; and the two last Lines of the Original may be applied to her nearest Relations or Guardians, with as much Propriety as to her Parents.

T H E

T E N T H P O E M.

IF from the Bottom of my love-sick Heart,
Of last Night's Coyness I do not repent,
May I no more your tender Anguish hear,
No longer see you shed th'impassion'd Tear.

You grasp'd my Knees, and yet to let you part —
O Night more happy with Cerinthus spent !
My Flame with Coyness to conceal I thought,
But this Concealment was too dearly bought.

T H E

POEMA UNDECIMUM.

RUMOR ait, crebro nostram peccare puellam.
Nunc ego me surdis auribus esse velim.
Crimina non haec sunt jacta sine nostro dolore.
Quid furdum torques ? rumor acerbe tace !

POEMA DUODECIMUM.

TANDEM venit Amor, qualem texisse pudore,
Quam nudasse alicui, sit mihi fama minor.
Exorata meis illum Cytherea camoenis
Attulit, in nostrum deposuitque sinum.
Exsolvit promissa Venus ; mea gaudia narret, 5
Dicetur si quis non habuisse suam.
Non ego signatis quidquam madare tabellis,
Ne legat id nemo, quam meus ante, velim :
Sic peccasse juvat ; vultus componere famae
Taedet ; cum digno digna fuisse ferar. 10

F I N I S.

T H E
E L E V E N T H P O E M .

FAME says, my Mistress loves another Swain ;
Would I were deaf, when Fame repeats the
Wrong !
All Crimes to her imputed, give me Pain,
Not change my Love : Fame, stop your sawcy
Tongue !

T H E
T W E L F T H P O E M .

LET other Maids, whose Eyes less prosperous
prove,
Publish my Weakness, and condemn my Love.
Exult, my Heart ! at last the Queen of Joy,
Won by the Music of her Votary's Strain,
Leads to the Couch of Bliss herself the Boy ; 5
And bids Enjoyment thrill in every Vein :
Last Night entranc'd in Extacy we lay,
And chid the quick, too quick Return of Day !
But stop, my Hand ! beware what loose you scrawl,
Left into curious Hands the Billet fall.
No — the Remembrance charms ! — begone, Grimace !
Matrons ! be yours Formality of Face.
Know, with a Youth of Worth, the Night I spent,
And cannot, cannot, for my Soul repent !

T H E E N D .

