

# TEN EPISTLES

OF

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OVID,

*Translated into English Verse,*

BY THE LATE

Rev. Wm. Windsor Fitzthomas, A. M.

*WITH THE LATIN AND NOTES.*

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To which are subjoined,

THE EPISTLES OF HERO TO LEANDER, AND LEANDER TO HERO, BY  
A DIFFERENT HAND; THAT OF SAPPHO TO PHAON BY  
POPE; AND OF DIDO TO ENEAS BY DRYDEN.

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London :



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*IT was Mr. Fitzthomas's intention to have presented the public with an entire version of the Epistles of Ovid, (including the Hero to Leander, and Leander to Hero, presented to him by a friend; together with Pope's Sappho to Phaon, and Dryden's Dido to Eneas, which he deemed it presumptuous to translate anew) but Death prevented the completion of his design. This, it is hoped, will be deemed a sufficient apology for such inaccuracies, at least, as the want of the author's superintendance of the press may have rendered almost unavoidable.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
IN 1776  
BY  
JOHN ADAMS  
ESQ.  
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Strand, 1788.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Translator of these epistles thinks he may, without apology, prefix the excellent preface written by Dryden, for a translation by several hands, printed in 1680, to any remarks which he may have to make on the life, genius, and writings of Ovid; especially as the opinion of that great poet and critic does not in every instance agree with his own:

“ The Life of Ovid being already written in our language, before the translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally formed.

“ The cause of his banishment is unknown,

because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason than what was pretended by Augustus, which was the lasciviousness of his ELEGIES, and his ART OF LOVE. It is true they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome; yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought, and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the Emperor who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain epigram which is ascribed to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Mark Antony the Triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband, then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a poet.

“ There is another guess of the grammarians, as



far from truth as the first from reason ; they will have him banished for some favours, which they say he received from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies. But he who will observe the verses which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage ; which for ought he knew might be by her own husband ? or indeed how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank ? or if it were before her marriage, he would surely have been more discreet, than to have published an accident, which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself complains that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her : which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned ; and beside, an immediate punishment must have followed.

“ He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses :

*Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?  
 Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?  
 Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,  
 Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis.*

Namely, that he had either seen or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied that this was the incest of the Emperor with his own daughter; for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment, and would certainly have secured his crimes from publick notice by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have histories given us any sight into such an action of this Emperor: nor would he, (the greatest politician of his time,) in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the words *sine veste Dianam*, agree better with Livia who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julias, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses which were made by him in his youth, and recited publickly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not until the age of fifty;

from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it: nay he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

“ But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentick of this poet. That he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *cavalierement*. Add to this, that the titles of many of his elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

“ Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him: but that he had only seen Virgil.

“ If the imitation of nature be the business of a poet, I know no author who can justly be compar-

ed with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man who has read this poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit: so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age; for why else should he complain that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrect-

ed as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him; *nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere*: he never knew how to give over when he had done well; but continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy his readers, instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father.

“ This then is the allay of Ovid's writing, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him; and if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries,



it will be found that those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation, yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

*Purpureus latè qui splendeat, unus et alter  
Assuitur pannus,—*

as Horace says; though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in this work of his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

“ The title of them in our late editions is *EPISTOLÆ HEROÏDUM*, the Letters of the *HEROÏNES*. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom, as the masters of

their learning, the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writers, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love :

*Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.*

But sure he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men or heroes, as namely Paris, Leander and Acontius, joined in it.—Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters.

*(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus,)*

I remember not any of the Romans who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our poet of the glory of his invention.

“ Concerning this work of the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars. First, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect piece of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly ; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines, and lovers. Yet where the characters were lower, as in *Œnone*, and *Hero*, he

has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak sometimes as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters. But of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

“ Thus much concerning the poet; whom you find translated by divers hands, that you may at least have that variety in the English, which the subject denied to the author of the Latin.—It remains that I should say something of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to me most proper.

“ All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:

“ First, that of metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language



into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost; but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's fourth *Æneid*. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both, as he sees occasion: and taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

“ Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus  
Interpres,—*

Nor word for word too faithfully translate;  
as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham, to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the PASTOR FIDO:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline  
 Of tracing word by word, and line by line.  
 A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,  
 To make translations and translators too:  
 They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,  
 True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

“ It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time ; for the Latin, a most severe and compendious language, often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity or the narrowness of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English :

*Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.*

What poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit or almost sense out of it ?

“ In short, the verbal copier is encumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider at the same time the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language ; and besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs : a man may shun a fall by using caution, but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the

best of it, it is but a foolish task ; for no sober man would put himself into a danger, for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines : nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet.

———*brevis esse laboro,*  
*Obscurus fio :*

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has indeed avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's *Odyssees*, which he has contracted into two :

*Dic mihi, Musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,*  
*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.*

Muse, speak the man, who since the siege of Troy,  
So many towns, such change of manners saw.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

*Ὅς μάλ' ἀπολλὰ πειρασθῆναι.*

“ The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called by the latter of them, imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject

to each other, and therefore their reasons for it are little different, though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him, on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authours (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches; for in the Pindaric Odes the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connection, (I mean as to our understanding,) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be translated literally;

his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and Sampson-like he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's, was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original, but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design, though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place: yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation; and it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt.

“ To state it fairly, imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham, who advised more liberty than he took himself, gives this reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second *Æneid*: “ poetry is of so subtile a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into



another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided; and therefore when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

“ No man is capable of translating poetry, who besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language, and of his own. Nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves; to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words; when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed. But since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense in another, it would be unreason-

able to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words : it is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude ; but by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost ; and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression : for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language ; but the words that convey it to our apprehension, which are the image and ornament of that thought, may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is therefore a liberty to be allowed for the expression ; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so ; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches ; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better : perhaps the face

which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise, that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest; but the same answer will serve for both,—that then they ought not to be translated:

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*et quæ  
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.*

“ Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject, against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the meantime it seems to me, that the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author’s sense, but because there are so few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation; and that there is so little praise and so small encouragement for so considerable a part of learning.”



It will not, it is hoped, be deemed presumptuous to make some observations upon the preceding Preface of Dryden : and first with regard to the banishment of Ovid. Every circumstance relating to distinguished genius is interesting, and those in which poets are concerned, become infinitely more so, when they have given rise to any thing of uncommon excellence in their writings. Perhaps there is nothing in the writings of any poet, more exquisite, than the elegy upon the night of his banishment. The *Tristia*, vulgarly regarded (from his own poetical apology) as inferior to the rest of his works, are evidently the produce of that calamity. In them are found the affecting verses to his wife and his daughter, (El. 3. Lib. 4. and El. 7. Lib. 3, 4,) and that delightful account of his birth, his quality, his education for the bar, his parents, his marriages ; and his lispings, as Mr. Pope happily imitates it, in numbers, that so captivates our boyhood, and our youth, and does not cease to charm our old age, and awaken every compassionate and ingenuous sentiment, of which that cold period of life is susceptible.

Dr. Sumner of Harrow, in such matters a very high authority, was wont to say, that he would rather have been the author of two elegies written by Ovid, viz. that upon the night of his banish-

ment, and that upon the death of Tibullus, than of any other of the compositions of the ancients.

Of the two supposed causes of his banishment, one, it has been well observed, (the immodest tendency of his verses,) was merely ostensible, the other known to his contemporaries, cannot now be discovered; indeed he has himself told us, that he would not reveal it:

“ *Causa meæ cunctis nimium quoque nota ruinae  
Non est indicio testificanda meo.*”

Masson has acutely remarked that it could not have been the accidental privity to any concealed impurities of Augustus; for, in that case, Ovid would not so often, however obscurely, have glanced at it. If, as Mr. Dryden says, his verses were sufficient to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any larger, than that of Rome; even the ostensible cause might be a plausible one for his banishment, provided Rome were not already corrupted, and he the first of her sons who had published any thing injurious to her morals. But the abandoned indulgence of every vice was at that time so licensed at Rome, and apparently so incorrigible, that it seems not only cruel and unjust, but improbable, that the lasciviousness of his poetry should have been the real cause of his misfortune. As to any reasoning that may be drawn

from the vices of Augustus, or the indecency of his own compositions; such considerations were so far from being likely to incline a crafty tyrant to mercy, that they would render him more relentless; especially when it is remembered that hypocrisy was a striking feature in the character of Augustus. The epigram of his, of which Dryden speaks, may be seen in the commentators upon his life in Suetonius. If Ovid merited banishment from the emperor for his verses, which, however licentious in thought are rarely indelicate in expression, how could those of Catullus be tolerated in the days of Cato, and patronized by Cicero, a person, surely not less virtuous than Augustus? Yet in the epistle to his daughter (El. 7. l. 3. of the *Tristia* just referred to) which, in any age or time, would be regarded as a master-piece of elegance and tenderness, he seems himself to have thought that one real cause of his banishment was the immorality of his verses, unless this was a mere poetical flourish.—

*Pone Perilla metum, tantummodo femina, ne sit  
Devia, nec scriptis discat amare tuis.*—

Fear not, Perilla, to indulge the muse,  
But let thy verse no virgin ear abuse,  
No virtuous fair by thee be taught to stray,  
Nor catch infectious passion from thy lay.

Many passages to the same purpose occur in the

Tristia, and indeed the whole first elegy of the second book is a defence, not only of himself, but of others who had written loose verses, although they had escaped punishment, and even obtained high rewards and reputation for their performances. The approbation bestowed upon the writers for the theatre, afford us no very high idea of the delicacy of a Roman audience. The four following verses, from the same elegy, seem to comprehend all that can be conjectured of the causes of the banishment of Ovid.—

“ *Perdiderint cum me duo crimina carmen et error ;  
 Alterius facti culpa sùenda mihi.  
 Nam non sum tanti, ut renovem tua vulnera, Cæsar ;  
 Quem nimio plus est indoluisse semel.*”

Two sources my redoubled misery knows ;  
 One was my verse ; and, wrapt in dread repose  
 For ever may the awful secret rest,  
 That wounded, Cæsar, thy immortal breast !  
 Alas ! one pang—that one I bade thee feel—  
 Ne'er shall the cause the babbling muse reveal.

In this anti-cavalier roundhead age, it is impossible not to smile at the species of commendation bestowed upon Ovid by Dryden. All his poems, says he, appear to be written, as the French call it, *cavalierement* ; it was the fashion of those days to praise every thing for being *cavalier* ; and this descended to the middle of the last century ; so that a man was not only said to walk, ride, bow,

and dance ; to speak in parliament, to plead, and to preach *genteely* ; but speeches, pleadings, and even sermons, as well as poems, were said, when the beaux of that time meant to extol them, to be genteel. Perhaps it was this supposed gentility that recommended the volume, to which the preface here introduced and commented upon, is prefixed, to the notice of the ladies and gentlemen of that day, for it ran through eight editions and Pope's Sappho to Phaon was in the last edition only, published so late as 1712 ; and but two of the epistles, the Canace to Macareus, and the Dido to Æneas, which is here given, are by Dryden. With the Sappho to Phaon of Pope, the present translator has, he hopes innocently, enriched his little volume : There will at least be one good thing in it.

Mr. Dryden speaks also with singular complacency not only of the friendship cultivated by Ovid with the great poets of the age, but of his acquaintance with the nobles, and the ladies of the court of Augustus. Indeed this has been the good fortune of most of our great poets, the greatest excepted. Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Prior, Rowe, Addison, Gay, Gray, and Mason, as well as Horace, kept what, in the modern phrase, (as well as in the antient one of *Optimates* and *Ἀριστοί*) is called good company,



although some of them were not so proud of it as Horace. Such men, as Surry, Raleigh, Rochester, Roscommon, Buckingham, and Waller, were themselves poets, and certainly of no mean attainments. In the imitation of nature, Dryden thinks Ovid incomparable; as he certainly must be considered did no other proof of it exist than the volume before us. The Penelope to Ulysses, the Medea to Jason, the Laodamia to Protesilaus, and the Sappho to Phaon are strong proofs of it; but he had other excellencies not noticed by Dryden. No poet was ever, Homer excepted, more sententious than Ovid; however in choice of expression, in modulation of numbers, in design and execution, inferior. In variety of moral sentiments, he is more Homeric than Virgil, more fertile than Horace. No poet, not even these great men, excelled him in that art, for which our own Dryden and Prior were also famous,—the art of narration; so brilliantly exhibited in the whole tissue of the *Metamorphoses*; and the *Fasti*, perhaps the most correct of his performances, abound with interspersed narrative. One admirable specimen is here presented from the *de arte amandi*, in a new translation; not because it pretends to be better, but because it is more faithful than that of Dryden.

## THE RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN.

As busy ants, that bear the hoarded grain,  
In countless troops, along the sandy plain;  
As bees through fragrant meads, in summer's prime,  
Skim lightly o'er the flowers and yielding thyme;  
So when, to grace the hero's funeral rite,  
Or pomp triumphal, theatres invite,  
Thither the highly decorated fair,  
Eager to see, and to be seen, repair;  
Infatuate, love the fatal regions most,  
That the rich spoil of virgin honor boast;  
And all on pleasure and themselves intent,  
Are often conquer'd when on conquest bent.  
Oft, while the fluttering throng their charms display'd,  
Distracting beauty has my choice delay'd.  
Since first, O Romulus, the Sabine dames  
Your hardy soldiers seiz'd, at crowded games,  
Each crowded spectacle, the fair by you  
Were taught, with soft solicitude, to view.  
No marble theatres had then been rais'd,  
Nor on the curtain'd stage the people gaz'd;  
The neighbouring wood supplied its leafy shade;  
Suspended boughs the simple scenery made;  
On seats of turf the multitude were plac'd,  
A branch from any tree their temples grac'd,  
While to the Tuscan pipes unmellow'd sound,  
The clumsy dancer shook the levell'd ground,  
And all were busied in applause; applause  
Was simple then, and follow'd nature's laws.  
Around their amorous eyes the warriors throw,  
Mark each his bride, and for the signal glow;  
The promis'd signal soon the king display'd,  
And shouts the intended violence betray'd;

Sudden they rise, and in the wild dismay,  
 The brutal spoiler seiz'd his destin'd prey.  
 As trembling doves the eagle's grasping claws,  
 As tender lambs the wolf's devouring jaws,  
 Thus did they dread the ruffian's rude embrace;  
 Lifeless and pale, was every virgin face;  
 Senseless one sits, another tears her hair,  
 And fear in all its various forms was there;  
 Silent with grief is one unhappy maid;  
 And one in vain implores a mother's aid;  
 Others with frantic shrieks aloud complain,  
 These strive to fly, astonish'd those remain.  
 On to the genial couch the victors led,  
 New charms o'er ravish'd beauty blushes spread;  
 Where bloom'd no beauty, to the tearful face  
 Reluctant modesty imparts a grace.  
 Did one too stubbornly resist her fate,  
 Clasp'd to the glowing bosom of her mate,  
 In these, or words like these, he sooth'd her fears,  
 " Ah, why those lovely eyes deform with tears?  
 " Think what your father to your mother prov'd;  
 " And learn from them to love, and to be lov'd."  
 No monarch better crown'd the soldier's toils,  
 Than thou, O Romulus, with beauty's spoils.  
 Slave as I am to indolence and ease,  
 I'd be a soldier for rewards like these.  
 Hence the proud games that now the fair detain,  
 And snares for beauty theatres remain."

Of the alloy, (according to Dryden) of the writings of Ovid; the profusion of his wit, the exuberance of his fancy, and the intemperate indulgence of it; we may observe, that where there is no excess in such things, there is often a scarcity;



notwithstanding some great exceptions, as Virgil, Horace and Pope. But Dryden objects with an ill grace to that, which is so frequently found in his own poetry; and he adds, with a sort of conscious generosity, that the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of the wit of Ovid, though at the same time he might have wished that he had been more sparing of it. Ovid however, any more than Dryden, cannot be vindicated upon this ground, but they may both be commended for other merits, which raise them to a very high rank among poets. They much resemble each other, and although Dryden, in one of his prefaces, flatters himself that he has caught the manner of Virgil, he is in general more like to Ovid; indeed almost all our great writers of rhyme in some degree follow him. There is a certain turn and spirit, as well as flow, in his hexameter and pentameter, which seem to be transmitted into our English couplet: the epigrammatic force of Pope, and the luxuriance of Dryden, are very Ovidian; and the gallantry and softness of Waller partake of the same origin. Milton certainly admired Ovid, and plainly imitated him in his own Latin poetry. Johnson has said that Pope introduced Ovidian beauties into his Homer. Dryden, though desirous of praising Ovid, takes no notice of the neatness of his

accidental satire: a striking instance of which presents itself in these lines in the Art of Love:

*Sunt tamen et doctæ rarissima turba, puellæ ;  
Sunt quoque non doctæ, sed tamen esse volunt."*

Some learned maids there are, but few, I deem ;  
Others not learned, who would learned seem.

Again of Helen :

*Quid faciat ? vir adest, et adest non rusticus hospes,  
Et timet in vacuo sola cubare toro.*

What should she do ? her own dear lord is gone ;  
She with a gallant stranger left alone,  
Besides, a female heart it fills with dread,  
To shiver in a solitary bed !"

When the flights of his fancy, unchecked by the dictates of his cooler judgment, are mentioned, the pretty story, which Seneca has related of him, should be cited: it is as follows: (Senec. Controv. L. 2: p. 36.) "He (Ovid) was not unconscious, but enamoured, of his poetical faults; for a request being made to him by three of his friends that he would blot three certain verses which they should point out, he readily consented; provided they would allow him to retain an equal number, notwithstanding their objections. This was thought fair. They wrote down those that they wished to expunge: he those which he was disposed to preserve. The several papers were opened, and the same passages found in both. The first, (as Al-

binovanus Pedius, one of the arbitrators, used to say,) was

*Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.*—

The second :

“ *Egelidum Borean, egelidumque Notum.*”

Whence it clearly appears that this distinguished poet, confessedly of the most exalted genius, did not want judgment, but inclination, to restrain the extravagance that appeared in his verses. Perhaps he might have thought that they were more popular with their faults, which he would not therefore consent to correct: and there have been times, not very remote from our own, in which they have been admired and imitated. It may be questioned if Milton, with all his learning and judgment, would have consented to the expunging from his immortal poems those passages in which Pope has well said that

“ God the father turns a school divine ;

or even acknowledged them (as Ovid did those to which his friends objected) to be blemishes; for, in their defence, he said only, that a face was more becoming for having a mole, or something irregular in it.

Thus Horace,

*Egregio invenies inspersione corpore nævos.*—

Muretus, *non sordidus auctor*, no mean authority, (of whom Heinsius says, that no one since the restoration of letters wrote with less affectation or more elegance,) so admired Ovid, that he considered one who detracted from him as a prodigy, and a fit subject for lustration. It is superfluous to repeat the praises of Muretus, of Julius, and Joseph Scaliger, cited by Heinsius. Daniel Heinsius says, "*Omnes Ovidius transcendit*;" and he does indeed excel all other poets in those things for which that learned person has praised him; whose praises are as delicate in their expression as the subjects of them. They appear in the preface to Heinsius's Ovid.

For the general commendation of our poet, the reader may be referred to Dryden, who had, no doubt, explored every source of it—but it may be fairly observed, that his translators have reason "to blush at their own *nakedness*, rather than that of their father," as Dryden calls him; and seldom more, than when they endeavour to *cover* him, as is generally done, with some tawdry trapping. But while Dryden extols Ovid, as the Scaligers and the Heinsii have done, there appears to be no ground for the censure cast by him upon Tibullus and Propertius; whose common practice he asserts it was, "to look no farther than the line before them, to ramble from one subject to

another, and to conclude with something, which is not of a piece with the beginning. In them the *purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter assuitur pannus*—though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment; but our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race." This however is not the ground upon which his asserted superiority ought to be placed; it should be argued from the deeper knowledge displayed by him, the more extended field that he has laid open of human nature, and the greater variety with which he has described the working of human passions. He wrote poems; from Tibullus and Propertius we have only elegies, and epistles: but that Ovid, any more than those two poets, had always, as Dryden says, "a goal in his eye, which he first established, and then contrived the means of attaining," does not perhaps always appear. It is true the whole book of epistles form a design; but every single epistle might be composed as loosely, after the general idea was formed (and without a general idea no composition was perhaps ever begun) as any of the single elegies of Tibullus or Propertius. The *Metamorphoses* indeed, the *Fasti*, and *The Art of Love*, must necessarily have had a detailed plan; but one, as systematic as is required to the conduct of a tragedy or an epic



poem, would not perhaps add to the beauty of detached poetry; for much of it seems to arise from the effort of momentary impulse and passion, which might be lost in more exact regularity of arrangement.

The *Arethusa to Lycotas* of Propertius, Dryden thinks "written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation of him, and therefore (says he) ought not to defraud our author of any part of the glory of his invention." Here indeed Ovid and Propertius might seem fairly to contend, did the subjects of this epistle in any degree resemble those of that poet. But the epistles of Ovid are all drawn from fable; the scene of that of Propertius, whether fictitious or not, is laid in real life; it is supposed to be written to a Roman soldier by his wife, who no more resembles the heroines of Ovid, than the *Asteria* of Horace does the *Hypermnestra* or *Europa* of that poet.

Notwithstanding, however, these authorities in favor of Ovid, there are those by whom Tibullus is greatly preferred to him; and this preference is usually justified from Quintilian. "Tibullus, (says that great critic) is in my opinion the most terse and elegant writer of the Greek elegy." But because one poet is more correct, or polished, or elegant than another, and that in one species of

composition only, does it follow that he is in all respects, or in general, superior to him?—May not Mason be said to be more terse than Dryden? is he therefore a greater poet? The *Caractacus* and *Elfrida* are more terse than *Samson Agonistes*; do they therefore excel that sublime and affecting poem? Quintilian allows Horace to be more terse than Lucilius, but disapproves the censure cast by him on his predecessor, and seems rather inclined to admit the distinguished excellence of both these great men, than to decide in favor of either; as the admirers of Lucilius had pronounced that poet to be superior to all others. We may observe also that Quintilian often cited Ovid, and but once with disapprobation, and that he has but once mentioned Tibullus, though indeed it is to commend him: nor does he cite him, as he frequently does Ovid, to exemplify the powers of eloquence, as Seneca has done to illustrate the subjects of morals and of natural philosophy; who has distinguished him, even in the midst of objections to his failings as the most *ingenious* of poets, (*poetarum ingeniosissimus*,) by which he seems to have meant, the most fertile and inventive, not, as the word is sometimes used, the most witty of poets.

The discussion of the merits of great poets is often ingenious, amusing, and instructive; the

decision upon them commonly absurd. Why are we not permitted separately to admire the softness and elegance of Tibullus, and the fertility of Ovid, the sweetness of his numbers, the variety and aptness of his expressions, which speak with such delicate distinction to the understanding, with such irresistible tenderness to the heart? But the bitterest enemy of Ovid seems to be the Jesuit Strada in his prolusions; one of which furnishes three very pretty papers in the Guardian; where it seems to be decided, "that Ovid highly deserved the name of a *witty* man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labor in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand." The retailer of Strada's censure was not aware that such an objection would one day be brought against the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian himself; that a time would come, when to write naturally would be thought to write meanly; when too it would be held, that there is no art where no labour appears; that the efforts of an author should on all occasions be manifested;

"Double, double, toil and trouble:—"

If this remark of Strada upon the expression of Ovid, be a just one, the objection is weighty; for it is certainly very justly said by Dryden in his pre-



face to Virgil, that we ought upon no account to use low or familiar language in serious verse, but it is a rule against which, as has been before observed, no man has more frequently offended than Dryden, although no one more excels in high-wrought and forcible expression. Of that of the antients perhaps it may be humbly contended, (whatever we may fancy to be, our proficiency in their languages) that we are not always competent judges: and this may be in some degree at least, conceived, from the idea of lowness and familiarity which the French often attach to some phrases of Shakspeare, with which no Englishman, not bred in a foreign school, or not tainted with foreign prejudices, was ever offended. Neither Quintilian, nor Seneca, has censured the style of Ovid as low or familiar. But grant that those who have condemned it, are properly qualified to decide upon this matter, yet it must be allowed, that Ovid's subjects are often taken from ordinary life, and common words must of necessity be frequently employed in the management of such subjects. It is remarkable however that Daniel Heinsius has commended him for this very thing—for having displayed such extraordinary powers in the language of ordinary discourse; *idque verbis et oratione vul-*

*gari*; Lord Roscommon's authority is perhaps equal to Strada's, and he thus characterises Ovid :

“ *Familiar Ovid, tender thoughts inspires,  
And nature seconds all his soft desires.*”

But where exalted passion, or beautiful description is introduced, Ovid certainly wants neither dignity nor elegance in treating them. With regard to his Heroic epistles (for so we may call them, of which we would now speak, by way of distinction from his other epistles,) they are clearly dramatic, and would lose a great deal of their beauty, if lofty language only were employed. A consideration, which, it is hoped, will also supply an excuse for that used by the translator, if it sink not into meanness or vulgarity. If our own language is enriched, our poetry is not improved in force, in pathos, or real elegance, by modern refinement, —unless to Dryden and Pope, we prefer Darwin and his imitators; who have extended the power of expression far beyond its just boundaries, and used combinations, and invented words, which neither can be justified by analogy, nor softened by use; and which frequently offend against the principles of grammar, and sound sense. A Neology has in consequence arisen, which in the latter end of the preceding, and the middle of the last century, the age of Pope and Swift, would hardly

have been understood ; and which, if then produced, would probably have provoked no small portion of ridicule from the latter of those two great men. It cannot however be denied, (if we are really judges of the style of the ancients,) that Ovid's was inferior to that of Virgil and Horace, as Churchill's expression fell below the standard of Pope. In the elegant praise bestowed upon our author by Daniel Heinsius above cited, an instance is produced of his great rapidity of thought and expression.—

*Nox superest ; tollamur equis, urbemque petamus.*

*Dicta placent, frænis impediuntur equi :*

*Pertulerant dominos, regalia protinus ipsi*

*Tecta petunt, custos in fore nullus erat.*

The night remains:—to horse:—let Rome be sought.  
His words approv'd, the bridled steeds are brought:  
Receiv'd their masters, to the palace strait  
They rush—no guard was station'd at the gate.

And again,

*Sic sedit, sic culta fuit ; sic stamina nevit ;*

*Injectæ collo sic jacuere comæ :*

*Hos habuit vultus, hæc illi verba fuere,*

*Hic color, hæc facies ; hic nitor oris erat.*

So did she sit ; thus drest ; so wound the thread :  
Unbound, her tresses on her neck were spread.  
Such were her looks ; and such her words were heard.  
And thus her beauty, thus her bloom appeared.

No horse, says Heinsius, hardly can human imagination keep pace with such rapidity. It must be owned that the speed of the horse, (unless it be the winged horse Pegasus) is but a tame illustration of that of the poet; which should be—

*Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos,  
Ocyor Euro.*

Fleeter than Does that on the mountains leap,  
Or Eurus flying o'er the stormy deep.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heaven.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ovid abounds in pictures: but there is a striking one in the *Fasti*—which perhaps could not be given, in an equal number of words, in any other language:

*“ Pauper, sed mundæ sedulitatis, anus.”*

Though poor and old, a neat industrious dame.

The subject has been taken by great painters; but comprehends so much—the dress, the dwelling, mind, manners, and habits,—that no pencil can fully portray it.—*Munda sedulitas* is an expression of equal neatness, and equally untranslatable, with the *simplex munditiis* of Horace.

Dryden objects strongly to the title of *Heroides* being given to these epistles of Ovid, evidently to distinguish them from his other epistles, because

he says, that Ovid could never be guilty of such an oversight as to call these the epistles of heroines, when there are divers men, as Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined with them: But the translator doubts if any of those epistles be really from the pen of Ovid, who has no where mentioned them as making part of his works; neither in the Art of Love, nor in his Epistle to Macer: to whom he seems to attribute the Paris to Helen, and the Helen to Paris; in the notes upon which some reasons are given for thinking the former, at least, not his own. Mr. Dryden has not pointed out in what respect Ovid has *romanized* his Grecian dames, although he has objected this to him. It is evident that in whatever he has taken from Homer or the Greek tragedians, he has faithfully given all that was to be found to his purpose in those great authorities. Neither is it true “that most of the thoughts come back upon us in divers letters;” yet it must be admitted, that repetitions, both of thoughts and facts, are sometimes found in the same epistle, as in the Deianira to Hercules, and the Medea to Jason, and others; but, what is the most difficult to be performed, the characters of the heroines are distinct from each other. They do not resemble a certain picture of a great political event, in which the noses of all the persons represented are



of the same fashion, and that borrowed from the hero of the piece; for what resemblance is there in the Deianira and Medea, Hypsipyle and Ariadne, Phyllis and Dido, Canace and Phædra, Sappho and Cœnone, Laodamia and Penelope, Briseis and Hermione? The female characters of Shakspeare himself, the most excellent, rather than, as has been absurdly said, the weakest part of his works, are not better marked or more faithfully preserved, than those in the epistles of Ovid.

Dryden's account of the three different modes of translation next demands our particular attention. "But of metaphrase, or literal translation, it is presumed to speak more largely; and especially as the present versions may by some be deemed too literal. Concerning this, says he, our master Horace has given us this caution :

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres."*

Nor word for word too faithfully translate :

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. But, notwithstanding the frequent, and triumphant citation of this line and a word, which have been affixed to almost every loose translation ever published, and which seem to be considered as a justification for any deviation, however licentious, from original authors, it is indisputable that Horace was not here giving directions



to translators, but to dramatic writers, to whom he recommended taking subjects from the Iliad : and in so doing, says he, you will follow a wiser course than by venturing to form an entirely new fable ; and what is open to all, will thus become exclusively your own, if you manage it with dignity, nor labour, like a *faithful interpreter*, to give word for word,—nor place yourself in a situation, from which the reverence for your original, (for so it is conceived, that *pudor* in *this place*, may be, and ought to be understood,) and the rule you have prescribed to yourself, forbid you to advance a step. Take the whole passage from Horace, and his admirable translator Coleman :—

*Difficile est proprie communia dicere, tuque  
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.  
 Publica materies privati juris erit, si  
 Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,  
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
 Interpres, nec desilies imitator in arctum,  
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetat atque operis lex."*

Yet hard the task to touch on untried *facts* ;  
 Safer the Iliad to reduce to *acts*,  
 Than be the first new regions to explore,  
 And dwell on themes unknown, untold before.  
 Quit but the vulgar broad and beaten round,  
 The public field becomes your private ground :  
 Nor word for word too *faithfully* translate,  
 Nor leap at once into a narrow strait ;

A copyist so close, that rule and line  
Curb your free march, and all your steps confine.

It appears that this great and elegant poet intended rather to commend, than to reprobate, the faithful translator: had it been his design to ridicule his labors, he would hardly have applied to him the word *fidus* when *servus* was ready for his purpose, which he has used with so much grace and force in another place:

“ *O Imitatores servum pécus!* ”

The translator is happy to find on his side Bentley, who has censured Jerom for applying the admonition, as Dryden and others without number have done, to translators:—if it contain in general good advice, the authority of Horace should not be pressed into the service to give force to it as if it were a positive and particular direction from his pen; for here certainly he was speaking of the drama.—Terence we know, for he himself has told us, translated literally from Menander for the stage; *verbum de verbo extulit*—and at him Horace might glance, and praise his fidelity, although he did not recommend his example. Ben Jonson seems to be the only person who has, in our language, offended against this rule of Horace. In his *Catiline*, he has literally rendered the first *Catilinarian* oration from Cicero,

and the speech of Catiline from Sallust; which is the more reprehensible because the originals are prose. Nothing can be more stiff and ungraceful than the *Quis multa gracilis*, &c. of Milton: and the attempts of Ben Jonson in the Art of Poetry, and of Holyday to translate Juvenal in an equal number of lines, were as absurd as Dryden has represented them to be, here, and in his preface to the version that he published (would it had been all his own!) of Juvenal; yet Pope himself condescended to number his lines, and wished it not to escape his readers that his 17th book of the Iliad contained only 65 verses more than the original. But if the sense, the whole sense, and nothing but the sense of an author can be given in translation, with spirit, ease, and perspicuity, and without violence to the language, into which he is translated, the greater the resemblance is, even in words, to the original, surely the better; at least such closeness cannot be justly censured. Translators themselves find, that, in many instances, they succeed by a nearer approach to their authors, where a wider deviation from them has failed; yet they frequently reject a rendering that occurs merely because it appears literal, though, in fact, sometimes preferable, for elegance, as well as fidelity, to the laboured paraphrase

which they adopt. But whatever faults may be imputed, and justly, to literal translation, the most ample proof might be produced, that the widest paraphrases are often as deficient in ease and spirit, as the most servile renderings of those, who would most pertinaciously adhere to the words, syllables, and even letters, (were that possible) of their originals; and that to be at once stiff, and dull, it is not necessary to be literal or faithful, or even to understand the language from which the version is made. Lord Roscommon, in his preface to his translation of the epistle to the Pisos, applies the rule of Horace to translators, happily rendered,

‘ Nor word for word too faithfully translate;’

and says, in a short preface, certainly not considering the context, (any more than Dryden) that Horace has declared himself an enemy to literal translation; but he also says that he has kept as close as he could to the words of Horace; and there cannot be a better authority, unless it be that of Mr. Pope. “ It is certain, says that great man in his preface to Homer, that no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language; but it is a great mistake to imagine, as many have done, that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general

defect. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves, than a version almost literal. The beautiful lines of Sir John Denham to Mr. Fanshaw prove nothing against fidelity in translation, by which, the “flame of an author is more likely to be preserved than by a licentious paraphrase.” It is almost impossible, says Mr. Dryden, to translate well and verbally: Very often perhaps it is so, but often also, beauties are lost by despising a verbal transmission of them. The conceit couched in the line which Dryden has quoted as untranslatable into English, from the Dido to Æneas, might not be worth preserving, but if it were, surely it was not “out of the reach of any poet in the language to strike wit or sense out of it” Let this be tried:

*Certus es ire tamen, miseramque relinquere Dido,  
Atque idem venti vela fidemque ferent.*

From wretched Dido shall the self-same gales,  
Waft thy false fleeting vows, that fill thy sails.

There appears to be no more difficulty in rendering these than the two following lines:

*Certus es, Ænea, cum fœdere solvere naves,  
Quæque ubi sint nescis, Italæ regna sequi.*

thus given by Mr. Dryden:

While you with *loosen'd vows* and sails prepare  
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.



If the conceit was not worthy to be preserved in the former instance, it was equally undeserving of labor in the latter: nor is there a greater clashing of sails, winds, and faith, in the second line of the first, than of ships, and anchors, and contracts, in the first of the second couplet. After all, there is nothing more forced in it, than the common poetic idea of perjur'd vows being dissipated by the winds, exhibited with the play of words so common in Ovid, which his translator must sometimes indulge, or he cannot do him justice. The double application of the word *fero* to different objects, is found also in Horace:

“ *Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te Celse feremus.*”

Nor did the ancients reject many of those turns of expression, which we so fastidiously condemn. Horace was not bound to translate Homer faithfully, because it was to his purpose to cite the modest opening of the *Odyssey*; otherwise it surely was not difficult to introduce the *longis erroribus actus*; nor was there any apparent necessity for contracting the three lines into two;—not however the *sufferings*, (as Dryden says,) (which are not mentioned in the three first lines of the *Odyssey*;) but the *wanderings* of Ulysses are there omitted, which Horace might think included in the *mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes*;



who saw the cities and customs of many people. Pope also, probably following Dryden, has accused Horace of omitting the *sufferings* of Ulysses, in not having translated the same words,—Ὅς μάλ᾽ πολλὰς πλανήθη. In another place (the epistle to Lollius) Pope observes that he has plainly had regard to these circumstances :

*Qui domitor Trojæ multorum providus urbes  
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,  
Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa  
Pertulit.*

Of many cities (Troy's proud realms subdued,)  
The men and manners who exploring view'd ;  
And brav'd the perils of the boundless main,  
With steady course his native land to gain ;  
To theirs his lost companions to restore,  
Vainly he toil'd ; for many toils he bore.

Indeed it seems probable, that both Dryden and Pope, misled by the similarity of sound in the Latin and Greek words *mala*, (though of import so widely different,) and by the expression, certainly, not the intended translation of Horace, (*aspera multa pertulit*) totally misapprehended the passage, and therefore render it, *Mala multa perpessus est*, instead of the plain and just version of the Latin translators—*qui valde et multum erravit*. But neither Pope nor Dryden seem sufficiently to have reflected, that Horace was not *translating* but citing Homer

for a particular purpose, which was sufficiently answered by the two lines as they stand, that are the subjects of their criticism. If the absurd endeavours of Ben Jonson and Holyday to render Horace and Juvenal in English verses exactly the same in number as those of the Latin originals was like “ dancing upon ropes with fettered legs,” a loose paraphrase of a fine ancient author may, with the same justice, be compared to singing a beautiful ballad without enouncing the words; a practice equally disgusting to those who can feel language and sentiment as well as music, and so enchantingly contrasted by the melodious tones and distinct articulation of Mrs. Jordan. There is an instance, not a solitary one, of the effect of loose translation in Pope’s first book of Homer; where the speeches of Agamemnon and Achilles, &c. are perhaps the most exquisite specimens of translation in our own, or any other language. Homer says, that Nestor ἀνορωσε, sprang up, old and infirm as he was, to compose the strife between the contending princes, as Horace has well represented it:

————— *Componere lites*  
*Inter Peliden festinat et inter Atriden.*

Mr. Pope’s version is—“ Uprising *slow* the Pyliian sage:” a rendering particularly faulty, as Nestor

is described exerting vigor, and even celerity, upon more than one occasion less interesting than the present, and requiring greater agility; his infirmity appears rather in his garrulity than want of force. But in the 24th book, the aged and wretched Priam is described as *swiftly springing* into his car, when he set off upon his melancholy visit to Achilles; σπερχομενος δ' ὁ γερων ξεστῶς ἐπεβησέτο δίφρου; where the haste and anxiety of Priam is indeed expressed, but nothing like agility. His haste was the haste of an old man, impelled perhaps by the fear of being retarded by any farther remonstrances; in this Mr. Pope hardly did Homer justice; for had he himself been writing an original poem he would not so have described Priam in the same circumstances.

The rest of Mr. Dryden's Preface to the Heroic Epistles of Ovid, upon which the translator has presumed to comment, deserves the attention of those who read, or endeavour to produce, translations; but the latter must acknowledge, with a sigh, the justice of that observation of his, that the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is, not the too close pursuing the author's sense, but because there are so few that have talents requisite for translation, or, he might have added, will submit to the labour necessary to that undertaking—a truth that might

have been well argued from his own edition of the heroic epistles of Ovid by various hands, the preface to which he closes with so handsome, but ill-merited, a compliment to those who contributed to it; amongst whom were men certainly not deficient in ability, for Sheffield and Otway were of their number. But Cowley, Waller, Denham, Milton, and Ben Jonson, had been translators, and they were succeeded by Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Congreve. Mr. Pope's Sappho to Phaon was not in the early editions of the translated epistles, perhaps only in the last; yet they ran through eight: so that the complaint, that but little encouragement was given to so considerable a part of learning, was unjust. From the Spectator also, who has spoken of them, at least without censure, we find that they were generally read; and Will Honeycomb, who talks of Ovid, is accused of knowing him only from their representation. When Dryden speaks of imitation, he does not include that sort of imitation, employed, if not invented, by Pope, in reproducing the satires and epistles of Horace; where the Satire and painting of the originals are so marvellously preserved and applied to modern times and characters; in which he was followed with so great ability by Johnson in the London, and Vanity of Human Wishes, from Juvenal; yet Johnson has himself

See 57

depreciated this species of composition, in his *Life of Pope*. Mr. West certainly made Pindar speak with grace and harmony in a translation; but we must not pass unnoticed the fine expression of Dryden, (that happy boldness, in which he excels both in verse and prose,) ‘that the Theban bard cannot bear a chain, and Samson-like, he throws it off.’

Equally indignant might any great poet feel at the attempt of a puny translator to tower above the head of his author, when probably he is unable to reach his shoulders: an idea only fit for the vanity of a Frenchman to encourage. A translator, for acknowledged reasons, must generally be inferior to his original, though he may now and then have the happiness to excel him; nor is he less likely to do so in faithful version, than a loose paraphrase; and although Dr. Johnson has said that he should not be perpetually struggling with his author, there seems to be no good reason for the prohibition: it is his duty to exert all his powers in the contest, however unsuccessful they may prove.

The letters that passed between Swift and the *Abbey Fontaine*, the translator of *Gulliver*, are extremely curious; the polite and delicate, but mortifying, irony of Swift has exposed in his happiest manner the liberties often assumed by



translators, especially French, and the pretences upon which they are not only justified, but gloried in: if Fontaine understood Swift better in his own character than in that of Gulliver, the correspondence must have covered him with confusion. Thoughts, as well as expressions, may sometimes occur in an ancient or a foreign author, which, if exactly given, would not only be nonsense, as Dryden says, but low and degrading; and it is certainly fair to elevate such passages, (provided it be chastely and cautiously done,) to the standard of modern, not always fashionable expression. Sometimes the transition may be easy in the original, which would be abrupt, if indulged in the translation—there certainly insertions may be made, where they are necessary to perspicuity.—Sometimes the author, apparently for the sake of his metre, or for other reasons, has abridged his thoughts: sometimes the translator, for the improvement of his verse, may fairly extend them, if it can be done without weakening their force or destroying their simplicity, where it can be preserved. Thus Virgil has sometimes made three or four out of two lines of Homer: but nothing should be curtailed or changed, not even an epithet, if it adds, as all epithets should do, to the beauty or strength of the passage by any other power than that of



music. A translator has therefore a hard part to sustain. He is not at liberty to relinquish what he despairs of embellishing, if he deviates in the smallest degree from his author. Those who have that veneration for the ancients, which good taste, improved by classical education, usually inspires, are ready to cry out, "this may be very fine, but it is not Homer, or Virgil, or Horace, or Ovid:" if he scrupulously treads in the steps of his master, and attends him like a faithful esquire, those who despise classical authorities and refinements, (and those who despise, are usually unacquainted with them,) are equally forward to accuse him (as that excellent and ingenious lady, Miss Seward, does Cowper, in his translation of Homer,) of 'cramped literality.' Most persons of judgment would, notwithstanding, prefer the Homer of Cowper, with all its faults, to that of M<sup>c</sup> Pherson.

There is confessedly one literal translation at least, not only exquisitely pathetic and simple, but in a variety of instances inimitably sublime: namely, that of the Hebrew and Greek scriptures: which, however, in particular parts, corrected from the originals, is, notwithstanding, in many places closely rendered from the vulgate, itself a translation. How far modern attempts at greater accuracy or elegance have succeeded,

even in the hands of great men, and great scholars, is pretty well understood. 'Translate us,' we might exclaim, in the language of Gray upon another occasion, 'into a loose flowing paraphrase, the first chapter of Genesis, the history of Joseph, certain portions of Deuteronomy, Numbers, Isaiah, Job, and the Psalms!' How fortunate was it, that these *were done into English by the learned clerks of those times*; that the Jewish lawgivers, chroniclers, prophets, and apostles, were made to speak, as they really did speak, rather, than as it might have been supposed, they would have spoken, had they lived in our days! yet, the English translators of the Bible, disclaimed tying themselves to an uniformity of phrase and identity of words, professing not to be in bondage where they might be free, not to use one word precisely, where another might be used, no less fit, as commodiously, but also to be especially careful not to vary from the *sense* of what they rendered, making a convenience of their duty. Most of the collects in our Liturgy are literally rendered from the Roman Breviaries and Missals, and what can be more sublime?

It was once the fortune of the person who thus endeavours to defend faithful translation, to be present at the service of a dissenting chapel, where Gilbert Wakefield's translation of the New

Testament was introduced. The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican was selected for the edification of the polite congregation, of which a noble duke made a conspicuous part. But what is so striking in the gospel of our reprobated Liturgy, appeared so tame and flat in its new cloathing and arrangement, that not the four evangelists seemed to speak, but the four gentlemen who wrote the gospels; according to the ridiculous language of the person who used to shew the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford, where there are four very fine figures in wood intended to represent the gospel historians with their emblems. In Mr. Wakefield's version, the frequent substitution of the tax-gatherer for the publican had an effect quite contrary to that which was apparently intended, the raising of the style. The parable was inconceivably debased by the awkward repetition of this unwieldy compound. Perhaps it may be said that the fidelity used in rendering the scriptures was religiously exacted, and therefore not to be urged or followed as an example; but out of that fidelity, those chains, as modern translators might call them, what boldness and freedom of expression have arisen! Had the version, instead of being so dignified, and adapted to the purposes of public devotion, been mean and weak, as well as

literal, to its literality probably would the degeneracy of it have been imputed. No poetical authority can be higher than that of several parts of the Jewish, nor is there any more beautiful and forcible expression than is found both in the Hebrew, and Greek scriptures, in the English translation.

It is not, however, contended that fidelity can justify mean language, or flat verses. The portrait even of a plain person should not be a bad picture, much less of one that is beautiful. It is a vulgar error, to urge in its defence that it is like to the original.—Thus says Lord Roscommon of the French prose translators of Horace; and the same may be true of unsuccessful attempts in verse:

Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,  
And shews the stuff without the workman's skill.

But if a copy bear no resemblance, or a faint and indistinct one, to its original, it ceases to be a representation of it; and here lies the difficulty of translators, and particularly of poetry: no small one, if we may judge from the variety of instances in which they have failed. Some part of their duty at least is fulfilled, if their labors will assist a school-boy, please and inform a sensible woman, or a man unacquainted with the language

out of which the version is made, and not disgust a scholar. Mr. Pope carried all these points, and besides enriched our language with a splendid poem.

But few translators have been equally fortunate. Mr. Sotheby, however, as a translator, has clearly excelled all his masters and competitors in his translation of the Georgics of Virgil. He is often above, never below, Dryden; and no humble degree of praise is due to him, (*nostræ non laudis egenti*) as a poet.

If the present candidate in the list of metrical translators, has, to professed fidelity, added any portion of spirit, he hopes his endeavours will be received with candor and good humor, when it is considered that he has attempted that which such men as Sheffield and Otway executed indifferently at best; (to say nothing of those who appear with them, who *nobiles et ignobiles vulgus sunt*;) that which Dryden performed carelessly; Pope and Sotheby only, exquisitely; and indeed no one well besides, except the gentleman who has consented to the reprinting of the Hero to Leander and Leander to Hero, in this volume; of which the translator of the first ten epistles may say with truth, (as Dryden did of his coadjutors, if sincerely, certainly with more kindness than judgment,) that "he doubts not but their merits will make ample satisfaction for his errors." He knows of no other modern translator of Ovid's Epistles but Barret, a schoolmaster



at Ashford in Kent, who in 1759 published an entire version of them. But he professed not to labour the verses; and to write his notes by way of lectures to his scholars. He translated the Sappho to Phaon after Pope.—His successor may share his oblivion, but has derived no assistance from his labours. In what he has here presumed to say of faithful translation, he earnestly deprecates the stale censure of having layed down rules, and exemplified them by his own failures.

He would rather be thought stupid than arrogant; it will not, he hopes, appear that he is both; nor that he deserves to be numbered with those whom Congreve so wittily exposes :

Well do they play the careful critic's part,  
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art;  
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,  
 Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

---

†† Frequent mention having been made, in the foregoing pages, of the Elegy upon the death of Tibullus, and of the epistle from Ovid to his wife, in the *Tristia*, they are both here given, it is hoped, with no very unpardonable intrusion; for them, as well as for his *Epistles*, (those from Penelope to Ulysses, and from Ænone to Paris, excepted, which were begun at coll'g) the translator may plead the same excuse as his master



*Ovid did for the incorrect state of the Tristia, they were begun as a relief, and continued through the intervals of extreme pain,*

Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.

*A very fair apology, it may be said, for writing, but none for publishing, the productions of such unhappy circumstances: to which the translator ventures to reply, that however inadequate these may be found, no attempts more successful have yet appeared.*

---

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

---

A goddess wept when Memnon's spirit fled:  
 A parent goddess wept Achilles dead.  
 Stern fate unmov'd regards the heaven-born fair,  
 And human sorrows, Jove, thy daughters share.  
 Thou, mournful Muse, for lost Tibullus grieve;  
 Thy locks, indignant, bid the winds receive.  
 No lighter verse, O Elegy, thy name  
 Shall here usurp, but genuine sorrow claim—  
 Whose polish'd strain thy gentlest graces form'd,  
 Whose breast thy tenderest inspiration warm'd,  
 Thy bard, thy fame who bore from distant skies,  
 A lifeless corse, thy lov'd Tibullus, lies!  
 Love's deep despair his flagging pinions shew,  
 Revers'd his quiver, and unstrung his bow;  
 Revers'd his torch, extinguish'd are its fires;  
 Nor more he plumes his shafts with gay desires.  
 His bosom bare, his hands un pitying wound;  
 And loud the boy's convulsive sobs resound—

His locks, which streams of tears descending lave,  
In wild disorder o'er his shoulders wave.  
Thus, of thy sire Æneas when bereft,  
Thy dome, the god, O fair Iulus, left;  
And on the poet shed as fond a tear,  
As o'er a monarch's or a brother's bier.  
So for Tibullus Cithæra mourn!  
And for Adonis all her woes return.  
But poets, great and sacred is their name!  
Are heaven's high care; inspir'd by hallow'd flame.  
There are, who deem, enraptur'd of the art,  
To bards divinity the gods impart.  
Lo, death profanes the shrine in which we trust,  
And the fair fabric crumbles into dust.  
On all her sable hands the spectre lays,  
And man belov'd, or child of heaven obeys.  
By Thracian hags, Ismarian Orpheus, rent,  
Ah! what avail'd to thee thy high descent?  
Thee, nor the parent muse, that could inspire,  
Nor father sav'd; the father of the lyre:  
Deaf to the voice that sooth'd the savage brood,  
Relentless furies plung'd thee in the flood.  
Embower'd in Sylvan shades your common sire,  
For Linus, wak'd, in vain, the mournful lyre,  
These Homer follow'd to the infernal gate,  
Like these inspir'd, like thee the sport of fate.  
O'er his pale corse thy deeps, Avernus, close,  
His—from whose lips, (as where perennial flows  
The muses' fountain) the poetic tribe,  
In copious draughts, Pierian streams imbibe.  
His verse alone eludes the funeral flame,  
And proudly challenges immortal fame.  
Thy sufferings, Troy, and hoary Priam slain,  
His slaughter'd sons, and captive dames remain.  
Forever dures the web, that faithful love  
At dawn resum'd, by sleepless nights unwove.

Thus vulgar fate thy Nemesis survives,  
 And in thy verse, Tibullus, Delia lives.  
 'Twas Delia first thy youthful bosom fir'd;  
 A later passion Nemesis inspir'd.  
 But vain the rites in Rome's proud temples taught,  
 With horned Isis from Canopus brought;  
 The sounded Sistrum, and on female fears,  
 Connubial fasts impos'd, by lying seers;  
 When Fates unworthy of the good and brave  
 O'erwhelm their virtues in the untimely grave.  
 The thought forgive, while I despairing weep,  
 Gods there are none I deem, or gods that sleep.  
 To deeds of piety devote thy days;  
 The gods revere; and bid their altars blaze:  
 Thee, while thy hands the treasur'd offerings bear,  
 Death from the temple to the tomb shall tear.  
 In verse confide; verse that the wise approve;  
 Language of gods; that listening muses love:  
 Lo, of Tibullus all that now remains!  
 A narrow urn his precious dust contains!  
 Have then the flames, O blameless poet, prey'd  
 On thee, nor fear'd thy bosom to invade?  
 Her eyes averted, and in tears was seen,  
 So Fame reports, the Erycinian queen.  
 Still better, though untimely was thy death,  
 Than breath'd in foreign air thy latest breath;  
 Nor on Tibullus press'd the ignoble sod,  
 Nor on his corse Phæacian pirates trod;  
 Here, did a mother's hand his eye-lids close,  
 Here bid his duly honour'd dust repose.  
 A mother's toils, a sister's duty, share,  
 While pious sorrow rends her flowing hair.  
 Two maids belov'd their tears and kisses blend,  
 And faithful o'er the pyre funere'el bend:  
 ' More blest than thine my passion,' Delia said,  
 ' Mine while he liv'd, and thine, Tibullus dead.'

' What are my woes to thee ?' the fair replied,  
 ' Me with his failing hand he press'd and died.'  
 Yet if, dissolv'd the poet's mortal frame,  
 Ought shall remain but visionary fame,  
 Thou like thy verse shalt scape oblivious hell,  
 And in Elysium's vale Tibullus dwell.  
 Haste, learn'd Catullus, to the hallow'd seat,  
 Thy brows with ivy bound, the youth to greet.  
 Let Calvus still upon thy steps attend ;  
 And thine much-injured Gallus, thither bend ;  
 Falsely, if violated friendship's blame  
 Brand, with a traitor's guilt, the poet's name :  
 O prodigal of life, and bath'd in blood,  
 Too dear to flow but for thy country's good !  
 E'en now, if wafted to the immortal plain,  
 Their shadowy forms departed bards retain,  
 Delighted these have hail'd their polish'd guest :  
 Tibullus, thou art mingled with the blest.  
 O may inviolate thy bones repose,  
 And the turf lightly o'er thy ashes close !

—  
 OVID'S TRISTIA.—El: iii. l. 4.

Celestial guides, one o'er the Grecian main,  
 And one o'er wealthy Sidon's seas, who reign,  
 The etherial summit circling gild, nor lave  
 Your blazing glories in the western wave,  
 One beam on those now towering bulwarks shed,  
 That hapless Remus once o'erleap'd, and bled ;  
 Of her I love, O penetrate the heart !  
 And, if it faithful beat to me, impart.  
 Ah why the stars invoke thy doubts to clear,  
 Why sinks the heart with dread, that hope should cheer ?  
 All thou desir'st believe thy faithful maid ;  
 So shall she prove ; thy faith by faith repaid :

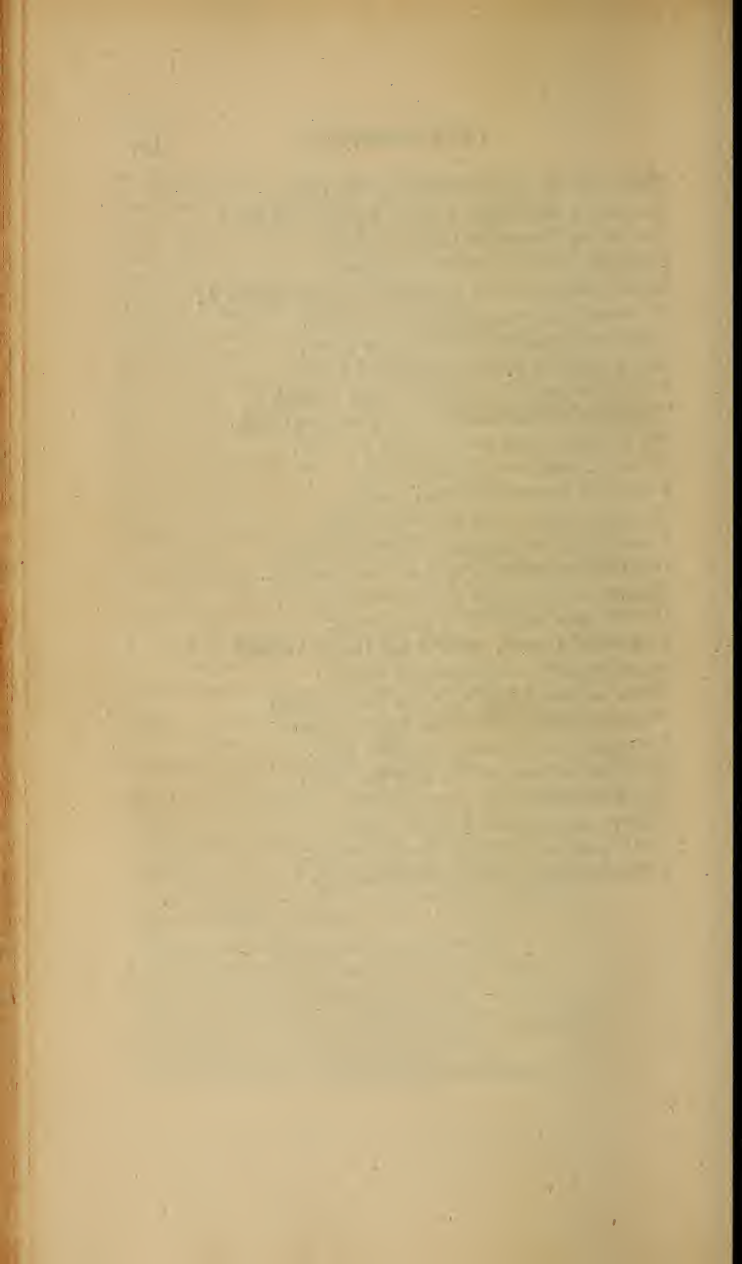
And what, from stars that gem the freezing pole,  
Or those that round his radiant axis roll,  
Can ne'er to thee, (fond gazing man!) be known,  
Thou to thyself reveal; and grateful own,  
That she, who now employs thy tenderest cares,  
Thy deepest woes, thy fondest passion shares;  
Thy voice for ever sounding in her ear,  
Thou to her raptur'd eye for ever near,  
Dwells on thy looks, as present to her view;  
And each lov'd feature memory bids renew.  
Say too how thence renew'd thy sorrows flow;  
From scenes of former joys redoubled woe.  
Alas! I doubt not but with grief opprest  
And gentle slumber banish'd from thy breast,  
The walls, the widow'd bed's deserted space,  
The fond remembrance of thy husband trace.  
Then feverish heat, then come bewildering dreams,  
And the slow wasting night eternal seems.  
Too true the symptoms of thy faithful love,  
For all a chaste and ardent passion prove.  
Thy limbs disorder'd o'er the bed are tost,  
And pains unsooth'd thy restless frame exhaust.  
Nor less thy anguish for thy husband torn  
From thy fond bosom to the barbarous bourne,  
Than the fair Theban, by the Pthian wheels  
Dragg'd in her sight, for goary Hector feels.  
How hard my wayward wishes to define,  
Or speak the feelings, that I would were thine!  
Myself, the source, indignant I detest,  
For me if sorrow pierce thy guiltless breast;  
If none; thee tears I deem may well become,  
Thy husband banish'd from imperial Rome.  
Thou then; O sweetest partner of my cares!  
Weep thy own woe, while mine thy pity shares.  
Steal a sad moment to indulge thy grief;  
Let thy tears flow, for tears afford relief;



A secret pleasure to the wretched bring,  
And from the heart o'ercharg'd its burden fling.  
O, on my early tomb had thine been shed,  
And rather thus than living, mourn'd me dead !  
My fleeting spirit to thy gentlest care  
Resign'd, had vanish'd in it's native air ;  
Thy pious hands had veil'd thy husband's eyes,  
In death uplifted to their native skies :  
Inurn'd my ashes with my sire's repos'd,  
The ground, that first I press'd, my corse inclos'd.  
Pure as my dying, were my living fame,  
Alas ! now branded with a culprit's name.  
More wretched still, if sharing my disgrace,  
Thou too averting hide thy blushing face ;  
Wife of an exile to be call'd disdain,  
And deem thy nuptial bond with me a stain.  
Ah happy days, (is now their memory lost ?)  
When thy lov'd husband was thy proudest boast ;  
For ever dwelt upon thy lips my name,  
Not whisper'd then with hesitating shame !  
Then, I remember well, 'twas joy to thee,  
Mine to be thought, and mine indeed to be !  
In all I pleased ; as in a matron's eyes,  
A husband's graces should superior rise ;  
And all the little graces I possest,  
Love in thy eyes display'd, and feign'd the rest.  
(The earth contain'd not in thy partial eye,  
Such did I seem !) one born with me to vie.  
Ah ! blush not now to hear thy husband's name !  
Great is thy plea for sorrow, none of shame.  
When the red bolt of Jove's insulted power,  
Hurl'd the rash leader from the Theban tower,  
Who of thy Capaneus, Evadne, hears,  
And deems that shame was blended with thy tears ?  
Or, Phaëton, that Phœbus thee disown'd,  
His fond indulgence though the god bemoan'd,



When from the blazing chariot of thy sire  
Jove dash'd thee down, and fire repres't with fire ?  
Nor less for Semele did Cadmus grieve,  
Infatuate, Jove in thunder to receive,  
Death though her own presumptuous vows implor'd ;  
On mortal eyes immortal radiance pour'd.  
Thou too for me thy love, thy pity prove,  
Struck with the thunder of offended Jove.  
Still let no pang of conscious shame bespeak  
The blush that crimsons o'er thy changing cheek.  
But with new ardor glow to serve thy lord ;  
A proud example to thy sex afford.  
For all thy virtues sad occasion calls,  
The path of glory, that the weak appals.  
Vain had thy art, ingenious Tiphys, prov'd,  
Had Ocean slumber'd, by the winds unmov'd.  
Phœbus, in vain did'st thou thy healing art,  
If never man implor'd thy aid, impart.  
Troy lull'd in peace, whoe'er had Hector known ?  
In public grief, is private valor shewn :  
Erect, and nobly prov'd, when Fortune fails ;  
Dormant and sluggish in her flattering gales.  
For thee, if to thy absent husband just,  
My fallen fortunes, and thy guardian trust,  
Thy fond fidelity shall grave a name,  
High in the everduring roll of fame ;  
Nor of the proffer'd palm the glory yield ;  
Lo ! for thy proud career a spacious field !



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1877

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PENELOPE

TO

ULYSSES.

B



## ARGUMENT.

---

*ULYSSES, the son of Laertes and Anticlea, eminently distinguished himself at the siege of Troy. The fall of it indeed, after a siege of ten years, was chiefly to be attributed to his valour and wisdom; but having with others of the Grecian chiefs offended Minerva, instead of returning to his native land, he was driven over the ocean by the anger of that Goddess, for ten years, during which he suffered shipwreck, and many other hardships; and visited divers countries: his Wife therefore, Penelope, the daughter of Icarus and Polycaste (who preserved her fidelity to him) unacquainted with the causes of his tedious absence, thus urges him to return.*

*Vide Odyssey 1, 2, 4, 16, 18, 24.*

## PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

---

**T**HUS, while he lingers upon foreign shores,  
His own Penelope her Lord implores.  
Stay not, O tardy wanderer, to reply,  
But to her faithful arms, Ulysses, fly.  
Bane, to the Grecian maid, of every joy,  
Low in the dust is laid detested Troy,  
Troy, and old Priam and his conquered host,  
Scarce worth the labours and the tears they cost.  
O had the adulterer in the deep been laid,  
Ere his proud fleet for Lacedemon made!  
Mine had not prov'd a cold forsaken bed,  
Nor had I tedious days in sorrow led;

---

Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse.  
Nil mihi rescribas attamen: ipse veni.  
Troja jacet certè Danaïs invisa puellis:  
Vix Priamus tanti, totaque Troja, fuit.  
O utinam tunc, cùm Lacedæmona classe petebat,  
Obrutus insanis esset adulter aquis!  
Non ego deserto jacuissem frigida lecto,  
Nec quererer tardos ire relicta dies:

Nor, while I sought to waste the night unblest,  
 The pendent web my widow'd hands opprest.  
 How oft my fears beyond the truth would rove!  
 So full of fond solicitude is love!  
 Thee still they feign'd the fiercest Trojan's aim,  
 And pale I turn'd at Hector's hated name;  
 When fame reports Antilochus had bled,  
 Thine, in the Youth's untimely fate, I dread;  
 When fell Patroclus, arm'd in borrow'd mail,  
 Fast flow'd my tears that stratagem should fail;  
 The Lycian spear Tlepolemus bedew'd,  
 Thy death, Tlepolemus, my grief renew'd:  
 Till every Grecian in the battle slain  
 Chill'd my fond bosom as the icy plain:

---

*Nec mihi quærenti spatiosam fallere noctem,  
 Lassaret viduas pendula tela manus.  
 Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris?  
 Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.  
 In te fingebat violentos Troas ituros:  
 Nomine in Hectoreo pallida semper eram.  
 Sive quis Antilochum narrabat ab Hectore victum;  
 Antilochus nostri causa timoris erat.  
 Sive Menætiaden falsis cecidisse sub armis,  
 Flebam successu posse carere dolos.  
 Sanguine Tlepolemus Lyciam tepefecerat hastam;  
 Tlepolemi letho cura novata mea est.*

But to chaste love some god protection gives,  
 Troy lies in ashes, and my husband lives.  
 The Greeks return, at blazing altars bend,  
 Barbaric spoils to Grecian gods suspend;  
 The bride presents her gift, with grateful joy,  
 The bridegroom sings the conquer'd Fates of Troy;  
 Old men admire, and trembling girls grow pale,  
 While the fond wife devours the husband's tale.  
 One, on the table, draws the battle's line,  
 And Troy, all Troy describes in drops of wine.  
 ' Here Simois flow'd, Sigeum's land was here,  
 Here, its proud head did Priam's palace rear.

---

Denique, quisquis erat castris jugulatus Achivis,  
 Frigidius glacie pectus amantis erat.  
 Sed bene consuluit casto Deus æquus amori:  
 Versa est in cinerem sospite Troja viro.  
 Argolici rediêre duces: altaria fumant:  
 Ponitur ad patrios barbara præda Deos.  
 Grata ferunt nymphæ pro salvis dona maritis:  
 Illi victa suis Troïa fata canunt.  
 Mirantur justique senes trepidæque puellæ:  
 Narrantis conjux pendet ab ore viri.  
 Atque aliquis positâ monstrat fera prælia mensâ;  
 Pingit & exiguo Pergama tota mero.  
 Hàc ibat Simois, hîc est Sigeïa tellus,  
 Hîc steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

This was the ground the wise Ulysses chose,  
 Thy proud pavilion there, Achilles, rose;  
 There, all uncurb'd, the fiery coursers drew  
 The mangled Hector, trembling as they flew;  
 For all from Nestor did your son relate,  
 When sent, in vain, to learn his father's fate:  
 Of Rhesus and of Dolon proud to tell,  
 How one in sleep, deceiv'd the other, fell;  
 Rash man, regardless of each tender tie,  
 Who dar'd'st the horrors of that night defy!  
 The Thracian camp with Diomed invade,  
 So many slaughter'd, with a single aid!  
 Cautious till now too little you had dar'd,  
 Your life, for me, perchance too fondly spar'd!  
 O how I trembled till the boy had said,  
 Through friendly hosts the fatal steeds were led!

---

Illîc Æacides, illîc tendebat Ulysses,  
 Hîc lacer admissos terruit Hector equos.  
 Omnia namque tuo senior, te quærere misso,  
 Retulerat nato Nestor: at ille mihi.  
 Retulit & ferro Rhesumque Dolonaque cæsos:  
 Utque sit hic somno proditus, ille dolo.  
 Ausus es, ô nimiùm nimiùmque oblite tuorum,  
 Thracia nocturno tangere castra dolo;  
 Totque simul mactare viros, adjutus ab uno!  
 At bene cautus eras, & memor antè mei.



But what avails to me that Iliion falls,  
 Or the deep soil where stood the towering walls,  
 Where with the captive ox the victors plough?  
 For others, not for me, its glories bow.  
 Still, as when proud it flourish'd, I remain,  
 And for my absent husband sigh in vain.  
 Now where Troy stood the furrow'd field appears,  
 And rich with Phrygian blood the harvest bears,  
 O'er men's half buried bones the ploughshare goes,  
 On mouldering ruins the rank herbage grows;  
 My conqueror comes not, and I seek in vain  
 What cause delays him, or what shores detain.

---

Usque metu micuère sinus; dum victor amicum  
 Dictus es Ismariis îsse per agmen equis.  
 Sed mihi quid prodest vestris disjecta lacertis  
 Illion; &, murus quod fuit antè, solum:  
 Si maneo, qualis Trojâ durante manebam;  
 Virque mihi dempto fine carendus abest?  
 Diruta sunt aliis, uni mihi Pergama restant;  
 Incola captivo quæ bove victor arat.  
 Jam seges est, ubi Troja fuit, resecandaque falce;  
 Luxuriat Phrygio sanguine pinguis humus.  
 Semisepulta virûm curvis feriuntur aratris  
 Ossa: ruinosas occulit herba domos.  
 Victor abes; nec scire mihi, quæ causa morandi,  
 Aut in quo lateas ferreus orbe, licet.

Whatever stranger hither bends his prow,  
 I ask him countless questions ere he go,  
 Then give for thee, if found in foreign lands,  
 With solemn charge, a letter to his hands:  
 To Pylos, hoary Nestor's native plain,  
 To Sparta's shores, I sent; but sent in vain;  
 The truth none know, uncertain rumours tell  
 Where late you wander'd, or where now you dwell.  
 Better if standing the Phœbean wall!  
 Fickle, my vows I hate that doom'd its fall;  
 Then, where you fought I certainly had known,  
 Nor, wept the common chance of war, alone.  
 Not knowing what to fear, now all I dread,  
 A spacious field of woes before me spread!

---

Quisquis ad hæc vertit peregrinam littora puppim,  
 Ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit.  
 Quamque tibi reddat, si te modò viderit usquam,  
 Traditur huic digitis charta notata meis.  
 Nos Pylon, antiqui Neleïa Nestoris arva,  
 Misimus: incerta est fama remissa Pylo.  
 Misimus & Sparten. Sparte quoque nescia veri,  
 Quas habitas terras, aut ubi lentus abes.  
 Utiliùs starent etiam nunc mœnia Phœbi.  
 Irascor votis heu levis ipsa meis!  
 Scirem, ubi pugnares; & tantùm bella timerem;  
 Et mea cum multis juncta querela foret.

All, every peril land or seas display,  
 To me are causes of thy long delay.  
 Thus may I doat, while with forbidden fires  
 Your heart perchance a foreign love inspires,  
 Me you describe a fond and rustic fool,  
 And only fit 'to teize the housewife's wool;'  
 Perish the thought, to scattering winds a prey,  
 Nor free thy course, and willing be thy stay!  
 Me from my widow'd bed my angry sire,  
 With threats incessant, urges to retire,  
 And chides the endless causes that I feign.  
 Still let him urge, and chide me still in vain,

---

Quid timeam ignoro: timeo tamen omnia demens;  
 Et patet in curas area lata meas.

Quæcunque æquor habet, quæcunque pericula  
 tellus,

Tam longæ causas suspicor esse moræ.

Hæc ego dum stultè meditor (quæ vestra libido est)

Esse peregrino captus amore potes.

Forsitan & narres, quàm sit tibi rustica conjux;

Quæ tantùm lanas non sinat esse rudes.

Fallar, & hoc crimen tenues vanescat in auras:

Neve revertendi liber abesse velis.

Me pater Icarius viduo discedere lecto

Cogit, & immensas increpat usque moras.

Increpet usque licèt, tua sum, tua dicar oportet.

Proud of the name, Ulysses, wife to thee,  
 Thine, only thine, Penelope shall be.  
 But him my duty and my constant love,  
 And my chaste prayers his generous bosom move  
 On me the suitors, a luxurious croud,  
 Rush from Dulichium, and Zacynthus proud,  
 And Samos, tyrants, here whom all obey,  
 Who on thy treasur'd wealth, my vitals, prey;  
 Why on their hateful titles should I dwell,  
 Pisander, *Polybus* and Medon fell?  
 With these Eurymachus rapacious joins,  
 His greedy hands Antinous combines;  
 A dastard troop, whose vile insatiate needs,  
 Earn'd by thy precious blood thy substance feeds;

---

Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero.  
 Ille tamen pietate meâ, precibusque pudicis,  
 Frangitur, & vires temperat ipse suas.  
 Dulichii, Samiique, & quos tulit alta Zacynthos,  
 Turba, ruunt in me, luxuriosa, proci:  
 Inque tuâ regnant, nullis prohibentibus, aulâ;  
 Viscera nostra, tuæ dilaniantur opes.  
 Quid tibi Pisandrum, Polybumque, Medontaque  
 dirum,  
 Eurymachique avidas Antinoïque manus,  
 Atque alios referam; quos omnes turpiter absens  
 Ipse tuo partis sanguine rebus alis?

The beggar Irus, and purveyor base,  
 Melantius, crown the spoil and the disgrace:  
 We are but three and weak, a woman one,  
 Laërtes old, and, yet a boy, your son;  
 Him too had nearly seiz'd the insidious foe,  
 As hence to Pylos he prepar'd to go;  
 The gods, I pray, in fate's due order give,  
 To close his parents' eyes our child may live;  
 For this the trusty keeper of the swine,  
 Their vows the ancient nurse and herdsman join.  
 Unfit for arms Laërtes needs repose,  
 And holds a feeble sway beset with foes;  
 To firmer years Telemachus aspires,  
 But now his youth a father's aid requires.

---

Irus egens, pecorisque Melanthius actor edendi,  
 Ultimus accedunt in tua damna pudor.  
 Tres sumus imbelles numero; sine viribus uxor,  
 Laërtesque senex, Telemachusque puer.  
 Ille per insidias pænè est mihi nuper ademptus,  
 Dum parat invitis omnibus ire Pylon.  
 Dî precor hoc jubeant, ut, euntibus ordine fatis,  
 Ille meos oculos comprimat, ille tuos.  
 Hoc faciunt custosque boüm, longævaque nutrix;  
 Tertius, immundæ cura fidelis haræ.  
 Sed neque Laërtes, ut qui sit inutilis armis,  
 Hostibus in mediis regna tenere valet.



Nor can I drive the spoiler from thy home,  
 Our refuge thou, our sanctuary come!  
 'Tis time thy son his father's virtues learn,  
 Preserve him heaven till thou in peace return!  
 Think on Laërtes, haste to close his eyes,  
 Its last faint gleam the lamp of life supplies;  
 I, though my vows this moment speed you here,  
 I, whom a girl you left, shall old appear.

---

Telemacho veniet (vivat modò) fortior ætas:  
 Nunc erat auxilium illa tuenda patris.  
 Nec mihi sunt vires inimicos pellere tectis.  
 Tu citiùs venias portus & ara tuis.  
 Est tibi, sitque precor, natus; qui mollibus annis  
 In patrias artes erudiendus erat.  
 Respice Laërten, ut jam sua lumina condas:  
 Extremam fati sustinet ille diem.  
 Certè ego, quæ fueram, te discedente, puella,  
 Protinus ut redeas facta videbor anus.



PHYLLIS

TO

DEMOPHOON.

C

## ARGUMENT.

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DEMOPHOON, the son of Theseus and Phædra, in his return from the Trojan war, was driven upon the coasts of Thrace, and received by Phyllis the queen of the country, whom he married, but upon the death of Mnestheus who had conquered Theseus and usurped the government of Athens, he went thither, promising Phyllis to return in one month: after four had elapsed, she thus addresses him—

## PHYLLIS TO DEMOPHOON.

---

FROM Thracia's once too hospitable shores  
This fond complaint deserted Phyllis pours;  
For ere one moon her labors should complete,  
Here did Demophoon vow to moor his fleet:  
Four times the sickly moon has conscious wan'd,  
Four times the splendor of her orb regain'd,  
Nor, hither borne upon the swelling tide,  
In Thracia's ports the Athenian vessels ride.  
Count, as a lover count, each passing day,  
Nor think too soon a lover chides thy stay;

---

Hospita, Demophoön, tua te Rhodopeïa Phyllis  
Ultra promissum tempus abesse queror.

Cornua cùm Lunæ pleno semel orbe cõissent,  
Littoribus nostris anchora pacta tua est.

Luna quater latuit; toto quater orbe recrevit;  
Nec vehit Actæas Sithonis unda rates.

Tempora si numeres, bene quæ numeramus  
amantes;

Non venit ante suum nostra querela diem.

Spes quoque lenta fuit; tardè, quæ credita lædunt,  
Credimus: invitâ nunc et amante nocent.

Hope, still the wretch's and the lover's care  
 That fondly sooths, forbade me to despair;  
 Ungrateful truths we tardily receive,  
 And I, who love, unwilling now believe;  
 T'was love inspir'd the vain, but generous thought,  
 That every wind thy sails propitious brought,  
 Now with rash vows of Theseus I complain,  
 Nor thee, perchance, did Theseus e'er detain;  
 Now for thy bark the shoals of Hebrus dread;  
 Thy bark (alas) to Hebrus never sped!  
 Traitor, for thee the gods I oft implore,  
 And incense, suppliant, on their altars pour;  
 When favouring gales from storms the ocean clear,  
 These, if he lives, I cry, will waft him here:

---

Sæpe fui mendax pro te mihi: sæpe putavi  
 Alba procellosos vela referre notos.  
 Thesea devovi, quia te dimittere nollet;  
 Nec tenuit cursus forsitan ille tuos.  
 Interdum timui, ne, dum vada tendis ad Hebri,  
 Mersa foret canâ naufraga puppis aquâ.  
 Sæpe Deos supplex, ut tu, scelerate, valeres,  
 Sum prece thuricremis devenerata focis.  
 Sæpe videns ventos cælo pelagoque faventes,  
 Ipsa mihi dixi; *Si valet, ille venit.*  
 Denique fidus amor, quicquid properantibus obstat,  
 Finxit; et ad causas ingeniosa fui.

Whate'er the anxious lover's haste impedes,  
 For thee, my fond, ingenious passion pleads;  
 Thee, to return, by every god above  
 In vain adjur'd, by every vow of love:  
 Spread to the winds, Demophoon, were thy sails,  
 Thy vows, like them, the sport of wanton gales;  
 By both betray'd, thy absence I deplore,  
 False are thy vows, thy sails return no more:  
 Say for what cause but fond and foolish love,  
 Of thee unworthy should thy Phyllis prove?  
 Merit my guilt should seem, if guilt it be,  
 Perfidious author of the crime, to thee;  
 Where are the gods to whom you perjur'd bow,  
 Our hands united, and our mutual vow?

---

At tu lentus abes: nec te jurata reducunt  
 Numina; nec nostro motus amore redis.  
 Demophoön, ventis et verba et vela dedisti;  
 Vela queror reditu, verba carere fide.  
 Dic mihi quid feci, nisi non sapienter amavi?  
 Crimine te potui demeruisse meo.  
 Unum in me scelus est; quòd te, scelerate, recepi.  
 Sed scelus hoc meriti pondus et instar habet.  
 Jura, fides, ubi nunc, commissaque dextera dextræ?  
 Quique erat in falso plurimus ore Deus?  
 Promissus socios ubi nunc Hymenæus in annos,  
 Qui mihi conjugii sponsor et obses erat?

The promis'd Hymen's torch, whose lasting fire  
 Should light our years, and but with life expire?  
 By the dread sea, you swore, whose vengeful wave  
 Oft' you had plough'd, and then prepar'd to brave;  
 Him too, your grandsire whom perchance you feign,  
 Him you invok'd, who stills the troubled main;  
 Venus, and Cupid's fiery shafts and bow,  
 Weapons, whose force, alas! too well I know.  
 Her, o'er the genial bed whose power presides,  
 And her, whose torch the mystic orgies guides:  
 Should each insulted deity demand  
 The vengeance due to his immortal hand,  
 Scarce would thy forfeit life their rage suffice,  
 Devoted victim of thy perjuries;

---

Per mare, quod totum ventis agitatur et undis;  
 Per quod sæpe iêras, per quod iturus eras:  
 Perque tuum mihi jurâsti (nisi fictus et ille est)  
 Concita qui ventis æquora mulcet, avum:  
 Per Venerem, nimiùmque mihi facientia tela,  
 Altera tela arcus, altera tela faces:  
 Junonemque, toris quæ præsidet alma maritis,  
 Et per tædiferæ mystica sacra Deæ.  
 Si de tot læsis sua numina quisque Deorum  
 Vindicet; in pœnas non satîs unus eris.  
 At laceras etiam puppes furiosa refeci:  
 Ut, quâ desererer, firma carina foret.



Infatuate why did I your sails repair,  
 Your shatter'd bark refit with foolish care,  
 Launch on the billows, from my sight that bore,  
 And give, alas! the wound that I deplore;  
 Fondly, why all your flattering words believe?  
 And words you never wanted to deceive:  
 Blindly I trusted to your high descent,  
 My easy faith to sounding titles lent;  
 Were thy tears false? thy tears, dissembler, know  
 Like thee to feign, to thee obedient flow.  
 Well had thy wanton perjuries been spar'd,  
 My simple heart, had half thy vows ensnar'd:  
 Proud I review the cares employ'd to save  
 Thee, and thy vessels, from the stormy wave:

---

Remigiumque dedi, quo me fugiturus abires.

Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis!

Credidimus blandis, quorum tibi copia, verbis:

Credidimus generi, nominibusque tuis:

Credidimus lacrymis; an et hæ simulare docentur?

Hæ quoque habent artes, quæque jubentur, eunt?

Dîs quoque credidimus; quò jam tot pignora nobis?

Parte satîs potui quâlibet inde capi.

Nec moveor, quòd te juvi portuque, locóque;

Debit hoc meriti summa fuisse mei.

Turpiter hospitium lecto cumulâsse jugali

Pœnitet, et lateri conseruisse latus.

With bitter pangs recall, and blush to name  
 Lost, in thy faithless arms, my virgin fame;  
 O 'ere that fatal night the day had clos'd,  
 Had Phyllis innocent in death repos'd!  
 Fondly I hop'd, who well deserv'd, success:  
 Hope, that from merit springs, the gods should bless,  
 Thine is not sure a triumph hardly won,  
 A poor fond maid deluded and undone;  
 To pity, whose simplicity might move  
 A generous bosom, though devoid of love.  
 Be this the envied summit of thy fame,  
 For this a statue in mid Athens claim,  
 Rang'd with the Ægidæ let Demophoon stand,  
 And proudly rival the illustrious band;

---

Quæ fuit ante illam, malle[m] suprema fuisset  
 Nox mihi; dum potui Phyllis honesta mori.  
 Speravi meliùs, quia me meruisse putavi;  
 Quæcumque ex merito spes venit, æqua venit.  
 Fallere credentem non est operosa puellam  
 Gloria; simplicitas digna favore fuit.  
 Sum decepta tuis et amans et fœmina verbis:  
 Dî faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ:  
 Inter et Ægidas mediâ statuaris in urbe:  
 Magnificus titulis stet pater antè suis.  
 Cùm fuerit Scyron lectus, torvusque Procrustes,  
 Et Sinis, et tauri mistaque forma viri;

First let thy sire his form majestic rear,  
 And all his glories on the base appear ;  
 There should the Minotaur subdued be read,  
 Scyron, Procrustes, and his fatal bed ;  
 Sinis, and Thebes, the Centaur's speed, that fail'd,  
 And trembling Pluto's dark domain assail'd ;  
 Thy triumph then the marble shall record,  
 Oer the fond maid, who thee, her guest ador'd.  
 Of all the deeds by godlike Theseus done,  
 One only pleases his aspiring son ;  
 Prone, what excuse demanded, to admire,  
 Heir to the perjuries, that sham'd his sire ;  
 His genius culls it from the sacred store,  
 The Cretan maid deserted on the shore !  
 Her, whom I envy not, sublime in air  
 Match'd with a god, the bridled tygers bear.

---

Et domitæ bello Thebæ, fusique bimembres,  
 Et pulsata nigri regia cæca Dei :  
 Hoc tua post illum titulo signetur imago :  
*Hic est, cujus amans hospita capta dolo est.*  
 De tantâ rerum turbâ, factisque parentis,  
 Sedit in ingenio Cressa relicta tuo.  
 Quod solum excusat, solum miraris in illo.  
 Hæredem patriæ, perfide, fraudis agis.  
 Illa (nec invideo) fruitur meliore marito ;  
 Inque capistratis tigribus alta sedet.

My widow'd bed the slighted Thracians spuru,  
 From me, who lov'd a stranger, proudly turn.  
 To Athens now insulting bid me go,  
 And warlike Thrace another leader know.  
 Well, they exclaim, her woes her wisdom prove,  
 And well rewards her choice a foreign love!  
 Ill may the wretch in every wish succeed,  
 Who from the event condemns a generous deed!  
 White let these billows with thy oars appear,  
 Wise were the choice, that gave thee empire here;  
 But ne'er thy oars shall blanch the Thracian wave,  
 Thy weary limbs Bistonian waters lave.  
 Still thy lov'd form I view upon the shore,  
 While in my ports thy parting ships unmoor.

---

At mea despecti fugiunt connubia Thraces,  
 Quòd ferar externum præposuisse meis.  
 Atque aliquis, *Doctas jam nunc eat*, inquit, *Athenas:*  
*Armiferam Thracem, qui regat, alter erit.*  
*Exitus acta probat; careat successibus opto,*  
 Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.  
 At si nostra tuo spumescant æquora remo,  
 Jam mihi, jam dicar consuluisse meis.  
 Sed neque consului: nec te mea regia tangit,  
 Fessaque Bioniâ membra lavabis aquâ.  
 Illa meis oculis species abeuntis inhæret,  
 Cùm premeret portus classis itura meos.

Thee my fond arms receiv'd, me thine embrac'd,  
 Thy lips, prolonging kisses to the last,  
 Dar'd, as our tears together mingled flow,  
 To blame the winds, that to thy wishes blow.  
 "Phyllis expect, nor lost Demophoon mourn,"  
 Were thy last words "for soon shall he return."  
 Expect thee! gone for ever from my sight,  
 Whose sails no more the Thracian seas invite.  
 Still I expect thee; O return and prove,  
 Of time regardless, true at last to love.  
 Vain hope! another holds thee in her chains,  
 Scarce, while the wanton triumphs in my pains,

---

Aústus es amplecti; colloque infusus amantis  
 Oscula per longas jungere pressa moras:  
 Cumque tuis lacrymis, lacrymas confundere nostras:  
 Quóddque foret velis aura secunda, queri:  
 Et mihi discedens, supremâ dicere voce;  
*Phylli, face expectes Demophoönta tuum.*  
 Expectem, qui me nunquam visurus abísti;  
 Expectem pelago vela negata meo?  
 Et tamen expecto, redeas modò serus amanti:  
 Ut tua sit solo tempore lapsa fides.  
 Quid precor infelix? jam te tenet altera conjux  
 Forsitan, et nobis qui malè favit, amor.  
 Utque tibi excidimus, nullam, puto, Phyllida nôsti.  
 Hei mihi! si, quæ sim Phyllis, et unde, rogas.



The long forgotten Phyllis wilt thou own :  
 Thus to Demophoon Phyllis may be known ;  
 The sea beat wanderer, she, whose ports receiv'd,  
 Whose generous friendship, worn with toils reliev'd ;  
 Rich gifts on whom her lavish bounty pour'd,  
 For whom, a kingdom's treasures fondly stor'd ;  
 Realms by Lycurgus rul'd who bade thee sway,  
 Too large a female sceptre to obey.  
 From Rhodope with snows eternal bound,  
 With waving woods to shady Hæmus crown'd,  
 Whose mossy feet the sacred Hebrus laves,  
 And pours through verdant vales his rapid waves.  
 She, who, her zone unbound, in evil hour,  
 Gave to thy treacherous arms her virgin flower.

---

Quæ tibi, Demophoön, longis erroribus acto  
     Threïcios portus, hospitiumque dedi.  
 Cujus opes auxêre meæ : cui dives egenti  
     Munera multa dedi, multa datura fui.  
 Quæ tibi subjeci latissima regna Lycurgi,  
     Nomine fœmineo vix satis apta regi :  
 Quà patet umbrosum Rhodope glacialis ad Hæmurh,  
     Et sacer admissas exigit Hebrus aquas.  
 Cui mea virginitas avibus libata sinistris,  
     Castaque fallaci zona recincta manu.  
 Pronuba Tisiphone thalamis ululavit in illis,  
     Et cecinit mœstum devia carmen avis.



There did the Furies Hymeneals sound,  
 And birds of direst omen scream around ;  
 Thy hands, Tisiphone, the scourge prepare,  
 Alecto wreath'd with hissing snakes was there :  
 To trembling fires, with inauspicious gleam,  
 The torch sepulchral lent it's livid beam.  
 Still the sharp rocks and pebbly shore I tread,  
 Where'er the ocean to my view is spread ;  
 If genial suns, or freezing planets shine,  
 Watch to what point the veering winds incline.  
 Thine, every sail my streaming eyes perceive,  
 Wafted to Thrace by pitying gods, believe.  
 To meet thee, madly would the waters brave,  
 And plunge my feet in the approaching wave ;

Adfuit Alecto brevibus torquata colubris ;  
 Suntque sepulcrali lumina mota face.  
 Mœsta tamen scopulos fruticosaque littora calco,  
 Quaque patent oculis æquora lata meis.  
 Sive die laxatur humus, seu frigida lucent  
 Sidera, prospicio, quis freta ventus agat,  
 Et quæcunque procul venientia lintea vidi,  
 Protinus illa meos auguror esse Deos.  
 In freta procurro, vix me retinentibus undis,  
 Mobile quâ primas porrigit æquor aquas.  
 Quò magis accedunt, minùs et minùs utilis adsto :  
 Linquor, et ancillis excipienda cado.

By faithful handmaids to the beach pursu'd,  
 Who bear me lifeless from the whelming flood.  
 Oft, by despair invited, I survey  
 The rocky limits of a winding bay,  
 And thence resolve, nor shall the threat be vain,  
 Still if thou 'rt false, to leap into the main.  
 My floating body on thy shores shall land,  
 Thy eyes behold me tombless on the strand;  
 The view at least to pity may incline  
 A heart more hard than Adamant, or thine.  
 "Not thus the parching wind, and shipless sea,"  
 Then wilt thou say, "should Phyllis bear to me."  
 Then, with vain sorrow, and repentance late,  
 Thou'lt own I suffer an unworthy fate.  
 For poison now a raging thirst I feel,  
 Now pants my bosom for the reeking steel.

---

Est sinus adductos modicè falcatus in arcus,  
 Ultima præruptâ cornua mole rigent.  
 Hinc mihi suppositas immittere corpus in undas  
 Mens fuit; &, quoniam fallere pergis, erit.  
 Ad tua me fluctus projectam littora portent,  
 Occurramque oculis intumulata tuis.  
 Duritiâ ferrum ut superes, adamantaque, teque;  
*Non tibi sic, dices, Phylli, sequendus eram.*  
 Sæpe venenorum sitis est mihi: sæpe cruentâ  
 Trajectam gladio morte perire juvat.

Now with the fatal noose my neck I bind,  
 Too oft by thy perfidious arms entwin'd!  
 Be forfeit life for wounded honor paid,  
 Nor, by the choice of death, be death delay'd!  
 Live on my tomb the author of my woe,  
 Thou my lov'd guest; for there the verse shall flow;  
 "The cause Demophoon's cruelty supplied;  
 By her own hands deserted Phyllis died."

---

Colla quoque, infidis quia se nectenda lacertis  
 Præbuerunt, laqueis implicuisse libet.  
 Stat nece maturâ tenerum pensare pudorem:  
 In necis electu parva futura mora est.  
 Inscribêre meo causa invidiosa sepulcro:  
 Aut hoc, aut simili carmine notus eris:  
*Phyllida Demophoön leto dedit, hospes amantem:*  
*Ille neci causam præbuit, ipsa manum.*



BRISEIS

TO

ACHILLES.

## ARGUMENT.

---

*THE Greeks commenced their operations against Troy by conquering the neighbouring countries under its dominion. The Cilician, Theban, and Lyrnesian territories were invaded by Achilles: in the latter, in the town of Chrynesium, he found two very beautiful women, Astrynome the daughter of Chrysis the priest of Apollo, and Hippodamia of Brisa—who were afterwards called Chryseis, and Briseis, from the names of their several parents. Chryseis he presented to Agamemnon, and reserved Briseis for himself. But when the king was obliged to restore Chryseis to her father, to preserve the Greeks from the plague sent by Apollo, in resentment to Achilles who had urged him to resign her, he threatened, and afterwards put the threat in execution, to force Briseis from her conqueror:—who retired in disgust from the war, and could not be induced to return to the assistance of the Grecians by any intrcaties, rejecting even Briseis herself, although offered to him with presents of great value. She therefore thus addresses him, in hopes of persuading him to lay aside his anger, to resume his arms against the Trojans, and receive her from Agamemnon, who offered to restore her to his possession.*



## BRISEIS TO ACHILLES.

---

THESE barbarous characters thy eyes that meet,  
The lost Briseis speeds, her Lord to greet.  
Scarce can the Greek my untaught fingers trace,  
While the rude marks my falling tears efface.  
See how the lines they blot, where'er they flow ;  
Tears yet can speak, and tell the tale of woe :  
Nor let the fond complaint be pour'd in vain,  
Of my lov'd Lord, of thee, if I complain.  
Not by thy fault the tyrant's captive made,  
Still was the tyrant's power too soon obey'd :  
For scarce Briseis do the heralds name,  
Scarce their proud Lord's imperious will proclaim ;

---

Quam legis, à raptâ Briseïde littera venit,  
Vix bene barbaricâ Græca notata manu.  
Quascunque aspicias, lacrymæ fecêre, lituras ;  
Sed tamen et lacrymæ pondera vocis habent.  
Si mihi pauca queri de te dominoque viroque  
Fas est ; de domino pauca viroque querar.  
Non, ego poscenti quòd sum citò tradita regi,  
Culpa tua est : quamvis hoc quoque culpa tua est.

Thy stern resolves ere I devoted hear,  
 And the sad partner of their way appear.  
 Talthybius, and Eurybates amaz'd,  
 Their charge accepting on each other gaz'd :  
 But wrapt in pensive silence while they stand,  
 Their eyes the tokens of thy love demand.  
 Some little respite might their haste have stay'd,  
 And sooth'd the cruel sentence it delay'd.  
 No kind embrace (alas!) did I receive ;  
 Blest had I been one parting kiss to give :  
 My fruitless tears I give, my tresses tear,  
 Doom'd a new Lord's insulting chains to wear.  
 A Conqueror's prey, again I seem to mourn  
 A Captive's fate, and all my woes return.  
 Oft from my guards I meditate my flight,  
 Then fear the Trojans, and approaching night ;

Nam simul Eurybates me Talthybiusque vocârunt;  
 Eurybati data sum Talthybioque comes.  
 Alter in alterius jactantes lumina vultum,  
 Quærebant taciti, noster ubi esset amor.  
 Differri potui : pœnæ mora grata fuisset.  
 Hei mihi! discedens oscula nulla dedi.  
 At lacrymas sine fine dedi, rupique capillos :  
 Infelix iterum sum mihi visa rapi.  
 Sæpe ego decepto volui custode reverti ;  
 Sed, me qui timidam prênderet, hostis erat.

While paths unknown my trembling footsteps trace,  
 Lest to some haughty dame of Priam's race,  
 A gift they bear that well may sooth her pride,  
 Thy hand-maid torn, Achilles, from thy side.  
 But what avail the sufferings of a slave?  
 The King demanded, and Achilles gave.  
 With fond impatience if thy bosom glow,  
 Resume what power compell'd thee to bestow.  
 Me, shall so many nights the Tyrant keep,  
 Thou cease to claim me, and thy fury sleep?  
 Not so Patroclus (at his Lord's command  
 When forth he leads me with unwilling hand)  
 Deems of thy love, but whispers, while I mourn,  
 "Why do'st thou weep, for soon wilt thou return?"  
 Go now, Achilles, boast a Lover's name,  
 Whose scorn rejects the maid his hand should claim.

---

*Si progressa forem, caperer ne fortè, timebam,  
 Quamlibet ad Priami munus itura nurum.  
 Sed data sim, quia dànda fui: tot noctibus absum,  
 Nec repetor; cessas, iraque lenta tua est.  
 Ipse Menœtiades, tunc, cùm tradebar, in aurem;  
 Quid flet? hîc parvo tempore, dixit, eris,  
 Nec repetîsse parum est: pugnâs, ne reddar, Achille.  
 I nunc, et cupidi nomen amantis habe.  
 Venerunt ad te Telamone et Amyntore nati;  
 Ille gradu propior sanguinis, ille comes;*

In vain the son of Telamon was sent,  
 In vain Amyntor's urg'd thee to relent;  
 Thy rugged soul no ties of blood can move,  
 Deaf to the voice of friendship, and of love.  
 Nor wise Ulysses, nor his arts prevail,  
 And humble prayers, and costly presents fail:  
 For twice ten vases thy acceptance sought,  
 Rich in refulgent ore, and highly wrought;  
 Seven tripods added, where the Artist's pride,  
 For worth and beauty, with the metal vie'd;  
 Ten talents of pure gold the offering grace,  
 Twelve coursers ever foremost in the race;  
 With them a Captive train of Lesbian fair  
 (To thee superfluous gift!) of beauty rare;  
 Superfluous proffer, of a royal Bride  
 Sprung from the King of Kings, to grace thy side!

---

Laërtâque satus: per quos comitata redirem:  
 Auxerunt blandæ grandia dona preces:  
 Viginti fulvos operoso ex ære lebetas;  
 Et tripodas septem, pondere & arte pares.  
 Addita sunt illis auri bis quinque talenta:  
 Bis sex assueti vincere semper equi.  
 Quodque supervacuum, formâ præstante puellæ  
 Lesbides, eversâ corpora capta domo.  
 Cumque tot his (sed non opus est tibi conjuge) conjux  
 Ex Agamemnoniis una puella tribus.

Do'st thou then scorn, Achilles, to receive  
 Me, and the ransom that thy love should give.  
 If, to redeem me from his hated hand,  
 Gifts great as these Atrides should demand?  
 Say of what crime thy once lov'd maid accus'd,  
 Chas'd from thy bosom weeps her dower refus'd?  
 Whither so soon thy fickle passion flown,  
 Vile in thy eyes or why Briseis grown?  
 Does fate relentless still the wretched press,  
 My hopes no gale of pitying Fortune bless?  
 I saw thy Myrmidons, repell'd in vain,  
 The Mysian citties level with the plain  
 I saw my country ravag'd by her foes,  
 And deeply mourn'd, who largely shar'd her woes.  
 Three valiant Youths (one Mother gave us birth)  
 Slaughter'd I saw bestrew their native earth;

---

Si tibi ab Atridâ pretio redimenda fuissém,  
 Quæ dare debueras, accipere illa negas?  
 Quâ merui culpâ fieri tibi vilis, Achille?  
 Quò levis à nobis tam citò fugit amor?  
 An miseros tristis fortuna tenaciter urget?  
 Nec venit inceptis mollior aura meis?  
 Diruta Marte tuo Lyrnessia mœnia vidi:  
 Et fueram patriæ pars ego magna meæ.  
 Vidi consortes pariter generisque necisque  
 Tres cecidisse: tribus, quæ mihi, mater erat.



Destin'd one common origin to share,  
 One common fate was their's, the fate of war.  
 I saw my valiant Husband bleeding lie,  
 While his gor'd bosom heav'd the indignant sigh.  
 In thee alone, these tender ties restor'd,  
 In thee I view'd, a Brother, Husband, Lord:  
 Then by your parent Goddess of the main,  
 More blest, you swore, though captive, I should reign;  
 Now, coldly bid me with my dower return,  
 Me, and the Grecians' costly presents spurn.  
 Fame too reports that from the shore are drawn  
 Thy ships unmoor'd, and ere to-morrow's dawn  
 Oer eastern cliffs it's orient lustre shed,  
 Thy sails to fanning breezes will be spread ;

---

Vidi, quantus erat, fusum tellure cruentâ,  
 Pectora jactantem sanguinolenta virum.  
 Tot tamen amissis te compensavimus unum :  
 Tu dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eras.  
 Tu mihi, juratus per numina matris aquosæ,  
 Utile dicebas ipse fuisse capi.  
 Scilicet ut, quamquis veniam dotata, repellas ;  
 Et mecum, fugias, quæ tibi dentur, opes.  
 Quin etiam fama est, cùm crastina fulserit Eos,  
 Te dare nubiferis lineâ vela notis.  
 Quod scelus ut pavidas miseræ mihi contigit aures,  
 Sanguinis atque animi pectus inane fuit.



Soon as the rumor pierc'd my trembling ear,  
 My lifeless frame lost every sense, but fear.  
 Thou goes't rash Man, of furious rage the sport,  
 To whom, for solace, shall I left resort?  
 Let gaping earth absorb me in her womb,  
 Or the red bolt of angry Jove consume,  
 Ere Phthian oars the foaming billows beat,  
 And I deserted view thy parting fleet!  
 Thee if thy country's charms and Gods invite,  
 Resolv'd no more for thankless Greece to fight,  
 O let me follow, to thy arms restor'd,  
 The blest companion of my injur'd Lord!  
 Can my fond cares retard thy destin'd way,  
 Or thy proud fleet my little weight delay?  
 Be mine the patient Captive's lowly doom,  
 To teaze the wool, and labour at the loom;

---

Ibis, et ô miseram cui me, violente, relinques?  
 Quis mihi desertæ mite levamen erit?  
 Devorer antè, precor, subito telluris hiatu,  
 Aut rutilo missi fulminis igne cremer:  
 Quàm sine me Phthiis canescant æquora remis,  
 Et videam puppes ire relicta tuas.  
 Si tibi jam reditusque placent, patriique penates;  
 Non ego sum classi sarcina magna tuæ.  
 Victorem captiva sequar, non nupta maritum:  
 Est mihi, quæ lanas molliat, apta manus.

To thee be led, in wealth's and beauty's pride,  
 Of all Achaïa's fair the fairest bride ;  
 Of Peleus worthy and the stock of Jove,  
 And whom thy Grandsire Nereus may approve ;  
 Submissive I'll my daily task absolve,  
 Unload the distaff, and my woes revolve ;  
 Still see not her, who shares thy envied bed,  
 Despoil the cherish'd honors of my head ;  
 With insults harass me, or hard commands ;  
 Favor (alas !) I hope not from her hands !  
 Nor to her jealous fury thou resign,  
 And coldly say, that " I too once was thine !"  
 Yes let the Tyrant drive me to despair ;  
 And in thy presence rend my flowing hair,  
 Ere thou for ever from my eyes be torn ;  
 O leave me not deserted here to mourn !

Inter Achaïadas longè pulcherrima matres  
 In thalamos conjux ibit (eatque) tuos.  
 Digna nurus socero, Jovis Æginæque nepote ;  
 Cuique senex Nereus prosocer esse velit.  
 Nos humiles famulæque tuæ data pensa trahemus ;  
 Et minuent plenas stamina nostra colos.  
 Exagitet ne me tantùm tua deprecor uxor,  
 Quæ mihi nescio quo non erit æqua modo.  
 Neve meos coràm scindi patiãre capillos :  
 Et leviter dicas, "*Hæc quoque nostra fuit.*"

That worst of fears my tortur'd soul forbodes,  
 That bitterest pang my trembling bosom goads.  
 But never will thy stubborn heart relent?  
 Behold Atrides of his wrath repent!  
 Lo Greece, the victim of thy proud retreat,  
 Imploring lies, and prostrate at thy feet.  
 O mighty victor, now thy self subdue;  
 Shall Hector bath'd in blood the Greeks pursue?  
 Me and thy arms, O Goddess born, resume;  
 And drive the trembling Phrygians to the tomb.  
 Let me thy wrath appease, for whom it glows,  
 The storm of grief I rais'd, let me compose;  
 Nor to my fond intreaties blush to yield,  
 Nor at a Woman's call, thy arms to wield.

---

Vel patiare licet; dum ne contempta relinquitur.

Hic mihi vae miseræ concutit ossa metus.

Quid tamen expectas? Agamemnona pœnitet iræ,

Et jacet ante tuos Græcia mœsta pedes.

Vince animos iramque tuam, qui cætera vincis.

Quid lacerat Danaas impiger Hector opes?

Arma cape, Æacida, sed me tamen ante receptâ;

Et preme turbatos Marte favente viros.

Propter me mota est, propter me desinat ira:

Simque ego tristitiæ causa modusque tuæ.

Nec tibi turpe puta precibus succumbere nostris;

Conjugis Cœnides versus in arma prece est.

Thus Meleager sought the embattled plain,  
 Nor was the prayer of Atalanta vain.  
 The tale records, a tale to thee well known,  
 Althea's rage on her devoted son.  
 For slaughter'd Brothers, how a Mother's hate,  
 Hurl'd the dread vengeance of impending fate.  
 T'was war, his aid in vain his country seeks ;  
 Her chiefs he spurns, as thou the prostrate Greeks.  
 His wife could bend the hero's haughty soul,  
 Vain are my words, thy fury to controul.  
 Nor that offends me ; often was I led  
 A lowly handmaid to a Master's bed ;  
 Ne'er of a Wife the honors did I claim,  
 Affect the empire, or usurp the name :  
 Mistress when call'd, " forbear, with titles vain,  
 To load," I cried, " a fellow Captive's chain."

---

Res audita mihi, nota est tibi. Fratribus orba  
 Devovit nati spemque caputque parens.  
 Bellum erat : ille ferox positus secessit ab armis,  
 Et patriæ rigidâ mente negavit opem.  
 Sola virum conjux flexit : felicior illa !  
 At mea pro nullo pondere verba cadunt.  
 Nec tamen indignor ; nec me pro conjuge gessi,  
 Sæpius in domini serva vocata torum.  
 Me quædam (memini) dominam captiva vocabat :  
*Servitio, dixi, nominis addis onus.*

But, by my slaughter'd Lord's deplor'd remains,  
 Which now a rude and scanty tomb contains ;  
 By my three brothers lost, who side by side,  
 Fell with their country, for their country died ;  
 By thy lov'd head, the shrine that I revere ;  
 By mine, if ever to Achilles dear,  
 Oft join'd together in our fond embrace ;  
 By thy dread sword, destruction to my race,  
 For ever leave me if I falsely swear,  
 Ne'er did my bed the Mycenæan share.  
 Bravest of Men, should I the oath impose,  
 Would'st thou too swear, that thine no partner  
     knows ?

---

Per tamen ossa viri subito malè tecta sepulchro,  
     Semper judiciis ossa verenda meis ;  
 Perque trium fortes animas, mea numina, fratrum,  
     Qui bene pro patriâ cum patriâque jacent ;  
 Perque tuum nostrumque caput, quæ junximus  
     unâ ;  
     Perque tuos enses, cognita tela meis ;  
 Nulla Mycenæum sociâsse cubilia mecum  
     Juro : fallentem deseruisse velis.  
 Si tibi nunc dicam : *Fortissime tu quoque jura,*  
     *Nulla tibi sine me gaudia facta ;* neges.  
 At Danaï mœrere putant, tibi plectra moventur :  
     Te tenet in tepido mollis amica sinu.



While Greece believes her hero rage disarms,  
 The willing Youth a yielding fair one charms.  
 Better with her on downy purple rest,  
 And touch the lyre, and sink upon her breast,  
 Than the broad shield or cumbrous lance to bear,  
 Or with the helmet hide his flowing hair.  
 Arms and the battle tire; luxurious night,  
 Music, and Venus, yield secure delight.  
 But glory once, not safety, was thy aim,  
 And sweet to thee of warlike deeds the fame.  
 Say, when her spoil my wretched country gave,  
 And me a Captive, only wer't thou brave?  
 Or if thy valour with Lyrnessa falls,  
 Thy Fame entomb'd beneath her smoking walls?

---

Et si quis quærat, quare pugnare recuses :  
 Pugna nocet : citharæ noxque Venusque juvant.  
 Tutius est jacuisse toro, tenuisse puellam,  
 Threïciam digitis increpuisse lyram :  
 Quàm manibus clypeos, et acutæ cuspidis hastam,  
 Et galeam pressâ sustinuisse comâ.  
 Sed tibi pro tutis insignia facta placebant :  
 Partaque bellando gloria dulcis erat.  
 An tantùm, dum me caperes, fera bella probabas ?  
 Cumque meâ patriâ laus tua victa jacet ?  
 Dî meliùs : validoque, procôr, vibrata lacerto  
 Transeat Hectoreum Pelias hasta latus.



Forbid it Heaven! and, spurn'd inglorious rest,  
 Deep sink the Pelian spear in Hector's breast!  
 Send *me* ye Greeks, bid *me* my Lord intreat,  
 I'll blend persuasion soft with kisses sweet.  
 Phœnix nor Ajax, pleading, can prevail,  
 Thy honied words, O wise Ulysses, fail;  
 But more my circling arms, my eye, shall move,  
 And wake the fond remembrance of his love.  
 Nor, fiercer than thy Mother's parent wave,  
 Shal't thou my tears, though pour'd in silence, brave.  
 Now too with pity view the trembling maid,  
 O great Achilles, who implores thy aid:  
 Think on Briseis, nor to misery doom,  
 While lingering hours of long delay consume.

---

Mittite me, Danaï; dominum legata rogabo:  
 Multaque mandatis oscula mista feram.  
 Plùs ego quàm Phœnix, plùs quàm facundus Ulysses,  
 Plùs ego quàm Teucris (credite) frater agam.  
 Est aliquid collum solitis tetigisse lacertis,  
 Præsentisque oculos admonuisse sui.  
 Sis licèt immitis, matrisque ferocior undis;  
 Ut taceam, lacrymis comminuere meis.  
 Nunc quoque (sic omnes Peleus pater impleat annos,  
 Sic eat auspiciis Pyrrhus in arma tuis)  
 Respice sollicitam Briseïda, fortis Achille,  
 Nec miseram lentâ ferreus ure morâ.

So his full course of years may Peleus run,  
 Thou view in arms renown'd thy infant son.  
 If to past love indifference cold succeed,  
 Bid her, you banish from your bosom, bleed.  
 'Tis done; already worn with wasting pains,  
 A single hope my shadowy form sustains;  
 Of that depriv'd, I'll seek my slaughter'd Lord,  
 And my three Brothers, as my Gods ador'd.  
 But thou reflect what glory shall await  
 The stern command, that urg'd a Woman's fate.  
 Pierce then thyself my bosom with thy sword,  
 And in thy sight my reeking blood be pour'd!  
 The stream, that still my bursting heart retains,  
 Shall freely issue from my languid veins,  
 Search'd by thy sword, which, had not Pallas stay'd,  
 Low in the dust had great Atrides lay'd.

---

Aut, si versus amor tuus est in tædia nostri,  
 Quam sine te cogis vivere, coge mori.  
 Utque facis, coges, abiit corpusque colorque:  
 Sustinet hoc animæ spes tamen una tui.  
 Quâ si destituor, repetam fratresque virumque:  
 Nec tibi magnificum fœmina jussa mori.  
 Cur autem jubeas? stricto pete corpora ferro.  
 Est mihi, qui fosso pectore sanguis eat.  
 Me petat ille tuus, qui, si Dea passa fuisset,  
 Ensis in Atridæ pectus iturus erat.

Ah! let a suppliant Mistress rather save  
 The life, that once a conqueror's mercy gave,  
 Prey, that may better glut thy thirsty sword,  
 Troy, and proud Troy's triumphant sons, afford.  
 Thou, whether, moor'd upon the shore, remains  
 Thy fleet, or wafts thee to thy native plains,  
 Ere to the wave the pliant oar descend,  
 O bid thy captive slave her Lord attend!

---

Ah! potiùs serves nostram tua munera vitam:  
 Quod dederas hosti victor, amica rogo.  
 Perdere quos meliùs possis, Neptunia præbent  
 Pergama: materiam cædis ab hoste pete.  
 Me modò, sive paras impellere remige classem,  
 Sive manes, domini jure venire jube.



PHÆDRA

TO

HIPPOLYTUS.

## ARGUMENT.

---

*THESEUS, the son of Ægeus, having killed the Minotaur, escaped with Ariadne the daughter of Minos king of Crete (to whom, in return for the assistance she had afforded him, he had promised marriage) and her sister Phædra: but being admonished by Bacchus, he left Ariadne at Naxos, or as others say at Chios, and wedded Phædra—who in his absence fell violently in love with Hippolytus his son by Hippolyte the Amazon—to whom absorbed in the chase, and neglecting all her advances, she addresses this epistle.*



## PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

---

**H**EALTH Amazonian Youth from her receive,  
Health, to whom thou, and only thou can'st give;  
Nor from the Cretan maid, who fondly sues,  
Whate'er she trembling writes, to read refuse:  
What, can a letter, to be fear'd, convey?  
Mine may, perus'd, thy toil perchance repay.  
Foes big with rage or hope the folds unclose,  
And read the letters they receive from foes:  
Thus wafted fly the secrets of the soul,  
Though mountains rise, and seas opposing roll:

---

Quâ, nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa; salutem  
Mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro.  
Perlege quodcunque est. Quid epistola lecta  
nocebit?  
Te quoque, in hâc aliquid, quod juvet, esse  
potest.

His arcana notis terrâ pelagoque feruntur:  
Inspicit acceptas hostis ab hoste notas.  
Ter tecum conata loqui, ter inutilis hæsit  
Lingua, ter in primo destitit ore sonus.

Thrice did my palsied tongue it's aid deny,  
 Thrice on my lips the sounds imperfect die.  
 Our soft confessions blushes should reveal,  
 And mingled shame a guiltless passion tell :  
 Spite of my blushes, I my love obey,  
 Love bids me write what shame forbad to say.  
 Love awes the immortal tenants of the skies,  
 Nor safe, to spurn the power who Jove defies,  
 While fear and doubt my labouring bosom rend,  
 'Write,' said the god, 'the stubborn youth will bend :'  
 Now let him favor ; with resistless fire  
 Mine while he fills, thy glowing veins inspire !  
 No social bands to burst, my impious aim ;  
 Enquire, and spotless thou shalt find my fame.  
 But love, that spar'd my youthful sighs and tears,  
 Now reigns the tyrant of my riper years ;

---

Quà licet, et sequitur, pudor est miscendus amori :

Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit Amor.

Quidquid Amor jussit, non est contemnere tutum :

Regnat, et in dominos jus habet ille Deos.

Ille mihi primò dubitanti scribere, dixit,

*Scribe ; dabit victas ferreus ille manus.*

Adsit, et, ut nostras avido fovet igne medullas,

Figat sic animos in mea vota tuos.

Non ego nequitiâ socialia fœdera rumpam :

Fama (velim quæras) crimine nostra vacat.

O. B. M. P. S.  
 1812

And, later as my conquer'd soul obeys,  
 With pangs more keen, and fiercer passion sways.  
 I burn, I burn, and in my throbbing heart,  
 A deeper wound inflicts the buried dart:  
 Thus to the yoke unwilling steers submit,  
 And the young steed impatient champs the bit.  
 My tortur'd breast thus newborn passions goad,  
 And, yet untam'd, it struggles with the load.  
 Love trains from tender years the practis'd heart,  
 Late when he points, with fury wings the dart;  
 Thou of my frailty the first fruit receive,  
 To me of thine the virgin offering give:  
 For thee the fond libation I prepare;  
 Consent thy portion of the guilt to share.

---

Venit Amor graviùs, quò seriùs; urimur intus,  
 Urimur; et cæcum pectora vulnus habent.  
 Scilicet ut teneros lædunt juga prima juvencos,  
 Frænaque vix patitur de grege captus equus:  
 Sic malè vixque subit primos rude pectus amores:  
 Sarcinaque hæc animo non sedet apta meo.  
 Ars fit, ubi à teneris crimen condiscitur annis:  
 Quæ venit exacto tempore, pejùs amat.  
 Tu nova servatæ capies libamina famæ;  
 Et pariter nostrum fiet uterque nocens.  
 Est aliquid, plenis pomaria carpere ramis,  
 Et tenui primam deligere ungue rosam.

Blest am I, still who boast a spotless name,  
 If new disgrace must brand my treasur'd fame,  
 That you, O loveliest youth, the crime inspire,  
 No base adulterer fans the unhallow'd fire :  
 More than the crime, the wretched maid who strays,  
 To shame a base adulterer betrays.  
 To me would Juno yield the Thunderer's love,  
 Thee I'd prefer, Hippolytus, to Jove.  
 Scarce thou'lt believe what new pursuits engage ;  
 War with the savage brood I thirst to wage :  
 To quiver'd Dian now my vows I pour,  
 But thee I follow, while I her adore ;  
 Now with my toils the thicket I surround,  
 Now o'er the mountains urge the fleetest hound ;

---

Si tamen ille prior, quo me sine crimine gessi,  
 Candor ab insolitâ labe notandus erat ;  
 At bene successit, digno quòd adurimur igni :  
 Pejus adulterio turpis adulter abest.  
 Si mihi concedat Juno fratremque virumque ;  
 Hippolytum videor præpositura Jovi.  
 Jam quoque (vix credas) ignotas mutor in artes :  
 Est mihi per sævas impetus ire feras.  
 Jam mihi prima Dea est, arcu præsignis adunca  
 Delia. Judicium subsequor ipsa tuum.  
 In nemus ire libet, pressisque in retia cervis,  
 Hortari celeres per juga summa canes :

Boldly my arm the quivering javelin throws ;  
 On the bare ground my weary limbs repose.  
 Oft the swift coursers foaming jaws I rein,  
 The chariot whirling o'er the dusty plain.  
 Now like the priestess, when the god prevails,  
 Of maddening Bacchus ; or in Ida's vales,  
 That sounds the cymbals to Cybele dear ;  
 Wandering and wildly habited appear ;  
 Or as the frantic maid, the horned fawns,  
 Or Dryads, seen, upon her native lawns.  
 My fury ceas'd, the past excess I learn,  
 And know the cause was love ; and silent burn.  
 Our race's fate perchance I thus obey,  
 To Venus their devoted tribute pay.

---

Aut tremulum excusso jaculum vibrare lacerto ;  
 Aut in gramineâ ponere corpus humo.  
 Sæpe juvat versare leves in pulvere currus,  
 Torquentem frænis ora fugacis equi.  
 Nunc feror, ut Bacchi furiis Eleleïdes actæ,  
 Quæque sub Idæo tympana colle movent.  
 Aut quas semideæ Dryades, Fauniquæ bicornes,  
 Numine contactas attonuère suo.  
 Namque mihi referunt, cùm se furor ille remisit,  
 Omnia. Me tacitam conscius urit Amor.  
 Forsitan hunc generis fato reddamus amorem ;  
 Et Venus è totâ gente tributa petat.



Thus with thy blood thy fires, Europa, blend,  
 Thine on thy child, Pasiphae, descend.  
 A milk white bull the form of Jove belied;  
 And bore Europa through the foaming tide.  
 The God the father of our race became,  
 The parted world receiv'd the virgin's name.  
 The lowing husband of the jealous herd,  
 With passion blind, Pasiphae prefer'd.  
 A monster issu'd from the foul embrace,  
 Load to her womb, and to her kind disgrace.  
 In vain my sire with wily art had wound  
 The tortuous prison that Ægides found.  
 The maze of death thy clue, fond maid, explores,  
 For him who leaves thee upon desert shores.  
 I, lest from Minos I degenerate prove,  
 Close the sad story of incestuous love.

---

Jupiter Europen (prima est ea gentis origo)  
 Dilexit, tauro dissimulante Deum.  
 Pasiphaë mater decepto subdita tauro,  
 Enixa est utero crimen onusque suo.  
 Perfidus Ægides, ducentia fila secutus,  
 Curva meæ fugit tecta sororis ope.  
 En ego nunc, ne fortè parum Minoïa credar,  
 In socias leges ultima gentis eo.  
 Hoc quoque fatale est: placuit domus una duabus;  
 Me tua forma capit, capta parente soror.



Sure 'twas ordain'd, and fatal are the fires,  
 In kindred bosoms that thy race inspires.  
 Rich with our spoil the double trophy rear,  
 Theseus; and son of Theseus, triumph here.  
 My sister prov'd thy father's plighted truth,  
 I for thy beauty burn, O lovely youth :  
 Still peace, perchance, had in my bosom reign'd,  
 Had then the Cretan shores my steps detain'd,  
 What time to Ceres holds her hallow'd rites,  
 And thither proud Eleusis thee invites.  
 Then, nor till then unknown, the subtle flame  
 Pierc'd every limit of my yielding frame ;  
 White was thy robe, and flowers adorn'd thy head,  
 O'er thy young cheeks ingenuous blushes spread.

---

*Thesides Theseusque duas rapuère sorores.*

*Ponite de nostrâ bina tropæa domo.*

*Tempore, quo vobis inita est Cerealis Eleusin,*

*Gnosia me vellem detinisset humus.*

*Tunc mihi præcipuè (nec non tamen antè placibas)*

*Acer in extremis ossibus hæsit amor.*

*Candida vestis erat, præcincti flore capilli :*

*Flava verecundus tinxerat ora rubor.*

*Quemque vocant aliæ vultum rigidumque truncemque,*

*Pro rigido, Phædrâ judice, fortis erat.*

Harsh that to others seem'd and fierce the look,  
 To partial Phædra fortitude bespoke.  
 Begone ye youths, who plait your scented hair,  
 Whose dress, like woman's, is your only care.  
 Such arts by manly beauty should be scorn'd,  
 Best by a manly negligence adorn'd.  
 Thee best becomes thy stern but polish'd brow,  
 Locks that unheeded lie, where'er they flow ;  
 And, lightly scatter'd o'er thy glowing face,  
 Dust, to thy downy cheek that adds a grace.  
 With raptures then upon thy form I gaze,  
 When the fierce steed thy skilful hand obeys ;  
 His struggling neck while bending to the rein,  
 In narrower orbs, he treads the measur'd plain.  
 When from your robe your valiant arm you bare,  
 And hurl the javelin through the parting air,

---

Sint procul à nobis juvenes, ut fœmina, compti ;  
 Fine coli modico forma virilis amat.  
 Te tuus iste rigor, positique sine arte capilli,  
 Et levis egregio pulvis in ore decet.  
 Sive ferocis equi luctantia colla recurvas ;  
 Exiguo flexos miror in orbe pedes.  
 Seu lentum valido torques hastile lacerto ;  
 Ora ferox in se versa lacertus habet.  
 Sive tenes lato venabula cornea ferro :  
 Denique, nostra juvat lumina, quicquid agas.

Your nervous arm, with transport fired, I view ;  
 Fix'd are my looks, my soul is fix'd, on you :  
 All that you touch I love, your toils, your spear ;  
 All that you do to these fond eyes is dear.  
 Leave but thy fierceness in the thorny wood,  
 Nor slaughter Phædra with the savage brood.  
 Why should cold Dian all thy cares invite,  
 And rob soft Venus of a dearer rite ?  
 The powers of man incessant labor strains,  
 Lovesooths your toils, and love rewards your pains :  
 Your own Diana imitate, and know  
 She to preserve it's force, unbends her bow.  
 Like thee in woods was Cephalus renown'd,  
 (Like thine his arrows seldom fail'd to wound.)

---

Tu modò duritiem silvis depone jugosis :  
 Non sum materiâ digna perire tuâ.  
 Quid juvat incinctæ studia exercere Dianæ ;  
 Et Veneri numeros eripuisse suos ?  
 Quod caret alternâ requie, durable non est.  
 Hæc reparat vires, fessaque membra novat.  
 Arcus (et arma tuæ tibi sunt imitanda Dianæ)  
 Si nunquam cesses tendere, mollis erit.  
 Clarus erat silvis Cephalus, multæque per herbam  
 Conciderant, illo percutiente, feræ.  
 Nec tamen Auroræ malè se præbebat amandum ;  
 Ibat ad hunc sapiens à sene Diva viro.

Yet not a churl the wise Aurora fled,  
 Who left for his, an aged husband's bed.  
 Oft underneath the conscious oak reclin'd,  
 In fond embraces, Citherea join'd  
 With Cinyra's son, nor shun'd the grassy bed,  
 That chance, to soft repose inviting, spread.  
 A pledge to love and Atalanta due,  
 The Arcadian monster Meleager slew.  
 Our names with these let Venus pleas'd record;  
 Woods, without Venus, savage joys afford.  
 Let me attend thee; nor the rocky height,  
 Me, nor the boar's tremendous tusks, affright.  
 The narrowing coast where parting ocean bounds,  
 And either sea's opposing wave resounds,

---

Sæpe sub ilicibus Venerem, Cinyrâque creatum,  
 Sustinuit positos quælibet herba duos.  
 Arsit et Cœnides in Mænaliâ Atalantâ:  
 Illa feræ spoliū pignus amoris habet.  
 Nos quoque jam primū turbâ numeremur in istâ.  
 Si Venerem tollas, rustica silva tua est.  
 Ipsa comes veniam: nec me salebrosa movebunt  
 Saxa, nec obliquo dente timendus aper.  
 Æquora bina suis oppugnant fluctibus Isthmon,  
 Et tenuis tellus audit utrumque mare.  
 Hic tecum Trœzena colam Pittheïa regna:  
 Jam nunc est patriâ gratior illa meâ.

Realms, that thy Grandson Pittheus rul'd of yore,  
 To me more grateful than my native shore,  
 Træzēna; there with thee O let me reign!  
 Theseus is absent, absent will remain.  
 He to his dear Pirithous is gone,  
 For Theseus loves Pirithous alone,  
 Phædra no more; too plain the proofs appear;  
 To him, no more Hippolytus is dear.  
 Nor lightly injur'd thou nor I, complain,  
 Great are the woes from him that both sustain:  
 A murder'd brother still must I deplore;  
 A Sister left upon a desert shore:  
 The first in valor of the armed fair  
 Bore thee, and well a son like thee might bear.

---

*Tēpore abest, aberitque diu, Neptunius heros:  
 Illum Pirithoï detinet ora sui.  
 Præposuit Theseus (nisi si manifesta negamus)  
 Pirithoüm Phædræ, Pirithoümque tibi.  
 Sola nec hæc nobis injuria venit ab illo.  
 In magnis læsi rebus uterque sumus.  
 Ossa mei fratris clavâ perfracta trinodi  
 Sparsit humi: soror est præda relicta feris.  
 Prima securigeras inter virtute puellas  
 Te peperit, nati digna vigore parens.  
 Si quæras, ubi sit; Theseus latus ense peregit:  
 Nec tanto mater pignore tuta fuit.*



Her fate enquire, and know by him she died,  
 Know with his sword he pierc'd thy parents side.  
 Nor could the tenderest pledge thy mother save,  
 Nor the due rights of marriage Theseus gave :  
 Why? but lest thou, succeeding to his fame,  
 Heir of his valor, should'st his empire claim.  
 I brought thee brothers, but 'twas he who rear'd;  
 O, ere the hateful progeny appear'd,  
 Fairest of things, to rob thee of thy right,  
 In the same hour that usher'd it to light,  
 Rent by the throes that gave my offspring breath,  
 Oh, had I found in them, the pangs of death!  
 Go now revere a father's sacred bed,  
 Bid me a husband's guard, from mine who fled!  
 Nor let vain names of Stepdame and of son,  
 Teach thee with horror my embrace to shun.

*At nec nupta quidem, tædâque accepta jugali.  
 Cur, nisi ne caperes regna paterna nothus?  
 Addidit et fratres ex me tibi: quos tamen omnes  
 Non ego tollendi causa, sed ille fuit.  
 O utinam nocitura tibi, pulcherrime rerum,  
 In medio nisu viscera rupta forent!  
 I nunc, i, meriti lectum reverere parentis :  
 Quem fugit, et factis abdicat ille suis.  
 Nec, quia privigno videar coitura noverca,  
 Terruerint animos nomina vana tuos.*



Such rustic scruples with old Saturn fell,  
 Enlighten'd ages shall the mist dispel.  
 Jove sanctions all, and in immortal arms,  
 A brother clasps a wedded sister's charms.  
 Firmly the pair unite, howe'er allied,  
 In bands that Venus has presiding tied.  
 Her aid implore; nor need we to reveal;  
 And names our fond endearments may conceal;  
 If seen the son of Theseus to embrace;  
 'Tis but the love I bear, and owe his race.  
 Thy access here no lingering day retards,  
 A husband's door no surly Argus guards.

---

*Ista vetus pietas, ævo moritura futuro,  
 Rustica Saturno regna tenente, fuit.  
 Jupiter esse pium statuit, quodcumque juvaret:  
 Et fas omne facit fratre marita soror.  
 Illa coït firmâ generis junctura catenâ,  
 Imposuit nodos cui Venus ipsa suos.  
 Nec labor est celare, licet; pete munus ab illâ;  
 Cognato poterit nomine culpa tegi.  
 Viderit amplexos aliquis? laudabimur ambo.  
 Dicar privigno fida noverca meo.  
 Non tibi per tenebras duri reseranda mariti  
 Janua, non custos decipiendus erit.  
 Ut tenuit domus una duos, domus una tenebit.  
 Oscula aperta dabas, oscula aperta deo.*

Blest underneath one roof we still may live,  
 Freely the kiss receive, and freely give.  
 Praise shall attend thee to my chamber led,  
 Nor censure follow to a Mother's bed.  
 Crown but my wishes, nor my bliss delay,  
 And Love, my tyrant, smooth thy thornless way !  
 To prayers, thy humble suitor, I descend ;  
 Where now my boasted pride that scorn'd to bend ?  
 Long with the guilty flame resolv'd I strove,  
 (Ah what avail our best resolves in love !)  
 A royal suppliant now thy knees embrace,  
 A lover heeds nor dignity nor place.  
 Begone my scruples ; modesty retires,  
 Nor holds the contest with unblushing fires.

---

Tutus eris mecum, laudemque merebere culpâ :  
 Tu licèt in lecto conspiciare meo.  
 Tolle moras tantùm, properataque fœdera junge.  
 Qui mihi nunc sævit, sic tibi parcat Amor.  
 Non ego dedignor supplex humilisque precari !  
 Heu ! ubi nunc fastus ; altaque verba jacent ?  
 Et pugnare diu, nec me submittere culpæ,  
 Certa fui : certi si quid haberet Amor.  
 Victa precor, genibusque tuis regalia tendo  
 Brachia : Quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.  
 Depudit : profugusque pudor sua signa relinquit.  
 Da veniam fassæ, duraque corda doma.

Forgive the bold confession they extort:  
 Bend thy tough heart, nor with my passion sport.  
 Minos my sire, what boots thy splendid lot,  
 Lord of the seas, that Jove thy sire begot?  
 Or he my grandsire, whose refulgent ray  
 Beams on his front, and lights the genial day?  
 Low lies my birth by tyrant love opprest;  
 Let that awake compassion in thy breast:  
 Reproach and scorn let wretched Phædra share,  
 Her blameless ancestors, thy mercy spare:  
 Their gifts accept; I throw them at thy feet;  
 Be thou, Hippolytus, the Lord of Crete!  
 Hear me, by Venus hear, whom I adore,  
 So her who spurns thee ne'er mayst thou implore!

---

Quò mihi, quòd genitor, qui possidet æquora, Minos?  
 Quòd veniant proavi fulmina torta manu?  
 Quòd sit avus, radiis frontem vallatus acutis,  
 Purpureo tepidum qui movet axe diem?  
 Nobilitas sub amore jacet. Miserere priorum:  
 Et, mihi si non vis parcere, parce meis.  
 Est mihi dotalis tellus Jovis insula Crete.  
 Serviat Hippolyto regia tota meo.  
 Flecte feros animos. Potuit corrumpere taurum  
 Mater: eris tauro sævior ipse truci?  
 Per Venerem parcās oro, quæ plurima mecum est:  
 Sic nunquam, quæ te spernere possit, ames.

So to thy vows may nimble Dian true,  
 Give the lov'd prey thy ceaseless toils pursue !  
 So, while the mountain Pans, and Satyrs aid,  
 The bleeding boar upon the ground be laid !  
 So, when you thirst, though all the fair you spurn,  
 May smiling nymphs present the flowing urn !  
 My sighs, my tears I add to abject prayer,  
 Think that you see them fall, and Phædra spare.

---

Sic tibi secretis agilis Dea saltibus adsit,  
 Silvaque perdendas præbeat alta feras.  
 Sic faveant Satyri, montanaque numina Panes :  
 Et cadat adversâ cuspide fossus aper.  
 Sic tibi dent Nymphæ (quamvis odisse puellas  
 Diceris) arentem quæ levet unda sitim.  
 Addimus his lacrymas precibus quoque: verba  
 precantis  
 Perlegis, et lacrymas finge videre meas.

ÆNONNE

TO

PARIS.

## ARGUMENT.

---

*HECUBA, the wife of Priam, being big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand, which was to burn Troy; and the oracle declaring that the child should bring destruction upon his country, Priam commanded it to be exposed to wild beasts; but the mother, Hecuba, contrived that her son should be preserved, and secretly educated amongst the king's shepherds upon mount Ida: where, being grown up, he fell in love with Ænone, whom he forsook, when Helen was promised him by Venus, as a reward for deciding in her favour against Juno and Minerva. The deserted Nymph therefore thus addresses him—*



## ŒNONE TO PARIS.

---

SAY dost thou read; or does thy jealous bride  
Frowning forbid? ah read! though Helen chide!  
No letter speeded by offended kings  
Here proud defiance from Mycenæ brings;  
From wrong'd Œnone flow these mournful strains,  
A nymph renown'd on Phrygia's fertile plains,  
To her own Paris; if to call thee mine  
Still thou permit; alas! I once was thine!  
What cruel god my fondest vows has crost?  
Thee, by what crime, have I for ever lost?  
Patience the woes we merit should sustain,  
But injur'd innocence may well complain.

---

Perlegis? An conjux prohibet nova? perlege: non est  
Ista Mycenæâ littera facta manu.  
Pegasis Œnone, Phrygiis celeberrima sylvis,  
Læsa queror de te, si sinis ipse, meo.  
Quis Deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis?  
Ne tua permaneam, quod mihi crimen obest?  
Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est:  
Quæ venit indignæ pœna, dolenda venit.  
Nondum tantus eras, cùm, te contenta marito,  
Edita de magno flumine Nympha fui.

Not then so great, the son of Priam now,  
 A slave you were, when I (the truth avow)  
 Deign'd, though a nymph and from the immortal  
                   wave

Of mighty Xanthus sprung, to wed a slave.  
 Oft under trees amid our flocks when laid,  
 Of mingled leaves and grass our bed we made ;  
 Oft on the fragrant hay in slumbers lost,  
 The humble cot has screen'd us from the frost.  
 Who shew'd you thickets fittest for the chace ?  
 To craggy dens the savage brood to trace ?  
 Oft by your side your meshy toils I rear'd,  
 Oft o'er the mountain tops your dogs I cheer'd.

---

Qui nunc Priamides (adsit reverentia vero)  
     Servus eras. Servo nubere Nympha tuli.  
 Sæpe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti,  
     Mistaque cum foliis præbuit herba torum.  
 Sæpe super stramen fænoque jacentibus alto  
     Defensa est humili cana pruina casâ.  
 Quis tibi monstrabat saltus venatibus aptos,  
     Et tegetet catulos quâ fera rupe suos ?  
 Retia sæpe comes maculis distincta tetendi ;  
     Sæpe citos egi per juga longa canes.  
 Incisæ servant à te mea nomina fagi ;  
     Et legor Ænone falce notata tuâ.  
 Et quantùm trunci, tantùm mea nomina crescut :

You bade the wounded beech a word retain,  
 Read, and rever'd by every passing swain:  
 As grows the trunk still grows Ænone's name;  
 Rise up ye trees, and justify my claim.  
 Well I remember where a poplar stands,  
 That bears a record graven by your hands:  
 Flourish, O poplar, on the margin green,  
 Thou, on whose rugged bark these lines are seen;  
 "When Paris lives Ænone to forego,  
 Back to his fountain head shall Xanthus flow:"  
 Be reflux Xanthus, back ye waters borne,  
 Paris has left the widow'd nymph to mourn.  
 That day decided on my wretched fate;  
 Thence of chang'd love the killing frost I date;  
 When the three goddesses, in evil hour,  
 Made thee the umpire of disputed power;

---

Crescite, et in titulos surgite rectà meos.  
 Populus est (memini) fluviali consita ripâ,  
 Est in quâ nostri litera scripta memor.  
 Popule, vive precor, quæ consita margine ripæ,  
 Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes:  
 Cùm Paris Ænone poterit spirare relictâ,  
 Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua.  
 Xanthe, retro propera; versæque recurrite  
 lymphæ,  
 Sustinet Ænonen deseruisse Paris.

Juno and Venus, and in naked charms  
 Minerva came, more graceful deck'd with arms.  
 My bosom shudder'd, and, with horror cold,  
 My limbs all trembled as the tale yon told.  
 Then for advice, nor moderate was my fear,  
 The wrinkled hag I sought, and aged seer ;  
 The wrinkled hag and aged seer agree  
 My fears were just, all boded ill to me.  
 The lofty Pine descends, the beams are cleav'd,  
 And on the azure waves your ships receiv'd ;  
 You wept at parting, do not that deny,  
 Your present love your cheeks might deeper dye ;

---

Illa dies fatum miseræ mihi dixit : ab illâ  
 Pessima mutati cœpit amoris hyems :  
 Quâ Venus et Juno, sumptisque decentior armis  
 Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.  
 Attoniti micuère sinus, gelidusque cucurrit,  
 Ut mihi nariâsti, dura per ossa tremor.  
 Consului (neque enim modicè terrebar) anusque,  
 Longævosque senes : constitit esse nefas.  
 Cæsa abies, sectæque trabes, et, classe paratâ,  
 Cærula ceratas accipit unda rates.  
 Flêsti discedens : hoc saltem parce negare.  
 Præterito magis est iste pudendus amor.  
 Et flêsti, et nostros vidisti flentis ocellos :  
 Miscuimus lacrymas mœstus uterque suas.

Yes you did weep, nor did you weep alone,  
 Our tears we mingled, for our grief was one:  
 To the lov'd elm ne'er faster clang the vine,  
 Than did thy circling arms my neck entwine.  
 The sailors smil'd, how oft did you declare  
 The wind detain'd you, but the wind was fair.  
 How oft recall me, feigning to dismiss,  
 How oft receive, and give, the parting kiss!  
 Still in my fond embraces as you hung,  
 How faintly cried 'farewell' your faltering tongue!  
 Your canvas, flapping from the lofty mast,  
 Rose, by the gently springing gale, embrac'd;  
 The main resounded with the dashing oar,  
 Whose frequent stroke upturn'd the billows hoar;  
 Far as they can, my straining eyes pursue  
 Your parting sails, my tears the sands bedew.

---

Non sic appositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,  
 Ut tua sunt collo brachia nexa meo.  
 Ah! quoties, cùm te vento quererere teneri,  
 Riserunt comites! ille secundus erat.  
 Oscula dimissæ quoties repetita dedisti!  
 Quàm vix sustinuit dicere lingua, *Vale!*  
 Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo  
 Suscitât; et remis eruta canet aqua.  
 Prosequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela,  
 Quà licet; et lacrymis humet arena meis.



I woo the Nereids soon to bring you home,  
 And, to my sorrow, but too soon you come :  
 My vows have brought thee, but another charms,  
 My cares preserv'd thee for a harlot's arms.  
 A mountain rises near, whose craggy brow  
 Surveys, and awes, the unfathom'd main below ;  
 Here first your sails I knew, with rapture seen,  
 And long'd to rush through waves that roll'd between.  
 When lo, not worn by you, the purple dye  
 Flam'd from the prow upon my dazzled eye.  
 Nearer and nearer to the land you drew ;  
 A woman's features now I trembling view ;

---

Utque celer venias, virides Nereïdas oro :  
     Scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer.  
 Votis ergo meis, alii rediture, redisti ?  
     Hei mihi, pro dirâ pellice blanda fui ;  
 Aspicit immensum moles nativa profundum ;  
     Mons fuit : æquoreis illa resistit aquis.  
 Hinc ego vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ :  
     Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.  
 Dum moror, in summâ fulsit mihi purpura prorâ.  
     Pertimui : cultus non erat ille tuus.  
 Fit propior, terrasque citâ ratis attigit aurâ :  
     Femineas vidi corde tremente genas.  
 Non satîs id fuerat (quid enim furiosa morabar ?)  
     Hærebat gremio turpis amica tuo.



Distracted wherefore did I longer stay ?  
 The shameless wanton in your bosom lay ;  
 Then mine I beat, my robe, indignant, tear,  
 And wound my cheeks, and rend my flowing hair.  
 With loud laments make sacred Ida ring,  
 Thence to my native rocks my sorrows bring.  
 The woes her crimes have caus'd may Helen bear,  
 Like me deserted weep, like me despair !  
 Those now, who follow you o'er stormy seas,  
 And leave their lawful lords, your fancy please ;  
 Poor on the mountains when our flocks we drove,  
 The fond Ænone was your only love.  
 I am not dazzled by the gold that glares  
 On the proud palace which another shares.

---

Tunc verò rupique sinus, et pectora planxi,  
 Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas :  
 Implevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden.  
 Illinc has lacrymas in mea saxa tuli.  
 Sic Helene doleat, desertaque conjuge ploret ;  
 Quæque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat.  
 Nunc tibi conveniunt, quæ te per aperta sequantur  
 Æquora, legitimos destituantque viros.  
 At cùm pauper eras, armenta que pastor agebas,  
 Nulla, nisi Ænone, pauperis uxor erat.  
 Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit,  
 Nee de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus.

Me with no raptures wealth or power inspire ;  
 Nor swells my bosom with the vain desire,  
 Of Priam's many daughters to be one,  
 A daughter wedded to a hundredth son !  
 Not that my blood would Priam's lineage stain,  
 Or justly Hecuba a nymph disdain.  
 Conscious of inborn worth I dare with pride  
 The wish avow to reign a royal bride.  
 My charms may well a prince's vows repay ;  
 My hand, with grace, the envied sceptre sway.  
 Nor thou despise me, that, of high degree,  
 I deign'd thy humble fortunes share with thee ;  
 Though oft our couch the beechy foliage spread,  
 More fit am I to press a royal bed :  
 Can you with Helen as with me repose  
 Secure from fleets, that bear avenging foes ?

---

Non tamen ut Priamus Nymphæ socer esse recuset ;  
 Aut Hecubæ fuerim dissimulanda nurus.  
 Digna que sum, et cupio fieri matrona potentis ;  
 Sunt mihi, quas possint sceptrâ decere, manus.  
 Nec me, fagineâ quòd tecum fronde jacebam,  
 Despice : purpureo sum magis apta toro.  
 Denique, tutus amor meus est tibi : nulla parantur  
 Bella, nec ultrices advehit unda rates.  
 Tyndaris infestis fugitiva repositur armis ;  
 Hâc venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.

Sought by the thirsty swords of injur'd kings,  
 This is the portion she in triumph brings ;  
 Whom if you must not yet restore, enquire  
 Of all your brothers, and your aged sire ;  
 Of Priam's self though partial to your youth ;  
 The brave Deïphobus shall own the truth ;  
 Counsel receive at valiant Hector's hand,  
 Or of the sage Polydamas demand ;  
 Learn what the grave Antenor may advise,  
 Whom age has taught, experience render'd wise.  
 Base to betray your country's cause for lust,  
 Your's is a shameful plea, the husband's, just ;  
 Nor fondly deem that she, so quickly won,  
 The yielding Helen, will be thine alone.  
 As now Atrides by his guest betray'd  
 Loudly complains of his dishonour'd bed,

---

Quæ si sit Danaïs reddenda, vel Hectora fratrem,  
 Vel cum Deïphobo Polydamanta roga.  
 Quid gravis Antenor, Priamus quid suadeat ipse,  
 Consule ; quæis ætas longa magistra fuit.  
 Turpe rudimentum patriæ præponere raptam.  
 Causa pudenda tua est ; justa vir arma movet.  
 Nec tibi, si sapias, fidam promitte Lacœnam,  
 Quæ sit in amplexus tam citò versa tuos.  
 Ut minor Atrides temerati fœdera lecti  
 Clamat, et externo læsus amore dolet ;

Loudly shalt thou complain; nor art, nor cost,  
 Can e'er restore a woman's honour lost:  
 She burns for thee; Atrides whom she lov'd,  
 (Good easy man!) the widow'd husband prov'd.  
 Hector's example should have fir'd thy breast,  
 Ænone, like Andromache, been blest.  
 Lighter art thou than leaves the ground that strow,  
 The sapless leaves, when winds autumnal blow;  
 More weight than thou the chaffy ear retains,  
 Dried by perpetual suns in parching plains.  
 Thus did thy frantic sister, while her hair  
 Stream'd to the winds, my wretched fate declare;

Tu quoque clamabis. Nullâ reparabilis arte  
 Læsa pudicitia est: deperit illa semel.  
 Ardet amore tui? sic et Menelaon amavit.  
 Nunc jacet in viduo credulus ille toro.  
 Felix Andromache, certo bene nupta marito!  
 Uxor ad exemplum fratris habenda fui.  
 Tu levior foliis, tunc, cùm, sine pondere succi,  
 Mobilibus ventis arida facta cadunt.  
 Et minùs est in te quàm summâ pondus aristâ,  
 Quæ levis assiduis solibus usta riget.  
 Hoc tua (nam recolo) quondam germana canebat,  
 Sic mihi diffusis vaticinata comis:  
*Quid facis, Ænone? quid arenæ seminaundas?*  
*Non profecturis littora bubus aras.*

“ Ah! why Ænone sow with fruitless pain  
 The barren sands, and plough the shore in vain?  
 The Grecian heifer on thy labours treads,  
 O haste, avert the ruin that she spreads!  
 The Grecian heifer comes, her steps I trace,  
 Thee to destroy, thy country, and thy race,  
 Ye pitying gods o’erwhelm the adulterous prow;  
 Lo! thence of Phrygian blood what torrents flow!”  
 Away her handmaids tore the raving fair;  
 Erect with horror stood my golden hair.  
 Too true alas! were her prophetic strains,  
 That Grecian heifer in my pasture reigns;  
 Though fam’d for beauty, an adulteress vile,  
 Whom from her gods a stranger could beguile;

---

*Graia juvenca venit, quæ te, patriamque, domumque,  
 Perdat; Io, prohibe; Graia juvenca venit.*

*Dum licet, obscenam ponto, Dî, mergite puppim:  
 Heu quantum Phrygii sanguinis illa vehit!*

Dixerat: In cursu famulæ rapuère furentem.

At mihi flavescentes diriguère comæ.

Ah nimiùm vates miseræ mihi vera fuisti!

Possidet en saltus illa juvenca meos.

Sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera certè est;

Deseruit socios hospite capta Deos.

Illam de patriâ Theseus (nisi nomine fallor)

Nescio quis Theseus, abstulit antè suâ.



Her too a certain Theseus (easy prey !)  
 (Theseus if right I name him,) bore away.  
 Grant that an amorous youth with scorn repaid,  
 Resign'd inviolate a blooming maid ;  
 Force though she plead, and thus would blame  
                   escape,  
 She, who so oft is ravish'd, courts the rape.  
 Whence all this knowledge, how these truths I  
                   prove,  
 Ask, and I answer in a word, I love.  
 True, though betray'd, CEnone still remains,  
 Thy base example, faithless youth, disdains ;  
 Me the lewd herd of satyrs swift pursue,  
 Lost in the woods I vanish from their view ;  
 Nor with the spiral pine on Ida crown'd  
 Hast thou more favor, horned Faunus, found.

A juvene et cupido credatur reddita virgo.  
 Unde hoc compererim tam bene, quæris? amo.  
 Vim licèt appelles, et culpam nomine veles ;  
       Quæ toties rapta est, præbuit ipsa rapi.  
 At manet CEnone fallenti casta marito :  
       Et poteris falli legibus ipse tuis.  
 Me Satyri celeres (sylvis ego tecta latebam)  
       Quæsiêrunt rapido turba proterva pede :  
 Cornigerumque caput pinu præinctus acutâ  
       Faunus, in immensis quâ tumet Ida jugis.



He, from whose hands proud Ilion's bulwarks rose,  
 Lov'd me and forc'd, my fierce resistance knows,  
 My pointed nails his radiant tresses tore,  
 The marks his visage of my fury bore.  
 Gold to atone the wrong my soul abhorr'd ;  
 Ingenuous beauty spurns a base reward.  
 The god inspires me with his healing arts,  
 Grateful their functions to my hands imparts ;  
 All herbs of power to soften human woe,  
 All the wide world affords for cure, I know ;  
 Ah that no herb expels a lover's pain !  
 For my own aid my boasted skill is vain ;

---

Me fide conspicuus Trojæ munitor amavit :  
 Ille meæ spoliū virginitatis habet,  
 Id quoque luctando ; rupi tamen ungue capillos ;  
 Oraque sunt digitis aspera facta meis.  
 Nec pretium stupri gemmas aurumve poposci.  
 Turpiter ingenuum munera corpus emunt.  
 Ipse, ratus dignam, medicas mihi tradidit artes ;  
 Admisitque meas ad sua dona manus.  
 Quæcunque herba potens ad opem, radixque  
 medendi  
 Utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.  
 Me miseram, quòd amor non est medicabilis  
 herbis !  
 Deficior prudens artis ab arte meâ.

Not him, to man the healing art who gave  
 From cruel love his own inventions save.  
 From me the shepherd of Pherean plains  
 Received the wound in his immortal veins :  
 Nor genial earth, nor all the herbs that grow  
 Thick on her fruitful bosom, can bestow,  
 No, nor the god of health's restoring hand,  
 Impart the medicine, that my woes demand ;  
 Thou only can'st ; have pity on the maid,  
 Who lost implores, and justly claims thy aid.  
 I bring no hostile armies from afar,  
 Nor stir the avenging Greeks to cruel war ;  
 Still am I thine, with thee I fondly past  
 My childish days, with thee would breathe my last.

---

Ipse repertor opis vaccas pavisse Pheræas  
 Fertur, et è nostro saucius igne fuit.  
 Quod neque graminibus tellus fœcunda creandis,  
 Nec Deus auxilium, tu mihi ferre potes.  
 Et potes, et merui. Dignæ miserere puellæ.  
 Non ego cum Danaïs arma cruenta fero.  
 Sed tua sum, tecumque fui puerilibus annis :  
 Et tua, quod superest temporis, esse precor.

DEIANIRA

TO

HERCULES.

## ARGUMENT.

---

*DEIANIRA* was the daughter of *Æneus* king of *Calydon*, and the wife of *Hercules*. While she was closing a letter, reproaching him with his infidelity to her (and particularly with the loss of all his glory in the arms of *Iole*, who had gained entire dominion over him, after he had slain her father, and conquered the kingdom of *Æchalia*) the news arrived that he was expiring in agonies upon mount *Æta*, from the effect of poison conveyed in a robe sent him by *Deianira*, dipped in the blood of *Nessus* the Centaur; who thus ingeniously contrived to revenge himself upon *Hercules*. For, knowing that he was wounded by a dart impregnated with the venom of the *Hydra*, and being well acquainted with the amorous disposition of his conqueror, he persuaded *Deianira* to preserve some of his blood; assuring her that it contained a charm of infallible power to restore the affections of a husband, however they might wander. Driven to despair by the discovery of her fatal error, she then endeavoured to vindicate the innocence of her intentions; but determined to put an end to her life for becoming, though involuntarily, the cause of her husband's death.

## DEIANIRA TO HERCULES.

---

WHILE yields Œchalia's tyrant to thy arms,  
And Thou a captive to the daughter's charms ;  
With joy I hail the fame thy triumphs reap,  
The conqueror, vanquish'd by the conquer'd, weep.  
The tale through all the Grecian cities flies,  
And the great deeds of Hercules belies,  
That He from Iole receives the yoke,  
Whose mind no toils impos'd by Juno broke.  
Pleas'd may Eurystheus, and the Thunderer's wife,  
Thy Stepdame, hear of thy inglorious life ;

---

Gratulor Œchaliæ titulis accedere vestris :  
Victorem victæ succubuisse queror.  
Fama Pelasgiadas subitò pervenit in urbes  
Decolor, et factis inficianda tuis ;  
Quem nunquam Juno, seriesque immensa laborum  
Fregerit ; huic Iolen imposuisse jugum.  
Hoc velit Eurystheus, velit hoc germana Tonantis ;  
Lætaque sit vitæ labe noverca tuæ.  
At non ille velit, cui nox (si creditur) una  
Non tanti, ut tantus conciperere, fuit.

Not so thy sire, who banish'd envious light,  
 Trebling, to give thee birth, the hours of night.  
 By Juno's baffled arts thy valor tried,  
 Still rose triumphant, and her rage defy'd ;  
 More fell, enchains thee upon flowery beds,  
 And on thy neck exulting Venus treads.  
 Lo by thy powers the avenged orb at peace,  
 That azure Neptune girds with ambient seas ;  
 To thee the guarded land it's quiet owes ;  
 The main protected by thy valor flows ;  
 By thee the mansions of the sun are blest,  
 Where beams the orient god, or sinks to rest ;  
 The stars, when Atlas fail'd, Alcides bore,  
 Those heavens, where men his godhead shall adore :  
 Clos'd are these glories, and notorious shame,  
 His only portion now, succeeds to fame ;

---

Plus tibi, quam Juno, nocuit Venus. Illa premo  
 Sustulit : hæc humili sub pede colla tenet.  
 Respice vindicibus pacatum viribus orbem,  
 Quà latam Nereus cærulæ ambit humum.  
 Sc tibi pax terræ, tibi se tuta æquora debent :  
 Implèsti meritis Solis utramque domum.  
 Quod te laturum est, cælum prior ipse tulisti :  
 Hercule supposito sidera fulsit Atlas.  
 Quid nisi notitia est misero quæsita pudori,  
 Si maculas turpi facta priora notâ ?



His, in the cradle who victorious strove  
 With two fierce serpents, infant worthy Jove !  
 Thy early dawn outshines thy riper years,  
 The boy more glorious than the man appears.  
 Whose youthful might a thousand labors prove,  
 He to whom Juno yielded, yields to love.  
 But I, a happy, and an honour'd bride,  
 Am wife to Hercules, to Jove allied !  
 Yok'd with unequal force ill ploughs the steer ;  
 To pair with mates superior, maids should fear ;  
 Not by their glories honour'd, but opprest :  
 Wed with an equal you who would be blest.

---

Tene ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter angues,  
 Cùm tener in cunis jam Jove dignus eras ?  
 Cœpisti meliùs quàm desinis : ultima primis  
 Cedunt : dissimiles hic vir et ille puer.  
 Quem non mille feræ, quem non Stheneleïus hostis,  
 Non potuit Juno vincere ; vincit Amor.  
 At bene nupta feror ; quia nominer Herculis uxor :  
 Sitque socer, rapidis qui tonat altus equis.  
 Quàm malè inæquales veniant ad aratra juvenci,  
 Tam premitur magno conjuge nupta minor.  
 Non honor est, sed onus, species læsura ferentem :  
 Si quà voles aptè nubere, nube pari.  
 Vir mihi semper abest ; et conjuge notior hospes :  
 Monstraque terribiles persequiturque feras.

My heaven-born husband still delights to roam,  
 (The guest more frequent than the host at home!)  
 Engag'd with monsters, while a widow'd wife  
 The gods I weary, trembling for his life.  
 Me serpents, bristly boars, and lions gaunt,  
 And dogs with triple jaws devouring haunt;  
 Me reeking entrails, ghastly forms, affright,  
 Stalking in visions of the murky night.  
 Sport of all rumours Fame uncertain speeds,  
 Hope expels fear, and fear to hope succeeds.  
 Thy absent mother weeps the hour she won  
 The sovereign god, or bore to Jove a son.  
 Banish'd Amphitryon; stranger to my eyes  
 Hyllus, thy loss no smiling babe supplies;

---

*Ipsa domo viduâ, votis operata pudicis,  
 Torqueor; infesto ne vir ab hoste cadat.  
 Inter serpentes, aprosquè, avidosque leones  
 Jactor, et esuros terna per ora canes.  
 Me pecudum fibræ, simulacraque inania somni,  
 Ominaque arcanâ nocte petita movent.  
 Aucupor infelix incertæ murmura famæ:  
 Speque timor dubiâ, spesque timore cadit.  
 Mater abest; queriturque Deo placuisse potenti.  
 Nec pater Amphytrion, nec puer Hyllus adest.  
 Arbitr Eurystheus iræ Junonis iniquæ  
 Sentitur nobis, iraque longa Deæ.*

The wrath of Juno for her injur'd bed  
 Eurystheus pours on my devoted head:  
 Her rage so far the tyrant's sway extends;  
 So low the offended queen of heaven descends!  
 You to these horrors add your foreign loves,  
 By whom a mother every harlot proves.  
 Nor nymph Ormenian; in th' Arcadian vale  
 Nor violated maid shall swell the tale;  
 That pictur'd throng, not one of whom you spare,  
 To urge the Thespian sisters I forbear,  
 By new adulteries and new crimes betray'd,  
 The stepdame now of Lydian Lamus made.  
 Oft the same realms the god who wandering laves  
 And to his bosom winds the refluent waves,

---

Hæc mihi ferre parum est: peregrinos addis amores:  
 Et mater de te quælibet esse potest.  
 Non ego Partheniis temeratam vallibus Augem,  
 Nec referam partus, Ormeni nympha, tuos.  
 Non tibi crimen erunt Theutrantia turba sorores:  
 Quarum de populo nulla relicta tibi.  
 Una recens crimen præfertur adultera nobis;  
 Unde ego sum Lydo facta noverca Lamo.  
 Meandros, toties qui terris errat in îsdem,  
 Qui lapsas in se sæpe retorquet aquas;  
 Vidit in Herculeo suspensa monilia collo;  
 Illo, cui cælum sarcina parva fuit.

Mæander, saw that neck in jewels dress'd,  
 On which unbent Jove's starry mansion press'd.  
 O shame, to brace those sinewy arms with gold,  
 With gems those solid muscles to infold !  
 Thou, whose fierce gripe Nemea's plague subdu'd,  
 His skin a trophy on thy shoulders view'd !  
 Those bristly locks the Lydian mitre bound ;  
 Better pale poplar had Alcides crown'd !  
 Proud, as a wanton girl, who sees his waist  
 The zone surround, nor deems it thus disgrac'd.  
 The wretch his steeds with human flesh who fed,  
 And fierce Busiris by thy arms who bled,  
 Living no greater triumph had desir'd,  
 But blush'd to see their conqueror so attir'd ;

---

Non puduit fortes auro cohibere lacertos,  
 Et solidis gemmas apposuisse toris.  
 Nempe sub his animam pestis Nemeæa lacertis  
 Edidit : unde humerus tegmina lævus habet.  
 Ausus es hirsutos mitrâ redimire capillos :  
 Aptior Herculeæ populus alba comæ.  
 Nec te Mæoniâ, lascivæ more puellæ,  
 Incingi zonâ dedecuisse putat ?  
 Non tibi succurrit crudi Diomedis imago,  
 Efferus humanâ qui dape pavit equas ?  
 Si te vidisset cultu Busiris in isto ;  
 Huic victor victo nempe pudendus eras.

Reveng'd Antæus from thy neck might tear  
 The glittering collar, it could tamely wear ;  
 Sighing, that e'er his giant form should bow,  
 Crush'd by a wretch, effeminate as thou.  
 Do'st thou not blush, a thousand labors told,  
 Whose conquering hands the textile osier hold ?  
 A gentle pupil of the Ionian maid,  
 To bear her basket, of her threats afraid ?  
 With fingers coarse, the slender thread to weave,  
 Slave to a harlot, and her tasks receive ?  
 The slender thread while awkwardly they reel,  
 How oft they break the distaff, and the wheel !

---

Detrahat Antæus duro redimicula collo ;  
 Ne pigeat molli succubuisse viro.  
 Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas  
 Diceris ; et dominæ pertimuisse minas.  
 Non fugis, Alcide, victricem mille laborum  
 Rasilibus calathis imposuisse manum ?  
 Crassaque robusto deducis pollice fila,  
 Æquaque formosæ pensa rependis heræ ?  
 Ah quoties, digitis dum torques stamina duris,  
 Prævalidæ fusos comminuère manus !  
 [Crederis, infelix, scuticæ tremefactus habenis,  
 Ante pedes dominæ pertimuisse minas.]  
 Eximiis pompis præconia summa triumphii,  
 Factaque narrabas dissimulanda tibi.



And dar'st thou busied thus thy labors name,  
 From kind oblivion drag thy wounded fame?  
 The serpents strangled by thy infant hands;  
 The boar, that ravag'd the Arcadian lands,  
 Now loads the earth where late he gave the wound,  
 Whom Erymanthus bred with Cyprus crown'd;  
 The head that on the Thracian portals glares;  
 With flesh of slaughter'd men the fatten'd mares;  
 The triple Cerberus arm'd with snaky crest;  
 With herds and flocks the triple Geryon blest;  
 Fell Hydra's heads, that strew'd the poison'd ground,  
 Then sprang redoubled from the fertile wound;

---

Scilicet immanes elisis faucibus hydros  
 Infantem cunis involuisse manum?  
 Ut Tegeæus aper cupressifero Erymantho  
 Incubet, et vasto pondere lædat humum?  
 Non tibi Threïciis affixa penatibus ora,  
 Non hominum pingues cæde tacentur equæ?  
 Prodigiumque triplex, armenti dives Iberi  
 Geryones; quamvis in tribus unus erat?  
 Inque canes totidem trunco digestus ab uno  
 Cerberus, implicitis angue minante comis?  
 Quæque redundabat fœcundo vulnere serpens  
 Fertilis, et damnis dives ab ipsa suis?  
 Quique inter lævumque latus lævumque lacertum  
 Prægrave compressâ fauce pependit onus?



And him, whom stifled in your arms you foil,  
 And crush suspended from his parent soil ;  
 Expell'd from Thessaly th' ambiguous breed  
 Of Centaurs, vainly trusting in their speed :  
 Can'st thou on these expatiate, nor thy dress,  
 Thy soft Sidonian robes, thy tongue repress ?  
 Then, while a woman's garb Alcides wears,  
 Drest in her turn like thee the nymph appears ;  
 Assumes the spear, is girded with the sword,  
 And of his trophies robs her captive lord.  
 Now proudly boast ; thy wonderous feats retrace ;  
 Her's is the hero's meed, and thine, disgrace.  
 To her thy glories in the tented field,  
 Or forest gain'd, O mighty conqueror, yield !

---

Et malè confisum pedibus formâque bimembri  
 Pulsum Thessalicis agmen equestre jugis ?  
 Hæc tu Sidonio potes insignitus amictu  
 Dicere ? non cultu lingua retenta silet ?  
 Se quoque Nympha tuis ornavit Iardanis armis,  
 Et tulit è capto nota tropæa viro,  
 I nunc tolle animos, et fortia gesta recense.  
 Quòd tu non esses jure, vir illa fuit.  
 Quâ tantò minor es, quantò te, maxime rerum,  
 Quàm quos vicisti, vincere majus erat.  
 Illi procedit rerum mensura tuarum.  
 Cede bonis : hæres laudis amica tuæ.

Thy claim resign; to her transmitted bend  
 Thy living honors, on her head descend.  
 Yet blush to doff the vanquish'd lion's pride,  
 On her soft limbs to hang his shaggy hide.  
 Nor err the trophy when she proudly bears,  
 'Tis not the lion's spoil, but thine she wears.  
 By thee the tyrant of the forest bleeds,  
 And she the haughty victor captive leads.  
 A woman, one, whose feeble hands with pain  
 The loaded distaff, and the wool sustain,  
 Sports with the bow; and arrows, madly bold,  
 Black with Lernean poison, dares to hold.  
 Or grasps the club, that monsters fell subdues;  
 And then her figure in the mirror views.

---

Pro pudor! hirsuti costas exuta leonis,  
 Aspera texerunt vellera molle latus.  
 Falleris, et nescis: non sunt spolia ista leonis,  
 Sed tua; tuque feri victor es, illa tui.  
 Fœmina tela tulit Lernæis atra venenis,  
 Ferre gravem lanâ vix satîs apta colum:  
 Instruxitque manum clavâ domitricæ ferarum:  
 Vidit et in speculo conjugis arma sui.  
 Hæc tamen audiêram: licuit non credere famæ.  
 En venit ad sensus mollis ab aure dolor.  
 Ante meos oculos adducitur advena pellex:  
 Nec mihi, quæ patior, dissimulare licet.

The tale I heard unwilling to believe ;  
 Not my ears now, but wounded feelings, grieve.  
 A foreign harlot brought before my eyes  
 Leaves me no power my sufferings to disguise ;  
 By thee conducted through the crowded streets,  
 Fearless, indignant eyes the captive meets ;  
 Not veil'd, as real captives should be scen,  
 With locks dishevel'd, and dejected mein ;  
 Glittering with gold her shameless front she rears,  
 And, like her lord in Phrygia, drest appears.  
 Proud, as from Hercules the battle gain'd,  
 Her sire unrival'd in Æchalia reign'd ;  
 And, borne aloft, triumphantly displays  
 Her vaunted beauties to the people's gaze.  
 Deïanira banish'd from thy bed,  
 Perchance shall Iole be thither led ;

---

Non sinis averti ? mediam captiva per urbem  
 Invitis oculis aspicienda venit.  
 Nec venit incultis captarum more capillis,  
 Fortunam vultus fassa tegendo suos.  
 Ingreditur latè lato spectabilis auro :  
 Qualiter in Phrygiâ tu quoque cultus eras.  
 Dat vultum populo sublime sub Hercule victo :  
 Æchalam vivo stare parente putes.  
 Forsitan et, pulsâ Ætolide Deïanirâ,  
 Nomine deposito pellicis, uxor erit :

The Æolian matron bear an exile's name,  
 A wife's the Cæchalian harlot proudly claim.  
 The wanton pair inglorious bands entwine,  
 Her fates, O doating Hercules, with thine!  
 The monstrous thought my shuddering frame appals,  
 My senses fail; my hand enervate falls.  
 Blush not to own it, nor regret the time,  
 When me you lov'd, and lov'd without a crime;  
 Nor only lov'd; but, lifted in my aid,  
 It's valor twice the Herculean arm display'd.  
 Spoil'd of his honors Acheloüs mourns,  
 Whose watery mansions hide his mangled horns.  
 Nor strength, nor speed devoted Nessus save,  
 His blood, Evenus, dyes thy poison'd wave.

---

Eurytidosque Ioles, atque insani Alcிடæ  
 Turpia famosus corpora junget Hymen.  
 Mens fugit admonitu, frigusque perambulat artus,  
 Et jacet in gremio languida facta manus.  
 Me quoque cum multis, sed me sine crimine amâsti:  
 Ne pigeat, pugnae bis tibi causa fui.  
 Cornua flens legit ripis Acheloüs in udis,  
 Truncaque limosâ tempora mersit aquâ.  
 Semivir occubuit in letifero Eveno  
 Nessus; et infecit sanguis equinus aquas.  
 Sed quid ego hæc refero? scribenti nuncia venit  
 Fama, virum tunicæ tabe perire meæ.

But what avail to me the deeds are past ?  
 Wrapt in my robe my husband breathes his last.  
 What hast thou done, ah whither, luckless maid,  
 Thy frantic steps has jealous love betray'd ?  
 Source of such ills shalt thou the vengeance fly  
 Due to a deed like thine, nor dare to die ?  
 On Cæta tortur'd shall thy lord expire,  
 Deïanira shun the funeral pyre ?  
 Thy sister there, O Meleager own ;  
 There let the wife of Hercules be known ;  
 There laid fulfil the last connubial tie ;  
 Wretch that thou art, why hesitate to die ?

---

Hei mihi ! quid feci ? quò me furor egit amantem ?  
 Impia quid dubitas Deïanira mori ?  
 An tuus in mediâ conjux lacerabitur Cætâ ?  
 Tu sceleris tanti causa superstes eris ?  
 Si quid adhuc habeo facti, cur Herculis uxor  
 Credar ; conjugii mors mihi pignus erit.  
 Tu quoque cognosces in me, Meleagre, sororem.  
 Impia quid dubitas Deïanira mori ?  
 Heu devota domus ! solio sedet Agrios alto :  
 Cænea desertum nuda senecta premit.  
 Exulat ignotis Tydeus germanus in oris.  
 Alter fatali vivus in igne fuit.  
 Exegit ferrum sua per præcordia mater :  
 Impia quid dubitas Deïanira mori ?



Devoted race! the usurper Agrius reigns,  
 Æneus of age, and faithless friends, complains;  
 My brother Tydeus, stain'd with kindred gore,  
 Wanders an exile on a foreign shore;  
 Another perish'd; (O capricious fate!)  
 To fire a victim, and a mother's hate;  
 That mother pierc'd her bosom with a sword;  
 Die impious wretch the murd'ress of thy lord!  
 Yet from one crime absolve my guilty head;  
 By the dear hallow'd rites that bless'd our bed  
 I swear; and O believe my latest breath!  
 That ne'er my soul consented to thy death.  
 Nessus, when wounded by the poison'd dart,  
 Bade me preserve what issu'd from his heart;  
 My blood, said he, a powerful charm will prove  
 To fix, O treasure it! a husband's love.  
 The feigned spell on thee I dar'd to try!  
 Deïanira, impious Woman, die!

Deprecor hoc unum, per jura sacerrima lecti;  
 Ne videar fati insidiata tuis.  
 Nessus, ut est avidum percussus arundine pectus,  
 Hic, dixit, vires sanguis amoris habet.  
 Illita Nesseo misi tibi texta veneno.  
 Impia quid dubitas Deïanira mori?  
 Jamque vale, seniorque pater, germanaque Gorge,  
 Et patria, et patriæ frater adempte tuæ.



My sire, my sister, native land farewell,  
And thou in exile, brother, doom'd to dwell;  
Farewell my child; farewell, (could'st thou forgive!)  
And, Oh my injured husband could'st thou live!  
Farewell O parting day, O light divine,  
The last that ever on these eyes shall shine!

---

Et tu lux oculis hodierna novissima nostris,  
Virque (sed ô possis) et puer Hylle, vale.



MEDEA

TO

JASON.

## ARGUMENT.

---

*JASON* when he came to Colchos in quest of the golden fleece, was received, protected, and beloved by Medea, the daughter of Hecate and Æeta king of Colchos:\* she was said to be a great sorceress; probably a learned lady who studied physic.

*This epistle is supposed to be written by Medea to Jason upon his marriage with Creüsa the daughter of Creon king of Corinth.*

\* See the Medea of Euripides, Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book VI. and VII. and the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius.

## MEDEA TO JASON.

---

---

YES when the queen of Colchos late I reign'd,  
All that my art could give thy suit obtain'd.  
Had but the sisters, who the threads dispose  
Of mortal life, then mine decreed to close,  
Medea well had died; for thence I date  
Days only lengthen'd by avenging fate.  
Why to this coast to steer, the youthful band  
Why did thy fleece, O Phryxus, tempt to land?  
Why Colchian eyes Magnesian Argo view,  
And Phasian waters drink the Grecian crew?

---

At tibi Colchorum (memini) regina vacavi;  
Ars mea, cùm peteres, ut tibi ferret opem.  
Tunc, quæ dispensant mortalia fila, sorores  
Debuerant fusos evoluisse meos.  
Tunc potui Medea mori bene. Quicquid ab illo  
Produxi vitæ tempore, pœna fuit.  
Hei mihi! cur unquam juvenilibus acta lacertis  
Phryxeam petiit Pelias arbor ovem?  
Cur unquam Colchi Magnetida vidimus Argo;  
Turbaque Phasiacam Graia bibistis aquam?

My captive heart those golden tresses seize,  
 Those feigned words, that graceful figure please ?  
 Else, when these shores thy untried bark had  
     made,

Thou and thy bold companions dar'd invade,  
 Fire breathing bulls unpitied had ye brav'd,  
 Æson's rash progeny no charm had sav'd ;  
 Quick from the seed upsprung the armed foe,  
 Had lay'd the daring hand that cast it low.

What fraud with thee had perish'd had'st thou bled,  
 What ill's reserv'd for my devoted head !  
 Still on ingratitude reproach to heap  
 Is pleasure, all from thee I hope to reap.

---

Cur mihi plùs æquo flavi placuère capilli ;  
 Et decor, et linguæ gratia ficta tuæ ?  
 Aut (semel in nostras quoniam nova puppis  
     arenas

Venerat, audaces attuleratque viros)  
 Isset anhelatos non præmedicatus in ignes  
 Immemor Æsonides, oraque adunca boûm.  
 Semina jecisset ; totidem sensisset et hostes,  
 Ut caderet cultu cultor ab ipse suo.

Quantum perfidiæ tecum, scelerate, perisset !  
 Dempta forent capiti quàm mala multa meo !  
 Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas.  
 Hâc fruar : hæc de te gaudia sola feram.



Happy my country ere thy new form'd prow  
 The Colchian wave, presumptuous, dar'd to plough!  
 There I, Medea, rul'd, as here the bride;  
 In wealth with her's my royal father vied:  
 Her's over sea-divided Ephyre reigns,  
 Pontus by Scythia bounded, mine restrains.  
 Thee and thy train his royal dome receives,  
 Thy toils, and their's, his generous care relieves.  
 The Grecian youths the embroider'd couches press,  
 Æeta's hospitable board confess.  
 Then first I saw thee, then began to know,  
 Then first my ruin'd peace receiv'd the blow.  
 I gaz'd, I died, as on the sacred shrine  
 Devour'd by sudden fires, the blazing pine.

---

Jussus inexpertam Colchos advertere puppim,  
 Intrâsti patriæ regna beata meæ.  
 Hoc illîc Medea fui, nova nupta quod hîc est.  
 Quàm pater est illi, tam mihi dives erat.  
 Hic Ephyren bimarem; Scythiâ tenus ille nivôsâ  
 Omne tenet, Ponti quâ plaga læva jacet.  
 Accipit hospitio juvenes Æëta Pelasgos,  
 Et premitis pictos corpora Graia toros.  
 Tunc ego te vidi: tunc cæpi scire quid esses.  
 Illa fuit mentis prima ruina meæ.  
 Ut vidi, ut perîî! nec notis ignibus arsi:  
 Ardet ut ad magnos pinea tæda Deos.

Lovely thou wert, and me my fate impell'd;  
 While thine alone my ravish'd eyes beheld;  
 Traitor thou knew'st, for love who well conceals?  
 The bursting flame the smother'd fire reveals.  
 Mean time your destin'd labours are display'd;  
 " That on the untam'd bulls the yoke be laid,  
 The bulls of Mars, with horns that menace death,  
 And fire, tremendous prodigy, their breath.  
 Brass were their feet, their nostrils armed with brass,  
 Black with the flames that o'er the metal pass.  
 Next, that you sow the men-producing seed,  
 Men all in arms to bid the sower bleed.

---

Et formosus eras, et me mea fata trahebant :

Abstulerant oculi lumina nostra tui.

Perfide, sensisti : quis enim bene celat amorem ?

Eminet indicio prodita flamma suo.

Dicitur interea tibi lex ; ut dura ferorum

Insolito premeres vomere colla boûm.

[Martis erant tauri plûs, quàm per cornua, sævi ;

Quorum terribilis spiritus ignis erat.]

Ære pedes solidi, prætentaque naribus æra :

Nigra per afflatus hæc quoque facta suos.

Semina præterea populos genitura juberis,

Spargere devotâ lata per arva manu,

Qui peterent secum natis tua corpora telis.

Illa est agricolæ messis iniqua suo.

Last, nor the lightest emprise, to elude  
 Those eyes by slumber never yet subdued.”  
 Æetes spoke ; all rise with grief opprest,  
 They move the banquet from the mournful guest.  
 How far was then Creüsa from your thought,  
 Her sire, or kingdom for a portion sought ?  
 Sad you retire, my swimming eyes pursue,  
 And my tongue murmurs in your ear, ‘ adieu.’  
 Then deeply wounded to my bed I went,  
 And wept the live long night, on thee intent.  
 The fiery bulls, the horrid harvests rise,  
 The sleepless dragon still before my eyes.

---

Lumina custodis succumbere nescia somno  
 Ultimus est aliquâ decipere arte labor.  
 Dixerat Æëtes. Mœsti consurgitis omnes :  
 Mensaque purpureos deserit alta toros.  
 Quàm tibi nunc longè regnum dotale Creüsæ,  
 Et socer, et magni nata Creöntis erant ?  
 Tristis abis. Oculis abeuntem prosequor udis ;  
 Et dixit tenui murmure lingua, *Vale.*  
 Ut positum tetigi thalamo malè saucia lectum ;  
 Acta est per lacrymas nox mihi, quanta fuit.  
 Ante oculos taurique meos, segetesque nefandæ ;  
 Ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat.  
 Hinc amor, hinc timor est : ipsum timor auget  
 amorem.

Now fear, now love prevails, and now from fear  
Love gains new force. When morning's rays ap-  
pear,

My sister comes, I press my averted face,  
Dissolv'd in tears, and shunning her embrace.  
She hop'd my aid her children might receive,  
The boon she craves to Jason's prayer I give.  
Deep in a grove which oak and pine o'ershade  
So thick, that scarce can Phœbus pierce the glade,  
Long stood, and still Diana's shrine remains,  
There in barbaric gold the Goddess reigns.  
With me perhaps the place you have forgot,  
But there we met, and in that sacred spot

---

Manè erat, et thalamo chara recepta soror ;  
Disjectamque comas aversaque in ora jacentem  
Invenit, et lacrymis omnia plena meis.  
Orat opem Minyis : petit altera, et altera habebit.  
Æsonio juveni, quod rogat illa, damus.  
Est nemus et piceis et frondibus ilicis atrum :  
Vix illuc radiis solis adire licet.  
Sunt in eo, fuerantque diu, delubra Dianæ :  
Aurea barbaricâ stat Dea facta manu.  
Nescio an exciderint mecum loca. Venimus illuc.  
Orsus es infido sic prior ore loqui :  
Jus tibi et arbitrium nostræ Fortuna salutis  
Tradidit : inque tuâ vitæque morsque manu.

Thus did you speak, " O arbitress of fate,  
 On whom my trembling days suspended wait ;  
 Enough the power, if power to kill be joy,  
 But nobler 'tis to save, than to destroy ;  
 By all my sufferings, which thy hand can ease,  
 Thy grandsire's orb, the subject world who sees,  
 By triple Dian's mysteries rever'd,  
 Or other gods in this thy country fear'd,  
 O in thy virgin heart let pity plead  
 For me, and those condemn'd with me to bleed :  
 Then, o'er my days to thee devoted, reign ;  
 Haply a Grecian husband thou'lt disdain ;  
 Else, (but to hope presumptuous should I dare ?)  
 Vanish my spirit into fleeting air !

---

*Perdere posse sat est, si quem juvet ipsa potestas.*

*Sed tibi servatus gloria major ero.*

*Per mala nostra precor, quorum potes esse levamen ;*

*Per genus et numen cuncta videntis avi ;*

*Per triplicis vultus arcanaque sacra Dianæ ;*

*Et si fortè alios gens habet ista Deos :*

*O virgo, miserere mei ; miserere meorum !*

*Effice me meritis tempus in omne tuum.*

*Quòd si fortè virum non dedignare Pelasgum,*

*(Sed mihi tam faciles unde meosque Deos ?)*

*Spiritus antè meus tenues vanescat in auras,*

*Quàm thalamo, nisi tu, nupta sit ulla meo.*



If other bride than thou, by Jason led  
 Shall e'er ascend with him the genial bed :  
 Hear Juno, queen of nuptial rites, and thou  
 To whom within thy marble fane we bow."  
 This (and how little this of all you said!)  
 Was sure enough to move a simple maid.  
 Then your right hand, with solemn form, to mine,  
 Pledge of the truth of these your words, you join.  
 Your tears I mark'd; did they too feigned flow?  
 Soon my young heart gave all it could bestow :  
 The fiery bulls you yoke unhurt, and wound,  
 Guiding the fatal share, the solid ground.  
 For seed with charmed teeth then sow the field ;  
 Upstarts the warrior with the sword and shield :

---

Conscia sit Juno, sacris præfecta maritis ;  
 Et Dea, marmoreâ cujus in æde sumus.  
 Hæc animum (et quota pars hæc sunt?) movère  
 puellæ  
 Simplicis ; et dextræ dextera juncta meæ.  
 Vidi etiam lacrymas: an pars est fraudis in illis ?  
 Sic citò sum verbis capta puella tuis.  
 Jungis et æripedes inadusto corpore tauros,  
 Et solidam jusso vomere findis humum.  
 Arva venenatis pro semine dentibus imples :  
 Nascitur, et gladios scutaque miles habet.  
 Ipsa ego, quæ dederam medicamina, pallida sedi ;



Though mine the charm, yet trembling at the sight,  
 Pale I beheld the earthborn brothers fight ;  
 The ever waking dragon's scales resound,  
 Hissing he sweeps in tortuous folds the ground.  
 Where then thy richly portion'd royal bride?  
 The Isthmus proud the waters to divide ?  
 I now a poor despis'd barbarian, I,  
 Now stain'd who seem with crimes of deepest dye,  
 Medicin'd the monster's flaming eyes to sleep,  
 And gave to you the fleece, he liv'd to keep.  
 My sire betray'd, and of his daughter rest !  
 A throne, to live an exil'd handmaid, left !

---

Cùm vidi subitos arma tenere viros.  
 Donec terrigenæ (facinus miserabile) fratres  
 Inter se strictas conseruère manus.  
 Pervigil ecce draco squamis crepitantibus horrens  
 Sibilat ; et torto pectore verrit humum.  
 Dotis opes ubi tunc ? ubi tunc tibi regia conjux ?  
 Quique maris gemini distinet Isthmos aquas ?  
 Illa ego, quæ tibi sum nunc denique barbara facta,  
 Nunc tibi sum pauper, nunc tibi visa nocens ;  
 Flammea subduxi medicato lumina somno :  
 Et tibi, quæ raperes, vellera tuta dedi.  
 Proditus est genitor ; regnum patriamque reliqui ;  
 Munus in exilio quodlibet esse tuli.  
 Virginitas facta est peregrini præda latronis :

A sister's love despis'd, a mother's power !  
 A foreign spoiler cropt my virgin flower !  
 ' My brother, O my brother !' here the tale  
 Of wrongs, of sorrows, and of crimes must fail.  
 The deed it dar'd to do, dares not record  
 My trembling hand, but well the avenging sword  
 My limbs, like his, had scatter'd in the dust,  
 And thine, O traitor ! had the gods been just.  
 My woman's heart no guilty fears restrain,  
 Already steel'd in crimes I tempt the main ;  
 Now let the waves dispense the justice due  
 To me, for folly, and for fraud, to you.  
 O had the sister rocks conspir'd to join  
 O'er Thracia's straits, my limbs been crush'd with  
     thine ;

---

Optima cum carâ matre relictâ soror.  
 At non te fugiens sine me, germane, reliqui.  
 Deficit hoc uno litera nostra loco.  
 Quod facere ausa mea est, non audet scribere dextra.  
 Sic ego, sed tecum, dilaceranda fui.  
 Nec tamen extimui (quid enim post illa timerem?)  
 Credere me pelago fœmina, jamque nocens.  
 Numen ubi est? ubi Dî? meritas subeamus in alto,  
 Tu fraudis pœnas, credulitatis ego.  
 Compressos utinam Symplegades elisissent.  
 Nostraque adhærent ossibus ossa tuis !

We to the hungry pack of Scylla tost ;  
 Or in thy whirling gulph, Charybdis, lost !  
 But safe the victor to his native shore,  
 From rocks and seas, propitious gales restore ;  
 Thessalian cities the proud pomp behold,  
 The crowded fane receives the fleece of gold.  
 What boots it now of Pelias' fate to tell,  
 Victim of filial piety who fell,  
 By fond deluded daughter doom'd to bleed ?  
 Whoe'er condemns, still thou should'st praise the  
     deed,  
 Thou the sole author of my crimes abhorr'd,  
 Thou, whom my hand obey'd, my soul ador'd.  
 What words can grief or rage indignant find  
 For the just sorrows of my wounded mind ?

---

Aut nos Scylla rapax canibus misisset edendos !  
     Debuit ingratis Scylla nocere viris.  
 Quæque vomit fluctus totidem, totidemque resorbet,  
     Nos quoque Trinacriæ supposuisset aquæ.  
 Sospes ad Hæmonias victorque reverteris urbes :  
     Ponitur ad patrios aurea lana Deos.  
 Quid referam Pelix natas pietate nocentes,  
     Cæsaque virgineâ membra paterna manu ?  
 Ut culpent alii, tibi me laudare necesse est :  
     Pro quo sum toties esse coacta nocens.  
 Ausus es ô (justo desunt sua verba dolori)

How speak the heavings of my bursting heart,  
 When thou can'st bid me from thy doors depart?  
 I go, my children share the stern decree,  
 And still pursues my steps the love of thee.  
 Soon as the song of Hymen meets my ears,  
 And wav'd on high his blazing torch appears,  
 To you his pipe which notes of joy resounds,  
 Me, like the trumpet's blast funereal, wounds ;  
 I start with horror, cold my bosom grows,  
 Nor the pang doom'd to pierce it deepest knows.  
 On rush the crowd, and Hymen they repeat,  
 At ev'ry shout my trembling pulses beat ;

---

Ausus es, *Æsoniâ*, dicere, *cedé domo*.  
 Jussa domo cessi, natis comitata duobus ;  
 Et, qui me sequitur semper, amore tui.  
 Ut subitò nostras Hymen cantatus ad aures  
 Venit, et accenso lampades igne micant,  
 Tibiaque effundit socialia carmina vobis,  
 At mihi funestâ flebiliora tubâ ;  
 Pertimui ; nec adhuc tantum scelus esse putabam :  
 Sed tamen in toto pectore frigus erat.  
 Turba ruunt, et, *Hymen*, clamant : *Hymenæe*, fre-  
 quentant.  
 Quò propior vox hæc, hóc mihi pejùs erat.  
 Diversi flebant servi, lacrymasque tegebant.  
 Quis vellet tanti nuncius esse mali ?

My weeping slaves from me their tears conceal,  
 For who the real evil would reveal ?  
 Better they deem disguis'd the truth than told,  
 More than I felt no tidings could unfold.  
 Then at the portal as our younger boy  
 The proud procession views with childish joy,  
 ' Mother,' he cries, ' the pomp my father leads,  
 All gold my father Jason guides the steeds ;'  
 I beat my bosom, and my robe I tear,  
 Nor do my nails my bleeding visage spare.  
 My fury tempts me through the crowd to go,  
 And tear the garland from my rival's brow.  
 And scarce my frantic purpose I resign,  
 To seize my husband, and proclaim him mine.

---

Me quoque, quicquid erat, potiùs nescire juvabat :  
 Sed tanquam scirem, mens mea tristis erat.  
 Cùm minor è pueris, jussus, studioque videndi,  
 Constitit ad geminæ limina prima foris :  
 Hic mihi, *Mater, abi ; pompam pater, inquit, Jason*  
*Ducit ; et adjunctos aureus urget equos.*  
 Protinus abscissâ planxi mea pectora veste :  
 Tuta nec à digitis ora fuère meis.  
 Ire animus mediæ suadebat in agmina turbæ,  
 Sertaque compositis demere rapta comis.  
 Vix me continui, quin sic laniata capillos  
 Clamarem, *Meus est, injiceremque manus.*



O injur'd sire ! if *that* thy pangs may ease,  
 If *that*, thy manes, brother, can appease,  
 And you, if any shall my woes relate,  
 Deserted Colchians, triumph in my fate ;  
 Of friends, my country, of a throne depriv'd,  
 And scorn'd by him for whom alone I liv'd.  
 O'er fiery bulls, and serpents I prevail,  
 One man's unconquer'd heart in vain assail.  
 I, who with charms repel enchanted fire,  
 Now, slave to passion, in my own expire.  
 Vain are my mutter'd spells, in vain I vow  
 New rites to Hecate, or to Dian bow.  
 ' To me no day shall e'er seem sweet or fair,'  
 No night with gentle slumbers sooth my care :

---

Læse pater, gaude : Colchi gaudete relictî.  
 Inferias umbræ fratris habete mei.  
 Deseror (amissis regno patriâque domoque)  
 Conjuge, qui nobis omnia solus erat.  
 Serpentes igitur potui, taurosque furentes ;  
 Unum non potui perdomuisse virum ?  
 Quæque feros pepuli doctis medicatibus ignes,  
 Non valeo flammas effugere ipsa meas ?  
 Ipsi me cantus, herbæque artesque relinquunt ?  
 Nîl Dea, nîl Hecates sacra potentis agunt ?  
 Non mihi grata Dies : noctes vigilantur amaræ :  
 Nec tener in misero pectore somnus adest.



Yet I to sleep the watchful dragon laid,  
 To me alone my arts refuse their aid ;  
 A harlot reaps the fruit of all my toils,  
 And proudly riots in my kingdom's spoils.  
 The limbs I sav'd, and nerv'd with potent charms,  
 Now lie infolded in a harlot's arms.  
 Oft to your ideot bride, with triumph gay,  
 Your wit perchance and prowess you display ;  
 My features and my manners may deride,  
 And sooth with my defects a rival's pride ;  
 Pleas'd let her laugh, on downy purple sleep,  
 Consum'd with wasting fires she soon shall weep ;  
 Revenge while fire, or steel, or poison gives,  
 No foe unpunish'd of Medea lives.

---

Quæ me non possum, potui sopire draconem.  
 Utilior cuivis, quàm mihi, cura mea est.  
 Quos ego servavi, pellex amplectitur artus :  
 Et nostri fructus illa laboris habet.  
 Forsitan et, stultæ dum te jactare maritæ  
 Quæris, et injustis auribus apta loqui,  
 In faciem moresque meos nova crimina fingas.  
 Rideat, et vitiis læta sit illa meis.  
 Rideat, et Tyrio jaceat sublimis in ostro,  
 Flebit : et ardores vincet adusta meos.  
 Dum ferrum flammæque aderunt, succusque veneni ;  
 Hostis Medææ nullus inultus erit.

But O, if prayer thy stony heart may bend,  
 Receive the suit to which I now descend;  
 I, who that mercy now intreat from thee,  
 Which, prostrate oft hast thou implor'd of me;  
 Though me thou scorn, our offspring yet regard,  
 Protect my children from a stepdame hard;  
 Image of thee too true, my tears they move,  
 And wake the fond remembrance of our love.  
 By the just gods, thy grandsire's genial rays,  
 Our sons, and merits of my former days,  
 Restore the rights for which with thee I fled,  
 Thy aid, thy plighted truth, the genial bed;

---

Quòd si fortè preces præcordia ferrea tangunt;  
 Nunc animis audi verba minora meis.  
 Tam tibi sum supplex, quàm tu mihi sæpe fuisti:  
 Nec moror ante tuos procubuisse pedes.  
 Si tibi sum vilis; communes respice natos.  
 Sæviet in partus dira noverca meos.  
 Et nimiùm similes tibi sunt: et imagine tangor:  
 Et, quoties video, lumina nostra madent.  
 Per superos oro, per avitæ lumina flammæ,  
 Per meritum, et natos pignora nostra duos:  
 Redde torum: pro quo tot res insana reliqui.  
 Adde fidem dictis; auxiliumque refer.  
 Non ego te imploro contra taurosque virosque;  
 Utque tuâ serpens victa quiescat ope.

No boon I ask, like that my pity gave,  
 From monsters, or devouring flames to save;  
 Thee only, thee I claim, my just reward,  
 With whom a parent's tender name I shar'd.  
 My dower demand; my dower was paid thee down,  
 In that same field with teeth enchanted sown,  
 Whose soil with fire-exhaling monsters thou,  
 Ere gain'd the golden meed, wer't doom'd to plow.  
 My dower the ram; his fleece of purest ore,  
 A dower, 'twere vain I bade thee to restore.  
 The trembling suppliant of my virgin power,  
 Thou, faithless Jason, art Medea's dower;  
 Thou and the Greeks my generous pity spar'd;  
 Boast now Sisyphean wealth with this compar'd.

---

Te peto, quem merui, quem nobis ipse dedisti;  
 Cum quo sum pariter facta parente parens.  
 Dos ubi sit, quæris? campo numeravimus illo,  
 Qui tibi laturo vellus arandus erat.  
 Aureus ille aries villo spectabilis aureo,  
 Dos mea: quam, dicam si tibi, Redde; neges.  
 Dos mea, tu sospes: dos est mea, Graia juvenus.  
 I nunc, Sisypheas, improbe, confer opes.  
 Quòd vivis; quòd habes nuptam socerumque po-  
 tentem,  
 Hoc ipsum, ingratus quòd potes esse, meum est.  
 Quos equidem actutum! sed quid prædicere pœnam

My gift thy vaunted bride of royal line,  
To prove ungrateful that thou liv'st, is mine :  
Live on : but wherefore should my tongue impart  
The deep revenge I treasure in my heart ?  
My rage I follow ; if remorse ensue,  
What, than a traitor sav'd, shall more I rue ?  
The direful issue let the god controul,  
Who stirs this conflict in my troubled soul :  
For some dire deed my brooding mind conceives ;  
With horrors yet unknown my bosom heaves.

---

*Attinet ? ingentes parturit ira minas.  
Quò feret ira, sequar. Facti fortasse pigebit ;  
Et piget infido consuluisse viro.  
Viderit ista Deus, qui nunc mea pectora versat,  
Nescio quid certè mens mea majus agit.*

LAODAMIA

TO

PROTESILAUS.

## ARGUMENT.

---

**PROTESILAUS**, a Thessalian prince, led forty ships to Troy; he was the first man who leaped upon the Trojan shore, and was killed by Hector. Vide Iliad VI. *Laodamia*, upon hearing this, is said to have put herself to death; also to have expired in the arms of the ghost of her husband, which at her desire appeared to her. While the Grecian fleet is detained at Aulis she thus addresses him:—



## LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS.

---

---

HEALTH, (may it ever on thy steps attend!)  
Laodamia's fondest wishes send;  
O! where they speed it, to her Lord convey'd,  
Hæmonian youth, were thy Hæmonian maid!  
Your ships at Aulis now the wind detains;  
Me when you fly, alas! what wind restrains?  
*Then* should the rising waves your oars oppose,  
Its fury *then* the gathering storm disclose.  
More kisses had I for thee, in thy ear  
Their last commands to breathe had love and fear:  
A thousand tender things were yet to say;  
Hence, in a moment art thou borne away;

---

Mittit, et optat amans, quò mittitur, ire, salutem,  
Hæmonis Hæmonio Laodamia viro.  
Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari.  
Ah! me cùm fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat?  
Tum freta debuerant vestris obsistere remis:  
Illud erat sævis utile tempus aquis.  
Oscula plura viro, mandataque plura dedissem:  
Et sunt quæ volui dicere plura tibi.

The wind that waits your spreading sails is fair,  
 Joy to the mariners, to me despair ;  
 No lover's wind ! the sailors' thoughtless race  
 It suits, and tears me from thy lov'd embrace ;  
 Words on my quivering lips unfinish'd hung,  
 Scarce utters one farewell my faltering tongue ;  
 Your sails distending Boreas sternly blows,  
 And far from me Protesilaus goes ;  
 Long as they can, my husband bent to view,  
 Thine to the last my streaming eyes pursue ;  
 When thee I lose, the lessening sails remain,  
 The lessening sails my wearied sight detain ;

---

Raptus es hinc præceps : et, qui tua vela vocaret,  
 Quem cuperent nautæ, non ego, ventus erat.  
 Ventus erat nautis aptus, non aptus amanti.  
 Solvor ab amplexu, Protesilaë, tuo ;  
 Linguaque mandantis verba imperfecta relinquit.  
 Vix illud potui dicere triste, Vale.  
 Incubuit Boreas, abreptaque vela tetendit ;  
 Jamque meus longè Protesilaüs erat.  
 Dum potui spectare virum, spectare juvabat :  
 Sumque tuos oculos usque secuta meis.  
 Ut te non poteram, poteram tua vela videre :  
 Vela diu vultus detinuère meos.  
 At postquam nec te, nec vela fugacia vidi ;  
 Et quod spectarem, nîl, nisi pontus, erat ;

When thou no longer, nor thy sails appear,  
 Nor ought betwixt high heaven and ocean drear,  
 With thee too vanish'd every ray of light ;  
 Senseless I sink into oblivious night.  
 Scarce can Iphiclus and Acastus hoar,  
 With pious aid, my lifeless frame restore ;  
 Scarce the fann'd breezes of refreshing air,  
 Or water sprinkled by a mother's care,  
 (Kind thankless care!) her murmuring child revive,  
 Indignant, *thus* to be compell'd to live.  
 Then with my senses all my woe returns,  
 Stung with chaste love my faithful bosom burns ;  
 To bind my flowing tresses I refuse,  
 Or gems or golden ornaments to use ;

---

Lux quoque tecum abiit, tenebris exanguis abortis  
 Succiduo dicor procubuisse genu.  
 Vix socer Iphiclus, vix me grandævus Acastus,  
 Vix mater gelidâ mœsta refecit aquâ.  
 Officium fecêre pium, sed inutile nobis.  
 Indignor miseræ non licuisse mori.  
 Ut rediit animus, pariter rediêre dolores ;  
 Pectora legitimus casta momordit amor.  
 Nec mihi pectendos cura est præbere capillos :  
 Nec libet auratâ corpora veste tegi.  
 Ut quas pampineâ tetigisse Bicorniger hastâ  
 Creditur, huc illuc, quò furor egit, eo.

But like the zoneless bacchanal appear,  
 Whom the god touches with his maddening spear.  
 Then thus the assembled matrons sooth my care,  
 'Thy royal robes Laodamia wear.'  
 My robes? shall I then glare in Tyrian dye?  
 Beneath proud Ilion's walls my husband lie?  
 He toil in arms: array'd in gorgeous dress  
 I wreath my temples: his the helmet press?  
 No, till war cease, I'll wear the weeds of woe,  
 Thy sufferings imitate, nor pleasure know.  
 Paris, in arms thy fatal beauty drest,  
 Prove a weak foe, as erst a faithless guest!  
 O had the Spartan bride thy features blam'd,  
 Or thou despis'd her charms so loudly fam'd!

Conveniunt matres Phylleïdes, et mihi clamant,  
*Indue regales, Laodamia, sinus.*  
 Scilicet ipsa geram saturatas murice vestes,  
 Bella sub Iliacis mœnibus ille gerat?  
 Ipsa comas pectar, galeâ caput ille prematur?  
 Ipsa novas vestes: dura vir arma ferat?  
 Quà possum, squalore tuos imitata labores  
 Dicar: et hæc belli tempora tristis agam.  
 Dum Pari Priamide, damno formose tuorum,  
 Tam sis hostis iners, quàm malus hospes eras.  
 Aut te Tænariæ faciem culpâsse maritæ,  
 Aut illi vellem displicuisse tuam.

You, who too heavily your loss deplore,  
 What woes, Atrides, has your wrath in store !  
 Ye gods, one victim, O, my husband spare !  
 Let him return'd, of guardian Jove the care,  
 To Jove his arms suspend ! yet war I dread ;  
 Tears at the thought like melting snow I shed.  
 Ilium and Ida, Simois, and thy stream  
 O Xanthus, names of sound portentous seem.  
 Nor unprepar'd had the perfidious boy  
 Seiz'd on his prey, he knew the strength of Troy.  
 Gaudy with gold he shone, as though he bore  
 All Phrygia's wealth upon the robe he wore.

---

Tu, qui pro raptâ nimiùm, Menelaë, laboras,  
 Hei mihi, quàm multis flebilis ultor eris !  
 Dî, precor, à nobis omen removete sinistrum :  
 Et sua det reduci vir meus arma Jovi.  
 Sed timeo : quotiesque subit miserabile bellum,  
 More nivis lacrymæ sole madentis eunt.  
 Ilium et Tenedos, Simoisque et Xanthus et Ide,  
 Nomina sunt ipso penè timenda sono.  
 Nec rapere ausurus, nisi se defendere posset,  
 Hospes erat : vires noverat ille suas.  
 Venerat (ut fama est) multo spectabilis auro,  
 Quique suo Phrygiæ corpore ferret opes.  
 Classa virisque potens, per quæ fera bella geruntur,  
 Et sequitur regni pars quotacunque sui.



Proud ships, and men attending on their lord  
 Display the powers of war his realms afford :  
 These, I suspect, might, Helen, thee subdue,  
 And these, I think, the Grecian host may rue.  
 Hector I fear, for Hector, Paris said,  
 The blood of foes in war relentless shed :  
 Me if thou love, of Hector then beware,  
 (His name recorded in thy memory bear,)  
 Nor of him only, still when you engage,  
 Think many Hectors in the battle rage ;  
 And when preparing to attack the foe,  
 To me, reflect, I bade thee, mercy show.  
 If by the Grecian soldier Troy must fall,  
 Be thou unhurt, and sink the accursed wall !

---

His ego te victam, consors Ledæa gemellis,  
 Suspitor : hæc Danaïs posse nocere puto.  
 Hectorsa nesciõ quem timeo. Paris Hectorsa dixit  
 Ferrea sanguineâ bella movere manu.  
 Hectorsa, quisquis is est, si sum tibi cara, caveto.  
 Signatum memori pectore nomen habe.  
 Hunc ubi vitâris, alios vitare memento :  
 Et multos illîc Hectorsas esse puta.  
 Et facito dicas, quoties pugnare parabis,  
*Parcere me jussit Laodamia sibi.*  
 Si cadere Argolico fas est sub milite Trojam ;  
 Te quoque non ullum vulnus habente cadat.



Let Menelaus, if with Helen pleas'd,  
 The dame from Paris force, that Paris seiz'd ;  
 Rush on, the foremost ever in the fight,  
 Approv'd in arms superior, as in right :  
 You only combat to return with life  
 To the fond bosom of a faithful wife.  
 Trojans from many spare this single foe,  
 Lest from the wounded youth my blood should flow.  
 He is not form'd the naked sword to wield,  
 Or face opposing heroes in the field ;  
 His prowess Cupid's banners better prove,  
 Let others fight, Protesilaus love.

---

Pugnet, et adversos tendat Menelaüs in hostes :  
 Ut rapiat Paridi, quam Paris antè sibi.  
 Irruat ; et causâ quem vincit, vincat et armis.  
 Hostibus è mediis nupta petenda viro est.  
 Causa tua est dispar. Tu tantùm vivere pugna,  
 Inque pios dominæ posse redire sinus.  
 Parcite, Dardanidæ, de tot (precor) hostibus uni.  
 Ne meus ex illo corpore sanguis eat.  
 Non est, quem deceat nudo concurrere ferro,  
 Sævaque in oppositos pectora ferre viros.  
 Fortiùs ille potest, multo quum pugnat amore :  
 Bella gerant alii ; Protesilaüs amet.  
 Nunc fateor : volui revocare ; animusque ferebat :  
 Substitit auspicii lingua timore mali.

Scarce from recalling you I once refrain'd,  
 Fear of ill omens then my tongue restrain'd ;  
 Your foot the threshold struck, on war when bent  
 Forth from the mansion of your sires you went :  
 I mark'd and pray'd, in secret doom'd to mourn,  
 ' Be that the token of my lord's return !'  
 Thus while I write your rashness to restrain,  
 O may the winds disperse my boding vain !  
 ' Him too his wretched widow shall deplore,  
 The Greek, who first shall press the Trojan shore ;'  
 (Such they report the stern decree of fate ;)   
 O be not forward then, be more than late !  
 Of all the thousand thine the thousandth bark,  
 Last let thy keel the wearied waters mark ;

---

Cùm foribus velles ad Trojam exire paternis,  
 Pes tuus offenso limine signa dedit.

Ut vidi, ingemui ; tacitoque in pectore dixi :  
*Signa reversuri sint precor ista viri.*

Hæc tibi nunc refero, ne sis animosus in armis :  
 Fac meus in ventos hic timor omnis eat.

Sors quoque nescio quem fato designat iniquo,  
 Qui primus Danaûm Troada tangat humum.

Infelix, quæ prima virum lugebit ademptum !  
 Dî faciant, ne tu strenuus esse velis !

Inter mille rates tua sit millesima puppis,  
 Jamque fatigatas ultima verset aquas.

Last too, I charge thee, from thy vessel light :  
 Not now thy dear paternal fields invite :  
 With oar and sail returning ply the deep,  
 And on thy native shore with transport leap.  
 If Phœbus crown, or sink beneath, the main,  
 You cloud my day, at night in visions reign ;  
 Night's welcome shades the happy maiden courts,  
 Whose neck a lover's circling arm supports ;  
 Robb'd of my nuptial bliss, the gift of night,  
 I woo fallacious dreams for vain delight.  
 But wherefore pallid does thy form appear,  
 And why complaining accents do I hear ?

---

Hoc quoque præmoneo : de nave novissimus exi.  
 Non est, quò properes, terra paterna tibi.  
 Cùm venies, remoque move veloque carinam ;  
 Inque tuo celerem littore siste gradum.  
 Sive latet Phœbus, seu terris altior extat,  
 Tu mihi luce dolor, tu mihi nocte, venis.  
 Nocte tamen, quàm luce, magis. Nox grata puellis,  
 Quarum suppositus colla lacertus habet.  
 Aucupor in lecto mendaces cælibe somnos.  
 Dum careo veris, gaudia falsa juvant.  
 Sed tua cur nobis pallens occurrit imago ?  
 Cur venit à verbis multa querela tuis ?  
 Excutor somno ; simulacraque noctis adora.  
 Nulla caret fumo Thessalis ara meo.

From sleep I start, the powers of night adore,  
 On every smoking altar incense pour ;  
 Then add a tear that blazes on the shrine,  
 As when the flame ascends from offer'd wine.  
 When shall my longing arms my lord inclose,  
 I every sense dissolv'd in pleasure lose ;  
 When hear thee, lock'd within thy lov'd embrace,  
 Recount thy prowess and thy dangers trace ?  
 What joy to listen to thy valiant deeds,  
 While oft the mutual kiss the tale impedes ;  
 With happy pause while words for kisses stay,  
 Then flow more ready from the sweet delay !  
 But when of Troy I think, then seas and storms  
 Cloud the bright hope that thus my bosom warms :

---

Thura damus, lacrymamque supèr; quâ sparsa re-  
 lucet,

Ut solet adfuso surgere flamma mero.

Quando ego, te reducem cupidis amplexa la-  
 certis,

Languida lætitiâ solvar ab ipsa meâ ?

Quando erit, ut lecto mecum bene junctus in uno  
 Militiæ referas splendida facta tuæ ?

Quæ mihi dum referes ; quamvis audire juvabit,  
 Multa tamen capies oscula, multa dabis.

Semper in his aptè narrantia verba resistunt.

Promptior est dulci lingua referre morâ.

This too alarms me, that your hostile course,  
 Spite of opposing winds and waves, you force.  
 Who thus would homeward steer? With adverse wind  
 You sail, and leave your native land behind.  
 To his own city Neptune bars the road,  
 Return, O Grecians, each to your abode.  
 Ah whither rush ye? hark, the winds forbid!  
 Nor chance your fury, but the god, has chid.  
 Say what to Troy assembled nations draws?  
 Return; a vile adulteress is the cause;  
 Far be the omen! why do I recall?  
 Blow prosperous gales, and bid the billows fall!

---

Sed cùm Troja subit, subeunt ventique fretumque;  
 Spes bona sollicito victa timore cadit.  
 Hoc quoque, quòd venti prohibent exire carinas,  
 Me movet: invitis ire paratis aquis.  
 Quis velit in patriam vento prohibente reverti?  
 A patriâ pelago vela vetante datis.  
 Ipse suam non præbet iter Neptunus ad urbem:  
 Quò ruitis? vestras quisque redite domos.  
 Quò ruitis, Danaï! ventos audite vetantes,  
 Non subiti casûs, numinis ista mora est.  
 Quid petitur tanto, nisi turpis adultera, bello?  
 Dum licet, Inachiæ vertite vela rates.  
 Sed quid ego revoco hæc? omen revocantis abesto,  
 Blandaque compositas aura secundet aquas.



The lot I envy of the Trojan maid,  
 Though on the shore she dwell that foes invade ;  
 And view, (sad spectacle!) her slaughter'd friends ;  
 Yet the fond bride upon her lord attends ;  
 She binds the casque upon his warrior brow,  
 And prints a kiss to battle ere he go ;  
 Then softly whispers, prompted by her love,  
 ' Return and dedicate thy arms to Jove.'  
 Cautious he weighs the injunction in his mind,  
 And fighting thinks on her he left behind :  
 The helmet she unclasps, withdraws the shield,  
 Her arms receive him wearied from the field.

---

Troasin invideo, quæ si lacrymosa suorum  
 Funera conspicient, nec procul hostis erit ;  
 Ipsa suis manibus forti nova nupta marito  
 Imponet galeam, barbaraque arma dabit.  
 Arma dabit: dumque arma dabit, simul oscula  
 sumet,  
 Hoc genus officii dulce duobus erit.  
 Producetque virum; dabit et mandata reverti :  
 Et dicet, *Referas ista face arma Jovi.*  
 Ille, ferens dominæ mandata recentia secum,  
 Pugnabit cautè, respicietque domum.  
 Exuet hæc reduci clypeum, galeamque resolvet,  
 Excipietque suo pectora lassa sinu.  
 Nos sumus incertæ: nos anxius omnia cogit,



'To me distracted, all-fulfill'd appear  
 With fatal certainty, the dreams of fear.  
 But I, my absent warrior doom'd to weep,  
 Still in my view his dear resemblance keep ;  
 Moulded in wax thy shape, thy features trace,  
 Bless with my vows, and clasp in my embrace.  
 Could the wax breathe thy language in my ear,  
 Protesilaus would himself be here.  
 On this I gaze; and to my bosom press'd,  
 Chide for reply, as speech the mute possess'd.  
 By that return which shall my peace restore,  
 By thy lov'd form, the gods that I adore ;  
 By all the fires from Hymen's torch that glow ;  
 By all the passion fondest bosoms know ;

---

Quæ possunt fieri, facta putare, timor.  
 Dum tamen arma geres diverso miles in orbe,  
 Quæ referat vultus, est mihi cera, tuos.  
 Illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba  
 Dicimus : amplexus accipit illa meos.  
 Crede mihi ; plùs est, quàm quod videatur, imago :  
 Adde sonum ceræ ; Protesilaüs erit.  
 Hanc specto, teneoque sinu pro conjuge vero :  
 Et tanquam possit verba referre, queror.  
 Per reditus, corpusque tuum, mea numina juro ;  
 Perque pares animi conjugique faces :  
 Perque, quod ut videam canis albere capillis,

By thy dear head, that on thy native ground  
Still may I view, with hoary honours crown'd !  
Thy fates I follow, if to life they lead,  
Or, (Oh my fears !) they destine thee to bleed.  
Hear then my last, nor long, but earnest prayer,  
Thy life preserve, if mine be worth thy care.

---

Quod tecum possis ipse referre, caput ;  
Me tibi venturam comitem, quòcunque vocâris :  
Sive (quod heu timeo !) sive superstes eris.  
Ultima mandato claudetur epistola parvo ;  
Si tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.

PARIS

to

HELEN.

## ARGUMENT.

---

*PARIS, sailing to Lacedemon in pursuit of Helen, promised to him by Venus, was honourably received by Menelaus; who being called to Crete to take possession of the inheritance left him by Atreus, and engrossed with other concerns, commits his wife to the care of Paris, and even seriously enjoins Helen to shew all possible attention to his guest. Paris did not fail to take advantage of these inviting circumstances, nor to recommend himself with the usual address of a lover, which is here most ingeniously displayed:—*

## PARIS TO HELEN.

---

HEALTH to fair Helen ; but, O, bid me live,  
For health to Paris thou alone canst give.  
Say, must I speak, or need I not reveal  
The fire, I fondly labour to conceal,  
Fain now would stifle ; till occasion dear  
Joys uncontroul'd may bring, and banish fear.  
O poor dissembler ! for who well restrains  
The bursting flame, or hides a lover's pains ?  
If words must tell the passion you inspire,  
Know that I burn, and with resistless fire.

---

Hanc tibi Priamides mitto, Ledæa, salutem ;  
Quæ tribui solâ te mihi dante potest.  
Eloquar ? an flammæ non est opus indice notæ ;  
Et plûs, quam vellem, jam meus extat amor ?  
Ille quidem malim lateat ; dum tempora dentur  
Lætitiæ mistos non habitura metus.  
Sed malè dissimulo : quis enim celaverit ignem,  
Lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo ?  
Si tamen expectas, vocem quoque rebus ut addam ;  
Uror : habes animi nuncia verba mei.

Now my tongue speaks the language of my heart,  
 Read, nor thy frowns upon the paper dart ;  
 With looks benign the bold confession trace,  
 Such as thy beauty suit, and best may grace.  
 Thrice happy paper to thy bosom sped !  
 O could I follow where my letter led !  
 Auspicious omen ! nor delusive prove  
 The blessings promis'd by the queen of love !  
 By her inspir'd I hither wing'd my way ;  
 Despise not thou the goddess I obey !  
 A mighty deity ; nor warn'd offend ;  
 But to her will reveal'd submissive bend.  
 Great is the boon I hope ; but justly sue  
 Thee to my arms from Cytherea due.

---

Parce, precor, fasso, nec vultu cætera duro  
 Perlege, sed formæ conveniente tuæ.  
 Jamdudum gratum est, quòd epistola nostra recepta  
 Spem facit, hoc recipi me quoque posse modo.  
 Quæ rata sint, nec te frustrà promiserit, opto,  
 Hoc mihi quæ suasit mater Amoris iter.  
 Namque ego divino monitu, ne nescia pecces,  
 Advehor : et cæpto non leve numen adest.  
 Præmia magna quidem, sed non indebita, posco,  
 Pollicita est thalamo te Cytherea meo.  
 Hâc duce Sigæo dubias à littore feci  
 Longa Phereclêâ per freta puppe vias.



She, when from Troy my dubious course I steer'd,  
 Smooth'd the long strait, my guiding star appear'd.  
 She fann'd the gentle and propitious breeze,  
 The lovely empress of her native seas ;  
 She, as the waves, shall smooth my troubled breast,  
 And in her port delighted bid me rest.  
 Not here I found, but to the Spartan shore  
 The kindled flame from distant Phrygia bore.  
 Hither no adverse winds, no error drove ;  
 This was the port I sought, my pilot Love :  
 Not as a merchant to increase my store,  
 (Enough is mine, I ask the gods no more !)  
 Nor as a traveller allur'd by fame,  
 Curious to view the Grecian arts, I came.

---

*Illa dedit faciles auras, ventosque secundos.*

*In mare nimirum jus habet orta mari.*

*Perstet : et, ut pelagi, sic pectoris adjuvet æstum :*

*Deferat in portus et mea vota suos.*

*Attulimus flammæ, non hîc invenimus, illas.*

*Hæ mihi tam longæ causæ fuere viæ.*

*Nam neque tristis hyems, neque nos huc appulit*  
*error :*

*Tænaris est classi terra petita meæ.*

*Nec me crede fretum merces portante carinâ*

*Findere : quas habeo, Dî tueantur, opes.*

*Nec venio Graias veluti spectator ad urbes.*

More wealth I left upon my native plains  
 Than in the proudest of your cities reigns.  
 Thee Venus gave, I ask for thee alone,  
 Dear object of my love while yet unknown.  
 Ere my eyes view'd, my mind thy form conceiv'd,  
 And fame, the herald of thy charms, believ'd.  
 Nor wonder that the distant power I know,  
 Pierc'd by the missive shafts of Cupid's bow.  
 So fate ordain'd, obedient thou to fate,  
 With reverence hear what I with truth relate.  
 While in my mother's womb I lay inclos'd,  
 A burden now mature to be depos'd ;

---

Oppida sunt regni divitiora mei.  
 Te peto ; quam lecto pepigit Venus aurea nostro.  
 Te priùs optavi, quàm mihi nota fores.  
 Antè tuos animo vidi, quàm lumine, vultus :  
 Prima fuit vultûs nuncia fama tui.  
 Nec tamen est mirum, si, sicut oporteat, arcu  
 Missilibus telis eminus, ictus amo.  
 Sic placuit fati : quæ ne conveillere tentes,  
 Accipe cum verâ dicta relata fide.  
 Matris adhuc utero, partu remorante, tenebar ;  
 Jam gravidus justo pondere venter erat.  
 Illa sibi ingentem visa est sub imagine somni  
 Flammiferam pleno reddere ventre facem.  
 Territa consurgit ; metuenda que noctis opacæ

Lo, in the fever of her sickly dreams,  
 A blazing torch her promis'd offspring seems ;  
 Starting she wakens, and with wild affright,  
 To Priam tells the horrors of the night,  
 He to the seers : to death they Paris doom,  
 Paris, the torch that Iliön should consume.  
 Vain, superstitious fears ! a torch I prove,  
 My burning bosom is the torch of love.  
 Deep in the vales of Ida lies a glade,  
 Whose devious wild the oak and pine o'ershade ;  
 Untrod by ponderous ox, by placid sheep,  
 By goat unbrows'd that loves the rocky steep.  
 Here, on the border of the opening wood,  
 As 'gainst a tree reclin'd I musing stood,

Visa seni Priamo, vatibus ille, refert.  
 Arsuram Paridis vates canit Ilion igni.  
 Pectoris, ut nunc est, fax fuit illa mei.  
 Forma vigorque animi, quamvis de plebe videbar,  
 Indicium tectæ nobilitatis erant.  
 Est locus in mediæ numerosis vallibus Idæ  
 Devius, et piceis ilicibusque frequens :  
 Qui nec ovis placidæ, nec amantis saxa capellæ,  
 Nec patulo tardæ carpitur ore bovis.  
 Hinc ego Dardaniæ muros excelsaque tecta,  
 Et freta prospiciens, arbore nixus eram.  
 Ecce pedum pulsu visa est mihi terra moveri.

Delighted, Troy's proud palaces to view,  
 While o'er the strait my longing eyes I threw,  
 Sudden the trembling earth appear'd to heave;  
 (The truths I utter scarce wilt thou believe)  
 Borne on swift pinions from the skies, behold,  
 The son of Maia waves his wand of gold!  
 Sure I may tell, nor bade he to conceal,  
 What powers immortal to my eyes reveal.  
 Soon the three goddesses descending trod,  
 With soft and printless feet, the verdant sod:  
 Venus with Juno and Minerva came;  
 Erect my hair, and lifeless was my frame;  
 Thy fears dismiss the winged Hermes cries,  
 Lo, these contend, and thou must judge the prize.

---

Vera loquar, veri vix habitura fidem.  
 Constitit ante oculos, actus velocibus alis,  
 Atlantis magni Pleïonesque nepos.  
 Fas vidisse fuit; fas sit mihi visa referre:  
 Inque Dei digitis aurea virga fuit.  
 Tresque simul Divæ, Venus, et cum Pallade Juno  
 Graminibus teneros imposuère pedes.  
 Obstupui; gelidusque comas erexerat horror.  
 Cùm mihi, *Pone metum*, nuncius ales ait.  
*Arbiter es formæ: certamina siste Dearum;*  
*Vincere quæ formâ digna sit una duas.*  
 Neve recusarem, verbis Jovis imperat: et se

In beauty which excels thy voice decide,  
 Thy sentence vanquish'd goddesses abide ;  
 Nor thou refuse, for Jove's commands I bear ;  
 He spoke, and mounting clove the yielding air.  
 Cheer'd by his words no longer I decline  
 To mark the features of each maid divine ;  
 Blushing that each should sue, but one obtain,  
 From me, what all so well deserved to gain.  
 Yet one already pleas'd above the rest,  
 Of love the mother and the source confest.  
 Such thirst for conquest in each bosom reigns,  
 With splendid offers each to court me deigns.  
 Sceptres and thrones displays the wife of Jovē ;  
 Minerva bids me wise and valiant prove :

---

Protinus ætheriâ tollit in astra viâ.  
 Mens mea convaluit, subitôque audacia venit :  
 Nec timui vultu quamque notare meo.  
 Vincere erant omnes dignæ : judexque verebar  
 Non omnes causam vincere posse suam.  
 Sed tamen ex illis jam tunc magis una placebat :  
 Hanc esse ut scires, unde movetur amor.  
 Tantaque vincendi cura est ; ingentibus ardent  
 Judicium donis sollicitare meum.  
 Regna Jovis conjux, virtutem filia jactat.  
 Ipse potens dubito, fortis an, esse velim.  
 Dulcè Venus risit, *Nec te, Pari, munera tangant ;*



But while my throbbing breast ambition wrung,  
 And wisdom's praise, and warlike glory stung ;  
 " Let not, O Paris, these thy heart beguile,"  
 Bright Venus said, and conquer'd with a smile ;  
 " Glory and power, if gain'd, O lovely boy,  
 " Are big with anxious cares, and banish joy :  
 " From me, the boon thy youth must sure approve,  
 " Receive the triumphs and the spoils of love.  
 " I'll give fair Leda's daughter to thy arms,  
 " Fairer than Leda in her virgin charms."  
 She spoke ; confirm'd triumphant beauty's sway,  
 And then to heaven victorious wing'd her way.  
 Meantime the fates, if ever fates relent,  
 Propitious seem'd to smile ; and heralds sent  
 Report my person and aspiring mind,  
 That speak my birth, though in a lowly hind :  
 My tokens own, my royal state proclaim ;  
 And to my native walls a prince I came.

*Utraque suspensi plena timoris, ait.*

*Nos dabimus quod ames : et pulchræ filia Ledæ*

*Ibit in amplexus, pulchrior ipsa, tuos.*

*Dixit : et ex æquo donis formâque probatâ,*

*Victorem cælo retulit illa pedem.*

*Interea (credo, versis ad prospera fatis)*

*Regius agnoscor per rata signa puer.*

*Læta domus nato per tempora longa recepto ;*



The son long lost is hail'd with general joy,  
 And gives another festival to Troy.  
 For you I burn, me courtly dames admire,  
 And many wish what you alone inspire.  
 Nor the proud fair alone to kings allied,  
 The nymphs and Dryads for my favors vied.  
 But rural beauties pall, and courtly charms,  
 Since thou art promis'd to my longing arms.  
 Thee my fond eyes in waking visions view,  
 And thee in fleeting dreams my steps pursue.  
 O, with what rapture seen thy charms inspir'd,  
 Viewless and distant that my bosom fir'd!

---

Addit et ad festos hunc quoque Troja diem.  
 Utque ego te cupio, sic me cupiêre puellæ;  
 Multarum votum sola tenere potes.  
 Nec tantùm regum natæ petiêre ducumque:  
 Sed Nymphis etiam curaque amorque fui.  
 At mihi cunctarum subeunt fastidia, postquam  
 Conjugii spes est, Tyndari, facta tui.  
 Te vigilans oculis, animo te nocte videbam,  
 Lumina cum placido victa sopore jacent.  
 Quid facies præsens, quæ nondum visa placebas?  
 Ardebam; quamvis hic procul ignis erat.  
 Nec potui debere mihi spem longiùs istam,  
 Cæruleâ peteram quin mea vota viâ.  
 Troïa cæduntur Phrygiâ pineta securi,

Impatient hope no longer brook'd delay,  
 And o'er the azure waters urg'd my way ;  
 The Phrygian groves to Trojan axes bend,  
 Soon to the sea the lofty pines descend ;  
 Fell'd are the woods that Gargara's heights adorn,  
 And long and ponderous beams from Ida borne ;  
 The sturdy oak, that best the wave abides,  
 Is curv'd in keels, and ribs the vessel's sides ;  
 The mast uprear'd receives the pendent sail,  
 And on the poop the painted gods we hail ;  
 O'er mine, fair Venus and her son preside,  
 The powers ador'd, that give thee for my bride.  
 The fleet equipp'd I long the sea to brave,  
 And launch my bark on the Ægean wave.

---

Quæque erat æquoreis utilis arbor aquis :  
 Ardua proceris spoliantur Gargara sylvis ;  
 Innumerasque mihi longa dat Ida trabes.  
 Fundatura citas flectuntur robora naves :  
 Textitur et costis panda carina suis.  
 Addimus antennas, et vela sequentia malos :  
 Accipit et pictos puppis adunca Deos.  
 Quâ tamen ipse vehor, comitata Cupidine parvo,  
 Sponsor conjugii stat Dea picta sui.  
 Imposita est factæ postquam manus ultima classi :  
 Protinus Ægæis ire lubebat aquis.  
 Et pater et genetrix inhihent mea vota rogando ;

Fain with intreaties would my sire delay,  
 My mother's tears retard my destin'd way.  
 Her tresses wildly to the winds display'd,  
 Frantic, as ever, then Cassandra stray'd  
 On the throng'd shore, and while prepar'd to sail  
 Our ships impatient court the rising gale,  
 "Whither, ah whither art thou borne?" exclaims,  
 "Thy bark returning brings devouring flames:  
 "Nor from these waves, that now inviting flow,  
 "Know'st thou what vengeful fires are doom'd to  
 glow."

True were her words, I own the prescient power,  
 And now the flames of love my soul devour.  
 Far from our own propitious breezes bore,  
 And plac'd us, Helen, on thy native shore ;

---

Propositumque piâ voce morantur iter.  
 Et soror effusis, ut erat, Cassandra capillis,  
 Cùm vellent nostræ jam dare vela rates ;  
 Quò ruis? exclamat: *referes incendia tecum ;*  
*Quanta per has nescis flamma petatur aquas.*  
 Vera fuit vates ; dictos invenimus ignes :  
 Et ferus in molli pectore flagrat amor.  
 Portubus egredior ; ventisque ferentibus usus  
 Applicor in terras, CEBALI Nympha, tuas.  
 Excipit hospitio vir me tuus : hoc quoque factum  
 Non sine consilio numinibusque Deûm.

Nor jealous views thy lord our numerous train,  
 But kind invites us, so the gods ordain ;  
 All worthy note displays, obsequious host !  
 All that his palace, and his city boast ;  
 All, though I praise, and fain would seem to prize ;  
 Thou art not there ! I view with vacant eyes.  
 You come ; with pangs unknown, and wild amaze,  
 Pierc'd to the inmost soul I stand and gaze :  
 Such were her looks, so form'd the goddess seem'd,  
 First on my dazzled eyes when Venus beam'd ;  
 Had'st thou contended, dubious had remain'd  
 The palm of beauty Cytherea gain'd ;

---

Ille quidem ostendit, quidquid Lacedæmone totâ  
     Ostendi dignum conspicuumque fuit.  
 Sed mihi laudatam cupienti cernere formam,  
     Lumina, nîl aliud, quo caperentur, erat.  
 Ut vidi, obstupui ; præcordiaque intima sensi  
     Attonitus curis intumuisse novis.  
 His similes vultus, quantum reminiscor, habebat,  
     Venit in arbitrium cùm Cytherea meum.  
 Si tu venisses pariter certamen in illud ;  
     In dubium Veneris palma futura fuit.  
 Magna quidem de te rumor præconia fecit,  
     Nullaque de facie nescia terra tuâ est.  
 Nec tibi par usquam Phrygiâ, nec solis ab ortu  
     Inter formosas altera nomen habet.

Like thine no form our Eastern Phrygia blest,  
 None yet so bright adorn'd thy native west.  
 What region hath not heard thy beauty's fame :  
 What shore resounds not with fair Helen's name ?  
 Blest in thy view, I own superior charms,  
 To those the goddess promis'd to my arms :  
 Charms that with love might Theseus well inspire,  
 Such spoils a hero's high ambition fire.  
 ' For who unmov'd could view thy growing form,  
 ' Thy limbs expos'd with young exertion warm ;  
 ' When, with admiring youths, the festal dance  
 ' Or race you join, or sportive hurl the lance !'  
 The youth I praise who bore the prize away ;  
 O fool ! that e'er resign'd so rich a prey :

---

Credis et hoc nobis ? minor est tua gloria vero :  
 Famaque de formâ pœnè maligna tuâ est.  
 Plùs hîc invenio, quàm quod promiserit illa :  
 Et tua materiâ gloria victa suâ est.  
 Ergo arsit meritò, qui noverat omnia, Theseus !  
 Et visa es tanto digna rapiua viro' :  
 More tuæ gentis nitidâ dum nuda palæstrâ  
 Ludis, et es nudis fœmina mista viris. .  
 Quòd rapuit, laudo : miror, quòd reddidit unquam.  
 Tam bona constanter præda tenenda fuit.  
 Antè recessisset caput hoc cervice cruentâ,  
 Quàm tu de thalamis abstraherere meis.



Sooner this head, that youthful honors deck,  
 The sword should sever from my bleeding neck,  
 Than thou my bride, (O thither wert thou led!)  
 Be dragg'd unwilling from the genial bed.  
 Thee, had these arms, till motionless, releas'd,  
 Thee, this fond bosom, ere to breathe it ceas'd?  
 At least some trophy in my breast should live,  
 Worth all the joys that vulgar beauties give.  
 Some precious bliss my short possession prove,  
 If not the last, and dearest pledge of love.  
 Grant but my suit, and Paris thou shalt know  
 Constant, till death shall deal the fatal blow.  
 Know that he cherishes the sacred fire,  
 Whose subtle flame shall feed the funeral pyre.  
 With thrones and sceptres though the wife of Jove,  
 With fame to bribe me though Minerva strove;

---

Te-ne manus unquam nostræ dimittere vellent?

Te-ne meo paterer vivus abire sinu?

Si reddenda fores, aliquid tamen antè tulissem:

Nec Venus, ex toto nostra fuisset iners.

Vel mihi virginitas esset libata; vel illud,

Quod poterat salvâ virginitate rapi.

Da modò te; quæ sit Paridi constantia, nosces.

Flamma rogi flammæ finiet una, meas.

Præposui regnis ego te; quæ maxima quondam

Pollicita est nobis nupta sororque Jovis.



Thine I preferr'd to glory's dazzling charms,  
 To wealth and power, to press thee in my arms.  
 Proud that my voice to beauty gave the prize,  
 Still thee prefer, and still their gifts despise.  
 Crown but my hopes, nor thou my labors foil,  
 O worthiest object of severest toil !  
 Nor to a low born mate suppose you bend,  
 From Pleias I, from Jove himself, descend ;  
 Successive kings to number I refrain,  
 Links of our race that form the lengthen'd chain.  
 Through tracts immense extend my sires domains,  
 On Asia's shores none boast more fertile plains ;

---

Dumque tuo possem circumdare brachia collo,  
 Contempta est virtus, Pallade dante, mihi.  
 Nec piget ; aut unquam stultè legisse videbor :  
 Permanet in voto mens mea firma suo.  
 Spem modò ne nostram fieri patiare caducam,  
 Te precor, ô tanto digna labore peti.  
 Non ego conjugium generosæ degener opto.  
 Nec mea (crede mihi) turpiter uxor eris.  
 Pliada, si quæras, in nostrâ gente Jovemque  
 Invenies : medios ut taceamus avos.  
 Sceptra parens Asiæ, quâ nulla beatior orâ,  
 Finibus immensis vix obeunda tenet.  
 Innumeras urbes atque aurea tecta videbis :  
 Quæque suos dicas templa decere Deos.

There countless cities shall thy eyes behold,  
 Fanes worthy gods, and roofs that glow with gold:  
 Proud Ilion's towery walls from sounds that rose,  
 Sounds, that the lyre of Phœbus only knows.  
 Scarce can the soil of Troy her sons contain,  
 The swarms that fill the city and the plain.  
 Prostrate to thee the Trojan dames shall bend,  
 Thy entrance greet, and on thy steps attend.  
 While crowds of matrons at the portal wait,  
 By crowds excluded from the rooms of state.  
 More wealth displays (thou'lt own in wonder lost)  
 One Trojan roof, than Grecian cities boast.  
 Not that thy Sparta e'er can move my scorn,  
 Rich is the land to me where thou wert born;

---

Ilion aspicias, firmataque turribus altis  
 Mœnia, Phœbeæ structa canore lyræ.  
 Quid tibi de turbâ narrem numeroque virorum?  
 Vix populum tellus sustinet illa suum.  
 Occurrent denso tibi Troades agmine matres:  
 Nec capient Phrygias atria nostra nurus.  
 O quoties dices, *Quàm pauper Achæia nostra est!*  
 Una domus quasvis urbis habebit opes.  
 Nec mihi fas fuerit Sparten contemnere vestram.  
 In quâ tu nata es, terra beata mihi est.  
 Parca sed est Sparte: tu cultu divite digna es.  
 Ad talem formam non facit iste locus.

But frugal Sparta yields with sparing hand  
 The lavish tribute that thy charms demand;  
 Beauty like thine to deck should boundless cost,  
 Ingenious luxury, her stores exhaust.  
 View but my splendid train's superb array,  
 And judge what pomp the Trojan dames display.  
 Yield only thou, nor, child of Sparta's plain,  
 Let thy proud heart a Phrygian lord disdain:  
 A Phrygian mingles, in the blest abodes,  
 And of our race, the nectar for the gods.  
 Aurora's husband shar'd, in Phrygia born,  
 The bed and car of her, who leads the morn.  
 To Ida wafted by her conscious doves,  
 Full oft the mother of the winged loves

---

Hanc faciem largis sine fine paratibus uti,  
 Deliciisque decet luxuriare novis.  
 Cùm videas cultum nostrâ de gente virorum;  
 Qualem Dardanidas credis habere nurus?  
 Da modò te facilem; nec dedignare maritum,  
 Rure Therapnæo nata puella, Phrygem.  
 Phryx erat et nostro genitus de sanguine, qui nunc  
 Cùm Dîs potandas nectare miscet aquas.  
 Phryx erat Auroræ conjux, tamen abstulit illum  
 Extremum noctis quæ Dea finit iter.  
 Phryx etiam Anchises: volucrum cui mater amorata  
 Gaudet in Idæis concubuisse jugis.

Thy steps, Anchises, would descending trace ;  
 Immortal arms a Phrygian youth embrace.  
 Compare our persons, and our years compare,  
 And for Atrides can thy heart declare ?  
 With me I bring no stepsire's foul disgrace,  
 Whose food obscur'd the sun's unfinish'd race :  
 For ne'er did Phœbus shrink from Priam's deeds,  
 Nor from his banquet turn the trembling steeds.  
 Nor slew my sire the father of his bride,  
 Nor with his crimes the Ægean waters dy'd.  
 Nor from our race the tortur'd culprit sprang,  
 O'er whom in vain the loaded branches hang.  
 The flowing stream around who views accurst,  
 Condemn'd to parch with never ceasing thirst.

---

Nec, puto, collatis formâ Menelaüs et annis,  
 Judice te, nobis antefendus erit.  
 Non dabimus certè socerum tibi clara fugantem,  
 Lumina ; qui trepidos à dape vertat equos.  
 Nec pater est Priamo soceri de cæde cruentus ;  
 Et qui Myrtoas crimine signet aquas.  
 Nec proavo Stygiâ nostro captantur in undâ  
 Poma, nec in mediis quæritur humor aquis.  
 Quid tamen hoc refert, si te tenet ortus ab illis ?  
 Cogitur huic domui Jupiter esse socer.  
 Heu facinus ! totis indignus noctibus ille  
 Te tenet ; amplexu perfruiturque tuo.

Of these the son, if Helen he possess,  
 Calls Jove his sire ; and Jove his house must bless.  
 Whole nights shall he, unworthy of thy charms,  
 Hold thee in his, and riot in thy arms ?  
 Nor till the banquet comes you bless my sight,  
 Nor bring, with pain unmix'd, this short delight.  
 Bè joys like mine the portion of my foes,  
 Soon as with wine the golden goblet glows ;  
 For then the monster, void of every grace,  
 Dares in my sight thy snowy neck embrace.  
 I burst with envy, nor is envy all,  
 When o'er thy limbs his spreading garments fall ;  
 Veil with my cup, or cast upon the ground  
 My eyes when kisses from your lips resound.

---

At mihi conspiceris positâ vix denique mensâ ;  
 Multaque, quæ lædant, hoc quoque tempus habet.  
 Hostibus eveniant convivia talia nostris,  
 Experior posito qualia sæpe mero.  
 Pœnitet hospitii, cùm, me spectante, lacertos  
 Imposuit collo rusticus iste tuo.  
 Rumpor, et invideo (quid enim tamen omnia nar-  
 rem ?)  
 Membra superjectâ cùm tua veste foveat.  
 Oscula cùm verò coràm non dura daretis ;  
 Ante oculos posui pocula sumpta meos.  
 Lumina demitto, cùm te tenet arctiùs ille :



And fondly while his arm surrounds thy waist,  
 The loathed viands pall my sicken'd taste.  
 Oft do I sigh, and mark your wanton eyes ;  
 You laugh, and seem to triumph in my sighs.  
 In vain reclin'd I shun the galling view,  
 Soon my fond eyes, though wounded, turn to you.  
 Distracted wherefore do I gazing stay ?  
 Know fiercer pangs I feel from thee away.  
 To wine I fly, but wine, that should inspire  
 Mirth to allay, still fanns the blazing fire.  
 O could I curb my passion's furious sway !  
 Spite of all art, will love itself betray.  
 My truth believe, my tender sufferings own,  
 And be my griefs to all, but thee, unknown !

---

Crescit et invito lentus in ore cibus.  
 Sæpe dedi gemitus : et te, lasciva, notavi  
 In gemitu risum non tenuisse meo.  
 Sæpe mero volui flammam compescere : at illa  
 Crevit ; et ebrietas ignis in igne fuit.  
 Multaque ne videam, versâ cervice recumbo :  
 Sed revocas oculos protinus ipsa meos.  
 Quid faciam dubito ; dolor est meus illa videre ;  
 Sed dolor à facie major abesse tuâ.  
 Quà licet et possum, luctor celare furorem :  
 Sed tamen apparet dissimulatus amor.  
 Nec tibi verba damus . sentis mea vulnèra, sentis :



How oft the starting tear do I suppress !  
 Lest he the cause demand, or chance to guess.  
 How oft in wine some amorous tale relate,  
 Then from thy eyes enquire the lover's fate !  
 Thou art the fair, the lover's case is mine ;  
 Need I explain, and can'st thou not divine ?  
 Thanks to the wine, for wine the words excus'd,  
 And feign'd excess, that real passion us'd.  
 Once as I gaz'd, your tunic open flew,  
 And gave your bosom to my ravish'd view ;  
 Than purest milk that bosom, or the snow  
 More white, that glistens on the mountain's brow.

---

Atque utinam soli sint ea nota tibi !  
 Ah quoties lacrymis venientibus ora reflexi,  
 Ne causam fletûs quæreret ille mei !  
 Ah quoties aliquem narravi potus amorem,  
 Ad vultus referens singula verba tuos !  
 Indiciumque mei ficto sub nomine feci.  
 Ille ego, si nescis, verus amator eram.  
 Quin etiam, ut possem verbis petulantius uti,  
 Non semel ebrietas est simulata mihi.  
 Proditâ sunt (memini) tunicâ tua pectora laxâ,  
 Atque oculis aditum nuda dedere meis ;  
 Pectora vel puris nivibus, vel lacte, tuamque  
 Complexo matrem candidiora Jove.  
 Dum stupeo visis (nam pocula fortè tenebam)

Nor fairer hues, nor brighter radiance shed,  
 Great Jove descending to thy mother's bed.  
 My rapt attention while the vision calls,  
 Down from my trembling hand the goblet falls.  
 You to your daughter gave a mother's kiss,  
 Warm from her lips I seiz'd a lover's bliss :  
 Then, as o'ercharg'd with wine, supinely laid,  
 Love in soft songs, or secret signs convey'd.  
 With humblest suit your handmaids I address ;  
 Æthra and Climene with frowns repress :  
 Alarm'd they only bid me to beware,  
 Then flying leave ; and hear but half my prayer.  
 O would the gods devote thee to be led,  
 The prize of battle to the victor's bed !

---

Tortilis è digitis excidit ansa meis.  
 Oscula si natæ dederas ; ego protinus illa  
 Hermiones tenero lætus ab ore tuli.  
 Et modò cantabam veteres resupinus amores :  
 Et modò per nutum signa tegenda dabam.  
 Et comitum primas Clymenen Æthramque tuarum  
 Ausus cum blandis nuper adire sonis.  
 Quæ mihi non aliud, quàm formidare, locutæ,  
 Orantis medias deseruère preces.  
 Dî facerent, magni pretium certaminis esses ;  
 Teque suo victor posset habere toro.  
 Ut tulit Hippomenes Schœneïda præmia cursûs,

As swift Hippomenes outran the maid,  
 The Phrygian's skill Hippodamia paid ;  
 Deianira as Alcides bore,  
 O mangled Achelöus from thy shore ;  
 To these in valor equal would I prove,  
 And reap the palm of glory, and of love :  
 Thy pity only can I now intreat ;  
 O let me then implore it at thy feet :  
 O thou, thy twin celestial brother's pride,  
 Jove's offspring, else of Jove a worthy bride !  
 With thee, my prize, I'll gain my native land,  
 Or fall an exile on the Spartan strand.

---

Venit ut in Phrygios Hippodamia sinus ;  
 Ut ferus Alcides Acheloïa cornua fregit,  
 Dum petit amplexus, Deïanira, tuos ;  
 Nostra per has leges audacia fortiter îsset :  
 Teque mei scires esse laboris opus.  
 Nunc mihi nîl superest, nisi te, formosa, precari ;  
 Amplectique tuos, si patiare, pedes.  
 O decus, ô præsens geminorum gloria fratrum ;  
 O Jove digna viro, nî Jove nata fores !  
 Aut ego Sigeos repetam te conjuge portus :  
 Aut ego Tænariâ contegar exul humo.  
 Non mea sunt summâ leviter districta sagittâ  
 Pectora : descendit vulnus ad ossa meum.  
 Hoc mihi (nam repeto) fore ut à cœleste sagittâ

No shallow wound this bleeding bosom rends ;  
 Deep in my heart the searching shaft descends.  
 Cassandra now thy boding I believe,  
 And now the threaten'd dart from heaven receive.  
 Nor spurn, O Helen, what the gods ordain,  
 So from the gods shalt thou thy vows obtain.  
 More in thy ear, and O with what delight !  
 Best may be whisper'd in the silent night.  
 Say do'st thou blush to violate, and dread  
 The sacred vows that guard the marriage bed ?  
 O simple Helen, weak unpractis'd dame !  
 Think'st thou that form was made for spotless fame ?  
 Beauty and modesty are mortal foes,  
 Destroy thy beauty or to love compose.

---

Figar, erat verax vaticinata soror.  
 Parce datum fatis, Helene, contemnere amorem ;  
 Sic habeas faciles in tua vota Deos.  
 Multa quidem subeunt : sed coràm ut plura loquamur,  
 Excipe me lecto nocte silente tuo.  
 An pudet, et metuis Venerem temerare maritam,  
 Castaque legitimi fallere jura tori ?  
 Ah nimum simplex, Helene, ne rustica dicam,  
 Hanc faciem culpâ posse carere putas !  
 Aut faciem mutes, aut sis non dura, necesse est.  
 Lis est cum formâ magna pudicitiaë.

Scarce, if blood aught avail, begot by Jove,  
 From Leda sprung, can'st thou obdurate prove;  
 But when to Troy our destin'd course we bend,  
 There be thou chaste, with me alone offend.  
 That one offence the nuptial hour shall clear,  
 An hour, if Venus truly promise, near.  
 Love's thefts all favour, but Atrides most,  
 Indulgent husband, and complying host!  
 Whose wisdom finds no fitter time to see  
 The Cretan realms, but leaves me here with thee.  
 Me to thy care his parting words commend,  
 "Wife, on my Trojan guest, for me, attend."  
 Your lord you do not, I protest, obey,  
 To his poor guest no kind attention pay!

---

Jupiter his gaudet, gaudet Venus aurea furtis.  
 Hæc tibi nempe patrem furta dedêre Jovem.  
 Vix fieri, si sunt vires in semine avorum,  
 Et Jovis et Ledæ filia, casta potes.  
 Casta tamen tum sis, cùm te mea Troja tenebit:  
 Et tua sim, quæso, crimina solus ego.  
 Nunc ea peccemus, quæ corrigit hora jugalis:  
 Si modò promisit non mihi vana Venus.  
 Sed tibi et hoc suadet rebus, non voce, maritus:  
 Neve sui furtis hospitis obstet, abest.  
 Non habuit tempus, quo Cressia regna videret,  
 Aptius, ô mirâ calliditate virum!



Say, can he prize the blessings you bestow,  
 This senseless dolt the worth of beauty know?  
 He knows it not; or knowing, would he dare  
 Commit his treasure to a stranger's care?  
 Thy passion, though my love, nor words excite,  
 His own convenient absence must invite.  
 Blind as himself, or blinder lovers those  
 Who could such safe, such dear occasion lose!  
 Almost he brings thy suitor in his hand,  
 And thou receive him at thy lord's command.

---

*Ivit, et Idæi mando tibi, dixit iturus,  
 Curam pro nobis hospitis, uxor, agas.  
 Negligis absentis (testor) mandata mariti:  
 Cura tibi non est hospitis ulla tui.  
 Hunc cine tu speres hominem sine pectore dotes  
 Posse satîs formæ, Tyndari, nôsse tuæ?  
 Falleris; ignorat: nec, si bona magna putaret  
 Quæ tenet, externo crederet illa viro.  
 Ut te nunc mea vox, nec te meus incitet ardor;  
 Cogimur ipsius commoditate frui.  
 Aut erimus stulti, sic ut superemus et ipsum,  
 Si tam securum tempus abibit iners.  
 Pæne suis ad te manibus deducit amantem.  
 Utere non vafri simplicitate viri.  
 Sola jaces viduo tam longâ nocte cubili;  
 In viduo jaceo solus et ipse toro.*



For thee a wife the widow'd couch is spread,  
 The live-long night I press my lonely bed ;  
 Let mutual joys our mutual wishes join ;  
 How would that night the brightest day outshine !  
 By any god I'll swear ; thyself shalt choose,  
 Thyself the oath impose, nor I refuse ;  
 Then, if not vain the hope that points the way,  
 Thee to my native realms my queen convey.  
 If fear or shame to follow me forbid,  
 Mine be the crime, nor guiltless Helen chid.  
 That crime, like me, the Son of Ægeus dar'd,  
 That crime with me thy heaven-born brothers shar'd.  
 Their sister, Theseus, from the Spartan shore,  
 They, his twin daughters from Leucippus tore.

---

Te mihi, meque tibi communia gaudia jungant.  
 Candidior medio nox erit illa die.  
 Tunc ego jurabo quævis tibi numina ; meque  
 Adstringam verbis in sacra jura tuis.  
 Tunc ego, si non est fallax fiducia nostrî,  
 Efficiam præsens, ut mea regna petas.  
 Si pudet ; et metuis, ne me videre secuta ;  
 Ipse reus sine te criminis hujus agar.  
 Nam sequar Ægidæ factum, fratrumque tuorum ;  
 Exemplo tangi non propiore potes.  
 Te rapuit Theseus : geminas Leucippidas illi :  
 Quartus in exemplis enumerabor ego.

The fourth proud ravisher in me behold,  
 Not in the list of vulgar names enroll'd.  
 My fleet prepar'd expects the favouring gale  
 To ply the oar, and hoist the pendent sail,  
 To Troy to waft us; where thy beauty shewn  
 Crowds shall adore, and thee a goddess own.  
 Thy incens'd steps the fragrant flames surround,  
 And slaughter'd victims load the purple ground.  
 Rich gifts to thee my royal parents send,  
 Their sons, my sisters, and all Troy shall bend.  
 Scarce can thy fancy paint, my tongue relate,  
 The wealth and pomp, that thy arrival wait.  
 Nor fear the rape lest vengeful wars pursue,  
 Or Greece assembled arm it's powers for you.

---

Troïa classis adest, armis instructa virisque :  
 Jam facient celeres remus et aura vias.  
 Ibis Dardanias ingens regina per urbes ;  
 Teque novam credet vulgus adesse Deam.  
 Quâque feres gressus, adolebunt cinnama flammæ,  
 Cæsaque sanguineam victima planget humum.  
 Dona pater fratresque, et cum genetrice sorores,  
 Iliadesque omnes, totaque Troja, dabunt.  
 Hei mihi ! pars à me vix dicitur ulla futuri.  
 Plura feres, quàm quæ litera nostra refert.  
 Nec tu rapta time, ne nos fera bella sequantur ;  
 Concitet et vires Græcia magna suas.

Believe me, Helen, these are vain alarms ;  
 What ravish'd fair has yet been claim'd by arms ?  
 From Greece the Thracian youth Orythia bore,  
 Yet safe in peace remain'd the Thracian shore.  
 Jason's new bark receives the Phasian maid,  
 Nor Colchian powers Thessalia's plains invade.  
 Theseus, who thee from Sparta captive led,  
 From Crete, and Minos, with his daughter fled ;  
 Yet to revenge his daughter's ravish'd charms  
 Minos the Cretans never call'd to arms.  
 Of threaten'd ills thus oft we trembling hear,  
 That pass'd, we blush, and wonder at our fear.  
 But, the vain phantom that you dread, suppose,  
 That clad in terror mighty war arose ;

---

Tot priùs abductis, ecquæ repetita per arma est ?  
 Crede mihi, vanos res habet ista metus.  
 Nomine ceperunt Aquilonis Erechthida Thraces :  
 Et tuta à bello Bistonis ora fuit.  
 Phasida puppe novâ vexit Pagasæus Iason :  
 Læsa nec est Colchâ Thessala terra manu.  
 Te quoque qui rapuit, rapuit Minoïda, Theseus :  
 Nulla tamen Minos Cretas ad arma vocat.  
 Terror in his ipso major solet esse periclo :  
 Quæque timere libet, pertimuisse pudet :  
 Finge tamen, si vis, ingens consurgere bellum :  
 Et mihi sunt vires : et mea tela nocent.

Asia, though Greece combine, may Greece with-  
 stand,  
 Asia, where men and horses crowd the land.  
 In love alone shall I be daring found ?  
 Know that my sword is sharp, my spear can wound.  
 In arms shall Paris to Atrides yield,  
 In love the conqueror, vanquish'd in the field ?  
 When yet a youth, nor yet inspir'd by you,  
 Our herds I rescued, and the robbers slew.  
 Triumphant songs the valiant deed proclaim'd,  
 Me grateful shepherds their defender nam'd :  
 My brothers, and the noblest youth of Troy,  
 In youthful games I conquer'd, yet a boy.  
 In close, or distant fight, I press the foe,  
 And to their aim my fatal arrows go :

---

Nec minor est Asiæ, quàm vestræ copia terræ ;  
 Illa viris dives, dives abundat equis.  
 Nec plùs Atrides animi Menelaüs habebit,  
 Quàm Paris ; aut armis antefendus erit.  
 Pæne puer cæsis abducta armenta recepi  
 Hostibus : et causam nominis inde tuli.  
 Pæne puer vario juvenes certamine vici :  
 In quibus Ilioneus, Deïphobusque fuit.  
 Neve putes, non me nisi cominus esse timendum :  
 Figitur in jusso nostra sagitta loco.

You to Atrides now these gifts convey,  
 Bid him my skill in sport, or war display.  
 Could you the boon bestow, or he receive,  
 Yet can you Hector for a brother give ?  
 A countless host itself is Hector's name,  
 And nations trembling hear of Hector's fame.  
 My powers you rate, my valor, far too low ;  
 Nor of your destin'd lord the virtues know.  
 These in your bosom every doubt should quell ;  
 No Greeks will arm, or these the Greeks repel.  
 Not that thy charms a cause unworthy seem,  
 Or thee a prize of war too light I deem ;  
 Thy fame, if arm'd for thee the world contend,  
 To latest times immortal shall descend.

---

Num potes hæc illi primæ dare facta juventæ ?  
 Instruere Atriden num potes arte mea ?  
 Omnia si dederis ; nunquid dabis Hectora fratrem ?  
 Unus is innumeri militis instar habet.  
 Quid valeam, nescis : et te mea robora fallunt :  
 Ignoras cui sis nupta fatura viro.  
 Aut igitur nullo belli repetere tumultu ;  
 Aut cedent Marti Dorica castra meo.  
 Nec tamen indigner pro tantâ sumere ferrum  
 Conjuge : certamen præmia magna movent.  
 Tu quoque, si de te totus contenderit orbis,  
 Nomen ab æternâ posteritate feres.

Thy fears then banish, and propitious gales  
Shall fill, and gods propitious guide, our sails;  
And proudly waft thee to my native Troy,  
All my fond vows have promis'd to enjoy.

---

*Spe modò non timidâ, Dîs hinc egressa secundis,  
Exige cum plenâ munera pacta fide.*



HELEN

TO

PARIS.

Q

## ARGUMENT.

---

*HELEN first rejects, as if shocked at, the illicit addresses of Paris; but in the course of her letter, yields with becoming decency and precaution: sometimes repulsing and sometimes encouraging, till at last she refers him to her two confidants Æthra and Climene.*

## HELEN TO PARIS.

---

WHEN once my violated eyes have read  
The shameless lines, your treacherous arts convey'd,  
Vain were the scorn to answer should refuse,  
Nor urge the sacred rights you dare abuse:  
You, who solicit, with unhallow'd vows,  
A matron's faith, your host's entrusted spouse!  
For this did Sparta, from the stormy wave,  
Moor'd in her ports, your shatter'd vessels save!  
For this a stranger, serv'd with royal care,  
Lodge in our palace, and the banquet share?

---

Nunc oculos tua cùm violârit epistola nostros;  
Non rescribendi gloria visa levis.  
Ausus es hospitii temeratis advena sacris  
Legitimam nuptæ sollicitare fidem?  
Scilicet idcirco ventosa per æquora vectum  
Excepit portu Tænaris ora suo?  
Nec tibi diversâ quamvis è gente venires,  
Oppositas habuit regia nostra fores;

The generous deed should injury repay ?  
 And, like a foe, his host a guest betray ?  
 Uncouth, perchance, and in your polish'd ears  
 A simple tale, my just complaint appears.  
 Still may I simple prove, but free from blame,  
 And rude my speech, but spotless be my fame !  
 If no feign'd downcast looks demure I wear,  
 Nor stern assume a supercilious air,  
 My favors no adulterer yet could boast,  
 Nor basely triumph in my honor lost.  
 What deed of mine thy vain presumption fed ?  
 What hope, by me inspir'd, to share my bed ?  
 If ouce, compell'd, I follow'd Æthra's son,  
 Must the same course with thee again be run ?

---

Esset ut officii merces injuria tanti ?

Qui sic intrabas, hospes an hostis eras ?

Nec dubito, quin hæc, cùm sit tam justa, vocetur

Rustica, judicio, nostra querela tuo.

Rustica sim sanè : dum non oblita pudoris :

Dumque tenor vitæ sit sine labe meæ.

Si non est ficto vultus mihi tristis in ore ;

Nec sedeo duris torva superciliis ;

Fama tamen clara est : et adhuc sine crimine lusi :

Et laudem de me nullus adulter habet.

Quò magis admiror, quæ sit fiducia cæpto ;

Spemque tori dederit quæ tibi causa mei.

Mine were the blame, if by his arts beguil'd,  
 Complying, on the ravisher, I smil'd.  
 A helpless captive how could I escape?  
 My part was vain resistance in the rape.  
 Short was the triumph of his bold career,  
 The only violence I suffer'd, fear.  
 Soon I return'd; the fruit of all his toil,  
 A few forc'd kisses, all his boasted spoil;  
 Thanks to the gods who thus my honor spar'd!  
 You in his place more fatally had dar'd.  
 The youth inviolate resign'd his prey,  
 And quick repentance did the crime away.

---

An, quia vim nobis Neptunius attulit heros,  
 Rapta semel, videor bis quoque digna rapi?  
 Crimen erat nostrum, si deliuita fuisset.  
 Cùm sim rapta, meum quid nisi nolle fuit?  
 Non tamen è facto fructum tulit ille petitum:  
 Excepto rediî passa timore nihil.  
 Oscula luctanti tantummodo pauca protervus  
 Abstulit: ulterius nîl habet ille mei.  
 Quæ tua nequitia est, non his contenta fuisset:  
 Dî meliùs! similis non fuit ille tui.  
 Reddidit intactam; minuitque modestia crimen:  
 Et juvenem facti pœnituisse patet.  
 Thesea pœnituit, Paris ut succederet illi;  
 Ne quando nomen non sit in ore meum?

Theseus repented ; and lest Helen's name  
 In silence rest, shall Paris spreads ? her fame ?  
 Nor thy warm vows offended do I hear :  
 What woman hates a lover, if sincere ?  
 There lies the doubt that fills me with alarms,  
 Not that I hear unconscious of my charms.  
 But fond credulity the maid betrays,  
 And man with faithless vows the trust repays.  
 If matrons rarely to their lords are true ;  
 Why should not I be number'd with the few ?  
 My mother's fault you urge ; fallacious plea !  
 Vain the excuse her frailty yields to me :  
 Leda descending Jove a bird believ'd,  
 Oer-shadowing plumage and the god deceiv'd.

---

Nec tamen irascor (quis enim succenset amanti ?)  
 Si modò, quem præfers, non simulatur amor.  
 Hoc quoque enim dubito: non quòd fiducia desit,  
 Aut mea sit facies non bene nota mihi:  
 Sed quia credulitas damno solet esse puellis;  
 Verbaque dicuntur vestra carere fide.  
 At peccant aliæ; matronaque rara pudica est.  
 Quid prohibet raris nomen inesse meum ?  
 Nam mea quòd visa est tibi mater idonea, cujus  
 Exemplo flecti me quòque posse putes;  
 Matris in admissio falsâ sub imagine lusæ  
 Error inest: plumâ tectus adulter erat.



With thee offending, can her daughter prove  
 Oer-shadowing plumage, and descending Jove?  
 From kings you trace, and gods, your race divine,  
 This house can boast as long, as proud a line.  
 Did Tyndarus nor Tantalus our race,  
 Nor Jove thy ancestry, Atrides, grace,  
 Leda made Jove my sire, for Leda prest,  
 Deceiv'd, the winged traitor to her breast.  
 Of Phrygia's noble stem now boast aloud;  
 Of Priam, and Laomedon be proud;  
 Names I with you revere; but fifth you prove  
 From Jove descended, I the first from Jove.

---

*Nîl ego, si peccem, possim nescîsse: nec ullus  
 Error, qui facti crimen obumbret, erit.  
 Illa bene erravit, vitiumque auctore redemit:  
 Felix in culpâ quo Jove dicar ego?  
 Quòd genus et proavos, et regia nomina jactas:  
 Clara satîs domus hæc nobilitate suâ.  
 Jupiter ut soceri proavus taceatur, et omne  
 Tantalidæ Pelopis Tyndareique decus;  
 Dat mihi Leda Jovem cycno decepta parentem;  
 Quæ falsam gremio credula fovit avem.  
 I nunc, et Phrygiæ latè primordia gentis,  
 Cumque suo Priamum Laomedonte refer.  
 Quos ego suspicio; sed, qui tibi gloria magna est,  
 Quintus, is à nostro nomine primus erit.*

Now my short whispers breathe, "O shameless youth!"

Now longer murmurs; and they breathe the truth.

Now trac'd in wine upon the board I read

Helen, and Helen find "*I love*" succeed.

To this my downcast eyes assent refuse,

Alas! such language have I learn'd to use!

A softer heart than mine thy arts may bend,

And mine, could I an ear to flattery lend.

I own thy graces, and some happier fair,

The joys I dare not, may be proud to share:

Her's be the pleasure free from guilty pain,

While I unblest, and innocent remain!

Orbe quoque in mensæ legi sub nomine nostro,

Quod deducta mero littera fecit, AMO.

Credere me tamen hoc oculo renuente negavi.

Hei mihi! jam didici sic quoque posse loqui.

His ego blanditiis, si peccatura fuissem

Flecterer: his poterant pectora nostra capi.

Est quoque (confiteor) facies tibi rara: potest-  
que

Velle sub amplexus ire puella tuos.

Altera vel potiùs felix sine crimine fiat,

Quàm cadat externo noster amore pudor.

Disce meo exemplo, formosis posse carere,

Est virtus placitis abstinuisse bonis.

Fly then from beauty, be the example mine,  
 And learn, what most invites thee, to resign.  
 Think'st thou, does Helen Paris only charm,  
 And fond desire thy single bosom warm ?  
 Modest, not blind, the silent youth adore,  
 Nor less their passion, but their reverence more ;  
 My virgin heart a thousand rivals sought ;  
 Had thy swift bark thy vows then hither brought,  
 Peace to Atrides, thine had been the prize,  
 On thee at once had fix'd my wavering eyes.  
 Vain is it now to plead thy hopeless flame,  
 The proud possessor mocks thy tardy claim.  
 Blest had I been with thee in Troy to reign ;  
 Nor Sparta I, nor Sparta's lord disdain :

---

Quàm multos credas juvenes optare, quod optas,  
 Qui sapiant? oculos an Paris unus habes ?  
 Non tu plùs cernis : sed plùs temerarius audes :  
 Nec tibi plus cordis, sed magis oris adest.  
 Tunc ego te vellem celeri venisse carinâ,  
 Cùm mea virginitas mille petita procis.  
 Si te vidissem, primus de mille fuisses :  
 Judicio veniam vir dabit ipse meo.  
 Ad possessa venis præceptaque gaudia serus :  
 Spes tua lenta fuit ; quod petis, alter habet.  
 Ut tamen optarem fieri tibi Troïa conjux,  
 Invitam sic me nec Menelaüs habet.

Then let thy words my aching bosom spare,  
 And her, thy love pursues, to wound forbear :  
 There let her rest, her lot where fortune plac'd,  
 Nor with her ruin'd fame be thou disgrac'd.  
 Shall then the promises of Venus fail ?  
 For lo ! to thee appear'd, in Ida's vale,  
 Three naked goddesses ; and kingdoms one,  
 Another proffer'd fame by valor won ;  
 The third, and she the envied prize obtain'd,  
 To give the wife of Menelaüs deign'd !  
 Hard to believe ; to thee their charms reveal'd,  
 To thy award celestial forms appeal'd !  
 More, that the victress promis'd to thy arms  
 The poor possession of my little charms !

---

Desine molle, precor, verbis convellere pectus :  
 Neve mihi, quam te dicis amare, noce.  
 Sed sine, quam tribuit sortem Fortuna, tueri :  
 Nec spoliū nostri turpe pudoris habe.  
 At Venus hoc pacta est : et in altæ vallibus Idæ  
 Tres tibi se nudas exhibuere Deæ :  
 Unaque cū regnum, belli daret altera laudem ;  
 Tyndaridos conjux, tertia dixit, eris.  
 Credere vix equidem cœlestia corpora possum  
 Arbitrio formam supposuisse tuo.  
 Utque sit hoc verum ; certè pars altera ficta est,  
 Judicii pretium quâ data dicor ego.

Nor such my beauty fondly do I deem,  
 Worthy a goddess that the boon should seem.  
 Enough for me if mortal eyes approve;  
 I ask no praises from the queen of love:  
 Nor slight her favors, nor her gifts decline,  
 What my heart flatters why should I resign?  
 And thou forgive that slowly I believe,  
 For slow assent important truths receive.  
 I glory now that Venus should propose  
 Me for his high reward; that Paris chose.  
 For Helen wealth and kingdoms, Juno's boast,  
 For Helen, fame by Pallas vaunted, lost.

---

Non est tanta mihi fiducia corporis, ut me  
 Maxima, teste Deâ, dona fuisse putem.  
 Contenta est oculis hominum mea forma probari:  
 Laudatrix Venus est invidiosa mihi.  
 Sed nihil inficior: faveo quoque laudibus istis:  
 Nam mea vox quare, quod cupit, esse neget?  
 Nec tu succense nimium mihi creditus ægrè:  
 Tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides.  
 Prima mea est igitur Veneri placuisse voluptas:  
 Proxima, me visam præmia summa tibi:  
 Nec te Palladios, nec te Junonis honores  
 Auditis Helenæ præposuisse bonis.  
 Ergo ego sum virtus? ego sum tibi nobile regnum?  
 Ferrea sim, si non hoc ego pectus amem.



I then to thee am wealth, and power and fame?  
 Love from a heart of stone such offerings claim.  
 A fruitless passion to indulge afraid,  
 Of stone, believe me, Helen is not made.  
 Why feed a hope but vainly to deplore,  
 Sow on the sands, and plough the watery shore?  
 In amorous fraud unskill'd, by him ador'd,  
 I ne'er till now (Heaven knows!) deceiv'd my lord.  
 These furtive lines my trembling fingers trace,  
 New to the work, and conscious of disgrace.  
 Happy the maid experienc'd in the art!  
 I find the guilty not an easy part;  
 My fears are torture, and all eyes, but thine,  
 Abash'd I meet, and think them fix'd on mine.

---

Ferrea, crede mihi, non sum : sed amare repugno  
 Illum, quem fieri vix puto posse meum.  
 Quid bibulum curvo proscindere littus aratro,  
 Spemque sequi coner, quam locus ipse neget?  
 Sum rudis ad Veneris furtum : nullâque fidelem  
 (Dî mihi sunt testes) lusimus arte virum.  
 Nunc quoque, quòd tacito mando mea verba libello,  
 Fungitur officio litera nostra novo.  
 Felices, quibus usus adest ! ego nescia rerum  
 Difficilem culpæ suspicor esse viam.  
 Ipse malo metus est : jam nunc confundor, et omnes  
 In nostris oculos vultibus esse reor.



Nor vain my terrors ; for the daring croud,  
 Æthra reports, indulge in murmurs loud.  
 Dissemble then thy purpose, or resign ;  
 Rather with love dissimulation join :  
 Thy joy conceal ; the absence of my lord  
 Much may allow, not all we wish afford :  
 Absence, that sudden from his native land  
 Causes of import high, and just, demand ;  
 By me approv'd ; and as he lingering stay'd,  
 “ Go, and to Helen soon return ;” I said.  
 Charm'd with the omen, fondly he caress'd,  
 And clasp'd me, unsuspecting, to his breast.  
 “ Look to my house and wealth, nor meanly spare ;  
 And be,” he adds, “ my Trojan guest thy care.”

---

Nec reor hoc falsò : sensi mala murmura vulgi :

Et quasdam voces retulit Æthra mihi.

At tu dissimula : nisi si desistere mavis.

Sed cur desistas ? dissimulare potes.

Lude, sed occultè ; major, non maxima nobis

Est data libertas, quòd Menelaüs abest.

Ille quidem procul est, ita re cogente profectus :

Magna fuit subitæ justaque causa viæ.

Aut mihi sic visum est. Ego, cùm dubitaret an iret,

Quamprimum, dixi, fac rediturus eas.

Omne lætatus dedit oscula : Resque, domusque,

Et tibi sit curæ Troïcus hospes, ait,

While smother'd laughter strain'd my blushing  
cheek ;

“ He shall,” was all my quivering lips could speak.  
Thanks to the prosperous gale ! to Crete he's gone,  
But think not therefore I am now thy own :  
Absent, his wife, and rights he can defend ;  
For far, you know, a monarch's hands extend.  
His fears thy loud encomiums justly raise,  
O fatal beauty, and more fatal praise !  
Feign would I now resign my proudest claim,  
And cheat the busy tongue of babbling fame.  
Nor that he leaves me here with thee admire,  
My life and manners confidence inspire ;

---

Vix tenui risum ; quem dum compescere luctor,  
Nîl illi potui dicere, præter, *Erit.*

Vela quidem Creten ventis dedit ille secundis :  
Sed tu non ideo cuncta licere puta.

Sic meus hinc vir abest, ut me custodiat absens.  
An nescis longas regibus esse manus ?

Fama quoque est oneri ; nam quò constantiùs ore  
Laudamur vestro, justius ille timet.

Quæ juvat, ut nunc est, eadem mihi gloria damno  
est :

Et melius famæ verba dedisse foret.

Nec, quòd abest, hic me tecum mirare relictam :  
Moribus et vitæ credidit ille meæ.

His fear, if fear his generous bosom knows,  
 Not from my conduct, but my beauty flows.  
 You urge the precious moments that we lose,  
 The boon, my own convenient spouse, bestows :  
 Desire and doubt my labouring bosom rend,  
 Willing to yield, yet fearful to offend :  
 My absent husband leaves my unguarded side ;  
 The nights are long, you press no blooming bride.  
 Beauty in both, by both admir'd, incites  
 The mutual flame, to mutual joys invites :  
 Beneath one roof we live, and soft desire,  
 (For still our talk is love) thy words inspire :  
 All that can tempt to crime my steps betrays ;  
 And fear, alas! and only fear delays :

---

De facie metuit, vitæ confidit : et illum  
 Securum probitas, forma timere facit.  
 Tempora ne pereant ultro data præcipis ; utque  
 Simplicis utamur commoditate viri.  
 Et libet, et timeo : nec adhuc exacta voluntas  
 Est satîs ; in dubio pectora nostra labant.  
 Et vir abest nobis ; et tu sine conjuge dormis :  
 Inque vicem tua me, te mea forma capit ;  
 Et longæ noctes ; et jam sermone coîmus :  
 Et tu (me miseram !) blandus ; et una domus.  
 Et peream, si non invitant omnia culpam :  
 Nescio quo tardor sed tamen ipsa metu.

Nor think, rash youth, by force to conquer fear,  
 And thus o'erwhelm the doubts you cannot clear:  
 Though some their wishes gain by force possess'd,  
 And I perchance by violence were blest.  
 The infant passion better now to tame;  
 A little water checks the kindling flame.  
 A stranger's fickle love no law obeys,  
 And to new regions like the wanderer strays;  
 When fondest hope upon his faith relies,  
 "Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies."  
 Thus wert thou left thy widow'd bed to weep,  
 Betray'd Hypsipile; from balmy sleep  
 The Cretan's daughter waking, thus deploras  
 (Ah wretched pair!) her fate on desert shores.

---

Quod malè persuades, utinam bene cogere possis :  
 Vi mea rusticitas excutienda fuit.  
 Utilis interdum est ipsis injuria passis :  
 Sic certè felix esse coacta velim.  
 Dum novus est, potiùs cæpto pugnemus amori :  
 Flamma recens parvâ sparsa resedit aquâ.  
 Certus in hospitibus non est amor ; errat, ut ipsi :  
 Cùmque nihil speres firmitus esse, fuit.  
 Hypsipyle testis, testis Minoïa virgo est ;  
 In non exhibitis utraque questa toris.  
 Tu quoque dilectam multos, infide, per annos  
 Diceris CEnonen destituisse tuam.

Thee too, the partner of thy youth, in vain,  
 CEnone strove, O traitor, to detain.  
 Deny it not, for all that thee concerns,  
 Know, that my anxious fond enquiry learns.  
 Nor would thy constancy unfeign'd avail;  
 E'en now the Trojan barks prepare to sail;  
 E'en while we talk, and wait the promis'd joy,  
 Upsprings the gale that bears thee back to Troy;  
 Torn from new pleasures in their mid career;  
 To fickle man new pleasures ever dear!  
 Thy love will vanish, on the winds, with thee;  
 Or must I follow vaunted Troy to see?  
 Of proud Laomedon to swell the race?  
 I am not yet so callous to disgrace;

---

Nec tamen ipse negas; et nobis omnia de te  
 Quærere, si nescis, maxima cura fuit.  
 Adde quòd, ut cupias constans in amore manere,  
 Non potes; expediunt jam tua vela Phryges.  
 Dum loqueris mecum, dum nox sperata paratur,  
 Qui ferat in patriam jam tibi ventus erit.  
 Cursibus in mediis novitatis plena relinques  
 Gaudia: cum ventis noster abibit amor.  
 An sequar, ut suades; laudataque Pergama visam;  
 Pronurus et magni Laomedontis ero?  
 Non ita contemno volucris præconia Famæ,  
 Ut probris terras impleat illa meis.



O'er the wide world to spread a guilty fame,  
 Through Greece and Asia my dishonour'd name.  
 How will of me deserted Sparta deem?  
 What to thy native Troy will Helen seem?  
 A child like me old Priam's heart will grieve,  
 Can such a daughter Hecuba receive?  
 Thy many valiant brothers me will spurn,  
 From me thy lofty sisters proudly turn;  
 Thyself will never on my faith rely,  
 But dread the example that thy crimes supply;  
 To Troy's proud ports whatever guest shall steer  
 Shall fill thy tortur'd breast with jealous fear.  
 To call me then adulteress, O forbear!  
 And think how deeply that reproach you share.

---

Quid de me Sparte poterit, quid Achaïa tota,  
 Quid gentes Asiæ, quid tua Troja loqui?  
 Quid Priamus de me, Priami quid sentiet uxor;  
 Totque tui fratres, Dardanidesque nurus?  
 Tu quoque, quâ poteris tibi me sperare fide-  
 lem?  
 Et non exemplis anxius esse tuis?  
 Quicumque Iliacos intraverit advena portus,  
 Is tibi solliciti causa timoris erit.  
 Ipse mihi quoties iratus, *Adultera*, dices!  
 Oblitus nostro crimen inesse tuum.  
 Delicti fies idem reprehensor et auctor.



Let never passion hurl it from thy tongue,  
 Nor, author of the deed, avenge the wrong.  
 Deep be my beauties buried in the ground,  
 Ne'er may that word my conscious bosom wound!  
 But Iliion's sons my nod shall, sooth, controul,  
 And at my feet the wealth of Phrygia roll,  
 The regal purple shall my limbs enfold,  
 And mine be treasur'd heaps of massy gold!  
 Forgive my plainness, not thy gold I prize,  
 I linger here detain'd by dearer ties.  
 If wrong'd, in Phrygia can a foreign maid  
 Implore a father's, or a brother's aid?  
 All homage Jason to Medea swore,  
 Yet drove the wretched wanderer from his door:

---

Terra, precor, vultus obruat antè meos.  
 At fruar Iliacis opibus, cultuque beato:  
 Dona que promissis uberiora feram.  
 Purpura nempe mihi, pretiosa que texta dabuntur:  
 Congesto que auri pondere dives ero.  
 Da veniam fassæ; non sunt tua munera tanti.  
 Nescio quo tellus me tenet ista modo.  
 Quis mihi, si lædar, Phrygiis succurrat in oris?  
 Unde petam fratres, unde parentis opem?  
 Omnia Medæ fallax promisit Iason:  
 Pulsa est Æsoniâ num minùs illa domo?  
 Non erat Æetes, ad quem despecta rediret:

Nor there Æëtes could his child redress,  
 Chalciope console, Ipsea bless.  
 Nor such my fears ; nor did Medea fear ;  
 Most flattering, oft, fallacious hopes appear :  
 Storms in the ocean rend the labouring sails,  
 Spread in the harbour to propitious gales.  
 Dreadful to me is what thy mother dream'd,  
 The torch to issue from her womb that seem'd.  
 The Grecian fire that Ilion should consume,  
 For so the Trojan seers assembled doom.  
 Thy vows if grateful Citherea hears,  
 To her thy voice the double trophy rears ;

---

Non Ipsea parens, Chalciopeque soror.  
 Tale nihil timeo : sed nec Medea timebat :  
 Fallitur augurio spes bona sæpe suo.  
 Omnibus invenies, quæ nunc jactantur in alto,  
 Navibus à portu lene fuisse fretum.  
 Fax quoque me terret : quam se peperisse cruen-  
 tam  
 Ante diem partûs est tua visa parens.  
 Et vatum timeo monitus : quos igne Pelasgo  
 Ilion arsuram præmonuisse ferunt.  
 Utque favet Cytherea tibi, quia vicit, habetque  
 Parta per arbitrium bina tropæa tuum ;  
 Sic illas vereor : quæ, si tua gloria vera est,  
 Judice te causam non tenuère duæ.

Two vanquish'd goddesses thy judgment rue,  
 And they thy steps with vengeance shall pursue.  
 Mine war shall surely follow, if they stray,  
 Love through opposing swords must wing his way.  
 Did heroes curb the Centaurs brutal rage,  
 War for the wrong'd Hippodamia wage?  
 Tamely shall my disgrace Atrides bear;  
 Tamely, with Tyndareus, my brothers share?  
 Loudly thy words proclaim thy valorous deeds,  
 That face of thine in other language pleads;  
 That form may Venus more than Mars approve,  
 Let others fight, thou Paris only love:  
 Of martial fame to Hector yield thy share,  
 Another warfare be thy better care!

---

*Nec dubito, quin, te si prosequar, arma parentur.  
 Ibit per gladios (hei mihi!) noster amor.  
 Non fera Centauris indicere bella coëgit  
 Atracis Hæmonios Hippodamia viros?  
 Tu fore tam justâ lentum Menelaon in irâ,  
 Et geminos fratres, Tyndareumque putas?  
 Quòd bene te jactas, et fortia facta recenses;  
 A verbis facies dissidet ista suis.  
 Aptâ magis Veneri, quàm sint tua corpora Marti:  
 Bella gerant fortes: tu, Pari, semper ama.  
 Hectora, quem laudas, pro te pugnare jubeto:  
 Militia est operis altera digna tuis.*

In that, thy prowess, though my fears repress,  
 Some happier, wiser maid, perchance may bless.  
 Me too, for I my scruples may survive,  
 And time bestow the boon I blush to give.  
 But know when secret meetings you request,  
 Some harmless interviews, in hours of rest ;  
 Forsooth, that freer converse we may hold !  
 The kind intention I with ease unfold :  
 You press too rashly, and would reap the field,  
 Ere golden fruit the growing harvest yield :  
 But still it ripens with the fostering day ;  
 Still may you profit by the kind delay.  
 'Tis time that here the furtive lines I close,  
 My weary fingers from the work repose ;

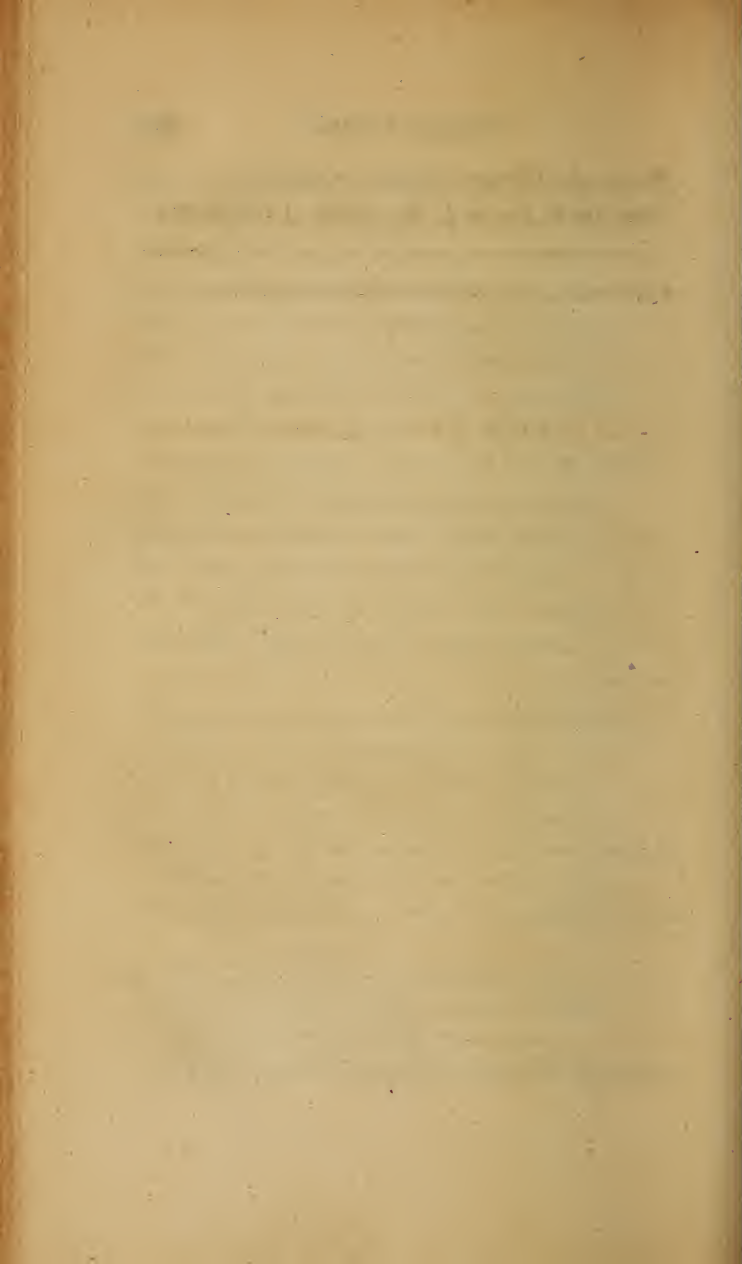
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His ego, si saperem, paulóque audacior essem,  
 Uterer ; utetur, si qua puella sapit.  
 Aut ego deposito faciam fortasse pudore ;  
 Et dabo conjunctas tempore victa manus.  
 Quod petis, ut furtim præsentés plura loquamur ;  
 Scimus quid captes, colloquiumque voces.  
 Sed nimiùm properas ; et adhuc tua messis in herbâ  
 est.  
 Hæc mora sit voto forsán amica tuo.  
 Hactenus arcanum furtivæ conscia mentis  
 Littera jam lasso pollice sistat opus.  
 Cætera per socias Clymenen Æthramque loquamur,

Æthra and Climene shall more impart,  
They know, too well, the secrets of my heart!

---

Quæ mihi sunt comites consiliumque duæ.





LEANDER TO HERO,

AND

HERO TO LEANDER.

BY

*A DIFFERENT HAND.*

N. B. The translator of these two Epistles has felt himself encouraged, by the approbation bestowed upon them in some of the Reviews, to attempt the correction of what appeared to him most defective in his translation: he submits them again to the public, with a trembling hope, that, incorporated into a complete version of the *Heroic* Epistles, they may be found not unacceptable by those who know the difficulty of transfusing into a modern language the spirit and elegance of antient poetry.

## ARGUMENT.

---

ON the two opposite shores of the Hellespont, at the distance of somewhat less than a mile, stood the towns of Sestos and Abydos. Leander, an inhabitant of Abydos, being engaged in an amour with Hero, who resided in a tower by the sea-side in the vicinity of Sestos, was in the habit of swimming over to visit her in the night. Their intercourse was at last interrupted by tempestuous weather; and the lover having waited some time in vain for a calm, formed the desperate resolution of attempting to cross over in spite of the tempest. In this attempt he was drowned; and his mistress, having discovered his body, which had floated to the Sestian shore, in despair threw herself into the sea. The Epistles are supposed to be written just before the deplorable event, whilst Leander was encouraging himself to proceed on the fatal voyage. The whole story may be found beautifully depicted in the poem on this subject, attributed to Moschus, which has been often, and in a late instance very elegantly, translated into the English language: the reader, however, will observe, that the story of Moschus differs, in many material circumstances, from the one described in these Epistles.

## LEANDER TO HERO.

---

**H**EALTH to the Mistress of the Sestian tower!  
Health from thy love, all-anxious for the hour,  
When, Ocean resting from it's angry roars,  
Himself may bring thee what his verse implores!  
Yet, if the powers of Heav'n indulgent prove,  
Nor check the blossoms of my vernal love,  
Thine eye reluctant o'er these lines shall stray,  
And ask one dearer object of survey.  
But not indulgent those eternal Powers!  
Else why, so many tedious, torturing hours,  
My vows, the longings of my soul, deny'd?  
And clos'd my passage thro' the well-known tide?

---

Mittit Abydenus, quam mallet ferre, salutem,  
Si cadat ira maris, Sesta puella, tibi.  
Si mihi Dî faciles et sunt in amore secundi,  
Invitis oculis hæc mea verba leges.  
Sed non sunt faciles: nam cur mea vota morentur,  
Currere me notâ nec patiantur aquâ?

Lo! what a pitchy gloom deforms the skies!  
 Each following blast, how forcible it flies!  
 Such tumult working in the restless wave,  
 Ev'n hollow barks the tempest fear to brave!  
 One only mariner, of courage try'd,  
 And taught the terrors of the deep to ride,  
 Has dar'd from shelter of the port emerge,  
 And launch his vessel venturous on the surge.  
 With him, whose hands this weeping scroll convey,  
 Myself had climb'd, and try'd the dangerous way!  
 But, while he loos'd his cable to the flood,  
 Observant on the cliffs our whole Abydos stood:  
 I could not, as before, with dark disguise  
 Have mock'd the vigilance of parent-eyes:  
 Nay, clear had shone, to laughing crouds betray'd,  
 The loves we destin'd to concealing shade.

---

*Ipsa vides cœlum pice nigrius; et freta ventis  
 Turbida, perque cavas vix adeunda rates.  
 Unus, et hic audax, à quo tibi litera nostra  
 Redditur, è portu navita movit iter.  
 Ascensurus eram: nisi quòd, cùm vincula proræ  
 Solveret, in speculis omnis Abydos erat.  
 Non poteram celare meos, velut antè, parentes:  
 Quemque tegi volumus, non latuisset amor.  
 Pròtinus hæc scribens, *felix, i, litera, dixi:*  
*Jam tibi formosam porriget illa manum.**

While thus I wrote, began my sighs to flow :  
 " Go, favour'd letter, where 'tis bliss to go !  
 " Seems she not now, impatient now to stand,  
 " Trembling with eagerness her beauteous hand ?  
 " Nor glows her lip's soft pressure, while she tries  
 " With snowy tooth to burst thy silken ties ?"  
 Vocal thus far my fond repinings rose :  
 The rest this hand relating, paints my woes.  
 Ah ! might that hand such poor employment leave,  
 Thro' subject seas her conquering path to cleave !  
 Her aptest toil, her proudest aim to sweep  
 With sinewy strokes the level of the deep :  
 Yet, that deny'd, this lowlier task she claims ;  
 In all, the pleas'd assistant of my flames.

This sev'nth sad night successive wakes my moan,  
 (The longest, weariest year I yet have known !)

---

*Forsitan admotis etiam tangere labellis ;*

*Rumpere dum niveo vincula dente volet.*

Talibus exiguo dictis mihi murmure verbis,

Cætera cum chartâ dextra locuta mea est.

Ah quantò mallet, quàm scriberet, illa nataret,

Meque per assuetas sedula ferret aquas !

Aptior illa quidem placido dare verbera ponto :

Est tamen et sensûs apta ministra mei.

Septima nox agitur, spatium mihi longius anno,

Sollicitum raucis ut mare fervet aquis.

Since first the troubled main began to roar,  
 And heave it's surges on the whitening shore.  
 'These nights, if once the charmer-sleep has prest  
 His downy pinions on my aching breast,  
 Long may the sea maintain these mad alarms,  
 Me still withholding from thy cheated arms !  
 On some rude rock I take my lonely place ;  
 To thy lost shores I turn my drooping face ;  
 And, fancy-led, explore those blissful scenes,  
 And curse each trackless wave that intervenes.  
 And, ever and anon, with straining eye,  
 I spy that darling light, or seem to spy,  
 Which o'er thy tower it's nightly vigils keeps,  
 And fondly calls me thro' the custom'd deeps.  
 Thrice on the sands my vestment have I laid,  
 And thrice the conquest of the floods essay'd :

---

His ego si vidi mulcentem pectora somnum  
 Noctibus : insani sit mora longa freti.  
 Rupe sedens aliquâ specto tua littora tristis :  
 Et quò non possum corpore, mente feror.  
 Lumina quin etiam summâ vigilantia turrè,  
 Aut videt, aut acies nostra videre putat.  
 Ter mihi deposita est in siccâ vestis arenâ,  
 Ter grave tentavi carpere nudus iter.  
 Obstitit inceptis tumidum juvenilibus æquor :  
 Mersit et adversis ora natantis aquis.



The high-swol'n floods my wrestling strength defy'd,  
And plung'd me headlong in the showery tide.

But why on me thy wrath perpetual driv'n,  
Boreas, stern ruler of th' inclement heav'n ?  
For not the floods alone thy blast deforms ;  
I more than share the buffet of the storms.  
With looser rein thy fury scarce could rove,  
Had ne'er thy bosom felt the force of love !  
For once, 'tis own'd, that unrelenting breast,  
Tho' folds of frost the stubborn frame invest,  
Relax'd and melted in the genial flame,  
Shot from the glance of Athens' beauteous dame.  
In those soft hours, had some superior might  
Check'd the swift course of that impassion'd flight,  
Which hurry'd thee to rapture ; crost thy joy,  
And stopp'd thee, fleetest courier of the sky ;

---

At tu de rapidis immansuetissime ventis,  
Quid mecum certâ prælia mente geris ?  
In me, si nescis, Borea, non æquora, sævis.  
Quid faceres, esset nî tibi notus amor ?  
Tam gelidus cùm sis, non te tamen, improbe, quon-  
dam  
Ignibus Actæis incaluisse negas.  
Gaudia rapturo si quis tibi claudere vellet  
Aërios aditus ; quo paterere modo ?  
Parce, precor ; facilemque move moderatiùs auram :

Had'st thou not told th' aerial realms thy pain,  
Shaken th' indignant wing, and curst th' unworthy  
chain?

Oh then, in mercy to my kindred woe,  
Give but the gentlest of thy gales to blow!  
So may your prince the pious deed requite,  
And all he asks be labours of delight!

In vain these sighs th' un pitying Blast implore;  
Responsive to my sighs, I hear him roar:  
Again his breath the depths of ocean shakes,  
And mightier uproar in the waters wakes.  
O would then Dædalus, of skill divine,  
To me the steerage of his plumes consign!  
My love-led flight no danger should controul,  
(Tho' close beneath th' Icarian surges roll)  
Could I these active limbs in air upheave,  
Which oft have quiver'd on the dubious wave!

---

Imperet Hippotades sic tibi triste nihil.  
Vana peto, precibusque meis obmurmurat ipse:  
Quasque quatit, nullâ parte coërcet aquas.  
Nunc daret audaces utinam mihi Dædalus alas!  
Icarium quamvis hîc propè littus adest.  
Quicquid erit, patiar: liceat modò corpus in auras  
Tollere; quod dubiâ sæpe pependit aquâ.  
Interea, dum cuncta negant ventique fretum-  
que,

But while the winds, conflicting with the main,  
 Now the deep sighings of my soul disdain,  
 Reflective fancy loves, within, to frame  
 The first endearments of our secret flame.  
 The night began; love occupy'd my soul;  
 From my parental doors I softly stole;  
 Aside all terror with my garb I flung,  
 And swift into the liquid region sprung.  
 Around me pour'd the moon her trembling ray;  
 She seem'd the kind companion of my way:  
 Full on her orb my supplicating sight  
 I fix'd, and hail'd the queen of beauteous night.

“ O pride of heav'n!” I said, “ be calm, be kind!  
 “ Recall the rocks of Latmos to thy mind;

---

Mente agito furti tempora prima mei.

Nox erat incipiens (namque est meminisse voluptas)

Cùm foribus patriis egrediebar amans.

Nec mora: deposito pariter cum veste timore,

Jactabam liquido brachia lenta mari.

Luna ferè tremulum præbebat lumen eunti,

Ut comes in nostras officiosa vias.

Hanc ego suspiciens, *Faveas, Dea candida*, dixi;

*Et subeant animo Latmia saxa tuo.*

*Non sinat Endymion te pectoris esse severi:*

*Flecte, precor, vultus ad mea furta tuos.*

“ Think of Endymion: on thy cloudless breast  
 “ O be that conscious, soft’ning scene impress;  
 “ That, sweetly shed from thy blue realms above,  
 “ Thy smile may glisten on the thefts of love!  
 “ Twas thine, O goddess, once, thy spangled reign  
 “ To leave, enamour’d of an earthly swain:  
 “ And now thy supplicant, (can truth displease?)  
 “ To seek a goddess, roams the silent seas.  
 “ For not her life and manners to pourtray,  
 “ Tho’ meet to deck a sister of the day;  
 “ The natural beauties of her faultless frame  
 “ Her genuine title to the skies proclaim;  
 “ Heav’n’s proudest palm disdaining to resign,  
 “ Save to the Paphian graces, or to thine.  
 “ Trust not my voice; thyself with equal eyes  
 “ Serene observe, and fairly judge the prize.  
 “ Far as thy calm broad orb, and silvery light,  
 “ Transcend the twinkling lustres of the night;

---

*Tu, Dea, mortalem cælo delapsa petebas:*

*Vera loqui liceat: quam sequor, ipsa Dea est.*

*Neu referam mores cælesti pectore dignos;*

*Forma nisi in veras non cadit illa Deas.*

*A Veneris facie non est prior ulla, tuâque:*

*Neve meis credas vocibus, ipsa vides.*

*Quantò, cùm fulges radiis argentea puris,*

*Concedunt flammis sidera cuncta tuis;*

“ So, passing far the gems of mortal race,  
 “ Beam the bright honours of her form and  
     face.

“ Doubt’st thou, O envious queen of mimic day?  
 “ Then leaden are thy shafts, and dull thy ray.”

    In these, or terms not much unlike, I spoke;  
 On thro’ the smiling sea, meanwhile, I broke:  
 Play’d on the deep the moon’s reflected gleam;  
 The night a rival of the noontide beam:  
 No stillest air unsmooth’d the calm profound;  
 Nor caught my list’ning ear the gentlest sound;  
 Save what, by fits, the parted waves reply’d;  
 Or Halcyons, brooding on the peaceful tide,  
 Were heard to moan,—a sweet and solemn strain,  
 Their Ceyx lost beneath the watery plain!

*Tantò formosis formosior omnibus illa est :*

*Si dubitas, cæcum, Cynthia, lumen habes.*

Hæc ego, vel certè non his diversa, locutus

Per mihi cedentes nocte ferebar aquas.

Unda repercussæ radiabat imagine lunæ,

Et nitor in tacitâ nocte diurnus erat :

Nullaque vox, nostras nullum veniebat ad aures,

Præter dimotæ corpore murmur aquæ.

Alcyones solæ memores Ceycis amati

Nescio quid visæ sunt mihi dulce queri.

Jamque fatigatis humero sub utroque lacertis,



And now these arms, by long fatigue subdued,  
 With fainter force their oaring sweeps pursued :  
 Then, ere my spirits yet entirely fled,  
 Slow from the wave I rear'd my languid head :  
 Soon as remote the sparkling sign I spy'd,  
 " Behold my star !" with new-born hope I cry'd ;  
 " Its beams, as distant round the shore they play,  
 " Call me to bliss, and I the call obey !"  
 I said ; returning strength my sinews felt ;  
 The rigour of the deep appear'd to melt :  
 O love all-powerful, from thy rising fire  
 The bosom's frost, the water's cold retire !  
 Now near and nearer to the coast I drew :  
 Broad o'er the wave it's shade the turret threw :  
 At the blest sight my beating bosom rose ;  
 And seem'd too soon my briny task to close.

---

Fortiter in summas erigor altus aquas.  
 Ut procul aspexi lumen, *Meus ignis in illo est.*  
*Illa meum, dixi, littora lumen habent.*  
 Et subito lassas vires rediere lacertis :  
 Visaque, quàm fuerat, mollior unda mihi.  
 Frigora ne possim gelidi sentire profundi,  
 Qui calet in cupido pectore, præstat amor.  
 Quò magis accedo, propriaque littora fiunt ;  
 Quòque minùs restat, plùs libet ire mihi.  
 Cùm verò possum cerni quoque ; protinus addis



But when I see, delighted on the strand,  
 Thee, dear spectatress of my labour, stand ;  
 My leaping heart redoubled vigour fires !  
 Redoubled energy my limbs inspires ;  
 With bolder strokes I shoot the yielding seas,  
 And toss my frolic arms, thy sight to please.  
 Thee can thy nurse, officious, scarce restrain,  
 Scarce hold thy footsteps eager from the main :  
 (With secret joy those eager steps I spy'd ;  
 Nor could thy soul the fond impatience hide)  
 Nor, spite of all her struggles, can she save  
 Thy foot from bathing in the foremost wave.  
 Next am I welcom'd in thy warm embrace ;  
 Thy precious kisses wander o'er my face ;

---

Spectatrix animos, ut valeamque facis.  
 Tunc etiam nando dominæ placuisse laboro,  
 Atque oculis jacto brachia nostra tuis.  
 Te tua vix prohibet nutrix descendere in altum ;  
 Hoc quoque enim vidi : nec mihi verba dabas.  
 Nec tamen effecit, quamvis retinebat euntem,  
 Ne fieret primâ pes tuus udus aquâ.  
 Excipis amplexu, feliciaque oscula jungis :  
 Oscula (Dî magni!) trans mare digna peti.  
 Eque tuis demptos humeris mihi tradis amictus :  
 Et madidam siccas æquoris imbre comam.  
 Cætera nox, et nos, et turris conscia novit,

My glowing limbs thy ready vest supplies ;  
 Thy clasping hand my briny ringlets dries.  
 The rest (O rapture!) to ourselves alone,  
 To night, and to the conscious tower is known ;  
 And that dear lamp, whose solitary rays  
 Pointed my path along the watery maze.  
 Fast fleet the moments on our loves employ'd ;  
 Of time a penury, but well-enjoy'd :  
 No loveless interval in slumber past,  
 But fresh delights still added to the last ;  
 In number as the floating weeds that ride  
 Thick-sown on Hellespont's tempestuous tide.

And now the day-star, thro' the dusky shade,  
 His beam, the prelude of the morn, display'd :  
 Stung with the sight, an intermingled shower  
 Of ardent kisses, all in haste, we pour ;

---

Quodque mihi lumen per vada monstrat iter.  
 Nec magis illius numerari gaudia noctis,  
 Hellespontiaci quàm maris alga potest.  
 Quò brevius spatium nobis ad furta dabatur,  
 Hòc magis est cautum, ne foret illud iners.  
 Jamque, fugaturà Tithoni conjuge noctem,  
 Prævius Auroræ Lucifer ortus erat.  
 Oscula congerimus properata sine ordine raptim,  
 Et querimur parvas noctibus esse moras.  
 Atque ita, cunctatus monitum nutricis amaræ,

And blame the jealous night, whose stealthy pace  
 Too swift had sped her pleasurable race.  
 This poor delay thy bitter nurse reproves,  
 Till her sharp warning separates our loves :  
 The scene of rapture, sighing, we forsake,  
 And down the beach our silent steps betake :  
 In tears we part ; I slowly quit the shore,  
 And the cold marble of the seas explore :  
 Yet, long as stay'd thy lingering form in view,  
 Back on that form a mournful glance I threw.

O what a change ! with manly strokes, methought,  
 I oar'd my progress, as thy strand I sought :  
 But now, retiring to my native plain,  
 I seem to float, a shipwreck on the main !  
 Besides, as onward to thy arms I glide,  
 A smooth descent the sloping seas provide :  
 But, when those arms returning I resign,  
 Up arduous steeps I toil of heavier brine !

*Frigida desertâ littora turre peto.  
 Digredimur flentes : repetoque ego virginis æquor,  
 Respiciens dominam, dum licet, usque meam.  
 Si qua fides vero est ; veniens huc esse natator ;  
 Cùm redeo, videor naufragus esse mihi.  
 Hoc quoque si credas ; ad te via prona videtur :  
 A te cùm redeo, clivus inertis aquæ.  
 Invitus repeto patriam : quis credere possit ?*

With sighs I bade thy stranger-sands adieu ;  
 Again with sighs my parent-walls I view :  
 And there, ah ! now, reluctant there I stay,  
 Of winds and waves the prisoner, and the prey !

Ah ! why, cemented in our kindred minds,  
 Why are we sever'd by the waves and winds ?  
 Fixt as inhabitants of separate plains,  
 While but one soul in both our bosoms reigns ?  
 O call to Sestos me, no more to roam ;  
 Or in Abydos be thy future home !  
 With each alike would either shore agree ;  
 To thee my dwelling's dear, as thine to me.  
 For why, when storms disturb the watery reign,  
 As deep disturbance must my breast sustain ?  
 Why must each breeze, that stirs the floating air,  
 Pour thro' my soul the bitter blast of care ?  
 Our loves to all the wondering deeps are known ;  
 The common fable of the dolphins grown ;

---

*Invitus certè nunc moror urbe meâ.  
 Hei mihi ! cur animo juncti, secernimur undis ?  
 Unaquæ mens, tellus non habet una duos ?  
 Vel tua me Sestos, vel te mea sumat Abydos :  
 Tam tua terra mihi, quàm tibi nostra placet.  
 Cur ego confundor, quoties confunditur æquor ?  
 Cur mihi causa levis ventus obesse potest ?  
 Jam nostros curvi nôrunt delphines amores :*

My form familiar to the scaly train,  
 And counted half a brother of the main.  
 Worn by recurrence of perpetual sweeps,  
 My very track seems printed on the deeps ;  
 The semblance of a street, that hourly feels  
 The glowing pressure of laborious wheels.  
 In happier hours, my fond repinings flow'd,  
 That thro' the waters lay the toilsome road :  
 But faster now my plaints, and louder rise,  
 That angry heav'n that only road denies.

High foams the virgin-sea with mightiest waves,  
 And scarce her pledge the trusted harbour saves.  
 Such was the rage, I deem, these waters knew,  
 From Helle's death their title when they drew :

---

*Ignotum nec me piscibus esse reor.*

*Jam patet attritus solitarum limes aquarum ;*

*Non aliter, multâ quàm via pressa rotâ.*

*Quòd mihi non esset, nisi sic iter, antè quere-  
 bar :*

*At nunc per ventos hoc quoque deesse queror.*

*Fluctibus immodicis Athamantidos æquora canent,*

*Vixque manet portu tuta carina suo.*

*Hoc mare, cùm primùm de virgine nomina mersâ,*

*Quæ tenet, est nactum, tale fuisse puto.*

*Et satis amissâ locus hic infamis ab Helle est :*

*Utque mihi parcat, crimine nomen habet.*



From Helle's death they own sufficient shame,  
 Nor need my murder to procure a name.  
 I feel my bosom swell with sudden spite,  
 To think, how Phryxus won his easy flight,  
 High on the golden fleece securely plac'd,  
 O'er the loud tumult of this watery waste!  
 Yet I no help of fabled flocks desire;  
 No floating vessel for my speed require:  
 Grant me but power my flexile limbs to play,  
 And this wild winter of the floods allay;  
 Content and pleas'd, my travels I pursue;  
 Myself the ship, the steersman, and the crew!

Nor ask I Helice's directing fire,  
 Nor Arctos, follow'd by the sails of Tyre:  
 Such public guides, the mark of thousand eyes—  
 Ah! not on such my partial love relies.

---

*Invideo Phryxo; quem per freta tristia tutum  
 Aurea lanigero vellere vexit ovis.  
 Nec tamen officium pecoris navisve requiro:  
 Dummodo, quas findam corpore, dentur aquæ.  
 Arte geoo nullâ: fiat modò copia nandi,  
 Idem navigium, navita, vector, ero.  
 Nec sequar aut Helicen, aut, quâ Tyros utitur,  
 Arcton:*

*Publica non curat sidera noster amor.  
 Andromedan alius spectet, clarâve Coronam,*



On bright Andromeda let others gaze,  
 Or watch the coronet's collected blaze,  
 Or see the sparkles from Calisto stream,  
 Cheering the frozen pole with keenest beam :  
 Yet not from these, exulting in the love  
 Of Perseus, Bacchus, and imperial Jove,  
 Not the gay glitter of their lamps I crave,  
 To mark the passage of the doubtful wave.  
 One other light, and truly mine, I boast,  
 To me more sure than all the starry host :  
 One other light, in long experience try'd,  
 The midnight wanderings of my love shall guide.  
 While this unfailing star mine eyes survey,  
 To Colchos durst I plough my lengthen'd way ;  
 And those wild oceans of the north explore,  
 Her venturous keel where far-fam'd Argo bore.  
 Steer'd by this sign, I could with steadier force  
 Urge thro' the yielding waves my rapid course,

Quæque micat gelido Parrhasis Ursa polo.  
 At mihi, quas Perseus et cum Jove Liber amârunt,  
 Indicium dubiæ non placet esse viæ.  
 Est aliud lumen multò mihi certius istis ;  
 Non erit in tenebris quo duce noster amor.  
 Hoc ego dum spectem, Colchos, et in ultima Ponti,  
 Quâque viam fecit Thessala pinus, eam :  
 Et juvenem possim superare Palæmona nando,

Than, mastering the blue deeps in youthful pride,  
 Round Neptune's car the sportive sea-gods glide.  
 Oft have these arms, of toil the victims, lain  
 Faint and enfeebled on the whelming main :  
 But when I whisper, what the darling meed  
 Their nightly labour destin'd to succeed ;  
 How soon, emerging from the weedy brine,  
 Round that dear neck delighted shall they twine !  
 Fresh to the task, with added nerve, they rise,  
 And stretch and struggle for the plighted prize :  
 As some proud steed each high-set sinew strains,  
 For glory starting on Olympia's plains.

Thus, as my guide, I mark with eagle-gaze  
 The loves, diffusing thro' my breast their blaze :  
 And thee I follow, of my toils the prize,  
 Dear nymph, O worthier of th' expecting skies !

---

Miraque quem subitò reddidit herba Deum.  
 Sæpe per assiduos languent mihi brachia motus,  
 Vixque per immensas fessa trahuntur aquas.  
 His ego cùm dixi, *Pretium non vile laboris,*  
*Jam dominæ vobis colla tenenda dabo.*  
 Protinus illa valent, atque ad sua præmia tendunt ;  
 Ut celer Eleo carcere missus equus.  
 Ipse meos igitur servo, quibus uror, amores :  
 Teque, magis cælo digna puella, sequor.  
 Digna quidem cælo, sed adhuc tellure morare :

O worthier of the skies ! yet deign awhile  
 To gild our earth with thy benignant smile :  
 Or tell me, parting, by what arduous road  
 I may pursue thee to that blest abode !  
 Yes ! here thou art ; a few, fast-fleeting hours,  
 Lent to thy lover from the starry bowers :  
 But storm-beat seas preclude each dear delight,  
 And in my breast as wild a storm excite.

What boots me now, the slave of deep distress,  
 That short the tract these envious waves possess ?  
 With stronger bars, than this contracted tide,  
 Not broadest ocean could our loves divide.  
 On earth's remotest margin were I fixt,  
 With boundless seas and continents betwixt,  
 Ev'n there with less vexation might I rove,  
 Far from false hope, as from the maid I love.  
 How near thou art, in fancy while I roll,  
 The nearer anguish fastens to my soul :

Aut dic ad superos et mihi quâ sit iter.  
 Hîc es, et exiguum misero contingis amanti :  
 Cumque meâ fiunt turbida mente freta.  
 Quid mihi, quòd lato non separor æquore, prodest ?  
 Num minùs hoc nobis tam brevis obstat aqua ?  
 An malim dubito, toto procul orbe remotus  
 Cum dominâ longè spem quoque habere meâ.  
 Quòd pròpiùs nunc es, flammâ propiore calesco :

My longing grasp the valued gem betrays,  
 But hope's illusive dream perpetual stays.  
 Almost (so close our neighbour-cities rise)  
 This hand extended grasps the tempting prize:  
 But that *almost* (a word of spacious woe)  
 Full-frequent gives the fount of tears to flow.  
 I seem that fabled wretch, by furies plac'd  
 In midst of plenty which he must not taste;  
 Fast from whose gripe the shadowy fruits retire,  
 Whose ardent lips in vain the flitting stream require.

And must I never that sweet smile survey,  
 Unless the waves relenting smooth my way?  
 To distant skies unless the storm retire,  
 In vain to pleasure must these arms aspire?  
 And must each hope eternally recline  
 On the light breezes, and inconstant brine?

Et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.  
 Penè manu, quod amo (tanta est vicinia,) tango;  
 Sæpe sed (heu!) lacrymas hoc mihi penè movet.  
 Velle quid est aliud fugientia prœndere poma,  
 Spemque suo refugi fluminis ore sequi?  
 Ergo ego te numquam, nisi cùm volet unda, tenebo?  
 Et me felicem nulla videbit hyems?  
 Cùmque minùs firmum nîl sit, quàm ventus et  
 unda,  
 In ventis et aquâ spes mea semper erit?

Nor yet the summer's genial hours are fled!  
 What new distraction has my soul to dread,  
 What time Bootes (wintry star) deforms  
 The darken'd ocean with unceasing storms!  
 Yet love, ev'n then, in that distressful hour,  
 (Too well I know his rash, resistless power)  
 Absence from thee unable to sustain,  
 Shall send me headlong thro' the roaring main.  
 And deem not thou, as distant days I vaunt,  
 That danger's image, face to face, can daunt  
 My spirit firm, and fixt to bring thee home  
 (Nor long delay'd) a pledge of deeds to come.  
 Yes! some few nights if yet the whirlwind rave,  
 I stand prepar'd to combat with the wave;

*Æstus adhuc tamen est: quid cùm mihi læserit  
 æquor*

*Plias et Arctophylax Oleniumque pecus?*

*Aut ego non novi, quàm sit temerarius; aut me*

*In freta non cautus tunc quoque mittet Amor.*

*Neve putes id me, quod abest, promittere tem-  
 pus,*

*Pignora polliciti non tibi tarda dabo.*

*Sit tumidum paucis etiam nunc noctibus æquor:*

*Ire per invitas experiemur aquas.*

*Aut mihi continget felix audacia salvo:*

*Aut mors solliciti finis amoris erit.*



By bold emprize the fruit of bliss to prove,  
 Or quench in death the flame of cureless love.  
 Yet, ev'n in death, one darling wish I boast,  
 Lifeless to float to yon forbidden coast ;  
 That safe, at last, these weary limbs may share  
 A refuge from the storms : for thou art there,  
 With pious tears my livid cheek to grace,  
 Strain my still'd bosom in a last embrace ;  
 And own thyself the guiltless cause, that gave  
 The youth, who lov'd thee, early to the grave.

But these sad bodings of uncertain fate  
 Will fond disquiets in thy breast create :  
 On such dark prospects cease my lines to dwell :  
 Ah ! dry those tears ! that heaving sigh repel !  
 And O with mine thy warmest vow combine,  
 That soon the waters may their rage resign !

---

Optabo tamen, ut partes expellar in illas ;  
 Et teneant portus naufraga membra tuos.  
 Flebis enim, tactuque meum dignabere corpus :  
 Et, *Mortis*, dices, *huic ego, causa fui*.  
 Scilicet interitûs offenderis omine nostri :  
 Literaque invisâ est hâc mea parte tibi.  
 Desino ; parce queri. Sed et ut mare finiat iram,  
 Accedant, quæso fac tua vota meis.  
 Pace brevi nobis opus est : dum transferor istò :  
 Cùm tua contigero littora, perstet hyems.



One little hour I ask the floods to cease ;  
 That hour shall waft me to the land of peace ;  
 And, instant as I press that welcome shore,  
 The loosen'd spirit of the storm restore !  
 For there my barge her chosen station knows ;  
 There sleeps her keel in undisturb'd repose :  
 There, ye kind blasts, her lingering sail delay,  
 Where cloudless pleasure crowns the lengthen'd  
     stay !

Then I no more will to the deaf surge wail,  
 Nor point my curses at the jealous gale ;  
 But, long confin'd on that delightful coast,  
 Much by the storms, by thy embraces most ;  
 Slow will I be the dangerous deeps to try,  
 And trust for my return a brighter sky !

Farewell, my love ! and when the storms subside,  
 Expect to see me cleave the smoothen'd tide ;

---

*Illíc est aptum nostræ navale carinæ :*

*Et meliùs nullâ stat mea puppis aquâ.*

*Illíc me claudat Boreas, ubi dulce morari.*

*Tunc piger ad nandum, tunc ego cautus ero.*

*Nec faciam surdis convitia fluctibus ulla :*

*Triste nataturo nec querar esse fretum.*

*Me pariter venti teneant, pariterque lacerti :*

*Per causas istíc impediarque duas.*

*Cùm patietur hyems, remis ego corporis utar :*

So thou forget not, with the closing day,  
To bid thy signal pour it's welcome ray !  
Meanwhile, these letters, in their master's room,  
Permit to dissipate thy widow'd gloom ;  
And still with mine thy fervent prayer renew,  
That swift the writer may the lines pursue !

---

Lumen in aspectu tu modò semper habe.  
Interea pro me pernoctet epistola tecum ;  
Quam precor ut minimâ prosequar ipse morâ.

## HERO TO LEANDER.

---

THAT health, Leander, which thy words convey'd,  
Sweet words of comfort to thy love-lorn maid,—  
Must that transmitted health be truly mine;  
O haste! or, absent, can I cease to pine?  
Long, very long, this joyless pause appears;  
This languid interval, a lapse of years.  
Forgive the warmth my artless love inspires;  
I own no patience in my dear desires.  
Our mutual breasts with equal ardour flame:  
But not our fortitude, nor force the same.  
In man, be sure, some hardier spirit reigns,  
Strong-built to suffer what his fate ordains:  
But softer souls in female bosoms sway,  
Soft as the texture of their melting clay.

---

Quam mihi misisti verbis, Leandre, salutem,  
Ut possim missam rebus habere; veni.  
Longa mora est nobis omnis, quæ gaudia differt:  
Da veniam lassæ; non patienter amo.  
Urimur igne pari: sed sum tibi viribus impar:  
Fortius ingenium suspicor esse viris.

O yet a little mock me with disdain,  
I faint, unequal to th' inflicted pain !

Your favour'd sex what various scenes employ !  
The chace now calls you to the sylvan joy :  
See earth beneath your culturing care rejoice :  
The silent forum listens to your voice :  
Now glorious for the wrestler's palm you sweat ;  
Now break the training courser's active heat ;  
For heav'n's free tenants now the gin prepare ;  
Now tempt the tribes of ocean to the snare.  
The vine, besides, her blushing harvest showers,  
To steep in revelry your evening hours.

For me, of all this varied sport bereft,  
To dull, unsocial, joyless leisure left,  
(Ev'n if my breast with feebler passion strove)  
Ah ! what employment can be mine, but love ?

---

Ut corpus teneris ita mens infirma puellis :  
Deficiam ; parvi temporis adde moram.  
Vos, modò venando, modò rus geniale colendo,  
Ponitis in variâ tempora longa morâ.  
Aut fora vos retinent, aut unctæ dona palæstræ :  
Flectitis aut fræno colla sequacis equi.  
Nunc volucrem laqueo, nunc piscem ducitis hamo.  
Diluitur posito serior hora mero.  
His mihi submotæ, vel si minùs acriter urar,  
Quod faciam, superest, præter amare, nihil.

Confin'd to love, I court the dear employ ;  
 And O for thee, my bosom's only joy !  
 I burn impassion'd with such warm desires,  
 Beyond return the glowing zeal aspires !

Here with my nurse, lone partner of my days,  
 Of thee to talk, my languid voice I raise,  
 And much admire, what fearful cause detains  
 Thy custom'd haste : or, round the salt-sea plains  
 Turning my sicken'd sight, in words like thine,  
 I breathe my curse against the restless brine.  
 But, when awhile the wind forgets to rush,  
 And gentler waves the sandy margin brush,  
 I sigh, that less the storm thy course impedes,  
 Than thy neglect of what the storm concedes :  
 And, while I sigh, fast down my faded cheek  
 The bitter tears of disappointment break :

Quod superest facio : teque ô mea sola voluptas,  
 Plùs quoque, quàm reddi quod mihi possit, amo.  
 Aut ego cum carà de te nutrice susurro ;  
 Quæque tuum miror causa moretur iter :  
 Aut mare prospiciens, odioso concita vento,  
 Corripio verbis æquora penè tuis :  
 Aut ubi sævitix paulùm gravis unda remisit ;  
 Posse quidem, sed te nolle venire, queror.  
 Dumque queror ; lacrymæ per amantia lumina  
 . manant :

Her trembling hand the tender nurse applies,  
 And each big drop in conscious silence dries.  
 Frequent the sands my reddened eyes explore,  
 To catch thy parting footsteps on the shore,  
 Thoughtless how soon each sadly-pleasing trace  
 With envious sweep the following waves efface.  
 And oft I ask, in anxious hope to gain  
 Tidings of thee, and send my tale of pain,  
 If any seaman with adventurous oar  
 Has hither crost, or seeks your Asian shore.  
 And must I tell thee, how my lips impress  
 Their softest seal on thy forsaken dress,  
 That here reluctant from thy arms is laid,  
 Ere Hellespont their morning sweeps invade?

When thus are worn the hours of light away,  
 And eve, triumphant o'er the banish'd day,

---

Pollice quas tremulo conscia siccatur anus.  
 Sæpe tui specto si sint in littore passus :  
 Impositas tanquam servet arena notas.  
 Utque rogem de te, et scribam tibi, si quis Abydo  
 Venerit, aut quæro, si quis Abydon eat.  
 Quid referam, quoties dem vestibus oscula, quas  
 tu

Hellespontiacâ ponis iturus aquâ ?  
 Sic ubi lux acta est, et noctis amior hora  
 Exhibuit pulso sidera clara die;



With glist'ning stars has sown her bright alcove,  
 With stars, the friends and harbingers of love :  
 First, all-expectant, on the turret's height,  
 With trembling hands, I fix the faithful light,  
 Love's polar star ! which there it's vigils keeps,  
 To hail, and guide thee thro' the glimmering deeps.  
 Then round and round, with restless care, I whirl  
 The busy wheel, that murmurs as I twirl  
 The growing threads ; intent myself to lose  
 In female tasks, and heavy time amuse.  
 The leaden hours revolving, would'st thou know,  
 What change of converse serves to sooth my woe ?  
 One ceaseless sound my faithful lips proclaim,  
 And dwell for ever on Leander's name.  
 " O tell me, nurse, has yet my dear delight  
 " His father's wall abandon'd for the night ?  
 " Or stays he, fearful of his friends awake ?  
 " Now hastes he, tell me, from his arms to shake

---

Protinus in summo vigilantia lumina tecto  
 Ponimus, assuetæ signa notamque viæ.  
 Tortaque versato ducentes stamina fuso  
 Fœmineâ tardas fallimus arte moras.  
 Quid loquar interea tam longo tempore, quæris ?  
 Nîl, nisi Leandri nomen, in ore meo est.  
*Jamne putes exîsse domo mea gaudia, nutrix ?*  
*An vigilant omnes ? et timet ille suos ?*

“ The cumbering garb ? and, eager for the toil,  
 “ Now smears his limbs with lubricating oil ? ”  
 To most I ask, with painful watching spent,  
 Listless and faint, she nods a half assent :  
 Not that her age regards our youthful vows,  
 No, creeping slumber bends her hoary brows.  
 Then, the least interval of silence past,  
 “ Ah ! sure by this he sails, in strenuous haste  
 “ Cleaving the waste of waters : ” and anon,  
 Ere many lengths of tedious yarn are spun,  
 With fresh demands the drowsy nurse I teize,  
 If right I deem thee past the middle seas.  
 And eager next along the gloom I peep ;  
 And now, in supplication soft but deep,

---

*Jamne suis humeris illum deponere testes ;*  
*Pallade jam pingui tingere membra putes ?*  
 Annuit illa ferè : non nostra quòd oscula curet,  
 Sed movet obrepens somnus anile caput.  
 Postque moræ minimum, *Jam certè navigat, in-*  
*quam ;*  
*Lentaque dimotis brachia jactat aquis.*  
 Paucaque cùm tactâ perfeci stamina terrâ,  
 An possis medio quærimus esse freto.  
 Et modò prospicimus ; timidâ modò voce preca-  
 mur,  
 Ut tibi det faciles utilis aura vias.

Implore the breath of some indulgent gale,  
 Gently to speed thee thro' the watery vale.  
 With anxious ears, at intervals, I try  
 To catch each sound that trembles thro' the sky;  
 And, as the blast the sullen surges heaves,  
 Thy breast, I dream, the dashing ocean cleaves.

When, fondly wasted in this idle strain,  
 The slow-worn night approaches to her wane,  
 By soft degrees my weary'd eyelids close,  
 And my long sorrows settle to repose.  
 Then, tho' perhaps reluctant here to roam,  
 Thy image visits this neglected home :  
 Then, tho' perhaps intent on fresher charms,  
 Slumbers thy breast in these once-pleasing arms.  
 For now I seem, slow youth, on thee to gaze,  
 Dashing the white surf of the watery ways ;

---

*Auribus interdum voces captamus, et omnem  
 Adventûs strepitum credimus esse tui.  
 Sic ubi deceptæ pars est mihi maxima noctis  
 Acta ; subit furtim lumina fessa sopor.  
 Forsitan invitus, mecum tamen, improbe, dormis :  
 Et quanquam non vis ipse venire, venis.  
 Nam modò te videor propè jam spectare natantem,  
 Brachia nunc humeris humida ferre meis :  
 Nunc dare, quæ soleo, madidis velamina membris ;  
 Pectora nunc juncto nostra fovere sinu.*

Now round thy neck the custom'd garb to throw;  
 Now in thy clasp with panting heart to glow;  
 And much besides of ancient bliss to prove,  
 Lost in sweet visions of delusive love.  
 For poor, alas! and fleeting the delight;  
 And all a passing phantom of the night:  
 Sleep's flattering dews my downy couch forsake,  
 And thou art vanish'd, as to grief I wake.

O come! and fraught with love's exalted fires,  
 Our's be that firmer union love requires;  
 Our's be the strict embrace, the burning kiss,  
 And sense of more than visionary bliss!  
 Why cold, alas! as monumental clay,  
 Have roll'd so many widow'd nights away?  
 Ah! why, thou loitering journeyer of the deep!  
 So frequent have I known to watch and weep?

Multaque præterea, linguæ reticenda modestæ;  
 Quæ fecisse juvat, facta referre pudet.  
 Me miseram! brevis est hæc et non vera voluptas;  
 Nam tu cum somno semper abire soles.  
 Firmiùs ô cupidi tandem cœamus amantes:  
 Nec careant verâ gaudia nostra fide.  
 Cur ego tot viduas exegi frigida noctes?  
 Cur toties à me, lentè natator, abes?  
 Est mare (confiteor) nondum tractabile nanti:  
 Nocte sed hesternâ lenior aura fuit.

With such a vehemence the whirlwind raves,  
 'Twere death, I own, to tempt yon madd'ning  
     waves :

But gentler in the night the breezes blew :  
 Ah ! thoughtless truant, why neglected flew  
 The golden hour ? why trust the changeful day ?  
 Why passed the calm, nor met thee on the way ?  
 Should the rude clamour cease again to blow,  
 And the still'd waves a second truce bestow,  
 What first was present, was the best to seize :  
 In love, the first could never fail to please.  
 But soon, too soon, the treacherous calm gave place ;  
 The gloom-deep-settling furrow'd ocean's face :  
 Yet oft, when love collected all their force,  
 As soon thy limbs have sped their nightly course.  
 Here wert thou caught, the prisoner of the storm,  
 Sure not one wish for freedom couldst thou form :

*Cur ea præterita est ? cur non ventura timebas ?  
 Tam bona cur periit, nec tibi rapta via est ?  
 Protinus ut similis detur tibi copia cursûs ;  
 Hôc melior certè, quò prior, illa fuit.  
 At citò mutata est jactati forma profundi :  
 Tempore, cùm properas, sæpe minore venis.  
 Hic puto, deprênsus nil, quòd quereris, haberes ;  
 Meque tibi amplexo nulla noceret hyems.  
 Certè ego tum ventos audirem lenta sonantes,*



Here wert thou folded in these sheltering arms,  
 Thou couldst not tremble at the deep's alarms.  
 Or I, at least, without one shuddering sigh,  
 Should watch the whirlwind shake the lab'ring sky,  
 Delighted listen to the dashing roar,  
 And ask old ocean to be calm no more.

Yet O what strange, what unsuspected cause  
 The boasted valour from thy veins withdraws ;  
 And bids thee, trembling, note with gaze forlorn  
 These waters, late thy mockery and scorn ?  
 For no, not yet the dear remembrance sleeps,  
 That thou, erewhile, hast trod the troubled deeps,  
 Tho' then as high the tempest vainly rose ;  
 As high,—for love no nice distinction knows :  
 What time, down-rushing to the beach, I cry'd ;  
 “ Undaunted youth, be wariness thy guide !  
 “ Lest resolution, deaf to prudent fears,  
 “ Instead of rapture, be the source of tears !”

Et nunquam placidas esse precarer aquas.  
 Quid tamen evenit, cur sis metuentior undæ ?  
 Contemptumque priùs, nunc vereare, fretum ?  
 Nam memini, cùm te sævum veniente minaxque  
 Non minùs, aut multò non minùs æquor erat :  
 Cùm tibi clamabam, *Sic tu temerarius esto,*  
*Ne miseræ virtus sit tua flenda mihi.*  
 Unde novus timor hic? quòque illa audacia fugit?



Then whence these strange, mysterious terrors  
grown?

Whither that once-unconquer'd spirit flown?

Ah! where that mighty swimmer, fond to brave  
The high-swoln blast, and mock th' encountering  
wave?

Yet rather stay the sluggard-thing thou art,  
Than act once more that bold, that dangerous part;  
Be passive while the storm unfriendly lours,  
And trust our pleasure to serener hours.

But, here or absent, O be still the same!

True to thy vows, retentive of thy flame!

Less from the fear of these malignant gales,  
The gathering blood my loaded heart assails;  
Than lest from me thy weary'd love may range,  
Those gales resembling in the lust of change;

Magnus ubi est spretis ille natator aquis?

Sis tamen hoc potiùs, quàm quod priùs esse sole-  
bas:

Et facias placidum per mare tutus iter.

Dum modò sis idem: dum sic, ut scribis, amemur:

Flammaque non fiat frigidus illa cinis.

Non ego tam ventos timeo mea vota morantes,

Quàm similis vento ne tuus erret amor:

Ne non sim tanti, superentque pericula causam:

Et videar merces esse labore minor.

Than lest I ill reward thy lavish pain ;  
 So vast the purchase, and how poor the gain !  
 And frequent too, suspicious thoughts awake  
 Of me neglected for my country's sake ;  
 Of me, the daughter of uncultur'd Thrace,  
 Misdeem'd the stain of your Abydan race.  
 Yet this, and all the mockeries of scorn,  
 Tho' barb'd with anguish, might perhaps be borne ;  
 Unless these hours, to me (false man) deny'd,  
 Be spent in dalliance with some rival-bride ;  
 Unless thy neck some stranger-arms entwine ;  
 A new love starting from the grave of mine !  
 O ere that crime may I lie cold in clay ;  
 My death the prelude of that barbarous day !

But not, I own, these warm expressions flow  
 From signs in thee, to justify my woe ;

---

Interdum metuo, patriâ ne lædar ; et impar  
 Ducar Abydeno Thressa puella toro.  
 Ferre tamen possum patientiùs omnia ; quàm si  
 Otia nescio quâ pellice captus agas.  
 In tua si veniant alieni colla lacerti ;  
 Sitque novus nostri finis amoris amor :  
 Ah potiùs peream, quàm crimine vulnerer isto :  
 Fataque sint culpâ nostra priora tuâ !  
 Nec quia venturi dederis mihi signa doloris,  
 Hæc loquor, aut famâ sollicitata novâ.

Nor slander's tale has reach'd my startled ears :  
 Yet still I tremble with spontaneous fears ;  
 (For who can love, and yet the heart be peace ?)  
 And absence feeds my fears with large increase.  
 Blest, as the bright-hair'd progeny of Jove,  
 The maid, whose lasting presence with her love  
 Full in her sight each act of guilt displays,  
 Each baseless, visionary doubt allays !  
 On me (fond wretch) ideal wrongs obtrude ;  
 While acted injuries my search elude :  
 How each mistake, alike, my peace confounds,  
 And tears my bleeding breast with equal wounds !  
 O mayst thou come ! or (must that wish be vain)  
 May the rude storms thy glowing haste detain,  
 Thy rigid father force thy torturing stay,  
 Or aught but woman work the vile delay !

---

*Omnia sed vereor (quis enim securus amavit ?)  
 Cogit et absentes plura timere locus.  
 Felices illas, sua quas præsentia nôsse  
 Crimina vera jubet, falsa timere vetat !  
 Nos tam vana movet, quàm facta injuria fallit :  
 Incitat et morsus error uterque pares.  
 O utinam venias ! aut ut ventusve paterve,  
 Causaque sit certæ fœmina nulla moræ !  
 Quòd si quam sciêro ; moriar (mihi crede) dolendo :  
 Jamdudum peccas, si mea fata petis.*

If such be found the deprecated cause,  
 Not long thy love this vital spirit draws :  
 This blush of health thy perjuries consume,  
 And false Leander drags me to the tomb !  
 But vain these terrors of my throbbing heart :  
 Thou canst not, wilt not act so base a part :  
 Slow as thou art to tread the watery plains,  
 'Tis the wild winter, that thy speed restrains.

O Heav'ns! what surges rock the frightened bay!  
 What gather'd clouds inwrap the dubious day!  
 Perhaps the sea-nymph, from whose hapless blood  
 Poor Helle sprung, is present in the flood,  
 And deluges with tears the weeping wave,  
 A pious tribute to the daughter's grave!  
 Or she, stern stepdame of unfeeling ire,  
 (Admitted since to ocean's azure choir)  
 Pursues she still, with unrelenting aim,  
 These waves, detested for the damsel's name?

Sed neque peccabis, frustrâque ego terreor istis :  
 Quòque minùs venias, invida pugnat hyems.  
 Me miseram! quanto planguntur littora fluctu!  
 Et latet obscurâ condita nube dies!  
 Forsitan ad pontum mater pia venerit Helles,  
 Mersaque roratis nata fleatur aquis :  
 An mare ab invisio privignæ nomine dictum  
 Vexat in æquoream versa noverca Deam?

Some spirit, surely, haunts this fated place,  
 Of lasting rancour to the female race :  
 Here Helle sank ; and not a yawning wave,  
 But summons me, and seems a watery grave.

But thee, great Neptune, master of the main !  
 (Thy breast so prone to thrill with amorous pain)  
 Ill fits it thee these thundering blasts to rouse,  
 The rude disjunction of our plighted vows !  
 If truly Circe blest thine azure arms,  
 And Tyro blazing with superior charms ;  
 If Aymone to thy breast was dear ;  
 Celæno, fix'd in heav'n's resplendent sphere,  
 And bright Alcyone, her sister-star ;  
 Laodice, with golden length of hair,  
 And she, whose fatal form was after seen  
 With serpent-terrors clad, and petrifying mien :—

Non favet, ut nunc est, teneris locus iste puellis.

Hâc Helle periit ; hâc ego lædor aquâ.

At tibi flammæ memori, Neptune, tuarum,

Nullus erat ventis impediendus amor :

Si neque Aymone, nec laudatissima formâ

Criminis est Tyro fabula vana tui,

Lucidaque Alcyone, Circeque, et Aymone nata,

Et nondum nexis angue Medusa comis,

Flavaque Laodice, cæloque recepta Celæno,

Et quarum memini nomina lecta mihi.

If these, and many a maid, whose amorous names,  
 Sacred to song, the sportive Muse proclaims,  
 (For well thy frolics I remember read)  
 Have shar'd the dalliance of thy youthful bed ;  
 How then, rude tenant of the watery bowers,  
 So deeply vers'd in love's despotic powers,  
 Hast thou the cruelty our path to close,  
 Inflicting separation's well-known woes ?  
 King of the sea ! these shameful storms assuage,  
 And turn to worthier scenes that dare thy rage :  
 The floods immense beneath thy trident shake ;  
 But leave unruffled this inglorious lake.  
 On some strong-timber'd barge thy blasts employ,  
 Or princely navies in thy wrath destroy !  
 Ill with the monarch of the main agrees,  
 A boy to frighten, stealing thro' the seas !

---

Has certè pluresquæ canunt, Neptune, poëtæ  
 Molle latus lateri composuisse tuo.  
 Cur igitur toties vires expertus amoris,  
 Assuetum nobis turbine claudis iter ?  
 Parce, ferox, latoque mari tua prælia misce :  
 Seducit terras hæc brevis unda duas.  
 Te decet aut magnas magnum jactare carinas ;  
 Aut etiam totis classibus esse trucem.  
 Turpe Deo pelagi, juvenem terrere natantem :  
 Gloriaque est stagno quolibet ista minor.



From no plebeian stock, I own, he springs ;  
 The worthy branch of chiefs and story'd kings ;  
 Yet not of him, thy ancient wrath who bore,  
 Curst by thy son on the Cyclopean shore.  
 Spare him, O spare ! and two thy mercy saves !  
 The youth alone ascends the rolling waves ;  
 But, while the surge sustains his bounding limbs,  
 On that same surge the life of Hero swims.

Meanwhile, the lamp, whose ever-useful light  
 Assists, these characters of love to write—  
 I hear it sneeze and crackle as it shines,  
 And mark with gladness the prophetic signs.  
 And lo ! with wine, well-pleas'd, our hoary dame  
 Feeds, drop by drop, the favourable flame ;  
 And cries, (the goblet tasting ere she cries,)  
 “ A guest, to-morrow, meets our brightening  
 eyes ! ”

Nobilis ille quidem est, et clarus origine: sed non  
 A tibi suspecto ducit Ulysse genus.  
 Da veniam, servaque duos: natat ille; sed isdem  
 Corpus Leandri, spes mea, pendet aquis.  
 Sternuit et lumen: posito nam scribimus illo:  
 Sternuit: et nobis prospera signa dedit.  
 Ecce merum nutrix faustos instillat in ignes:  
*Crasque erimus plures*, inquit, et ipsa bibit.  
 Effice nos plures evicta per æquora lapsus,

To each, by turns, inconstant as I rove,  
I wish for honour, but delight in love.

When Jason, landing with his warrior-host,  
Had fix'd his cable to the Colchian coast,  
He stay'd expectant, till his dashing oar  
To distant Greece th' enamour'd virgin bore.  
When Paris, far from Ide's forsaken groves,  
In Lacedæmon sought his promis'd loves,  
Not till his captive on the deck reclin'd,  
He loos'd his canvas to the favouring wind.  
But thou thy prize, with waste of toil obtain'd,  
Delightest to forsake, ere hardly gain'd ;  
Struggling so frequent thro' the storm-vest main,  
Not harden'd oak the labour could sustain.

Yet O thou youth, of spirit prompt to scourge  
With lording arms the menace of the surge !

Quid sequar in dubio est : hæc decet ; ille juvat.  
Ut semel intravit Colchos Pegasæus Iason,  
Impositam celeri Phasida puppe tulit.  
Ut semel Idæus Lacedæmona venit adulter ;  
Cum prædâ rediit protinus ille suâ.  
Tu, quàm sæpe petis quod amas, tam sæpe relin-  
quis :

Et quoties grave sit puppibus ire, natas.  
Sic tamen, ô juvenis tumidarum victor aquarum,  
Sic facito spernas, ut vereare, fretum.

Push not so far thy fervour and thy pride,  
 As not to dread the tempest-shaken tide !  
 Elaborate with art, and mighty charge,  
 Deep in the surges splits the beam-built barge :  
 And thinkest thou, superior strength informs  
 Thy breast, to struggle with the murderous storms ?  
 These floods, by thee observ'd with ardent eyes,  
 With shudd'ring fear the conscious seaman spies :  
 Such floods, as now are crowding to the shore,  
 Burst the strong plank, and snap the flexile oar.  
 But why these cautions ?—fond and fearful maid !  
 I cannot, will not wish them to persuade :  
 These woman-fears I ask thee to despise,  
 And bid thy soul above dissuasion rise :  
 Till, boldly travell'd to this welcome shore,  
 Thy limbs, emerging from the liquid roar,  
 Safe on this breast, their better home recline,  
 Faint with laborious dashings of the brine !

---

Arte laboratæ merguntur ab æquore puppes :  
 Tu tua plùs remis brachia posse putes ?  
 Quod cupis, hoc nautæ metuunt, Leandre, natare.  
 Exitus hic fractis puppibus esse solet.  
 Me miseram ! cupio non persuadere, quod hortor :  
 Sisque, precor, monitis fortior ipse meis.  
 Dummodo pervenias, excussa que sæpe per undas,  
 Injicias humeris brachia lassa meis.

Yet frequent, wistful as I turn to gaze  
 On the white tumult of the watery ways,  
 A deathlike weight my silent heart constrains,  
 And the warm purple freezes in my veins.  
 With equal terrors, I recall to sight  
 The dream I witness'd at the close of night :  
 For, just ere morn assum'd her orient grey,  
 The pale lamp dwindling to a dying ray,  
 (That very season, when tradition tells  
 The glimpse of truth in twilight visions dwells)  
 Dropt from my feeble hands th' untwisted thread,  
 And the soft down receiv'd my sinking head.  
 There as I lay, of sleep the powerless slave,  
 I saw a dolphin struggling with the wave ;  
 I saw the wretch, unable to withstand,  
 Dash'd by the surges on the groaning strand ;

---

Sed mihi, cœruleas quoties obvertor ad undas  
 Nescio quæ pavidum frigora pectus habent.  
 Nec minùs hesiternæ confundor imagine noctis,  
 Quamvis est sacris illa piata meis.  
 Namque sub auroram, jam dormitante lucernâ,  
 (Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent)  
 Stamina de digitis cecidêre sopore remissis :  
 Collaque pulvino nostra ferenda dedi.  
 Hïc ego ventosas nantem delphina per undas  
 Cernere non dubiâ sum mihi visa fide.

His bulk all-shatter'd in th' unequal strife,  
 Bereft, at once, of water, and of life.  
 Whatever bodes the dream, my terrors rise;  
 Nor thou these visions of the morn despise;  
 Stay till the dæmon of the tempest sleeps,  
 Nor trust thy safety, but to stormless deeps!  
 If for thyself thy spirit scorn to care,  
 Thy love, thy darling maid, for pity spare;  
 Whose health, dependent on thy length of days,  
 Lasts with thy life, and in thy death decays!

Farewell! yet while these pensive lines I close,  
 The broken waves seem sinking to repose:  
 Then swift be thine, with fearless arms to sweep  
 The liquid marble of the peaceful deep!  
 But since, meanwhile, the sullen storms refuse  
 The power to penetrate the ruffled ooze,

---

Quem, postquam bibulis illisit fluctus arenis,  
 Unda simul miserum vitaque deseruit.  
 Quicquid id est, timeo: nec tu mea somnia ride:  
 Nec, nisi tranquillo brachia crede mari.  
 Si tibi non parcis, dilectæ parce puellæ:  
 Quæ nunquam, nisi te sospite, sospes erit.  
 Spes tamen est fractis vicinæ pacis in undis.  
 Tum placidas tuto pectore finde vias.  
 Interea, nanti quoniam freta pervia non sunt,  
 Leniat invisas litera missa moras.

Sent are these rhymes to smooth the dull delay,  
And while the weariness of time away!



SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

(POPE'S TRANSLATION.)

## ARGUMENT.

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*SAPPHO, a lady of Lesbos, was ardently enamoured of Phaon, a youth of uncommon beauty, and universally admired, who returned her passion. On the departure, however, of Phaon from Lesbos to Sicily, she, fearing that his love was on the decline, addresses him in this epistle; in which she endeavours to recal him by urging every circumstance that can excite his compassion; declaring it to be her resolution, should he continue obdurate, to throw herself into the sea from the promontory of Leucadia in Epirus; and thereby “either cease to live or cease to love.”*

## SAPPHO TO PHAON.

---

---

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,  
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?  
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,  
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?  
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,  
The lute neglected, and the lyric Muse;  
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,  
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.  
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn  
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.

---

Ecquid, ut inspecta est studiosæ littera dextræ,  
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?  
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphûs,  
Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?  
Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras  
Carmina; cùm lyricis sim magis apta modis.  
Flendus amor meus est: elegeïa flebile carmen.  
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.  
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,  
Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager.

Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,  
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!  
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,  
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.  
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,  
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.  
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,  
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;  
 All other loves are lost in only thine,  
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!  
 Whom would not all those blooming charms sur-  
     prise,  
 Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

---

Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoïdos Ætnæ.  
 Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.  
 Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,  
     Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.  
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ,  
     Nec me Lesbiadum cætera turba juvant.  
 Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:  
     Non oculis grata est Atthis ut antè, meis.  
 Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine amavi.  
     Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.  
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.  
     O facies oculis insidiosa meis!  
 Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo.

The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,  
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ;  
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,  
 Not Bacchus self with Phaon could compare :  
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame ;  
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame.  
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,  
 Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.  
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,  
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.  
 Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,  
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,  
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,  
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire ;  
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,  
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.

---

Accedant capiti cornua ; Bacchus eris.  
 Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit ;  
 Nec nôrat lyricos illa vel illa modos.  
 At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant :  
 Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.  
 Nec plùs Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,  
 Laudis habet ; quamvis grandiùs ille sonet.  
 Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit ;  
 Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.  
 Sum brevis : at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,

Though short my stature, yet my name extends  
 To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.  
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame  
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame ;  
 Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,  
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.  
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,  
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,  
 By none, alas ! by none thou canst be mov'd ;  
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd !  
 Yet once thy Sapphō could thy cares employ,  
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy :  
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,  
 For, oh ! how vast a memory has love !

---

Est mihi : mensuram nominis ipsa fero.  
 Candida si non sum ; placuit Cepheïa Perseo  
 Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ.  
 Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ ;  
 Et niger à viridi turtur amatur ave.  
 Si, nisi quæ facies poterit te digna videri,  
 Nulla futura tua est ; nulla futura tua est.  
 At, me cùm legeres, etiam formosa videbâr :  
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.  
 Cantabam ; memini (meminerunt omnia aman-  
 tes)  
 Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.



My music, then, you could for ever hear,  
 And all my words were music to your ear.  
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,  
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.  
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;  
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.  
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion  
     fir'd,  
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,  
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,  
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.  
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;  
 Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame ?  
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast  
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;

---

Hæc quoque laudabas: omnique à parte placebam:  
 Sed tum præcipuè, cùm fit amoris opus.  
 Tunc te plùs solito lascivia nostra juvabat,  
 Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco:  
 Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,  
 Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.  
 Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ.  
 Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.  
 At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum  
 Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.  
 Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ,

Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,  
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd,  
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,  
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!  
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,  
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?  
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,  
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears:  
 My brother next neglecting wealth and fame,  
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:  
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,  
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.

---

Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.  
 Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,  
 (Nam tua sum) vati consule, Diva, tuæ.  
 An gravis incœptum peragit Fortuna tenorem,  
 Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?  
 Sex mihi natales iêrant; cùm lecta parentis  
 Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibêre meas.  
 Arsit inops frater victus meretricis amore;  
 Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.  
 Factus inops agili peragit freta cærula remo;  
 Quasque malè amisit, nunc malè quærit opes.  
 Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter,  
 odit.  
 Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.

Alas, what more could fate itself impose,  
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ?  
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,  
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;  
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse  
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews ;  
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,  
 That flow disorder'd with the wanton wind :  
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?  
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !  
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,  
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love :

---

*Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,  
 Accumulat curas filia parva meas.  
 Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis.  
 Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.  
 Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli :  
 Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.  
 Veste tegor vili : nullum est in crinibus aurum :  
 Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.  
 Cui colar infelix, aut cui placuisse laborem ?  
 Ille mei cultûs unicus auctor abest.  
 Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis :  
 Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem.  
 Sive ita nascenti legem dixêre sorores ;  
 Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ ;*

So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,  
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;  
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,  
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.  
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won,  
 Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?  
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,  
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn :  
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,  
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep :  
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,  
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.  
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy !  
 O useful time for lovers to employ !

---

Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistras ;  
     Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.  
 Quid mirum, primæ si me lanuginis ætas  
     Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest ?  
 Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam,  
     Et faceres : sed te prima rapina tenet.  
 Hunc si conspiciat, quæ conspicit omnia, Phœbe ;  
     Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon.  
 Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexisset eburno ;  
     Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.  
 O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer ; utilis ætas !  
     O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui !

Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,  
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !  
 The vows you never will return receive ;  
 And take at least the love you will not give.  
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears !  
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.  
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu ;  
 (At least to fain was never hard to you.)  
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said ;  
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid !  
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,  
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.  
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,  
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.

---

Huc ades : inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros.

Non ut ames oro, verùm ut amare sinas.

Scribinus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis.

Aspice, quàm sit in hoc multa litura loco !

Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestiùs îsses ;

Et modò dixisses, *Lesbi puella, vale.*

Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti.

Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.

Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantùm injuria : nec te

Admonuit, quod tu pignus amantis habes.

Non mandata dedi : neque enim mandata dedissem

Ulla, nisi, ut nolles immemor esse mei.



No charge I gave you, and no charge could  
give,

But this, be mindful of our loves, and live.

Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,  
And love, the god that ever waits on thee,

When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)

That you were fled, and all my joys with you,

Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,

Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing  
blood.

No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,

Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe :

But when it's way th' impetuous passion found,

I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound ;

I rave, then weep ; I curse, and then complain ;

Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.

Per tibi, qui nunquam longè discedat, Amorem,

Perque novem juro numina nostra Deas !

Cùm mihi nescio quis, *Fugiunt tua gaudia*, dixit ;

Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui.

Et lacrymæ decrant oculis, et lingua palato :

Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.

Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,

Nec puduit scissis exululare comis :

Non aliter, quàm si gnati pia mater adempti

Portet ad exstructos corpus inane rogos.



Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,  
 Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.  
 My scornful brother with a smile appears,  
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:  
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;  
 And why this grief? 'thy daughter lives,' he cries.  
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,  
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,  
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim:  
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!  
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,  
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:  
 O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,  
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,

Gandet, et è nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus  
 Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.  
 Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;

*Quid dolet hæc? certè filia vixit, ait.*

Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne vi-  
 debat

Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.

Tu mihi cura, Phaon: te somnia nostra reducunt;  
 Somnia formoso candidiora die.

Illïc te invenio; quanquam regionibus absis.

Sed non longa satìs gaudia somnus habet.

And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,  
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms !  
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine ;  
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine :  
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak ;  
 A thousand melting kisses give, and take :  
 Then fiercer joys ; I blush to mention these,  
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.  
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,  
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,  
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
 And close my eyes to dream of you again :

---

Sæpe tuos nostrâ cervice onerare lacertos,  
 Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos.  
 Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba  
 Eloquor : et vigilant sensibus ora meis.  
 Oscula cognosco, quæ tu committere linguæ,  
 Aptaque consuêras accipere, apta dare.  
 Ulteriora pudet narrare : sed omnia fiunt :  
 Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.  
 At cùm se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum ;  
 Tam citò me somnos destituisse queror.  
 Antra nemusque peto ; tanquam nemus antraque  
 prosint.  
 Conscia deliciis illa fuère tuis.

Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove  
Through lonely plains, and through the silent  
grove ;

As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,  
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.  
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,  
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,  
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'er-  
grown,

Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.  
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;  
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.  
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray  
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay ;

---

Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho  
Impulit, in collo crine jacente, feror.  
Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,  
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.  
Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis  
Præbuit, et multâ textit opaca comâ:  
At non invenio dominum sylvæque meumque:  
Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.  
Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas:  
De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.  
Incubui; tetigique locum, quâ parte fuisti.  
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.

I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,  
 And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.  
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,  
 And birds defer their songs till thy return :  
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,  
 All but the mournful Philomel and I :  
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,  
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,  
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below ;  
 A flowery Lotos spreads its arms above,  
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;  
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
 Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.

---

Quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur  
 Frondibus : et nullæ dulcè queruntur aves.  
 Sola virum non ulta piè mœstissima mater  
 Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.  
 Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores.  
 Hactenus ; ut mediâ cætera nocte silent.  
 Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,  
 Fons sacer ; hunc multi numen habere putant.  
 Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,  
 Una nemus : tenero cespite terra viret.  
 Hîc ego cùm lassos posuissem fletibus artus,  
 Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,  
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood :  
 She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !  
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.  
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
 " Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;  
 " There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,  
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.  
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,  
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :  
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main,  
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.  
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw  
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below ! "

---

Constitit, et dixit, *Quoniam non ignibus æquis*  
*Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.*  
*Phæbus ab excelso, quantùm patet, aspicit æquor :*  
*Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.*  
*Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore*  
*Misit, et illæso corpore pressit aquas.*  
*Nec mora : versus amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ*  
*Pectora : Deucalion igne levatus erat.*  
*Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam*  
*Leucada ; nec saxo desiluisse time.*  
 Ut monuit ; cum voce abiit : ego frigida surgo ;  
 Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuère genæ.



She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,  
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.  
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;  
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!  
 I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;  
 Let female fears submit to female fires.  
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,  
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.  
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,  
 And softly lay me on the waves below!  
 And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,  
 Spread soft thy wings, and waft me o'er the main,  
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!  
 On Phæbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,  
 And this inscription shall be placed below.

Ibimus, ô Nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.  
 Sit procul insano victus amore timor.  
 Quicquid erit, meliùs quàm nunc erit: aura su-  
 bito:  
 Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.  
 Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:  
 Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.  
 Inde chelyn Phæbo, communia munera ponam:  
 Et sub eâ versus unus et alter erunt.  
*Grata lyram posui tibi, Phæbe, poëtria Sappho:  
 Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi.*



" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,  
 " Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;  
 " What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee,  
 " The gift, the giver, and the god agree."

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why  
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?  
 Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,  
 And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.  
 Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,  
 O far more faithless, and more hard than they ?  
 Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast  
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd ;  
 This breast, which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;  
 Where the loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell ?

Cur tamen Actiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,  
 Cùm profugum possis ipse referre pedem ?  
 Tu mihi Leucadiâ potes esse salubrior undâ ;  
 Et formâ et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.  
 An potes, ô scopulis undâque ferocior illâ,  
 Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ ?  
 At quantò meliùs jungi mea pectora tecum,  
 Quàm poterant saxis præcipitanda dari !  
 Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas ;  
 Visaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.  
 Nunc vellem facunda forent : dolor artibus obstat ;  
 Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,  
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;  
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow,  
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.  
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,  
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,  
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall  
     ring,  
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling  
     string.

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign:  
 (Wretch that I am to call that Phaon mine!)  
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along  
 Joy to my soul and vigour to my song:  
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;  
 But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires!

Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires:  
 Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.  
 Lesbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;  
 Lesbides, Æoliâ nomina dicta lyrâ.  
 Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecistis amatae;  
 Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas.  
 Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis antè placebat;  
 (Me miseram! dixi quàm modò penè, meus!)  
 Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.  
 Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.

Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers, move  
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?  
 The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,  
 The flying winds have lost them all in air!  
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales  
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?  
 If you return—ah why these long delays?  
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.  
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;  
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.  
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;  
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.  
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,  
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)

---

Ecquid ego precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?  
 An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?  
 Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.  
 Hoc te, si saperes, lente decebat opus.  
 Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur  
 Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra morâ?  
 Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præstet cunti.  
 Aura dabit cursum; tu modò solve ratem.  
 Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido:  
 Ipse dabit tenerâ vela legetque manu.  
 Sive juvat longè fugisse Pelasgida Sappho;  
 (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fugâ.)

If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,  
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas :  
To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,  
And either cease to live, or cease to love !

---

O saltem miseræ, crudelis epistola dicat :  
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.

DIDO

TO

ÆNEAS.

## ARGUMENT.

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*ÆNEAS, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships, and was driven by a storm upon the shore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his followers with great civility, and fell passionately in love with him. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised to him by the gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him this epistle.*



## DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

---

---

So, on Meander's banks, when death is nigh,  
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.  
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain !)  
By words your lost affection to regain ;  
But, having lost whate'er was worth my care,  
Why should I fear to lose a dying prayer ?  
'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,  
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft !  
While you, with loosen'd sails and vows, prepare  
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.

---

Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,  
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.  
Nec, quia te nostrâ sperem prece posse moveri,  
Alloquor : adverso vovimus ista Deo.  
Sed merita et famam, corpusque, animumque pu-  
dicum

Cùm malè perdiderim : perdere verba leve est.  
Certus es ire tamen, miseramque relinquere Dido :  
Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.  
Certus es, Ænea, cum fœdere solvere naves :  
Quæque ubi sint nescis, Itala regna sequi.

Nor can my rising towers your flight restrain,  
 Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.  
 Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land  
 Is yet to conquer; but you this command.  
 Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,  
 Think what reception foreigners would find.  
 What people is so void of common sense,  
 To vote succession from a native prince?  
 Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek;  
 New vows to plight and plighted vows to break.  
 When will your towers the height of Carthage know?  
 Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?  
 If such a town and subjects you could see,  
 Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.

---

*Nec nova Carthago, nec te crescentia tangunt  
 Mœnia: nec sceptro tradita summa tuo.  
 Facta fugis; facienda petis. Quærenda per orbem  
 Altera, quæsitæ est altera terra tibi.  
 Ut terram invenias, quis eam tibi tradet habendam?  
 Quis sua non notis arva tenenda dabit?  
 Alter habendus amor tibi restat, et altera Dido:  
 Quamque iterum fallas, altera danda fides.  
 Quando erit, ut condas instar Carthaginis urbem,  
 Et videas populos altus ab arce tuos?  
 Omnia ut eveniant, nec te tua vota morentur;  
 Unde tibi, quæ te sic amet, uxor erit?*

For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright :  
 Not holy tapers flame with purer light :  
 Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme ;  
 Their daily longing and their nightly dream.  
 Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still :  
 Fool that I am to place my heart so ill !  
 Myself I cannot to myself restore ;  
 Still I complain, and still I love him more.  
 Have pity Cupid on my bleeding heart,  
 And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.  
 I rave : nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,  
 Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.

---

Uror, ut inducto ceratæ sulfure tædæ :  
 Ut pia fumosis addita thura focis.  
 Æneas oculis semper vigilantis inhæret :  
 Ænean animo noxque diesque refert.  
 Ille quidem malè gratus, et ad mea munera surdus ;  
 Et quo, si non sim stulta, carere velim :  
 Non tamen Ænean, quamvis malè cogitat, odi :  
 Sed queror infidum, questaque pejùs amo.  
 Parce, Venus, nurui, durumque amplectere fratrem,  
 Frater Amor : castris militet ille tuis.  
 Aut ego quæ cœpi (neque enim dedignor) amare,  
 Materiam curæ præbeat ille meæ.  
 Fallor ; et ista mihi falsò jactatur imago.  
 Matris ab ingenio dissidet ille suæ.

From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,  
 At least thou art from some fierce tigress come ;  
 Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,  
 Got by the winds, and in a tempest born :  
 Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear,  
 Like that whose rage should still detain thee here.  
 Behold how high the foamy billows ride !  
 The winds and waves are on the juster side.  
 To winter weather and a stormy sea  
 I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.  
 Death thou deserv'st from heaven's avenging laws ;  
 But I'm unwilling to become the cause.  
 To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,  
 'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.

---

Te lapis, et montes, innataque rupibus altis  
 Robora, te sævæ progenuère feræ:  
 Aut mare, quale vides agitari nunc quoque ventis:  
 Quo tamen adversis fluctibus ire paras.  
 Quò fugis? obstat hyems: hyemis mihi gratia proposit.  
 Aspice, ut eversas concitet Euris aquas.  
 Quod tibi maluerim, sine me debere procellis.  
 Justior est animo ventus et unda tuo.  
 Non ego sum tanti (quamvis merearis, inique)  
 Ut pereas, dum me per freta longa fugis.  
 Exerces pretiosa odia, et constantia magno ;  
 Si, dum me careas, est tibi vile mori.

Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,  
 And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.  
 May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove !  
 And so it will, if there be power in love.  
 Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain ?  
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main ?  
 Which were it smooth, were every wave asleep,  
 Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.  
 In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,  
 For broken vows of those who falsely swore.  
 There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,  
 To vindicate the justice of her state.

---

Jam venti ponent, stratâque æqualiter undâ,  
 Cæruleis Triton per mare curret equis.  
 Tu quoque cum ventis utinam mutabilis esses !  
 Et, nisi duritiâ robora vincis, eris.  
 Quid, si nesciêris, insana quid æquora possint ?  
 Expertæ toties tam malè credis aquæ ?  
 Ut pelago suadente etiam retinacula solvas,  
 Multa tamen latus tristia pontus habet.  
 Nec violâsse fidem tentantibus æquora prodest :  
 Perfidiaë pœnas exigit ille locus.  
 Præcipuè cùm læsus Amor : quia mater Amoris  
 Nuda Cytheriacis edita fertur aquis.  
 Perdita ne perdam timeo, noceamve nocenti ;  
 Neu bibat æquoreas naufragus hostis aquas.



Thus I to thee the means of safety show ;  
 And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.  
 False as thou art, I not thy death design :  
 O rather live to be the cause of mine !  
 Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,  
 (But heaven forbid my words should omen bear)  
 Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly ;  
 And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.  
 With threatening looks think thou behold'st me  
     stare,  
 Gasping my mouth and clotted all my hair.  
 Then, should fork'd light'ning and red thunder fall,  
 What could'st thou say, but, ' I deserv'd them all ?'

---

Vive, precor: sic te meliùs, quàm funere, perdam.

Tu potiùs leti causâ ferare mei.

Finge, age, te rapido (nullum sit in omine pondus !)

Turbine deprêndi: quid tibi mentis erit ?

Protinus occurrent falsæ perjuræ linguæ,

Et Phrygiâ Dido fraude coacta mori.

Conjugis ante oculos deceptæ stabit imago

Tristis, et effusis sanguinolenta comis.

*Quicquid id est, totum merui, concedite, dicas :*

Quæque cadent, in te fulmina missa putes.

Da breve sævitæ spatium pelagique tuæque :

Grande moræ pretium tuta futura via est.



Lest this should happen, make not haste away ;  
 To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.  
 Have pity on thy son if not on me,  
 My death alone is guilt enough for thee.  
 What has his youth, what have thy gods deserv'd,  
 To sink in seas who were from fires preserv'd ?  
 But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear ;  
 Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,  
 False as the tale of thy romantic life :  
 Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife :  
 Left to pursuing foes Creüsa stay'd,  
 By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.

---

*Nec mihi parcatür: puero parcatür Iulo.*

*Te satîs est titulum mortis habere meæ.*

*Quid puer Ascanius, quid Dî meruère Penates !*

*Ignibus ereptos obruet unda Deos.*

*Sed neque fers tecum; nec, quæ mihi, perfide, jac-  
tas,*

*Presserunt humeros sacra paterque tuos.*

*Omnia mentiris. Nec enim tuâ fallere lingua*

*Incipit à nobis; primaque plector ego.*

*Si quæras, ubi sit formosi mater Iuli:*

*Occidit à duro sola relictâ viro.*

*Hæc mihi narrâras: at me movère merentem.*

*Inde minor culpâ pœna futura meâ est.*

This when thou told'st me, struck my tender  
heart,

That such requital follow'd such desert.

Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,  
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the seas.

Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,  
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.

To harbour strangers, succour the distrest,

Was kind enough ; but, oh, too kind the rest !

Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought,

Where, from the storm, we commonseltersought !

A dreadful howling echo'd round the place :

The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials  
grace.

*Nec mihi mens dubia est, quin te tua numina dam-  
nent.*

*Per mare, per terras septima jactat hyems.*

*Fluctibus ejectum tutâ statione recepi,*

*Vixque bene audito nomine, regna dedi.*

*His tamen officiis utinam contenta fuissem ;*

*Et mihi concubitús fama sepulta foret !*

*Illa dies nocuit, quâ nos declive sub antrum*

*Cæruleus subitis compulit imber aquis.*

*Audiêram voces ; Nymphas ululâsse putavi.*

*Eumenides fatis signa dedêre meis.*

I thought so then, but now too late I know  
 The furies yell'd my funerals from below.  
 O chastity and violated fame,  
 Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!  
 By death redeem my reputation lost,  
 And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.  
 Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,  
 Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;  
 'There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue  
     stands,  
 The pious monument of artful hands.  
 Last night, methought he call'd me from the dome,  
 And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd 'Dido, come.'  
 She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;  
 But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious  
     fears.

---

Exige, læse pudor, pœnas, violate Sichæo:  
     Ad quas (me miseram!) plena pudoris eo.  
 Est mihi marmoreâ sacratus in æde Sichæus:  
     Appositæ frondes velleraque alba tegunt.  
 Hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari:  
     Ipse sono tenui dixit, *Elissa veni.*  
 Nulla mora est; venio. Venio tibi debita conjux:  
     Sed tamen admissi tarda pudore mei.  
 Da veniam culpæ; decepit idoneus auctor.  
     Invidiam noxæ detrahit ille meæ.

Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed ;  
 Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.  
 His goddess mother, and his aged sire  
 Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.  
 Oh! such he was, and is, that were he true,  
 Without a blush I might his love pursue.  
 But cruel stars my birth-day did attend ;  
 And as my fortune open'd, it must end.  
 My plighted lord was at the altar slain,  
 Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.  
 Friendless, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,  
 To foreign countries I remov'd my fate ;  
 And here, a suppliant, from the native hands  
 I bought the ground on which my city stands,

---

Diva parens ; seniorque pater pia sarcina nati,  
 Spem mihi mansuri ritè dedère viri.  
 Si fuit errandum, causas habet error honestas.  
 Adde fidem ; nullâ parte pigendus erit.  
 Durat in extremum, vitæque novissima nostræ  
 Prosequitur fati, qui fuit antè, tenor.  
 Occidit internas conjux mactatus ad aras :  
 Et scelèris tanti præmia frater habet.  
 Exul agor ; cineresque viri patriamque relinquo :  
 Et feror in duras hoste sequente vias.  
 Applicor ignotis : fratrique elapsa fretoque,  
 Quod tibi donavi, perfide, littus emo.

With all the coast that stretches to the sea ;  
 Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee :  
 Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,  
 At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.  
 For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,  
 My scarce-established empire to invade.  
 To man my new-built walls I must prepare,  
 An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.  
 Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend ;  
 And for my person would my crown defend :  
 Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,  
 That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.  
 To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey ;  
 (For that must follow, if thou goest away.)  
 Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,  
 That to the husband he may add the wife.

---

Urbem constitui ; latéque potentia fixi  
 Mœnia, finitimis invidiosa locis.  
 Bella tument: bellis peregrina et sæmna tentor :  
 Vixque rudes portas urbis et arma paro.  
 Mille procis placui : qui me coiêre querentes  
 Nescio quem thalamis præposuisse suis.  
 Quid dubitas vinctam Gætulo traderè Iarbæ ?  
 Præbuerim sceleri brachia nostra tuo.  
 Est etiam frater : cujus manus impia possit  
 Respergi nostro, sparsa cruore viri.



Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:  
 Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy gods behind.  
 Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn,  
 Who will in impious hands no more be borne:  
 Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,  
 And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.  
 Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,  
 And part of thee lies hid within my womb.  
 The babe unborn must perish by thy hate  
 And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.  
 Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command;  
 Would the same god had barr'd thee from my land!

---

Pone Deos, et quæ tangendo sacra profanas:  
 Non bene cœlestes impia dextra colit.  
 Si tu cultor eras elapsis igne futurus;  
 Pœnitet elapsos ignibus esse Deos.  
 Forsitan et gravidam Dido, scelerate, relinquas,  
 Parsque tui lateat corpore clausa meo.  
 Accedet fatis matris miserabilis infans;  
 Et nondum nato funeris auctor eris.  
 Cumque parente suâ frater morietur Iuli,  
 Pœnaque connexos auferet una duos.  
 Sed jubet ire Deus. Vellem vetuisset adire;  
 Punica nec Teucris pressa fuisset humus.  
 Hoc duce (nempe Deo) ventis agitaris iniquis,  
 Et teris in rapido tempora longa freto.



The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,  
 Who kept thee out at sea so many years;  
 While thy long labours were a price so great,  
 As thou to purchase Troy would not repeat.  
 But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,  
 When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest.  
 Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will  
 To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.  
 A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,  
 And, without conquering, here thou art a king.  
 Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:  
 Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;

---

Pergama vix tanto tibi erant repetenda labore,  
 Hectore si vivo quanta fuère forent.  
 Non patrium Simoënta petis; sed Tybridis undas.  
 Nempe, ut pervenias quò cupis, hospes eris.  
 Utque latet, vitatque tuas abstrusa carinas,  
 Vix tibi continget terra petita seni.  
 Hoc potiùs populos in dotem, ambage remissâ,  
 Accipe; et advectas Pygmalionis opes,  
 Ilion in Tyriam transfer feliciùs urbem,  
 Inque loco regis sceptrâ sacrata tene.  
 Si tibi mens avida est belli, si quærit Iulus  
 Unde suo partus Marte triumphus eat;  
 Quem superet, ne quid desit, præbebimus hostem;  
 Hic pacis leges, hic locus arma capit.

And while we live secure in soft repose,  
 Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.  
 By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay;  
 By all the gods, companions of thy way.  
 So may thy Trojans, who art yet alive,  
 Live still, and with no future fortune strive;  
 So may thy youthful son old age attain,  
 And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:  
 As thou hast pity on unhappy me,  
 Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.  
 I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,  
 Nor did my parents against Troy combine.  
 To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,  
 By some inferior name admit my love.

---

Tu modò, per matrem fraternaque tela sagittas,  
 Perque fugæ comites Dardana sacra Deos:  
 (Sic superent quoscunque tuâ de gente reportas,  
 Mars ferus et damni sit modus ille tui.  
 Ascaniusque suos feliciter impleat annos,  
 Et senis Anchisæ molliter ossa cubent)  
 Parce precor domui, quæ se tibi tradit habendam.  
 Quod crimen dicis, præter amâsse, meum?  
 Non ego sum Phthias, magnisque oriunda Mycenis:  
 Nec steterunt in te virque paterque meus.  
 Si pudet uxoris; non nupta, sed hospita dicar.  
 Dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.

To be secur'd of still possessing thee,  
 What would I do, and what would I not be !  
 Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,  
 When free from tempests passengers may go :  
 But now with northern blasts the billows roar,  
 And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.  
 Leave to my care the time to sail away ;  
 When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.  
 Thy weary men will be with ease content ;  
 Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.  
 If by no merit I thy mind can move,  
 What thou deny'st my merit, give my love.

---

Nota mihi freta sunt Afrum frangentia littus :  
 Temporibus certis dantque negantque viam.  
 Cùm dabit aura viam, præbebis carbasa ventis.  
 Nunc levis ejectam continet alga ratem.  
 Tempus ut observem, manda mihi ; certius ibis :  
 Nec te, si cupies ipse, manere sinam.  
 Et socii requiem poscunt, laniataque classis  
 Postulat exiguas semirefecta moras.  
 Pro meritis et siqua tibi debebimus ultro,  
 Pro spe conjugii tempora parva peto.  
 Dum freta mitescunt, et Amor: dum tempore et  
 usu  
 Fortiter edisco tristia posse pati.

Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo ;  
 And give me time to struggle with my woe.  
 If not, know this, I will not suffer long ;  
 My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.  
 Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,  
 While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.  
 My tears flow down ; the sharp edge cuts their  
     flood,  
 And drinks my sorrows that must drink my blood.  
 How well thy gift does with my fate agree !  
 My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.  
 To no new wounds my bosom I display :  
 The sword but enters where love made the way.

---

Sin minùs ; est animus nobis effundere vitam.  
     In me crudelis non potes esse diu.  
 Adspicias utinam, quæ sit scribentis mago !  
     Scribimus, et gremio Troïcus ensis adest :  
 Perque genas lacrymæ strictum labuntur in ensem ;  
     Qui jam pro lacrymis sanguine tinctus erit.  
 Quam bene conveniunt fato tua munera nostro !  
     Instruis impensâ nostra sepulcra brevi.  
 Nec mea nunc primo feriuntur pectora telo :  
     Ille locus sævi vulnus amoris habet.  
 Anna soror, soror Anna, meæ malè conscia culpæ,  
     Jam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos.

But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,  
 Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.  
 Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,  
 I lost that title, when my fame I lost.  
 This short inscription only let it bear :  
 " Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.  
 " The cause of death, and sword by which she dy'd,  
 " Æneas gave: the rest her arm supply'd."

---

Nec, consumpta rogis, inscribar Elissa Sichæi;  
 Hoc tamen in tumuli marmore carmen erit:  
*Præbuit Æneas et causam mortis et ensem.*  
*Ipsa sua Dido concidit usa manu.*

18  
[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]



# Notes.

## NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

Page 3, line 1, *Thus, while he lingers upon foreign shores,  
His own Penelope her lord implores:*

Ten years elapsed after the taking of Troy, before Ulysses returned to his kingdom and the faithful Penelope, of whose virtues and sufferings a full account may be seen in the *Odyssey*, in Books i. ii. iv. xvi. xviii. and xxiii.

P. 3, line 9, *the adulterer*—Paris.

P. 4, line 2, *The pendent web*—. For the history of this web see *Iliad* ii. p. 93, and Mr. Pope's Translation, Book ii. l. 107 to 127, and *Spectator*, Vol. 8, N<sup>o</sup> 606: it is thus exquisitely alluded to in the Bath guide,\*

Pray are not your ladies at Bath better plac'd  
Than the wife of a king who herself so disgrac'd,  
And at Ithaca liv'd in such very bad taste?  
Poor soul, while her husband thought proper to leave her,  
She slav'd all the day like a spital-field's weaver,  
And then like a fool, when her web was half spun,  
Pull'd to pieces at night all the work she had done.

P. 4, line 7, *Antilochus*—the son of Nestor. He was killed by Memnon not by Hector; the commentators have therefore proposed to read Amphimachus for Antilochus; but it suited the purpose of Ovid to make Hector the general murderer; such we may suppose the fears of Penelope as well as Laodamia to represent him: it must not be therefore conceived that any thing in Homer was unknown to our author,

\* Perexiguum volumen sed infinitæ dulcedinis.

of whom one of the best judges\* declared it hard to pronounce whether he were a more elegant, or learned poet. Antilochus was the neighbour of Penelope, and therefore more likely to occur to her.

P. 4, line 9, *Patroclus*—killed in the armour of Achilles. Iliad xvi.

P. 4, line 11, *The Lycian spear*—Sarpedon's.

P. 6, line 7, *Rhesus*, king of Thrace, brought horses to Troy which were to render it invincible if they ever tasted the waters of Xanthus; but arriving too late to be admitted into the city, he encamped under the walls, where he was oppressed, with twelve of his followers, as he slept in his tent, by Diomed and Ulysses, who had received intelligence of his situation from Dolon, a Trojan spy; Dolon fell also by the same hands that slew the unfortunate prince, and that carried off the fatal steeds. Iliad x.

Ardentesque avertit equos in castra priusquam  
Pabula gustassent Trojæ, Xanthumve bibissent. Æneid i.

Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food  
Of Troy they taste, or drink Scamander's flood. Dryden.

P. 9, line 6, *And only fit to teize the housewife's wool*; vide Comus.—It seems fair to restore this line to Ovid, from whom Milton certainly had it, and whom he both admired and imitated. No translator could have found one more fit for his purpose.

P. 12, line 8, *I, whom a girl you left, shall old appear*.—It is somewhere remarked by Mr. Addison (as the translator thinks,) that a woman generally speaks her mind in a postscript; thus Penelope, (perhaps the passage had not escaped the remarker) Penelope, the pattern of female constancy and virtue, is here made to bring before her husband

\* Poeta elegantior incertum an doctior. (Lowth de sacra poesi Hebræorum.)

all the miseries produced by the siege of Troy; the detestation entertained of it, even in ashes, by the Grecian women, her widowed bed, her days of sorrow and nights of labour, her love, her dread of Hector, his slaughter of the Grecians, his own mangled body drawn round the walls of Troy, her wretched state even after its fall, the desolation of the place itself, her fears of the perils to which Ulysses was exposed by land and sea in his return, her frequent and anxious enquiries, her jealousy, her fidelity, the hateful addresses and plunder of the suitors, the treachery and insolence of his servants, the danger of his son, the imbecility and extremity of his father, and to close the whole with the reflection upon the loss of her beauty, and the deplorable circumstance, that she whom he left a girl, must now (even though he should immediately return) appear an *old woman* (*Anus*, a word of great force in the original, especially as the concluding one) in the eyes of her husband.

Vix Priamus tanti, totaque Troja fuit.

Perhaps the last two lines of this epistle would be better rendered thus,

I, an old woman doubtless shall appear,  
Come when you will; a girl you left me here.

## NOTES ON THE EPISLE OF PHYLLIS TO DEMOPHOON.

P. 16, line 9, *The shoals of Hebrus dread*.—Hebrus a river famous in poetic story, particularly for having received the head of Orpheus thrown into it by the Thracian women,—a tale so sweetly told by Virgil.—Vide *Georgic* 4th, and

Mr. Sotheby's faithful and elegant translation, nostræ non laudis egentem.

P. 20, line 13, *The Ægida*—the descendants of Ægeus, from whom only two generations had yet sprung: the distinction supposes many likely to succeed.

P. 21, line 3, *There should the Minotaur*.—The Minotaur was supposed to be a monster whose upper part was that of a man, and his lower of a bull.—See Notes of Phædra to Hippolytus.

P. 21, line 4, *Scyron*—a famous robber who committed devastations in the neighbourhood of Megara, and was slain by Theseus.

*Procrustes*, another robber who infested the country of Athens. He was supposed to keep a bed for the purpose of tormenting those who fell into his hands: if their bodies exceeded the length of it they were curtailed; if found short of its dimensions they were extended by torture.

P. 21, line 14, *The Cretan maid*.—Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, who gave Theseus a clue of thread to guide him out of the labyrinth in which he was involved by Minos to be devoured by the Minotaur whom he killed, and escaped with Ariadne. He left her afterwards asleep in the island of Naxos, warned as the fable says, by Bacchus, who protected the lady and exalted her to a place amongst the constellations. It seems ungallant to suspect that her propensity to wine had disgusted her lover, and that he had left her in the arms of Sleep, whom her libations to Bacchus had rendered so powerful, that she was insensible to the departure of Theseus: nor surely could so magnanimous a hero have put her into a state of intoxication, more commodiously to desert her; nor her translation to the stars by Bacchus imply that she fell a victim to the excess of fondness for the god, in his earthly representation. However these things really were, or if they never were, very pretty use of them is made here, in the Ariadne to Theseus, and in the Phædra to Hippolytus.

P. 22, line 3, *To Athens now insulting bid me go.*—It is hardly to be supposed that the learned Ovid would call Athens *the learned Athens* in the time of Demophoon, unless the city being under the tutelage of Minerva, might justify him in distinguishing it by such an epithet. Perhaps this was a liberty in which he chose to indulge himself; and the translator, had there been any thing convenient or inviting in it, would have followed him. Nothing however is said of the learning of Athens, or the Athenians, in the catalogue of Homer.

Commentators have not remarked this, perhaps thinking it not worthy notice. *It may be supposed that ancient critics were more indulgent than the modern.*

P. 24, line 13, *Her zone unbound.*—The zone was a girdle which the bride put on, and the husband unbound in bed; it was made of wool, probably, at first, only because it was soft and easily loosened. The reasoning of the commentators upon this seems far-fetched—that as the wool when wound was united, so should *she* be united to her husband.

P. 25, line 1, *There did the furies hymenæals sound.*—This circumstance seems to be borrowed from a passage in the Fourth Book of Virgil—

Summoque ululârunt virtice nymphæ:—

finely rendered by Dryden.

Hell from below, and Juno from above,  
And howling Nymphs were conscious to their love.

*Ululo* is sometimes used to express the sounds of joy—as, *lætis ululare triumphis.*

The three furies were Tysiphone, Alecto, and Megara, daughters of Night and Acheron, but the greatest of these was Tysiphone.

P. 27, line 5, *Live on my tomb, &c.*—The epistle of Dido closes much in the same way.



NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF  
BRISEIS TO ACHILLES.

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Page 31, line 1, *These barbarous characters, &c.*—Whether the Greeks called foreigners and their language barbarous, before the time of the Trojan war, is considered in the notes upon another epistle. Ovid only does what others had done before him. Briseis pleads, as a foreigner, her want of skill and practice in writing Greek. The line in the original seems to be applicable to most modern specimens of Greek composition.

P. 31, line 11, *Heralds.*—Talthybius and Eurybates, employed upon this occasion in Homer.

P. 32, line 11. *My fruitless tears I give, my hair I tear.*—Briseis is described in Homer as passing in dignified and silent grief, as is well remarked by Pope. Ovid is however unusually abstemious in adding only the circumstance of tearing her hair, the ordinary mode of expressing great affliction.

P. 33, line 9, *Me shall so many nights, &c.*—Briseis endeavours to pique the love, and the honour of Achilles, who can live without her, and leaves her, at least in possession of another man, *so many nights*. Parted lovers count time by nights, rather than days. Thus Horace describes the husband of Asterie—

frigidas,

Noctes non sine multis,  
Insomnis lacrymis agit.

These lines in English would be accused of kissing.

P. 33, line 11, *Not so Patroclus, &c.*—This trait of the good nature of Patroclus is very prettily given by Ovid, and quite in character. Briseis therefore laments over him with



distinguished gratitude and affection in the 19th Iliad, and particularly as *μειλιχος αειει*, a disposition the most likely to gain the love and excite the regret of mankind: the wise and great are admired, and feared, the gentle and benevolent beloved and lamented.

P. 34, line 1 and 2, *The son of Telamon, Ajax.*  
*The son of Amyntor, Phœnix.*

P. 34, line 3, *Thy rugged soul no ties of blood can move,*  
*Deaf to the voice of friendship and of love.*

Telamon the father of Ajax was the brother of Peleus.  
Phœnix was the friend and tutor of Achilles.

P. 34, line 11, *Ten talents of pure gold.*—The talent, here supposed to be meant, was 60 minæ—a mina about three pounds sterling.

P. 34, line 13, *With them a captive train of Lesbian fair,*  
*(To thee superfluous gift) of beauty rare!*

It is not clear whether Briseis means to imply that Achilles had captives enough, and that there was no necessity for supplying him with other beauty, when he had rejected her's; or whether she intends to accuse him of coldness and insensibility, notwithstanding she reproaches him, in a different way, in another part of the epistle: inconsistency is natural to jealousy.

P. 34, line 15, *Superfluous proffer of a royal bride*  
*Sprung from the king of kings, to grace thy side.*

Literally—one of the three daughters of Agamemnon for a bride:

*Ex Agamemnoniis una puella tribus.*

Their names were Chrysothemis, Iphianissa or Iphigenia, and Laodice.

P. 35, line 11 and 15, *I saw thy Myrmidons, &c.*  
*Three valiant youths, &c.*

This is finely taken from the speech of Briseis lamenting over Patroclus in the 19th book of the Iliad. The Latin of

Ovid may be understood, as if she had said that her mother fell at the same time with her husband and brothers; and indeed the Delphin editors so render it—"tres occubuisse, et matrem tribus quæ erat mihi mater:" but besides that there is no mention of this in Homer, and that it is unlikely that Briseis would have reminded Achilles of such barbarity, had he been guilty of it, the words will very well bear the sense in which Heinsius understands them, agreeably to Homer—*fratres suos innuit*.

Tres cecidisse, tribus, quæ mihi, mater erat. Tribus quæ mater erat, mihi mater erat. Andromache in the 6th book of the Iliad recounts the slaughter of her father, and seven brothers, and the captivity of her mother. Ovid also makes Sappho lament the misfortunes of her family; but they are less affecting than those of Andromache or Briseis.

P. 38, line 3, *Of Peleus worthy and the stock of Jove*.—This too is borrowed from Homer, who makes Achilles say, when he refuses one of the daughters of Agamemnon, that if the gods preserve him he shall receive a wife at the hands of his father *Peleus*, from amongst the daughters of the Princes of *Achaia*. We see here the extreme reverence for parents inculcated by Homer. Achilles, the hero of his poem, even after a ten years war, in which he had borne the most distinguished part, looks forward to be married to the Princess, whom his father should choose for him at his return to his country.

P. 38, line 5, *Submissive I'll my daily task absolve*.—This whole passage is finely imitated by Prior, in his *Henry and Emma*.

- “ This potent beauty this triumphant fair,
- “ The happy object of our different care.
- “ Her let me follow, her let me attend
- “ A servant, she may scorn the name of friend.
- “ What she demands incessant I'll prepare,
- “ I'll weave her garments, and I'll pleat her hair.

" My busy diligence shall deck her board,  
 " For there at least I may approach my lord.  
 " And when her Henry's softer hours advise  
 " His servant's absence: with dejected eyes,  
 " Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise!"

P. 40, line 1, *Thus Meleager sought the embattled plain.*— This is taken from the speech of Phœnix in the 9th book of the Iliad, where it is much objected to by the critics. Ovid would not have borrowed what he disapproved: but perhaps the judgment of Ovid in such cases may be disputed. What, however, is tedious or misplaced in the mouth of Phœnix, may come very properly from Briseis.

Meleager was the son of Æneus king of Calydon and Althea: soon after his birth she overheard the fates, who sat by the fire, say, that the new born infant should live till the billet, then burning, which she held in her hand, should be consumed; which the mother upon their departure extinguished, and carefully preserved: when he was grown up, Diana offended with his father, who had forgotten her in his sacrifices to the gods after harvest, sent a prodigious boar to ravage his lands; which Meleager slew, and presented the head to Atalanta the daughter of Jasius, king of the Argives, who had given the first wound to the monster. His maternal uncles so resented this that they endeavoured to take the head from the princess, whom he married, and they were killed by him in the conflict that ensued: his mother in a rage threw the billet into the fire, and he died soon after of a raging fever.

P. 41, line 8, *By thy dread sword destruction to my race.*— This was appealing in the strongest way to his compassion.

P. 42, line 2, *The willing youth a yielding fair one charms.*— When Ajax, Ulysses, and Phœnix, go (in the 9th Iliad) to persuade Achilles to return to the army, they find the place of Briseis supplied by Diomede, and Patroclus attended by Iphis. This was so much the fashion that even Nestor had a mistress, Achilles therefore could not merely for this

be justly accused of sacrificing his glory to ease or pleasure, which might as well be objected to him while Briseis was in his possession, as after he had resigned her: but jealousy would not be well painted, if, in its complaints, it were made to pay any regard to candour. But if Achilles was an inconstant, neither was he a tender lover, and his pride seems to be more wounded than his passion for the lady, in the loss of Briseis, who, at his reconciliation with Agamemnon, he wishes had died in the ships that brought her from Lyrnessa, rather than have given rise to his dispute with that prince, the consequent loss of so many Grecians, and the triumph of the Trojans. This is an imputation upon his gallantry, of which the ingenuity of Mr. Pope in vain endeavours to acquit him, by saying, that he only wished Diana had killed her, or that she ought to have died before he had known or loved her. For after that intercourse had taken place, when the speech was made, the case was very different; and however proper it might be in council, it certainly did not come well from the mouth of a lover, upon the mention of a faithful, affectionate, and beautiful woman: neither was Briseis, but Chryseis, the original subject of contention. A woman however is the cause of the war between the Grecians and Trojans. A woman also is the cause of the most important circumstances in the war.

P. 43, line 2, *The Pelian spear, &c.*—so called either from a mountain in Thrace whence it was cut, or because it was the weapon of Peleus, which no person could wield but himself and Achilles, and therefore was not assumed by Patroclus with the other arms of Achilles.

P. 44, line 2, *Thou view in arms renown'd thy infant son.*  
—Pyrrhus the son of Achilles by Deidamia.

P. 44, line 15, *Search'd by thy sword, that, had not Pallas  
stay'd,*

*Low in the dust had great Atrides lay'd.*

When Achilles seizes his sword to kill Agamemnon (in the

first book of Homer) Pallas descends and prevails upon him to repress his fury.

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NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF  
PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

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P. 49, line 9 and 10, *Thus wafted fly the secrets of the soul,  
Though mountains rise, and seas opposing roll.*

His arcana notis, cælo, pelagoque feruntur.

Perhaps this line of Ovid was in the mind of Mr. Pope when he wrote :

*Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.*

P. 50, line 6, *Love bids me write what shame forbade to say.*  
Litera non erubescit.—Cicero to Luceius.

A letter does not blush.

*The virgin's wish without her fears impart,  
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart.*

P. 50, line 8, *Nor safe to spurn the power who Jove defies.*  
Quicquid amor jussit, non est contemnere tutum.

Thus in the Paris to Helen :

Namque ego divino monitu ne nescia pecces.  
Evehor, &c.

P. 51, line 9, *Love trains from tender years the practis'd  
heart ;*

*Late when he points, with fury wings the dart.*

Ovid is supposed to shew great knowledge of human nature, in this description of the strength of a late passion in love.



P. 53, line 5, *Now like the priestess when the god prevails,  
Of maddening Bacchus, or in Ida's vales,  
That sounds the Cymbals to Cybele dear.*

The rites of Cybele were celebrated in the groves of Mount Ida. They were similar to those of Bacchus, but performed by men—such men as Ovid here calls women:

Quæque sub Idæo tympana colle movent.

P. 53, line 9, *The horned fawns or Dryads.*—Dryads were the nymphs of the woods, fawns and satyrs the gods of the groves and fields. They are described with horns on their heads, and their lower parts like goats. Madness was believed to be the consequence of seeing them: our Dryads, the fairies, are more harmless, whose visions are held to be fortunate, as well as delightful.

P. 53, line 13, *Our race's fate, perchance, I thus obey,  
To Venus their devoted tribute pay.*

Venus having been exposed to Vulcan her husband, in the arms of Mars, by the sun, decreed in revenge that no woman, who descended from him, should be chaste. Pasiphae, the mother of Phædra and Ariadne, was the daughter of Apollo.

P. 54, line 1, *Thus with thy blood thy fires Europa blend.*—Europa, the daughter of Agenor, whom Jupiter the king of Crete carried away from Phœnicia in a ship, whose ensign was a bull, or the master of it called after that animal: the story is beautifully told in the *Metamorphoses* book 2, fab. 13. and finely introduced in the 18th Ode of the 3d book of Horace.

P. 54, line 7, *The lowing husband of the jealous herd,  
With passion blind, Pasiphae preferr'd.*

It is strange that Ovid should make Phædra remind Hippolytus, who was chastity itself, of the disgraceful passion of her mother, and dwell with seeming pleasure upon so disgusting a commerce—preserving these—*Veneris monumenta nefandæ*. He has done this more fully in the *Art of Love*; and Virgil both in his *Eclogues* and *Æneid*; yet there is a



charm in their language that hides, with exquisite fascination, what revolts us in our own. The translator would, if he had dared, have omitted these lines: the story of them is this: Pasiphae is said to have inclosed herself in the wooden form of a cow made by Dædalus, and thus gratified her bestial appetite: for the credit however of humanity (at least) this is contradicted; and we learn that she had an amour with a general or minister of her husband's, whose name was Taurus—and that Dædalus assisted her in the affair; perhaps exercised his ingenuity in contriving some secret bower for the reception of the queen and her lover: one would think that the fictions of poetry should rather soften than exaggerate the infirmities and vices of mankind; but the marvellous, especially in very early days, seems to have absorbed the attention of the poet; and in the pursuit of that delusive object propriety and delicacy were neglected.

P. 54, line 12, *Ægides*. Theseus.

P. 54; line 13, *The maze of death*.—The labyrinth, from which Ariadne extricated him, by a thread that conducted him to the termination of it; and supplied from her family another subject for the wrath of Venus.

Line 55, p. 10, *What time Eleusis*;—A city in the Athenian territory so called from the arrival of Ceres: for Eleusis in Greek signifies coming. She had a temple there in which the Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated.

P. 55, line 13, *White was thy robe, and flowers adorned thy head*.

This probably was part of the dress of candidates for the mysteries.

P. 56, line 5, *Such arts by manly beauty should be scorn'd,  
Best by a manly negligence adorn'd*.

The whole picture of Hippolytus is drawn with great force and skill; his incipient manhood at the time of his initiation in the mysteries; his ingenuous blushes; his noble air; his dark and manly complexion (for so we may understand

*flava ora*;) the strength and grace of his person, and his agility in his sports and exercises—all likely to captivate an amorous woman.

P. 56, line 11, *With raptures then upon thy form I gaze,  
When the fierce steed thy skilful hand obeys.*

It is observed that Phædra follows Hippolytus through all his exercises, and admires him in all.

P. 57, line 13, *Like thee in woods was Cephalus renown'd.*—This was a very proper example for Phædra to cite, for he at first resisted Aurora, who seduced him from his wife by sending him in disguise to try her chastity, which was not proof against so unfair an attack.

P. 58, line 5, *Cinyra's son.*—Adonis. Cinyra was king of Cyprus.

P. 59, line 3, *Træzena*, an Argive city, situated in the Peloponese, to the east of the Isthmus of Corinth.

P. 59, line 5, *Pirithous*, the son of Ixion, with whom Theseus descended into hell, to assist him in carrying off Proserpine: he was devoured by Cerberus.

P. 59, line 11, *A murder'd brother*—the Minotaur.

P. 59, line 12, *A sister left upon a desert shore*—Ariadne.

P. 59, line 13, *The first in valour of the armed fair*—Hippolyte.

P. 60, line 2, *Know with his sword he pierc'd thy parent's side.*—Hippolyte was said, on the contrary, to have been killed, by an Amazon, fighting by the side of Theseus.

P. 60, line 7, *I brought thee brothers*—Demophoon and Amphiloclus—or Acamantes—

*But 'twas he who rear'd.*

The cruelty of the ancients, in exposing their children, is sufficiently proved by their history as well as poetry: but it was usual for the tenderness of mothers to save the children from being exposed; whereas Phædra professes to have been

desirous of sacrificing her own offspring to the interests of Hippolytus, and her unnatural passion for her son in law seems to resemble the ferocious ambition of Lady Macbeth—

I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dasht the brains out—

P. 60, line 15, *Nor let vain scruples.*—Ovid should not be accused of justifying the commerce Phædra wished to procure with Hippolytus; while he is describing the extravagant passion of a furious and abandoned woman in her own words and character.

P. 62, line 3, *Praise shall attend thee to my chamber led,  
Nor censure follow to a mo her's bed.*

Tears and intreaties are here the last resource of Phædra; but finding Hippolytus inexorable, like the wives of Prætus and Potiphar, she accused him to her husband of attempting her chastity, by whose rash orders he was quartered by his own horses, and thrown into the sea.

## NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF CENONE TO PARIS.

Page 67, line 4, *Mycenæ*—The country of Menelaus and Agamemnon.

P. 72, line 4, *My cares preserv'd thee.*—Very fine use is made of this thought by the Spectator, in a letter from a mother to a son. Vol. IV. N<sup>o</sup> 263.

P. 74, line 4, A daughter wedded to a *hundredth* son!

Vidi Hecubam *centumque* nurus. Virgil ii. 505.

Sad they beheld amid the mournful scene,  
The hundred daughters to the mother queen. PIT.

Dryden calls them wives.

P. 75, line 6, *The brave Deiphobus shall own the truth*;—  
The mention of Deiphobus in this place is somewhat singular, considering that he was afterwards married to Helen, and the unfortunate figure he makes in the sixth book of Virgil, probably in the hand of every body when this epistle appeared; unless Ovid intended to insinuate how fallible those often prove, who are thought to be, and really are, most capable of advising others.

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto  
Deiphobum vidit lacerum crudeliter ora,  
Ora, manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis  
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere nares.  
Vix adeo agnovit pavitantem, et dira tegentem  
Supplicia; \*\*\*\*\*

—— me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacænae  
His mersere malis: illa hæc monumenta reliquit.  
Namque, ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem  
Egerimus. \*\*\*\*\*

Tum me, confectum curis somnoque gravatum  
Infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque jacentem  
Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque similima morti:  
Egregia interea conjunx arma omnia tectis  
Emovet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem:  
Intra tecta vocat Menelaum, et limina pandit.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,  
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound:

\* *Dishonest* with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,  
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.

\* Dishonest here means disgraced, unseemly.

He scarcely knew him, striving to disown  
His blotted form and blushing to be known.

—— “cruel fate, and my more cruel wife  
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life;  
These are the monuments of Helen's love,  
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.  
You know in what deluding joys we past  
That night, that was by heaven decreed our last;  
With watching overworn, with cares opprest,  
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest, }  
And heavy sleep my weary limbs opprest;  
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,  
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd,  
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,  
Invites her former lord within my walls.”

The consequence is above described.

P. 76, line 11, *Thus did thy frantic sister*,—Cassandra, who received the gift of prophecy from Apollo as the price of favours which she refused to grant; the offended god, therefore, rendered useless the boon which he could not withdraw, and she was doomed eternally to foretel events that were really to happen, and never to be believed.

P. 77, line 1, *Ah! why Ænone, &c.*—Whoever will not allow that Ovid is frequently sublime, as well as witty, spirited, and tender, (in spite of Strada and his followers) either does not comprehend, or is not disposed to do him justice: the original speech of Cassandra, besides the animated expressions in which it is couched, has in it that mysterious obscurity which is at once characteristic of the prophetic style, and an acknowledged source of the sublime; the description also of her in the fury of inspiration, and of Ænone listening, is extremely picturesque, though in few words, in the original.



P. 79, line 1, *He, from whose hands proud Ilion's bulwarks rose,—Apollo.*

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## NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF DEIANIRA TO HERCULES.

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Page 83, line 1, *While yields Œchalia's tyrant, &c.*—There were three Œchalias, one in Thessaly, one in Arcadia, and another, here spoken of, in Eubœa. Hercules laid siege to it, because Eurystus had refused him his daughter Iole in marriage, who was the wife of his own son.

P. 83, line 9, *Pleas'd may Eurystheus, and the Thunderer's wife.*

Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, was the instrument of Juno in subjecting Hercules to the labours which he performed.

P. 84, line 2, *Trebling, to give thee birth, the hours of night.*—The fable was, that Jupiter had extended the night which he passed with Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, to three times it's usual space—probably that he spent three days and nights with her: an unusual favour of the Father of the Gods and Men, who had so many engagements of this sort upon his hands.

P. 84, line 13, *The stars, when Atlas fail'd, Alcides bore.*—Hercules is said to relieve Atlas from the burthen of the heavens, because he succeeded to his fame in astrology, in which he was instructed by Atlas.

P. 86, line 5, *Me serpents, &c.—and dogs with triple jaws, &c.*—Alluding to the Hydra and Cerberus, whom Hercules dragged from hell.



P. 86, line 7, *Me reeking entrails, &c.*—The commentators refer this to the entrails consulted by her, and the nightly search of omens, (*ominaque*;) the translator has rendered it (perhaps not truly) of the horror of dreams arising from ruminating upon the deeds of Hercules employ'd in the destruction of beasts, whose entrails presented themselves to the distracted imagination of his sleeping wife—as in the *Medea* :

*Ante oculos taurique meos, segetesque nefandæ :  
Ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat.*

The fiery bulls, the horrid harvests rise,  
The sleepless dragon still before my eyes.

P. 87, line 7, *Nor nymph Ormenian, &c.*—Astydamia, whom Hercules ravished, after having killed her father, who had refused him his daughter in marriage, knowing that Deianira was his wife. By Astydamia he had a son named Ctesippus.

P. 87, line 9, *That pictur'd throng, &c.*—This is understood of the fifty daughters of Thespius the son of Erectheus, all of whom Hercules was said to have ravished in the same night : fifty children sprung from the rape, who were called Thespides. A picture representing this fable was preserved at Teuthrantium, a town in Attica.

P. 87, line 12, *The stepdame now of Lydian Lamus made.*—By Omphale the queen of Lydia.

P. 88, line 1, *Mæander*, a celebrated river dividing Lydia from Caria, so winding in its course, that it seemed to revolve into itself ; a deception similar to that of the Symplegades mentioned in the *Medea* to Jason. The shifts of crooked policy were by the ancients termed *Mæanderings*. We use the word in a less figurative sense, and apply it to the windings of streams, but chiefly in poetry.

P. 88, line 5, *Nemea's plague.*—The lion killed by Hercules in the Nemean forest.

P. 88, line 7, *Those bristly locks the Lydian mitre bound.*—The mitra was a covering worn by the Lydian women, and their effeminate countrymen.

P. 88, line 8, *Pale poplar*—of which Hercules made himself a garland when he descended into hell to drag out Cerberus. The tree was, for that reason, sacred to him.

P. 88, line 11, *The wretch his steeds with human flesh who fed.*

Diomed, a cruel tyrant in Thrace, who was said to feed his horses with the flesh of travellers, or his guests. Hercules slew and gave him for food to his own horses. Perhaps this prince lavished the sums upon his horses, expended by others in sumptuous entertainments.

P. 88, line 12, *And fierce Busiris*—a king of Ægypt who sacrificed human victims to the Nile to procure the seasonable inundation, and was proceeding to seize Hercules as a proper subject, but was slain by him in the attempt. A story of his justice (the justice of tyrants who are pleased when they can mingle it with cruelty) is very prettily told by Ovid in the first book of the Art of Love :—

Dicitur Ægyptos caruisse juvantibus arva  
 Imbribus, atque annos sicca fuisse novem.  
 Cum Thrasius Busirin adit, monstatque piari  
 Hospitis effuso sanguine posse Jovem.  
 Illi Busiris, fies Jovis hostia primus,  
 Inquit, et Ægypto, Tu dabis, Hospes, aquam.

For nine whole years, on Ægypt's sultry plains,  
 From heaven descended no refreshing rains;  
 A Thracian guest Busiris hop'd to please,  
 And taught, a stranger's blood might Jove appease.  
 Thou then, the tyrant cries, the victim prove,  
 Give Ægypt rain, a stranger's blood to Jove!

P. 89, line 1, *Revenge'd Antæus, &c.*—A giant the son of Earth, or as some say of Neptune, who used to compel

strangers to wrestle with him and destroy them. Hercules overcame him by lifting him from his native soil, from which, whenever he touched it, he received new strength: probably some powerful and ambitious prince whose resources from his own country Hercules cut off.

P. 89, line 7, *A gentle pupil of the Ionian maid.*—Omphale.

P. 90, line 4, *The boar that ravag'd the Arcadian lands.*—This monster was said to lay waste Arcadia, and was brought to Tegea alive by Hercules, and presented to Eurystheus: probably some robber whom Hercules made prisoner.

P. 90, line 10, *The triple Geryon.*—A king of Spain, or rather of the Gades, who was feigned by the poets to have had three heads and three bodies—from the three islands over which he reigned, his three sons and three armies.

P. 90, line 11, *Fell Hydra's heads.*—This serpent was reported by some to have had seven heads, some furnished it with ten, some with fifty, and others with a hundred; from each of which, when struck off, two sprang up. But Hercules obviated this difficulty by directing Iolaus to apply fire to the wound: perhaps some prince of great resources, which Hercules cut off by sending his General to burn the enemy's country.

P. 91, line 3, *The ambiguous breed of Centaurs, &c.*—The first men who were seen mounted upon horses; and therefore said to have the upper part of a man, and the lower of a horse.

P. 91, line 6, *Sidonian robes.*—Sidonia was famous for the purple dye, and probably from that circumstance, for highly ornamented dress. Thus we find Tyre and Sidon censured for their luxury in Scripture.

P. 91, line 8, *The nymph appears.*—Omphale the daughter of Iardanus.

P. 92, line 12, *Black with Lernean poison*—dipped in the blood of the Hydra.

P. 94, line 11, *Achelous mouræs*.—The son of the earth and sea, or of Thetis, who endued him with the power of assuming various shapes; under that of a bull he lost one of his horns contending with Hercules for Deïanira, which horn the nymphs preserved, and then filling it with the various produce of the earth, it became the Cornucopia. In other words, Hercules diverted one of the two branches of the river, which fertilized the countries through which it flowed: the story is very prettily told in the 9th book of the *Metamorphoses*: thus the *Bicornis*, and the *Tauriformis Aufidus*. Rivers are also called bulls from the sound of their waters. Vide Homer on the Scamander in §——.

P. 94, line 14, *Evenus*—a river in Ætolia.

P. 96, line 1, *The usurper Agrius*.—The brother of CENEUS the father of Deïanira.

P. 96, line 3, *My brother Tydeus*—who having killed his father or uncle fled to Adrastus, king of Argos, whose daughter he afterwards married.

P. 96, line 5, *Another (brother) &c.*—Meleager, whose life depending upon a certain piece of wood, his mother Althæa, enraged with him for killing her brothers, threw it into the fire. Probably some rebellion excited by her, who, as well as her brothers, disapproved of his marriage with Atalanta, to whom he presented the head of the boar.

P. 96, line 7, *That mother*.—Althæa, who, in despair for the death of her son, slew herself with a sword, or as Diodorus says, applied the noose to her neck.

NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF  
 M E D E A T O J A S O N.

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Page 105, line 5, *Creusa*—daughter of Creon king of Corinth.

P. 106, line 5, *She hop'd my aid her children might receive.*  
 —Chalciope, the sister of Medea, had four sons in the expedition with Jason.

P. 107, line 6, *Thy grandsire's orb.*—Æeta, the father of Medea, was the son of Apollo.

P. 107, line 7, *Triple Dian.*—Luna in the heavens, Diana upon the earth, and Proserpina in the infernal regions: she is represented also with three heads, of a man, a horse, and a dog.

P. 109, line 6, *The Isthmus*—of Corinth.

P. 109, line 9, *Medicin'd the monster's flaming eyes to sleep.*

—— nor poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world  
 Shall ever *medicine* thee to that sweet sleep,  
 Which thou ow'd'st yesterday. OTHELLO.

Johnson says the verb *medicine* is obsolete.

P. 110, line 3, '*My brother, O my brother!*' DOUGLAS.

Absyrtus, the brother of Medea, whom she was said to have cut to pieces, and to have scattered his limbs in the way of her father, and thus retarded his pursuit; the grief of the father might render him incapable of pursuing the murderers of his son.

P. 110, line 13, *O had the sister rocks conspired to join.*—Symplegades—Two rocks in the Thracian Bosphorus, or



rather in the mouth of the Euxine, so close to each other that, seen at a distance, they appear to join, and were fabled by the poets to open and close.

P. 111, line 7, *What boots it now of Pelias' fate to tell.*—Medea is said to have persuaded the daughters of Pelias that they might restore him to youth as she had done Æson, the father of Jason, provided they would discharge the old blood from his veins with the knife, and infuse that taken from some young and healthy subject. This was probably an operation recommended by Medea, and ill performed by the daughters of Pelias. Dr. Darwin supposed the restoring Æetes to youth by boiling him, to have meant the use of the warm bath.

P. 114, line 13, *'To me no day shall e'er seem sweet or fair.'*

HARDYKNUTE.

P. 117, line 14, *Boast now Sisyphean wealth with this compared.*

Creon was the son of Sisyphus.

P. 118, line 3, *Live on: but wherefore should my tongue impart*

*The deep revenge I treasure in my heart?*

Quos ego: sed motos præstat componere fluctus. Æneid. I.

139.

No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall——I will do such things,——  
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be  
The terrors of the world. LEAR.

Medea being banished from Corinth by Creon, requested to remain there one day, which was granted; and in return, she sent, as a present to his daughter, the wife of Jason, a robe and a crown of gold, which that princess put on, and died in consequence; Creon perished also, in the infectious embraces of his daughter. Medea, after murdering her two children, fled to Athens, drawn by dragons in a chariot given



to her by the sun; there she married Ægeus, the son of Pandion. *Argument of the Medea of Euripedes. Stephens's Edit.*

Sit Medea ferox invictaque: a character certainly well preserved and highly wrought by Ovid.

## NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS.

Page 124, line 2, *spear*.—The Thyrsus, a staff or spear covered with vine leaves, which was said to inspire with madness those touched by it.

P. 124, line 4, *Thy royal robes Laodamia wear*.—It is impossible not to smile at this assembly of the ladies of the court, the result of their grave deliberations, and the solemn display (as we may suppose) of finery, the panacea for the griefs of ordinary female minds, so spiritedly rejected by the original Laodamia, that voluptuous but faithful princess.

P. 125, line 11, *Gaudy with gold he shone*.—It is somewhere remarked that Paris came very properly equipped to win the heart of the lady.

P. 127, line 10, *He is not form'd the naked sword to wield,  
Or face opposing heroes in the field.*

There is no foundation in Homer for making Protesilaus this unwarlike character; on the contrary, being the first man who landed, and falling in consequence, he is intitled to a place amongst the most distinguished heroes of the Iliad; the tenderness and the passion of Laodamia only can excuse this.

P. 130, line 9, *What joy to listen to thy valiant deeds*.—Laodamia, after having laboured to make her husband avoid

danger, is still desirous of sharing his glory, and hearing him recount his valiant deeds: so fond are women of bravery in men, even where their fears are most interested.

P. 131, line 5, *To his own city Neptune bars the road.*—Neptune and Apollo built the walls of Troy.

## NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

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Page 138, line 14, *Thee to my arms from Citherea due.*—Venus so called from the Island Cytheris, situated between Crete and the Peloponese. Islands are certainly famous for the production of beauty, as the Grecian islands—the British islands, &c.

P. 145, line 6, *The nymphs and Dryads*—a reference to Cœnone—Vid. her Ep. to Paris.

P. 146, line 5, *Gargara's heights.*—Gargara, a town and district of the Troas upon the summit of Mount Ida, famous also for its fertility.

P. 149, line 9, *For who unmov'd, &c.*—To describe Helen as exercising naked with naked men in the Palæstra, seems to be an anachronism, or at least an anticipation that would hardly be tolerated in our days—but Ovid (if these four lines be not an interpolation, for the sense would proceed very well if they were excluded) is justified by Euripides, who makes Peleus in the *Andromache* reproach Menelaus with this circumstance: Vid. Varior. ed. and the references: perhaps Ovid could not resist the picture of Helen so displayed. From the opposition Lycurgus found, it is not likely that he *only* regulated what was before established. Unless there be

learned authority to the contrary, with which the translator confesses himself unacquainted, he hopes he shall not be censured for the presumption of this note.

P. 151, line 8, *From Pleias, I, &c.*—Electra the daughter of Atlas, one of the seven Pleiades, and the mother of Dardanus by Jupiter.

P. 152, line 3, *Proud Ilion's towery walls*—built by Neptune and Apollo. The stones were said to have moved into their proper places to the Lyre of Apollo; a fable expressive perhaps of the harmony that subsisted between the two deities, or of the order and ability with which the undertaking was conducted.

P. 153, line 9, *A Phrygian mingles, &c.*—Ganymede.

P. 153, line 11, *Aurora's husband.*—Tithon the son of Laomedon, and the brother of Priam.

P. 154, line 1, *Anchises*—the son of Capys, and the father of Æneas.

P. 154, line 5, *With me I bring no stepsire's foul disgrace.*—As Menelaus does, whose father Atreus to revenge the violation of his bed, served up the children of his brother Thyestes to their father in a banquet—from which the sun is said to have shrunk with horror.

P. 154, line 9, *Nor slew my sire the father of his bride.*—As Pelops did Œnomaus, that he might get possession of his daughter Hippodamia.

P. 154, line 10, *Nor with his crimes th' Ægean waters dy'd.*—The Ægean sea called also the Myrtoan sea, from Myrtilus the charioteer of Œnomaus, whom Pelops was said to have drowned in it, adding ingratitude to cruelty, for he had conquered Œnomaus in the race by the assistance of this Myrtilus.

P. 154, line 11, *The tortur'd culprit*—Tantalus.

P. 159, line 1, *As swift Hippomenes outran the maid.*—Hippomenes the son of Macareus, or Megareus, who over-

came Atalanta in the race, by the assistance of Venus: the goddess supplied him with three golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides, which he threw in her way. Charmed with their beauty she stopped to take them up, and he passed and won her. Vid. *Metam.* 10th book.

P. 159, line 2, *The Phrygian's skill Hippodamia paid.*—The Phrygian, Pelops, who conquered her father CEnomaus in the chariot race.

P. 160, line 8, *Best might be whisper'd in the silent night.*—This is a very modest proposal in the original.

Excipe me lecto, nocte silente, tuo.

P. 160, line 13, *Beauty and modesty are mortal foes.*—Ovid should not be too severely censured for this sentiment; it is put into the mouth of a seducer: "Those whom she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those whom she makes honest she scarce makes fair." Yet Shakspeare's beautiful women are almost all exemplary for their virtue. Nothing is more false than that beautiful women are not equally chaste with those who are less pleasing: they are indeed more exposed, but beauty and innocence are naturally friends not foes, though too often unfortunately separated: this is finely treated by Milton in his *Comus*.

P. 163, line 12, *That crime with me thy heaven-born brothers shar'd.*

Castor and Pollux, the sons of Leda by Jupiter.

P. 163, line 14, *They his twin daughters from Leucippus tore.*

Phoebe and Elaira. Vid. *Fasti* 5th book.

NOTES ON THE EPISTLE OF  
HELEN TO PARIS.

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\* \* \* This epistle is by many supposed not to be the work of Ovid but of Sabinus. The translator on the contrary thinks it more likely to belong to Ovid than to his imitator. In the first place to him it appears to be a superior composition to the former: he doubts if any of the epistles given to men be really from the hand of Ovid. They have generally that inferiority which marks a subject too far extended. The circumstances in the first epistle seem rather to be fished out of the answer, than those in the letter of Helen to arise out of that of her lover. People of genius seldom give the pro and the con. Thus Pope wrote the Eloisa to Abelard, but left the Abelard to Eloisa to some future imitator of that exquisite poem. It is in the way of Ovid to search into the hearts of women, and he is proud of developing their weaknesses; their little arts to conceal, their delicacy in betraying, and their heedless violence in gratifying their passions: it would little flatter his vanity to give an intriguing letter from the adulterer to his mistress, the contents of which every fop in Rome might anticipate; but the artifice and treachery of Helen, the unfolding her intentions, and the steps she took to fulfil them, afforded a subject tempting to his wit, and proper to produce the knowledge, he intended to display, of female character. The whole epistle appears to the translator to be written with a view to render Helen ridiculous, and yet without offending against the delicacy, with which, it is well observed, Homer has treated that celebrated lady. Far be it from the present interpreter, like his predecessors, to impute the artifices of Helen to her sex in general; but those of a woman of intrigue are here, certainly, admirably illustrated.



P. 173, line 7, *The fruit of all his toil,  
A few forc'd kisses all his boasted spoil.*

The scandalous chronicle of some commentators records, however, Iphigenia as the daughter of Helen by Theseus.

P. 175, line 5, *Tyndarus*—was the husband of Leda the mother of Helen.

P. 176, line 4, *The Greeks your fertile Phrygia barbarous deem.*

Whether foreigners and every thing foreign were called barbarous by the Greeks in the time of Homer, is a question which the translator does not presume to discuss: it seems probable at least, that they were not noted by that contemptuous appellation before the Trojan war. Homer's ear had perhaps been wounded by the language of the Carians, but his calling *them* only *barbarous of speech*, seems to weaken, rather than to confirm, the proof of the universality of the reproach, even in his days; for had it obtained he would probably have introduced it in more than one place, and applied it to the Trojans and their auxiliaries, from the mouth of some of the Grecian heroes. Vid. Iliad, B. line 867, and the note in Clarke, and Pope's Homer at the close of the second book of the Iliad.

————— the Carian throngs,

With mingled clamors, and with barbarous tongues.

P. 181, line 7, *My absent husband leaves my unguarded side.*  
—This has been held to be a good plea even by the severest judges.

P. 182, line 1, *Nor think rash youth by force to conquer fear.*

It was deemed more delicate to make the lady invite (in the spirit of the rest of the epistle) by *forbidding*, than by *recommending*, violence—this important question is well treated in the first book *De arte amandi*.

P. 182, line 10, *Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.*

The translator hopes to be excused for making free with

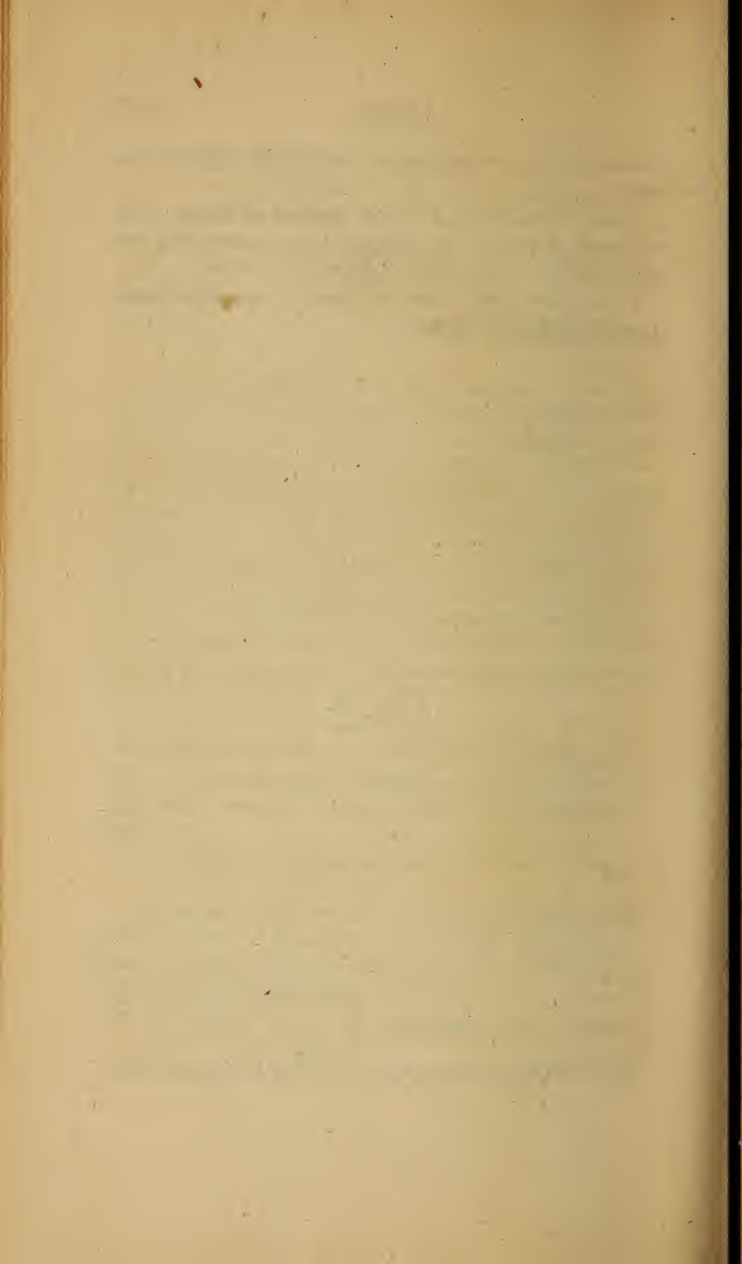


this line of Pope, who seems to have had the original in his eye.

P. 182, line 12, *Hypsipyle*—the daughter of Thoas. She was queen of Lemnos, whom Jason forsook, after living two years with her. Vid. the epistle from her to Jason.

P. 186, line 1 and 2, *Æetes* the father, *Chalciope* the sister, *Ipsea* the mother of Medea.

FINIS.



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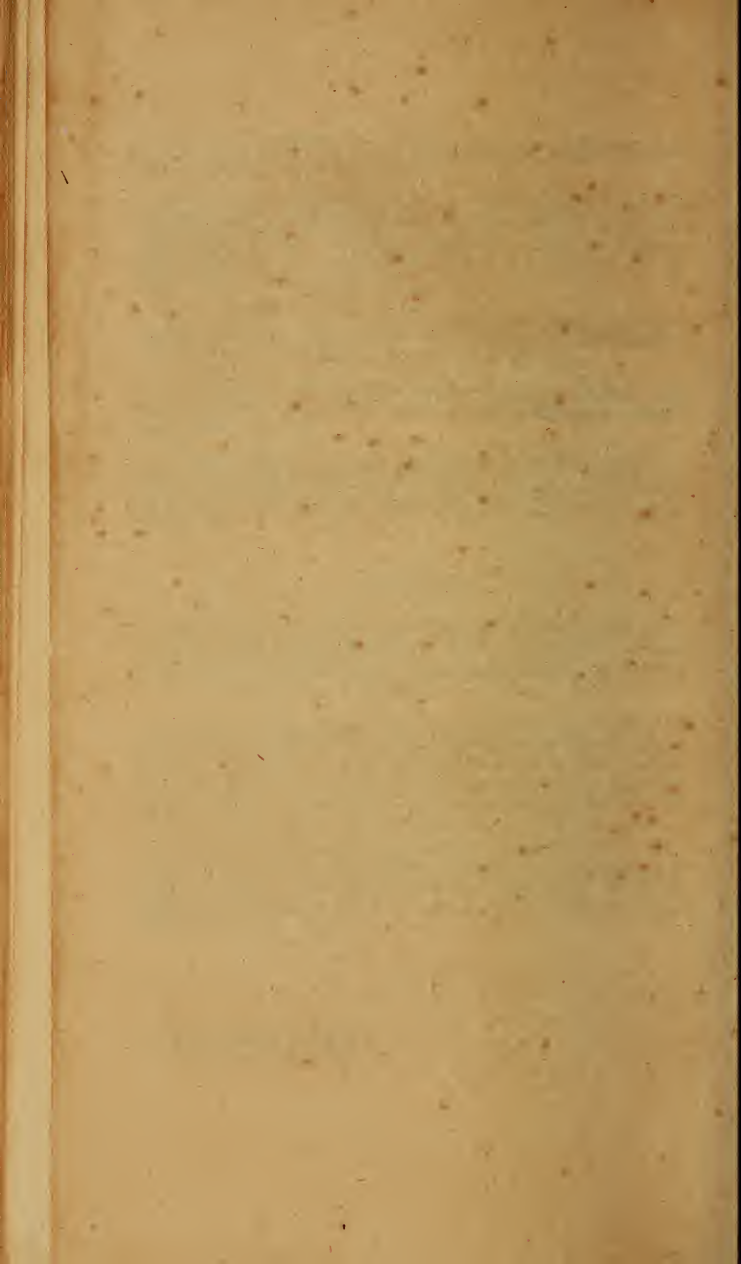
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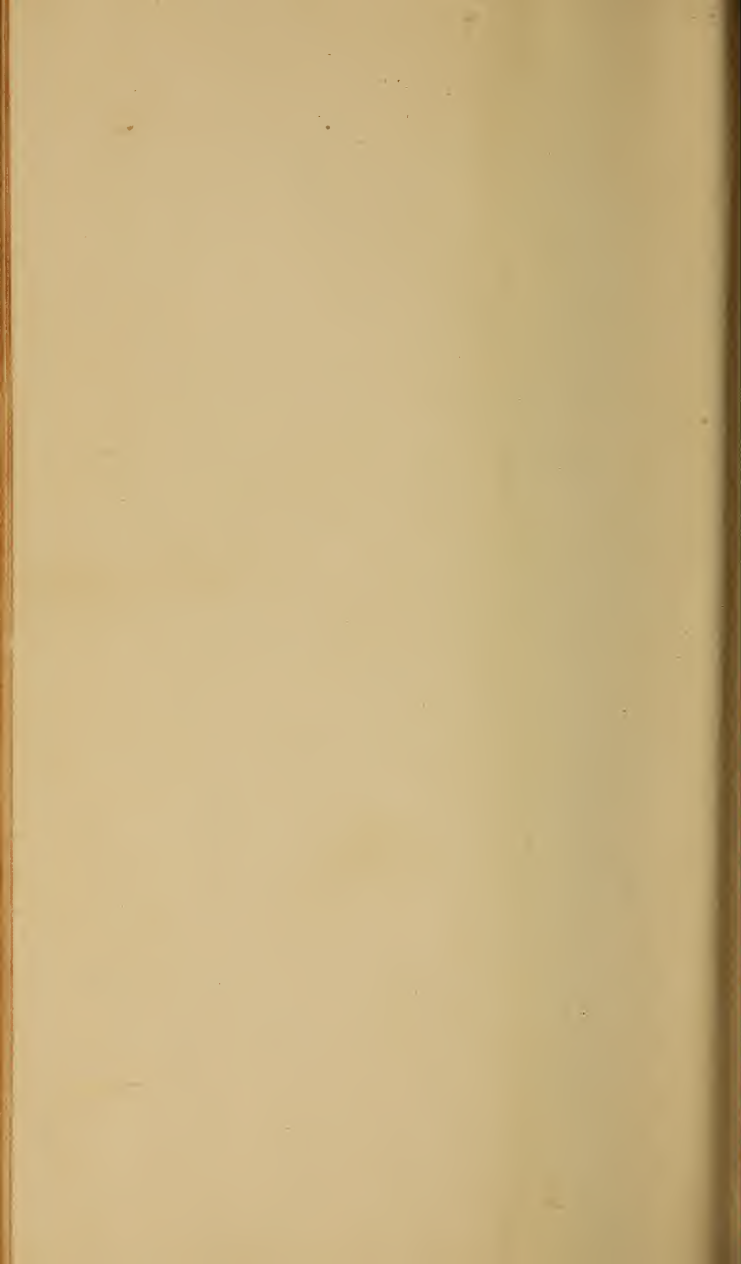
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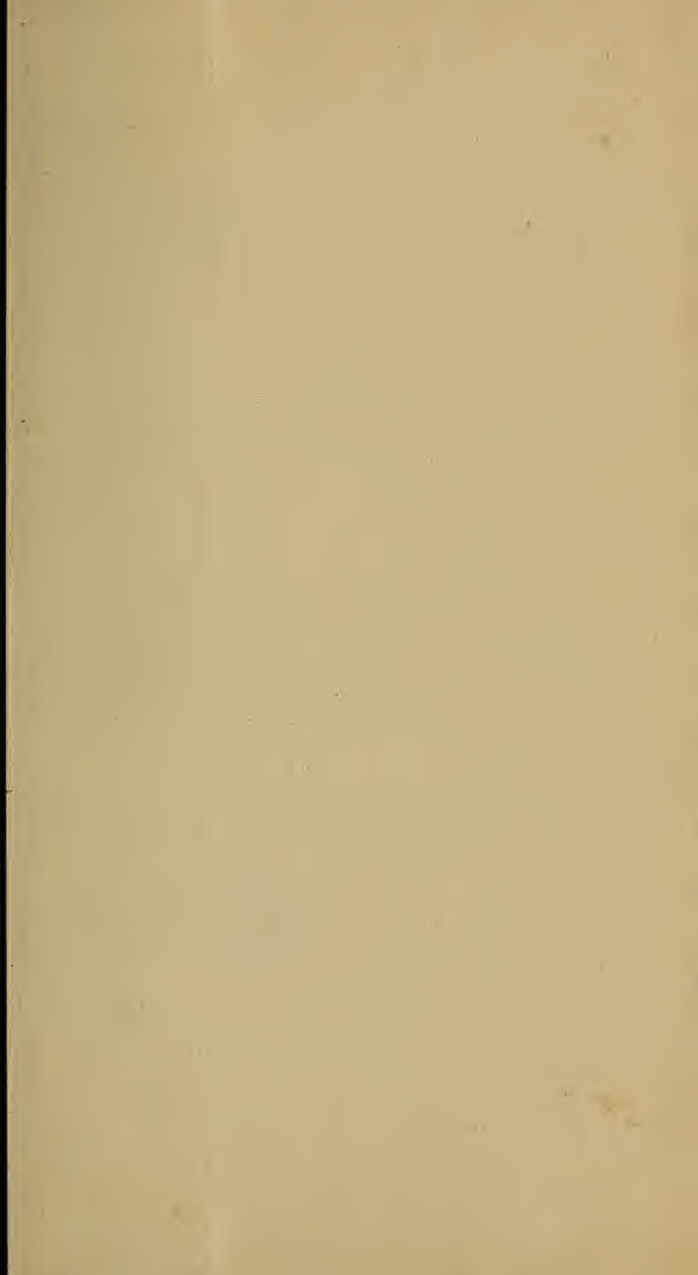












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