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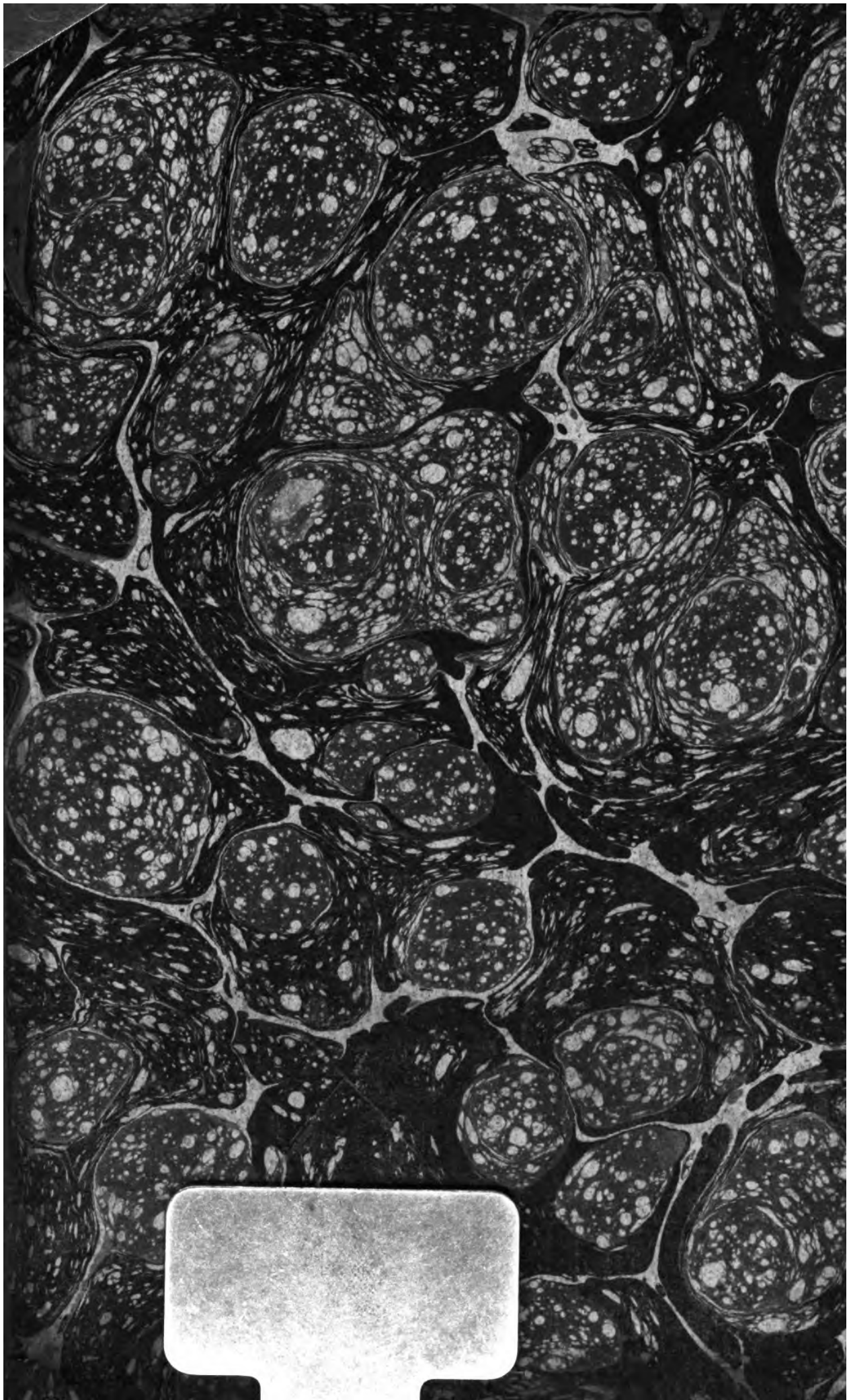
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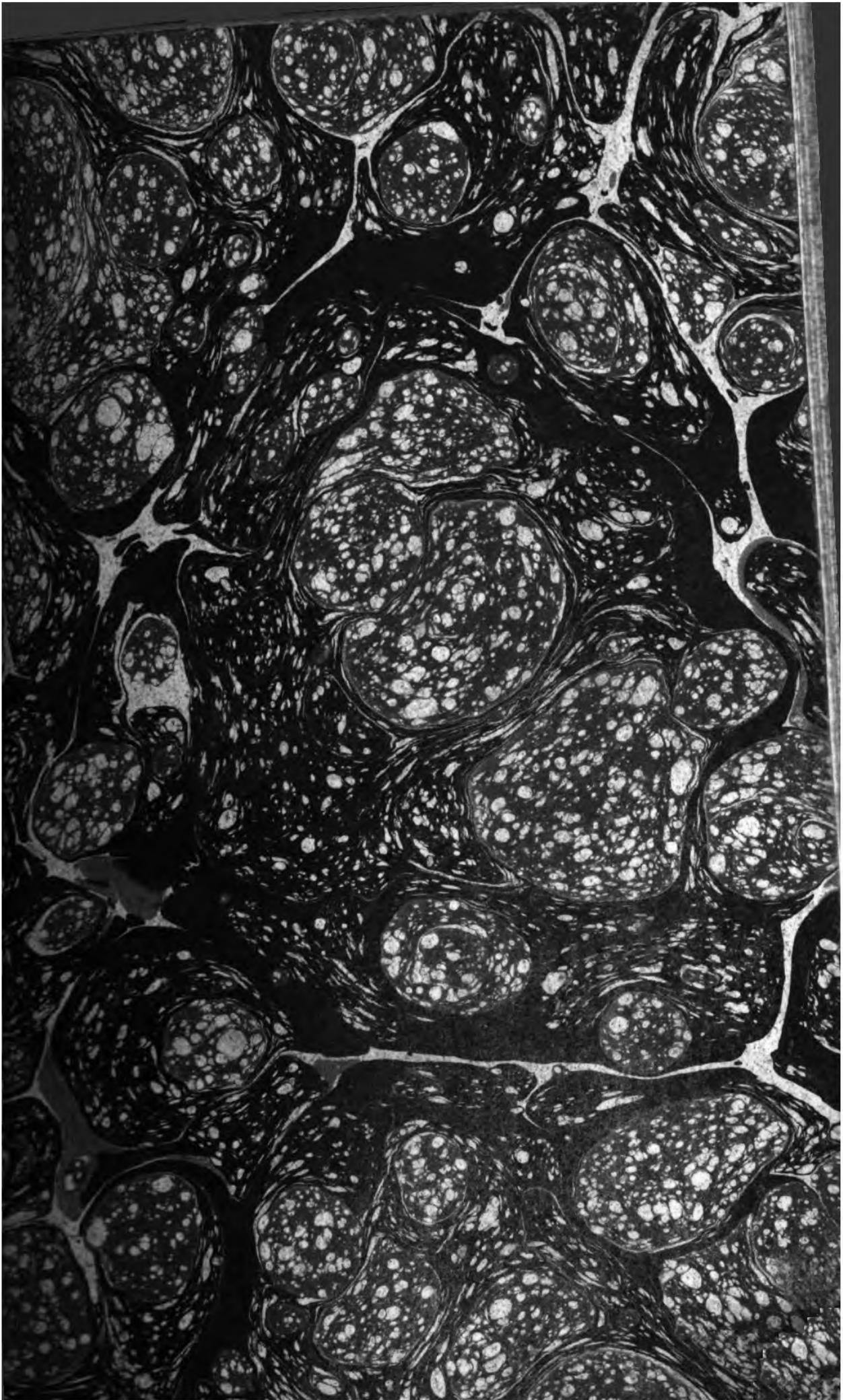
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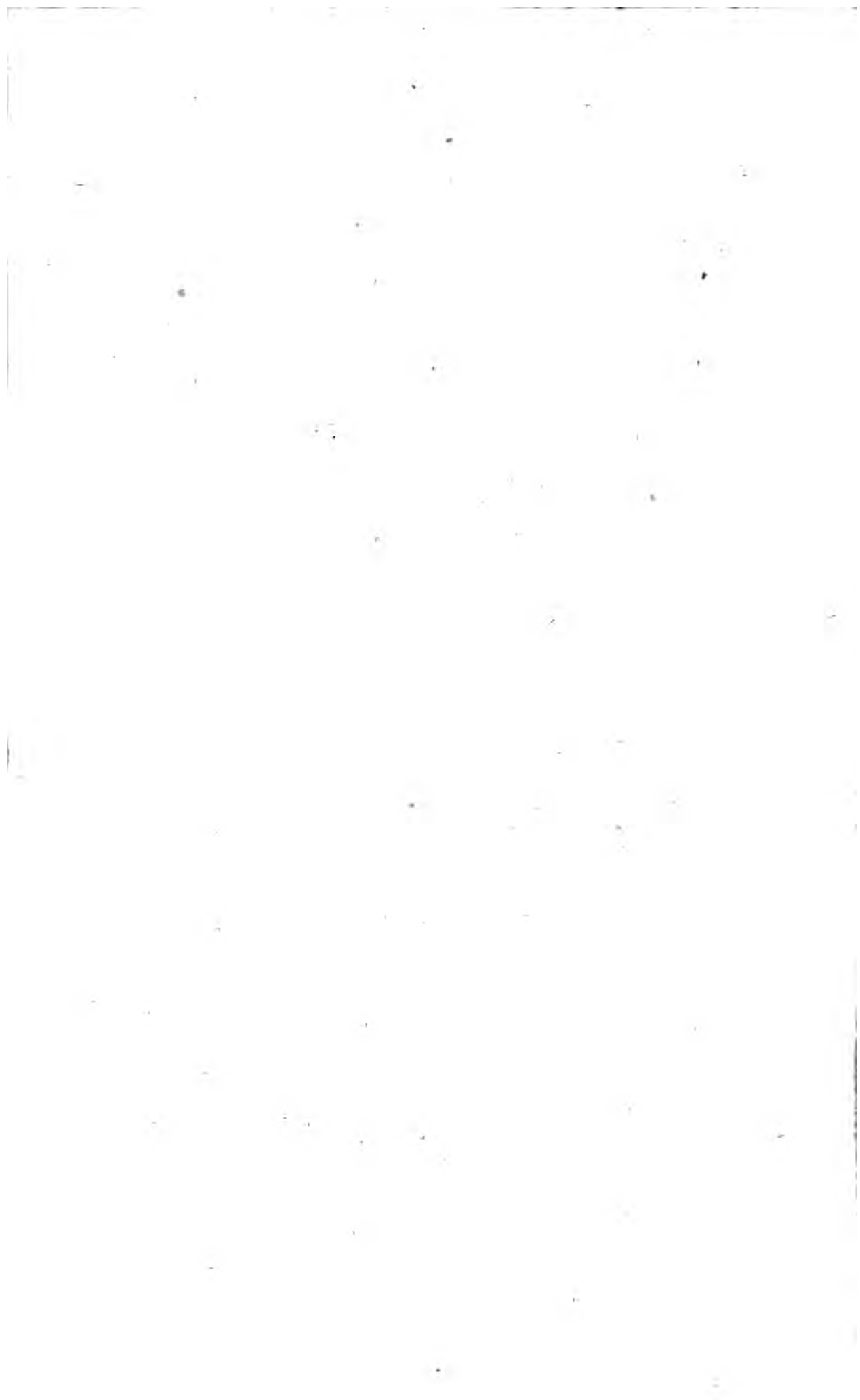
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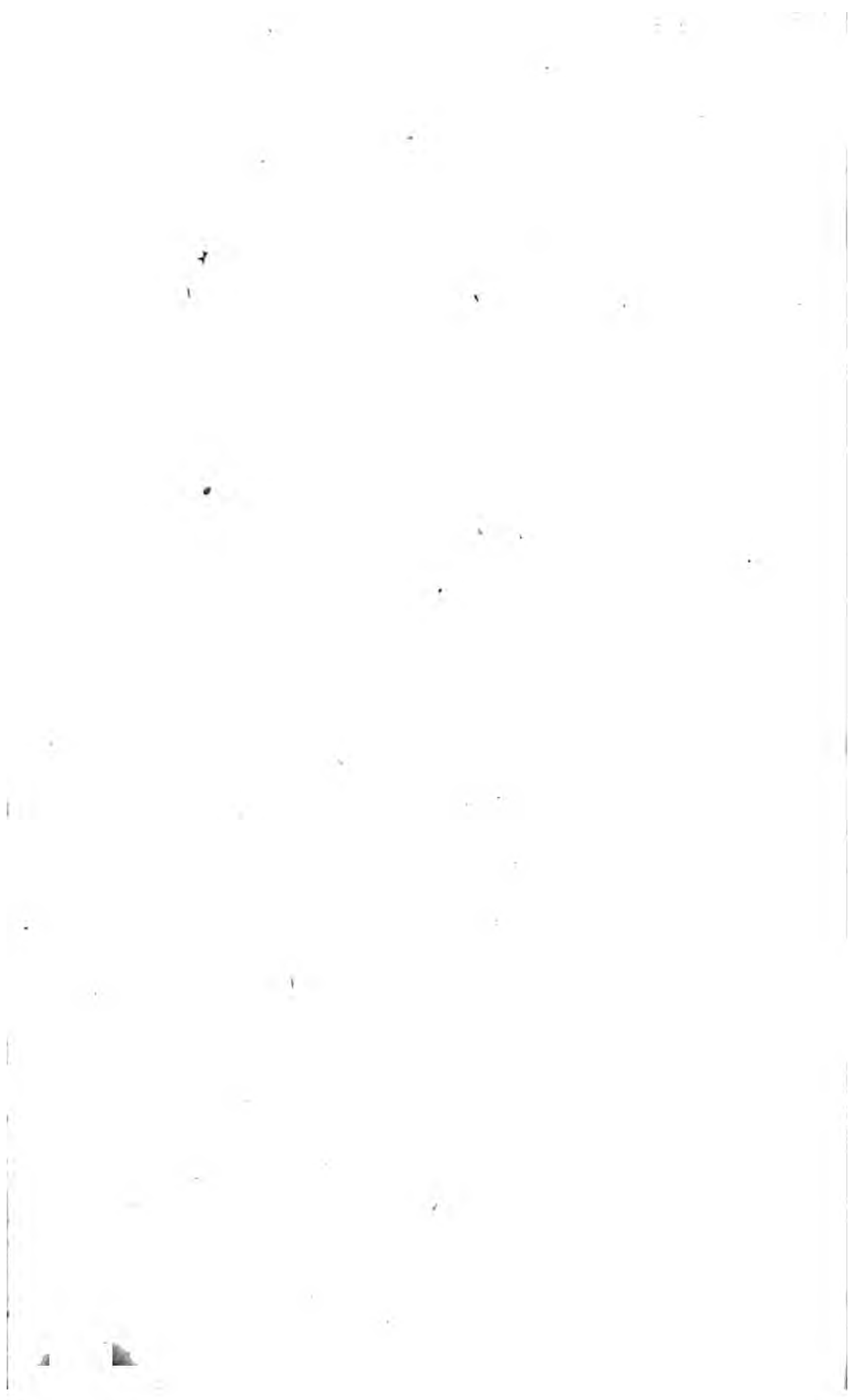


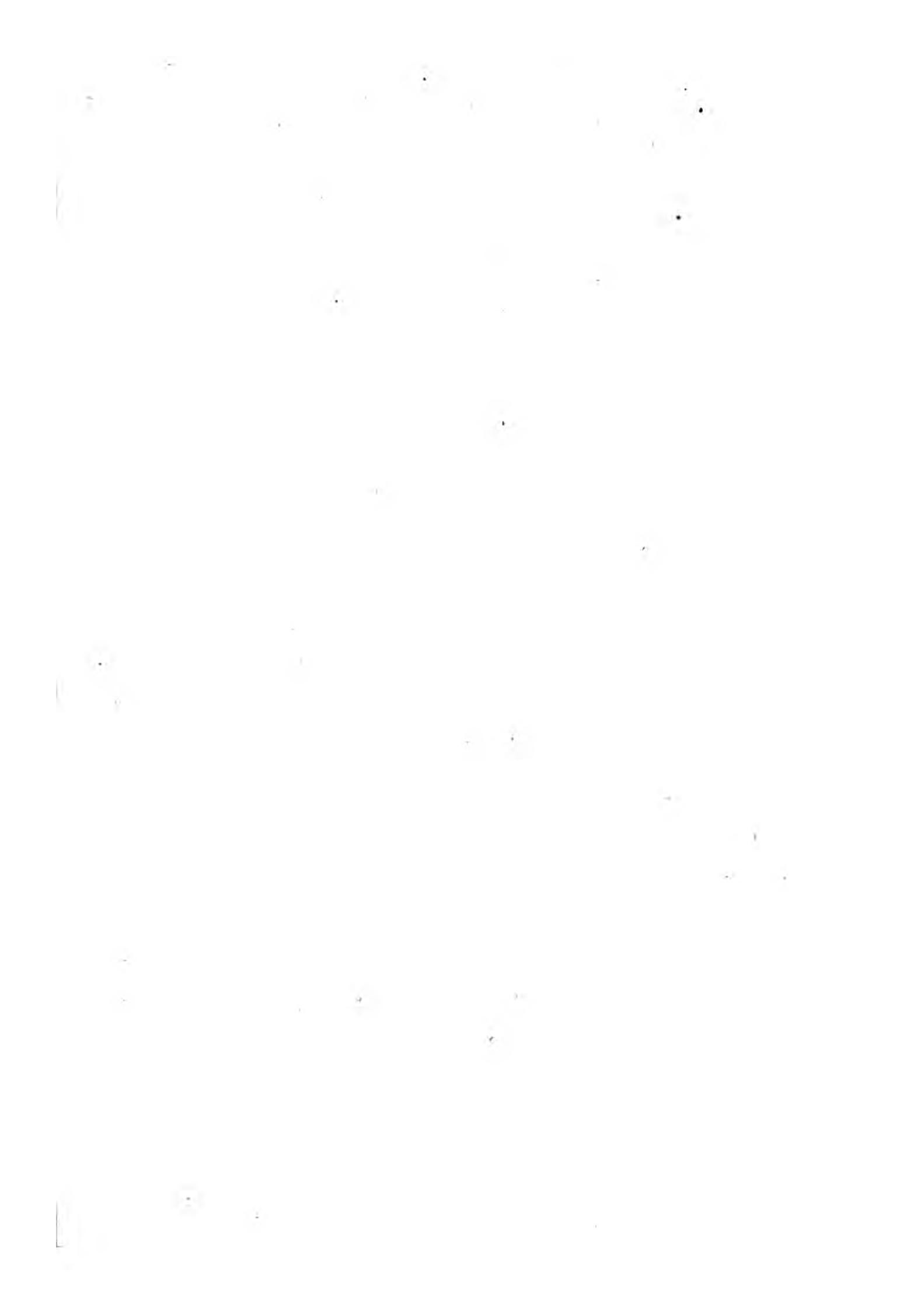




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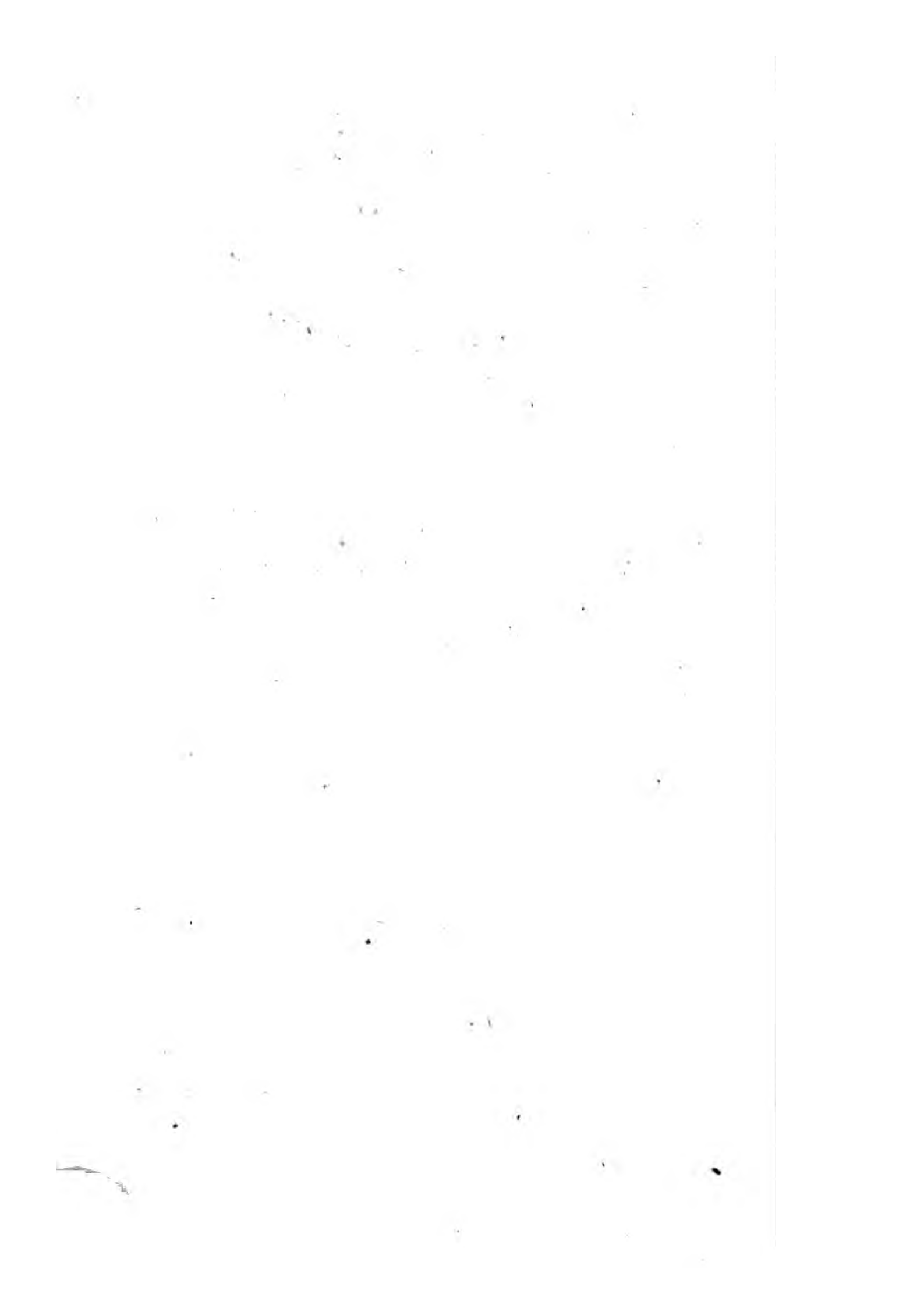




THE
WORKS OF VIRGIL.

VOL. II.

Printed by Ellerton & Byworth, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.



THE
WORKS OF VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.

A NEW EDITION;

WITH

REMARKS on the "CORRECTIONS" of DR. CAREY.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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1806.



GEORGICS,

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

This book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book, he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd! the Lycæan woods,
Arcadia's flow'ry plains, and pleasing floods.

All other themes, that careless minds invite, 5
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.

Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
 Of hard Eurystheus, ev'ry reader sees:
 Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
 And Pelops' iv'ry shoulder, and his toil 10
 For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
 Of Grecian tales, by poets are express'd.
 New ways I must attempt, my grov'ling name
 To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
 I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come 15
 From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home,
 With foreign spoils adorn my native place,
 And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
 Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
 Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays, 20
 Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
 And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
 Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the dome command.
 Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown 25
 (Submitting to his godhead my renown),
 A hundred coursers from the goal will drive:
 The rival chariots in the race shall strive.

All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see;
 The whorlboat, and the rapid race, shall be 30
 Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me.

Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear.

E'en now methinks the public shouts I hear;

The passing pageants and the pomps appear.

I to the temple will conduct the crew, 35

The sacrifice and sacrificers view.

From thence return, attended with my train,

Where the proud theatres disclose the scene,

Which interwoven Britons seem to raise, 39

And shew the triumph which their shame dis-
 plays.

High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,

The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold:

The Nile shall flow beneath; and, on the side,

His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride.

Next him Niphates, with inverted urn, 45

And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn;

And Asian cities in our triumph borne.

With backward bows the Parthians shall be there,

And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.

A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows—
 Two diff'ring trophies, from two diff'rent foes. 51
 Europe with Afric in his fame shall join;
 But neither shore his conquests shall confine.
 The Parian marble there shall seem to move
 In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove, 55
 Resembling heroes, whose ætherial root
 Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
 Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ;
 And he—the god who built the walls of Troy.
 Envy herself at last, grown pale and dumb, 60
 (By Cæsar combated and overcome)
 Shall give her hands, and fear the curling snakes
 Of lashing Furies, and the burning lakes;
 The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel,
 And Sisyphus, that labours up the hill 65
 The rolling rock in vain; and curst Ixion's wheel.
 Meantime we must pursue the silvan lands
 (Th' abode of nymphs), untouch'd by former hands:
 For such Mæcenus are thy hard commands.
 Without thee, nothing lofty can I sing. 70
 Come then, and, with thyself, thy genius bring,

With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay :
 Cithæron loudly calls me to my way ;
 Thy hounds, Tæg'tus, open, and pursue their prey.
 High Epidaurus urges on my speed, 75
 Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses' breed :
 From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound ;
 For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse,
 In Cæsar's wars, a nobler theme shall choose, 80
 And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
 Than have from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.

The gen'rous youth, who, studious of the prize,
 The race of running coursers multiplies,
 Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds, 85
 May know that from the dam the worth of each
 proceeds.

The mother cow must wear a low'ring look,
 Sour-headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the yoke.
 Her double dewlap from her chin descends,
 And at her thighs the pond'rous burden ends. 90
 Long are her sides, and large ; her limbs are great ;
 Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.

Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
 She tosses from the yoke; provokes the fight:
 She rises in her gait, is free from fears, 95
 And in her face a bull's resemblance bears:
 Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
 And with her length of tail she sweeps the
 ground.

The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
 But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain. 100
 Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
 Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plough.

Now, while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
 Submit thy females to the lusty sire:
 Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail; 105
 Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
 Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail.

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
 But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive:
 Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour, come, 110
 And age, and death's inexorable doom.

Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair.
 Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:

Still propagate; for still they fall away:
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay. 115

Like diligence requires the courser's race,
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shews his gen'rous kind:
Of able body, sound of limb and wind, 120
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight;
His motions easy; prancing in his gait;
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
wood;

Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd; 125
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd;
Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour gray;
For beauty, dappled; or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far 130
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight.

On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind. 135

His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round ;
His chine is double ; starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils, flow :
He bears his rider headlong on the foe. 140

Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd :
Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace ;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain 145

His heav'nly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane,
When, half-surpris'd, and fearing to be seen,
The lecher gallop'd from his jealous queen,
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain, 149
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighb'ring plain.

But, worn with years, when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home,
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains ;
And gratefully be kind to his remains.

For, when his blood no youthful spirits move, 155

He languishes and labours in his love ;

And, when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,

Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.

In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires,

And in himself his former self requires. 160

His age and courage weigh ; nor those alone ;

But note his father's virtues and his own :

Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize,

Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,

The youthful charioteers with heaving heart 166

Rush to the race ; and, panting, scarcely bear

Th' extremes of fev'rish hope and chilling fear ;

Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force ?

The flying chariot kindles in the course : 170

And now alow, and now aloft, they fly,

As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.

No stop, no stay : but clouds of sand arise,

Spurn'd, and cast backward on the followers' eyes.

The hindmost blows the foam upon the first : 175

Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.

Bold Erichthonius was the first who join'd
 Four horses for the rapid race design'd,
 And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate:
 The Lapithæ, to chariots, add the state 180
 Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound,
 To run the ring, and trace the mazy round;
 To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know;
 T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To choose a youthful steed with courage fir'd, 185
 To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
 Experienc'd masters; and, in sundry ways,
 Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
 But, once again, the batter'd horse beware:
 The weak old stallion will deceive thy care, 190
 Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
 Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
 Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself,
 proceed.

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
 Approaches for the stately steed to climb, 195
 With food enable him to make his court;
 Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport:

Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
 Of gen'rous warmth, and of salacious kind :
 Then water him, and (drinking what he can) 200
 Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
 Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
 And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
 For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
 He will be copied in his famish'd race, 205
 And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd :
 (For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females, with industrious care
 Take down their mettle; keep them lean and bare :
 When conscious of their past delight, and keen 210
 To take the leap, and prove the sport agen,
 With scanty measure then supply their food ;
 And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood ;
 Their bodies harass ; sink them when they run ;
 And fry their melting marrow in the sun. 215
 Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan,
 And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown ;
 For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
 Should scant the passage, and confine the room ;

Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy · 220

Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.

But let them suck the seed with greedy force,

And close involve the vigour of the horse.

The male has done : thy care must now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed. 225

First let them run at large, and never know

The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.

Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,

Or lumber o'er the meads, or cross the wood ;

But range the forest, by the silver side 230

Of some cool stream, where Nature shall provide

Green grass and fatt'ning clover for their fare,

And mossy caverns for their noontide lair,

With rocks above, to shield the sharp nocturnal air.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green, 235

Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen :

This flying plague (to mark its quality)

Æstros the Grecians call—Asylus, we—

A fierce loud-buzzing breeze—Their stings draw
blood,

And drive the cattle gadding through the wood. 240

Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry :
 Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
 This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
 And first employ'd for Iö's punishment.
 To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains, 245
 In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns),
 To feed the females ere the sun arise,
 Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
 When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside,
 And for the tender progeny provide. 250
 Distinguish all betimes with branding fire,
 To note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire ;
 Whom to reserve for husband of the herd ;
 Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd ;
 Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow, 255
 To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough :
 The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
 May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
 The calf, by nature and by genius made
 To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade. 260
 Set him betimes to school ; and let him be
 Instructed there in rules of husbandry,

While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break; 265
For his soft neck, a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flatt'ring method on the youth pursue:
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two, 270
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke,
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd, 275
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd,
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade with bounteous hand: 280
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the cow;
But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend, 285
 Or for the prize in chariots to contend,
 Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
 Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
 The gen'rous labours of the courser, first,
 Must be with sight of arms and sounds of trumpets
 nurs'd; 290
 Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
 And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
 Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
 The loud applauses of his master's hand :
 This, from his weaning, let him well be taught; 295
 And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought,
 Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,
 Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit.
 But, when to four full springs his years advance,
 Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance
 And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat, 301
 To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
 Let him to this, with easy pains, be brought,
 And seem to labour, when he labours not.

Thus form'd for speed, he challenges the wind, 305
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins,
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains;
Like Boreas in his race, when, rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes; the groves their honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore. 314

Thus, o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course,
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way,
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and
high;

Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply. 320
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow:
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restif to the rein.

Would'st thou their courage and their strength
improve? 325

Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood
Behind the mountain or beyond the flood, 330
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast :
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest,
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass, 335
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred :
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head, 340
Engage their clashing horns : with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly roar :
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.

Nor, when the war is over, is it peace; 345

Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release;

But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,

And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.

Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,

He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds, 350

His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,

And, more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd

he lost.

Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,

Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own :

And therefore to repair his strength he tries, 355

Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise;

And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.

On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,

Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.

His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree, 360

And meditates his absent enemy.

He snuffs the wind; his heels the sand excite;

But, when he stands collected in his might,

He roars, and promises a more successful fight.

Then, to redeem his honour at a blow, 365

He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.

Not with more madness, rolling from afar,

The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war,

And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,

March onwards, and insult the rocky shore. 370

They mate the middle region with their height,

And fall no less than with a mountain's weight;

The waters boil, and, belching, from below

Black sands, as from a forceful engine, throw.

Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind, 375

The secret joys of sweet coition find.

Not only man's imperial race, but they

That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,

Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame:

For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same. 380

'Tis with this rage, the mother lion stung,

Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:

Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,

And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.

'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes; 385

In woods and fields, a wild destruction makes:

Boars whet their tusks; to battle tigers move,
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then wo to him, that, in the desert land
Of Libya, travels o'er the burning sand! 390
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns 395
Unruly torrents, and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy lecher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise:
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares 401
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when Love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took: 405
About him, and above, the billows broke:
The sluices of the sky were open spread;
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.

The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
 And ev'ry boding omen of the main: 410
 Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
 Of weeping parents, change his fatal course;
 No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
 His floating carcass on the Sestian shore.

I pass the wars that spotted lynxes make 415
 With their fierce rivals for the female's sake,
 The howling wolves', the mastiffs' am'rous rage;
 When e'en the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
 But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
 Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair: 420
 For, when her pouting vent declares her pain,
 She tears the harness, and she rends the rein.
 For this, (when Venus gave them rage and pow'r)
 Their master's mangled members they devour,
 Of love defrauded in their longing hour. 425
 For love, they force through thickets of the wood,
 They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When, at the spring's approach, their marrow burns
 (For with the spring their genial warmth returns),

The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair, 430
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air :
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with am'rous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hills' unequal height ;
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun, 436
Nor southward to the rainy regions, run,
But boring to the west, and hov'ring there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air,
With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
A slimy juice, by false conception bred. 441
The shepherd knows it well, and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of pow'r,
Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse, 446
And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous juice.
 But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue,
Surveying nature with too nice a view. 450

Let this suffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow
To raise my subject from a ground so low;
And the mean matter, which my theme affords, 455
T' embellish with magnificence of words.

But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides;
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discov'ries make. 460

Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep,
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold, 465
With fern beneath, to 'fend the bitter cold;
That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst. 470
Feed them with winter-browse; and, for their lair,
A cote, that opens to the south, prepare;

Where basking in the sun-shine they may lie,

And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.

This during winter's drisly reign be done, 475

Till the new Ram receives th' exalted sun :

For hairy goats of equal profit are

With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.

'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,

Is dearly sold ; but not for needful use : 480

For the salacious goat increases more,

And twice as largely yields her milky store.

The still distended udders never fail,

But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.

Meantime the pastor shears their hoary beards, 485

And eases of their hair the loaden herds.

Their cam'lots, warm in tents, the soldier hold,

And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.

On shrubs they browze, and, on the bleaky top

Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop. 490

Attended with their bleating kids, they come

At night, unask'd, and mindful of their home ;

And scarce their swelling bags the threshold over-

come.

So much the more thy diligence bestow
 In depth of winter, to defend the snow, 495
 By how much less the tender helpless kind,
 For their own ills, can fit provision find.
 Then minister the browze with bounteous hand;
 And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
 But, when the western winds with vital pow'r 500
 Call forth the tender grass and budding flow'r,
 Then, at the last, produce in open air
 Both flocks; and send them to their summer fare.
 Before the sun while Hesperus appears,
 First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears 505
 Of morning dews, and after break their fast
 On green-sward ground—a cool and grateful taste.
 But, when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
 And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews; 509
 When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain,
 Then lead them to their wat'ring-troughs again.
 In summer's heat, some bending valley find,
 Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind;
 Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
 In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend, 515

Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
 To shield them with its venerable shade.
 Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again
 When the low sun is sinking to the main,
 When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews, 520
 And the cool ev'ning-breeze the meads renews,
 When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
 And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan
 swains,

Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains, 525
 Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
 Or through continu'd deserts take their way,
 And, feeding, add the length of night to day?
 Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
 Nor folds nor hospitable harbour know: 530
 Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
 Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
 Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
 And with him all his patrimony bears,
 His house and household gods, his trade of war, 535
 His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.

Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
 Their long laborious marches overcome,
 Cheerly their tedious travels undergo,
 And pitch their sudden camp before the foe. 540

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold,
 Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold,
 Nor he who treads the bleak Mæotian strand,
 Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
 Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there 545
 No grass the fields, no leaves the forests, wear:
 The frozen earth lies buried there, below
 A hilly heap, sev'n cubits deep in snow;
 And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face, 550
 Too weak, the clouds and mighty fogs to chase,
 When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
 Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
 Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
 And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd, 555
 A hostry now for waggons, which before
 Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.

The brazen caldrons with the frost are flaw'd ;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd ;
With axes first they cleave the wine ; and thence,
By weight, the solid portions they dispense. 561
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are
heard.

Meantime perpetual sleet, and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below. 565
The starving cattle perish in their stalls ;
Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wint'ry walls
Of snow congeal'd ; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
The dext'rous huntsman wounds not these afar 570
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight,
But close engages in unequal fight ;
And, while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray, 575
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.

The men to subterranean caves retire,
 Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire: 579
 With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad.
 Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
 They pass, to drive the tedious hours away,
 And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
 Of windy cider, and of barmy beer. 585

Such are the cold Rhipæan race, and such
 The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch,
 Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
 The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go 590
 Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
 Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed:
 Then of the purest white select thy breed.
 E'en though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
 Prefer him not in haste, for husband to thy fold:
 But search his mouth; and, if a swarthy tongue
 Is underneath his humid palate hung,
 Reject him, lest he darken all the flock;
 And substitute another from thy stock.

'Twas thus, with fleeces milky white, (if we 600
 May trust report) Pan, god of Arcady,
 Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,
 When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.

If milk be thy design, with plenteous hand
 Bring clover-grass; and from the marshy land 605
 Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
 To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide.
 These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
 The savour of the salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
 With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain. 611
 Their morning milk the peasants press at night;
 Their ev'ning meal, before the rising light,
 To market bear; or sparingly they steep
 With seas'ning salt, and stor'd for winter keep. 615

Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs: but feed
 With fatt'ning whey the mastiffs' gen'rous breed,
 And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,
 Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief,
 Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay 620
 The mountain robbers rushing to the prey.

With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
 Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer,
 Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage
 Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage. 625

With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
 And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls,
 With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
 To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race :
 For often, under stalls unmov'd, they lie, 630
 Obscure in shades, and shunning heav'n's broad eye :
 And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
 Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed—
 Whether to roofy houses they repair,
 Or sun themselves abroad in open air, 635
 In all abodes, of pestilential kind
 To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.

Take, shepherd, take a plant of stubborn oak,
 And labour him with many a sturdy stroke,
 Or with hard stones demolish from afar 640
 His haughty crest, the seat of all the war ;
 Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires ;
 Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.

He drags his tail, and for his head provides,
And in some secret cranny slowly glides; 645

But leaves expos'd to blows his back and batter'd sides.

 In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back. 650

While springs are broken, while the southern air
And dropping heav'ns the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs:
But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks, 655
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks,
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground,
And, hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.

With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threatens.

Oh! let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer liv'ry rolls along, 665

Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
 Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young,
 And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
 The hopes of poison for the following year.

The causes and the signs shall next be told, 670
 Of ev'ry sickness that infects the fold.

A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
 When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick,
 Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin,
 Or burning icicles are lodg'd within; 675
 Or, when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
 Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins;
 When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear,
 Short of their wool, and naked from the shear. 679

Good shepherds, after shearing, drench their
 sheep;

And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
 Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
 They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
 Or, from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
 They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs, 685
 With scum that on the molten silver swims;

Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
 Besides the waxen labour of the bees,
 And hellebore, and squills deep-rooted in the seas.
 Receipts abound; but, searching all thy store, 690
 The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,
 And cut the head; for, 'till the core be found,
 The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground,
 While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands,
 And, when the lancing-knife requires his hands, 695
 Vain help, with idle pray'rs, from heav'n demands.
 Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
 And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat,
 The ready cure to cool the raging pain
 Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein. 700
 This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:
 Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
 And Gelons, use it, when for drink and food
 They mix their crudled milk with horses' blood.
 But, where thou seest a single sheep remain 705
 In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain,
 Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,
 Or late to lag behind with truant pace;

Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head, 709
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
But oft'ner bring the nation to decay, 714
And sweep the present stock and future hope away.

A dire example of this truth appears,
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains,
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherds' happy
reigns. 720

Here, from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise :
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew
Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools impure ; 725
Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death ! for, when the thirsty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk,

When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, e'en then
 A wat'rish humour swell'd and ooz'd agen, 730
 Converting into bane the kindly juice,
 Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.

The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
 Trimm'd with white ribbons, and with garlands drest,
 Sunk of himself, without the gods' command, 735
 Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.

Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
 Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretell;
 Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise; 739
 But clouds of mould'ring smoke forbad the sacrifice.

Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
 Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
 The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
 And render their sweet souls before the plenteous
 rack.

The fawning dog runs mad; the wheezing swine 745
 With coughs is chok'd, and labours from the chine:
 The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
 The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.

He paws the ground; and on his hanging ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears: 750
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
But, in time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes; he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly moans. 755
He heaves for breath; which, from his lungs sup-
 ply'd,
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.
To his rough palate his dry tongue succeeds;
And rosy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been us'd, 760
And through a horn the gen'rous juice infus'd,
Which, timely taken, op'd his closing jaws,
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause:
For the too vig'rous dose too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought. 765
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow 770
 (Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough),
 Falls down and dies; and, dying, spews a flood
 Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
 The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
 His mournful fellow from the team disjoins; 775
 With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
 And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
 The pining steer nor shades of lofty woods,
 Nor flow'ry meads, can ease, nor crystal floods
 Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease; 780
 His eyes are settled in a stupid peace;
 His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
 And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
 Now what avails his well-deserving toil
 To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil? 785
 And yet he never supt in solemn state
 (Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate),
 Nor day to night luxuriously did join,
 Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
 Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food, 790
 The wholesome herbage and the running flood:

No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright :
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.

'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen, 795
For want of oxen; and the lab'ring swain
Scratch'd, with a rake, a furrow for his grain,
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.

He yokes himself, and up the hilly height, 799
With his own shoulders, draws the waggon's weight.

The nightly wolf, that round th' enclosure prowld
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold,
Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe,
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go,
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer
 foe. 805

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcasses, are driv'n aground,
And mighty phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found: 810
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.

The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
 With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed :
 To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove ;
 From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above. 815

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain,
 Or trust to physic : physic is their bane.
 The learned leeches in despair depart,
 And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground, 820
 Majestically pale, now treads the round,
 Before her drives diseases and affright,
 And ev'ry moment rises to the sight,
 Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.
 The rivers, and their banks, and hills around, 825
 With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
 At length, she strikes an universal blow :
 To death at once whole herds of cattle go :
 Sheep, oxen, horses, fall ; and, heap'd on high,
 The diff'ring species in confusion lie, 830
 Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
 To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground :

For useless to the currier were their hides ;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth ; nor could Vulcanian flame 835
The stench abolish, or the savour tame.

Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store
(Made drunk with pois'nous juice, and stiff with
gore),

Or touch the web : but, if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear, 840
And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews that loathsome lice beget ;
'Till the slow-creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life
his prey.

GEORGICS,

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of each Georgic. In the first, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second, he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to animals; and, in the last, he singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic, he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey; how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kinds; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost; and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heav'n my following song pursues,
Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.

Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
 Embattled squadrons and advent'rous kings—
 A mighty pomp, though made of little things. 5
 Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
 And how they war, and whence the people rose.
 Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
 If heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find, 10
 And lodge them under covert of the wind
 (For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
 The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive),
 Far from the cows' and goats' insulting crew, 14
 That trample down the flow'rs, and brush the dew.
 The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
 Foes of the frugal kind, be far away—
 The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
 And Procne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
 These rob the trading citizens, and bear 20
 The trembling captives through the liquid air,
 And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
 But near a living stream their mansion place,
 Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:

And plant (the winds' impetuous rage to stop) 25
 Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop ;
 That, when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
 Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm—
 When first their way through yielding air they wing,
 New to the pleasures of their native spring— 30
 The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat,
 And neighb'ring trees with friendly shade invite
 The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
 Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake, 35
 A passage for thy weary people make ;
 With osier floats the standing water strow :
 Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow ;
 That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
 And, resting there, their flaggy pinions dry, 40
 When, late returning home, the laden host
 By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
 Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their cell,
 Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell :
 Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem, 45
 And let the purple vi'lets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twisted osiers or with barks of trees,
Make but a narrow mouth: for, as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold, 50
So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat;
And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
With dauby wax and flow'rs the chinks have lin'd,
And, with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive 55
To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idæan pitch, produce
A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own beneath the ground: 60
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaster thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay:
Nor place them where too deep a water flows, 65
Or where the yew, their pois'nous neighbour, grows;
Nor roast red crabs, t' offend the niceness of their
nose;

Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground ;
 Nor hollow rocks, that render back the sound,
 And doubled images of voice rebound. 70

For what remains, when golden suns appear,
 And under earth have driv'n the winter year,
 The winged nation wanders through the skies,
 And o'er the plains and shady forest flies :
 Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bow'rs, 75
 They skim the floods, and sip the purple flow'rs.
 Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
 Their young succession all their cares employ :
 They breed, they brood, instruct and educate,
 And make provision for the future state : 80
 They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
 And labour honey to sustain their lives.
 But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
 The motions of their hasty flight attend ; 85
 And know, to floods or woods, their airy march they
 bend.

Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound ;
 With these alluring savours strew the ground ;

And mix with tinkling brass the cymbal's droning
sound.

Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air, 90

The reconcil'd deserters will repair.

But, if intestine broils alarm the hive

(For two pretenders oft for empire strive),

The vulgar in divided factions jar ;

And murm'ring sounds proclaim the civil war. 95

Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,

Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain.

With shouts, the coward's courage they excite,

And martial clangors call them out to fight :

With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds, 100

That imitate the trumpet's angry sounds :

Then to their common standard they repair ;

The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air ;

In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,

And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth. 105

Prest for their country's honour, and their king's,

On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings,

And exercise their arms, and tremble with their

wings.

Glitt'ring and ardent, though in body less:
 From these, at pointed seasons, hope to press
 Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
 Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use,
 T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine, 155
 And with old Bacchus new metheglin join.

But, when the swarms are eager of their play,
 And loath their empty hives, and idly stray,
 Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
 A timely care to bring the truants back. 160
 The task is easy—but to clip the wings
 Of their high-flying arbitrary kings.

At their command, the people swarm away:
 Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.

Sweet gardens, full of saffron flow'rs, invite 165
 The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight—
 Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
 With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey.
 With his own hand, the guardian of the bees, 169
 For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees,
 And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
 'Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain;

And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
 And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not so near my labours end, 175

Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,

My song to flow'ry gardens might extend—

To teach the vegetable arts, to sing

The Pæstan roses, and their double spring;

How succ'ry drinks the running streams, and how

Green beds of parsley near the river grow; 181

How cucumers along the surface creep,

With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep—

The late narcissus, and the winding trail

Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale: 185

For, where with stately tow'rs Tarentum stands,

And deep Galæsus soaks the yellow sands,

I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,

Lord of few acres, and those barren too,

Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow: 190

Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground,

Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found,

Which, cultivated with his daily care,

And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.

Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford, 195
With wholesome poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely
board :

For, late returning home, he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less :
The little of his own, because his own, did please.
To quit his care, he gather'd, first of all, 200
In spring the roses, apples in the fall :
And, when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the bear's-foot of its leafy growth, 204
And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth.
He therefore first among the swains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were first in flow'rs ; his lofty pines,
With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines. 210
For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose,
And tame to plums the sourness of the sloes. 215

With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
 To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
 But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
 This task, for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees, 220
 Bestow'd by Jove for secret services,
 When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
 The king of heav'n in Cretan caves they fed.
 Of all the race of animals, alone
 The bees have common cities of their own, 225
 And common sons: beneath one law they live,
 And with one common stock their traffic drive.
 Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall:
 All is the state's; the state provides for all.
 Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain, 230
 And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
 Some o'er the public magazines preside;
 And some are sent new forage to provide.
 These drudge in fields abroad; and those at home
 Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb, 235
 With dew, narcissus-leaves, and clammy gum.
 To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;

Some nurse the future nation of the hive ;
Sweet honey some condense ; some purge the grout ;
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut : 240
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive :
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds :
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As, when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod, 245
New thunder hasten for their angry god,
Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies ;
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating air :
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare : 250
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row ;
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike ; huge flakes of flames expire ;
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare, 256
Such are the bees, and such their busy care ;
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee—

That in the field; this, in affairs of state 260
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
But, late at night, with weary pinions come
The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden, home. 265
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
He spoils the saffron flow'rs; he sips the blues
Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common; common is their sleep; 270
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Rush through the city-gates without delay;
Nor ends their work, but with declining day.
Then, having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night, 275
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.
'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray, 280
When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day;

But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make.

And as, when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat; 285
So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poisoning weight
Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.

But (what's more strange) their modest appetites,
Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.

No lust enervates their heroic mind, 290

Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind;

But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs:

They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.

Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat,

And thus their little citizens create, 295

And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.

And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,

And sink beneath the burdens which they bear:

Such rage of honey in their bosom beats;

And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets. 300

Thus through the race of life they quickly run,

Which in the space of sev'n short years is done:

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns;

The fortune of the family remains ;
 And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains. 305

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
 With servile awe their idol king adore :
 While he survives, in concord and content
 The commons live, by no divisions rent :
 But the great monarch's death dissolves the govern-
 ment. 310

All goes to ruin ; they themselves contrive
 To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
 The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys.
 The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise :
 Him they extol ; they worship him alone ; 315
 They crowd his levees, and support his throne :
 They raise him on their shoulders with a shout ;
 And, when their sov'reign's quarrel calls them out,
 His foes to mortal combat they defy,
 And think it honour at his feet to die. 320

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
 That bees have portions of æthereal thought—
 Endu'd with particles of heav'nly fires ;
 For God the whole created mass inspires.

Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth, he
 throws 325

His influence round, and kindles as he goes.

Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and
 fowls,

With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls ;

Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,

And into him at length resolve again. 330

No room is left for death : they mount the sky,

And to their own congenial ; lanets fly.

Now, when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,

And by prerogative to break their doors,

With sprinkled water first the city choke, 335

And then pursue the citizens with smoke.

Two honey-harvests fall in ev'ry year :

First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,

And, springing upward, spurn the briny seas :

Again, when their affrighted choir surveys 340

The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind,

With a black train of storms, and winter wind,

They plunge into the deep, and safe protection
 find.

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
 When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face, 345
 And through the purple veins a passage find;
 There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.

But, if a pinching winter thou foresee,
 And would'st preserve thy famish'd family;
 With fragrant thyme the city fumigate, 350
 And break the waxen walls to save the state.
 For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
 Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth;
 And worms, that shun the light, a dark retreat
 Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat; 355
 Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
 In winter-quarters free, devour the gain;
 Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
 And mix in battle with unequal arms;
 Or secret moths are there in silence fed; 360
 Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine-pin'd,
 The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind:
 With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
 And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives. 365

But, since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state,—
Observe the symptoms. When they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay,
They change their hue; with haggard eyes they
stare; 370

Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair :
And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne :
Their friends attend the hearse ; the next relations
mourn.

The sick, for air, before the portal gasp, 375
Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.
Soft whispers then, and broken sounds, are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd ; 380
Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou seest, galbanean odours use,
And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood, 385

T' invite the people to their wonted food.
 Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
 And raisins from the grapes of Psythian vines :
 To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
 And, with Cecropian thyme, strong-scented cen-
 taury. 390

A flow'r there is, that grows in meadow-ground,
 Amellus call'd, and easy to be found ;
 For, from one root, the rising stem bestows
 A wood of leaves, and vi'let-purple boughs :
 The flow'r itself is glorious to behold, 395
 And shines on altars like refulgent gold—
 Sharp to the taste—by shepherds near the stream
 Of Mella found ; and thence they gave the name.
 Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
 And set beside the door, the sickly stock to dine. 400
 But, if the lab'ring kind be wholly lost,
 And not to be retriev'd with care or cost ;
 'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
 Th' Arcadian master did of old impart ;
 And how he stock'd his empty hives again, 405
 Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.

An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
 And upward follow Fame's immortal spring :
 For, where with sev'n-fold horns, mysterious Nile
 Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle, 410
 And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
 On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
 Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
 Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific
 sands—
 That length of region, and large tract of ground, 415
 In this one art a sure relief have found.
 First, in a place by nature close, they build
 A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
 In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike, 419
 To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
 A steer of two years old they take, whose head
 Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread :
 They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
 To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
 Knock'd down, he dies : his bowels, bruis'd within,
 Betray no wound on his unbroken skin. 426
 Extended thus in this obscene abode

They leave the beast ; but first sweet flow'rs are
 strow'd

Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
 And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime. 430

This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
 When western winds on curling waters play ;
 Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
 Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.

The tainted blood, in this close prison pent, 435

Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.

Then (wond'rous to behold) new creatures rise,

A moving mass at first, and short of thighs ;

'Till, shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,

The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings, 440

And, more and more affecting air, they try

Their tender pinions, and begin to fly :

At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,

That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods—

Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows, 445

When from afar they gall embattled foes—

With such a tempest through the skies they steer ;

And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What god, O Muse! this useful science taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought? 450

Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled—
His bees with famine or diseases dead:—
On Penæus's banks he stood, and near his holy head;
And, while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
Thus, mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd: 455

“ Mother Cyrene! mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood!

What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
The third, by him and thee, from heav'n's high king?
O! where is all thy boasted pity gone, 460

And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?

Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create,
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate?

Whom scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful
plough,

The needful aids of human life allow: 465

So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou!

Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;

Root up my trees; with blights destroy my corn;

My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.

Let loose thy rage ; let all thy spite be shown, 470
 Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son."
 But, from her mossy bow'r below the ground,
 His careful mother heard the plaintive sound—
 Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
 One common work they ply'd ; their distaffs full 475
 With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
 Spio, with Drymo brown, and Xantho fair,
 And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair ;
 Cydippe with Lycorias, one a maid,
 And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid ; 480
 Clio and Beroë, from one father both ;
 Both girt with gold, and clad in particolour'd cloth ;
 Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud ;
 Nisæa lofty, with Ligea loud ;
 Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad, 485
 And Arethusa, once Diana's maid,
 But now (her quiver left) to love betray'd.
 To these Clymene the sweet theft declares
 Of Mars ; and Vulcan's unavailing cares ;
 And all the rapes of gods, and ev'ry love, 490
 From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
 Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
 A mournful sound agen the mother hears ; 494
 Agen the mournful sound invades the sisters' ears.
 Starting at once from their green seats, they rise—
 Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes.
 But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
 First lifts above the waves her beauteous head,
 And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said : 500
 " O sister, not with causeless fear possess !
 No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
 'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
 Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
 Near his paternal stream he sadly stands, 505
 With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands,
 Upbraiding heav'n, from whence his lineage came,
 And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name."
 Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
 Cries out, " Conduct my son, conduct him here : 510
 'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
 To view the secrets of our deep abodes."
 At once she wav'd her hand on either side ;

At once the ranks of swelling streams divide,
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand, 515
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's wat'ry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow caverns, roar ; 520
He hears the crackling sounds of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods ;
And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,
The fount of Phasis, and of Lycus, dwells ;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears, 525
And Tyber his majestic forehead rears ;
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis profound
Breaks through th' opposing rocks with raging
 sound ;
Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods : 530
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears :
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now, to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son 535
 Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
 Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
 Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
 Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
 With waters drawn from their perpetual spring, 540
 From earthly dregs his body purify,
 And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry;
 Then load the tables with a lib'ral feast,
 And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.
 The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke; 545
 And the bright choir their kindred gods invoke.
 Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
 Then thus: " Let these be pour'd, with rights divine,
 To the great authors of our wat'ry line—
 To father Ocean, this; and this," she said, 550
 " Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,
 Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the woodland
 shade."
 She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the Vestal fire,
 Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
 Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun, 555

With words like these, to cheer her drooping son :

“ In the Carpathian bottom, makes abode

The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god.

High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides,

His azure car and finny coursers guides— 560

Proteus his name.—To his Pallenian port

I see from far the weary god resort.

Him, not alone, we river gods adore,

But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.

With sure foresight, and with unerring doom, 565

He sees what is, and was, and is to come.

This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep

His scaly flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.

Implore his aid ; for Proteus only knows

The secret cause, and cure, of all thy woes. 570

But first the wily wizard must be caught ;

For, unconstrain'd, he nothing tells for nought ;

Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry, bought.

Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind ;

Then all his frauds will vanish into wind. 575

I will myself conduct thee on thy way :

When next the southing sun inflames the day,

When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
 And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain;
 Then will I lead thee to his secret seat, 580
 When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
 The wayward sire frequents his cool retreat.
 His eyes with heavy slumber overcast—
 With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast.
 Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold: 585
 The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold,
 And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight,
 And with vain images of beasts affright;
 With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
 Or imitate the lion's angry roar; 590
 Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare,
 Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare;
 Or, with a wile thy caution to betray,
 In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
 But thou, the more he varies forms, beware 595
 To strain his fetters with a stricter care,
 'Till, tiring all his arts, he turns agen
 To his true shape, in which he first was seen."
 This said, with nectar she her son anoints;

Infusing vigour through his mortal joints : 600

Down from his head the liquid odours ran ;

He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a man.

Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies

A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes, 604

Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,

In form of war, their wat'ry ranks divide,

And there, like sentries set, without the mouth abide :

A station safe for ships when tempests roar,

A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.

Secure within resides the various god, 610

And draws a rock upon his dark abode.

Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,

The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the
light :

Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.

'Twas noon ; the sultry Dog-star from the sky 615

Scorch'd Indian swains ; the rivel'd grass was dry ;

The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,

And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud ;

When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,

Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves. 620

His finny flocks about their shepherd play,

And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.

Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,

Then in the shady covert seek repose.

Himself, their herdsman, on the middle mount, 625

Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.

So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom

Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home,

When lowing calves and bleating lambs, from far,

Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war. 630

Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies:

For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,

When, rushing on with shouts, he binds in chains

The drowzy prophet, and his limbs constrains.

He, not unmindful of his usual art, 635

First in dissembled fire attempts to part:

Then roaring beasts, and running streams, he tries,

And wearies all his miracles of lies:

But, having shifted ev'ry form to 'scape,

Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape, 640

And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:

“ Audacious youth! what madness could provoke

A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?

What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode?

To this, th' audacious youth: "Thou know'st full
well 645

My name and bus'ness, god; nor need I tell.

No man can Proteus cheat: but, Proteus, leave

Thy fraudulent arts, and do not thou deceive.

Following the gods' command, I come t' implore

Thy help, my perish'd people to restore." 650

The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,

Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage,

And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, "No vulgar god

Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.

Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward; 655

And Orpheus' dying pray'rs at length are heard.

For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,

And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife:

Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape

The just revenge of that intended rape. 660

To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,

Unwary, took along the river's side,

Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
 That kept the bank, in covert of the brake.
 But all her fellow nymphs the mountains tear 665
 With loud laments, and break the yielding air :
 The realms of Mars remurmur all around,
 And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.
 Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
 Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore, 670
 And sought his mournful mind with music to restore.
 On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone,
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung: his griefs with day begun,
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.
 E'en to the dark dominions of the night 675
 He took his way through forests void of light,
 And dar'd, amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable king.
 Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
 And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side—680
 (Not flocks of birds, when driv'n by storms or night,
 Stretch to the forests with so thick a flight)—
 Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid,

The mighty hero's more majestic shade, 684
 And youths, on fun'ral piles before their parents laid.
 All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
 With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds;
 And baleful Styx encompasses around,
 With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
 E'en from the depths of hell the damn'd advance; 690
 Th' infernal mansions, nodding, seem to dance;
 The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl;
 The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl;
 Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
 But leans attentive on his standing wheel. 695
 All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
 In safety goes, with her melodious guide,
 Longing the common light again to share,
 And draw the vital breath of upper air—
 He first; and close behind him follow'd she 700
 For such was Proserpine's severe decree—
 When strong desires th' impatient youth invade,
 By little caution and much love betray'd:

684.---This whole line is taken from the marquis of Normanby's translation. DRYDEN.

A fault, which easy pardon might receive,
 Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive : 705
 For, near the confines of ætherial light,
 And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
 Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
 Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
 Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke ; 710
 And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
 Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
 Of cov'nants broke ; three peals of thunder join.
 Then thus the bride : ' What fury seiz'd on thee,
 Unhappy man ! to lose thyself and me ? 715
 Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
 An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.
 And now farewell ! Involv'd in shades of night,
 For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
 In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join 720
 In sweet embraces—ah ! no longer thine !'
 She said ; and from his eyes the fleeting fair
 Retir'd like subtile smoke dissolv'd in air,
 And left the hopeless lover in despair.
 In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd 725

To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
 He prays; he raves; all means in vain he tries,
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
 But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes.
 Nor would th' infernal ferryman once more 730
 Be brib'd to waft him to the farther shore.
 What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
 What notes invent? what new petitions move?
 Her soul already was consign'd to Fate,
 And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler sate. 735
 For sev'n continu'd months, if Fame say true,
 The wretched swain his sorrows did renew:
 By Strymon's freezing streams he sate alone:
 The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan: 739
 Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs:
 Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawn-
 ing tongues.
 So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
 The mother nightingale laments alone,
 Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
 By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence. 745
 But she supplies the night with mournful strains;

And melancholy music fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,

Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.

Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone 750

Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known :

He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,

And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The Thracian matrons—who the youth accus'd

Of love disdain'd, and marriage-rites refus'd— 755

With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,

At length against his sacred life conspir'd.

Whom e'en the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,

And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field. 759

Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders torn,

Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne,

E'en then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride ;

With his last voice, 'Eurydice,' he cry'd.

'Eurydice,' the rocks and river-banks reply'd."

This answer Proteus gave ; nor more he said, 765

But in the billows plung'd his hoary head ;

And, where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely

spread.

The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
And bade him banish his superfluous fear:

“ For now,” said she, “ the cause is known, from
whence 770

Thy wo succeeded, and for what offence.

The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,

This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;

And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.—

With vows and suppliant pray'rs their pow'rs ap-
pease: 775

The soft Napæan race will soon repent

Their anger, and remit the punishment.

The secret in an easy method lies;

Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,

Which on Lycæus graze without a guide; 780

Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd.

For these, four altars in their temple rear,

And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r.

From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,

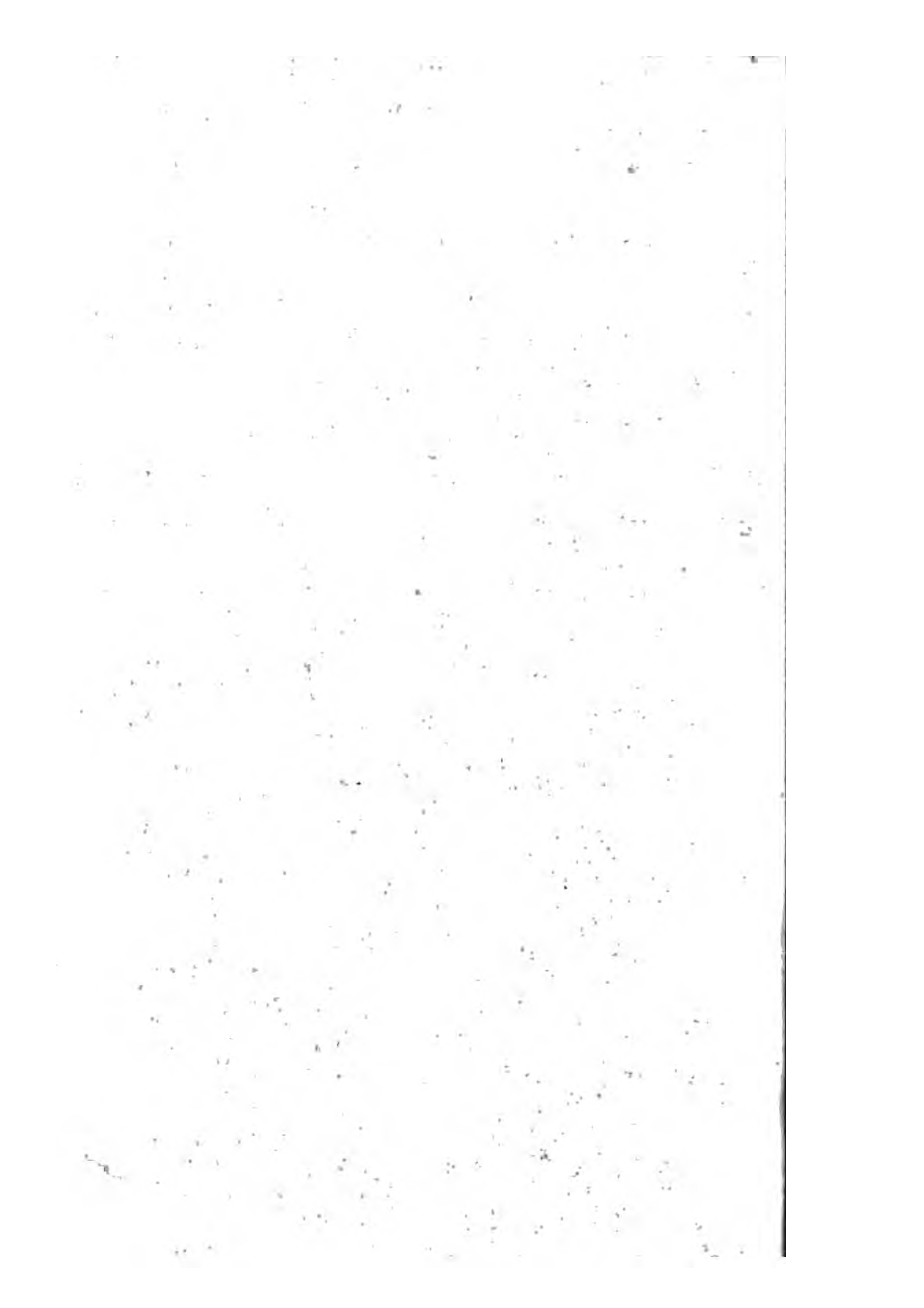
And leave their bodies in the shady wood: 785

Nine mornings thence, Lethæan poppy bring,

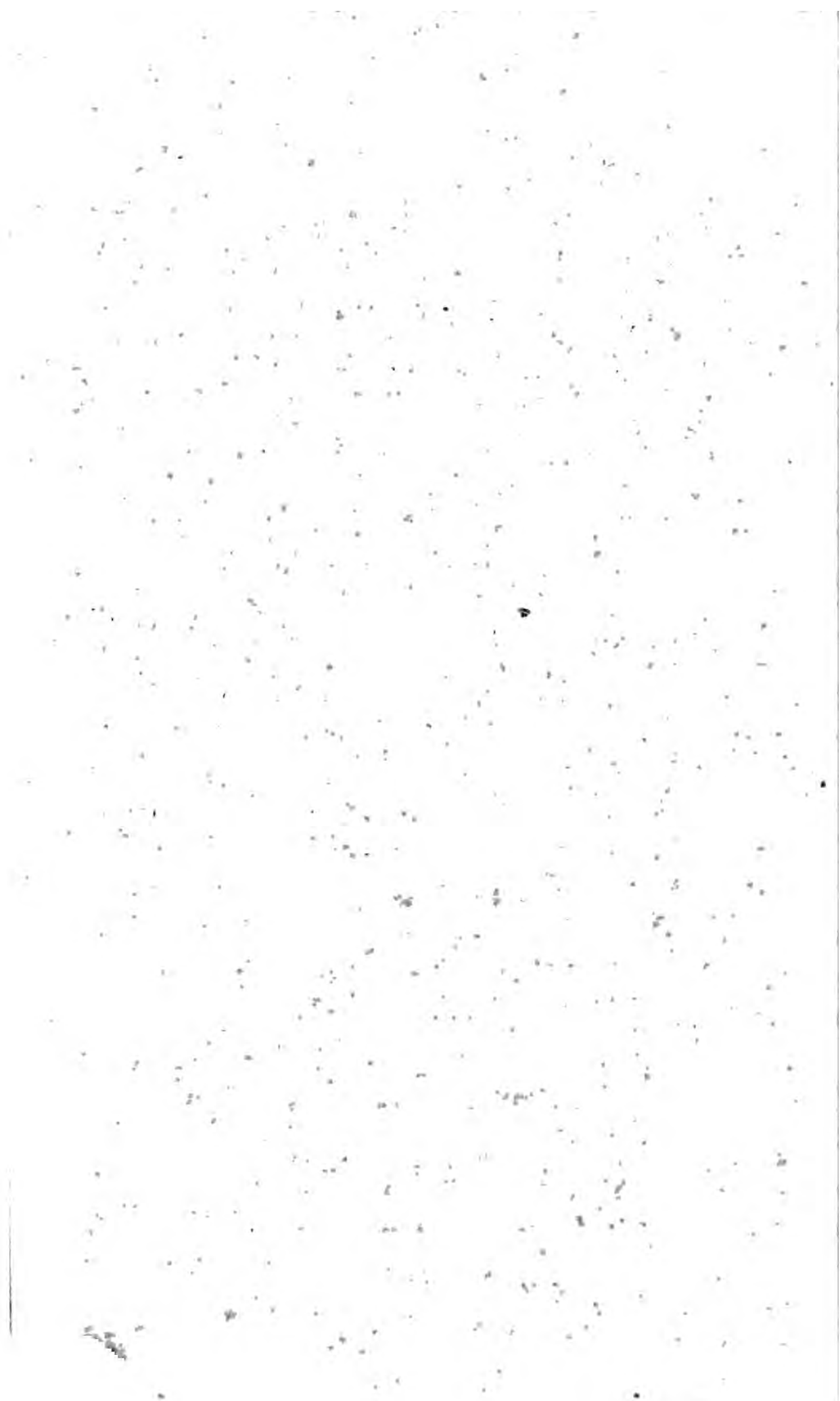
T' appease the manes of the poets' king,

And, to propitiate his offended bride,
 A fatted calf and a black ewe provide:
 This finish'd, to the former woods repair." 790
 His mother's precepts he performs with care;
 The temple visits, and adores with pray'r;
 Four altars raises; from his herd he culls,
 For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls:
 Four heifers from his female store he took, 795
 All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
 Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and pray'rs,
 The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
 Behold a prodigy! for, from within
 The broken bowels and the bloated skin, 800
 A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms:
 Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms.
 Dark as a cloud, they make a wheeling flight,
 Then on a neighb'ring tree, descending, light:
 Like a large cluster of black grapes they show, 805
 And make a large dependance from the bough.
 Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
 And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;
 While mighty Cæsar, thund'ring from afar,

Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war; 810
With conqu'ring arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws;
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heav'n pursues;
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days, 815
Affecting studies of less noisy praise;
And, bold through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd,



THE ÆNEIS.



TO
THE MOST HONOURABLE
JOHN,
LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, EARL OF
MULGRAVE, &c.
AND
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

A HEROIC poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example. It is conveyed in verse, that it may delight while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design; either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to

be filled with rubbish, (which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength,) but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind: all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime; nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling *novels*, which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems; by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul, and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work, which he is driving on, labouring and hastening in every line; the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; though, to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or, at best,

convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius—who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgement—instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform when the seige was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second—went out of his way, as it were on prepense malice, to commit a fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil), to make way for those funeral honours which he intended for him. Now, if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais—if he had either farthered or hindered the taking of the town—the poet might have found some sorry excuse, at least, for detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors; and his success was answerable to his enterprise.

If this œconomy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it; what soul, though sent into the

world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odysseys, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles: for the original of the stage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted, they enlarged: out of one Hercules, were made infinity of pigmies, yet all endued with human souls: for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the *divinæ particulam auræ*. They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them accord-

ing to the proportions of the drama. If he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that, their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: so that, as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened—by the same rule, applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified: Tragedy is the miniature of human life; an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my lord, I must contract also; for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think, may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents, than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm, the passions—to purge the soul from pride, by

the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest—in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy; great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure; but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that, for this reason, tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day; and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as

well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round a pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem, where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration. We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and, besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliads, that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of

Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them; and what we abhor, we never imitate. The poet only shews them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece: though, where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the *Æneas* of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in a heroic poem, or faults common to the drama.

After all, on the whole merits of the cause it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein, though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active: the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires: for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit, like the *quinquina*, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use in process of time, and in its proper season. I proceed, from the greatness of the action, to the dignity of the actors; I mean to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is

true, may lend to his sovereign: but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read, and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. "Tryphon the stationer" complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting; "the fine woman ends in a fishes tail."

I might also add, that many things, which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading,

would appear absurd upon the stage; and those not only the *speciosa miracula*, as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphates, and the Læstrygons, which cannot be represented even in operas; but the prowess of Achilles or Æneas would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies, in Homer or in Virgil; but *ne Hercules contra duos* in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot or ought not to represent; for I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me, that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil, if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know, to decide this controversy. You come, my lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your Essay of Poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction, and—

without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am — not without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgement, than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged, than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of malice in his commendations; for where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother serjeant at the bar, especially when he controuls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeas'd with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner, because we are

bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency, than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man, with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy, than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just; and, if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic: for, by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded, and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the author: and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic

poem and the drama, and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections: for, in this address to your lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his first epistle of the second book to Augustus Cæsar, and in that to the Pisos, which we call his Art of Poetry; in both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius, may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed as often as I pleased, the same subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning; the greatness and excellency of a heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison, therefore, which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy, was not altogether a digression; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the master-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this

corollary from what has been already said, that the file of heroic poets is very short; all are not such who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneïs, in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jerusalem; I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some lord chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your lordship's ears with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum---

mere fustian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, "make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line:" father Le Moine, with his Saint Louis: and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his *Maid* should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finished, or

had been one; and Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but, if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Ségrais before his translation of the *Æneis*, or out of Bossu, no matter which: "the style of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama." The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged: the work of tragedy is on the passions, and in a dialogue: both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for *volat irrevocabile verbum*; the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying. But what we read alone, we have leisure to digest: there an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his ex-

pression, which if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot; but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness; and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business, and not think of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies: he has a whole confederacy against him; and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero; I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst, but casual slips of a great man's pen,

or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy le Fèvre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and, without contradicting my first opinion, I can shew that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his, in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in the several chiefs to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel; and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on disho-

nourable conditions: the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered; and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the mean time, the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shewn the bad effects of discord, so, after the reconciliation, he gives the good effects of unity: for Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this, it is probable that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians, and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flourished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it: for then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian common-

wealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar, in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party: he too had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth; (for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the Christian priesthood, refining on the heathen!) Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power. Such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each, de-

stroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric, of consequence, must fall betwixt them; and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions—like him, who, being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his landlord to take physic (of which he died), for the benefit of his doctor. *Stavo ben* (was written on his monument): *ma, per star meglio, sto qui.*

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age; that is, patriots for their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your lordship with the repetition of what you know—after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar, broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass

against him. Cæsar, thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles which was now uppermost (for he was a Marian), had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country, whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him, and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and, heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of perpetual dictator. He being murdered by his own son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though Dante, in his *Inferno*, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth), the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled twice or thrice over, and as often enslaved, in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and, not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside,

that the commonwealth was lost without resource; the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate, and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author (as men of good sense are generally honest), that he was still of republican principles in his heart.

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the Æneis. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium, and there giving laws to the holy souls who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits: for his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate; — that Romulus was no hereditary prince; and though, after his death, he received divine honours for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making; — that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt acts of tyranny, and mal-administra-

tion; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others, being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, that an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born; though at the same time he confessed freely, that, if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice—which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But, to return from my long rambling—I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived—that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved; that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it; that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished; that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it; that the arts of peace flourished under him; that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet; that, now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate; that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them,

and prorogued his government from time to time, still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness;—these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed; to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to confirm their obedience to him, and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem—honest in the poet; honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary, to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not so himself, or that Æneas ever was in Italy; which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there. But that the Romans valued themselves on their

Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them (though they were all graven after his death), as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the *Æneïs*, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honour; that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families, which flourished in his time, less obliged by him than the emperor. Your lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the *Æneïs*: but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises. I insist not on

their names; but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes, were such as obliged the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenas: and this was the poetical revenge he took: for *genus irritabile vatum*, as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him; *animamque in vulnere ponit*. I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We and the French are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Ænëas. Spenser favours this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tasso an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone farther

than the moral led me : but if your lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But, as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas (of which I shall say more, when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero), I must prepare that subject, by shewing how dexterously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both ; which is the part of a wise and an honest man, and proves that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am ; though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your lordship my opinion of Virgil ; that he was no arbitrary man. Obliged he was to his master for his bounty ; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose for the ground-work of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was just the parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir in a lineal succession : for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family ; and Helenus,

a son of Priam, was surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his Æneïd, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam, who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the second book. Æneas had only married Creüsa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance derived from Julius Cæsar (such a title being but one degree removed from conquest); for what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take; since that gift was indeed no more, at bottom, than a trust. Virgil gives us an example of this in the person of Mezentius: he governed arbitrarily: he was expelled, and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shews us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus: he was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a

just and gracious prince, solicitous for the welfare of his people, always consulting with his senate to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall, speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. *Pater arma Latinus habeto*, &c. are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium: wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet, withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high-priesthood, with which Augustus was invested, and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant by the death of Panthûs in the second book of the Æneïs, for his hero to succeed in it, and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure

they ought: and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation. The words of Virgil are very plain —

Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja penates.

As for Augustus or his uncle Julius claiming by descent from Æneas, that title is already out of doors. Æneas succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was fore-doomed to fall for ever.

*Postquam res Asiæ Priamique evertere gentem
Immeritam visum superis.---Æneïs, lib. iii. v. 1.*

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire: but Horace writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it as it should be raised. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head, and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is levelled at the manners which

our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus. Those manners were piety to the gods and a dutiful affection to his father, love to his relations, care of his people, courage and conduct in the wars, gratitude to those who had obliged him, and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love, and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back: he leads his little son: his wife follows him; but, losing his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her, and leaves not his pursuit until her ghost appears to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death, of the games instituted in honour of his memory, or seeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his ten-

derness for his son, which every-where is visible—of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deïphobus, the funerals of his nurse, his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king, or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole Æneïs is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein, Ségrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the Æneïs, as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow that they better understand the management of a war, than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place

to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Ségrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him: for his preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things, which he durst not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus, has not his clemency. In short, my lord, I would not translate

him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour, and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man; therefore neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish, thoroughly virtuous; and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me, and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was to instruct in virtue, by shewing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows, is translated literally from Ségrais.

“ Virgil had considered, that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing

his people ; which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious ; he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But—knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations—he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them ? to a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king, in his last necessity ?”

Thus far Ségrais, in giving the preference to

piety before valour. I will now follow him, where he considers this valour, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in a heroical degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best, in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depends, he proceeds to tell us, that, in the ten years' war of Troy, he was considered as the second champion of his country (allowing Hector the first place), and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Ségrais forgot to cite) makes Diomedes give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book.

-----*Stetimus tela aspera contra,*
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In chlypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
Terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et versis lugeret Græcia fatis.
Quidquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
Hectoris Æneæque manu victoria Graiùm
Hæsit, et in decumum vestigia retulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
Hic pietate prior.-----

I give not here my translation of these verses

(though I think I have not ill succeeded in them), because your lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire you should see Virgil and me so near together: but you may please, my lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates that Homer had done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman: though Diomedes was manifestly the second champion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the companion of his nightly expedition; for he had a head-piece of his own, and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety, and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: "they who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easily to be answered." Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him, would tire your lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last Æneïds. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or the whole Round Table, than he performs. *Proxima quæque metit gladio*, is the perfect account of a

knight-errant. "If it be replied (continues Ségrais) that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprises, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil." Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them. And Ariosto, the two Tassos (Bernardo and Torquato), even our own Spenser—in a word, all modern poets—have copied Homer as well as Virgil: he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. "Who knows (says Ségrais) but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and signified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the astrologers will tell us out of Virgil (who was well versed in the Chaldean mysteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun." But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself, thought otherwise. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predecessor, or his descendants: for Æneas was actually wounded, in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the same god smith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It seems he

was no war-luck, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet, after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable—when he was cured indeed by his mother's help, because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus—the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacked Turnus, when he faces, and renews the combat. I need say no more; for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance, and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant, because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseïs was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creüsa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea shore

and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers, to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here you lordship may observe the address of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it: Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Ségrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes that historians commend Alexander for weeping when he read the mighty actions of Achilles: and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when, in the temple of Carthage, he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus, the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate, and the rest, which I omit.

Yet, even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps, but trembles, at an approaching storm—

Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit ; et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest; and he wept: he was promised Italy; and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise:—all this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil: and, since, I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death: so that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries

can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken; Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire: for, that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf; to which the god makes answer in these words:

*Parce metû, Cytherea : manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.*

notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through the course of the whole Æneïs, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate or not. And indeed some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it; for, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the

power of changing destiny — *Tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas.* To which he graciously answers :

*Si mora presentis leli, tempusque caduco
Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis.
Hactenus indulsisse vacat. Sin altior istis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inanes.*

But, that he could not alter those decrees, the king of gods himself confesses, in the book above cited; when he comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid, before he threw his lance at Turnus—

-----Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
*Tot nati cecidere deùm ; quin occidit unâ
Sarpedon, mea progenies. Etiam sua Turnum
Fata manent, metasque dati pervenit ad ævi---*

where he plainly acknowledges that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed with that excellent person sir Robert Howard, who is better conversant, than any man that I know, in the doctrine of the Stoics; and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For,

when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis---

he replied, and, I think, with exact judgement, that, when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come; that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived, if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more shew of reason by the ladies, who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost, and, for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Ségrais observes with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love when he left Carthage, contradict

their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shewn his hero with these inconsistent characters, acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted, but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested: for Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion—

*Vultis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.*

This was an obligation never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But, when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave (call it marriage, or enjoyment only), he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the

favour, and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not answered them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Ségrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas: and, this being allowed (as I am afraid it must), he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy—for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion, or (take it in the strongest sense) to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth: but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree that theft is a breach of the moral

law: yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them, because the propriety was transferred by a revelation to their law-giver. I confess, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it—

Fata obstant; placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Ségrais confesses, he might have shewn a little more sensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations, to obey the gods:

-----*Curam sub corde premebat,*
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore.

Upon the whole matter, and humanly speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame, than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions, where

he excuses himself when it is too late; and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Ségrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author, by saying that the Æneïs is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it; and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire: though, at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole Æneïs. Oh! how convenient is a machine sometimes in a heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill-defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in their power, would certainly have shewn him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus; for, if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes, then want of constancy, and ingratitude after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But, of machines, more in their proper place; where I shall shew, with how much judgement they have been used by Virgil; and, in the mean time, pass to another article of his defence, on the present subject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall;

but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go farther, and say that he ought to be acquitted, and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome; she was also present at the reading of the sixth *Æneïd*; and we know not that she condemned *Æneas*; but we are sure she presented the poet with a large sum, for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had, for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described, than in any other poet. Love was the theme of his fourth book; and, though it is the shortest of the whole *Æneïd*, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion; and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero: she smothered those sparkles out of decency; but conversation blew them up into a flame.

Then she was forced to make a confident of her whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and, after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing; for they were all machining work; but, possession having cooled his love, as it increased hers, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and entreats, and, nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connexion of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for, endeavouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause; for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly praised for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy: Virgil indeed made his a Trojan; but it was to derive the Romans and his own Au-

gustus from him. But all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly: Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him: and the chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Este, who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronise his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shews her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband, doting on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken, by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true, he colours the falsehood of Æneas, by an express command from Jupiter, to forsake the queen, who had obliged him: but he knew the Romans were to be his readers; and them he bribed, perhaps at the expense of his hero's honesty; but he gained his cause, however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love; for still he had the advantage of the

amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook; and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus; and *varium et mutabile semper femina*, is the sharpest satire, in the fewest words, that ever was made on woman-kind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* must be understood, to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury. If a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frightened him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido: for your lordship may observe, that, as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, till the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that, if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning—*notumque, furens quid femina possit*—she was injured; she was revengeful; she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted that the people were naturally perfidious; for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of *Punica fides*, many ages before it was invented.

Thus, I hope, my lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of

the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lie, as an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country; at least as sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making *Æneas* and *Dido* contemporaries; for it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of *Carthage*. One who imitates *Boccalini*, says that *Virgil* was accused before *Apollo* for this error. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reason; for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence, that any thing might be allowed to his son *Virgil*, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralise this story, *Virgil* is the *Apollo* who has this dispensing power. His great judgement made the laws of poetry; but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb-law; and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must choose, as he did,

an obscure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Ségrais says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneïd, to which I refer your lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or at least as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ungrateful fugitive; and very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him, on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for them-

selves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have shewed already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this anachronism, by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with or suspend his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do, especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Ségrais, to condemn Virgil for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the splendid miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are beautiful as they are related, and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly.

It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history which is known to all the world, as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander: but, in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But, if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the sourest critic must acknowledge, that, if he had deprived his Æneis of so great an ornament because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him, which is want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm, in honour of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Æneis, but was so accounted in his own age, and before it was mellowed into that reputation

which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary—

*Nec legitur pars ulla magis de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor---*

where, by the way, you may observe, my lord, that Ovid, in those words, *Non legitimo fœdere junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas. He was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: “ You, sir,” saith he, “ have sent me into exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton Elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together. May I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to shew it in the action?” But was Ovid the court-poet so bad a courtier, as to find no other plea to excuse himself, than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers, that Juno the goddess of matrimony had ratified it by her presence (for it was her business to bring matters to that issue). That the ceremonies were short, we may believe; for Dido was not only amorous, but a

widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an inuendo—*pulchramque uxorius urbem exstruis*—he calls Æneas not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word *uxorius* implies. Now mark a little, if your lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concerned to make this marriage (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom). It was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid; and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our home-spun English proverb, he killed two birds with one stone; pleased the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For, to leave one wife, and take another, was but matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni*, is the very excuse which Æneas makes, when he leaves his lady: “I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage: my business was

Italy; and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free, at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to 'be shipwrecked on your coast. Be as kind a hostess as you have been to me; and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time I call the gods to witness, that I leave you ashore unwillingly; for, though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you." This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse, into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended, on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age. I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge—a capital crime, I must acknowledge; for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies: and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so many things

from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts; then Scaliger hath made out, saith Ségrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors, and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems: they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water.

Quid prohibetis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est.

But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the œconomy and disposition of it

—these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews' Messiah will come together. There are parts of the *Æneis*, which resemble some parts both of the *Ilias* and of the *Odysses*: as, for example, *Æneas* descended into hell, and *Ulysses* had been there before him: *Æneas* loved *Dido*, and *Ulysses* loved *Calypso*: in few words, *Virgil* hath imitated *Homer's Odysses* in his first six books, and, in his six last, the *Ilias*. But from hence can we infer that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of *Virgil's Æneis*? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of *Homer* had *Virgil* his episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing *Æneas* into *Italy*? of establishing the *Roman empire* on the foundations of a *Trojan colony*? to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from *Venus*, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken *Augustus* for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as *Homer* had his from the *Ægyptian priestess*. *Æneadum genitrix* was no more unknown to *Lucretius*, than to him. But *Lucretius* taught him not to form his

hero, to give him piety or valour for his manners, and both in so eminent a degree, that, having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him, and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a name than that of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature; they who copy one of Raphael's pieces, imitate but him; for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael; for, though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travelled; so did Æneas: but neither of them were the first travellers; for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born: and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must

have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude—Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? for the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities had been burnt, before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it; they would not have designed it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and shewed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back, his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture, as an act of courage). He would have rather drawn him killing Androgeos, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the

fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer: the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts; yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For, what are the tears of Calypso for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing episode of the Odyssees? If this be a copy, let the critics shew us the same dispositions, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither: he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to shew him all the succeeding heroes of his race, and, next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil), his own patron, Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him, how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our

author; but it hath been copied by so many signpost daubers, that now it is grown fulsome, rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

In the last place, I may safely grant, that, by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention—that is, to imitate like him; which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing a heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel, for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiary, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse. This is like Merry Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dexterously performing on the high.

I will trouble your lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fèvre, or Valais; but I am sure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action—suppose, for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he

is endeavouring to raise our concernments to the highest pitch—turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mispends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art, to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business: and admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess, that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once, I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is

about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining. When he has warmed us in his description as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole *Æneïs* in the original, unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which *Æolus* had raised a tempest without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace, dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while *Triton* and *Cymothoë* were heaving the ships from off the quicksands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

*Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, stævitque animis ignobile vulgus,*

*Jamque faces et saxa volant ; furor arma ministrat ;
 Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
 Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant :
 Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet :
 Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora postquam
 Prospiciens genitor, cæloque invectus aperto,
 Flectit equos, currûque volans dat lora secundo.*

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole: for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper: for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an "ambitious ornament" out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: *nunc non erat his locus*; and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the Æneïs by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius, and not to have named the authors from whence I had

them: for so Ruæus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent; and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months: Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer; and, if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's action were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed, the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious (of which number I am sure your lordship is one), I will translate what I think convenient out of Ségrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the *Æneïs* began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Ségrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up

almost a year and half, ground their calculation thus. Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy. He is surprised by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of Afric: he stays at Carthage all that summer and almost all the winter following, sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring, meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time. This part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ: and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus, the overture of the war, the siege of his camp by Turnus, his going for succours to relieve it, his return, the raising of the siege by the first battle, the twelve days' truce, the second battle, the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account, we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and half.

Ségrais reckons another way; and his compu-

tation is not condemned, by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died to be in the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring: he acknowledges, that, when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin; he confesses, further, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

Quinetiam hiberno moliris sidere classem.

But, whereas Ronsard's followers suppose, that, when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage), Ségrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August; at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea; and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer, staying

there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that, having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father—after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Ségrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days; that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These indeed are but suppositions on both sides: yet those of Ségrais seem better grounded: for the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his story; therefore the love was made in autumn: the hunting followed properly when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required; and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the

mouth of Tyber; which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds saluting the dawn, and by the beauty of the place, which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh *Æneid* :

*Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
Cum venti posuere.-----
-----Varie, circumque supraque,
Assuetæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu.-----*

The remainder of the action required but three months more: for, when *Æneas* went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander: so that, according to this calculation, the *Æneis* takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances treated more at large by *Ségrais*, agrees with the rising of *Orion*, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the *Pastorals*, but more particularly in the *Georgics*, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer, according to the knowledge of that age. Now *Ilioneus* (whom *Virgil* twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to *Orion*, in his speech to *Dido*,

Cum, subito assurgens fluctu, nimbosus Orion---

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before day-light: the achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of day, and in opposition to the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Ségrais has observed farther, that, when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during the winter, she speaks also of Orion—

Dum pelago desævit hiems, et aquosus Orion.

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising of Orion, Anna must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him *nimbosus*; Anna, *aquosus*. He is tempestuous in the summer, when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter, when he rises achronically. Your lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words, which I could not avoid

in this abbreviation of Ségrais, who, I think, deserves no little commendation in this new criticism.

I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established, long before his time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the most part, worshipped the same deities: as did also the Trojans, from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had in propriety Gany-mede and Mercury; and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers: he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party: therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the *Æneïs*, to calm the tempest raised by *Æolus*, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in

safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples (amongst a hundred which I omit), to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion? What wonder, if, amongst so many ships, there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? At least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

*O nimium cælo et pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ.*

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And, besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We, who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident, which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by

some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son *Æneas*, to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprised, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem). But the Greeks had done their business, though neither Neptune, Juno, nor Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses, is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Arruns. The next is in the twelfth *Æneid*, where Venus cures her son *Æneas*. But, in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and *Æneas*, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet had considered, that the dittany which she brought from Crete, could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the

hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? and how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found those errors, which he resolved to mend: but, being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his Æneis should be burned. As for the death of Arruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand; beside that the *ἵχμαρ* which they shed, was so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his Art of Poetry, that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus---

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that, when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery—then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience; but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which, flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections; for the critics who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword (for that of Turnus was not his own, which was forged by Vulcan for his father, but a weapon which he had snatched in haste, and by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus); that, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the Fates a collateral security, by

sending the screech-owl to discourage him: for which they quote these words of Virgil,

----- ---*Non me tua fervida terrent*
Dicta, ferox: dî me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful or more poetical than his description of the three Diræ, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for first he makes God Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow; then he makes the Good Angel's scale descend, and the Devil's mount, quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense—

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; et fata imponit diversa duorum;
Quem damnet labor, et quo vergat pondere letum---

for I have taken these words, *quem damnet labor*, in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place—*damnabis tu quoque votis*—to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is di-

gression; and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them: for, when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their chief was over-matched: whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand, that her brother was to fight

Imparibus fatis, nec dis nec viribus æquis;

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat: and in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken,

-----*Non me tua fervida terrent*
Dicta, ferox: di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

I doubt not but the adverb *solum* is to be under-

stood: "It is not your [threats] *only* that give me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy:" for Turnus fled before, when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better: which indeed he could not use, because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly, for giving Turnus a second sword to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the Dira was to warn Juturna from the field: for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might farther add, that Æneas was so eager of the fight, that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could—I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain, he knew her, by these words:

*O soror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
Fœdera turbâsti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
Et nunc necquidquam fallis dea.*

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say in reference to my trans-

lation, unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself, for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet, who flourished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace. I will give your lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgement, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epodes: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style—

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri---

and therefore, as he himself professes, are *sermoni propiora*, nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every-where elegant, sweet, and flowing in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound. He who removes them from the station wherein their master set

them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his; they must be read in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them; and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses; but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master, and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the *cæsura* as much as possibly I could: for, wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need in a language which is overstocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with *cæsuras*. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure, which roughens one, gives majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forced upon it once or twice in every line; because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language.

Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only choose our words for elegance, but for sound; to perform which, a mastery in the language is required; the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels—which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet—and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and and is resolved to follow his own *verve* (as the French call it), the proverb will fall heavily upon him: “Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master.”

Virgil employed eleven years upon his *Æneïd*: yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect; which when I seriously consider, I wish, that, instead of three years which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if

he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness, in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to say; for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

---- *si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*----

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *cæsura*, in this whole poem: but, where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our diphthongs, are plainly such. The greatest latitude I take is in the letter *Y*, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule—that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as *he, she, me, I, &c.* Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence

of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third Pastoral,

Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

But, *nobis non licet esse tam disertis*, at least if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English *Prosodia*, containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated, with some exactness, of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France within this last century: and we see how they adorn their Alexandrines. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle, which he leaves unsolved—

*Dic, quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores; at Phyllida solus habet---*

so I will give your lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgement. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's Hill:

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full---

and there are yet fewer who can find the reason of

that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation; and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But, since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since, if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and, above all, since your lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrine line, which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgement, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had

but five feet, or ten syllables, in their heroic verse: but, since Ronsard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews, like our English: it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and *Pondere; non numero*, is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue, is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits: but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid, but much more sparing of them in his *Æneïs*, than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it

in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that licence in his Æneïs sometimes: but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid's

Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum.

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling sin, which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The triumvir and proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess, the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon: yet he was only banished; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour? Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledged a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist: but whether they will pass for Gospe now, I cannot tell.

*Non fù sì santo ne benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona.
L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrittione iniqua gli perdona.*

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill; and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Ségrais, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation, though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians; yet his translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme (if it be modern; for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as errant rhyme as they are translated). Now, if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that

he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease; though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it may be called a gainer. It often makes us swerve from an author's meaning; as, if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the Æneis: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgement, and thinks, withall, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly; for I have forsaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him; of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth Æneid—

Sorti Pater æquis utrique.

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word *Pater* is to be referred to Evander, the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance), because the gods cannot controul destiny.—The verse follows—

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis---

which the same Ruæus thus construes: Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a sight so displeasing to him. The word *rejicit*, I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter, having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Her-

cules—it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it, than either the French or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes and other parts of Virgil, with great success; as particularly your lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly; and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth Pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and, amongst the Æneïds, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leave somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers: for, as I have said in a former dissertation, the words are, in poetry, what the colours are in painting: if the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest, in English, to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style by imitating their masters. I will further own to you, my lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Ségrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased). In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*—such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse, who like nothing but the husk

and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression: these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But, though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Hugonots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalised; who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that, as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgement), they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountain falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mançanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers (as we hold there is a middle state of souls), such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better, if they were not corrupted; but I mean a

company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime). These are above liking Martial, or Owen's Epigrams, but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write: but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes—an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these too desert their authors, as their judgement ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pædagogues at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels: and many of these three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of these flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but, not being of God (as a wit said formerly), they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges; but Virgil wrote for neither of them: and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious—souls of

the highest rank, and truest understanding. These are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgement, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at the first, which time wears off: the works of judgement are like the diamond; the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's Æneïs and Marini's Adone. And, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit cundo,

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page—*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis:*

and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition, which I own, of desiring to please the *judices natos*, I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly 'extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him. And we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour—*nec dona moror*: for Dampier has informed us, in his *Voyages*, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had long since considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally, and Virgil least of any other; for, his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother-tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the *Æneis* is not harsh—

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by Fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech—

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame---

where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work: but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words; for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose: and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet: but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be

comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word *pater*, for example, signifies not only *a* father, but *your* father, *my* father, *his* or *her* father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed that Virgil endeavours to be short, and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity: for there he is like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal

translation; to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words; and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graff on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has sometimes two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one; and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge, with Ségrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt according to my desire: yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence, of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject before I end the Preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I should

have added, that I take another licence in my verses: for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason—because they bound the sense. And therefore I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses; and Chapman has followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both; and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of heroic poetry, and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unsinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative: yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings; they may come as near it as their master. Not that I would discourage that purity of diction in

which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises, and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But, at the same time, I must excuse him: for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother-tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus, by gaining abroad, he lost at home, like the painter in the Arcadia, who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off, and returned, says sir Philip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half-verses), breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the Fairy Queen; and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for a heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet, though he wrote in couplets, where

rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half-verses; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him or any other such a precedent: and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics; for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems: but his *Æneis* he left so incorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it: and in the second place, I reasonably presume that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Trojâ-----

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half-line of nonsense—

peperit fumante Crœusa:

for Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city; which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line in the sixth *Æneid*, the enthusiasm seizing him, while he was reading to Augustus,

*Misenum Æoliden, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros-----*

to which he added, in that transport, *Martemique accendere cantu*: and never was any line more nobly finished; for the reasons which I have given in the book of painting. On these considerations I have shunned hemistichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault, like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your lordship is by this time of my opinion, and that you will look on those half-lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse—like the frogs and serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest them better: but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer—that Charlemagne, who made the paladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes; but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your lordship, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the first Georgic to the end of the last Æneid, I found the difficulty

of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words, and often repeated two or three whole verses which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money: and yet we see that the credit, not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word: and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and consequently the twelfth *Æneid* cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money, for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before: and the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have

struggled, and made a shift to pass it over), there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not so sacred, as that one *iota* must not be added or diminished, on pain of an *anathema*). But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation; we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows: for, being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious: but the wretched translator has no such privilege; for, being tied to the thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression: and, for this reason, it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Ségrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly ~~lost~~ in any modern language. He instances in that *mollis amaracus*, on which Venus lays Cupid in the first Æneid. If I should translate it *sweet-marjoram*, as the word

signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb, and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him; a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

Quem

----- *quisquis studet æmulari,*
 ----- *ceratis ope Dædaleâ*
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

What modern language, or what poet, can express the majestic beauty of this one verse, amongst a thousand others?

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo.-----

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your lordship, and all

my better sort of judges, when you take my version; and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent. But, like Spenser's false Florimel made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems—that I latinize too much. It is true, that, when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin nor any other language: but, when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return: but what I bring from Italy, I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates: for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but, if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament; and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables: therefore, if I find any elegant word in

a classic author, I propose it to be naturalised, by using it myself; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish between pedantry and poetry: every man therefore is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin, and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages: and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for, if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new translation of the *Æneïs*, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design. Neither did I then intend it: but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his lordship's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to shew, for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work (which he might have done two years be-

fore I could publish mine), and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But, having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense: for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them, which had they pleased to have given the public, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the Æneis, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has shewed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more; and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the Life of Virgil, the two prefaces to the Pastorals and the Georgics, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation; which, perhaps, has caused a report, that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid, and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and

Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient, that this is one man's work: and your lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first Æneïd, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective *vicina* in the second line, and the substantive *arva* in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity

too long, and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avido

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and

Gratum opus agricolis,

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he said before.

----- *Horrentia Martis*

Arma -----

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat epithet, as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet—

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris---

scarce a word without an *R*, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with *at nunc*, to make the sense cohere. And, if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I

am rather of the opinion that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be answered, by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the *Æneïs* in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former in the last lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid, *de Ponto*, in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office; and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface.

I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sung, to my oaten pipe, their rural loves,
And, issuing thence, compell'd the neighb'ring field
A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
(A poem grateful to the greedy swain), &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six,
the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better.

This is a just apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely that I have not been able to do him right in any line? for even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me, "Why then did you attempt it?" To which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length, so many times, by the daubers of almost all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied before-hand, that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth pastoral, a *Pharmaceutria*, a single *Orpheus*, and some other features, have been exactly taken: but those holiday-authors writ for pleasure; and only shewed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my lord, to accept, with your wonted goodness, this unworthy present which I make you.

I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and, though some part of them are covered in the verse (as Erichthonius rode always in a chariot, to hide his lameness), such of them as cannot be concealed, you will please to connive at, though, in the strictness of your judgement, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my *Aureng-zeb* into your protection, with all his faults: and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge — if I had said partial, would your lordship have forgiven me? or will you give me leave to acquaint the world that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your lordship, or your noble kinsman the earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet, when I least expected it, you have both remembered me: so inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that, where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so sel-

dom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty, but nothing of disrespect or unthankfulness. I will not say that your lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labours meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgement to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and, if your lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your Essay on Poetry. It was on this consideration, that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgement, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art; neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is *ad Clerum*. At least, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer after a long sermon—

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters,

and the ornament of poetry; which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man, than by

Your lordship's

Most humble, most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ÆNEIS,

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,

Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
 Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
 And in the doubtful war, before he won 5
 The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town ;
 His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
 And settled sure succession in his line,
 From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
 And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate ;
 What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate ;
 For what offence the queen of heav'n began
 To persecute so brave, so just a man ;
 Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares, 15
 Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars !
 Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
 Or exercise their spite in human woe ?

Against the Tyber's mouth, but far away,
 An ancient town was seated on the sea— 20
 A Tyrian colony—the people made
 Stout for the war, and studious of their trade :
 Carthage the name—belov'd by Juno more
 Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.

Here stood her chariot; here, if heav'n were kind,
 The seat of awful empire she design'd. 26
 Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly
 (Long cited by the people of the sky),
 That times to come should see the Trojan race
 Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface; 30
 Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway
 Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
 She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
 Nôr could forget the war she wag'd of late,
 For conqu'ring Greece, against the Trojan state. 35
 Besides, long causes working in her mind,
 And secret seeds of envy, lay behind:
 Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
 Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
 The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed, 40
 Electra's glories and her injur'd bed.
 Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd
 To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
 For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
 She drove the remnants of the Trojan host: 45
 And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train

Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the
main.

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores, 51
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heav'n did thus her fury vent— 55

“Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?” said she:
“And must the Trojans reign in Italy?”

So Fate will have it; and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen, 60
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep: 65
Then—as an eagle gripes the trembling game—
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,

She strongly seiz'd, and, with a burning wound
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.

But I, who walk in awful state above, 70

The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,

For length of years my fruitless force employ

Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!

What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,

Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?" 75

Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with fury fraught,

The restless regions of the storms she sought,

Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,

The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,

With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds, 80

And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds,

This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,

And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.

High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,

And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;

Which did he not, their unresisted sway 86

Would sweep the world before them in their way;

Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would roll,

And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.

In fear of this, the father of the gods 90
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with moun-
tain loads ;
Impos'd a king with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay ; 94
To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address'd,
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd.
“ O Æolus ! — for to thee the king of heav'n
The pow'r of tempests and of winds has giv'n ;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain, 99
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main—
A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,
With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea :
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And, for their vanquish'd gods, design new temples
there. 104
Raise all thy winds ; with night involve the skies ;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train :
Succeed my wish, and second my design,

The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine, 110
 And make thee father of a happy line."

To this the god — " 'Tis yours, O queen! to will
 The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.

These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
 Are all the presents of your bounteous hand: 115
 Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,
 I sit with gods at their celestial feast.

Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
 Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain-side 120
 His quiv'ring spear, and all the god apply'd.

The raging' winds rush through the hollow wound,
 And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground:

Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
 Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep. 125

South, East, and West, with mix'd confusion roar,
 And roll the foaming billows to the shore.

The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
 Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
 And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes. 130

Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;

Then flashing fires the transient light renew ;
The face of things a frightful image bears ;
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief, 135
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief ;
And "Thrice and four times happy those," he cry'd,
"That under Ilian walls, before their parents, died !
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train !
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain, 140
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear?" 145

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets : the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies :
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow ; 150
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow ;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.

Three ships were hurry'd by the Southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast. 155

Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew :
They called them Altars, when they rose in view,
And shew'd their spacious backs above the flood.

Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood,
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand, 160
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land.

Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight !) e'en in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne :

The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn, 165
Was headlong hurl'd : thrice round the ship wastoss'd,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost ;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.

The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way, 170
And suck'd through loosen'd planks the rushing sea.

Ilioneus was her chief : Aletes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less : their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams. 175

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty,—then roll'd his eyes 180
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wint'ry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue. 185
He summon'd Eurus and the Western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast,
Then thus rebuk'd—"Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land, 190
Un-authoriz'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain:
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear— 195
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me

The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd :
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind, 200
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall.”
He spoke—and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train 205
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands :
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands ;
Then heaves them off the shoals.—Where'er he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides, 211
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud ;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly, 215
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply :
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear :
He sooths with sober words their angry mood,

And quenches their innate desire of blood : 220
 So, when the father of the flood appears,
 And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
 Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
 High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
 Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains. 225
 The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
 To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess their lies a bay :
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride : 230
 Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide,
 Betwixt two rows of rocks : a silvan scene
 Appears above, and groves for ever green :
 A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats, 235
 To rest the Nereïds, and exclude the heats.
 Down through the crannies of the living walls,
 The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.
 No halsers need to bind the vessels here,
 Nor bearded anchors ; for no storms they fear. 240
 Sev'n ships within this happy harbour meet,

The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.

The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated strokes 245

Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:

Short flame succeeds: a bed of wither'd leaves

The dying sparkles in their fall receives:

Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,

And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies. 250

The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around

The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground.

Some dry their corn infected with the brine,

Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.

Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow, 255

And takes a prospect of the seas below,

If Capys thence, or Antheus, he could spy,

Or see the streamers of Caïcus fly.

No vessels were in view: but, on the plain,

Three beamy stags command a lordly train 260

Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng

Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.

He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first 265
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share, 269
And to the port return'd triumphant from the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
Thus, while he dealt it round, the pious chief 275
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:
"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose,
To future good, our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd. 280
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage and dismiss your care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.

Through various hazards and events, we move 285
 To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
 Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
 Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
 Endure the hardships of your present state;
 Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate." 290

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
 His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
 The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
 Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil; 295
 The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their
 souls with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends 300
 The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
 Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
 Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
 Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
 Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state 305

Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.—

The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus;

When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys

Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas:

At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes— 310

Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,

When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,

Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke.

“ O king of gods and men! whose awful hand

Disperses thunder on the seas and land; 315

Disposes all with absolute command;

How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?

Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offence?

Our hope of Italy not only lost,

On various seas by various tempests toss'd, 320

But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry
coast.

You promis'd once, a progeny divine,

Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,

In after-times should hold the world in awe,

And to the land and ocean give the law. 325

How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care

When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
 Then fates to fates I could oppose: but now,
 When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
 What can I hope? What worse can still succeed? 330
 What end of labours has your will decreed?
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
 Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves, 334
 And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
 And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
 But we, descended from your sacred line, 340
 Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,
 Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
 Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
 Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards? 344
 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"

To whom the father of th' immortal race,
 Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
 With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,

First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies—
 “ Daughter, dismiss thy fears : to thy desire, 350
 The fates of thine are fix’d, and stand entire.
 Thou shalt behold thy wish’d Lavinian walls;
 And, ripe for heav’n, when Fate Æneas calls,
 Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:—
 No counsels have revers’d my firm decree. 355
 And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
 Know, I have search’d the mystic rolls of Fate:
 Thy son (nor is th’ appointed season far)
 In Italy shall wage successful war,
 Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field, 360
 And sov’reign laws impose, and cities build,
 Till, after ev’ry foe subdu’d, the sun
 Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
 This is his time prefix’d. Ascanius then,
 Now call’d Iulus, shall begin his reign. 365
 He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
 Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
 And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build.—
 The throne with his succession shall be fill’d,
 Three hundred circuits more : then shall be seen 370

Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain :
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain, 375
Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils, 380
Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself, turmoils,
At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own, 384
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is rip'ning in revolving fate,
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise, 390
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
Along shall bound; whom fraught with eastern spoils,

Our heav'n the just reward of human toils,
 Securely shall repay with rites divine; 394
 And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
 Then dire debate, and impious war, shall cease,
 And the stern age be soften'd into peace :
 Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
 And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn ;
 And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain 400
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
 Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
 And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
 With bolts and iron bars: within remains
 Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains: 405
 High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
 He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
 To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate, 410
 The queen might force them from her town and state.
 Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
 And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
 Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,

Performs his message, and displays his rod. 415

The surly murmurs of the people cease ;

And, as the Fates requir'd, they give the peace.

The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,

The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Meantime, in shades of night Æneas lies: 420

Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.

But when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,

He rose, the coast and country to survey,

Anxious and eager to discover more.—

It look'd a wild uncultivated shore: 425

But, whether human kind, or beasts alone,

Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.

Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides :

Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides :

The bending brow above a safe retreat provides. 430

Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends ;

And true Achates on his steps attends.

Lo ! in the deep recesses of the wood,

Before his eyes his goddess mother stood—

A huntress in her habit and her mien : 435

Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.

Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind ;
 Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind ;
 Her hand sustain'd a bow ; her quiver hung behind.
 She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood : 440
 With such array Harpalyce bestrode
 Her Thracian courser, and out-stripp'd the rapid flood.
 " Ho ! strangers ! have you lately seen," she said,
 " One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
 Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd ? 445
 A painted quiver at her back she bore ;
 Vary'd with spots, a lynx's hide she wore ;
 And at full cry pursu'd the tusky boar."

Thus Venus : thus her son reply'd agen :
 " None of your sisters have we heard or seen, 450
 O virgin ! or what other name you bear
 Above that style—O more than mortal fair !
 Your voice and mien celestial birth betray !
 If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
 Or one at least of chaste Diana's train, 455
 Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain :
 But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
 What earth we tread, and who commands the coast ?

Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
 And offer'd victims at your altars fall."— 460
 "I dare not," she reply'd, "assume the name
 Of goddess, or celestial honours claim:
 For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
 And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
 Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are— 465
 A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
 The rising city, which from far you see,
 Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
 Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate. 470
 Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;
 Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
 For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
 Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
 At once was wounded with an equal dart. 475
 Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
 Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd—
 One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
 Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth, 480

With steel invades his brother's life by stealth ;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To sooth his sister, and delude her mind. 485
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord : the spectre stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars, and his fate, he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals, 490
Then warns the widow, and her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shews her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright, 495
The queen provides companions of her flight :
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find ;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind. 500
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds : a woman leads the way.

I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
 Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heav'n;
 At last they landed, where from far your eyes 505
 May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
 There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd
 From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
 But whence are you? what country claims your
 birth? 509

What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
 And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
 " Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
 O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate,
 Through such a train of woes if I should run, 515
 The day would sooner, than the tale, be done.
 From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came—
 If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
 On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
 At length we landed on your Libyan coast. 520
 The good Æneas am I call'd—a name,
 While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame.
 My household gods, companions of my woes,

With pious care I rescu'd from our focs.
 To fruitful Italy my course was bent; 525
 And from the king of heav'n is my descent.
 With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
 Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
 Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet, 529
 From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet.
 Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
 Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
 In Libyan deserts wander thus alone."

His tender parent could no longer bear,
 But, interposing, sought to sooth his care. 535
 " Whoe'er you are—not unbelov'd by heav'n,
 Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n—
 Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
 And to the queen expose your just request.
 Now take this earnest of success for more: 540
 Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
 The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger
 free;
 Or I renounce my skill in augury.
 Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,

And stoop with closing pinions from above ; 545
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And thro' the clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring throng:
Now, all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings, 550
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings:
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful ; but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view." 555

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
ground,

And widely spread ambrosial scents around.
In length of train descends her sweeping gown ; 560
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince pursu'd the parting deity
With words like these : " Ah ! whither do you fly ?
Unkind and cruel ! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun ; 565

Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own.”
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey’d.
They march obscure: for Venus kindly shrouds, 570
With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform’d, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime, 575
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer’d, and with solemn pray’r:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke:
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow’r invoke. 579
They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow’rs
(Which late were huts, and shepherds’ homely bow’rs),
The gates and streets; and hears, from ev’ry part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart. 585
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: some extend the wall;

Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unweildy stones along. 589

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.

Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.

Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre, 595

From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.

Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,

When winter past, and summer scarce begun, 600
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:

Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense:

Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve:

All, with united force, combine to drive 606

The lazy drones from the laborious hive:

With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;

The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.

“ Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise !”

Æneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes, 611

Their lofty tow'rs: then ent'ring at the gate,

Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),

He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,

Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along. 615

Full in the centre of the town there stood,

Thick set with trees, a venerable wood :

The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,

And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found :

From under earth a courser's head they drew, 620

Their growth and future fortune to foreshew :

This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,

Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.

Sidonian Dido here with solemn state

Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate, 625

Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine ;

But more the goddess made the place divine.

On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,

And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose :

The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd ; 630

The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.

What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For—while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town, 636
The striving artists, and their art's renown—
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known. 641
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, "O friend! e'en here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear! 645
Our known disasters fill e'en foreign lands;
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
E'en the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
He said—(his tears a ready passage find) 650
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,

And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain, 653
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
The centries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd; 664
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair; and, dragg'd around,
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground. 669
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe:
They weep; they beat their breasts; they rend their
hair,
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear: 674

But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
 Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew 676
 The corps of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
 Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
 The lifeless body of his son is sold.
 So sad an object, and so well express'd, 680
 Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
 To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
 And his old sire his helpless hands extend.
 Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
 Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain: 685
 And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
 His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
 Penthesilea there with haughty grace,
 Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
 In their right hands a pointed dart they wield; 690
 The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
 Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
 Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
 And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
 Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes, 695
 Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,

The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train,
 And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
 Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
 Diana seems; and so she charms the sight, 700
 When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
 The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
 Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
 She walks majestic, and she looks their queen :
 Latona sees her shine above the rest, 705
 And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
 Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
 Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
 Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
 And passing with a gracious glance proceeds, 710
 Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the
 shrine :
 In crowds around, the swarming people join.
 She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
 Hears and determines ev'ry private cause ;
 Their tasks in equal portions she divides, 715
 And, where unequal, there by lot decides.
 Another way by chance Æneas bends

His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng, 720
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.

The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands :
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays, 725
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
And why they came, and what was their request :
For these were sent commission'd by the rest, 730
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.

Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane ;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began :
“ O queen ! indulg'd by favour of the gods 735
To found an empire in these new abodes ;
To build a town ; with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign—
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,

From sea to sea, thy clemency implore. 740
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away: 745
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old—
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold—
Th' Ænотrians held it once—by common fame, 750
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and ev'ry warring element,
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand: 755
The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race, 760
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,

Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas agen?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws, 765
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Æneas was our prince—a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword—
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air, 770
Nor we his friends of safety shall despair,
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts. 775
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men! the Fates ordain 780
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,

That we to good Acestes may return, 784
And with our friends our common losses mourn.”
Thus spoke Ilioneus : the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his request renew.
The modest queen a while, with down-cast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech, then briefly thus replies :
“ Trojans ! dismiss your fears : my cruel fate, 790
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race ? 795
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government, 800
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail with ships of convoy for your guard :
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself, are yours. 805

And would to heav'n, the storm you felt, would
bring

On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest 810
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."

Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud :
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way :
" From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay ? 815
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure ?
One only wants ; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid : 820
The rest agrees with what your mother said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright. 825
His mother-goddess, with her hands divine,

Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples
shine,

And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,

And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face ;

Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold, 830

Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold :

Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke ;

And thus with manly modesty he spoke :

“ He whom you seek am I ; by tempests toss'd,

And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast ; 835

Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,

A prince that owes his life to you alone.

Fair majesty ! the refuge and redress

Of those whom Fate pursues, and wants oppress !

You, who your pious offices employ 840

To save the reliques of abandon'd Troy ;

Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,

With hospitable rites relieve the poor ;

Associate in your town a wand'ring train,

And strangers in your palace entertain. 845

What thanks can wretched fugitives return,

Who scatter'd through the world in exile mourn ?

The gods (if gods to goodness are inclin'd—
 If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind),
 And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart,
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert! 851

In you this age is happy, and this earth;
 And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
 While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
 And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun; 855
 While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
 Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.

Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
 Your image shall be present in my mind."
 Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste, 860
 And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
 With his right hand Ilioneus he grac'd,
 Sergestus with the left; then to his breast
 Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
 And so by turns descended to the rest. 865

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
 Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
 Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
 Then recollected stood; and thus began: 869

" What fate, O goddess-born! what angry pow'rs
 Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
 Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
 Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
 The same Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
 To fam'd Anchises on th' Idæan shore? 875
 It calls into my mind, though then a child,
 When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
 And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
 My father Belus then with fire and sword
 Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, 880
 And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
 From him the Trojan siege I understood,
 The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
 Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,
 And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd. 885
 Enter, my noble guest! and you shall find,
 If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
 For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
 Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
 Like you, an alien in a land unknown, 890
 I learn to pity woes so like my own."

She said, and to the palace led her guest,
 Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
 Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
 Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends : 895
 Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
 With bleating cries, attend their milky dams :
 And jars of gen'rous wine, and spacious bowls,
 She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
 Now purple hangings clothe the palace-walls, 900
 And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls :
 On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine ;
 With loads of massy plate the side-boards shine,
 And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd,
 (The gold itself inferior to the cost 905
 Of curious work) where on the sides were seen
 The fights and figures of illustrious men,
 From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
 Iulus' absence could no longer bear, 910
 Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
 To give a glad relation of the past,
 And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,

Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy—
 A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire; 915
 An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
 From Argos by the fam'd adultrous brought,
 With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought—
 Her mother Leda's present, when she came
 To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame; 920
 The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
 Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
 Of double texture, glorious to behold;
 One order set with gems, and one with gold.
 Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes, 925
 And, in his diligence, his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
 New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
 That Cupid should assume the shape and face
 Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace; 930
 Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
 And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
 For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongu'd,
 And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd. 934
 These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke;

And thus, alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke: 936

“ My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone

Controuls the thund'rer on his awful throne,

To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,

And on thy succour and thy faith relies. 940

Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,

By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life:

And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.

Him Dido now with blandishment detains;

But I suspect the town where Juno reigns. 945

For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,

And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart—

A love so violent, so strong, so sure,

That neither age can change, nor art can cure.

How this may be perform'd, now take my mind: 950

Ascanius, by his father is design'd

To come, with presents laden, from the port,

To gratify the queen, and gain the court.

I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,

And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep, 955

Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit

May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.

Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace,
 But only for a night's revolving space,
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face; 960
 That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
 The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
 And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
 Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."
 The god of love obeys, and sets aside 965
 His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride :
 He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
 The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes : 970
 Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
 And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.
 Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face, 975
 Foll'wing Achates with a shorter pace,
 And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
 Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
 High on a golden bed : her princely guest

Was next her side; in order sate the rest. 980

Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high:

Th' attendants water for their hands supply,

And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.

Next fifty handmaids in long order bore

The censers, and with fumes the gods adore: 985

Then youths and virgins, twice as many, join

To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.

The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,

Approach, and on the painted couches rest.

All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze, 990

But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,

His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,

His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's dis-
guise;

Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine, 994

Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.

But, far above the rest, the royal dame

(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame),

With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,

Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.

The guileful god, about the hero long, 1000

With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
 Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god, she drew so near her breast. 1005
 But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
 And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former
 care.

The dead is to the living love resign'd;
 And all Æneas enters in her mind. 1010

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
 The meat remov'd and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
 And through the palace cheerful cries resound.
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display 1015
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
 A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine—
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
 Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
 " O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, 1021

With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r :
 Bless to both nations this auspicious hour !
 So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
 In lasting concord from this day combine. 1025
 Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
 And gracious Juno, both be present here !
 And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
 To heav'n, with mine, to ratify the peace." 1029
 The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd,
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground)
 And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
 Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
 'Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul: 1034
 He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
 The goblet goes around : Iöpas brought
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught—
 The various labours of the wand'ring moon, 1040
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun ;
 Th' original of men and beasts ; and whence
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,

And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays 1345
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
Of Priam much inquir'd, of Hector more; 1351
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
(The steeds of Diomedes vary'd the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force) 1055
At length, as Fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd.
"Relate at large, my god-like guest," she said,
"The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:
The fatal issue of so long a war, 1060
Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare:
For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

ÆNEIS,

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it. At last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

ALL were attentive to the god-like man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
“ Great queen, what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:

An empire from its old foundations rent, 5
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was;
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell, without a tear. 10
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 15
What in our last and fatal night befell.
By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd: 20
The sides were plank'd with pine: they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load; 25
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 (While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
 Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,
 Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay. 30
 There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for
 Greece

Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
 The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
 Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
 Like swarming bees, and with delight survey 35
 The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
 The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd—
 Here Phœnix, here Achilles, made abode;
 Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
 Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ— 40
 The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
 Thymœtes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
 Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
 Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
 To lodge the monster fabric in the town. 45
 But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
 The fatal present to the flames design'd,

Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
 The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, 50
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
 Laocoön, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
 Ran from the fort, and cry'd, from far, aloud:
 "O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns? 54
 What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
 And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
 This hollow fabric either must inclose,
 Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
 Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town, 60
 T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
 Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force—
 Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse."
 Thus having said, against the steed he threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew, 65
 Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed
 wood,
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
 The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound;

And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing through
the wound.

And, had not heav'n the fall of Troy design'd, 70

Or had not men been fated to be blind,

Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind.

Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,

And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood. 74

Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring

A captive Greek in bands, before the king—

Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,

T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;

Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent

To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80

About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;

All press to see, and some insult the foe.

Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd:

Behold a nation in a man compris'd. 84

Trembling the miscreant stood: unarm'd and bound,

He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,

Then said, "Alas! what earth remains, what sea

Is open to receive unhappy me?

What fate a wretched fugitive attends,

Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?" 90

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye :

Our pity kindles, and our passions die.

We cheer the youth to make his own defence,

And freely tell us what he was, and whence :

What news he could impart we long to know, 95

And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, " Whate'er

My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere :

I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim :

Greece is my country, Sinon is my name. 100

Though plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,

'Tis not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.

If any chance has hither brought the name

Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,

Who suffer'd from the malice of the times, 105

Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,

Because the fatal wars he would prevent ;

Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament—

Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare

Of other means, committed to his care, 110

His kinsman and companion in the war.

While Fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame. 115

But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts,
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support, 120
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.

Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.—
'Twas told again; and hence my ruin rose. 125

I threaten'd, if indulgent heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murd'rer's hate; and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130

Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,

To make my guilt appear, and hide his own ; 134
 Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought—
 But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
 If on my nation just revenge you seek,
 And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek ;
 Already you my name and country know :
 Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow : 140
 My death will both the kingly brothers please,
 And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.”

This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
 Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts ;
 Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts. 145

His former trembling once again renew'd,
 With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd :
 “ Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
 And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)
 Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town : 150
 And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
 But oft the wint'ry seas, and southern winds,
 Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their
 minds.

Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd ;

But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd: 155

Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,

And thunders rattled through a sky serene.

Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,

Eurypylus, t' inquire their fate, was sent.

He from the gods this dreadful answer brought: 160

“ O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,

Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought :

So must your safe return be bought again ;

And Grecian blood once more atone the main.”

The spreading rumour round the people ran ; 165

All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.

Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright ;

Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight,

Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate

The public victim, to redeem the state. 170

Already some presag'd the dire event,

And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.

For twice five days the good old seer withstood

Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,

Till, tir'd with endless clamours and pursuit 175

Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute,

But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
 Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
 All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
 On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. 180
 The dismal day was come ; the priests prepare
 Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
 I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow,
 I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
 Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay, 185
 Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
 But now what further hopes for me remain,
 To see my friends or native soil again ;
 My tender infants, or my careful sire,
 Whom they returning will to death require ; 190
 Will perpetrate on them their first design,
 And take the forfeit of their heads for mine ?
 Which, O ! if pity mortal minds can move,
 If there be faith below, or gods above,
 If innocence and truth can claim desert, 195
 Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert."
 False tears true pity move : the king commands
 To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands,

Then adds these friendly words : “ Dismiss thy fears :
Forget the Greeks : be mine as thou wert theirs : 200

But truly tell, was it for force or guile,

Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile ?”

Thus said the king.—He, full of fraudulent arts,

This well-invented tale for truth imparts :

“ Ye lamps of heav'n !” he said, and lifted high 205

His hands now free,—“ thou venerable sky !

Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread !

Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head !

Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled !

Be all of you adjur'd ; and grant I may, 210

Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,

Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,

And justly punish whom I justly hate !

But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,

If I, to save myself, your empire save. 215

The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,

Were only founded on Minerva's aid.

But from the time when impious Diomede,

And false Ulysses, that inventive head,

Her fatal image from the temple drew, 220

The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd:
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care.
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground, 230
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare, 236
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought
Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.
And, now their navy ploughs the wat'ry main, 240
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.

But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
 For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
 Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name 245
 We rais'd and dedicate this wond'rous frame,
 So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
 It pass, and intercept our better fates :
 For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost ;
 And Troy may then a new Palladium boast : 250
 For so religion and the gods ordain,
 That, if you violate with hands profane
 Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn
 (Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn !):
 But if it climb, with your assisting hands, 255
 The Trojan walls, and in the city stands ;
 Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
 And the reverse of fate on us return."

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts. 260
 What Diomedes, nor Thetis' greater son,
 A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
 False tears and fawning words the city won.

A greater omen, and of worse portent,

Did our unwary minds with fear torment, 265

Concurring to produce the dire event.

Laocoön, Neptune's priest by lot that year,

With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer ;

When (dreadful to behold!) from sea we spy'd

Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide, 270

And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.

Their flaming crests above the waves they show :

Their bellies seem to burn the seas below :

Their speckled tails advance to steer their course, 274

And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.

And now the strand, and now the plain, they held.

Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd :

Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,

And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.

We fled amaz'd ; their destin'd way they take, 280

And to Laocoön and his children make :

And first around the tender boys they wind,

Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bo-

dies grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid

With pious haste, but vain, they next invade ; 285

Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd ;
 And twice about his gasping throat they fold.

The priest thus doubly chok'd—their crests divide,
 And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.

With both his hands he labours at the knots; 290

His holy fillets the blue venom blots :

His roaring fills the flitting air around.

Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,

He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies, 294

And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.

Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,

And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way :

Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,

By her large buckler, and protended spear.

Amazement seizes all: the gen'ral cry 300

Proclaims Laocoön justly doom'd to die,

Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,

And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.

All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,

And incense offer'd, to th' offended maid. 305

A spacious breach is made: the town lies bare:

Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels, prepare,

And fasten to the horse's feet: the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls: 310
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town. 315
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, 320
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods' decree,
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy. 325
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:

Our men, secure, nor guards nor centries held; 330

But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.

The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs

From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,

Safe under covert of the silent night,

And guided by th' imperial galley's light; 335

When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,

Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;

Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,

Who joyful from their long confinement rose.

Thessander bold, and Sthenelus their guide, 340

And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:

Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus, haste;

Nor was the Podalirian hero last,

Nor injur'd Menelaüs, nor the fam'd

Epeüs, who the fatal engine fram'd. 345

A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join

T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.

Those few they find awake, first meet their fate;

Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs 350

Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,

When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain. 355
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Through the bor'd holes: his body black with dust;
 Unlike that Hector, who return'd, from toils
 Of war, triumphant in Æacian spoils,
 Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire, 360
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the wounds he for his country bore,
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
 I wept to see the visionary man, 365
 And, while my trance continued, thus began:
 " O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
 O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
 Art thou so late return'd for our defence? 370
 Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
 With length of labours, and with toils of war?
 After so many fun'ral of thy own,

Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?

But say, what wounds are these? what new dis-
 grace 375

Deforms the manly features of thy face?"

To this the spectre no reply did frame,
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast, 379

This warning, in these mournful words, express'd:

"O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,

The flames and horrors of this fatal night.

The foes already have possess'd the wall:

Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.

Enough is paid to Priam's royal name, 385

More than enough to duty and to fame.

If by a mortal hand my father's throne

Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.

Now Troy to thee commends her future state,

And gives her gods companions of thy fate: 390

From their assistance, happier walls expect,

Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect."

He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,

The venerable statues of the gods,

With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir, 395
The wreaths and reliques of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war :
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood. 400

Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers ; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey. 405

Thus—when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn ;
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains ; 410

Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey—
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.

Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd ; 415
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.

The palace of Deïphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
 With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan
 light. 420

New clamours and new clangors now arise,
 The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,
 But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose 425
 (If Fortune favour'd) and repel the foes—
 Spurr'd by my courage—by my country fir'd,
 With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

Panthûs, Apollo's priest, a sacred name, 429
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame:
 With reliques loaden, to my doors he fled,
 And by the hand his tender grand-son led.
 "What hope, O Panthûs? whither can we run?
 Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?"
 Scarce had I said, when Panthûs, with a groan, 435
 "Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
 The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,

When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
 Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
 The fire consumes the town, the foe commands; 440
 And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
 Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
 Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
 The flames; and foes, for entrance, press without,
 With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445
 More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
 To sev'ral posts their parties they divide :
 Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise: 449
 Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
 The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
 Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain."

I heard; and heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
 Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires
 To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls, 455
 And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
 Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
 For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
 Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew 459

My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
 With young Chorcæbus, who by love was led
 To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed;
 And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
 Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid;
 Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall, 465
 And that one spirit animated all,
 " Brave souls ! " said I,—" but brave, alas ! in vain—
 Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
 You see the desp'rate state of our affairs;
 And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
 The passive gods behold the Greeks defile. 471
 Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
 Their own abodes; we, feeble few, conspire
 To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.
 Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes. 475
 Despair of life the means of living shows."
 So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
 Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

As hungry wolves, with raging appetite, 479
 Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy night—
 Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,

And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—
 So rush'd we forth at once. Resolv'd to die,
 Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try,
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare 485
 Th' unequal combat in the public square:
 Night was our friend; our leader was despair.
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
 An ancient and imperial city falls; 490
 The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
 Houses and holy temples float in blood;
 And hostile nations make a common flood.
 Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn. 495
 Ours take new courage from despair and night;
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
 All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears;
 And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
 Androgeos fell among us, with his band, 500
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
 "From whence," said he, "my friends, this long
 delay?"

You loiter, while the spoils are borne away :
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store ;
And you, like truants, come too late ashore.” 505

He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make.
Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight ;
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.

As when some peasant in a bushy brake 510

Has with unwary footing press'd a snake ;

He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies

His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes ;

So, from our arms, surpris'd Androgeos flies—

In vain : for him and his we compass round, 515

Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground ;

And of their lives an easy conquest found.

Thus Fortune on our first endeavour smil'd.

Choræbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,

Swoln with success, and of a daring mind, 520

This new invention fatally design'd.

“ My friends,” said he, “ since Fortune shews the way,

'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.

For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,

But their destruction, and the Trojans' good? 525

Then change we shields, and their devices bear:

Let fraud supply the want of force in war.

They find us arms." This said, himself he dress'd

In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,

His painted buckler, and his plummy crest. 530

Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,

Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.

Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,

Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;

Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet, 535

And strew, with Grecian carcasses, the street.

Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,

Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;

And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear, 539

Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.

But, ah! what use of valour can be made,

When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid?

Behold the royal prophetess, the fair

Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,

Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands, 545

In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:

On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd—
'Twas all she could—her tender arms were tied.

So sad a sight Chorcæbus could not bear ;

But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair, 550

Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew.

Our leader's rash example we pursue :

But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,

Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight :

We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow, 555

Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.

They aim at the mistaken crests, from high ;

And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.

Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see

Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free, 560

The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,

With fury charge us, and renew the fight.

The brother kings with Ajax join their force,

And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse,

Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try, 565

Contending for the kingdom of the sky,

South, East, and West, on airy coursers borne—

The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn :

Then Nereus strikes the deep: the billows rise,
 And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies. 570
 The troops we squander'd first, again appear
 From sev'ral quarters, and inclose the rear.
 They first observe, and to the rest betray,
 Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
 Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Chorcæbus first, 575
 At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
 Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
 Just of his word, observant of the right:
 Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
 With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends. 580
 Nor, Panthûs, thee thy mitre nor the bands
 Of awful Phœbus sav'd from impious hands.
 Ye Trojan flames! your testimony bear,
 What I perform'd and what I suffer'd there,
 No sword avoiding in the fatal strife, 585
 Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
 Witness, ye heav'ns! I live not by my fault:
 I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
 But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
 Borne off to distance by the growing tide, 590

Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' invested palace ring :
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose, 195
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space ;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there. 600
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose :
Some mount the scaling-ladders ; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold :
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent, 605
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd tow'rs, the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe :
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides,
(Such arms their last necessity provides!) 610
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state, and ancient royalty.

Th' guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
 Th' charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
 Reew'd in courage with recover'd breath, 615
 A second time we ran to tempt our death,
 To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
 The weary living, and revenge the dead.
 A postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
 Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, 620
 To the king's closet led—a way well known
 To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne—
 Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
 To cheer his grandsire, and his grandsire's queen.
 Through this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from
 whence 625
 With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.
 From this the trembling king had oft descry'd
 The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
 Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
 Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew:
 And, where the rafters on the columns meet, 631
 We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
 The lightning flies not swifter than the fall;

Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall :
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath 635
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent :
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd. 640
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns,
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs: his ardent sides 645
Reflect the sun; and, rais'd on spires, he rides
High o'er the grass: hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run 650
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows, 655

And with his axe repeated strokes bestows
Or the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace: the double bars at length
Yield to his axe, and unresisted strength. 660
A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd—
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen, 665
With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries;
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies,
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace. 670
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies;
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars nor fighting guards his force sustain:
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill; 675
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood

Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood ;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680

These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.

The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he, 685
So large a promise, of a progeny),

The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.

Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place. 690

Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire.

He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,

On ev'ry side inevitable woes—

In arms disus'd invests his limbs, decay'd, 695

Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.

His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!

Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view 700
An altar: near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain. 705
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
"What rage," she cry'd, "has seiz'd my husband's
mind? 710
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids! Were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd." 715
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursu'd by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs. 719
Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies

Through empty courts, and open galleries.
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
 Expires before his wretched parents' eyes: 725
 Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
 And, shaking more with anger than with age,
 "The gods," said he, "requite thy brutal rage!
 As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must, 730
 If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just—
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
 With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
 To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire, 735
 Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
 The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold;
 Pity'd the woes a parent underwent, 740
 And sent me back in safety from his tent."

This said, his feeble hand a jav'lin threw,

Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew :
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield. 745

Then Pyrrhus thus: " Go thou from me to
fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!"—With that he dragg'd the trembling
sire,

Slidd'ring through clotted blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made) 750
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare ;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair :

Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the
wound, 756

And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—
He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd, 760
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.

On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

Then, not before, I felt my cruddled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood: 765
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone, 770
Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames con-
sum'd the rest.

Thus wand'ring in my way without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd 775
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword; 780

763. This whole line is taken from sir John Denham.

DRYDEN.

More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
 Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
 Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
 Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

“ Shall she triumphant sail before the wind, 785

And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
 Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
 In state attended with a captive crew,

While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
 And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls? 790

For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
 Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with
 blood?

'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
 And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
 Yet shall the fact not pass without applause, 795
 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.

The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
 And murm'ring manes of my friends appease.”

Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light 799
 Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight—

(Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear)—
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love. 805
She held my hand the destin'd blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
“ My son! from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind 810
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war, 815
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve, 820
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,

Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.

Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, 825

Stones rent from stones—where clouds of dust
arise,—

Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,

Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,

And heaves the building from the solid base.

Look, where, in arms, imperial Juno stands 830

Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands

Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.

See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,

Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent through the cloud:

See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies, 835

And arms against the town the partial deities.

Haste hence, my son! this fruitless labour end:

Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:

Haste! and a mother's care your passage shall be-
friend."

She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight, 840

Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.

I look'd! I listen'd: dreadful sounds I hear;

And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.

Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
 And Ilium from its old foundations rent— 845
 Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
 And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
 About the roots the cruel axe resounds ;
 The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds :
 The war is felt on high : the nodding crown 850
 Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours
 down.

To their united force it yields, though late,
 And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching
 fate :

The roots no more their upper load sustain :
 But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the
 plain. 855

Descending thence, I'scape through foes and fire :
 Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
 Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
 Or most for his, such toils I undertake—
 The good Anchises—whom, by timely flight, 860
 I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height—
 Refus'd the journey, resolute to die,

And add his fun'erals to the fate of Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.

“ Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein.
Had Heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy, 866
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew; 870
And give this useless corps a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre, let heav'n take care. 875
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.”
This oft repeated, he stood fixt to die: 880
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—
“ What! will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve?”

He still persists his reasons to maintain ; 885

Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

Urg'd by despair, again I go to try

The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.

What hope remains, but what my death must give ?

“ Can I, without so dear a father, live ? 890

You term it prudence, what I baseness call :

Could such a word from such a parent fall ?

If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,

That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,

And you conspire with Fortune, to be slain ; 895

The way to death is wide, th' approaches near :

For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,

Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew

The son (inhuman) in the father's view,

And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.

O goddess mother ! give me back to Fate ; 901

Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.

Did you, for this, unhappy me convey

Through foes and fires, to see my house a prey ?

Shall I my father, wife, and son, behold, 905

Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold ?

Haste! gird my sword, though spent, and overcome:

'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.

I hear thee, Fate! and I obey thy call!

Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall. 910

Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:

My death is wanting, to conclude the night."

Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,

While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield;

And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field. 915

I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,

And 'cross the threshold in my passage lay,

Embrac'd my kness, and, when I would have gone,

Shew'd me my feeble sire, and tender son.

"If death be your design—at least," said she, 920

"Take us along, to share your destiny.

If any farther hopes in arms remain,

This place, these pledges of your love maintain.

To whom do you expose your father's life, 924

Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife?"

While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,

Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:

For, while I held my son, in the short space

Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
 (Strange to relate!) from young Iulus' head 930

A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
 Around his brows, and on his temples fed.

Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
 To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
 But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd 935

His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:

“ If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
 Thy will—if piety can pray'rs commend—
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to
 send.”

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear 940

A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:

There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,

Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly:

From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,

And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idæan grove. 945

It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,

Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.

The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
 The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.

" Now, now," said he, " my son, no more delay !
 I yield, I follow where heav'n shews the way. 951
 Keep (O my country gods !) our dwelling-place,
 And guard this relique of the Trojan race,
 This tender child !—These omens are your own ;
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town. 955
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshow :
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go."

He said.—The crackling flames appear on high ;
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
 With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire, 960
 And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
 " Haste, my dear father ! ('tis no time to wait)
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care ;
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share. 965
 My hand shall lead our little son ; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
 Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands :
 Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
 To Ceres hallow'd once : a cypress nigh 970
 Shoots up her venerable head on high,

By long religion kept : there bend your feet ;
And in divided parties let us meet.

Our country gods, the reliques, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands : 975
In me 'tis impious, holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt."

Thus ord'ring all that prudence could provide, 980
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow spoils ; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take ;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tript along. 985

Creüsa kept behind : by choice we stray
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear, 990
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear ;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,

A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear. 994
My father, looking through the shades with fear,
Cried out, "Haste, haste, my son! the foes are nigh;
Their swords and shining armour I descry."
Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense; 999
For, while through winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight. 1005
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends at Ceres' now deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse? 1010
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse?
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care, 1015

Of counsel, comfort, and of hope, bereft,
 My sire, my son, my country gods, I left.
 In shining armour once again I sheath
 My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
 Then headlong to the burning walls I run, 1020
 And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former tracks, through night explore
 Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of horror and affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. 1025
 Then to my father's house I make repair,
 With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
 Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met :
 The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
 Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
 Through air transported, to the roofs aspire. 1031
 From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
 And search the citadel, and desert court.
 Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church :
 A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch ; 1035
 There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey ;
 And thither all the wealth of Troy convey—

The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests, 1040
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name: 1045
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears,
And sudden, through the shades of night, appears—
Appears, no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear, 1050
I stood: like bristles, rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to sooth my grief:
“Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain. 1055
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree—
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.

Then, after many painful years are past, 1060
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tyber from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride: 1065
There Fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame,
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace 1070
My goddess mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell! the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes.
I trust our common issue to your care."
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air. 1075
I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away. 1080
Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,

I to my longing friends return again—
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old—
A wretched exil'd crew together brought, 1085
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day: 1090
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
And all pretence of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire.

END OF VOL. II.

