



T H E
W O R K S
O F
ANACREON and SAPPHO,
W I T H
PIECES from ancient Authors ;
A N D
O C C A S I O N A L E S S A Y S ;
I L L U S T R A T E D B Y
OBSERVATIONS on their LIVES and WRITINGS,
EXPLANATORY NOTES from established COMMENTATORS,
And additional REMARKS by the EDITOR ;
Edmund Spenser Greene
With the CLASSIC, an introductory Poem.

*Hic sua vibrat Amor, vibrat sua tela Lyæus,
Dùm lepidos resonat Teia Musa Choros ;
Suscitât Æölios omnis Cytheræa Calores,
Silvestresq; vocat lenior Aura modos ;
Comi, Flacce, graves recitas tessudine cantus,
Excolit et placidus dulcia rura Maro.
Felix, si priscum spoliâns Alveare Poeta
Transulerit chartis mellea dona suis.*

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T H E

C L A S S I C.

A

P O E M.

Addressed to ———, Esq;

Tros, Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo. VIRG.

IN that soft age, when, guiltless of offence,
Each thought is worth, each action innocence,

When dawning reason, but as instinct, glows,
And Passion, rul'd by Nature, ebbs, and flows:
When stranger to disguise, and *worldly* art,
Each circling object strikes into the heart;

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A heart, which freely points, unknown to sin,
The keen sensation, vibrating within :
That age, when mirth the laughing hour employs,
And folly spreads her momentary toys,
A feast of trifles, which, demurely wise,
Presumptuous manhood fondly dares despise ;
(Though boasted manhood if *experience* view,
She finds the greatest trifier of the two)
That age, when *open'd* souls familiar meet
In frolic intercourse, communion sweet ;
Theirs the pure sun-shine of contented ease,
By others' pleasure taught—their selves to please ;
Another's pang by sympathy their own,
Unconscious (soon to change !) of self alone :
When should some *Nothing* urge the giddy strife,
Resentment springs not into hate — for life ;
The flame, this moment rous'd, the next descends,
And anger makes the fault, which goodness mends :
Yes ! in those chequer'd days, from flow'r to flow'r
We sip'd the sweets of education's bow'r ;
Together trod, my friend, the *letter'd* round,
And emulative toil'd o'er classic ground ;

Soon

Soon from the cradle's sleep to pedants grown,
We learn, for other tongues, to loath our own.

Grave *elemental* struggles whil'd away,
(The stripling's ardor amply to repay)
'Rest of *whose* solid basis, on the brain
The literary *dome* is rear'd in vain,
We saw the mother quit, profuse of charms,
Her *mortal* husband for *immortal* arms ;
Unlike the fair, whom *modern* whimsy shows
Wasting her toilette-smiles on *sister*-beaus.
From wild romance we trac'd the royal pair,
By man deserted, suckled by a bear ;
Chieftains we saw, whose falchions drench'd in
blood
Proclaim'd th' heroïc monster's *gen'rous* mood ;
Saw princes, panting to be lords of all,
Bullies, who never slept without a brawl ;
For imitation mete —— to crown their toils
Some upstart *Persian* boasts a *Nabob's* spoils.

See ! on the verge of Fate the legions stand,
When Eloquence harangues th'embattled band,
Still prone to listen, where the strains persuade
A kind suspension of the *desp'rate* trade ;
—Fix'd o'er the gestures *never form'd*, they look,
And hang on periods, which were *never spoke*.

Forgive, ye sacred dead, th' irrev'rent line,
 — Fond tribute pour'd on truth's much-honor'd
 shrine ;
 'Tis thine, fair maid, to rule *th' historic* lore —
 Unblest'd with thee — a *legendary* store.

But — hark the muse ! her youth-inchanting
 play

In *Love's epistle* sheds a filken fway ;
 Warm from the heroine's eye, despondent flow,
 Roll the big tears of * *chronologic* woe ;
 Or whining notes, a fickle boy the theme,
 Mark'd with the *vital*, not the *fable* stream,
 Mark'd by the pointed Sword, (ill-omen'd art !)
 To the dear traitor speak — a *bleeding heart*.
 Yet—ONE, for bliss while vagrant fancies roam,
 And leave neglected wives to pine at home,
 Stems the wild Hellespont with amorous speed,
 Careless, as *modern kidnaps* — cross the Tweed.

If wonders charm you, where (creative force !)
 Luxuriant Genius wars with nature's course ;

* A defence of *Virgil* for his chronological error in the Episode of *Dido* and *Æneas* has been happily attempted by *Ségrais*, from the Plan of the *Æneid* ; a defence which cannot extend to *Ovid's* Epistle from the former to the latter.

Some god-like *B*——*more* in act to seize,
 Lo! *transmigrating* virgins sprout in trees;
 Curs, once so faithful, at the nod of pow'r
 Spring forth, like *C*——*crafts*, and their Lord
 devour;

From *dragons'* teeth a standing army grows,
 Soldier with soldier fights —— for want of foes;
 Feasts, but in vain, their richest sweets display,
 Th' insatiate *barpy* flouncing on the prey,
 Though conscious want inflame the rav'ning
 breast,

Some puny * *Jenyns* turns it to a jest; †
 Of plenty's loaded granary shuts the gate,
 And vouches with a *thread-bare tale of state*.
 Men sink to hogs, and women change to
 stones,
 And the torn Mirtle speaks with human groans;

* Causes, and consequences of the high price of provisions.

† *Heus! etiàm Mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus! Virg.* Indeed this witticism was explanatory of that ancient prime Minister, the Oracle.

Yet, yet, mysterious plant, thy murmurs end ;
 Unpity'd thousands bleed — beneath a friend§.
 Free'd

§ The bleeding mirtle, *Virg. Æn. B. III.* has been ranked by some Critics with *Italian* conceits, and by others most solemnly defended. *Ovid* has adopted in the novels of his *Metamorphoses* the most glaring extravagancies, but has omitted to copy this, though it may seem to have altogether fallen in his way: He may be supposed for once in the right. Mr. *Addison* censures the phenomenon, as conveying ‘the marvelous without the probable, and as proceeding from ‘natural causes, without the interposition of any supernatural power, capable of producing it.’ The objection has been considered with that labored refinement, so peculiar to its * Accuser, from the prodigy’s being consistent with the ‘Religion of the times.’ *Æneas* evidently intended a sacrifice, ‘*Divis auspibus,*’ and a peculiar application to *Jupiter*, who might be presumed by the hero rather averse to the *Trojan* interests, from the known hatred of *Juno* ;

*Superoq; nitentem
 Cœlicolũ Regi mæstam litore Taurum.*

And he acquaints us with the motive for his desiring the mirtle, (*sacra Dioneæ Matri*) namely,

Ramis tegerem ut frondentibus Aras.

Though no deity personally interposes, a deity is necessarily imply’d. Priests (in the mere Pagan world) frequently played

Div. Leg. B. II. Sect. 4.

Free'd from the *trance* of wit matur'd we fought
 The feast of judgment, and the calm of thought ;
 Saw — watchful *Solons* plan their social laws,
 Saw — patriots falling in their country's cause ;
 Saw — shield of Virtue — Declamation stand,
 Awe in her voice, and vengeance in her hand ;

played behind the curtain, and indeed their whole *religious* system was devoted to ' pious frauds ' — Why may not the same privilege be allowed to their gods ? This ' *Nodus* ' was ' *deo vindice dignissimus* . ' *Æneas* was ' *incertus, quò fata ferant* , ' and it was consonant with the Epic, that some law of Nature should be violated to extricate him from his present situation. The exhibition of deities seems too hackneyed for the purpose, and the interposing Exhortation of a kinsman, who had suffered by the barbarity of wretches inhabiting the shore, on which the *Trojan* was but newly landed, was well adapted as a piece of machinery in the poem, and as an elegant sacrifice in the poet to the social virtue of affection, the characteristic quality of his hero. — *Bayle*, who has on the whole most closely and satisfactorily reasoned on the subject, might however have omitted the following observation. ' Would the passage have shocked me, had I been born a *Roman* in the time of *Augustus*, and had read it, soon after the *Æneid* was published ? ' If *Bayle* disapproved of it at his *distant* period, he could scarcely have relished it at an earlier. The religious ceremonies subsisting at *Rome* during the despotism of *Augustus* have been faithfully recorded, and *Servius*, a critic, the least liable to err in ancient customs, has condemned the passage at an *Æra* little remote from the days of *Virgil*.

Saw

Saw — by their crimes, appall'd corruption's
tribe

Blush for a while at guilt, and drop the bribe;
Drop, solemn lesson to ourselves, the tear,
Now *surely* dry'd each *sev'nth* revolving year.
Nor less we woo'd the philosophic train,
Where truth *meand'ring* *streak'd* the moral vein;
Too partial truth, who grudg'd thy full control
From wisdom's choicer mine to bless the soul;
Yet — reason's charms a *manly* *grace* dispense,
And the recorded adage breathes with sense.

Oh! had Religion, with unfully'd ray,
Show'd on the Pagan zeal a flood of day!
From superstition purg'd the mental sight,
Nor left to grovel in the shades of night!
Had she, the frenzy of *Chimæras* chain'd,
The pride of *arbitrary* rules disdain'd,
'The solemn lie no auguries to tell,
No shadowy pantomimes to frisk in hell,
To priestly wiles no oracle consign'd,
No *heav'n* of *Mahomet* to feast the mind,
Nor fits of spleen to prompt celestial will,
And crush the subject world with deeds of ill,
Her steps on consecrated ground had trod,
Each breast adoring—One eternal God;

The bard, exalted with Lucretian fire,
Had tun'd the notes, for angels to admire,
Devotion's theme had won the classic crown,
And grac'd the solid majesty of * *Browne*.

The comet's *regular distraction* hurl'd
Around th' affrighted, planetary world,
Whose realms enamor'd of the central beam
Revolving catch the light's benignant stream ;
'The dark profound of gravitation's course,
And matter teeming with attractive force ;
The pow'r's mechanic weigh'd with subtle grace,
And all th' expanded labyrinth of space ;
Colors that float before the visual ray,
And fondly vibrate with *reflected* play ;
Thee too, fair harmony, whose chords unbound
Display the magic excellence of sound,
Not theirs, alas ! to speak——unop'd the cell,
Nature's abyss, where treasur'd wonders dwell
Elusive of the search, at length resign'd
They burst from night, and own'd a *Newton's*
mind.

* *Jf. Hawkins Browne, ' de Animi immortalitate.'*

Nor theirs—*experiment's* severer care,
To sift th' elastic properties of air,
Ev'n to its *dying* breath ; from *vital flame*
To raise the phoenix *chemistry* to fame ;
To search the *pores of gold*——neglecting wealth,
And sacrifice our own—for others' health,
These, these were laurels doom'd for *modern* toil,
By knowledge pluck'd to crown the head of
Boyle.

Nor theirs calm reason's *mathematic* art,
To solve the nicer problem of the heart ;
To tend the passions from their infant shoot,
And trace the mental chaos to its root ;
Arm'd with the shield of truth 'twas *Locke's* to
scan
Th' unbounded theme, and picture man to man.

Freely, ye moderns, boast th'*indulgent* rays,
Yet—spare the *glimm'ring* worth of ancient days ;
Coy science loves, with fond attention woo'd,
Loves, like the virgin, still to be pursued ;
Reluctant to the last, she yields her charms,
And fills with solid bliss the votary's arms.

Wide o'er the sounding main, from pole to
pole,

Our happier lot to push th' inquiring soul ;
Unweary'd sail creation's ample round,
And pant to leap o'er earth's contracted bound.
To climes that flame beneath the burning zone,
'Th'extended world of continent our own
In ignorance bury'd long—a tow'ring flight
Quick let us soar—and charm th' astonish'd sight ;
—Yes ! goddess, knowlege and *Columbus* call ;
—Impatient rush to *Niagara's* fall,
Where the wild cataract with headlong sweep
Dashes a-down the promontory's steep
Full many a channel'd fathom ; stern below
Ontario frowns — and mourns his troubled flow :
— The sailor trembling at the roar — from far
Points the rude scene, and flies the gushing war.

Be ours to *thrid Canaries'* genial shores,
Where nature spreads her variegated stores,
A gay profusion — in this *Eden* plac'd
Feasts for the eye, and treasures for the taste ;
Health from its wing the temp'rate zephir blows,
No ague shivers, and no fever glows.
Slave to revenge the fullen negro roves
O'er laughing vales, and aromatic groves ;
Hears

Hears the soft music of the warbling host,
 The little fires of a *faithless* coast * ;
 Sweet harmonists ! to lure the *Christian* eye
 Who snatch'd to rougher climates pine, and die:
 And must poor innocence be doom'd a prey
 The guilt of *savage* *murd'ers* to repay ?

Enormous *Teneriffe*, heav'd into the spheres,
 His head in majesty of horror rears,
 King of th' incircling Isles — fell ruin's sound
 Volcanos roar, and earthquakes rock the ground.
 Yet, all-directing heav'n, whose gracious hand
 Sheds wealth and glory on *my native* land,
 Sheds ev'ry blessing (could we but enjoy !)
 Thou source of Pity, will not to destroy ;
 Oh ! teach us to confess, in hallow'd strains,
 The soil, a paradise, where freedom reigns.

Hail Freedom ! — rous'd by that inspiring
 Name

My kindled spirits swell the trump of fame:
 Ye wings of vanity, the fopling bear
 To lisp th' applauses of *Italia's* air,

* *Salmon's* Mod. Hist. Vol. III. P. 93.

Where the wild brain's uncultivated field
Scarce the small gleanings of a school can yield ;
But, nourish'd by the tutor's pliant art,
Vice opes an easy passage to the heart :
Be his for *millinery goods* to roam,
With novelty of *curl* returning home,
Immediate jewel of the head — display'd
To win the simpers of the dimpled maid.
No *sentimental* truths for these can shine,
Tho' pity drops a tear at *Yorick's* line ;
And calls, while Humor flies her favorite's urn,
Humanity, to seal — the grave of *Sterne*.
For these the gl'ass, uprear'd by Mode's decree,
To point the glitt'ring finger — not to see,
Their country's *letter'd* triumphs ne'er can show,
Too proud of foreign worth, their own to know.

Here learn'd biographers, with labor'd page,
Rake the long records of each distant age ;
By birth dishonor'd, and with want oppress'd,
They fix the radiant star on virtue's breast ;
On guilt, on titled guilt indignant spring,
— To them alike — an *Irus*, or a *King*.
Full in th' historic van, see ! *Campbell* plac'd,
High o'er the train of judgment, and of taste ;

In-

Intrench'd with heroes *Plutarch* quits his seat,
 And *Zenophon* laments his *own* retreat :
 Facts amply prov'd the *Critic doubts* defy,
 Churls cannot rail, or * *Walpole* give the lie.

Let *Sophocles*, in sober, buskin'd state,
 Drag the *sage* chorus to the dull debate, '
 To moderate some madman's puny zeal ;
 — The soul from nature's drama learns to feel
Shakespeare's impassion'd lore — his magic art
 Opes *all* the sluices of the thrilling heart.

Farewell, *Euripides*, *Compassion's Priest*,
 When *Otway* spreads the melancholy feast ;
 Each sigh of sweet distress *his* accents speak,
 And tears, unbidden tears, bedew the cheek.

Hark ! *Milton* sings ! — his warblings wild re-
 hearse

The weight of wisdom, and the charms of verse,
Here (proud defiance !) *Satan* flies to arms,
 All heav'n resounding to the mad alarms ;

* *Walpole's Historic Doubts.*

The great Creator nods — in chains of fire
The fiend blaspheming howls his baffled ire :
There smiles humility with mercy join'd,
Smiles, and proclaims the Savior of mankind ;
There angels, wrap'd in halleluiahs, raise
Triumphant incense to Almighty praise ;
Hail, — Epic raptures ! hail Devotion's stream !
—— Hail, voice immortal of th'immortal theme !

Fast by the fountain, in the plaintive grove,
Fond *Hammond* tunes his disappointed love ;
In happy union o'er the comic land
See ! *Colman* walk with *Terence* hand in hand ;
Lloyd points the lively tale with *Prior's* ease,
And *Fielding*, friend of nature, learns to please.

Despondent *Sappho*, with the Sighs of care,
To *Cytherea's* shrine may lift her pray'r ;
The *Teïan* rev'ling o'er the festal bowl
With *two inspiring Gods* may lure the soul ;
Imperial praise th' *Augustan* Swan may pour,
Or dart reflection's beam on pleasure's bow'r ;
Let *Pindar*, burning for th' *Olympic* war,
Involve with clouds of dust his rapid car ;

b

When

When *polish'd Akenfide* commands the string,
Enthusiast fancy soars on judgment's wing;
Bids us (if merit be rever'd at home)
Deplore the rival'd toils of *Greece*, and *Rome*;
Bids us, from *Addison's* enchanting prose,
Whose strain with *Plato's* softer music flows,
The *manly feelings* of the heart regard,
And boldly claim the *Philosophic Bard*.

E. B. G.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Life, and Writings of *ANACREON*.

THOUGH it has been frequently observed, that a life, devoted to the service of literature, is chequered with few interesting events, yet (such is the caprice of readers!) no edition of an author has been esteemed complete, unless *all* the *minutiæ* of his history are prefixed.

They, who are disposed to require a regular, and exact account of *Anacreon* from the publisher of the present undertaking, must be absolutely disappointed: such clouds of uncertainty obscure the credit of many anecdotes, and so strong a mixture of insignificancy dis-

graces others. Indeed a scarcity of materials to furnish the lives of ancient writers has usually occasioned their histories to be enlarged to a history of their times. As if the translator, possessed with a blind veneration, feared to say too little of his original, and would therefore compliment his Memory by saying too much.

It must be confessed, that *our poet* is not to be placed among the more recluse students, who owe no portion of their abilities to social intercourse, who, with the most unbounded experience in books, have not a common knowlege of mankind.

That the latter was the province of *Anacreon*, will be readily collected from his History, on the more striking articles of which, occasional reflections will be offered, that a life and a preface may be weav'd together.

‘Adieu to Care’ seems the most expressive, and best adapted motto to the *Teian* Muse; it was the language of our author’s genius. The national calamities, which he experienced in
his

his youth, might have familiarized his mind to levity, and indulgence in his later years. There are some *few* tempers, which it is almost impossible to sour, yet a happy facility of disposition is found to be overset by misfortunes, in a quarter not to be expected with the run of mankind.

Thus *Anacreon*, having met with adversity at a season, the least prepared for its reception, might have a full relish for enjoyment, when it was the least consistent.

Compelled to banishment from *Teos* by the obstinate, but generous refusal of his countrymen to be * enslaved, he was for several years handed from one tyrant to another; under a necessity in the end to relinquish all: Their governments being repeatedly disturbed, and themselves assassinated. For such was the fate of his more distinguished patrons, *Polycrates* the *Samian*, and *Hipparchus* the *Athenian*.

* The retreat of the *Teians* to *Abdera* was so famous in ancient times, that it gave occasion to a proverb '*Abdera, pulchra Teiorum Colonia*,' intimating that a nation of honor will prefer freedom in a strange country to slavery in its own.

From whatever parents descended || (but to appearance not of a very exalted birth) his possession of literary abilities entitled him to marks of esteem. Even kings, at *this* juncture, were well-disposed to the conversation of genius, which they rationally judged to be an ornament to their courts. The imaginary splendor, beaming through riches and nobility, retired at the sight of intrinsic merit.

Though at first solicited to the *domestic* familiarity of princes, it is not unreasonable to conclude, that the superiority of his conversation introduced him by degrees to the councils of government. When a subject becomes the favorite of his sovereign, he glides *insensibly* into political confidence. The difficulty is to gain the ear, which is a direct passport

|| I am aware, that Mad. *Dacier's* quotation from *Plato* in her life of *Anacreon* will be objected to the above assertion. The passage, in her construction, proves the poet to have been related to *Solon*, who was nobly descended. But, as Mr. *John Addison* observes, from a reference to the original, “no such opinion seems fairly deducible from the text” of *Plato*. On the whole the genealogical compliment may be placed upon the same footing with this poetical dialogist's title of ‘wise,’ so whimsically indulged to the *Teian* trifles.

to the heart; particularly where the fluctuating condition of a state (as those of *Polycrates*, and *Hipparchus*) requires the assistance of abilities, wherever to be found.

That such was *Anacreon's* situation, may be more immediately concluded, from his quitting hastily those kingdoms, where he basked in the sunshine of court favor, when rebellion layed her hands upon the rulers. Civil commotions (such was once the fashionable veneration for learning!) involved not personally the sons of genius, if they had not too glaringly interfered, in disordered times, with offices of national concern. || *A Marcellus* was assiduous to save the life of *Archimedes*, and the *Syracusans*, and *Athenians* would have been

|| It may be surmised, that the knowledge of *Archimedes*, whose plans, and counsels retarded the siege of *Syracuse*, in which *Marcellus* was engaged, was more likely to have irritated that general to issue orders for the ruin, than for the preservation of the philosopher. But *Archimedes* acted as a professed enemy, and, though such, was protected by his abilities. *Anacreon* seems to have been differently considered, from having acted as a false friend to the countries, which afforded him protection, having sacrificed their interests to tyranny and oppression.

equally forward to preserve, and retain the *Teïan*, had they not been differently guided by notions of a public complection.

After having received his surfeit of distracted circumstances, a poet must have indulged himself in the prospect of a comfortable recess on his native soil, but even this unambitious happiness was denied him for a continuance; confusion being again kindled, he was reduced to lodge himself in his former asylum of *Abdera*, where it is usually imagined, that he died*.

Though the history of *Anacreon* includes but few particulars, yet several of those few are fabulous. The ancients (and it has indeed been the custom of later periods) were very fond of

* *Anacreon* lived to the age of eighty five. This long period of existence, rarely allotted to the most sober and regular dispositions, is some reason in support of the subsequent opinion concerning his lust of enjoyment. Some constitutions (but not many) appear to be little injured by excesses, but the days of man are more generally shortened thereby, and shortened so wretchedly, that nature too frequently brings on the winter of old age, before time has closed the spring of youth.

adapting

adapting the character of the man to the compositions of the writer. The *Teïan* muse flows altogether in the stile of frolic gayety, and yields too fair an occasion for the forgery of stories, which sacrifice our writer's mercenary, or rather prudential considerations to sensual indulgence. To this principle we seemingly owe the tale of his extreme anxiety on the receipt of a sum, by no means exorbitant for a favorite, and his return of it to the donor, with a very flimsy sentiment, for how could he consistently complain of the least trouble in keeping, what he had so shortly known ‡ ?

Poets of the present æra will reluctantly subscribe to an opinion, that any one can be unhappy, merely because he goes to rest with a comfortable sum at command. They judge of the convenience of cash, from a perpetual experience of its want.

‡ Our author is reported to have received this present in the evening, which he next morning returned. Its value was nine hundred pounds sterling, a gratuity to a poet, unusually handsome, but not a load to incumber the possessor. The reflection was, that 'the sum however great, was not answerable to the trouble of keeping it.'

But

But of all opinions the most erroneous is that, which presumes to mark the genuine principles of an author from the particular tenor of his compositions. I mean not to assert, that *Anacreon* was of a philosophic cast, though, (as it has been already remark'd) he is honored with the appellation of Sage by one of the finest pens of antiquity.

I cannot, on the other hand, assent to his being declared an inveterate libertine, made up of imprudence and voluptuousness. As a collateral confirmation of the inconclusiveness of thus characterizing a writer, an instance may be produced from satirical productions, for which the temper of the man has been abruptly stigmatized with censoriousness, and ill-nature, though often more honest, liberal, and ingenuous than his accusers.

A very discerning critic, and profound scholar has defined the satirical bent in the following expressive * manner; “ warm pas-

* Dr. *Jortin's* life of *Erasmus*. It is true, that the sentiment is immediately succeeded by these words, “ but *nimum nec laudare, nec lædere*, that is, neither to deify, nor duncify, seems to be no bad rule for those, who would wish to act consistently, and live quietly.”

sions, and a lively imagination dispose men to satire, and panegyric." A candid, and sagacious reflection, which deriving satire, and panegyric, from the same source, amply vindicates the former from the calumnies of morose judgment.

The whimsical record of our poet's death is another more obvious deviation from fact. If he was in reality an insatiable lover of the bowl, his death is *ingeniously* attributed to the grape stone, in whose fruits he had perpetually reveled. The moral, which it conveys, may at least plead in its favor; for pleasures, too strongly indulged, naturally bring on destruction in the end.

To this lesson the anecdote, not improbably, owed its rise; but it has so universally taken place in the history of *Anacreon*, that its veracity is as familiarly trusted to by modern credulity, as the most reconcilable circumstance of his life. It must be acknowledged to have an
 excellent

excellent effect in the poetic elegy of ‡*Cowley*, where fancy is consistently admitted, but in a life of the author, deliberately pen'd, Truth is not to be made a sacrifice to imagination.

As a close to the history of *Anacreon*, a delineation of his writings may possibly be required; this task would be entered upon with pleasure, if original reflections could be offered. The standards of his gay, and careless levities have been repeatedly pronounced to be elegance, and sweetness, which will always recommend them to the regard of politer taste.—Too un-
aspiring to aim at the command of the passions, he stands in the list of poets, whose province is the allurements of fancy. But—I recollect, that I am wandering into a description

‡ This once celebrated genius, who possessed a very uncommon share of talents, truly poetical, wanted the convenience of a language entirely refined, and an ear for the harmony of verse. His sentiments, and expressions afford a prospect of genuine poetry, which is lost in his versification, a point, he too little studied. However, that invidious sarcasm of *Pope* 'Who now reads *Cowley*?' can never be submitted to by those, who admire Originality: but every author has his day, These

Soles occidere, hanc redire possunt.

CATULL.

of

of those merits, which the reader will find insufficiently diffused in the translation.

Perhaps however, inequality is the almost necessary consequence of transplanting the flowers of genius ; every language containing peculiarities rarely to be traced in others ; a truth, which may extenuate the deficiencies of a version from whatever original it is formed ; deficiencies only to be obviated by an intimate acquaintance with the *letter*, and a critical relish of its spirit.

The subject of self, which has too generally corrupted the *pure* stream of erudition, is yet so flattering, that scarcely a preface exists without it ; I will only observe, that *interested* reflections upon the faults of predecessors will not be intruded into the following sheets ; they shall not be varnished with the formal accusation of ‘ erroneous’ for one, and of ‘ harsh,’ for another,

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis—

Every translator has his merits, and every critic possesses his abilities : but the former in whose version the finest vein of expression, and the

the easiest flow of numbers, are remarked, has proved himself best qualified for the task*.

To conform the *English* language to the genius of the *Greek*, the use of compound epithets may be admitted; but a certain stiffness which they produce requires a very cautious indulgence. There are, who have been apprehensive, that the *Teïan* fire would evaporate by a paraphrase of words, yet have not adequately examined, how far such paraphrase is unavoidable. A word in the original may receive, with a characteristic softness, an additional degree of strength, from its two-fold

* I had some thought, that a translation of the *Greek Scholia* might be well received as a pompous appendage to *Anacreon*, at least valuable for its novelty. On examination, so many remarks have been found altogether unnecessary, so many, little illustrative of passages, which they are brought in to explain, and such a tedious redundancy in general, that it appeared far more honest to exhibit some more material annotations, than to make a show of reading, and swell a publication, whose merit is its smallness, with a literary excrecence.

The original text is on this account omitted; a charge unreasonably accumulated upon the reader, who may examine it in so many other editions of the writers selected.

ety-

etymology; while a correspondent word in the *English* tongue must frequently fail of one, or the other; in such a case, a whole line of the latter will be more judiciously applied to explain a single word in the former, will be equally pertinent, and less inelegant.

Several of *our own* poets (particularly of a more *recent* date) have adopted this verbal conciseness; a conciseness, which affords *sound* sufficient to their *Lyric* compositions; but it must be confessed a wretched clog to a language naturally rough.

A minute comparison of sentiment, and expression with those of *Grecian* or *Roman* successors, has been designedly omitted. It is more useful for a reader to be left to himself, without having *analogical* reflections forced upon his genius; if he boasts a competency of learning, his ideas are anticipated; and if more moderately knowing, (for absolute ignorance is not to be considered) quotations will be superfluous, till he can make them for himself.

Indeed a profusion of remarks in general, tending neither to the illustration of the language, or the expansion of the thought,
is

is to be regarded in the same romantic light, with those officious observations upon historical facts, whereby the author gratifies his own talents, but cramps the reflecting faculties of his reader.

All historians have more or less indulged this parade of sentiment, and the examiner of less penetrating resolution has been consequentially deprived of the principal use of history, whose superstructure should be built on the basis of truth, and its comment submitted to the opinion of mankind.

T H E

W O R K S

O F

A N A C R E O N.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Odes more generally attributed to, and more satisfactorily proved to have been the compositions of Anacreon, are the first fifty five: to my version of the above I have added another, as usually ascribed to him. In the first I have followed the example of Mr. De La Fosse, who in his poetical translation, subjoined to Madam Dacier's edition, has omitted the last, upon what foundation it is not very easy to ascertain.

The Epigrams of Anacreon, and of Sappho, here exhibited to the reader, are the most striking ones, handed down as the genuine performance of those elegant writers. If curiosity prompt the more learned lovers of antiquity to a knowledge of all the inferior reliques, particularly of Anacreon, they may be perused in any compleat edition of his works, where these levities seem inserted as a sacrifice to the public Taste, which usually thirsts after all that can be pronounced of ancient production, though many pieces little redound to the reputation of their author.

T H E

O D E S

O F

A N A C R E O N.

O D E I.

“ S OUND, O muse, the *Theban* jars,
“ S Sound the rage of *Trojan* wars ;
“ Heroes, battles, tumults sing.”——
——Softly slept the tender string ;
Nought my rebel-lyre could move,
But the gentle notes of love.

Straight I tun'd the chords anew ——
“ Now the scene of arms pursue ;
“ Now *Alcides'* triumphs sing.”
——Softly slept the tender string——

* Nought my rebel-lyre could move
But the gentle notes of love.

Heroes, vainly ye inspire,
Love alone my soul can fire —
Conquests I to you resign —
Cupid's ‡ joys be ever mine.

* Some trouble has been thrown away by commentators to explain properly the word “*ἀντιφώνει*” by which *Mad. Dacier*, and her critical copyists understand, “*Qu’Anacreon chante, et accompagne de son Lut.*” But this seems refined: the Greek word is sufficiently evident, and in my opinion means only, that the lyre sounded those strains, which were contrary to its master’s inclination.

The measure made use of in these little poems has been elegantly discussed by the more learned commentators, by none more fully than by *Dr. Trapp*, and *Daniel De Pauw*.

‡ This ode has been usually esteemed a preface to the whole work; I think it very properly placed at the head of the frolic collection, but if *Anacreon* intended it in the above light, it may appear extraordinary, that *Bacchus*, who presides over many pieces, should not be once mentioned. I was so desirous of introducing the deity, that had the text given the least authority, I should have turned the last verse, “*Ever slave to love and wine.*”

O D E II.

With guardian-care indulgent heav'n
 Horns to the sturdy bull has given ;
 * With solid hoof protects the steed,
 The coward hare with boundless speed ;
 † The lion's jaw distended shews
 Voracious fangs in hideous rows ;
 The warblers soar with rapid wing,
 With fins the scaly nation spring ;

* The word ὀπλᾶς in the original is very injudiciously rendered by Mad. Dacier, "*les pieds infatigables*," which was not intended by *Anacreon*, as indeed she tacitly acknowledges in her note on the passage. Our translators consistently interpret ὀπλᾶς hoofs, the natural defence of the horse.

† χᾶσμι' ὀδόντων is a phrase of expressive brevity, which includes the distention of the lion's jaws, and the terrifying appearance of his teeth. I have been obliged to paraphrase it, as it cannot be described closely in the *English* language, or indeed in the *French*. Mad. Dacier makes a distant apology for running out of sight of the *Greek*, and giving corage to the lion, which is not defensible, and altogether contrary to the meaning of our poet.

|| Man nobly boasts, secur'd from art,
 Wisdom of mind, and strength of heart.
 † And is there nought for woman left?
 Is SHE of every boon bereft!
 Weak tho' her frame, not hers to yield
 To steel, to fire, to dart, or shield;
 Vain are th' embattled warrior's arms —
 — No proof 'gainst beauty's heav'nly charms;

|| *Φρόνημα* in the text conveys, in my judgment, the more extended meaning, given to it in the version. Several commentators, with the laborious *Stephens* at their head, have interpreted it, “prudence,” on which *Mr. John Addison* makes some lively reflections in vindication of that quality in the female sex, though he has rather weakly translated it “courage.” I hope I shall not be accused of having invaded the rights of the ladies by enlarging the author's compliment to the men; as it must be allowed, that although many women have a share of abilities equal to several of the other sex, it is in general the reverse; and indeed where the understanding predominates in the former, it is usually observed to consist in quickness and vivacity of parts, rather than in a philosophical solidity of reflection. On this principle the superiority of the ladies in the article of letter-writing seems to have been founded, a superiority which must readily be admitted.

† *Τυναιξὶν οὐκ ἔτ' ἔιχεν*; I read with an interrogation, which at least gives a more lively turn to the thought.

Beauty!

Beauty ! whose smiles, with soft control,
At once — can pierce him to the soul.

O D E III.

'Twas at the solemn dead of night
The moon withheld her silver light ;
* *Boötes*, with attendant car,
Urg'd in its course the northern star ;
And spent with toil, each human breast
Sank in the downy arms of rest.
When sudden Love's benighted pow'r
Came rudely tapping at my door ;
Who dares (I cry'd) this tumult make ?
——Who boldly dares my slumber break ?
Ah ! friend (a sobbing voice rejoin'd)
Ah ! banish terrors from thy mind ;
——An harmless boy — (let, let me in !)
With rain just wetted to the skin !

* I had a design of giving a general description of the night, instead of particularizing it by the constellations taken from the text, but I was apprehensive, that the liberty would have offended the soberer critics, who allow nothing of the original to be neglected in a version. *M. De la Fosse*, notwithstanding, has without ceremony omitted it.

I've

I've roam'd the live-long, stormy night,
 Afflicted, cold, without a light ——
 —— Mov'd at the gentle tale of grief,
 Pitying I rose to his relief;
 I struck a light, the door unbarr'd —
 When straight a weeping boy appear'd;
 A bow he held, and at his side
 Hung the full quiver's careless pride;
 Soft wings the little mourner wears,
 Wings dropping with celestial tears.
 ‡ Plac'd by the fire, with fondling care,
 I squeeze the water from his hair;
 And with a fost'ring ardor join
 His trembling, freezing hands in mine.

The cold withdraws—his spirits rise ——
 — Now let us see, (the urchin cries,

‡ The word καθίσας, the penultima of which is short, has been objected to by *Barnes*, who substitutes καθίσσας; as the *Vatican M. S.* on the other hand, has καθίξας. There seems however little occasion for an alteration, if we consider the carelessness of *Anacreon's* metre in many of his odes.

And

And with malicious archness smil'd)
 || I fear the rain my bow has spoil'd,
 Or sadly hurt — the string he drew ;
 The arrow thro' my liver flew ;
 * At once I felt th' envenom'd sting —
 — Loud-laugh'd the boy with wanton spring :
 “ All-hail !—no harm thy guest befell
 “ My quiver, bow, and all is well ;
 “ But thou, alas ! with tortur'd heart,
 “ Poor *Anacreon*, thou shalt smart.”

|| *M. Dacier* and *Stetbens* read the original very judiciously thus :

πειράζωμεν

Τόδε τόξον, εἰ τί μοι νῦν

Βλάζεται βραχείῃσ' αὖ νευρή.

Where τί is used adverbially. *Baxter* reads ἐς τί which is elegant *Greek*, but the other reading is preferable. If the curious reader should be willing to see the alterations that give rise to the two last notes, fully considered, he may peruse *Dan De Pauw* on the passages, who has, however, argued them with more pedantry than judgment, the characteristic of his criticisms.

* Οἷτρος, is a sort of gad-bee, that gives extreme pain to cattle by its venomous stroke ; I have been contented to render it by the general term of a sting, which is suitably opposed to the *Sting of love*.

O D E IV.

Where the rich lotus breathes perfume,
 And beds of fragrant myrtle bloom,
 In all the indolence of soul,
 I will, will quaff the sparkling bowl;
 † *Cupid*, my ever-lovely boy,
 Shall serve me with the foaming joy.

Too soon the chariot of our breath
 Wheels us to the plains of death!

† χιτῶνα δῆσας

ὑπὲρ αὐχένος παπύρω.

These words I have omitted in the translation, as they are of no consequence with regard to the sense of the passage. *De Paurw*, however, has been singularly assiduous to account for *Cupid's* appearance in the dress represented in the text, and enters into a whimsical enlargement thereon. The papyrus seems introduced as a binding to ornament the vest in which *Cupid* is described. The words *υπὲρ αὐχένος* refer to the garment. The lotus in the original most probably means a flower, or plant of that name, and not the tree. It answers to, and has been rendered by Dr. *Martyn*, georgic 3, 394 of *Virgil*, "Water lillies." Concerning the several sorts of the ancient lotus, see that botanical critic on georgic 2, v. 84.

Too soon the beings of a day
Descend into their native clay.

* But why this wine, this ointment shed
On the dull tomb-stone of the dead ;
For me, when pris'ner of the grave,
No ointments, and no wines I crave ;
While yet I live —— quick, quick produce
The fragrant show'r, the nectar'd juice ;
The rose's blushing wreath impart,
And bring the mistress of my heart.

To thee my moments I resign,
Thou God of Love, I all am thine ;

* The waste of spices and ointments made by the *Greeks* at their funerals, is here censured in a manner truly *Anacreontic*; more philosophic minds might extract a moral, which would do honor to their reflection. To compare (if it be indulged) profane history with sacred writ, we may certainly ask the ancients, “ Why were these superfluities not rather sold, and the price given to the poor ? ” but vanity and ostentation are constitutional in every established state. In vain will the more candid reasoners alledge, that “ *mortuo qui mittit munus, nil dat illi, adimit sibi* : for thus says *Publius Syrus* very pertinently. See *Mad. Dacier* on the passage. This observation may extend to that fantastic parade of funeral gewgaws, which makes so many holidays for the gaping vulgar.

Till summon'd to the shades below
I'll live and love — adieu to woe.

O D E V.

Sacred to the pow'r of love

Here the blushing roses bring ;

† Softest joys be ours to prove,

— Ours to drink, to laugh, and sing.

Sweetly blooming o'er our head,

Let the flow'rs luxuriant grow ;

Ev'ry face let smiles o'erspread,

While the streams of *Bacchus* flow.

Lovely rose, the queen of flow'rs,

Daughter of the vernal year,

Dear to all the heav'nly pow'rs,

To the son of *Venus* dear ;

† ἀεὶ γελῶντες. These words are rendered by Mad. Dacier “ *ne songeons qu'à nous divertir.*” But according to her opinion, delivered in a note, the *Greek* means “ *beuvons en riant délicatement,*” which would make a very indifferent appearance in *English*. The truth is that ἀεὶ instead of any allusion to the boasted delicacy of ancient debauches, which the critic unnecessarily refines upon, implies an indulgence to excess of voluptuousness.

With

With thy fragrant treasures crown'd
 In the dance, the jovial boy
 Mid' the Graces beats the round,
 Beats the round of love and joy.

Weave the soft inspiring wreath,
 Honest *Bacchus*, God of Wine,
 Music's sweetest sounds shall breathe
 || At thy temple's honor'd shrine.

Yes ! I'll trip in wanton play
 § With the lovely buxom lass,
 Yes ! I'll tune the sportive lay,
 While the flowing bumpers pass.

|| Some learning is thrown away in *Mad. Dacier's* explanation of the word *σηκός* in its several meanings, which answers in this place to "shrine," in our language. The same lady informs us, that the "dance made part of the worship paid by the *Greeks* to their deities," who were of that fantastic nature, that such levities were well-adapted to the most solemn veneration of them.

§ *Βαθυκόλπος* full-bosom'd, is very expressive in the original, but like several of the more striking epithets of the *Greeks*, cannot be gracefully turned in *English*.

O D E VI.

* Sweetly blooming o'er our head
 Let the rose luxuriant glow ;
 Ev'ry face let laughter spread,
 While the sparkling bumpers flow.

To the lyre's ecstatic sound
 See ! the silver footed maid
 Gently sails the mazy round,
 ‡ Wide the flow'ry wand display'd.

* The title of this ode has given occasion to much debate among the commentators. Those who name it "The Rose," like the preceding, are led by the three initial verses, which convey the same thought, and are expressed almost in the very words of the other. But a farther view sufficiently proves the title erroneous. Mad. *Dacier* asserts that the piece is founded upon an ancient custom, which exhibited, if we adhere to her representation, a very whimsical scene of *Bacchanalism*. She on this principle calls it, The Masquerade. On the whole, she appears too refined, and the ode may be term'd The Festival, The Party of Pleasure, or the Jovial Crew, &c. though the last appellation may be esteemed too ludicrous, as gods and goddesses were of the party. Indeed it is needless to give any particular title to the odes in general; their subjects speak themselves.

‡ The original means that this girl bore a sort of rod, (a Thyrsus) which was ornamented with a wreath of ivy, and
 rustled

Crown'd with the ringlet's amorous bloom

Hark ! the youth awakes the strings* !

Fragrance show'rs a rich perfume,

While the thrilling strain he sings !

Cupid, God of wanton wiles,

Bacchus, laughter's rosy boy,

Venus, queen of softest smiles,

Join the scene of love and joy.

‡ *Comus* from the festal bow'r,

Haste—thy revel-train inspire ;

Dear to age thy genial pow'r,

Age that glows with youthful fire.

O D E

ruffled as she danc'd. A minute description of these particulars would have spoiled the poetic spirit of the version, for which reason they are omitted. Ivy must appear a strange plant to adorn a *Thyrus*, according to modern notions, our ivy having far from an agreeable appearance. But the ancient sort was an ever-green with white flowers. *Hederâ formosior albâ* is mentioned in a complimentary way by *Virgil*, and applied to a woman. I read *Κατακίσσοις* in one word.

* Mr. *John Addison* construes the *πνευρίς* in the original "flute." I thought it more conformable to antiquity to term it a stringed instrument, and so it is usually understood; though the modern flute is adapted to the pensive softness of an Amoroso, however unfit for revelry.

‡ Critics are divided in their opinions of the word *Κῶμος*, some making a god of it, others understanding it to be "Festivity"

O D E VII.

Waving high his * hyacinth rod
 Love compell'd the devious way ;
 † Vainly I implor'd the God ;
 Love commands——I must obey.

vity" in general. The first interpretation adds a life to the reflection, though the court of *Comus* is not properly adapted to grey hairs, as the text implies. This *De la Fosse* endeavors to reconcile by calling *Κῶμος*, the God of Feasting, and concludes his remark with an observation, that feasting is more agreeable to old age than dancing. But we must not suffer this jolly deity to be robbed of his established prerogative, and dwindle into the president of meer trencher-men, which would be banishing him to a *Corporation*, where he is very little known in his genuine character. The sentiment in the text, relating to old age, is enlarged, as some addition was required.

* The hyacinth is discussed by the accurate Dr. *Martyn*, in a long note upon *Virg. Georg. b. 4. v. 183.* where it is distinguished by the epithet *ferrugineus*, which that critic has translated, "deep-color'd." A poor illustration! He has concluded the ancient hyacinth to be a species of lilly, called *Martagon*. See the note. The hyacinth is called in the Lexicons, "*purpureus, subniger*," which, being considered together, will form a color not unusual in several common flowers. There is something approaching to it in many polyanthuses. *Mad. Dacier* in a note on ode 28, pronounces the ancient hyacinth to have been the same with our sword-grafs.

† *Βαδίζων* is inelegant ; *Barnes* has reconciled the whole passage by reading, *Βαδίζοντ'* — to which *χαλεπῶς* is more
 con-

Forests dark, and cragged mounds,
Hills, and roaring floods we pass;
—When my foot a serpent wounds,
Pois'nous tyrant of the grass.

Anguish sore my heart oppress'd,
Scarce the pulse of life remains;
—— *Cupid* smil'd with wanton breast,
And control'd the throbbing pains;

Fanning soft with balmy wings,
Thus the urchin did reprove;
“ Know, from me the mischief springs,
|| “ Could'st thou not, *Anacreon*, love?”

consistently joined, than as before to ἐκέλευσε. For the bare command was sufficient, and any harshness in its delivery is out of character with the frolic God of Love.

|| An interrogation at the end of the last verse is more expressive, γὰρ is otherwise extremely flat.

O D E VIII:

* Flush'd with the joys of love and wine,
 My soul to slumber I resign ;
 In Fancy's airy dream to prove
 Again the joys of wine, and love ;
 || Wild on the tip-toe of delight
 With frolic nymphs I urg'd my flight ;
 My trembling gayety of years
 A little train beheld with sneers ;
 As *Bacchus* soft they croud the way,
 Wistful to join the wanton play.

Their

* The Greek is Ἀλιπορφύροις τάπησι, carpets of a purple color, like the sea, on which, according to *Mad. Dacier*, persons of distinction were accustomed in ancient times to repose themselves. With all our fashionable vices we are not as yet guilty of such extravagant refinement in luxury, and it is on that account left unnoticed in the version.

|| ἄκροις παρσοῖς is construed by *Mad. Dacier*, “ *le bout des pieds*,” it is here rendered more literally, than the generality of translations ; though to enliven it I have risk'd a novelty of phrase.

Their scoffs, their jests inspir'd my bliss,
 Enflam'd I sought th' avenging kiss,
 || Rushing to clasp the buxom fair——
 My dream, and all dissolv'd in air.
 Oh ! ever, when I sink to rest,
 May I with scenes like these be bless'd !

O D E IX.

* Whither, tell me, gentle Dove,
 Whither fly'st thou from above ?
 Say,——thy pinion's painted bloom
 ‡ Dropping ointment's rich perfume,

Thro'

|| The original construction is varied in this passage, and a less exceptionable turn given to many other parts of the ode.

* Mad. *Dacier* has entered into a succinct detail of ancient custom in sending letters by Pigeons, which must have been very uncertain carriers, at least in the eye of lovers. But without this consideration, the beauty of the ode, well deserving *Le Fevre's* elegant flattery, is sufficiently illustrated.

‡ There is a richness in *ψανάζεις*, which cannot be expressed advantageously in our language; the *Latin* word "*stilians*" has something approaching to its elegance. *De Pauw* has awkwardly turned it "*depluis*," which wants that softness particularly required in the present passage. *μέλημα* in the ensuing verse is judiciously substituted by *Stephens* for

Thro' the cloudless fields of air,
 Where dost wander, tell me, where ?
 From *Anacreon*, friend, I rove,
 Bearing mandates to his love,
 * *Phillis*, who with luring art,
 Reigns the queen of ev'ry heart.
 'To the *Teïan* I belong,
Venus fold — my price a song ;
 Little hymn of Love and Joy
 Sacred to her urchin-boy.
 ‡ See ! a willing slave, I bear
 Letters to the heavenly fair.

μέλει δέ. The latter marks an unreasonable anxiety in a stranger, to whom the question is more properly attributed than to *Anacreon* himself.

* The original is Βάσουλαι, which I shall make no apology for altering in the version, as the same liberty is proposed in many other odes. The *Bathyllus*, *Alexis*, &c. of ancient writers, have sullied several compositions which a *Phillis* would have happily adorned.

‡ I have followed the reading of ὁρᾶς, not that οἷας (*qualescunque*) is improper. The meaning being in either case equally clear, it is somewhat diverting to see commentators enter into formidable altercations on the superfluous change of a word. *De Pauw* treats the trifle with a zeal more pedantic than usual. *Mad. Dacier* seems rather to approve the latter, though both in her translation, and her note on the place, she has manifestly favored the other.

Phillis

Phillis kind, he gives his word,
Straight to free his fav'rite bird !
Promise vain ! my grateful breast
Loves his happy bondage best ;
What avails in idle play
Round to flit from spray, to spray !
On the mountain's desert brow,
Or the flow'ry vale below ;
Or along the lonely wood
Hungry seek th' uncertain food ?
Better with *Anacreon* live,
From his hand my bread receive ;
And the goblet's treasure sip
Fragrant from my master's lip ;
By the foaming bowl inspir'd
Dance, and play with transport fir'd ;
And my balmy pinions spread,
Softest umbrage, o'er his head ;
When my eyes in sleep I close,
Safely on his lyre repose——
Hence——'tis all—I soon shall grow
More loquacious than the crow.

O D E X.

By chance a rustic I espy'd,
A waxen *Cupid* by his side;
The well-known charms my bosom fir'd,
—The godhead's value I enquir'd.
Name (he * rejoin'd in Doric tone)
Name but your price—the thing's your own.

* The commentators seem too refined in asserting, that *Anacreon* represented this youth in the character of an ignorant rustic, by way of ridicule to his insensibility of the charms of love, which induced him to part with his image. The *Doric* dialect is selected to throw a stronger shade of simplicity on the speaker, but it may rather be presumed, that the poet merely intended thereby a more striking distinction between himself and the youth. Accordingly we may observe, that the former parted with the image for the very reason, that *Anacreon* desired it. The one was mortified with that unbounded craving of the God, (which it seems necessary to understand was communicated to himself, for otherwise the sense is none of the best) while *Anacreon*, to delineate his own complexion, admired the purchase for that very fault. Our modern Antiquarians would, it is true, give their ears to have made *Anacreon's* purchase, and for a reason as little solid. —

Not mine, ‡ I will confess, the 'trade,
 Nor I this waxen image made.
 —I cannot bear him,—in his soul
 Such strong desires insatiate roll.
 Give, give me,—I exclaim'd with joy,
 And take this || trifle for the boy ;
 The urchin mine—we soon shall see,
 If better Love and I agree.—
 § Now—to *thy* flames my heart consign,
 Or thou, by heav'n, shalt burn by *mine*.

‡ The original is ὄμως, &c. “ But if you would be informed of every particular together,” which is sense, and therefore *Le Fevre's* ὄμως unnecessary.

|| The *Greek* is “ a drachm,” a coarse word for a poetical translation ; its value amounted to about seven-pence half-penny *English* money.

§ The original contains a turn on the word, “ Fire,” “ burn me, or I will burn you.” Mad. *Dacier* makes a pleasant reflection on the cavalier behavior of the ancient heathens in threatening to punish their Deities, if they did not think fit to be propitious. A behavior, carried to more extravagant lengths by the modern Papists, who make a public flagellation of the image of the virgin *Mary*, if it has not rained, or the sun has not shone, just as their prayers required ——— *Miseri, Quæ Vos Dementia cepit ?* ———

O D E XI.

Oft the wanton women cry,
 Poor old man, you soon must die;
 Grey with age thy head appears;
 Poor old man, how fall thy hairs!
 Take this glass, oh! take, and view;
 Soon, too soon, 'twill prove it true;
 What then?—*Anacreon* not a jot
 Cares, if he grows old, or not;
 Hair I've none (and 'tis confess'd)
 —Yet *Anacreon* will be bless'd!
 Yet by all the Gods above,
 While I live, I'll live and love;
 Ere thy journey, death, I take,
 Thou, and *Anacreon*, hands will shake;
 Below I will enjoy my fall,
 And be the merriest there of all.

The commentators have very indulgently offered but few remarks on this ode, and those not necessary to be considered. I must beg leave to mention my own enlargement of the thought at the close of the original, to make it more completely *Anacreontic*.

O D E XII.

Tell me, * wanton twitt'r, why
 Dost thou round my chamber fly?
 Still the harsh untimely strain
 Shall I hear, and still contain?
 Or in vengeance shall I, say,
 Cut thy flutt'ring wings away?
 ‡ Or a *Tereus* tear thy tongue,
 And destroy the morning song?

* λάλη, says Dr. Trapp, *vix reperitur*. As the verse runs more easily with κωτίλη and that epithet was appropriated by the *Greeks* to the swallow, I would insert it “Τί κωτίλη.”

‡ *Philonela*, not *Progne*, received this punishment from the savage mentioned in the text; but various accounts are observable among the ancients concerning the subsequent transformation of the two ladies. I scarcely think with Mad. *Dacier*, who has drawled out a note of needless learning on the passage, that *Anacreon* meant to particularize the metamorphosis; neither can I conceive that force in “ἐκείνος” which she observes. Her remark concludes with a proof from *fabulous* authority, that swallows always hated and shunned the palace of *Tereus*. This must have been very extraordinary, for swallows have always hovered about houses in general, and their sagacity could scarcely have pointed out the particular abode of that prince. *Anacreon* mentions the change of the lady into a swallow, Ode XX. but which of them, it is uncertain.

Cruel

Cruel bird, thy warbling cease—
 Why disturb my heav'nly peace ;
 With the dream of raptures blest'd
 Raptures on my *Chloe's* breast ?

O D E XIII.

* Madness vengeful *Rhea* prov'd,
 When the faithless youth she lov'd ;
 With the fav'rite name she fills,
Attis' name, the woods and hills.

* Mad. *Dacier* rightly interprets Καλὴν as an epithet for the mother of the Gods, for since she cannot be supposed to have had an excess of charms, she may very well be satisfied with being construed a good sort of woman, which that critic calls her, and such in our own times, however matured, are frequently known to be in love. I have altered the usual interpretation of the passage, which implies, that *Attis* was violently fond of *Cybele*. This is contrary to ancient records, for *Attis* was punished with madness by this old amorata, because he preferred another female to her. The pagans argued *à posteriori*, in their opinions of Gods, and Goddesses, throwing anger, hatred, and revenge into the scale of their dispositions, merely because the human race abounded with those enormities. I read with *Bentley* Βούσαν. What guided the critics to the common mistaken construction was the punishment (*ad hominem*) inflicted upon *Attis*.

Bards

Bards to madness are inspir'd,
 ‡ By the streams of *Clarus* fir'd ;
 Round the rapt'rous numbers roll,
Phæbus rushing in their soul.
 Crown'd with ointments rich perfume,
 Cheer'd by beauty's roseate bloom ;
 Nobler madness shall be mine,
 * Boundless joys of Love and Wine.

O D E XIV.

Gentle *Cupid*, I will yield,
 And no more dispute the field ;
 Yes ! thy softer counsels move,
 All my heart I yield to Love.
 Once indeed with stubborn pride
 I the little God defy'd ;

‡ *λάλον* is properly *fatidica*. From this stream the *Vates* of old were supposed to receive a magic enthusiasm. To reconcile the thought to our own days, I have directly applied it to poets, who are frequently possessed of no small portion of frenzy.

* *De Pauvo* has more elegantly turned the verse in the text,
 “ μετὰ τῆς ἐμῆς ἰταίρης.”

Fir'd with rage, the urchin foe
 Seiz'd the arrow—bent the bow ;
 I a new *Achilles* rear
 Mighty helmet, shield and spear,
 Fondly deeming to destroy,
 (Conquest sure) the tyrant-boy.
 At my breast he bent the yew,
 From the stroke of Death I flew ;
 Darts on darts the warrior ply'd—
 All in vain—they pass'd aside.
 He—in vengeance through my heart
 Rush'd himself—a winged dart ;
 Deep within I feel the fore
 —*Cupid* I resist no more.
 Vainly now to war I bear
 Mighty helmet, shield, or spear ;
 * Vainly arm'd 'gainst *Cupid* move,
 When my heart is pierc'd—with Love.

O D E

* The word *καλώμεθ'* in the original has puzzled the commentators, and the misfortune is, that they have little reconciled the passage by their proposed emendations. The first impropriety occurring is the plural number in the verb, which is so immediately succeeded by the singular *με* in the next verse. An unusual way of speaking with *Grecian* elegance. As this ode

is

O D E XV.

* Let proud *Gyges*, what care I
All in wealth, and pow'r outvie;
—Gold with hateful look I see—
Grandeur has no charms for me ;

is one of the most delicate and characteristic of *Anacreon*, I would willingly obviate the inconsistency, which, I hope, will be sufficiently done by reading

Τί γὰρ ἑαλῶ μὲν ἔξω ;

In this reading I understand the ἑαλῶ (*jaciam*) as an allusion to a spear, the shield having been mentioned in the preceding line.

* Γύγας. Mad. *Dacier* is of opinion, that our poet alludes to *Cræsus*, a descendent of *Gyges*, and not to *Gyges* himself. But her reason is not sufficient. If we read *Gyges*, the passage appears to her to signify that *Anacreon* actually existed in the reign of that prince, though she affirms in a note to a succeeding ode, that he lived during the time of *Cræsus*. For my part I should esteem it as reasonable, to conclude that *Job* must necessarily be living at this time, because we hear continually a proverbial saying, “As poor as *Job*.” If *Cræsus* had been predecessor to *Gyges*, the critic's argument would have been more satisfactory. The story of *Gyges*, who ascended the throne of *Candaules* after murd'ring that monarch, was current in the days of our poet, and his name is mentioned in consequence thereof.

† Let

† Let the ointment's rich perfume
 Flush my cheek with youthful bloom;
 Crown luxuriant, o'er my head
 Let the rosy wreath be spread;
 Live to day, the now is ours,
 Who can trust the future hours?
 Now the rapt'rous moments roll;
 This the sun-shine of the soul!
 Shake the dye — to *Bacchus* pour
Nectar's consecrated show'r;
 Boundless mirth o'erflow the heart;
Death awaits with iron dart;
 —Hark! he cries—begone!—no more,
 Mortals, quaff the foaming store!

‡ κατασπένχειν ὑπὲρ τὴν *madesacere Barbam* cannot be closely translated. The custom of anointing is of very ancient date; every one remembers the mention of the ointment which ran down from *Aaron's* beard to the skirts of his clothing, as it is expressed in the *Psalms*. Which passage may likewise evince that the ancients did not confine this custom to festivals and debauches, at least in earlier days, but extended it to the most sacred and religious ceremonies. Or rather it was first a solemn institution; and became in more degenerate times a preparatory to entertainments; for luxury borrows refinement from every quarter.

O D E XVI.

You —— the *Theban* war resound,
He —— the bloody deeds of *Troy* ;
I —— my heart's unhappy wound,
Triumph of the wanton boy.

Not the horseman's rapid course,
Not the thunder of the sea,
Not the foot's embattled force,
— Softer foes have conquer'd me.

By the smile of Beauty's charms,
Pierc'd with pleasing pangs I die ;
Arrows are resistless arms,
Arrows shot from *Phillis'* eye.

O D E XVII.

* Artist of unrival'd skill,
 || Not the swelling silver fill
 Chiefs embattled, hosts in arms —
 War for others *may* have charms;

* *Vulcan*, the God of fire, was esteemed the God of metals, from the power and use of that element in shaping them to particular forms. An excellent workman was from thence called by the name of the deity himself. This custom is similar to many others in *Grecian* writings; the name of the gods has been familiarly applied from those things over which they were fabled to preside.

|| *τορνεύσας* has been wantonly changed into *τορνέυσας* by the famous *Stephens*, but the former is retained by most other commentators; the latter cannot be admitted, because the passage is confused, from an application of the trade of embossing or engraving upon plate to a turner of wood. It is observable, that the first syllable of *τορνεύσας* is long, and the verse strictly requires it to be short. The insertion of *τορνέυσας* in the text calls to mind the following verse of *Horace*, where the critics have altered the original reading of "*tornatos*" into "*formatos*."

Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.

This little variation obviates the impropriety of a double metaphor. *Bentley* offers *ter natos*, which changing only a letter may be reasonably admitted.

Would

Would you feast *Anacreon's* soul,
 Make an huge, capacious bowl,
 Make it deeper than the main
 Nectar'd oceans to contain.
 Carve me not the show'ry star,
 Carve me not the northern car ;
 Can *Boötes'* waggon please ?
 Or the gloomy *Hyades* ?
 Bending from the loaded vine
 Let the laughing clusters shine ;
Bacchus, and the God of Love
 In the blushing wine-press rove.
 Happy art ! — to crown the whole,
Chloe smile upon the bowl.

O D E XVIII.

* Happy art ! enlarge my soul,
 Make a spacious massy bowl ;
 Give the jovial spring to shine,
 Op'ning all her fragrant mine ;

* καλλιτέχνης the artist seems injudiciously placed instead of τέχνη the art itself, as the latter confessedly adds a spirit to the thought.

Genial spring, whose darling hours
 Bring the rose, the queen of flow'rs;
 Feasts of joy the scene improve,
 Feasts, and revelries I love;
 † Let no stern mysterious rite
 Mar the season of delight;
 Let no tragic theme be fought
 But — adieu to care, and thought.
 Rather, Sons of mirth to bless,
 Here the jolly God exprefs;
 With the blooming hymens crown'd,
Venus, dance the mazy round;
 * Queen of transport, thou preside
 Mistress of the foaming tide!

Here

† For the true meaning of the word τελεταί, the reader may consult *Mad. Dacier*, who from a passage of *Plato* makes it appear that *Anacreon* meant to distinguish between certain ceremonious and religious sacrifices in expiation of crimes, and the more festive rites of *Venus*, and of *Bacchus*, where that degree of reflection and anxiety was necessarily to be banished, which must have accompanied the former.

* The two verses in the original I read

Μύσιν νόματος τέ Κύπριν

Υμεναίοις κροτῶσαν.

By this the poet signifies that love; which he frequently
 unites

Here unarm'd the loves display,
 Here the smiling graces stray
 Round the vine, whose umbrage greets
 With the cluster's promis'd sweets ;
 Youths describe, a blooming train,
 * *Phæbus* too, thy presence deign.

unites with wine, ought to preside over the scene of drinking, a compliment at least to the power of beauty. ——— If the reader is dissatisfied with this (more refined) interpretation, he may take *Mad. Dacier's* amendment of the original text, which is very happy, excepting only that the *η* (*vel*) certainly ought to be *τέ* (*et*) The first is, in strictness, false quantity. She joins *μύσῃν*, as she reads the word, with *Εὐίον*.

* The stream of commentators runs in favor of an opinion on this passage, which rather appears inconclusive, and not equally elegant with the meaning in the version, selected from *Mad. Dacier* and *Dr. Trapp*. The former assert, that *Anacreon* alludes to the catastrophe of *Hyacinthus* by the hand of *Apollo*, on which account the artist is absolutely enjoined not to engrave that deity with the assembly of choice spirits. As *Apollo* has never been brought in guilty of wilful murder, and as he has been occasionally mentioned with honor by *Anacreon*, it is but fair to admit him into a society, which his presence certainly improves.

O D E XIX.

* Thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
Trees — the moisture of the plain ;

In

* The ancients were not very sagacious naturalists. Their more elaborate inquirers of truth had the disadvantage of combating popular opinions, which, however absurd, were never given up without a tedious struggle, particularly in *Theological* tenets. To confine the subject to natural philosophy, we may observe in this very ode, if the common reading is the true, (which it is reasonable to suppose) that their knowledge was not extensive. Πίνει θάλασσα δ' αὔρας, The sea drinks the air. The full propriety of this it may be difficult strictly to ascertain from philosophical principles, though if reconcilable, in our more enlightened days it would appear trifling and impertinent. The phrases indeed throughout the piece are obscure from their extreme conciseness, the whole turning upon the word πίνειν. Πίνει θάλασσ' ἀναύρες, The sea drinks the rivers — is the only satisfactory reading. The hint of the alteration was taken from Dr. Trapp's version and note upon the passage.

I cannot conclude the remarks on this ode without taking notice of a supposed imitation of it by our famous *Shakespeare*, in the following lines, from his play of *Timon*, Act IV.

———— I'll example you with thievery.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

In the ocean's greedy womb
Rivers find a spacious tomb ;
Phæbus, rosy God of Day,
Quaffs his foaming bowl the sea.

*Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrements.*

If this is an imitation of the *Greek*, it is far superior to the original. The application itself is different, as may be gathered from a perusal of the whole scene. Some phrases of the *Greek* text are likewise happily varied, and others considerably improved. The latter sort extend to “ The sea's a thief,” which passage is admirably expressed ; and with the succeeding thought relating to the earth is altogether unborrowed.

It may be required perhaps, that I should here enter into the famous controversy, about the learning of our incomparable writer. But this would be little adapted to an edition of *Anacreon*. I will, however, venture to insinuate, that he was not a reader of originals in the *Greek* and *Latin* languages, but that he received a portion of assistance, through the medium of *bald* translations, for few others existed in his time. The curious reader is referred for a particular elucidation of this point to the ingenious Mr. *Farmer's* Essay on the Learning of *Shakespeare*, where plausibility is confirmed by proof.

Placid thief, the sister moon
 Drinks the radiance of the sun.
 When of drink, all nature round,
 One unvary'd scene is found,
 Tell me, *Stoic*, if you can,
 (Antipode of social man)
 Why should I, who love my bowl,
 Be the only sober soul?

O D E XX.

* Her slaughter'd babes while *Niob'* mourns,
 Mid *Phrygian* rocks, a rock she turns;
 And *Progne* round her own domain
 Flits with the swallow's twitt'ring strain.

* ἐν ὄχθαις has been rendered "*ad Fluenta*," by many commentators; I have turned it "*Rocks*," according to *Mad. Dacier's* explanatory note, tho' not altogether conformably to her version. She calls it in the latter "*the mountains of Phrygia*," which is consistent with the real story of the metamorphosis. *Dr. Trapp* unnecessarily proposes ὄχθοις "*collibus*." This composition of easy and delicate politeness has been successfully imitated in those agreeable turns, which characterise the gallantries of our own *Anacreon, Prior*.

But

But I — for thee, with happier doom
A glass, my *Chloe*, will become,
Proud to behold thy lovely face,
Reflector of each heav'nly grace.
A gown, forever near my love,
—— Vainly wishful to improve ; —
A fountain with enamor'd wave
My *Chloe*'s snowy limbs to lave.
I'd take the ointment's rich perfume
Sweet-breathing o'er thy tresses' bloom ;
I'd take the necklace' pearly row,
And with a gay luxuriance glow ;
A tippet I'd embracing rest
On the soft heav'n of *Chloe*'s breast,
I'd be a shoe —— no humble bliss,
My idol's very feet to kiss.

O D E XXI.

Bring me, nymphs, the laughing bowl,
Fill, oh ! fill it to the brim,
That my fainting, gasping soul
In the purple flood may swim.

I die,

I die, I die, — * the vital spring
 Drink the thirsty flames of day ;
 || Haste — yon fragrant chaplet bring,
 Charm to quell the solar ray !

Wreaths, around my brow display'd,
 With'ring strait the fervor prove ;
 ‡ From my fev'rish heart no shade
 E'er can force the heat of love.

* Προποθείς is to be connected with the two foregoing verses, and the sense is “ Give me large draughts of liquor, for (γὰρ) I am already drunk up by the heat.” The turn, such as it is, runs upon the word πίνειν as used in the second line.

|| ἀνθέων ἐκείνων is elegantly substituted by *Le Fevre*, instead of ἐκείνης, which is very forc'd, if sense. The conclusion of the ode is admirable for its easy application to the ardor of love from the excessive heat of the weather.

‡ I read with *Le Fevre* κραδίη ἐνισχεπάζω. The word τίνι usually employed in the verse makes the reflection harsh. The contrast between the shade of the chaplet, which was of no efficacy to cool the fever of the poet, and the shade of the heart to break the heat of love, is thus more clearly distinguished.

O D E XXII.

Here, my *Chloë*, charming maid,
 Here, beneath the genial shade,
 Shielded from each ruder wind,
 Lovely *Chloë*, lie reclin'd.
 Lo ! for Thee, the balmy breeze
 Gently fans the waving trees !
 Streams, that whisper thro' the grove,
 Whisper low — the voice of love,
 Sweetly bubbling, wanton sport,
 * Where *Persuasion* holds her court.
 Musing swains, the shade who stray,
 One short moment fondly stay ;
 Joys, like these, your souls to fire,
 — Can you see, and not admire ?

O D E

* Πηγὴν ῥέεσσα πειθοῦς. Mad. Dacier has delivered herself in raptures at this expression, which she has very insignificantly translated, “ *Qui, parle murmure de ses eaux invite, & persuade.*” The two last words, it is obvious, mean the same thing. In her note, she turns the phrase *cette Fontaine, qui roule la persuasion.*” This, she justly observes, would not be endured in the *French*; it may likewise be added, that it is not (to all appearance) the sense of the text. ῥέειν πειθοῦς (to roll persuasion) is, I am afraid, rather ungrammatical. The natural construction seems to be

Πηγὴν δὲ πειθοῦς ῥέεσσα παρὰ αὐτῷ ἐρεθίζει,

O D E XXIII.

* If from the iron hand of death
 Gold could save my fleeting breath,
 Then would I toil for precious ore,
 Then amass a boundless store ;
 || Come when he would—the streams should roll
 Sure to melt the tyrant's soul ———

But

* Madam *Dacier* has in my opinion improperly connected χρυσῆ with Πλοῦτος, a phrase which she had no occasion to make a difficulty of condemning. The sentence is clearer if we place the words thus

“ παρῆγε θνητοῖς τὸ ζῆν (μετὰ) τῇ χρυσῇ.

|| Ἴν' ἂν θανεῖν ἐπέλθῃ,

Λάβητι, καὶ παρέλθῃ.

From the offence, which *Le Fevre* has taken at these verses, he has ventured to condemn the ode itself as spurious. I have a little suspicion, I confess, about the authenticity of the lines in question, because the purity of the *Greek*, as it now stands, with all Dr. *Trapp's* and *Barnes's* vindication, is disputable, and words of the same derivation close the lines with a paltry jingle. On these accounts I had almost determined to omit them in the translation, the sense being otherwise compleat. However, as they are here, let us make the most of them. θανεῖν as a nominative before a verb seems very inelegant, and by no means conformable to *Grecian* expression. The main difficulty then is to find a proper nominative

* But as the sons of earth must die,
Nor a longer date can buy ;

Why

native with which the verb λάβῃ may be connected. A slight alteration in the first verse will produce it, without offering any violence to the text, unless in the measure, which is not strictly exact.

Πλῆτων εἰ τῷ δὲ χρυσῷ
Τὸ ζῆν παρῆγε Διητοῖς,
Εκαρτέρην φυλάττων,
Ἴν' ἄν θανεῖν ἐπέλθῃ,
Λάβῃ τὶ, καὶ δᾶ φίση.

Pluto is thus placed in the room of *Plutus*, and is the nominative, to λάβῃ, ἐπέλθῃ and ἀφίση. Τὸ ζῆν *vivere* is a common *Grecism* used for the substantive ζῶην (*vitam*) with a noun meaning *facultas*, or *potentia* understood. θανεῖν is literally explained by διὰ τὸ θανεῖν (on the subject of death.) As to ἀφίση it will readily be given up to those who are not dissatisfied with the jingle of παρέλθῃ, which they are welcome to preserve. An extraordinary *Grecism* is observable in our great poet *Spenser*, which few modern bards would have confidence to venture.

“ Could save the son of *Thetis* from — to die. ”

A verse applicable to the present case.

I presume not, however, to assert, that the *English* bard has been in the least indebted to the *Grecian* ; though as the sentiment originally stood, it would be doing little injury to our excellent child of fancy to promote that opinion. Reflections, far more dissimilar, have been placed by modern zealots, on the side of imitation.

* The common reading οὐδὲ has been insufficiently changed into

Why droops my heart with fruitless pain?
 Anguish, sighs, and tears are vain.
 Away — what boots it to behold
 Mountains heap'd of massy gold?
 Joy for the span of life be mine,
 Pour the streams of rosy wine;
 Be mine to taste in *Chloë's* arms
 All the heav'n of beauty's charms;
 Nor less the smile of friendship prove;
 — Friendship is the soul of love. —

O D E XXIV.

* To run the race of life my doom,
 And sink to dust at last;
 Can I foresee the hours to come?
 'Tho' conscious of the pass'd.

* Hence,

into ἔδενω. The meaning of the passage requires οὐδαμῇ.
 Dele τὸ in the original verse.

* *Le Fevre's* delicacy in esteeming this ode spurious on account of the inequality of the measure cannot be submitted to. An admirer of *Anacreon* will ask, whether the poet has labored
 his

* Hence, sorrows, hence, nor rudely dare
 Disturb my transient span ;
 Be mine to live — (Adieu to care)
 As chearful as I can.

Ere death direct his baleful dart,
 Unbounded joys I'll prove ;
 Will laugh, will dance with jovial heart
 A slave to wine and love.

his metre to exactness in any of his pieces ; and the answer may be readily given. The two first lines of this ode, to make the sense of the whole reflection clearer, should in my opinion run,

Επειὴ Βροτὸς, μ' ὀδεύειν
 Βίотου τρίξον γέ τεχθῇ.

Barnes has offered the first word for ἐπειδὴ, and it is rather better, though they are both allowed in the sense required by the text.

* I read Μέθετε μ' ἔν αι φροντίδες, which at least will be sufficient to invalidate the foregoing objection to the ode. — Some critics write μέθητε, which is more adapted to the metre.

O D E

O D E XXV.

When the God inflames my breast
 All my cares are lull'd to rest;
 * Hence, ye sighs, ye tears of woe!
 While the sparkling bumpers flow;
 True! ye sages (what care I?)
 || True! *Anacreon* soon must die!

* *Baxter* and *Barnes* have given themselves unnecessary trouble about the text, that the verse

Τί μοι γόων, τί μοι πόνων;

may be shewn in perfect purity. But as it stands, it is sufficient sense, and therefore requires no alteration,

|| The verse

θανεῖν με δεῖ, κἄν μὴ θέλω

has likewise undergone correction from the industry of *Barnes* and *Baxter*. There seems a similar reason for its being preserved in the original form, as was remark'd in the foregoing note. The same may be concluded with respect to the ensuing verse

Σὺν τῷ δὲ πίνειν ἡμᾶς,

altered by *Scaliger*, though his little amendment is not inelegant. He reads *πεινῖν γὰρ*.

Why

Why then roam the span, of cares
 || Tangled in the mazy snares?
 Now, my friends, with festive soul,
 Quaff we now the foaming bowl;
 When the God inflames my breast,
 Ev'ry care is lull'd to rest.

|| τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι has been expressively rendered by Mad. Dacier, *pourquoi* “*m'égarer dans cette Vie.*” The phrase itself is familiar to Grecian conciseness, which usually drops a preposition. A method adopted by Plautus in *The Miser*, Act V. Sc. VII. — The expression is *vorans Viam redi*, rendered by the ingenious Mr. Bonnell Thornton,

———— “*swallow up the way,*
In lashing back again.”

I rather think, that *Viam* is to be connected with *redi*, *vorans* is strongly placed for hasty, or impatient; and is here to be understood adverbially. The Roman play-writers, to accommodate themselves to the spirit of a dialogue, made very licentious omissions. Examples abound in the politer and more elegant Terence. *per* seems understood in Plautus: “*redi 'per eandem' Viam.*”

D

O D E

O D E XXVI.

Now *Bacchus* rushes in my breast,
I feel the pow'r divine;
Begone, ye cares, I will be blest'd,
Now *Cræsus*' wealth is mine.

Bring, bring me, boy, the sparkling bowl,
* Bring Music's melting charms;
The world I view with pitying soul,
Its tumults, and alarms.

* The fifth verse of the text implies, that the poet "lies down with a chaplet of ivy on his head." An expression which would have been of but little ornament to the version. — See Remarks on Ode VI. for the ivy itself. — The reader will observe, that the course of several lines is altered from the original. The sense, however, is not affected by this liberty.

Is it then fix'd, ye Pow'rs, my breath
I soon, must soon resign?
— Away with all thy terrors, *Death*,
— The stroke be giv'n by wine:

O D E XXVII.

* When the blithsome God of Wine
Fills me with his streams divine ;

* This ode is written in the *Doric* dialect, and from a remark made by *Suidas*, that all the Elegies and Iambics of *Anacreon* were composed in the *Ionic*, *Le Fevre* pronounces this piece spurious. The force of the conjecture does not sufficiently appear in the reason alledged. The ancients wrote on different occasions in different dialects, though a particular one was more constantly employed, which was the dialect of their native district, or the place of their usual sojourning. We may wonder, that the nicety of the *French* critic did not expunge the tenth ode likewise, because there is a little smattering of the *Doric*. It is observable that some commentators change the *Doric* dialect in several lines of the original, into the *Ionic*, a manner in which they have likewise treated other odes.

Care is banish'd from my soul ;

* Transports ev'ry thought control.

Bacchus, idol I adore,

When I quaff thy genial store,

Mine the dance, at pleasure's call,

Ever dancing, till I fall.

Again I trip the mazy round,

‡ Revelry and song resound ;

Chloe's charms the sweets improve,

—Heav'nly sweets of Wine, and Love.

* This verse is a translation of

“ Εχω δὲ καὶ τὸ τετραπλὸν ”

inserted lower in the original, where instead of καὶ τὸ we should read πᾶν τὸ, which certainly is more expressive.

‡ κρότων has been vulgarly turn'd by *Mad. Dacier*, “ *Le Bruit des pots.* ” Whatever is the simple meaning of the word it is more elegantly translated in this place, the noise promiscuously made in companies of mirth and feasting.

O D E

O D E XXVIII.

* Painter, be all thy art express'd
 To draw the mistress of my breast;
 Say not, my *Phillis* is conceal'd,
 Her charms are all to me reveal'd ;
 Each beauty well may I impart,
 The picture center'd in my heart.

* The repetition of the address to the painter in v. 2, adds no spirit to the piece, and the first verse, being on that account useless, may be easily dispensed with. *ροδίνης* in the third line gives place with some commentators to *ῥοδίνης* (*Rhodian*) *Rhodes* having been famous for learned men in general, and Mad. Dacier says for painters in particular. Notwithstanding however that "rosy" applied to painting sounds whimsically in modern ears, yet it must be observed that the Greek epithets are by no means exact, particularly in the expression of colors. We have in this very ode the same hair called *μελαίνης* (black) and *πορφυραῖσι* (purple) by which a darker purple is usually intended. *ροδίνης* was probably the original reading, and was meant to describe all colors of a redish cast which abound in painting.

Draw the soft tresses' sable bloom
 Exhaling (if thou can'st) perfume;
 ‡ The snowy forehead's purer white
 Like polish'd ivory fair and bright ;
 Let not her eye-brows' pride divine
 Too near their velvet softness join,
 Nor distant far, but let her skin
 Its lustre gently dart between ;
 * In doubtful union be they shewn
 Carelessly arching — like her own.

‡ ἐξ ὅλης παρειῆς, &c. This sentence means, I apprehend, from the cheek entirely to the lower part of her hair next her forehead and temples. This opinion is confirmed by the cheeks being particularized afterwards, but not the other part of the side-face here intimated. *Baxter* seems, therefore, to have taken the words in a wrong sense, when he says, that the poet gives a direction to the painter, to draw one cheek only, because it was impossible to represent both.

* *Mad. Dacier* has made sense of the 17th verse in the text by reading δ'ἵπυν. Little expletives in the *Greek* are often of use to connect and explain a passage. The sense of the whole is, “ let her have, as she has naturally, the space which separates the eye-brows not too clearly to be distinguished

(τὸ σῦνοφρυ λεληθότως *subaud.* γραπτὸν)

but let the circumference of the eye-lids be black. *Barnes* quarters with λεληθότως as a word not in being.

Her eyes a sparkling fire display
 Pure as the lightning's vivid ray ;
 * With azure orb, like *Pallas'* move,
 Like *Venus'* melting into love.
 Now, Painter, with exactness trace
 The nose's well-proportion'd grace ;
 The beauties of the cheek disclose
 And blend the lilly with the rose.
 Paint the soft lips, persuasive blifs,
 Lips that invite the amorous kifs ;
 The Graces artless handmaids, deck
 The marble of her lovely neck,
 Soft smiling from their throne within,
 The dimple of her polish'd chin.

* By the mention of *Pallas* and *Venus* the poet certainly meant an expressive contrast. The azure eye being of a sparkling nature, (for such were those of *Pallas*) is properly softened by that humid mildness, which characterized those of *Venus*. The eyes of the fashionable ladies now-a-days have a great deal of the *Minervan* briskness, and they are likewise as *Barnès*, *Baxter*, and *Stephens* have wantonly turned ὑγρὸν πατι, tremuli, & petulantes. — In the subsequent portrait of *Bathyllus* we have ῥοσκάδες, roscidum, applied to the eye.

Thus *Phillis'* shape and air exprefs'd,
 Steal o'er her *limbs* the purple vest ;
Whose treasures to the eye conceal'd
 To Fancy doubly are reveal'd ;
 Enough ! — I see the life display'd ;
 * Soon, soon will speak the pictur'd Maid.

* Some critic of a fantastic liveliness might offer a similar observation upon this passage, to that which has been made on *Ovid's* circumstantial description of the root of poor *Philomela's* tongue, which trembled (with agony.) It is described, moving, says this observer, with more wit than politeness, as an insinuation, that, like a true woman, she still wanted to be talking. *Anacreon's* turn lays more open to ridicule of this cast ; but far be it from the editor to make such a wanton application, however tempting the reflection, that this *female* picture, “ if it received a touch of the *Promethean* torch, and started from its canvass,” would immediately fall a-prating ! Some Scriblerus might nevertheless intimate, that *Anacreon's* omission of the same observation, at the close of the ensuing *male* portrait, is remarkable.

O D E

The following PICTURE of an INFANT CHILD, will, it is hoped, be admitted in the place of

O D E XXIX.

Again the living tints employ,
 Artist, paint the fav'rite Boy.
 In curls spontaneous o'er his head
 ‡ Let the flaxen hair be spread ;

‡ Τὰ μὲν ἔνδοθεν μελαίνας,

Τὰ δ'εἰς ἄκρον ἡλιώσας.

This description of the hair implies not two different colors unconnected with each other; for that would make a whimsical appearance, and quite foreign to nature. It would be as consistent to draw two eyes of separate colors, as to make two distinct colors for one head of hair. Neither can μελαίνας mean absolutely black, but a darker shade; *mixtus uterque color* will form something of an auburn. Of a bright golden aspect at the extreme parts, but growing darker, the nearer towards the roots.

Free

Free let them wanton in the wind
Like his own fantastic mind.
His filken face the eye-brow crown,
Just emerging from the down ;
Paint from nature —— be it fair,
Like his comely, filken hair.
O'er the bright orbs the hazel's shade,
Mild, yet manly be display'd ;
Virgin mildness, manly fire
Let them in his soul inspire ;
Thus happy in maturer years
His be neither hopes, nor fears.
Let blushing health, with finger sleek,
Scatter roses on his cheek ;
The ruddy velvet of the peach
Let the blooming rivals reach ;
And — conscious of convicted shame
Burn they with a gen'rous flame :
Th'impassion'd warmth, by white express'd,
Points a mean degen'rate breast.
The mouth a little wide, you'll trace
Something of the father's face ;
Oh ! may its future notes dispense
Wisdom, truth, and innocence !

And

And ne'er with flatt'ry's smile impart
Poison to th'unguarded heart !
But — in its birth, by vice prefer'd
Crush, oh ! Heav'n, the guilty word !
Let his ingenuous face be seen,
Honest, open, and serene ;
His neck in polish'd softness shew,
* Like the mother's — white as snow,
With animating touch be plan'd
Faultless breast, and artless hand ;

* The text may be read

Τόν δ' Ἀδώνιδος παρέλθων
τράχηλος.

This was first offered by *Barnes*, and is the most easy construction. The usual run of the original is stiff as τὸ must be connected with πρόσωπον preceding. But the πρόσωπον μέγα was never particularly attributed to *Adonis*. *Trapp* reads μετὰ which will be preferred by some readers to μέγα, an odd epithet, it must be confess'd, for a youthful face. The construction in this case should be, “ Let there be (described) together with his face, *surpassing* that of *Adonis*

(τὸ δ' Ἀδώνιδος scilicet πρόσωπον)

A neck as white as ivory.”

Folly nor sin, life's journey thro',
 This or think, or that pursue ;
 But to th' attendant feet display
 Virtue's heav'n-directed way.
 What would parental fondness give,
 Should the little urchin live !
 — Painter, now a semblance make ;
 From the *Boy* his *Sister* take.

O D E XXX.

‡ The muses *Cupid* slumb'ring found,
 And seiz'd the urchin-pow'r ;
 With rosy wreaths the captive bound,
 And led to *Beauty's* bow'r.

In

‡ *Le Fevre* is transported with this delicate little piece,
 “ *Audite, o Veneres, Cupidinesq.*” It is indeed a master-
 piece, in which all the softer Graces are interested. Dr.

Trapp

In tears to *Beauty Venus* flies,
 For *Cupid's* freedom sues —
 And with the ransom's luring prize
 Her fond request renews.

Oh ! Goddess, sighs, and pray'rs are vain,
 Unbind him — if you will ;
 With *Beauty Love* must still remain,
 A slave to *Beauty* still.

O D E XXXI.

* Prithee, no more torment my soul,
 While I quaff the foaming bowl,

Away

Trapp remarks that the lines of the original are hemisticks or (parts of) hexameter verses ; he therefore justly alters, after *Le Fevre*, the 3th line to

ζητεῖ, λύτρα φέρουσα,

which takes place in most editions of later date.

* *Daniel De Pauw* pronounces that the thought of this ode is cold and insufferable, because, forsooth, there is no

CON-

Away — Away — with madness blest'd
Still shall glow my rapt'rous breast.

‡ Madness *Alcmæon* once inspir'd,

|| Madness once *Orestes* fir'd ;

They

connection between the madness of the chiefs mentioned in the text, and that of *Anacreon*: the one was mad as a punishment to their crimes, the other for pleasure, and his madness a fiction, which in fact was the case with the madness of the former. With all the critic's refined pedantry, the ode will be esteemed *Anacreontic* by all readers, except those few, who would injudiciously require from careless volatility the exact reasoning of a grave philosopher.

‡ The history of *Alcmæon*'s madness and that of *Orestes* are sufficiently comprised in the text. *Hercules* is said to have slain *Iphitus* on account of his possessing some fine mares, which the former, like a true hero, wanted for his own. There was another *Iphitus*, who instituted *Olympic* games in honor of *Hercules*, and a third in the *Trojan* war. The frenzy of *Ajax* is excellently pictured by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoses*, at the end of the contest for *Achilles*'s shield, B. XV. which is the best written part of the whole performance. *Ajax*, however, must have been rather touched before, or he would scarcely have been driven mad by the loss of a shield, when he already owned the next best in the whole army.

|| The epithet λευκόπυς applied in the original to *Orestes*, *Barnes* has too refinedly conjectured, to have been given him

They with impious passion flew,
And their hapless mothers flew.
Not mine the rage for human blood,
But —— the goblet's purple flood ;
No madness shall enflame my soul,
But the madness of the bowl.
Th'unconquer'd chief, of *Grecian* glory,
Mad became, stark-mad with glory ;
Lay'd, at a stroke, * the hero low,
Then —— usurp'd his hostile bow.
Proud *Ajax* roar'd with madness tost,
When the long'd-for shield he lost,
Th'*Heſtorian* sword with vengeful sweep
High he rear'd, and flew the — sheep.
Nor mine the shield or sword to wear,
But — the full-brim'd goblet bear ;
No helmet shall adorn my head,
Flow'rs — their genial wreath shall spread,
Thus ever thus, with madness blest d,
Rapture shall o'erflow my breast.

him because he ran bare-footed after he was mad. He more consistently, at the close of his note, alludes to white sandals.

* Iphitus.

O D E XXXII.

|| In ev'ry grove if thou canst shew
 Ev'ry leaf the zephyrs blow ;
 Or if thou can't number o'er
 All the sand that gilds the shore ;
 Thou, thou only, in my heart
 Canst point the wounds of *Cupid's* dart.
 Fifty loves at *Athens* count ;
 To a legion will amount
 Those of *Corinth's* amorous plain,
 There *Beauty* spreads her smiling reign.
 From th' *Ionian* meads — at least
 Six hundred have usurp'd my breast,
 The same from *Caria's* soft abodes,
 The same from *Lesbos*, and from *Rhodes*.

|| It is strange, that *Le Fevre* should esteem this ode
 spurious, and unworthy of *Anacreon*. A freedom, he has too
 liberally indulged, and usually with little taste, or judgment.
 We may reasonably expect a more sufficient foundation
 for this opinion, than one error in a single verse.

The

The same ? nay, write two hundred more.

|| “ But prithee, why this endless score ? ”

I’ve pass’d the troops of *Syrian* maids,

And those who haunt *Canopus’* shades,

Nor have I nam’d the num’rous fair,

Which in *Cretan* bow’rs appear ;

* *Crete*, where all of rapture reigns,

Cupid, monarch of the plains.

No more — my loves from *Indian* ground

E’en to *Bactra’s* shore are found ;

Gades gives the pleasing smart —

In short, where’er I go, my heart

Feels the point of *Cupid’s* dart.

}

ODE

|| Τὸ φῆς, αἰεὶ κηρώθεις in the text is esteemed corrupt by the commentators, who have wantoned in the frolic of conjecture. The phrase should rather be preserv’d, as it now runs, if tolerable sense can be gathered. κηρώθεις implies that the poet’s heart, “ had received impressions, as readily as the (ductil) wax.” Some read αἰεὶ δ’έρωτας, not sufficiently aware of a repetition, after the line immediately preceding. The *Scholia* understand it κηρῶν βέης, which is adopted by *Baxter*.

* τῆς ἅπαντ’ ἐχέσσης to compleat the sentence τα καλα must be understood; possessing every thing beautiful and delightful.

E

This

O D E XXXIII.

Swallow, hail thy twitt'ring strains,
Thou, when summer decks the plains,
Flitting round with annual grace,
Build'st thy nest, and tend'st thy race ;
But when winter's rigid hand
Chills the air, and binds the land,
Warmer climes thy pinions try,
Cheer'd with *Memphis'* temp'rate sky,
Or the *Nile* prolific, where
Fanning breathes the genial air.
Still, still center'd in my breast,
Love for ever builds his nest ;

This little geography of love has been much admired, and is indeed one of the most elegant pieces of *Anacreon*. If the reader is disposed to see the history and description of the several countries, mentioned in the text, he will be satisfied from a perusal of the learned *Madam Dacier's* remarks.

Various

Various shews the brood of strife,
 This just bursting into life,
 Wanton joy ! another springs,
 * Fond to try his new-born wings ;
 Still their harsh ungrateful sound
 Murm'ring pours my heart around.
 Soon will these, maturely grown,
 Careful parents, nurse their own ;
 Those have soon a younger brood,
 And my heart's their constant food.
 But so vast th' encreasing store,
 All I ne'er can number o'er ;
 — Nay — if larger grows the race,
 † Sure my heart must want a place.

* In the original ἡμίλειπτος, signifies literally *semi exiguus*, which cannot be more closely expressed in *English*, than by the word “half-formed.”

† ἐκβοῶσαι in the last verse is too refinedly rejected by *Le Fevre*, and altered unnecessarily by *Salmasius* to ἐκπιῶσαι to express; and by *Scaliger* ἐκποῶσαι, to set free, which is still worse. ἐκβοῶσαι is elegant, and means to express any thing with a degree of noisy earnestness. The *Scholia* interpret it ἐκλάλησαι which, if there was any occasion for a change, might be substituted in the text, though it wants, like the other proposed readings, a proper strength of meaning.

O D E XXXIV.

Fly me not, too lovely fair,
 When thou see'st my silver'd hair,
 What tho' the rose's blushing grace
 Streaks with health thy youthful face ;
 † Fly me not with cold disdain,
 Sporting with a lover's pain.
 Mark the chaplet ! mildly bright
 Gleams the lilly's ivory white ;
 Proud of charms the neighb'ring rose,
 With a ruddy lustre glows ;
 Heed the emblem's moral truth ;
 These are age, and those are youth.

† δῶξεν is a very expressive word, not only intimating, that the poet's love was rejected, but that the girl persecuted it. No alteration is therefore requisite in conformity to *Le Fevre's* delicacy.

O D E XXXV.

‡ Yon' bull, that roams the watry space,
An am'rous *Jove* betrays,
And on his back with careless grace,
The royal maid displays.

What bull, like this, would quit the shore,
To stem the rapid tide ;
Securely mock the billows' roar,
And sail with monarch pride ?

‡ This picture of *Europa* carried off by *Jupiter*, in the shape of a bull, proves, according to *Madam Dacier*, the antiquity of that whimsical fable. τῆς in the text offends *Dr. Trapp*, but without reason. It answers to our expression, "a *Jupiter*."

* None, none thus wand'ring from the plain,
 The bold attempt would prove :
 A God alone would cleave the main,
 A God transform'd by love.

* The eighth verse in the text is officiously altered by *Le Fevre*, from

Ἐξ ἀγέλης ἐλασθεῖς το
 ἀγέληφιν ἐξελασθεῖς,

which is in the first place a different verse from all the rest of the ode, and it may therefore be presumed, that had the Critic found it in the original, he had condemned the whole as spurious. The present line, accused of false quantity, is sufficiently countenanced by others in this piece.

O D E

O D E XXXVI.

* Prithee, no more — I cannot bear
 || The wrangling lawyer's wordy war ;
 The rhetorician's musty rules,
 And all the pedantry of schools.

* *Anacreon* has in this ode treated the professors of law with a lively sarcastical contempt, though he had not, to all appearance, suffered from their oppression. But a modern minor, who has been galled during a long course of twenty years beneath the shackles of a ruinous chancery suit, must be presumed forward to give a more severe scourging to vulturs, perpetually hovering over private property. Who, like that gold which they adore, are very convenient slaves, but insufferable masters.

|| The word ἀνάγκη in the text has great expression, but cannot be literally rendered. It means that the rhetoricians are reduced from an unavoidable necessity to a rigid adherence to formal rules in their argumentation.

|| Can learn'd debate, can noise, and strife,
Add to the happiness of life ?

If knowledge is a feast, my soul
Shall taste the knowledge of the bowl ;
Give me, (those only I approve)
The laws of rapture and of love.

† To hide the silver of my head
A blushing crown of flow'rs be spread ;
Bring—bring the bowl—but to the wine,
Water's genial mildness join.

|| λόγων τόσμετον is more elegantly substituted for τοσέτων.
ἐστὶ must be understood. Such instances of an adjective's being
placed as a substantive abound in the *Latin* writers.

† Madam *Dacier* has ingeniously altered the text to

Πολιὰν σέφοντι κάραν

Δὸς ὕδωρ, Βάλλ'οἶνον.

The sentence runs easier. The common reading, however,
may be explained into a degree of sense, “ grey hairs are a
crown to the head” σέφασι “ adorn, or crown.”

I will carouse, the nectar'd deep

* Shall all my ravish'd senses steep —

Soon must I sink in endless rest ;

—Give me, while living, to be blest'd ;

Now, now, unbounded transport bloom —

Pleasures fire not in the tomb.

O D E XXXVII.

‡ Spring returns — the graces pour

From their lap the fragrant show'r ;

* *Ψυχὴν κάρωσαι* gives offence to *Le Fevre* ; surely the critic is unhappily nice. We say in *English* “ lull the soul,” without insult to propriety. *Ψυχὴ* however means as generally the animal life, not the soul itself. *κάρωσον* in the text gives rise to our word “ carouse,” which is adopted in the version.

‡ *Ἐρύειν* signifies “ *scatere facit*,” the expression of *Lucretius* upon the spring “ *fundit bumi Flores*,” is a regular translation of the passage in the text. The *Greek* is, however singularly picturesque. The *Scholia* mention it as a word of greater energy for *ἰάλλειν* *virescere, florere*.

Calm,

Calm, unwrinkled glides the deep,
 Ev'ry murmur lull'd to sleep.
 See along the placid brook
 Blithely sails the sportive duck ;
 || In a winding maze the crane
 Graceful roves the silver plain.
 See ! the genial lamp of day
 Sheds a bright majestic ray ;
 Softly smiles the blue serene,
 Not a cloud to break the scene ;
 Riches crown the ripen'd plains
 Just reward of toiling swains.

|| ὁδεύειν. Madam *Dacier* and *Earnes* have labored hard after a wrong meaning to this word. The former has entered into a regular discussion of the natural history of the crane, and translates it “ *s'en retourne.* ” By the bye, there is nothing in her version to which “ *en* ” can any way refer. The word itself derived from ὁδος (*via*) at once points out the sense intended. Dr. *Trapp* rightly turns it, “ *Grus ut iter faciat !* ”

Swell'd

* Swell'd with fruit the olives glow,
Vines their budding treasures shew ;
‡ Gay the branches, leaves, appear
Prophets of a plenteous year.

* Καρποῖσι γαῖα προκύπτει

is not translated, because of the Bathos which necessarily attends it in its present place. To say first that the earth is filled with fruits, and afterwards to particularize some of them, favors little of elegance. Besides the thought itself is more fully expressed in the two last lines.

Ερομίῃς σέφεται νᾶμα

“The liquor of *Bacchus* is crown'd.” This phrase is applied to the juice of the grape by *Mad. Dacier* and *Barnes* ; an interpretation which may well be termed *premature*, as the spring is the season intimated. Of this last opinion is *Dr. Trapp*. Why may not σέφεται be read, and the sentence made exclamatory, “ Let the rose crown'd goblet flow !” “ for (as in the next verses) every leaf and every branch promises a year of plenty.”

‡ Καθέλων *demittens* should be *dimissus*. I cannot express a fondness for the preposition in a verb repeated directly before a substantive ensuing. May I venture to substitute ἀφίεις *dimissus*, as less liable to exceptions ?

O D E

O D E XXXVIII.

Old in body, young in soul,
 With the youths I drain the bowl;
 Heroe of the rosy band,
 I the last of all can stand;
 Flying round with rapt'rous zeal,
 If I cannot dance, I reel.
 * Let who will the sceptre rear,
 Mine — a swelling cask to bear;
 Round I fly in wanton sport,
Bacchus only my support.

* This sceptre was used commonly in the ancient dances, and was, I believe, the Thyrsus mentioned in Ode VI. hung round with flowers. The *ῥάβδος* was the same with the ferula, by which *Silenus titubantes ebrius artus sustinuit*. It was a sort of "*baton*," as Madam *Dacier* has rendered Thyrsus in Ode VI.

‡ Here

‡ Here advance, ye warring race,
 — I will stand you to the face ;
 Take the bowl and stand the fight,
 Arms, like these, my soul delight.
 Boy, the foaming treasure pour,
 Let me drain the festive show'r.
 Old in body, young in heart,
 Joy and I will never part ;
 With *Silenus*' rapt'rous zeal,
 If I cannot dance, I'll reel.

‡ παρέρω, καὶ μαχέσθω has been strangely conceived by *Barnes*. The words certainly mean a lively challenge from *Anacreon* to those, who professed themselves warriors, whom he jocosely invites to battle, not in a very *honorable* manner, for he prescribes his own weapons. πάρεσι γὰρ (he has my consent) is spiritless. The other interpretation is natural, and in the true genius of our poet.

O D E XXXIX.

When I quaff the foaming bowl,
Transport revels in my soul ;
* As the tuneful nine inspire,
Soft I sweep the warbling lyre.

When I drink with jovial mind,
“ Care, I give you to the wind.”

* *Barnes* has altered the run of the words in the third line of the original, and has more particularly changed the fifth for the sake of the metre. I think the two verses have a better appearance in their new dress, but the old one is sufficiently countenanced by others in the same ode, not taken notice of by that critic. Those in question are the close of hexameters. So are the six last syllables of the ninth, and of the thirteenth, the whole of the seventeenth, and the latter syllables of several other lines.

Hence

Hence reflection, anguish, pain,
Hence ! I waft you to the main.

When I quaff the sparkling wine,
Rushes forth the pow'r divine,
Snatching me thro' fields of air ;
|| Fields of gay luxuriance, where
Sweetest flow'rs, with smiling bloom,
Round diffuse their rich perfume.

When I drink—the roses spread,
Blushing helmet o'er my head,
Long adieu I sing to strife,
“ Hail the joys, the calm of life !”

|| πολυάνθεσιν μ' ἐν αὔραις.

Cave (says Dr. Trapp,) *intelligas Cælum.* *Cave* (it may be replied) *aliud intelligas.* The expression is *Anacreontic*, and therefore cannot be weighed in the ballance of exact propriety. There are no flowers, strictly speaking, in the regions of the air, nor can reason imagine any in the *Mahometan* heaven. Yet they have been lavished by fanciful zealots on the latter, and the “fragrant fields of air” is well known to be a favorite expression with poets.

While

While I glow with *Bacchus* arms
 Flush'd with ointment's genial charms,
 Hanging am'rous o'er the fair,
 I — to *Venus* pour my pray'r.

When I quaff the full-brim'd bowl,
 † *Bacchus* opens all my soul ;
 * Fir'd I dance the youths among,
 Frolic, as the frolic throng.

When the foaming treasures flow,
 With unbounded joy I glow;

† *υποκύρτοις* is rightly made one word by *Madam Dacier*, the meer *κύρτοις* wanting force. *ἀπλώσας* in the next line has given offence to *Le Fevre*. On which it is only to be observed, that when a commentator is seized with the rage of correction, he too commonly plants his batteries against words and phrases of the most striking excellence.

* *τέρπομαι* is thrown aside by *Barnes*, who substitutes *γέγηθα*, the former he was led to insert from the *Scholia*. If *τέρπομαι* is preserved, this verse is an additional confirmation of what has been alledged in Not. 1. with regard to the metre of the ode.

Joy's

Joy's a gain — the blessing take,
 'Tis of life the most to make ;
 Something thus from death we save,
 — Pleasure blooms not in the grave.

O D E XL.

* In the rose's fragrant shade,
 Sipping sweets a bee was laid ;
 Little *Love*, who wanton'd round,
 On his finger felt the wound.
 Scar'd, and pain'd, he sobs, and sighs,
 And to heav'nly *Venus* flies ;

* This ode is inserted by Mad. *Dacier* with several instances of *Doric* expression, turn'd by Dr. *Trapp* in the *Ionic* form ; this particularity is mentioned only to obviate the opinion, before taken notice of, that those odes, wherein the *Doric* dialect is in some editions employed, were not the compositions of *Anacreon*.

“ I faint — I die — oh ! succor lend,
 “ Or thy *Cupid*’s at an end ;
 “ † Pierc’d by a serpent — hapless me,
 “ Which the ploughmen call a bee.
 “ Small he was, and bearing wings —
 “ To the very heart he stings.”
 — “ This the mischief you deplore ?”
Venus cry’d — “ and how much more,
 “ || Must the wretched bosoms prove,
 “ Tortur’d with the stings of Love ?”

O D E

† The thought in the text has a natural and elegant simplicity, well-adapted to the urchin’s situation. Mad. *Dacier* applies it to *Pagan* theology, alluding particularly, it may seem, to a reflection in *Homer*, which puts different appellations for the same creatures into the mouths of their Gods and mortals.

By Gods call’d Chalcas, and by men — an owl.

There is but little foundation for this construction, which the classical commentator *Longepierre* censures as too refined. It must be confessed, that a learned interpretation (such as that of Mad. *Dacier*) adds not the least beauty to a sentiment, of genuine and intrinsic delicacy.

|| *πονεῖ*, & *πονέειν* in the

original are used in the same manner, as the *Latin* word
dolet

O D E XLI.

* Let the sparkling bowl go round,
And *Bacchus*' eccho'd praise resound.
Bacchus in the jovial dance
Bids the sportive train advance ;

delet is employed by *Martial*, in the conclusion of his epigram on *Arria* and *Pætus*. Our *English* word "grieve" is likewise employed in an active and neuter sense. It grieves me, "I grieve." Such a concord is sometimes observable in languages of the most different texture.

* *Mad. Dacier* observes that, *αναμέλιθωμεν* in the second line should be *αναμέλιθωμεν*. In strictness it should, the better to agree with *πίωμεν* in the first verse ; but in an author of *Anacreon*'s careless vivacity the change of a particular mood may be easily admitted. The critic built her reflection upon the *Scholia*.

‡ He enflames the poet's fire,
 He to music wakes the lyre ;
Venus with her darling boy,
 Nurs'd the rosy, infant joy.
 Revel-mirth from *Bacchus* sprung,
 And the Graces, ever young ;
 See ! he smiles ! — afflictions cease,
 Anguish softens into peace.
 With the gen'rous youthful soul
 When I quaff the festive bowl,
 || Richly foaming to my mind ——
 ‡ Hence ye sorrows to the wind !

‡ ὅλας μολπάς

is translated in a double sense, to point out the whole force, and significancy of the epithet. The poet may be understood to intimate songs set to music by a different hand.

|| I cannot construe the word *κρασθῆν* to allude to an ancient custom at the *Grecian* tables of mixing wine and water, as *Mad. Dacier* has asserted. The word is at least better reconciled to the spirit of our poet, if turn'd as in the version. There appears to be some similarity between this *κρασθῆν* and the *Latin* “ *merum* ” so constantly used by the best classics to express wine only. *Mad. Dacier* seems to have borrow'd the above opinion from the *Scholias*.

‡ *ἀνεμοτρόπων* is not to be met with in Lexicons. It should be *ἀνεμοτρέφης*, from *ἀνεμοτρέφης* *a vento nutritus*, or
auctus.

Friends, — the laughing sweets prepare,
 Drink a long farewell to care ;
 † Whence the pangs of busy strife,
 Ruin to the joys of life ?
 Who can point the hours to come,
 Hid in time's uncertain womb ?
 Vainly bold your date ye scan,
 'Tis a task deny'd to man —
 Wine inspires — I'll beat the plain
 Wantoning with the virgin train ;

ausus. *Le Fevre* gave himself unnecessary trouble in hunting after a word of a different derivation ἀνεμοτρόφω. Tho' if a critic thinks fit to quarrel with one word, it is but fair that he produce another in its stead.

† ὀδυνώμενω is properly substituted by *Earnes* instead of ὀδυρωμένω which is not *Greek*, though fathered by *Mad. Dacier* on the *Doric* dialect, unassisted, however, by proof. The former takes notice of a strange blunder in *Stephens*, who affirms, that there is a *Greek* verb ὀδυρᾶμαι.

Aliquandò bonus dormitat Homerus.

Le Fevre is wildly incensed at this ode, which he dogmatically terms miserable. I believe, few will second his opinion.

All the sweets (if sweets there are)
 In a ling'ring life of care
 Taste, ye wretched, if ye will, —
 I — of joy will take my fill ;
 Bid the sparkling bowl go round,
 And the praise of *Bacchus* sound.

O D E XLII.

Rapt'rous bliss enflames my soul,
 When I take the gen'rous bowl ;
 Reveling in wanton play
 I join the chorus of the gay.
 Soft I strike the warbling lyre,
 — *Bacchus* rules the poet's fire —
 But, the chaplet's flow'ry bloom
 Round diffusing rich perfume,
 From the fair the smiles of love
 'Tis a heav'n of joy to prove.

* Malice

* Malice is a pest — my heart
 Never aim'd th' envenom'd dart;
 Hence, ye foul, detested crew!
 Fiends of scandal — hence — adieu!
 Why should war's ungrateful sound
 With the laughing bowl go round?

* δαῖκτον, or as *Barnes* would have it δαῖκτῆν is very reasonably questioned by *Dr. Trapp*. The former, however, disliking both, has substituted

Φθόνον οὐ δέδια δῆκτῆν

(I have not been in fear of biting envy) where *Trapp* to perfect the verse proposes δέδια for δέδια, *eodem sensu*. There is an objection to the word “fear” in this passage, arising from the poet's saying immediately afterwards “I fly (φεύγω) the darts of calumny” — which is more expressively interpreted to convey the horror of censoriousness from a mixture of hate and fear. As to the repetition of the former line, in the very words of the present, it is by no means unusual with *Anacreon*. Perhaps the reading of

Φθόνον οὐ δῆκτικον οἶδε

Sc. (my heart as before) ἦτορ,

May have on the whole greater beauty. As to the metre itself it is as consistent with many other lines in this ode, as that offered by *Trapp*.

Why is *Bacchus*' genial flood
 Sully'd with a scene of blood?
 — Strike the lyre's ecstatic string,
 * Ours to revel, dance, and sing;
 Cheer'd with beauty's roseate bloom, —
 'Tis a sun, that breaks the gloom.
 Life is love — one care employ
 All the soul — the care of joy.

* The last verse, notwithstanding *Baxter's* licentious interpretation "*saltans agamus*" and *Mad. Dacier's* vindication of χορεύων φέρωμεν as consistent with elegant writing, must be read by itself, and the χορεύων applied, as by *Dr. Trapp* to συγέω in a foregoing verse. Though every language contains whimsical particularities, downright violations of grammar, unless they add singular spirit to an expression, are prohibited; such is our *English* phrase, "We, the King's most excellent Majesty," a manner of speaking completely burlesqued by its adoption, in our monthly reviews, where the distinct writer of every article pronounces himself the whole society of gentlemen. *Le Fevre* properly reads νεοθήλες instead of νεοθήλοις, or λαις, the meaning of which is absurd in this place.

O D E XLIII.

* Happy creature, what below
Can more happy live, than thou?

Seated

* The ancients had an extravagant veneration for the grasshopper, particularly if all their favorable expressions were to be taken in a literal view. But as that is inconsistent, it will suffice in some degree to account for their zeal from the traditions they familiarly received, after having first reconciled some more general phrases in the present ode.

It must be premised that the *Cicada* is not our modern grasshopper, according to Dr. Martyn's accurate description. The *δενδρόν* in the second line of this piece refers, in the *Scholæ*, to the smaller branches in hedges, which are certainly more consistent in this place, than the lofty trees in forests. Its feeding wholly, as in the third verse, upon dew, is a poetical turn for its living chiefly in the grass. The subsequent compliments to verse 15th cannot be reduced to critical preciseness. The rest allude entirely to the well-known fable of the *Tithonian* metamorphosis, and to *Pagan* theology in general. But to trace the admiration of anti-

quity

Seated on thy leafy throne

(Summer weaves the verdant crown)

quity for a creature in itself so contemptible, we must go as far back as the *Athenian* vanity in wearing golden *Cicadae* in their hair, to denote their being, like those insects, descended from the earth, or rather, the first born of the earth. But why the "*Cicada*" should appear a suitable emblem of national antiquity, can be only accounted for from the *Titbonian* tale; the old man's change into this particular creature bringing on a fictitious renewal of eternal youth. This story probably owed its first rise to some pregnant genius, who work'd up the history of *Titbonus*, from the meer observation of the *Cicada*'s being volatile, and active with a constant seeming enjoyment of youth and spirits. But as our neighbors the *Scots* claim the title of *Athenian* superiority in points of literature, and *Athenian* priority in point of national birth, to them I beg to refer the illustration of this *affected* mode.

The epithets *απαθής*, *ἀναιμ'*, and *ἀσάρκε*, without sufferings, and without flesh or blood, seem purposely placed, immediately to precede the compliment of the creature's divinity, with which the performance closes; the existence of *Pagan* deities being distinguished from that of mortals in the privileges above-mentioned. As if it was of the least consequence to raise the merits of immortality on such trifling articles, and disgrace it at the same time with all the passions of envy, libertinism, and cruelty, which level humanity with the brutes.

Sipping o'er the pearly lawn
 The fragrant nectar of the dawn ;
 Little tales thou lov'st to sing,
 Tales of mirth — an insect-King.
 Thine the treasures of the field,
 All thy own the seasons yield ;
 Nature paints for thee the year,
 Songster to the shepherds dear.

* Innocent, of placid fame,
 What of man can boast the same ?

Thine

* ἀπο μηδενὸς τὶ ἐλάπτων

Doing an injury to nothing whatever. Not as *Mad. Dacier* has termed it “no person.” The adjectives are in the neuter gender. The order of the words

ἐλάπτων τὶ ἀπο μηδενὸς

requires no alteration. I have left out among the qualities of the grasshopper, mentioned in the text, its wisdom. The epithet σοφὸς, line 16, must mean at best a negative possession, alluding to the *Cicada's* situation in a freedom from care. This might be called *Anacreontic* wisdom in a man, who has the power of involving himself in active troubles, or sitting down quiet, and contented. But in modern estimation
 it

Thine the lavish'd voice of praise
Harbinger of fruitful days ;
Darling of the tuneful nine
Phœbus is thy fire divine ;
Phœbus to thy notes has giv'n
Music from the spheres of heav'n.
Happy most, as first of earth,
All thy hours are peace and mirth ;
Cares, nor pains to thee belong,
Thou alone art ever young.
Thine the pure *immortal* vein,
Blood, nor flesh thy life sustain ;
Rich in spirits — health thy feast,
Thou'rt a demi-god at least.

it must be ill-adapted to a grasshopper, which has too much youth in its nature for that grave, and solemn qualification of old age alone. Though to speak seriously, it may be a compliment, like most of the others, poetically introduced.

O D E XLIV.

High in air with rapid wing,
 Fancy'd flight, I seem'd to spring ;
 With a heavy weight of lead
 Though his little feet were spread,
Cupid with a whirlwind's force
 Flew — and stop'd me in my course —
 “ Why th' ideal tale impart ? ”
 † — Struck of old by beauty's dart,
 Love's unbounded sway I bore,
 — But not long the fetters wore :

This ode is admirable for an elegant conciseness ; I cannot, however, bestow such extravagant encomiums, as *Mad. Dacier* has lavished upon its beauty and its gallantry. In the seventh line *Δοκέω δ' ἔγωγε* is flat, and spiritless, the words are therefore omitted in the version.

‡ *διολισθαίνειν* is a word of emphatical gaiety, meaning that the poet had slid, or slipped out of the hands of his former mistresses.

Now

— Now to one a slave I'll be,
Now to all but *Chloë*, free.

O D E XLV.

In his *Lemnos*' lov'd abode,
Where the sacred furnace glow'd,
Vulcan moulds, with toilsome joy,
Arrows for the *Paphian* boy.

Fatal arrows! — *Venus* dip'd,
And their points with honey tipt;
Cupid strait, at mischief's call,
Ting'd them, deeply ting'd, with gail.

Sta'king from the field of fate,
Mavors, in heroic state,
Grasping stern his massy spear,
Ey'd the trifles with a sneer.

'Tis a trifle, *Cupid* spake,
In thy hand this arrow take ;

Some-

Something *here* of weight may prove,
Something — in the scale of love.

* *Mars* unwary seiz'd the dart —
Soon it pierc'd him to the heart;
Venus, queen of amorous wiles,
O'er the vanquish'd conqu'ror smiles.

Stung with pain the hero sighs,
Take, oh ! take it off (he cries)
'Tis thy due (rejoin'd the boy)
— Hapless god — I wish thee joy.

* *Baxter* has enlarged the thought in the original, which means simply that *Mars* took up the dart. The critic presumes, that *Cupid* at this instant aim'd it at him. Surely the former is easier and more consistent with the ridicule thrown upon the *trifles* by the God of War. The reflection of *Mad. Dacier* on the Ode itself merits attention, "The Poet (says she) means to represent, that the arrows of love are not even to be touched with impunity."

O D E

O D E XLVI.

Love's fetters 'tis a pain to bear,
 'Tis pain those fetters not to wear,
 But the worst of pains to prove
 The sorrows of a fruitless love.
 What can wisdom, what can birth,
 Heav'nly charms, or spotless worth?
 These in love are trifles — all
 To the pow'r of gold must fall.
 Curs'd be he, whose ravish'd sight
 Tore the splendid ill to light;
 Wretch, 'tis he — the source of harms,
 Sets the kindred world in arms;
 — Ev'ry fond endearment ends —
 — Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, Friends.
 He — the 'murd'rous band inspires,
 He — the *Dogs of battle* fires;
 Still more baleful to behold
Cupid's darts are tip'd with gold.

O D E XLVII.

Yes ! yes ! I view with rapt'rous soul
The mirth of laughing age ;
Not youths, who love the dance, and bowl,
Can more my heart engage.

What tho' the silver'd head declare
The chilling frost of time !
Years, all in vain, the limbs impair,
The spirits in their prime.

G

O D E

O D E XLVIII.

Give me HOMER's godlike lyre, —
Change the chords of martial fire ;
Strains alone my soul will prove
Rous'd by wine, or tun'd to love ;
Bring, oh ! bring the sparkling bowl
Sacred to the thirsty soul.

This ode is a turn upon the ancient custom of establishing what would now be called Toast-Masters, (or in old times) presidents of a debauch. These were despotic monarchs in the government of *Comus*, and *Bacchus*, and usually forc'd smaller cups upon those *Anacreons* of the meeting, who were given to excess. Our poet in this self allotted province teaches his comrades a lesson, better adapted to his own disposition, than those which were more usually given.

* President of *Bacchus'* tribe

Mine to fill — and laws prescribe ;
 Drink an ocean, dance, and play,
 Mad discretion crown the day ;
 Wake the song, and swell the lyre —
 Rapture calls, and I inspire.

* I read the fourth line

Φέρε μοι, νόμους κεράσσω.

The first words express an impatience from their repetition, the last introduce with spirit the indulgent regulations of this merry lawgiver. κύπελλα θεσμῶν is an expressive inversion of θεσμῶς κυπέλλων ; though the *Scholia* and commentators in general understand the phrase to mean cups, on which the laws of drinking were set down ; but if that is the construction, what need of a president of unlimited authority ? I take θεσμῶς to mean the customs more frequently adhered to, from which however it may seem that presidents in general as well as our poet, might deviate in their sovereign capacity.

O D E XLIX.

Best of Painters, take thy stand ;
 Hark ! the *Lyric* Queen's command !
 Laughing o'er the floods of wine,
 First let jovial cities shine ;
 Festal *Bacchus*' vot'ries gay,
 Give a loose to mirth, and play ;

The corruption of this ode is evident, tho' with proper corrections it may very well pass. The transposition of the lines has been adjusted by the *Vatican* manusc. and admitted by Dr. *Trapp*. The τὸ πρῶτον at the head of the second direction, as it originally stood, puts one in mind of the constable's method of argumentation in "much ado about nothing."

† Let th' alternate music float
 From the lute's melodious note ;
 If thou can'st, their joys improve,
 Fill, oh ! fill each heart with love.

† "Ετεροπνόες ἐν αὐλοῖς,

as altered by *Le Fevre*, is the reading with more recent commentators. It may be presumption to question its propriety ; but I will venture to propose

Φιλοπαίγμονάς τε Βάκχας,

"Ετεροπνόες κ' ἐνάυλας.

" The priestesses of *Bacchus*, and men playing on the lute ;" otherwise we must alter with *Le Fevre* φιλεῶντων in the last verse, into πτόντων ; for the poor women had before no swains to love, and be lov'd in turn.

Mad. *Dacier* has entered into an elaborate discussion of the ancient double flutes, as she terms them ; how one man could conveniently, or indeed any way, play on both at the same time without discord, is rather difficult to reconcile. *Baxter's* version "*alternatim flantes*" is less foreign, and more familiar to modern conception. ἐτερόπνοοι, which strictly means "*diversè flantes*" will admit of the foregoing construction.

The *Scholia* render the words

ἐκατέρωθεν εμπνεομένους (scil. αὐλοῦς

as they read) "*utrimq; spiratas tibias.*" This may more particularly allude to the *first and second parts* of a tune played by two distinct instruments, of the same construction.

O D E L.

* He comes, he comes ; in ev'ry vein
 I feel th' inspiring God ;
 Grief, anguish, care, a ghastly train,
 Are vanish'd at his nod.

To sip the various sweets of love
 He fires the youthful soul ;
 Bids him the boundless transports prove,
 That crown the gen'rous bowl.

* I read the three first lines according to the *Vatican*
M. S. Hen. Stephens, and other sufficient authorities, with

πόντοις, πόδοις, and πότοις,

which make a pleasing variety instead of the inelegant repetition of πότοις ; whence some more phlegmatic critics might imagine, that *Anacreon* was actually in his cups, when he wrote this ode.

With

With guardian care he tends the shoots,
 * Till Autumn's jovial hour,
 When gushing forth the ripen'd fruits
 Their lavish treasures show'r.

From widow'd vines the cluster'd charms
 With annual oceans swell ;
 The body's pangs, the mind's alarms,
 These kind physicians quell.

* *πέπηδομένον*, the reading of *Baxter*, an alteration of a single letter, gives spirit to the passage, which the other reading has not, if it conveys any meaning. The protraction of the second syllable is not sufficient to invalidate the insertion of the word, though the only instance of the sort in the whole performance. *φυλάττων* in the next verse is preferable to *φυλάττειν*. *Ἑσέτους*, the old reading, is not *Greek*. The word must be formed into two *ἐς ἔτος*, but, the preposition governing an accusative, Dr. *Trapp* understands *χρόνον*. This sufficiently confutes the opinion of *Baxter* and *Barnes*, that the text from the ninth verse alluded solely to the autumnal season, because, forsooth, fevers are frequent at that period; but does it likewise more particularly afflict the mind? for the text includes that also.

O D E LI.

What hand with animated grace

* Has stamp'd this ocean's mimic face ?

The commentators, like the fish mentioned in the original, have awkwardly wantoned over this ode, which is more unfavorable to a translator than all the others. The text is certainly corrupted; too close a repetition of the same words, several thoughts confusedly expressed, and a trifling comparison, which degrades poor *Venus* to a sea-weed, are more than enough to raise suspicions. With some amendments, however, it is hoped the poetical bill may be allowed to pass.

* κῦμα ἐπὶ νῶτα τῆς θαλάσσης

is absurd; for, as Dr. *Trapp* remarks, “*nonne est ipse fluvi^{us} Dorsum Maris?*” He alters accordingly the fourth verse to μέγα κῦμα, a very expressive repetition. I once thought it might run

“ Ἀνέχευε τὴν θαλάσσην, ”

but the other is preferable, particularly as πόντος “*Pelagus*” is mentioned before.

What

What master-hand display'd the show
Of waving billows' gentle flow ?
The glowing art to madness fir'd
Has boldly to the Gods aspir'd.
See ! the comely *Venus* laves
Blithely wantoning in the waves !
Parent of the Pow'rs above,
Source of joys, and Queen of love.
|| See ! in wand'ring mazes swims
The lucid ivory of her limbs !

|| δὲπ' αὐτὴ has been excellent food for the commentators. Mad. *Dacier* has awkwardly enough explained the order of the words ; which must necessarily be the case with any who attempt it, as they now stand, the nominative to the verb ἔλκει being at such a cruel distance, and a preposition to govern γαλήνης, in the second line following, being unclassically placed before the nominative itself. Without taking notice of the inconclusive interpretations of the critics, I venture to propose a reading, which will at least obviate the impropriety before alledged.

Ἀλαλημένη δ' αὖτ' ἀκτῆς
Δέμας εἰς πλόνον φέρουσα
Ἀπαλοχρόες γαλήνης
Ῥόδιον πάροιθεν ἔλκει.

“ Wandering

Those the modest streams conceal,
 Which fancy only should reveal.
 Her arms she waves — from side to side,
 The liquid hills obedient glide ;
 ‡ With am'rous kisses they embrace
 The heaving bosom's polish'd grace.

“ Wandering from the shore, and bearing herself properly for sailing (εἰς πλόον) upon the placid sea,” &c. I erase the thirteenth line with Dr. Trapp, particularly as it would cramp the ensuing comparison of the lilly and violet.

‡ Ῥοδέων ὑπερθε μαζῶν

Ἀπαλῆς ἐνερθε δειρῆς

Μέγα κῦμα πρῶτα τέμνει.

These verses, to make the second line consistent, must contain a description of the particular part touch'd by the waves, while *Venus* was swimming. The sense is “ the wave cuts the first, or the higher parts, where the breasts begin, just under the neck ;” the spot necessarily touch'd by the water in swimming, the breasts being just under the water, and the neck just above it. Ῥοδέων is a whimsical epithet for the bosom. In this place it cannot mean “ rosy ;” but is meant to express beauty and comeliness in general, the appearance of the rose independent of its color.

Amid

Amid the silver of the deep,
Whose placid waters almost sleep,
Mildly bright her beauties show,
Like the lilly's spotless snow,
Mid beds of violets display'd ;
— Blended tints of light and shade.
In gambols o'er the watry way
See ! th' unwieldy dolphins play ;
† Loves, Desires, with youthful smiles,
Here suspend their amorous wiles.
Wreath'd with aukward, antic sport
The scaly nation pay their court ;
In emulative homage rove,
Conscious of the queen of love.

† δολερὸν μέτωπον is very elegant *Greek*, and happily substituted for δολερὸν. If the reader is so unfortunately curious, as to desire a sight of egregious trifling among the critics, he may peruse Dr. *Trapp's* note upon this passage ; a passage which they will not suffer to explain itself.

O D E

O D E LII.

See how the vine's luxuriant spoil
 * Inspires the youth's autumnal toil;
 Assistant Nymphs the treasures bear
 Soothing with smiles the weight of care.
 The future ocean's blushing store
 Profusely lavish'd on the floor,

The above ode and the fiftieth have been esteemed vintage-hymns; a sort of harvest-home in honor of *Bacchus*. Neither of the pieces can be construed altogether in that light, particularly the present, because mention is made in the eighth verse of the very words used by the wine-pressers in their hymns to the God of wine, while they were employed in the business.

* *Φέρουσιν* must be read with *Stephens*, instead of the participle, otherwise there is no verb to govern the sentence, which the sense, and grammar require.

By

By *manly* strength the press is trod ;
 — Forth from his prison bursts the God.
 ‡ Iö *Bacchus*, Thee they sing,
 Hymns of joy thy praises ring ;

Un-

‡ Μέγα τὸν θεὸν κροῦντες

— — —

Ἐρατὸν πίδοις ὀρῶντες

Νέον ἐς ζέοντα Βάκχον.

Such is the common reading, which is faulty, chiefly in the order of the lines. The two last would have a greater air of propriety, if placed first. Let us try them in the following transposition.

Ἐρατοὶ πίδοις ὀρῶντες

Νέον ἐκζέοντα Βακχον,

Μέγα τὸν θεὸν κρότῃσιν.

— — —

Ἐρατοὶ is more graceful than the adjective *ερατὸν* turned adverbially. *De Pauw* thinks that the former reading ἐς ζέοντα requires no alteration, the preposition ἐς being connected with ὀρῶντες. The *Greek* thus understood must be esteemed inelegant, as the preposition is evidently placed at
 too

Unbounded foams the stream divine,
 Already they are drunk with wine.
 Fir'd by thee the soul of age
 Glows with keen ecstatic rage;
 Trembling in the dance, around
 His hoary tresses strew the ground.
 Fir'd by Thee the youthful heart
 Spreads the snares of am'rous art;
 In rest reclin'd beneath the shade
 He softly wooes the lovely maid;
 Her closing eyelids just can move
 Half-opening to the breath of love.

“ Ah! yet too cruel, cruel fair,

“ Attend a faithful shepherd's pray'r;

too great a distance from the verb, to which in reality it should be closely linked. The Critic likewise (and with justice) arraigns the repetition of participles in the ode, to obviate which, *κρότεσσιν* is introduced; this was requisite in the transposition of the verses proposed above, which is far more natural than the former. He introduces *ἐσιόντα*, but unnecessarily.

“ * Ah!

“ * Ah ! yet the knot of *Hymen* tie,
“ Nor bid a constant lover die.”

Still th’ unavailing wish he vents,
The willing virgin scarce consents ;
At once a happy boldness fires,
The Pow’r of wine, and love inspires.
— Th’ assault what virgin can maintain,
Two Gods confed’rate with her Swain ?

* The text is here rendered in a more delicate, and in course a less exceptionable manner, than that in which the more wanton critics understand it. The common reading has been ingeniously changed into

Ἐξ ἑρῶτ’ ἄωρα θέλγει.

and thus turned, ἄωρα

signifies *intempestivè*, not at a seasonable, or proper time, for the swain evidently intruded himself upon the nymph. By *προδόντιν* I am willing to understand “ the girl’s being the betrayer of her own disposition, as to marriage with the suitor ;” the other interpretation is too gross, and suited only to the lascivious coarseness of *Petronius Arbiter*, or the ribald frolics of *Poggii Facetiae*.

O D E LIII.

While spring with lavish flow'rets glows,
 From the gay wreath I'll pluck the rose,
 The queen of fragrance will display,
 — Oh ! pour, my Friend, th'accordant lay.

Monfieur *Dacier* has made a very probable, and ingenious conjecture, which gives the form of a dialogue to the present ode ; a conjecture, according to his learned Lady, manifestly authenticated by the run of the piece. This construction undoubtedly adds a force, and expreffion to the performance, and the version has accordingly adopted it, with a fingle exception as to the commencement of the dialogue, here placed at the fourth verfe. Mad. *Dacier* enters on it at the ninth, and confequently reduces the intermediate lines to a preface ; this however muft be allowed to weaken their fpirit. I read the third verfe with *D. Heinfius*

Συνέταιρ' ἄεξε μολπὴν.

The old reading

Συνεταιρεῖ ἄυξει μέλπειν

is inelegant, if *Greek*.

* Dear

* Dear to earth, thy smiling bloom !
 Dear to heav'n thy rich perfume !
 Sacred to the sportive hour
 When the loves from flow'r, to flow'r
 Blithely trip — the Graces fair
 Bind thy treasures to their hair ;
 By the *Paphian* Queen carefs'd
 Seated on her snowy breast.

† Nymphs, who haunt th'embow'ring shades,
 Poesy's enchanting maids,

* I have transposed the original, thinking it more consistent to place the heathen Gods, insignificant as they were, in the post of honor, — hitherto usurp'd by the *Ερῶτες*, the sons of earth.

Τόδε γὰρ Βρότῶν τὸ χαρμα
 Τόδε κ' θεῶν ἄημα.

It is otherwise an ὑπερὸν πρότερον, an inaccuracy, which however abounds in *Anacreon*. Since making the above remark I have observed Dr. Trapp is of the same opinion.

† I read μέλημα Νύμφαις, the first word being usually followed by a dative case; μέλημα μοι is familiar to *Anacreon*. The original μύδοις has too much the air of tautology with the succeeding Μυσῶν.

Woo thee, Rose ; thy charms inspire
All the raptures of the lyre.

|| Cull we strait th' inviting Rose, —
Shielded by the thorn it glows ;
Cull the Rose ; what boots the smart !
Boundless sweets regale the heart.

‡ Pluck it not ; the flow'ry gem
Unwilling quits its parent stem ;

Round

|| I read with *Barnes*, as more elegant *Greek*,

ποιῶντι πῆραν, *Stephens's* ποιοῦντα πῆραι

cannot so properly precede the preposition ἐν in the following verse.

‡ This passage has been learnedly discussed by *Monf. Dacier*, as quoted by his *Lady*. The Critic thinks it refers to a whimsical custom arising from the superstition of the ancients, who, it seems, in order to form an adequate judgment of their future success in love, took a poppy, and tried whether by striking their hand, or elbow against it, any noise ensued ; if there did, they depended upon a happy issue, if not, they of consequence were reduced to despair. The misfortune is, that although this were actually a custom among those ridiculous zealots, it has no connection with the present thought, the very words of which are wrested by *Mad. Dacier* in favor of her husband's hypothesis. Add

to

Round the feast of fragrance rove,
But gently touch — the Rose of love.

Mid

to this the remark of *De Pauw*, that their writers, when they treated this prophetic ceremony of love, mentioned only the Lilly, the Poppy, and the Anemone, but never the Rose. However, I know not how any of the flow'rs could be conclusive in the experiment, unless entirely different from their namesakes of modern construction.

The reader will observe, that the version runs contradictory to the sense of the whole tribe of commentators, which was owing to the editor's being struck with the expressive contrast, thereby made, to the verses immediately foregoing, to which those in question are responsive. He presumes to read thus

Γλυκὲ δ'οὖ λαβόντι θάλπειν
Μαλακαῖσι χερσὶ, καὶ φως
Προσαγόντ', &c.

Gently bringing it (to the smell.)

The next line should be read with *Mad. Dacier*,

Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ δ'αὐτὸ τερπνόν —

The old reading ὡσσοφῶ is intolerable, and the τῶ σοφῶ of *Dr. Trapp* is at least a tautology, if poets are understood by it, see the 10th verse; if wise men in general are

Mid the sons of *Comus* spread
 Blooms the Rose's living red ;
 Chaplet for the thirsty soul
 Well it crowns the purple bowl.

Hark the Bard ! his numbers pour
 Incense to the sacred flow'r ;
 The rosy-finger'd beam of light
 Undraws the curtain of the night ;
 Health's blushing Rose the virgin streaks,
 And paints the down of *Venus'* cheeks.

Lovely Rose ! thy genial pow'r
 Sweetly sooths the sickly hour ;
 O'er the grave thy fragrance shed,
 We sink in quiet to the dead.
 When the envious hand of Time
 Nips the honors of thy prime,

intimated, they are awkwardly placed at the head of the votaries of *Comus* and *Bacchus*, mentioned directly after. *Τῶν σοφῶν* in the first sense occurs in the space of seven verses.

Fresh

Fresh in youth thy Odors bear
Richness to the ambient Air.

Say from whence the Rose divine
Bids th'unrival'd lustre shine?
* From the liquid caves of night
When *Cytherea* wak'd to light,
Wak'd from her cold *Neptunian* birth,
To fill with love the circling earth :
From the forehead of her sire
When *Pallas* sprang with martial fire,

* Mad. Dacier says, that *Anacreon* has very singularly given the same date to the birth of *Venus*, and *Minerva*. I apprehend, he only intended a more extensive compliment to the Rose, by fixing the birth of the two contrasted Powers of Love, and War, at the period when that flower was first produced. The ensuing account of the creation of the Rose was an invention of his own, and the other may consistently be presumed the same. Πολυδαίδαλον applied to the Rose is by the above construction sufficiently explained, though otherwise a very insignificant epithet. The *Scholias* render it ποικίλον (*varium*) which is not particularly applicable to Roses. The δαίδαλεον can only hint at the foregoing anecdote in the original ; the word meaning *artificiosè*, or, *summâ arte factum*.

Nature gave the Queen of flow'rs,
Coeval Sister of the Pow'rs.

When th'immortals' frolic souls
Glow'd with the *Nectar's* copious bowls,
By chance upon a blooming thorn
(Such as the heav'nly seats adorn)
Prolific fell th'ætherial dew ;
— Consecrated Roses grew.
The Topers hail'd the plant divine,
And gave it—to the God of Wine.

O D E LIV.

* When I view youth's blithsome train,
Rapture beats in every vein ;

All

* *H. Stephens* has properly altered the old reading, which was absurd and ungrammatical, to

Οτ' ἐγὼ νέων ὄμιλον
Εσορῶ, πάρεσιν ἦσα —

Exter has, like a true critic, refined upon the words, which
he

All my spirits on the wing,
In the merry dance I spring.

* Stay, ye wanton striplings, stay,
Old I am, but will be gay ;

he turns more injudiciously, if possible, than the original nonsense

νέων ὁμιλῶ

Εσορῶν, πάρεσιν ἦθα.

This is awkward at the very first appearance ; Dr. Trapp pronounces it ungrammatical.

* Κυβηῖθα in the original has puzzled the critics, who have in general conspired to change it into συνίθα, to this there can be no other objection, than the too frequent repetition of the *Greek* words for youth in this very short piece. I would propose κυβηῖθε, signifying a son of Noise, and Jollity, in the more figurative interpretation. This sufficiently implies youth, without the impropriety of expressing it. Κυβηῖθη, say the *Scholia*, is meant of a woman, who took pleasure in Revelry and Dancing. The reader may accept the latter, if he is rather inclined to that construction, which may appear more *Anacreontic*, as filling up the whole scene of Mirth and Festivity, the subjects of the ode.

Περίμεινον με, κυβηῖθη,

Ρόδα δὸς —

Roses, wreaths of Roses, spread,
To hide the silver of my head.

Age, away ! the youths among
Let me dance — I still am young.
Give me, boy, to drench my soul,
|| Rivers of th' autumnal bowl.

|| *Anacreon* might say of the critic *Le Fevre*, as the swain in *Virgil* did of his mistress, “ *malo me Galatea petit* ;” for he has made the poet cry out after apples in this passage, which I do not remember, he has once longed for in all his other odes. But the unlucky stumbling-block is *ῥοῖαν* which, it seems, signifies *Malum Punicum*. In the first place both the syllables of the word are false quantity, as they stand in the present verse ; it being requisite that the first should be short, and the last long. This particular would not have been considered, but that the line may be so easily brought to a measure, consistent with the rest of the ode, and the sense much less exceptionable.

Φερέτω ροῖας ὀπώρας.

Bring me rivers of autumnal (wine) ; this being the season for making it.

‡ Fir'd

‡ Fir'd with these, we soon shall view,
What a green old age will do ;
Lively age ! that well can drink,
Well can talk — but will not think ;
Fill'd with ecstasy divine,
Nobly mad — when mad with Wine.

O D E LV.

Expressive of the master-hand
The Courser feels the letter'd brand ;

‡ Ἰν' ἰδὴ is connected with φερέτω τὴς in the foregoing sentence. εἰπεῖν in the verse following has been by some critics interpreted singing, not talking. It would scarcely be worth a remark, had not the version given a new turn to the original reflection.

* The

* The lofty Turban's sullen grace
 Proclaims the haughty *Parthian* race.
 As sure the conscious marks to prove
 The softer hearts impress'd with love,
 Tho' hid within the mischief lies,
 ¶ It pierces thro' the traitor eyes.

O D E

* This ode has been suspected on account of the *Parthians* mentioned in the text, an error occasioned by the uncertainty of the true period, when *Anacreon* flourished, which seems to be properly settled by *Mad. Dacier*, in the times of *Cræsus*, and consequently of *Cyrus*, who gave the name of *Parthian*, to that people little known before. See Rem. on Ode XV.

|| The Greek, λεπτὸν χάραγμα ψυχῆς, "a subtil mark of the mind" requires enlargement in the *English* language. As *Dr. Trapp* reads it "*ad literam*" it is very faint, and indeed scarcely sense; the version has fixed the particular sign of love, where it never fails to be observed, namely, in the eyes. Such is the interpretation of the best editions. The reader, who is fashionably enamored of the *French*, will excuse my intruding the following lines of *Mr. De la Fosse*, occasioned by, and greatly superior to the original.

*Lors que je vois un amant,
 Il cache en vain son Tourment,
 A le trahir tout conspire :
 Sa Langueur, son embarras,
 Tout ce qu'il peut faire, ou dire,
 Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.*

This

O D E LVI.

Scarce scatter'd here and there display
My locks their venerable grey ;
‡ Their glow of life my spirits lose,
My teeth their ancient aid refuse ;

This delicate and elegant *petit chanson* evinces how well the language is adapted to a less confined paraphrase of *Anacreon*, to whose agreeable levities the *French* can never do ample justice, when cramp'd in the trammels of translation.

From the above verses an *English Anacreontic* has been attempted.

With smiles I view the Lover's Pride,
— Fondly He thinks those pains to hide,
Which — All conspire to prove ;
The soul with languid wildness fraught,
The Actions, Words, and very Thought ;
—— Ev'n silence speaks his love.

‡ γηραλίοι, if the metre is consulted, must be read, with three syllables only, the *γ* melted into *γί*.

To youth my transports I resign ;
A short, short interval is mine.

* What fears ! from scenes of rich delight,
To roam the vale of endless night !

The

* Ανασάλύω the old reading is not to be found — Dr. Trapp takes ἀνασενάζω from Baxter. It is unaccountable, how the other absurdity could have crept into the text, and not have been expunged before. The last line is properly read by Barnes, Καταβάντι μὴ ἵναβηναι. The whole phrase however may be turned .

μὴ γὰρ ἔτοιμον
Καταβάντι, κὶ ἵναβηναι.

And the reflection may be rendered “ The Descent to Hades is uncomfortable, for it is not prepared, or readily allowed to any, who descend, to re-ascend.” μὴ ἔτοιμον is strongly explained by the words of Virgil

Revocare Gradum — — .

Hoc Opus, hic Labor est.

Strictly speaking Barnes's μὴ in the last verse should be placed before ἔτοιμον, which may allude to those few fabulous exceptions of Heroes, who re-ascended to earth, a privilege absolutely refused to the herd of mankind.

The above ode has the strongest marks of authenticity. The preservation of it by Stephens has brought the whole body of critics on the side of its adoption. Add to this, that it makes a conclusion, the most characteristic of humanity, to the odes of

Anacreon.

The blest'd of earth, to shades below,
Unwilling heavy trav'lers go.
The glooming prospect scares the eye,
They shriek — and cannot bear to die.
No wonder, the full sigh they vent,
And tremble at the drear descent ;
In Chains eternal doom'd to mourn,
Ah ! never, never to return.

Anacreon, which shall be dismissed with a moral observation—
That an animated flow of spirits, sustained by a constant
indulgence of mirth, and pleasure, must necessarily droop, if
not sooner, at that period, when age depresses the soul with
a languid *Tædium*, and the nearer approach of Death makes
it look back with all the horrors of disappointment on the
earlier relish for enjoyment, possessed at the expence of
Health, Wisdom, and Happiness.

T H E

T H E
O D E S
O F
S A P P H O.

W I T H
O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N H E R
L I F E, and W R I T I N G S.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

LIFE, and WRITINGS

OF

SAPPHO.

MITYLENE, an island of *Lesbos*, gave birth to this amorous Poetess; who, when arrived at a pre-eminence of literary reputation, received a distinguished honor, similar to that which *Homer* had before experienced. Seven cities of *Greece* contending for the birth of the latter, and eight persons boasting to have been fathers of the former. Her mother, *Cleïs*, for the mother is
I always

always known, must surely have been injured by the zeal of these wild competitors.

From the anecdotes of *Sappho's* history, we must conclude her to have been of a violent temper, and a slave to its usual concomitants, ungovernable passions of all sorts.

She was married to *Cercalas*, a man of considerable wealth, in the island of *Andros*; a match probably not the offspring of love; at least we have no reason to esteem it such, when we reflect upon the licentious conduct of her widowhood; a conduct, which sufficiently evinces that she had very little regard for her husband or herself*.

Of

* The tradition, that *Anacreon* was a suitor of our poetess, is evidently fabulous. *Sappho*, according to the most plausible accounts, was born A. M. 3338, about the 41st *Olympiad*, and *Anacreon* began his life A. M. 3417, and in the 3d year of the 60th *Olympiad*: so that *Sappho*, if existent at the birth of the former, must have been 79 years old; a very unfavorable

Of her three brothers, *Larichus*, *Eurigijs*, and *Caraxus*, she acted and wrote against the last with a frenzy of detestation, irritated at his affection for * *Rhodope*, a famous courtezan. If this story is built on truth, it may be rather presumed, that disappointment, which the wretched catastrophe of her death proves, she could not endure, gave rise to her inveteracy. Why might not *Rhodope*

unfavorable date for enlarging the list of admirers. The account of *Alcaus's* affection for *Sappho* has a stronger appearance of authenticity, as he was about twenty one years her senior. But the extravagant rebuke, with which the Lyric poet was repulsed, if we may credit *Aristotle*, must have effectually put an end to his amorous ardor.

* A romantic tale has been handed down relative to this distinguished beauty. An eagle snatched up one of her slippers, as she was bathing, and carrying it to *Memphis*, dropped it into the lap of the king, while he was administering justice. The elegance of the slipper of course induced this royal judge to send for its owner, whom he made an honest woman, by making her his queen, and they lived very happy afterwards. The immortal mother *Goose* of childish memory, seems to have borrowed one of her many interesting tales, from this delicate historiola of antiquity.

have been a favorite of a similar cast with *Atthis* or *Andromeda*?

Debates have arisen, whether our author was of noble or mean extraction. The assertors of the latter ground their opinion upon her brother, *Caraxus*, who dealt in wines; but this, as *Mad. Dacier* remarks, is inconclusive; it having been common for men of the greatest consequence, to engage in traffic, for the more convenient sojourning in foreign nations. Thus *Solon* defrayed his travelling expences by the profits of his merchandize; and *Plato* subsisted in *Egypt* upon the oil he sold. Happy would it be for our modern set of fantastic travellers, if they would condescend to such a step, for then they would at least have something to employ them!

But if *Sappho* had been distinguished by superiority of birth, it might be expected, that her origin would be better known. Some limb of the genealogical tree would surely have escaped the malice of oblivion, as well as the less significant anecdotes of her life, and character. Add to
this

this, that a paltry *Phäon*, a ferry-man, as he is always termed, would probably have known his own interest better, than to have run away from her addresses. He would at least have temporized, and set his own value upon that unrival'd beauty, with which *Venus* is fabled to have adorned his person.

This coy *Adonis*, however, put his admirer to the trouble not only of following him into *Sicily*, but absolutely disdained her importunities, when she came there.

The anxiety naturally arising from so severe a disappointment would have driven a female of a less impetuous disposition to extremities. Meer vanity alone, always animated by repulses in love, would have been sufficient, tho' affection had been indulged no more. In short, the violence of her chagrin plung'd her into despair, and she put an end to her passion, with her life.

But as it was inconsistent, that a personage of *Sappho's* eminence should peaceably dispatch herself by the noose, or the river, she ascended the top of the *Leucadian Promon-*

tory; and after having offered her last vows at the temple of *Apollo*, erected on the spot, (for prayer has been very usually employed to consecrate the greatest enormities) she threw herself into the sea. By such a leap from this traditionary precipice lovers fondly expected to extinguish the flame of *Cupid*, and at the same time preserve the lamp of life. But they always went out together.

While *Sappho* was engaged in this unfortunate pursuit, it is reasonable to conclude, with the generality of her commentators, that she wrote her admirable hymn to *Venus*. The sentiments of that piece are so congenial with such a situation, that a caviler alone would dissent from the established opinion.

To applaud the compositions of this “tenth muse,” for such was her ancient title, were but to add a mite to the tribute of praise collected in earlier times; a tribute, which, with all her merit, seems to have been more lavishly offered to her remaining productions, because so many more
had

had perished. The good-natur'd critic is forward to suppose an extensive portion of excellence contained in the lost writings of an author, if the fragments which have escaped perdition, are the offspring of superior genius.

Indeed we may gather from the distinguished reputation of *Sappho*, that her voluminous works would have met with a favorable reception. She was inventress of the most harmonious measure in the *Grecian*, or *Roman* Poetry, and the ancient *Pædis* has been likewise reputed her own ||. In the list of her learned Eulogists Mad. *Dacier* places as principals, SOCRATES, ARISTOTLE, STRABO, DIONYSSIUS HALICARNASSENSIS, LONGINUS, and the Emperor JULIAN. Names established in the rolls of literature, in whose

|| *Sappho* was author of nine books of Lyric performances, with Epigrams, Iambics, Elegies, and Epithalamiums. To the Iambics we may attribute those censures, which she experienced from several pens of antiquity, to whose sarcasms she gave too fair a field by the excesses of her immorality.

reflections posterity must pay a more enlarged confidence †, as owing their origin not to flattery, but conviction.

But it may be presumed, that for several years after her death, the works of *Sappho* were either unaccountably neglected, or received not universally the encomiums they have since experienced. *Mitylene* immortalized her memory by distinguished honors, and even stamped her head upon its coin; and the *Romans*, well-known to diffuse rewards on the grave of deceased abilities, erected a statue to her. But the *Mitylenians* were not sufficiently studious to preserve her remains, and the *Romans* idolized those exertions, of which their knowledge could have been little more than ideal.

It has been insinuated, that *Ovid*, who has work'd his finest epistle on the history of *Sappho* and *Phaön*, borrowed his most elegant descriptions from the writings of our poets.

† *Horace* gives *Sappho* the title of *mascula*, which *Mad. Dacier* has injudiciously apply'd to the extravagant *Lover's Leap*, which occasioned her death. *Porphyry* has more ingeniously attributed it to the manly elegance of her numbers.

poetess. A conjecture, rather complimentary to the presumed excellence of the lost pieces, than a strict adherence to truth.

The Odes, which have escaped the malice of time and barbarism, both abound with incorrections. DIONYSSIUS and LONGINUS have, moreover, left unnoticed the other writings of *Sappho*; an indirect proof that the principal parts had perished before those days, and of course before the days of *Ovid*, who was about contemporary with DIONYSIUS.

But the above reflection is more immediately grounded upon the picture of *Sappho's* person, in the fictitious epistle before-mentioned, a picture strongly imagin'd to have been genuine.

If we consider the repeated strictures put by ancient authors, into the mouths of speakers, on their own beauty, or deformity, we may find sufficient reason for a difference of opinion.

Thus

Thus *Theocritus* has represented *Polypheme*, and *Virgil*, after him, another slighted lover, delineating their respective features; and thus *Moschus* (for to that poet the Βεκόλισκος is not improperly attributed) exhibits the herdsman descanting upon his form, affronted by *Eunice*. Pictures, rather drawn from fancy, than from the life; in which light it is more reasonable, on many accounts, to construe the *Roman* draught of *Sappho*.

ODE

O D E I.

A N

H Y M N

T O

V E N U S*.

O H ! from thy throne, with flow'ry shew
Where beams a variegated glow,
Bend, *Venus*, bend, whose wanton art
Fondly deludes the amorous heart ;
— Give, me, oh ! give me not to prove
The heavy pangs of adverse Love.

‡ If

* *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, whom *Mad. Dacier* compliments
with the title of the most understanding, and finest rhe-
torician

‡ If e'er thou heard'st my anxious pray'r,
If e'er didst still the voice of care;

(And

torician of antiquity, has rescued this charming composition from its long obscurity. A merit, which, without considering his literary talents, entitles him to the thanks of posterity. I own I cannot but esteem this piece, though very little considered, as flowing with a more masterly elegance, than the ensuing one, which has received such a prodigality of applause.

With respect to the odes themselves, I must beg leave to touch upon the metre in particular, which should be reduced to a certain regular standard. The *Latin Sapphics*, which owe their origin to these exertions of the *Lesbian* nightingale are uniform in their measure.

Simplici myrtō nibīl āllabōrēs,

unless in the last syllable, which is various. One of the most exact lines shall be taken from the *Greek*, as a guide for all the others. Where they deviate, it seems requisite, that they should be regulated, more particularly, as our poetess has been transmitted to modern ages in a very imperfect condition.

Ποικιλόθρον' ἀδάνατ' Ἀφροδίτη.

It must however be premised that the fourth syllable in these verses is not uniformly short, or long.

‡ In the fifth line we must read καὶδ', as *Le Fevre* has altered it, instead of κατ' which is short. *Mad. Dacier*

cier

(And conscious of thy votary's fate,
Oft hast Thou left thy heav'nly state)
Now, now, my Guardian Queen, descend,
Now, *Venus*, be thy *Sappho's* friend.

Ere while along the blue serene
Soft *Pity's* chariot have I seen ;
Have seen with emulative wing
Thy feather'd steeds triumphant spring ;
Oft, *Venus*, this, with bounteous breast
This hast thou done for *Sappho's* rest.

cier points out a metrical error in the next verse, which is judiciously obviated by the same critic.

Τᾶς ἐμᾶς ἀνδρᾶς αἵ, αἵ σὺ πολλάκ'

ἔκλυες. — — —

The eleventh line of the original is to be read with *Is. Vossius*

Πυκνὰ δινόντες.

'Απ' ὠράν' is the *Doric* for ἀπ' ἐράνης. The 13th verse has been improperly altered by the above critic to Αἶψ' ἄλλ', as the second syllable should be short. The old Reading Αἶψα δ' ἐξίχοντο is unexceptionable. The 17th verse is to be read κ' ὅττ' ἐμῶ for the sake of the metre.

Oft

Oft has the smile with soothing grace
 Spread the soft heav'n of *Venus*' face ;
 Yes ! oft the partner of my care,
 “ Whence (thou hast cry'd) my *Sappho*'s pray'r ?
 “ Say, whence the vows incessant flew ?
 “ What griefs my *Sappho*'s rest pursue ?
 “ What ruling hopes thy soul inspire ?
 “ What wishes rouse the fond desire ?
 “ * Is there some lov'd, resisting swain ?—
 “ Soon shall the traitor feel thy chain ;

* Τίνα δ' αὖτε πειδῶ

Καὶ σαγηνεῦσαν φιλότητα.

These words, as *Mad. Dacier* remarks, have never been sufficiently comprehended, which has given rise to many corrections. I put the expression into the mouth of *Venus*, the tenor of the ode requiring it, and read

Τίνα δ' αὖτε πείθης

Σαῖς σαγηνᾶσι φιλότητα ;

“ What Lover (or Love) would you attract, or entice 'into your net ?”

“ Where

“ Where sprang the hapless love, my Fair ?

“ Tell me, my *Sappho*, tell me where.

“ Fly, fly the youth ; — for ever true

“ His suit the scorner shall renew ;

“ Deigns he not one, one boon impart ?

“ Soon he shall give — shall give his heart ;

“ And dares he N O W disdain thy sway ?

“ At thy Command He shall obey.”

Indulgent to the weight of grief,

Yield, Goddess, yield thy soft relief ;

Lull ev'ry torment of my breast,

And tune each wayward thought to rest ;

Give, give the pangs of love to cease,

For ah ! — I long to be at peace.

ODE

O D E II.

‡ Happy the youth, who free from care
 Is seated by the lovely Fair !
 Not Gods his ecstasy can reach,
 Who hears the music of thy speech ;
 Who views entranc'd the dimpled grace,
 The smiling sweetness of thy face.

Thy smiles, thy voice with subtil art
 Have rais'd the fever of my heart ;
 I saw Thee, and unknown to rest,
 At once my senses were oppress'd ;
 I saw Thee, and with envy toss'd,
 My voice, my very breath, was lost.

‡ "Εμμεν' ἀνὴρ is rendered more metrically by *Is. Vossius* ὠνὴρ for ὅ ἀνὴρ. Βρόγχον ἀυδᾶς (*Fauces Vocis*) has a happy expressiveness, which cannot be literally rendered. *Vossius's* Βροχέας φάνας substituted in lieu of the former is not sufficiently intelligible ; and the remaining parts of the performance are, on the whole, more consistently phrased in the old reading.

My

My veins a throbbing ardor prove
 The transport of a jealous Love ;
 Ev'n in the day's meridian light
 A sickly languor clouds my sight ;
 A hollow murmur wounds my ear,
 I nothing but confusion hear.

With

The preservation of this little Ode was allotted to *Longinus*, who has honored his excellent Treatise of the Sublime with an insertion of the whole — It is there introduced as a strong and elegant description of the Passions. The scene of Anxiety is kept alive throughout by a circumstantial enlargement on the situation of the Mind, the Body, the Voice, the Eye, and the Color. I am desirous to understand, that the piece owed its origin to the jealousy of *Sappho* on finding a rival beauty preferred to herself.

The translation of the Ode by *Catullus*, however esteemed, boasts but little excellence. The lines are, many of them, coarse, and prosaic, and he, who has tasted the sweets of *Horatian Sapphics*, will scarcely think, that the language of the former was the language of a Roman. *Henry Stephens* has turned the last stanza of the original in a manner far more classical. Indeed the version of *Catullus* favors more of the *Greek*, which flows with a roughness little used at an age, when the *Latin* tongue was in its purity.

It is observable, that *Longinus* in his quotation of the foregoing ode has treated us with a superfluous verse, remote from the spirit and genius of the piece itself.

With current cold the vital streams
Trill, slowly trill along my limbs ;
Pale as the flow'ret's faded grace
An icy chillness spreads my face ;
In life's last agony I lie,
— Doom'd, in a moment doom'd to die.

This particularity requires something of an illustration, that can only be procured, at this distance of time, from the faint glimmerings of conjecture. It may be imagined, that the Ode was the surviving portion of a more considerable composition, some farther traces of which might at that period have existed in the memory of the learned. But other parts of the piece being unnecessary to prove the point, our critic was discussing, he selected the above, as singularly conclusive. The unconnected line, represented at the close (whether unwarily, or with design is immaterial) may be presumed drawn from the original performance, with which the Ode may seem to have been interwoven, as a Lyric episode.

EPIGRAMS

E P I G R A M S

O F

A N A C R E O N,

A N D

F R A G M E N T S

O F

S A P P H O.

W I T H A N

ESSAY ON EPIGRAM PREFIXED.

Resplendent Fragmina.

V I R G.

E S S A Y

O N

E P I G R A M,

Lepor, et brevitās mixta lepore, decet.

BALSAC.

THE Epigram among the *Greeks* is well known to have been merely an inscription. These inscriptions were confined in earlier ages to monumental parade. To inculcate virtues of every public,

as well as private fort, and to celebrate the heroïsm of those, who died in the service of their country, was the characteristic of ancient zeal. A zeal, in the former more social light, highly commendable, and in the latter view subservient to that religious enthusiasm, which altogether actuated their civil dispositions.

This ostentatious ceremony seems to have been transmitted, with a slender change, to the *Roman* government. Their political, in which their religious manners are to be included, were derived from the *Grecian* states, every custom whereof was idoliz'd, and every principle adopted; though after a more perfect civilization, they on some occasions threw off their prejudices, and enlarged their notions in proportion to the enlargement of their kingdoms.

With respect to letters it is obvious, that the *Romans* payed a peculiar deference to their *Grecian* masters, taking them as models in almost every branch of composition. The lustre of *Roman* Genius in poetical attempts
was

was particularly reflected from the *Greeks*, the most celebrated authors borrowing their more agreeable descriptions, and exalted sentiments from that consecrated source.

But the *Romans* made considerable improvements, in every work of imagination, except the exertions of the drama. The Odes of *Pindar*, whatever portion of fine frenzy they contain, are less engaging than those of *Horace*, * pen'd in a majestic form. The easier Lyrics of the latter are unrival'd by the most successful efforts of *Grecian* excellence, though *Anacreon's* jovial elegancies have been thought in some degree worthy of a comparison.

Ancient Epigram remained of all compositions the longest in its primitive state; the *Greeks* very rarely deviating into those lively points

* The Ode of *Horace*, translated at the close of this work, may be admitted as a proof of the above reflection, in preference to many of the heroic stile.

with which modern epigram abounds. With these it was at most an ingenious copy of verses on one particular subject, limited to a certain size, without regard to witty, or fantastic conclusions †. The whole Anthologia consists, with but few exceptions, of pieces built in this less personal form, which utterly banishes the epigramatic cast. The same

† The *Κρυοκλήπτρις* of *Theocritus* may be regarded as one of the most perfect Epigrams of *Greece*, founded upon less ancient principles. The thought is natural, the expression elegant, and the close of it work'd with an easy point, which, like its subject, the dart of Love, has all the honey of delicacy, untinged with venom.

The following version is submitted;

Of the hive little *Cupid* was sipping the spoils,
When a Bee stung the Thief in revenge of her toils;
He blew on his finger, he stamp'd on the ground,
And sobbing to *Venus* he pointed the wound;
' Though small is the sting, yet how dreadful the pain!'—
Ah! cease, she replies with a smile, to complain;
' Thou too art a Bee, and though little thy dart,
Yet deep is the poison, which stings to the heart.

plan

plan seems to have been pursued by *Catullus*, and happy were it for his memory, had he not attempted to refine, or in fact to corrupt it. Those verses, in which he means to attract by a delicacy of thought, and finer turns of expression, convey a small idea of Epigram: They are indeed too good to be stiled such. But when he steps aside from the more beaten path, he loses his way, and either stumbles upon absurd conceits, or plunges into the filth of obscenity.

The admirers of this poet concerned, that their favorite should be esteemed guilty of a Fault, vindicate the prostitution of his muse, from the disposition of his times, which encouraged immodest reflections. Surely a poor defence! He was not in himself a debauchee, but for fashion's sake chose to be thought one. No wonder, that this sacrifice of his character to so infamous a cause, joined to the lameness of his numbers, has level'd him with those inconsiderable writers whose works have added little to *Roman* reputation.

It may appear remarkable, that scarcely any attention was payed to Epigram in * the age of *Augustus*. Amid the encouragement given to literary merit, so conspicuous in more elevated works, Epigram, which must be confessed the mark of a minor genius, might possibly have been overlook'd.

It is obvious, that in succeeding ages, when the ignorance and profligacy of the great rendered them little solicitous to patronize Merit, and when consequently more elaborate productions dwindled, Epigram raised its head.

Here no waste of midnight oil, no racking of the invention, or puzzling of the brain were required. While the labors of the stu-

* Accordingly we may observe, that *Virgil*, though, from the adulatory specimen he has afforded of epigramatic abilities, his excellence is undoubted, has ventured only one composition of that species, (if we except the lively turn of his '*sic vos non vobis, &c.*') unrival'd by the best of *Martial*.

Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula manè —

Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

Rain fills the Night, and festal pomps, the Day,
— Thus *Jove*, and *Cæsar* bear divided Sway.

dent

dent met with an insignificant, if any, reward, the writer, careless of immortality, naturally stoop'd to inferior poetry, which cost him the least trouble, and expence of thought.

Martial flourish'd at a period, when the language and manners of his country had wretchedly degenerated. His pages afford a prospect of epigram according to modern definition, but it were to be wish'd, that his fancy had been less prolific. By an affected contraction of many thoughts, he has improved the shape, but taken away the spirit of his epigrams; he is frequently overrun with witticisms, ridiculous, but not laughable, and his turns are as frequently conveyed with a pedantic stiffness, which cannot endure a critical examination.

Without reflecting on his gross vanity, on that fondness of self, scarcely to be forgiven, even from indulgence to abilities more conspicuous in an age made up of illiberality, candor must allow that it is a wretched drudgery to wade through a volume of Epigrams,

grams, whereof the bad considerably overbalance the good; where the repetition of impertinence, and indelicacy, makes the reader exclaim, to the honor of *Augustan* erudition, as the *Trojans* mourned over their lost city,

Fuit ILIUM, et ingens

Gloria Teucrorum. —

In this motley situation was EPIGRAM handed to the Moderns, who have in general conducted it in a more rational manner. No author of superior excellence having engaged himself wholly on this trifling task. It has been regarded as a *Jeu d'Esprit*, in which quickness of thought, and brightness of conception supply the place of solidity. On such a production our writers have been unwilling to stake their poetic character, and have accordingly touched upon it at those happier intervals alone, when their genius was best adapted.

A studied Epigram cannot fail to be a bad one; the imagination must be fir'd at a stroke, and contrary to the spirit of other pieces, which require its rays to be diffused, they must in *this* be collected to a point. The turn should be delicate, and the wit genuine, capable of being transplanted from one language, to another. It must please at first reading, or it cannot please at all, for an Epigram, that is obscure, will never repay the pains of its unraveling.

EPI.

E P I G R A M S

O F

A N A C R E O N.

EPIGRAM I.

LOW in this marble cavern lies
TIMOCRITUS the great ;
Learn, Stranger, learn from his untimely fate,
—*Mars* seals in Death the warrior's eyes,
But loaths, with just disdain,
His falchion in the coward's blood to stain ‡.

‡ A more literal translation of these pieces was judged inconsistent, the Epigramatic thoughts of the ancients requiring a degree of extension. The above is a proof of what is alledg'd in the foregoing essay concerning the nature of those compositions,

EPI-

EPIGRAM II.

When to his fable bier
 Pale *AGATHO* was borne,
 With gentle pity's softest tear,
 ‡ *ABDERA* wept forlorn.
 Ah ! well may sigh the breast of care,
ABDERA, 'twas for Thee he dy'd ;
 Relentless *Mars*, how just thy pride !
 For ——— never in the field of war
 Did braver blood adorn thy thirsty spear.

EPIGRAM III.

Once more to view his much-lov'd native land,
 Young *CLEONORID* left the foreign strand ;

‡ *Mad. Dacier* mentions two *Abderas*, one in *Thrace*, the other in *Spain*. I join with her in construing the *Abdera* of the text to be the former, because *Anacreon* had passed several years in that hospitable Asylum. Probably *Agatha* was a person, with whom he had contracted a friendship while he sojourned in that country.

Amid

Amid the winter's storm forsook the shore,
 ¶ While, as to chide his haste, the billows roar ;
 'Too careless, dawning in Life's rosy bloom,
 He rush'd ill-fated to a wat'ry tomb.

EPIGRAM IV.

Fair *HELICONIAS* is the first descry'd,
 The next *ZANTIPPE* wantons by her side,
 'The last is *GLAUCA*, from the mountain's brow
 They fly with transport to the vale below ;

¶ Mad. *Dacier* has greatly admired the conciseness of *ἀπὸν ἀνερρπον* in the text, which she renders “ a season, that one cannot be responsible for.” ‘The prolixity of *French* expression admits not of its being rendered in one word; but she has unjustly thrown the same imputation upon all other languages. Our word “ faithless” (faithless season) concisely implies the whole of the *Greek*, though not a direct translation. This Epigram was probably inscribed to a friend of our poet, while in *Aldira*.

L

To

To *BACCHUS* bear a kid, and ivy-crown,
And the press'd grape his honest soul to drown†.

EPIGRAM V.

Hence, far hence, unthinking swain,
Drive thy flock to yonder plain ;
Lest * *MYRON*'s statued cow should join
In pasture with thy lowing kine.

† To understand this Epigram fully, we must imagine two persons looking at a picture, and one of them describing the figures it contained. The females in the text were Priestesses of *Bacchus*. As to the presents brought to the God, they must have been intended for an ensuing feast, and drinking match. This construction at least it was not improper to adopt, as an opportunity was thereby given of closing the piece with something that has the appearance of a thought.

* This *Myron* it is almost superfluous to mention as an excellent founder. The brazen statue, that gave occasion to the foregoing flattery, has received various applauses from the pens of antiquity, which entitle the artist to the fame of unrival'd mastership in the "*spirantia mollius Æra.*"

EPIGRAM VI.

This Cow, believe me, never felt the molds,
Harden'd by age the mimic metal stands ;
—*MYRON* the beauties, as his own, unfolds,
But all can trace the work of Nature's hands||.

EPIGRAM VII.

‡ Hence from *Bacchus'* hallow'd shrine,
The youth, who with corrosive strife
Embitters the sweet draught of life ! —
This sacred train he cannot join —
Where

|| This Epigram is one of the most spirited, and delicate compliments, that was ever dedicated to superior excellence. The turn is easy, and natural, and the loss of the subject must be the more deplor'd by modern taste, as its memory is so finely consecrated.

‡ As the above verses are thrown among the more minute pieces of *Anacreon*, it may be surmis'd, that they were intended for a motto to some representation of a jovial Assembly,

Where is the man, whose social soul
 Mid Pleasure's rosy hours can prove
 The sweets of Poesy, and Love? —
 He, He shall drain the sparkling bowl.

fembly, the president of which may be presumed to have made this address to the party.

The conduct of *Mad. Dacier* has been followed in the selection of the above EPIGRAMS. The verses collected by the industry of *Barnes*, and subjoined in some editions of our author, being by no means worthy of consideration.

T H E



T H E

FRAGMENTS of SAPPHO.

I.

THE moon, with silver-gleaming eye
 Smiling a paly light,
 Has pass'd, long pass'd the noon of night :
 The *Pleiades* no more
 Cheer with their glimm'ring lamps the sky.
 Ah ! long with envious wing has flown
 The Love-appointed hour,
 While I, perfidious man, with amorous moan,
 Sink on my couch abandon'd, and alone.

This Fragment has been preserved by *Hephæstion*, and from its tenor we may conclude it to have been the offspring of the *Lesbian* muse.

II.

Yet, oh ! these fond complaints, dear parent, cease,
 Leave me, oh ! leave my wretched soul to Peace ;
 Think, cruel, think,—can *Sappho*'s salt'ring hand
 The golden Shuttle's labor'd force command ?
 While glows my love-sick mind with *Cupid*'s dart,
 And all the Youth comes rushing o'er my heart.

Among these Remains of our Poetess, two prose performances are inserted in some editions ; the first, relating to an unletter'd lady, from whom *Sappho* to all appearance had received, or imagined an affront, is recorded by Mad. *Dacier*, but by some fatality omitted in her list of fragments.

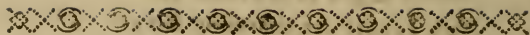
III.

Love, thou sweetly-bitter pow'r,
 Ruler of the human hour,
 Why do'st hurl thy wanton dart
 'Gainst a fond, unguarded heart ?
 Gentle pow'r, thy soft control
 Well might melt my yielding soul,

Did

Did my fav'rite *Atthis* prove,
 (She to *Sappho* vow'd her love)
 How I court the charming fair ;
 How she loads my breast with care !
 While my rival in her mind
 Rules the place to me assign'd *.

* The *Teian* muse was divided between Love, and Wine, but the productions of the *Lesbian* are confined solely to the former. The three foregoing Fragments flow in that characteristic strain, and are therefore inserted as genuine. We may at least trace in several sentiments a portion of that elegance, and spirit, which are compleatly displayed in the two Lyric pieces of *Sappho*. This third Fragment may seem to have been composed upon a favorite companion, who quitted her friendship, and with a very usual frenzy in all ages, and conditions, exchanged the old for new connections!



EPIGRAMS *of* SAPPHO.

EPIGRAM I.

Behold, where *PELAGON*'s pale corse is lay'd,
 'The Fisher's oar, and ozier-net display'd ;
 These consecrating gifts the father spread,
 Signs of the toilsome life his offspring led *.

* The above Epigram alludes to the ancient custom of placing on the tombs of the deceased the several instruments, employed in the business they professed. *Mad. Dacier* remarks, that suitable emblems were deposited to characterize the particular dispositions of the dead. A custom, which evidently arose from the opinion, that the shades of the departed amused themselves in the regions below, as their fancies directed them, while living.

Manet Cineres ea Cura repositos.

V I B G.

E P I-

EPIGRAM II.

Ah ! beauteous *TIMAS*, ere the knot was ty'd,
 And scarce the maid was ripen'd to the bride,
 Death seal'd with frozen hand thy radiant eyes,
 Intruder rude ! and claim'd Thee for his prize ;
 Their locks (they can no more !) the weeping fair
 Devote — a last, best tribute of their care*.

* The nearest relations, or most intimate friends of the deceased, cut off a lock of their hair, and threw it into the grave. This ancient custom is with a solemn Inversion applied by modern mourners, who fondly procure a lock of hair from the head of the departed, and inclose it in a ring, or some other ornament. An instance of affection, which can at best only tend to the more constant remembrance of the object which once we loved.

— — — *funger inani*
Munere.

T H E

T H E

E P I T A P H of *A D O N I S*

F R O M

B I O N;

A N D T H E

E P I T A P H of *B I O N*

F R O M

M O S C H U S. /

With O B S E R V A T I O N S *on their* L I V E S,
and W R I T I N G S;

A N D A N

ESSAY ON PASTORAL POETRY.

O B S E R V A T I O N S
O N T H E
L I V E S and W R I T I N G S
O F
B I O N and M O S C H U S.

BION was born at *Smyrna*, a city of *Asia Minor*, which from a record in the Elegy of *Moschus* on that Poet's death, laid the fairest claim likewise to *Homer* ; and indeed the river *Meles*, so pathetically introduced in that Idyllium, was reported to have been the father of the latter ; a poetical reason for his *Smyrnæan* origin.

M O S-

MOSCHUS was born at *Syracuse*, and according to his own confession, was the pupil of *Bion*. From the place of his nativity it is probable, that he has been accounted no other, than *Theocritus*. An opinion, which *Moschus* himself sufficiently confutes by inserting that master of Doric poetry in the list of *Bion's* mourners †.

By a passage in his elegy on *Bion's* death, it must be concluded, that he pass'd some considerable time in *Italy*; it is at least evident,

† *Suidas* is wretchedly erroneous in placing *Moschus* among the friends of *Aristarchus*, who lived in the reign of *Ptolemy Philometor*, King of *Egypt*. This Prince of critics was born A. M. 3787, in the first year of the 153d Olympiad. The birth of *Moschus* is uncertain, but he evidently existed after *Bion*, who was contemporary with, or at the most, not of a much later date than *Theocritus*, who was born A. M. 3675, in the first year of the 125th Olympiad. The extreme distance of 112 years between the birth of *Theocritus*, and that of *Aristarchus*, will scarcely reconcile the opinion of *Suidas*; though *Heskin*, with a good-nature little known to the run of critics, seems willing to have it taken for granted, that *Moschus* in his youth was acquainted with *Theocritus* in his old age, and that when *Moschus* was advanced in years, he was a friend of *Aristarchus* in his youth.

that

that he composed that poem in the lower parts of *Italy*, inhabited by the *Aufones*.

Αὐσονικᾶς ὀδύνας μέλπω μέλος.

Though *Aufonia* might have been placed for *Italy* in general.

It has been likewise surmis'd, that *Bion* was in a comfortable situation. I do not think the words from which that opinion is gathered, are a direct proof of the assertion.

* "Ἀλλοις μὲν τεὸν ὄλβον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπέλειψα; αἰιδάν.

They are more elegantly applied to the satisfaction *Moschus* felt in inheriting the pastoral genius of his predecessor, than to any consideration of the wealth, which *Bion* had left to others. If the reflection is to be

* The construction runs; "You (alluding to *Bion*) have left your wealth to others, but your poetry to me." Which *Moschus*, from a complimentary view alone, could have plac'd upon the footing of a Legacy.

connected with *Bion's* circumstances, it may be construed to flow from a disappointment, that *Moschus* had been forgot in his will, and therefore solaced himself with the other barren acquisition.

From the testimony of *Moschus*, who is the only sufficient evidence in the history of *Bion*, it must be presumed, that the death of the latter was hasten'd by poison, which has given occasion to some beautiful and expressive compliments in the elegy of the former. The manner, in which *Moschus* died, is not particularized, neither has posterity any reason to expect anecdotes of a writer's death, the whole circumstances of whose life are only to be collected from himself.

After having run through the short history of our two pastoral writers, it may be expected, that I should give some reason, why so inconsiderable a part of their works has been undertaken.

It will be deemed, I hope, no injury to the other surviving pieces, to affirm, that those
which

selected are more peculiarly characteristic. Learned candor might be disposed to excuse me, if I pronounced them sufficient to consecrate the Memory of their Authors, without the assistance of inferior remains. Not but several of their other pieces possess a distinguished merit; being prettily imagined, and executed with elegance. In *Bion* we may observe the delicacy of *Mantuan* refinement, and in *Moschus* a portion of *Theocritus's* simplicity, without the rustic coarseness he has adopted ‡.

Were the respective excellencies of the master and the pupil to be collected from the two succeeding productions, the preference must be

‡ This definition of *Moschus*, as a writer of pastorals, is altogether unfavorable to the opinion, that the *Idyllium of Daphnis* and the country maid, more known than approved, was the production of this poet. What a pity, that such a paltry scene of ribaldry should not only be thought proper to be preserved, but worthy to occasion disputes concerning its real author, while so many compositions of value have been suffered peaceably to sink into oblivion, without a single attempt towards their redemption!

given to the first, the elegy on the death of *Bion* having been formed upon the plan of the elegy on *Adonis*. Its originality is in this respect impeach'd : a consideration which must be understood to diminish the comparative value.

As to the general conduct of the rest, though the stile and manner of *Bion* have a more polished sweetness; some tribute is due to *Moschus*, for his more close adherence to nature; on this principle his pieces may probably gain a pre-eminence from the judgment of less wandering critics, as the offspring of genuine pastoral; for though they cannot be considered in a more poetic light of harmonious courtliness, they are less exceptionable, if regarded as exertions of the *BUCOLIC MUSE*.

Yet with all the praises due to the *Syracusan* Monody, modern criticism must look up to it as to the firen, which has debauch'd our minor poets; having little genius to strike out new lights of their own, and bewitched by this example, they have diffused sorrow
over

over the whole *inanimate* world, but, (not after the same example) the stolen incense has been offered to consecrate wretches, whose whole worth has frequently consisted in title, or in wealth.

This misfortune however is not to be imputed to the fault of *Moschus*, but to that fatality so constantly experienced, in the corruption of the greatest excellencies; there is a zeal, a generous zeal in the literary, as sometimes in the moral world, which spurs men to the emulation of superior merit; but, in the former struggle of ambition, the injudicious copier too generally reduces himself to a slavish dependence on his original; in the stream of whose beauties his own abilities are absorb'd.



T H E

EPITAPH *of* *ADONIS*:

TRANSLATED FROM THE

G R E E K of B I O N.

ἔδε φθίμενον μὲν ἀτὲρ μάσδοιο τίθητι.

THEOCR.

THE hapless youth, *Adonis* lost, I mourn.
Each plaintive tear the weeping loves
return ;

Strip'd, wretched *Venus*, of thy purple vest,
Heave the full sigh, and beat thy throbbing breast:

M 3

Yes !

Yes ! in the weeds of grief the loss deplore,
 And tell the world, *Adonis* is no more.
 The dear lost youth I mourn, *Adonis* dead,
 The sorrowing Loves the tear of anguish shed ;
 There, there *Adonis* lies, * a mangled corse,
 Pierc'd by the foaming boar's relentless force ;
 Fair *Venus* catches, clasping ev'n in death,
 The last, poor relics of departing breath.
 The streaming gore distains his snowy limbs,
 The closing eye in heavy languor swims ;
 No more alas ! those icy lips disclose
 The living blushes of the blooming rose :
 The lips, which *Venus* loads with many a kiss,
 No longer conscious of the heav'nly bliss.

* It is astonishing, that the best writers of antiquity chill'd the most affecting descriptions with spiritless, and unmeaning epithets.

μηρὸν λευκῷ λευκὸν ὀδόντι

in the text takes off the attention from the scene of sorrow, which the poet in reality intended to have more strongly riveted by the repetition of ὀδόντι. The similarity between the whiteness of the boar's teeth, and that of the youth's skin is miserably ill-tim'd. To obviate the impropriety, *Heskin*, the Christ-Church editor, reads λύγρῳ ὀδόντι.

The

The hapless youth, *Adonis* lost I mourn.
The Loves each sigh of agony return ;
Yes! there he lies, there prostrate on the ground ;
Wide gapes—with horror gapes the grisly wound,
The wound productive in fond *Venus*' heart
Of keener sorrow —— of eternal smart.
Fast by his side the faithful dogs deplore ;
The nymphs bewail *Adonis* now no more ;
Love's frantic Goddess with dishevel'd hair
Roams thro' the shade, and gives a loose to care ;
Deep mark'd with blood her feet unshielded stray,
Nor heed the pointed brier, or thorny spray ;
Around the plains, around the vale she flies,
And calls the fav'rite youth with ceaseless cries ;
The fav'rite youth not heav'nly sounds can move,
Prostrate he lies, regardless of her love ;
That bosom, late so fair, distain'd with blood,
And still, still reeking with the vital flood.

Thee, Thee, unhappy Queen, the Loves
lament,

For thee, they pour the tear, the sigh they vent ;
Where now is fled thy beauty's matchless pride,
Which bloom'd so charming, ere *Adonis* dy'd ?
His smile the radiance of those charms inspir'd,
For him they flourish'd, and with him expir'd.

Adonis lost the rev'rend oaks bewail,
 Th' ambitious mountain, and the modest vale ;
 Slow-glide with fullen course the murm'ring floods,
 Slowly the fountain trickles thro' the woods ;
 † No more the flow'rs their blushing glories shed,
 But close their fragrant sweets, and drop the
 wither'd head.

Wrap'd in despair with cries the goddess fills
 The thronging city, and sequester'd hills ;
 The dear lost object of her soul laments,
 While echo answers ev'ry sigh she vents.
 What bosom melts not at thy hapless loves,
 'Thrills with each pang, and all thy anguish proves ?
 See ! how she wildly gazes on the wound,
 And the red torrent streaming o'er the ground !
 On the pale corse with fond embraces spread,
 " Belov'd *Adonis*, stay, unhappy dead,
 " One short, short moment stay, thy heav'nly
 charms
 " Give me to fold, and clasp thee in my arms.
 " Arise, *Adonis*, *Venus* calls, arise ;
 " 'Tis to a last, last look thy *Venus* flies ;

† *Ερυδραίνεται* is a very whimsical expression to characterize the effect of sorrow on flowers. I should prefer *ξηραίνεται*.

“ Come

“ Come to my arms, nor cease the amorous bliss,
 “ Till life springs joyful from each glowing kiss ;
 “ Come let us revel in the sweets of love,
 “ Till all *Adonis* in th’ embrace I prove ;
 “ Each kiss, *Adonis*’ dying lips impart,
 “ Shall, like himself, be center’d in my heart.

“ But thou, devoted youth, but thou must go,
 “ Must sink for ever to the shades below ;
 “ While I, unknown the privilege of Death,
 “ Feel the sharp curse of everlasting breath.
 “ Take, *Proserpine*, yet take the lovely prey,
 “ Thy Pow’r demands, and *Venus* must obey ;
 “ The charms of youth, and beauty’s roseate
 bloom
 “ Smile but to fade—and live but for the tomb.

“ *Adonis* lost, a waste of cares is mine,
“ * Trembling the prize for ever I resign ;

"Yes!

* Καί γε φοβέσθαι in the text seems awkwardly introduced ; the words can with propriety allude only to the foregoing sentence, verse 55, where *Venus* submits to *Proserpine*, as possessed of power superior to her own ; to say afterwards therefore, that she feared *Proserpine*, is superfluous. I apprehend,

“ Yes! the dear charmer’s fled, my soul’s delight,
 “ Fled as the fleeting visions of the night.
 “ *Adonis* dead — the little Loves in vain
 “ Play round my couch, and wanton in my train;
 “ With thee the gauntlet’s pride, *Adonis*, lies,
 “ What art can flourish, when its master dies!
 “ But why, too beauteous for the toilsome course,
 “ Pursue the savage, and provoke his force?
 “ Those charms were form’d serener joys to grace,
 “ Not the rude labors of the sylvan chace.”

Thus *Venus* mourns; the little Loves around
 Sigh to her sighs, and aid the plaintive sound.
 Ah! wretched Queen, the lovely Youth is fled,
 She mourns, unceasing mourns *Adonis* dead;
 What grief too lavish for a name so dear!
 For every drop of blood she gives a tear:
 Two blooming flowers the genial streams disclose,
 The tear, *Anemone*, the blood — a *Rose*.

apprehend, that the connection of the sentence will be better preserved, by reading

ὁ μοι θάνει, σὸς δὲ φιλεῖται,

or ποθεῖται, which may possibly be prefer’d, as giving an expressiveness to τριπύδατε, & ποθος immediately following.

I mourn the Youth, *Adonis* now no more,
 —Cease, cease, despondent, nor thy fate deplore.
 For him the variegated couch is spread,
 Reclin'd he lies on thy celestial bed ;
 He lies — as sleeping he exhal'd his breath,
 Fair as of old, and beauteous ev'n in Death.
 Haste, for the youth prepare the silken vest,
 Wrap'd in whose blushing charms, the sweets of
 rest

* He fought with Beauty's Queen ; strew, strew
 the flow'rs,
 And crown the slumb'ring youth with fragrant
 show'rs ;

* *μόχθειν ὕπνον laborare somnum* is singularly happy, and delicate. I once imagined the genuine word was *ἐνόχλειν* *turbare*, or *ἐνόχθειν graviter ferre* ; but the first is more expressive, and may be ventured. The *English* must necessarily fall short, our language not being able to wrap up the meaning with such excellence as the original.

τὸ σὸν μύρον "Αδωνις

mentioned verse 78, is equally ill-suited to *English* expression. The great esteem, in which the ancients held ointment, evidently gave occasion to the application of the title in affectionate addresses. However absurd such appellations may seem to modern ears, several fondnesses of phrase, employed perpetually by ourselves, are at least a sufficient countenance.

The

The flow'rs, alas ! — when lov'd *Adonis* dy'd,
Clos'd all their beauties, and resign'd their pride.
Around his head let amorous myrtles bloom,
And the soft ointment shed its rich perfume ;
Such gifts, alas ! such vainly are requir'd ;
All bloom, all fragrance with the youth expir'd.
Enrob'd with purple vest *Adonis* lies,
The loves around him heave their pensive sighs ;
No more their tresses wave with graceful flow,
Enrag'd they spurn the quiver, and the bow ;
Strip of their fatal points the winged darts,
And give a pause of rest to human hearts.
Some the rich sandals loose—with living streams
Some purify from blood the sully'd limbs ;
Some wave their silken pinions, and exhale
The vain, vain fragrance of a genial gale.
Nor less with sobbing sigh, and tearful strain,
Hang round their *Venus'* knee the subject-train ;
Pale *Hymenæus* with a sorrowing frown
Spoils of its flow'ry wreath the nuptial crown ;
His torch no longer sheds its beaming fires,
No tunes of joy the sullen scene inspires ;
Can bliss, *Adonis* dead, the bosom move ?
Can *Hymen* smile, when weeps the Queen of Love ?
The beauteous Graces the lost youth deplore,
Each note resounds——*Adonis* is no more.

More

More loud the tumult than *Dione's* cries,
Whose fond, maternal echo fills the skies.

* Soft from the warbling nine the numbers
flow

To rouse their fav'rite from the shades below ;
In vain would songs recall departed breath,
And tunes play idly in the ears of Death.
——Stop, *Venus*, stop awhile the rolling tear,
|| A feast of grief awaits the next revolving year.

* The old reading *Μοῖραι* (the destinies) is self-convicted of absurdity. *Longe-pierre* reads properly *Μοῖσαι*, and as improperly applies it ; he understands incantations, but the common meaning is the easiest and most beautiful, *viz.* The Muses, and the wonder is how any other could have been thought of. The 95th line begins most consistently *Κάλον* ; the present *καί μιν* is inelegant, and insipid.

|| *Κώμων* in the text alludes to the annual festival instituted in honor of *Adonis*. The passage should be thus pointed,

ἴαχο, Κώμων

Δεῖ σε παλιν &c. &c. μετὰ Κώμων.

A N
E L E G Y
O N T H E
D E A T H *of* B I O N:

TRANSLATED FROM THE
GREEK of MOSCHUS.

YE Groves, lamenting breathe the sighs of woe,
Thou, *Dorian* wave, with conscious murmurs flow ;
Heavily, *Bion* lost, ye dull streams move,
So late, who lov'd you, and so late your love ;
Wither, ye Plants, ye Forests droop your head,
Ye sick'ning Flow'rs, a last, last fragrance shed ;
No

No more her living blushes deck the Rose,
 Or health's warm glow th' Anemone disclose ;
 Th' inscriptive tale of woe, ye Hyacinths, speak,
 Your leaf the tints of deeper sable streak ;
 The Youth, who charm'd you with his strains,
 no more —

—Awake, *Sicilian* Maid, awake the solemn lore.

Sweet Bird of solitude, the sprays among,
 Who tun'st thy midnight melody of song,
 To *Arethusa's* gentle stream relate
 Thy rival Harmonist's, thy *Bion's* fate ;
 Sunk is the *Dorian* music's sylvan pride —
 — All, all the sweets of verse with *Bion* dy'd.
 Awake, *Sicilian* Muse, the solemn lore,
 Around your native streams, ye Swans, deplore ;
 Trill the soft strains of consecrating woe
 † Soft as your Elegies' prophetic flow.

The

† The *Christ-Church* Editor has placed the sixteenth line of the text between hooks, under the notion of its being spurious. As it now stands, it is little better than nonsense, but may be corrected thus,

Ὅια ὑμετέροις ποτὲ χεῖλες ᾄδετε γήρας.

That is, The note, “ in which you sometimes sing your own old age.” I have purposely rendered the words in a literal way.

The *Dorian Orpheus* lost—ye Nymphs bewail,
Nymphs of the mountain, Virgins of the vale.

Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore ;
Dear to the flocks, their shepherd is no more,
Beneath th' embow'ring oak no more reclin'd
He gives to tuneful solitude his mind ;
In *Pluto's* dreary realm, with languid breath,
He swells the melancholy note of death.
Mute is the voice of joy the hills around,
And Nature only wakes to mis'ry's sound ;
Heedless of food, unmindful of their loves,
The herd with murmurs seek the darkness of the
groves.

Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore,
For thee thy *Phæbus* sheds the warbled store ;
Pan's grizly crew, and foul *Priapus'* train
Array'd in fable vest demand thy strain ;
Nymphs of the fountains o'er the circling wood
Loose a full tide of tears, and swell the flood ;
Fix'd on her rock, 'lone echo learns to pine,
No more the mimic of a voice like thine.

way. This interpretation alludes to the fable current in ancient times, that the Swan, " tun'd its own elegy."

* Fall'n lies the fruitage, fall'n at *Bion's* death,
 Its glories blasted as by winter's breath;
 With milky streams no more the ewes distend,
 Nor sweets luxuriant from the hive depend
 † The Bee despondent quits his honey'd toil,
 Since death has revel'd in *thy* sweeter spoil.

Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore,
 || Not thus the *Dolphin* warbling on the shore,
Not

* The word Δευρόρον has been hitherto omitted in the list of Mourners, but ἄνθος is one of the Dramatis Personæ in the fourth verse; It must therefore mean in this passage “ornamentum.” If this interpretation had not been allowable, I should have proposed ἄχθεια (*Pondera*) as well-adapted to καρπός.

† Δεῖ in the text should be strictly construed “convenit” (their melancholy renders such a task *unsuitable*) for otherwise it had been more consistent in the Bees to have doubled their industry, to supply the loss of sweets occasioned by the death of *Bion*.

|| The fable of the *Dolphin's* harmonious nature, together with its fame for humanity, is here quoted by *Heskin*; a romance, the veracity of which he seems to imagine, is confirmed by particular examples recorded in *Pliny*, an
author

Not *Philomela* on the hills alone,
 Or *Progne* twitt'ring to her sister's moan,
 Or fond *Alcyon* with anguish spread,
 Thus mourn'd, as now they mourn, their *Bion*
 dead.

Awake, *Sicilian* Muse, the solemn lore,—
 ‡Th' expiring spouse their feather'd brides deplore ;

author little to be depended upon as a naturalist. *Longepierre* apprehends that *Moschus* had in view the catastrophe of *Hesiod*, whose body having been cast into the sea, a *Dolphin* kindly conveyed it to shore, an event which might have had a soothing effect on the superstitious minds of antiquity, as he observes, but is very whimsical in the judgment of the less credulous moderns.

‡ Conjugal affection was the characteristic of the *Cerylus*, an ancient bird, mentioned in the text. I know not for what reason it was honor'd with this distinguished excellence. *Heskin* observes, that this *Cerylus* was of the male sex ; when he grew old, and infirm, he is said to have been borne upon the wings of the female ; and on the death of either, the survivor was seized with an extravagance of sorrow. We have but very few of these Birds to boast of in the present age which instructs us totally to disregard our *Companions for Life*, as soon as ever they are in the least inconvenient.

In eastern climes around his honor'd tomb
The fluttering songsters wail their Memnon's
doom,

Yet have they ne'er the waste of anguish shed,
Ne'er wept as now they weep, their *Bien* dead.

Awake, *Sicilian* Muse, the solemn lore——
In strains melodious, Nightingales deplore ;
† Thy voice inspir'd each tenant of the grove,
So late who lov'd you, and so late your love ;
Wide through the shade the tunes of music flow,
And sighs alternate swell the scene of woe ;
Nor you, ye doves, (to you these themes belong)
Forego the pensive, melancholy song.

Awake, *Sicilian* Muse, the solemn lore——
The triumphs of thy pipe are heard no more ;
For who, too daring, on the reed shall play,
Which still, still warbles with its *Bion's* lay ?

† The Text particularly mentions Swallows, which are introduced to us with a very hasty repetition. As the error is only to be reconciled by the ancient veneration for that Bird, the propriety of the original would have been sunk in the Version. It is on this account omitted, and a more enlarged turn at once given to the sentence.

Echo,

Echo, but vainly, would the notes recall,
 Her voice drops languid —in a dying fall ;
 Ev'n *Pan* the task of music must decline,
 Too weak a rival of a voice like thine.

—Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore—
 Fair *Galatea*, on the silent shore,
 Who sat so fondly at her *Bion's* side,
 And drank with ravish'd ear th' harmonious tide,
 Still listens to the song, still wooes her swain ;
 Oh ! how unlike the *Cyclops'* savage train !
 For *thy* sweet intercourse she loath'd the race,
 Devouring ev'ry smile on *Bion's* face ;
 Now o'er the desert, by *her* streams unmov'd,
 She tends the cattle of the youth she lov'd.

Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore—
 All, all of music's soul-enchancing store,
 The youth's soft transports, and the virgin's kiss,
 The melting ecstasies of mutual bliss,
 Are sunk, for ever sunk, at *Bion's* doom,
 And fondling *Cupids* hang around the tomb.
 Thy *Venus* mourns, with frantic sorrow tost,
 A new *Adonis* in her *Bion* lost ;
 Far more she lov'd thee than the kiss she gave,
 Her last, last kisses——o'er *Adonis'* grave.

Oh! Thou whose wave with sweetest music
flows,

Meles, indulge the tributary woes;

Fast by thy side th' immortal bard expir'd,

Whom all the triumphs of the nine inspir'd;

His voice, the Muse, and harmony, his strain,

—Thy wave roll'd sorrowing to the sorrowing
main;

Again, another Son demands, again

Swell thy loud murmurs to the murm'ring main.

Each quaff'd lov'd poesy's alluring stream,

Here *Aganippe* rous'd the godlike theme;

Far in the vale below a pastoral fill

Meek *Bion* sip'd from *Arethusa*'s rill.

Here glow *Pelides*' rage, fair *Helen*'s charms,

An injur'd husband, and a world in arms;

There horrors feast not, or the storms of fight,

But swains soft-smiling with their *Pan* delight;

There innocently graze the fleecy throng,

Cheer'd with the music of the warbled song.

The lowing kine a fondling guardian prove,

Who form'd the vocal reed to tunes of love;

Sang Beauty melting to the rap'trous joy,

And—dear to *Venus*, for he lov'd her boy.

Awake,

Awake, *Sicilian* Muse the solemn lore——
 The far fam'd cities, and their realms deplore ;
 Not thus th' *Ascræan* swains their *Hesiod* mourn,
 * Nor thus *Bæotia* wooes her bard's return ;
 Not thus the *Lesbian* tear *Alcæus* crown'd,
 * Nor *Ceïan* woes their tuneful son resound ;
 To thee * the *Parian* yields his vengeful ire,
 And charm'd with *Bion*, *Sappho* drops the lyre||.

*** *Pindar* redeemed *Bæotia* from its established character of dullness. *Simonides* was the ornament of *Ceos*, and *Archilochus* of *Paros*. "Υλας is interpreted by the scholiast, a city of *Bæotia*, but as the place of *Pindar*'s birth is not generally fixed, the common construction, " the woods of *Bæotia*" may be adhered to.

|| The compliment payed by *Moschus* to the genius of *Bion*, however warped from the rigor of truth, is elegantly cast ; but alas ! no *Ascræa* would ever have renounced her *Hesiod*, no *Bæotia* her *Pindar*, no *Lesbos* her *Alcæus*, no *Ceïs* her *Simonides*, no *Paros* her *Archilochus*, and no *Mitylene* her *Sappho*, in favor of a *Bion*. Add to this that the "*Genus irritabile*" of poetry have always been forward to crush the merits of a brother. The flattery however is to be regarded merely in a poetical light, and so indeed must the whole performance.

† The pastoral souls, on whom the Muse has
shed

Her honey'd sweetness, mourn their *Bion* dead ;

Blithe tho' of old, and laughter in his eye,

Pale *Lycidas* at length has learn'd to sigh ;

Th' unrival'd voice of *Syracusa's* plain

Theocritus attunes the pensive strain.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the rising race,

On *Bion's* shrine the past'ral incense place ;

Be mine th' *Ausonian* sacrifice to pay,

'Twas thou, 'twas *Bion* first inspir'd the lay ;

Thy Muse's *Dorian* Legacy I share——

True Wealth my own—I envy not thy Heir.

† Six verses are here omitted in the older editions of *Moschus*, and they are, to speak the truth, very suspicious. They set out with a manifest intention of particularizing *Eucolic* writers. The first we meet with is *Sicelidas* (or in fact *Asclepiades*, the son of *Sicelidas*) no pastoral, but epigrammatic writer ; the second in the list is *Lycidas*, a common title for a shepherd, and according to *Theocritus*, a pastoral poet. The last mentioned is *Philetas*, no pastoral, but an elegiac and critical author. Thus two out of the number are improperly introduced. I would preserve the two initial verses and the fourth, and thus join the fifth with the line relating to *Theocritus*,

Ἐν τε πολίταις
Νῦν δὲ, &c.

Awake,

Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore—

‡ The weed's luxuriance wild, the flouret's store,
Though winter lock them in her annual tomb,
Again diffuse their variegated bloom.

But MAN the learn'd, the titled and the brave,
When tyrant death once drops him in the grave,
Fix'd in his home eternal tenant lies,
Fix'd to awake no more, no more to rise.

Thou too, my *Bion*, in the silent shade,
Thou too, the darling of the Muse, art lay'd ;

* Yet still triumphant in the marshy vale
The Frogs of *Pindus* croak their grating tale ;

‡ The original description contains *μαλάχαι* Mallows, *σελίνα* Parsley, and *άνηθον* Dill, which would have made a poor appearance in the version. The general sentiment of the poet is not in the least affected by the omission of such particulars.

* The text is “ It has seemed good to the nymphs, that the Frog should sing for ever.” But why the Nymphs? they must surely have had very indifferent Tastes! In my opinion *Μοίραις* (the Destinies) is the proper reading; unless it be proved, (which would be difficult) that the *Fates* were honored with the title of *Nymphs*, and with that interpretation alone the old reading can be allowed to stand.

—Free

—Free let them croak—I envy not the throng—
Still could I taste the sweets of *Bion's* song!

Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore—
Th'envenom'd draught, my *Bion*, I deplore,
'Twas thine to taste——but whence the stream
of death

Unchang'd to honey, as it felt thy breath?
Lives there a wretch, whose unrelenting soul
Mix'd, without horror mix'd, the guilty bowl?
Could not the sweets of heav'nly music charm
The murd'rer's frown, and wrest his iron arm?

—Awake, *Sicilian Muse*, the solemn lore—
But Justice waits, and vengeance is in store;
Be mine to tread the dreary walk of woe,
Th'embalming tears on *Bion's* herse shall flow;
With godlike *Orpheus* could my soul descend,
With sage *Ulysses*, and th'unconquer'd friend,
Free would I roam o'er *Pluto's* gloomy plain,
Once more to hear the much-lov'd *Bion's* Strain.
But still, my shepherd, to the ghastly throng
Tune the rich transports of thy past'ral song;

For

For once the empress of the shades could play
On soft *Sicilia's* shore the *Dorian* lay.
Some fonder tribute will the strain reward,
Pity at least shall crown the gentle bard ;
Such as of old the warbling *Orpheus* prov'd,
Whose note restor'd *Eurydice* belov'd ;
Pity at least a *Bion* must remand
To sooth, once more to sooth his native land ;
—Yet ! yet ! th' availing note could *Moschus*
sing,
Myself for *Bion's* life would charm the *Stygian*
king.

Where no alteration has been attempted in the text, the reading of *Heskin's* Edition is followed, which upon the whole is the most correct.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
PASTORAL POETRY.

Gaudentes rure Camæna.

HOR.

THE precise time, when the Pastoral muse made her appearance in the world, history seems to have left uncertain. Conjectures have been hazarded, and *presumptions multiplied, yet her origin is

* See what may be called the Prolegomena to the Θεοκριτῆς ευρισκομένα *cum Græcis Scholiis*, printed at London 1743, περι τῆ περὶ πῶς ευρηθῇ τα βυκολικα, where the reputed invention of Pastoral poetry has neither the air of probability nor ingenuity.

still

still unraveled; and the less inquisitive genius sits down contented with ascertaining her first perfection in the writings of *Theocritus*.

Indeed researches of this nature are rather curious, than interesting; for though we may perhaps meet with some plausible accounts, we can trace none that carry conviction. The § very few writers, handed down to us from *Greece* and *Rome* in that species of composition, are but insufficient guides to the rise of the art itself.

As it is more entertaining, it is likewise more to the honor of Pastoral to observe, that it must necessarily have existed in the

§ *Moschus*, and *Bion*, with *Theocritus*, among the *Greeks*, and *Virgil* among the *Romans*, are the only standard writers of Pastoral, mentioned by *Warton* in the dissertation prefixed to his edition of *Virgil*; that editor, with the critic ‡ *Rapin*, seeming to explode all other ancient authors in that branch of poetry.

‡ *Rapin's* critical works, vol. 2. remarks on Pastoral poetry.

earlier

earlier ages of the world ; existed, not indeed in the set form and elegance of numbers, but in the genuine sentiments of the heart, which nature alone inspired.

For the mind being on all sides surrounded with rural objects, those objects would not fail to make an impression ; and whether the patriarchs of old with our parents in *Milton* piously broke out into the praise of their Creator, or reflected in silent admiration on the beauties of the earth, their hymns, or their meditations must have been purely Pastoral.

It has been remarked by a laborious commentator on the *Eclogues* of *Virgil*, that the lives of our earliest forefathers were spent in husbandry, and the feeding of cattle. And indeed it could not have been otherwise. At a period, when the numbers of mankind were comparatively insignificant, and their thoughts engaged in procuring subsistence, while luxury and ambition were yet unknown, it is inconsistent to suppose, but that the sons of earth were all in a manner the sons of agriculture

When

When the world however increased, and its inhabitants dispersed into various regions, when societies were formed, and laws established, and when (the natural consequence of such expansion) the plagues of war and contention arose, different orders, and conditions were settled for the regulation of kingdoms; rustic awkwardness received the polish of civil life, and the plough-share was converted into instruments of destruction. Thus by degrees from an honorable situation husbandry became the employment of those alone, who had the least ambition, and the greatest probity.

But in those climates, whither emigrations being less fashionable, the people retained their primitive simplicity, it is no wonder, if in process of time considerable advance was made, and regularity introduced into Pastoral reflections; that the dictates of unrefined nature were improved by the harmony of numbers.

We may accordingly observe, that in the countries which suffered the least variation
from

from their original form, Pastoral was most esteemed; there the thoughts were still allured, and the imagination feasted with rural scenes unimproved, or more properly uncorrupted; for the cottage had not felt the infection of the court.

Arcadia, so usually painted the flowery kingdom of romance, is more ingeniously accounted the land of Pastoral. Its inland situation, and the plenty of its pasture, with the well-known character of its inhabitants conspire to favor the title. That the ancient poets described this place as the seat of Pastoral, is evident; a shepherd † peculiarly skilled in singing, being familiarly termed an *Arcadian*. There appears however in many traditions of

* Dr. Martyn, in his preface to the Eclogues of *Virgil*, calls *Arcadia* “mountainous and almost inaccessible;” another reason in support of the Pastoral disposition of its people.

† *Virgil* in his 7th Eclogue says of two shepherds, that they were “*Arcades ambo*,” upon which *Servius* remarks, they were not *Arcadians*, but so skilfull in singing, that they might be esteemed *Arcadians*.

the country such a strong mixture of the fabulous, that we may well suspect them to be the product rather of fancy, than of truth.

Nor less fantastic are the descriptions of the golden age, the ideal manners of which are esteemed, by the more refined critic, the genuine source of Pastoral.

To a taste so delicate, the least appearance of the rustic is disgusting. A becoming, indeed an elegant simplicity, and the purest innocence must compose the character of the shepherd. No passions but of the softest and most engaging kind are to be introduced: in short the swain is to be what no swain ever was,

In these elevated notions of humble Pastoral, reality is sacrificed to the phantoms of the imagination; the more characteristic strokes in the picture of rural life being utterly erased; the *bright colors* of unspotted integrity are indeed pleasing to the eye, but in a piece where nature should predominate, are more properly blended with the *shade* of frailty.

For

For if mankind are to be represented entirely free from faults, we cannot look for their existence later than the fall.

On this fastidious principle it is esteemed necessary, that rural happiness should be described perfect, and uninterrupted. The life of the shepherd is to be one perpetual spring, without a cloud to disturb its calmness. The vicissitudes indeed of love, which gives birth to more than half our modern Pastorals, are admitted into the piece: for it seems to be with some as essential for a shepherd to be in love, as to have been born.

Yet even here the representation is confined; the swain after whining and crying (as *Achilles* did to his good mother *Thetis*) calls on the trees and bushes, and every thing in nature, to be witnesses of his unhappiness; but after all, the performance, like our novels and romances, those standards of propriety, must have a fortunate conclusion*.

O 2

But

* It has indeed a tendency altogether immoral to represent, with *Theocritus*, a disappointed lover hanging himself.

The

But whatever fond and amusing prospects the country naturally opens to the mind, experience teaches us, that even there vexations will arise : the seasons of quiet and uneasiness succeed as familiarly as summer and winter : groves and lawns, and purling streams, sound very prettily in description, chiefly when flowing through the numbers of some under-aged amorato ; but reason cannot set her seal to the luxuriancy of this Mahometan paradise.

From sentiments so extravagantly refined let us turn to those of a more sordid completion. As the former satiate the judicious reader with beds of roses, the latter disgust him with the filthiness of a dunghill. With critics of this cast, the manners of the meer peasant are the sole foundation of Pastoral ; even less rustic and homely appellations are banished from the characters, and the Meli-

The present mode of indifference in these concerns is more eligible, and on the whole may be thought more natural. Love sorrows are very rarely fatal.

bœus, or Neæra of *Virgil* are so much too courtly, that in their place are to be substituted the Λιπολος, and Βουκολισκος of *Theocritus*, and the Colin-clout or Hobbinol of *Spenser*.

The *Doric* dialect, which transfuses such a gracefulness over the *Idyllia* of the *Grecian*, has been a stumbling block to these lovers of inelegance. There is a rustic propriety in the language of this dialect, which was familiar to the cottager in the age of *Theocritus*, but it must be remembered, that his Pastorals contain likewise a delicacy of sentiment which may well be presumed to have attracted the attention of * *Ptolemy*, whose polished court was the asylum of genius.

But though it should be allowed, that Pastoral ought strictly to be limited to the actions of

* *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, king of *Egypt*, to make amends for many atrocious crimes, was remarkable for his singular regard to the welfare of his subjects, and was a distinguished encourager of learned men.

See *Anc. Univ. Hist.* vol. 9, P. 368, note T.

the peasant, it is not solely intended for his perusal. The critic, as he cannot on the one hand permit nature to be excluded, cannot relish on the other her being exposed in disgraceful colors.

There are in almost every situation some circumstances, over which we should draw the veil, for all is not to be painted with a close exactness*. Coarseness of sentiment, and indelicacy of expression are an offence to decorum, and give modesty the blush. Writings of such illiberal tendency counteract the best and principal end of composition; they hold up a *false* mirror to vice and immorality, and sacrifice virtue to contempt.

To those, who live in the meridian of our more refined simplicity, Pastoral appears most

* On this principle, it were to be wished, that the subject of *Virgil's* second eclogue, were not greatly liable to exception, though the morals of the poet should not be personally impeached, we must lament that he has varnished in his *Alexis* the depravity of his times. Several representations in *Theocritus* are glaringly obscene.

properly in the dress of rural elegance. Something is indulged to the character of the shepherd, and something to the genius of the writer. They, who would place the former at the toilette, would betray an absurdity, which would no less extend to the latter, whose thoughts flowed in the channel of uninformed rusticity.

The country is the scene, in which Pastoral is naturally laid; but various may be the subjects of this little drama. The spirit of the poet would be wretchedly cramped, if never permitted to step aside. An insipid sameness runs through the pieces *, founded on the impropriety of this indulgence, and most of our later Pastorals are in this respect but unmeaning paraphrases of earlier authors.

Were we to attempt an historical epitome of pastoral composition, we might place *Theo-*

* Modern Eclogues from this reason abound with repetitions of amorous scenes, or of swains piping for a reward. Not to mention other subjects of a like interesting nature, which from constant use are worn to tatters.

critus in its dawn ; in that earlier age when rural simplicity was cultivated and revered. Though we are sometimes struck with the rays of his genius, breaking out into more exalted descriptions, Pastoral appears to be his favorite province ‡.

Considering him as a writer, who drew his sentiments from the principles of nature, we may rather admire, that his *Idyllia* are so engaging, than cavil at his blemishes ; we may reflect upon *Theocritus*, as the hive, whence the most established writers of Eclogues have derived their sweets, or as a diamond, whose intrinsic worth has received its lustre from the refinement of succeeding times.

There is a very considerable gap in the history of Pastoral, between the age of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, who was reserved for the noon of

‡ The praises of *Ptolemy*, the *Hylas*, and the *Hiero*, are by no means pastoral, but if *Theocritus* is entitled to a greater share of praise for any particular parts of those performances, it is, where he deviates into pastoral representations.

its perfection. It will scarcely at first sight be imagin'd, that the period when civil war desolated the provinces, and spread all its horrors over the neighborhood of *Rome*, could tend to the improvement of the pastoral muse, whose spirit it was likely to have totally destroyed. Yet to this seemingly unfavorable situation we owe the most pleasing and interesting bucolics of *Virgil*, who has made the history of his country subservient to the efforts of his genius*.

In those several pieces, to which the distresses of his times, or other political considerations gave rise, he seems more elaborately to have exercised the faculty of invention. But where † genuine nature was to be represented, he borrowed largely from *Theocritus*; many of his similes, sentiments and descrip-

* The first and ninth Eclogues deserve attention on this account. To these we may also join the fourth and fifth.

† See the third, seventh and eighth Eclogues, where imitations from *Theocritus* abound.

tions, being literal translations from his *Grecian* master.

Even in this less original task the merits of the *Roman* are conspicuous ; he has separated the ore from the dross, and transplanted those flowers alone, which could add a fragrance to his work.

On the whole, the Pastorals of *Virgil* are most agreeably conducted ; they are not set forth in jewels, or arrayed in silks, nor sordidly dressed in rags. In the “ paulo majora,” of his muse, the poet rarely loses sight of the Shepherd, and we may stile him the refined *Theocritus* of an *Augustan* age.

From this elegant æra, when the language of the country and the court was purity itself, let us pass over to the days of our excellent *Spenser*, when the conversation of the latter had just emerged from rusticity.

The genius of *Spenser* was formed for poetry. The rich luxuriance of fancy which shines through the *Fairy Queen* surpasses the sublime
of

of antiquity. Such bold conceptions little speak a writer qualified for Pastoral. The fire of imagination, which strikes us in more elevated compositions, must in this be suspended; for nature is most advantageously shown, when she seems to borrow the least from art.

Our author was too great to rise by imitation. Though he had both *Theocritus* and *Virgil* for his models, his *Shepherd's Calendar* is altogether original. The dialect of his times is as happily adapted to rustic life, as the *Doric* of the former, and the easy flow of his descriptions, with the natural variety of his landscapes, rivals the poetic excellence of the latter.

Proverbial sayings, not too closely crowded, add to the simplicity of Pastoral; but I own myself most peculiarly attracted with his short lessons of morality; they add a pleasing innocence to the character of the shepherd, and reflect a lustre on the poet.

Yet amidst this superior merit it must be observed, that a masterly writer of our own
days

days has censured the dialogue of *Spenser*, as affectedly barbarous, and the reflections of his peasants as too exalted.

It is necessary however to premise, that the criticism of this author is confined to the September of the Shepherd's Calendar; an Eclogue which is indeed conveyed in a dialect singularly rustic; and the subject being the depravity of ecclesiastical manners in popish countries, the fordid language, under which the satire is couched, gives the greater offence to the critic, who concludes with this exclamation: "Surely at the same time that a shepherd learns theology, he may gain some acquaintance with his native language!"

The more ancient dialect seems here to have been selected, as a disguise to the real purport, or characters of the piece. The reign of *Mary*, when *England* was under the bondage of an arbitrary religion, and oppressed by foreign counsels, may be esteemed the period of the Pastoral. The violence, which had been so barbarously exerted throughout the country

country at that baleful season, was too recent to have been forgotten ; and the Shepherd is very naturally described as having fled from a persecution, the censure of which was a compliment to the principles of *Elizabeth* *.

A rural metaphor is manifestly sustained through the performance, as if to obviate the inconsistency, which is alledged. So far from discussing knotty points of theological learning, the province of the peasant is closely preserved ; unless it should be insisted, that nothing relative to religion ought to concern a shepherd.

To descend from the writings of *Spenser* to the succeeding age, would be to point out the decline of the pastoral Muse. Indeed she has scarcely existed but in the productions of

* The late *Romish* brutality was at that time so interesting a topic, and so flattering to the crown, that *Spenser* has employed three Eclogues on the subject.

* *Philips* and of *Pope*. *Philips* is so often on the whine, that we are apt to over-look his less exceptionable descriptions; he has injudiciously blended the polish of *Virgil's* language, with the simplicity of *Spenser's*; and so great

* The Pastorals of *Gay* seem to have been designed, as burlesque representations of scenes altogether rustic, and particularly as a ridicule of preceding authors, of whom many, it must be confessed, deserved such a treatment. I have on this account, omitted his name as a Pastoral writer, though his genius sufficiently qualified him for the task of Eclogue.

But if a modern Pastoral, where nature is clothed in her most becoming dress of ease, and simplicity, be permitted to claim our admiration, it is more particularly due to the celebrated composition of *Dr. Byrom*.

Quam VENUS

Quintâ parte sui. Nectaris imbuît.

To commend the original, is superfluous, as it has so long engaged the attention of every classical reader; but if the faint copy of its beauties, subjoined to the present Essay, be esteemed not altogether unworthy of regard, the Editor will be satisfied, without aspiring to the rank of poets, whose labors were an ornament to the court of *Augustus*.

is his want of original matter, that he is at best to be regarded as a graceful copyist*.

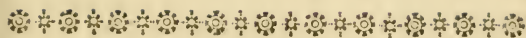
Pope has been so assiduous to refine his periods, that his spirit is evaporated; and his Pastorals, excepting the *Messiah*, only merit our attention as the marks of early genius. Sweetness of versification, and purity of expression may constitute the character of a poet; but courtliness is not the whole that is expected in a writer of Eclogues.

That love of the country, inherent in the bosom of Reflection, has occasionally produced many later attempts on Pastoral, but the most successful ones are fainter traces of rural life; the Muse has at last varied her form, and united the charms of elegance and nature in the Ballads of *Shenstone*.

* The fifth Pastoral, which relates the contest of the Swain and Nightingale, is prettily turned on the whole; but the thought, like *Philips's* other more agreeable ones, is borrowed. The same may be remarked of the Pastorals of *Pope*.

ECLOGA.





E C L O G A.

I.

PE N N I S, Pierides, fugit pernicibus ætas,
 Dùm Phœbe mihi blanda comes, qua-
 cunq; vagarer ;

Mille voluptates placidâ dulcedine lætum
 Implevere Animum, quas sensit nullus amantum.
 Ast Phœbe mea suavis abest, miserumq; reliquit
 Crudelis, facies subitò mœstissima rerum !
 Dùm Natura vicens varios perfudit honores,
 Vernum agnosco diem — risit vicinia Phœbes.

II.

Lanigeram tecùm solitus depascere gentem,
 Ludere lascivus, viridive recumbere lecto,
 Floriferas pastor felix consumeret horas.
 Cor mihi, pluma levis, Zephyro jactatur ab omni
 Lætitiæ; fugiunt, fugiunt benè nota priùsquam
 Gaudia, quàm fugit Phœbe; gressuq; protervo
 Hùc erro, atq; illùc, — vix jàm vix pondus
 ineptum
 Subsiliet, graviùsq; gravis non libra rependit.

III.

Fons olim argenteo trepidavit murmure, læves
 Per Silices hilari manans modulamine,—Phœbe,
 Nàm Phœbe adfuerit (reminiscere, parve Cupido,)
 Musica blanda aures, oculos mulsitq; voluptas;
 Ast (cur Virgo aberis?) virides circùmambulo
 ripas,
 Quæq; priùs placuere, objurgo murmura; cursu
 Tun' læto refluis, gemitum nec Thyrsidis audis?
 Rive sonans, reticeto, meæ miserere querelæ.

IV.

IV.

Lascivere olim teneris balatibus agni,
(Gaudia nec Phœbes, nec gaudia Thyrsidis
æquant)

Turba procax placuit, tempus placuitq; beatum,
Ver, Amor ut risit, risit Phœbesq; venustas;
Ast frustrâ exsultans ludit festiva propago,
Vellera non parvo repetit nàm dextra maniplo;
Mox reticite, Agni, sonitus retecete maligni,
Lætitia ingrata est, turbat quùm Thyrsida mæror.

V.

Tu, testare, Canis, — testetur fidus Achates,
(Ah ! quoties, caudâ quoties blanditus adisti !)
Thyrsida quæ cepit, Phæben cepitq; voluptas;
Hùc ades innocuus, dixit mea virgo, Lyciscam
Palpavitq; manu — nunc, nunc procul, infime,
clamo,

Obsignatq; latus molli non vulnere pedum;
Jamq; aliud manet, atq; aliud, lætetur amænus
Cùm Canis, absentem Domino plorante ma-
gistrum ?

VI.

Qui visus fovere Oculos, comitante Puellâ !
Quæ viruere Rosæ ! quæ pingua prata ! be-
nigno

Luxurians ramo nemus ! amplis messibus agri !
Et varii facies ruris miranda refulsit ;
Forma placens perit, cuncti periere rubores,
Delicii; nihil, Phœbe, te absente, relictum est.
Heu ! scio, quæ rerum novitas, — sparsere co-
lores

Formosos magicæ rutilantia lumina Phœbes.

VII.

Fragrantis sequerer tecum ut vestigia silvæ,
Mellito volucres recinerunt carmine, balant
Lanigeræ pecudes, Zephyri lenesq; susurrant,
Stridentescq; hilari modulantur voce cicadæ.
Phœbe suavis abest ; aures non musica captat
Amplius, hæc solitâ spirant dulcedine silvæ,
Non teneræ balant pecudes, non aura susurrat;
—— Phœbeæ cantus animavit vocis imago.

VIII.

VIII.

Perdita, purpurei, Rosa, quàm fugère rubores?
Cærule cur violas decorat non vita caducas?
Ut suus omnis honor pallentia germina fallit!
Ut Prata elanguent, ornantes prataq; flores!
Cùm variâ, aſt novi, novi, gens æmula, veſte
Nuper ridiſti, niveo non pectore ſedes
Allexit? nonnè ut læteris lumina, molli
Ut carpere manu, gremio pereasq; puellæ?

XI.

Tardo tarda gradu ſubrepunt tempora; (Venti,
Fruſtrâ ſpiratis, tali dùm ardore laboro)
Hora ruas, ingrata ruas, referasq; puellam,
Siſte, at ſiſte pedes, Phœbe quandò adſit, inertes.
Quòd ſi haud nescirem, volvas quàm ſede, pro-
tervas
In plumas ſufflans, plumbum præſegne liquarem.
Docta fugam retinere, nihil miſerata precantis,
Vix Curſu vix hora morans gradietur anili.

X.

Nullum igitur placidas Numen non obstruet
Aures?

Non vulnus compescet atrox, reddatq; quietem?

—— Sic tibi certa Salus, turbet non cura pu-
ellæ

Longior; —— at demens alienus vivat amor.

Oh! nimiùm formosa, redi! —— sempèrne re-
linquar

Exul, et incassùm semper suspiria ducam?

Quid faciam? — spes nulla manet, mors sola
levabit;

—— Pastores, ubi forma nitet tàm pulchra, ca-
vete.

REMARKS

R E M A R K S

O N T H E

F I R S T E C L O G U E

O F

V I R G I L,

W I T H A

VERSION of that PASTORAL subjoined.

Est quadàm prodire tenès, si non detur Ultrà.

HOR. *Ep. I. Lib. I.*

R E M A R K S

O N

V I R G I L.

IT has been usually understood, that the *Æneid* of *Virgil* was founded upon political principles; an observation, which extends to several of his pastoral compositions. The first of these is exhibited, as more immediately of historical origin.

Critics agree, that our poet meant, in this piece, to delineate his own condition, as connected with the situation of *Rome*; but difficulties have been occasionally started with
respect

respect to the less obvious circumstances of the characters introduced.

The first object of debate is the name of *Tityrus* *. The other shepherd, *Melibæus*, may be set down as an aged inhabitant of *Cremona*, who endured, without redress, the usurpation of a military possessor, to whom his lands had been arbitrarily consigned by *Octavius*.

Virgil, in the judgment of some easier commentators, contented himself with inserting his *Tityrus*, from the authority, and example of his *Grecian* predecessor. A tame construction, but ill-adapted to the spirit of the *Eclogue*, and the genius of the poet. More solid reasons may be alledged in favor of an opinion, that he intended the picture for his own; Reasons, which at the same time will

* *La Cerda* treats us with four reasons for *Virgil's* application of the name of *Tityrus* to an *Italian* shepherd. If we except the first, which concludes it to have been borrowed from *Theocritus*, they are calculated to a meer display of his erudition, without a tendency to explain the text.

invalidate the presumption, that the character was drawn for his father.

Critics, qualified from abilities to do justice to the ancients, have too frequently spoiled themselves by hunting after *novelty*, to support a darling hypothesis. The love of *novelty* produces paradox; a wild creature, whose reputation is *at best* established by learning, at the expence of judgment. The many elaborate whimsies, attending the discussion of the present subject, are a sufficient proof of the remark. A sober adherence to the more familiar construction of an original bids fairer for a rational comment; and ‘*verbum verbo reddere*,’ though a spiritless plan for a translator, is the safest direction to a Critic.

Virgil, from the situation of *Mantua*, the neighboring city to *Cremona*, may be presum’d to have inclin’d his principles to the unsuccessful competitor. The battle of *Philippi* was followed by the forfeiture of several estates, among which the little property of the *Mantuan Orpheus* was bestowed upon a
veteran

veteran of the conqueror. On the poet's solicitation it was restored.

This comfortable change gave rise to the performance, * plac'd at the head of *Virgil's* pastoral exertions, in which the introductory speech of *Melibæus* intimates the intended *Tityrus* ;

*Tu, Tityre, lentus in Umbrâ
Formosam resonare doces Amarillida silvas.*

The character of this rural amoroſo would be impertinently applied to the gravity of age. Grey hairs, and love are ridiculous concomi-

* This moſt probably was not the firſt Eclogue produced by *Virgil*. Some portion of poetical fame ſeems to have been requiſite to the attainment of a conqueror's regard for a petitioner, undiſtinguiſhed by ſuperiority of birth, and circumſtances, independent of the conſideration, that he was a patron of the adverſe faction. Genius was at that period an unfailing recommendation. The *Tityrus* may be concluded, on a regular edition of the *Bucolics*, to have been placed the firſt, on account of its ſubject, ſo flattering to the author's benefactor.

tants,

tants, for the languor of years very naturally cools the ardor of affection. Whether the *Amarillis* of the poet's heart was a real, or a figurative mistress, remains to be considered. An object of pursuit is best attributed to the fever of youthful fondness.

The answer, placed in the mouth of *Tityrus*, contains the exact history of our poet.

*O Melibœe, * DEUS nobis hæc Otia fecit,
Nàmq; erit Ille mihi semper DEUS —————*

*Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
Ludere, quæ vellem, Calamo permisit agresti.*

A farther proof, that the writer intended the picture for his own.

* In the opinion of *Servius* the repetition of *Deus* excludes all appearance of flattery. This is saying too much. The grossness of adulation is indeed mitigated by the artful insertion of the latter words, which are highly in character with a heathen shepherd, addressing himself to another, unconscious of the same impressions.

Me.

Melibæus makes the following question to his collocutor,

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

The answer to which should be thus pointed :

*Libertas ; quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem
Candidior, postquam tondenti barba cadebat.*

This solemn mention of liberty implies, that *Virgil* had for a considerable time been harrafs'd in a state of slavery, from which he was at length delivered. The reference of '*candidior*' to '*libertas*' was originally pointed out by *Virgil*'s oldest, and one of his best commentators. The epithet '*inertem*' is more consistently applied to the inexperience of the speaker than, as more usually, to his slothful disposition, for *Tityrus* signifies, that he was industrious ;

Multa meis exiret victima septis,

* *Pinguis et ingratae premeretur Caseus Urbi.*

If

* *Servius* applies '*pinguis*' to '*victima*,' which is by no means in the spirit of *Virgilian* harmony, though in some measure,

If ‘*postquàm*,’ in the quotation preceding the above, be interpreted ‘sometime after,’ the age of *Virgil*, who had passed the years of a stripling, when he wrote the Eclogue, will be more particularly described *.

Melibæus in his next speech cries out,

*Mirabar, quid mæsta Deos, Amailli, vocares?
Cui pendere suâ patereris in Arbore poma?*

The answer given is,

Tityrus hinc aberat.

measure to be defended from the consideration, that the good condition of a victim recommended it strongly to the heathen Gods, who loved to be well fed. ‘*Pinguis*’ seems better opposed to ‘*ingratæ*,’ which means, that the city of *Mantua* did not adequately reward the poet’s application to his rural cares.

* *Virgil*’s Birth is properly fixed in the year of *Rome* 684. *Octavius*, and *Antony* obtained the victory against *Brutus*, and *Cassius* 712, when *Virgil* must have been 28 years of age; the following year gave birth to the present Eclogue.

While

While *Virgil* was absent from his farm on the suit to *Octavius*, his mistress *Amarillis* is represented as imploring the deities for his return, and reserving the fruits of the estate to regale him on that event. Here again the history of our poet is the best comment to the text. The close of the speech flows with a sweetness truly pastoral ;

* *Ipsæ te, Tityre, Pinus,*
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbuscula vocabant —

But the difficulty, which our critical objectors esteem insurmountable by those, who conclude *Tityrus* to have been meant for *Virgil*, arises from the following exclamation of *Melibæus* ;

* *Servius* too refinedly asserts ‘ *Pinus* ’ to be placed for *Cesar*, and ‘ *Fontes* ’ for the Senate. The simple allusion to rural scenes is surely more in character with a shepherd. Dr. *Martyn* might well expect, that *Servius* would, after this, have explained ‘ *Arbuscula* ’ to mean the people. This critic pertinently asks, ‘ Can it be imagined, that so modest a man, as *Virgil*, would presume to represent *Cesar*, with the senate, and people of *Rome*, bewailing his absence ? ’ An arrogance, not sufficiently softened from the reflection, that the speech was made by *Melibæus*.

For-

Fortunate Senex, ergò tua Rura manebunt !

*Fortunate Senex, hìc inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum !*

Here they tell us with a triumphant confidence, that an old man is plainly described in the character of *Tityrus*.

Melibæus is expressively lamenting his distresses, distresses crowding on him at a period of life, when the natural dejection of spirits calls for ease and tranquility ; at this period he lost his all, he was driven into exile from his native country. Under such circumstances may not this address of the venerable husbandman be regarded as the *prophetic* ecstasy of a friendly heart ?

‘ Your property will remain assur’d to you, your lot will be to enjoy competency, and leisure, in the evening of life, ‘ *inter flumina nota* ;’ a lot denied to us, who

Q

Hinc

Hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros;

*Pars Scythiam, & rapidum Cretæ veniemus
Oæxem.'*

How natural for the declining age of the wretched *Melibæus* to dwell fondly on the smiling prospect, which promised a sun-set of happiness to the youth he loved !

Having thus examined the several expressions of the original, which could lead to the solution of the character of *Tityrus*, it may be hoped that the poet's intention in the pictures of *Galatea*, and *Amaryllis*, will be ascertained from a consideration of the passages, in which they appear. The following words of *Melibæus* have been before quoted, to explain the person of *Tityrus*; *Amaryllis*, who shall be set down, after Dr. Trapp's conjecture, as an allegorical mistress, insinuating the *Mantuan's* change of party, is now to be discussed.

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

The date of this eclogue is evidently to be fix'd at a period successive to the restoration of *Virgil's* property, in consequence of which,

as

as may be gathered from history, he had varied his political opinions. His *Amaryllis* therefore is most naturally applied to the party of *Octavius*, the celebration of which, gratitude, no less than interest, inspired.

Galatea is directly contrasted with *Amaryllis* in a description given by *Tityrus*, of himself,

Postquam * *nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit* ;

A verse immediately succeeded by

*Namq; fateborenim, dum me Galatea tenebat,
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculî.*

This confession evinces the prudence of the politician, in terms suited to the shepherd. *Tityrus* artfully says, to throw off the odium, which might otherwise have attended his shifting fides,

Galatea reliquit .

* I know not, whether it may be worth while to observe, that the poet, when he names *Galatea*, as his mistress, mentions himself alone by the singular, ‘ Me,’ when he names *Amaryllis*, he enlarges his reflection by the plural ‘ *Nos*.’ We may indeed except the line quoted above, from which however the ensuing one immediately deviates by a return to the singular number.

The party of *Brutus* forsook him ; otherwise he could not have failed to forsake the party, for he was in a fair way of continuing, for life, a beggar and a slave. This is the true spirit of *Roman* adulation ! While the poet adhered to his former attachment (his *Galatea*) his condition grew every day worse, and worse ; but when (his *Amaryllis*) the party of *Octavius* received him, the prospect of freedom and happiness immediately dawned around.

The last passage, in which the name of *Amaryllis* is introduced, is

Mirabar, quid mæsta Deos, Amarylli, vocares?

Catrou, who understands *Galatea*, and *Amaryllis* to be † allegorical, concludes, that *Rome* is couched under the person of the latter, and *Mantua* under that of the former. Several particulars of the pastoral counteract this opinion*.

† *Servius* indeed insists, that every sentence throughout the pastorals of *Virgil* is to be considered in a literal sense. How will This agree with his remark alluded to in the following note ?

* See *Ruæus*, and *Dr. Martyn's* notes.

The

The compliment of *Melibæus* to our author in this last quotation is highly delicate, as insinuating, that the adherents of *Octavius* were anxious to call him theirs*.

On the whole, the *Galatea* may be represented to have been *Virgil's* more youthful choice of party, and as such, of no advantage to his affairs—It was fondness, without prudence. But his *Amaryllis*, the latter object of his regard, was founded upon the experience of more sober maturity.

* This may seem a contradiction to the remark on *Servius's* foregoing observation upon '*Ipsæ te, Tityre, Pinus, &c.*' but the grossness of flattery is in the present place sufficiently mitigated by the introduction of *Amaryllis*, as the mistress of our poet's affections; whereas the construction of the former passage cannot admit of being softened, as extended from the faction of *Octavius* to the most distinguished characters, and even the whole commonwealth of *Rome*, including the usurper himself.

Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in a cursive script. The text is heavily faded and illegible due to the quality of the scan. The document appears to be a formal communication, possibly a letter of introduction or a business correspondence, given the structure and the use of capital letters at the beginning of lines. The text is written on a single page with a visible margin on the right side.



T H E

F I R S T E C L O G U E

O F

V I R G I L.

M E L I B Œ U S.

BENEATH the beech's venerable shade
You tune the sylvan reed supinely lay'd,
We exil'd wander from our native coast,
Our frontiers ravag'd, and our country lost ;
You through the grove your tender loves resound,
And *Amaryllis* charms the plains around.

Q 4

Tityrus.

Tityrus.

A God for *Tit'rus* shed the sweets of rest,
 A God, for ever to my soul confess'd ;
 ——Yes ! oft selected from the fleecy train,
 My lambkin shall imbrue his sacred fane ;
 Cheer'd by his smile my careless Oxen graze,
 And I securely warble o'er my lays.

Melibæus.

Surprize is mine, not envy of thy joys,
 Such wild confusion all our fields annoys !
 My Goats, sad swain, I scarce can drag along ;
 Ev'n lately This has left her helpless young,
 Her twins, the hope of all my little flock,
 Expos'd, deserted, on the barren * rock.
 Oft have these Oaks deplor'd the blasting skies,
 And oft (vain signs to *Melibæus*' eyes)
 Oft from yon ilex the prophetic crow—
 —But give me, Swain, this gen'rous God to
 know——

* This is not a strict version of '*Silex nuda*' in the text, but is introduced to heighten the scene of *Melibæus*'s distress.

Tityrus

Tityrus.

I deem'd, that sacred *Rome*, mistaken clown,
Was poor, was humble as our *Mantuan* town;
Mantua, where shepherds, from the verdant plain,
Haste to the market with their fleecy train;
Thus—great with small too fondly we compare,
Dogs with their whelps, with dams their infant
care.

—But *Rome* o'er ev'ry city heaves on high,
As the low shrub tall cypresses outvie.

Melibæus.

And what to *Rome* thy longing footsteps drew?

Tityrus.

Fair freedom call'd me—Freedom I pursue—
Soft queen of happiness, though late, she came,
§ When time matur'd the stripling's amorous
flame;

§ The original '*postquam tondenti barba cadebat*' could not be rendered gracefully in the sense implied by the foregoing remarks. The sentiment therefore is enlarged.

My

My *Amaryllis* every thought inspir'd.—
 —Yet sure, my heart while *Galatea* fir'd,
 Careless I roam'd about, nor hopes of gold,
 Nor dearer liberty my cares control'd.
 Num'rous the victim, lavish'd from my train,
 —I pour'd the consecrated feast in vain ;
 Rich cheeses to th' ungrateful town I bore,
 And much I sold, but not increas'd my store.

Melibæus.

Oft have I heard amaz'd, thy sorrowing soul
 Her deep distresses, *Amaryllis*, roll,
 With wonder seen the loaded branches bend ;
 —For him, for *Tit'rus*' self the fruits depend,—
 For thee the shrubs, for thee the forests mourn,
 And streams complaining murmur thy return.

Tityrus.

Yet say, my shepherd, say, what God so kind
 Had pour'd the beams of freedom on my mind !
 Here first the youth I saw—in grateful praise
 With annual incense shall thy altars blaze*.

* The text says, '*bis senos dies quotannis*' alluding to every month ; it was not thought necessary to render this exactly.

Be yours, he cry'd, the produce of the plain,
Be yours to feed your herds, and yoke the steer
again.

Melibæus.

Thrice happy swain ! *thy* lands, secure of strife,
Rich competence, shall bless *declining* life ;
The rugged stone may spread the fields around,
And muddy rushes rise o'er all the ground,
Thy pregnant ewes no stranger-food shall dread,
No pest its influence on thy flock shall shed.
Wrap'd in his *well-known* shade shall *Tit'rus* sing,
Lull'd by the music of the sacred spring ;
Fast by yon fence, the bound'ry of thy soil,
The bee, still rev'ling in the flow'ry spoil,
Shall tune her busy murmurs, and compose
Thy indolence of years to soft repose.
The pruner from the steep shall rouse his strain,
And Doves, thy fav'rite harmonists, complain,
Shall breathe the melancholy notes of love,
And forrowing turtles warble through the grove.

Tityrus.

Sooner the stag shall graze th' etherial plain,
Sooner the scaly race abhor the main,
Sooner

Sooner the *Parthian* loath his native bound,
 And social wander o'er *Germania's* ground,
 Than fell oblivion's charm, or time's control,
 Shall steal the godlike image from my soul.

Melibæus.

'Tis ours to roam, in wild despondence tofs'd,
 O'er *Afric's* torrid sands, or *Scythia's* frost;
 To tread the Region, where *Oæxis* roars,
 Or pine on *Britain's* world-divided shores.
 Ah! ne'er shall *Melibæus* taste again,
 For many a long, long year, his rural reign?
 For ever from his little all depart?
 No more my turf-built Cot allure my heart?
 Shall impious foes usurp my fruitful soil?
Barbarians reap the harvest of my toil?
 Ah! what a weight of woe has discord bred!
 —See, see for whom the rising grain is spread!
 Now, fondling *Melibæus*, now 'tis thine
 To graft the fruitage, and to rank the vine!—
 Hence, happy sheep, once happy, but in vain!
 No more, I tune no more the silvan strain,
 Stretch'd in my mossy cave, the browsing flock
 Behold, depending from the verdant rock,
 And smile, observant of their harmless treat,
 The willow's harshness, and the trefoil's sweet.

Tityrus.

Tityrus.

Yet here, at least, in friendship's calm delight,
 Pass, on these leaves reclin'd, the live-long night;
 Chesnuts and apples crown my bending trees,
 And loaded laughs my board with plenteous cheese;
 Thick-curles the village-smoke, and o'er the
 glade
 From the vast mountain falls th'extended shade||.

|| The most worthless originals are preferred, by the present mode of taste, to the most successful copies; and every lowest sonneteer exclaims with a sneer at the translator, that *his* compositions are his own. The Editor was too well convinced of this fantastic presumption to have hazarded the foregoing version, had he not been desirous to dress in *English* colors the meanings assigned, in the Remarks, to several passages of the Eclogue.

Too humble to affect a dictatorship in letters, he confesses an honest veneration for *ancient* beauties, and pities the *Icarus* of enthusiasm, who wishes to be esteemed "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.*" With these sentiments he contentedly dismisses the opinion of the crowd, that the labors of *Virgil*, which have been thought worthy to employ the *free spirit* of a *Dryden*, the *correcter equalities* of a *Warton*, and the *luxuriant paraphrase* of a *Gresset*, are meer objects of the stripling's exercise.

Non Me pigeat meminisse Maronis.

LYRIC.

LYRIC VERSIONS

FROM

H O R A C E,

WITH

OBSERVATIONS

ON HIS

L I F E, and W R I T I N G S.

•

OBSERVATIONS

O N T H E

Life, and Writings of *HORACE*.

COMPARISONS have been occasionally drawn between *Tæian* and *Horatian* elegance ; particular pieces contain a portion of resemblance, though the conduct of the poets is intrinsically different. That their respective merits may be more fully ascertained, the following versions are submitted, as an Appendix to the *Grecian* Lyrics.

Nor let the reader censure the affectation of an Appendix, so amply justified by the reigning literary mode, which *gravely* demands it, as a capital flourish to the conclusion of a work, with whose contents a *material* connection has been frequently overlook'd.

The translations themselves are designedly cast in the paraphrastic mould ; the flowers of

R

Horatian

Horatian morality, like those of nature, are more beautiful, when expanded. The originals were in some measure adapted to a comparative consideration, many reflections being congenial with passages of *Anacreon*; not but the superiority of the *Roman* muse is conspicuous, from those graceful turns of morality, that cannot fail to captivate, when enlivened by the sallies of imagination; Sallies, which being little ventured in more recent compositions, they have labored under the wretched imputation of being ‘very moral, and very dull.’ It were however to be wish’d, that sentimental repetitions abounded not in the text with too slender variation.

Some more refined critics have affirmed, that the Odes of *Horace* were composed for Music, and the poetical patrons of this opinion have accordingly banished from their versions the *English* heroic measure. The reasonableness of the notion may be doubted from the very insufficient state of ancient music, to which the poet seems not to have attempted to modulate a language, little favorable to ‘concord of sweet sounds.’ Yet that
metre

metre is evidently inconsistent with lyric exertions, and is therefore introduced only in the unrival'd Ode, respecting the transfer of the 'Roman capital' to *nova Troja*, whose subject is suited to majesty of expression.

On this last production, wherein the genius of *Horace* is displayed by a happy selection of words, and a luxuriant boldness of description, it may be remarked, that though the poet too fordidly flattered his emperor at times with the suppleness of a courtier, he has here devoted his abilities to the cause of his country; calling in the very deities solemnly to counteract a favorite frenzy handed from *Julius* to his successor.

Indeed his principles are delivered with a cautious delicacy, a delicacy adapted to his situation as a poet, and a *courtier*; his plan he well knew to be ungrateful to *Augustus*, and has therefore artfully seated him among the gods in compliance with the deification, previously indulged by the idolatry of the age. This recompence was attributed by *Horace* to the

justice, and constancy; virtues, with the general commendation of which the performance *splendidly* sets out*.

The insertion of this Lyric sublimity, so foreign from the ease and *naïveté* of *Anacreon*, may require an apology; the *candid* reader is refer'd to the beauties of the original, as the best excuse for an improper introduction of the copy.

Horace, from many intimations scattered throughout his works, may be presumed to have leaned to the doctrine of *Epicurus*, a doctrine of careless libertines, which, placing the enjoyment of life in the indulgences of

* It would be difficult on any other construction to ascertain the connection of the beginning with the progress of the Ode. I am inclined to think, that *Augustus* promised his favorite *Mæcenas*, that he never would exalt *Troy* higher than (as it was) a province of the Empire. And this piece may be supposed written at the instigation of *Mæcenas* (for *Horace* would not otherwise have presumed to dictate to his Emperor in a point, which was so evidently disagreeable) and designed to keep *Augustus* in the same resolution during his absence from *Rome*, in the vicinity of the place in question.

sense,

sense, was reasonably described to influence such deities, as superstition taught them to adore. These would have been lost in more rational, and distinguished employments than

Ducere nectaris

Succos, & adscribi quietis

Ordinibus — decorum.

I would not be understood, by this fantastic view of the *Epicurean* philosophy, to reflect upon the character of its founder; the observation being limited to the disciples of *Epicurus* in the days of *Augustus*. His moral conduct, and the general tendency of his doctrines have been sufficiently vindicated from the long established calumnies handed down against them‡.

A novelty of system never fails to give an alarm to the professors of those already in esteem; and a system, built on the calm intercourse of friendship, and society, was sure not to escape reproach from self-opinionated tribes, whose zeal to push forward their tenets was not less frantic, than the

‡ See Biograph. Diction. Art. *Epicurus*.

tenets themselves were indefensible. Indeed the outcry against our philosopher seems to have arisen from the popular jealousy of his intention to erect a new religion, on the ruins of the old, and to have been most successfully pursued from the odium of the contemptuous ridicule, with which he treated the deities. A downright blasphemy against that delirium of devotion riveted in the heathen world !

But the branches of the *philosophical* tree require in all ages to be pruned, or they insensibly shoot into a wild luxuriance. The followers of *Epicurus* disgraced their master's system with tenets of libertinism, and indolence, too familiarly arising from that placid serenity, which characterized the original meetings of the philosopher and his adherents*.

Yet

* *Horace* became, from policy, the professor of principles, to which his Emperor led the example of conformity, and at that time

*Solem quis dicere falsum
Ausit ?*

Yet he thought himself obliged somewhat to acquiesce in the popular vagaries of enthusiasm. The same may be observed
of

Yet with all our poet's veneration for *Epicurism* we may observe, that he chimes in with the *more confirmed* reveries of *Pagan* fables, which the *Epicureans* abhor'd ; that he enforces sober reflection with preposterous examples of *Geryon*, *Tityus*, and *Sisyphus*, those convicts of imagination, who crouded the *Aïdes* of ancient romance.

But modern sensibility little approves such incoherent dreams, concerned, that those

Virgil, who has elaborately represented the scenes of *Aïdes* from the established Religion, though the picture is closed with an insinuation, that the whole was a creature of fancy. *Falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.*—A reflection sheltered by the authority of *Homer*, and proceeding from the poet's adherence to *Epicurean* principles, which were in those days so miserably perverted, that they countenanced follies equally destructive of morality with those, they were designed to suppress. Thus in particular, disrelishing the whimsical deviations from propriety in the descriptions of the soul's situation after death, they absolutely denied its immortality. *Vitans vitia in contraria currit.* But the reader will be sufficiently repayed the labor of examining Dr. *Jortin's* learned dissertation on *Virg. Æn. b. 6*, from page 296 to the end ; and will then scarcely reconcile himself to the fantastic paradox, that *Æneas's* descent into hell signifies his initiation into *Eleusinian mysteries*. It might with as great propriety be conjectured to imply his admission into the mysteries of masonry.

follies, which degraded the religious, should pollute the literary genius of antiquity ; and it is no trivial argument of our author's excellence, that these impertinent *Auxiliaries* to his morality do not absolutely depreciate the lessons, he inculcates*.

That courtly elegance, with which the driness of sentiment is seasoned in the Odes of *Horace*, merits observation. A characteristic elegance, distinguishable in his satiric compositions, which flow from other pens in an unbounded course of censorious severity, with whose stream an ingenuous complacency has rarely intermixed.

§ *Dellius* and *Licinius* very greatly required the cool dictates of philosophy ; the former, a

* It is not to be construed, that *Horace* was a rigid *Epicurean*, at least in the earlier part of life ; for he was then confined to no sect.—*Quo me cunq; rapit tempestas deferer hospes*—This was owing to a capricious or temporizing nature—Thus in his philosophical, as in his military character, our poet might have recorded his ‘*relictam non bene formulam.*’

§ Ode 3 and 10 of book 2, are addressed to these characters, recorded with infamy by historical critics.

political

political mercury, whose veerings cannot be excused from the fluctuating temper of his times, the latter possessed with that ambition, and extravagance, which in spite of the interposing friendship of || *Mæcenas* brought destruction upon his family, and in the end upon himself.

The lectures therefore must have been singularly striking, when the characters existed, to whom they were addressed, but the *intrinsic* merit of the productions has preserved them to modern taste. The pieces, though untinged with a formal abuse of vices, which disgraced those characters, might have been esteemed, at an *earlier* period, indirect accusations of *their* conduct; the efficacy of which must necessarily evaporate, when they are so little interesting, or even known.

|| This son of luxury, the favorite of an artful usurper, seems, from the most plausible authorities, to have been indebted for *modern* esteem to his protection of the brighter stars in the hemisphere of letters. Vices he had many, of the most inveterate sort, which greatly overbalanced his few, and insignificant virtues. Flattery however, with this creature, as with many others, has scandalously atoned for defect of merit.

O D E

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

THE EFFECT OF THE INFLUENZA VIRUS ON THE
RESISTANCE OF THE BODY TO INFECTION

BY
DR. J. H. HAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

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ODE XIV. BOOK II.

SEE! with precipitated course,
Still hast'ning his career,
Sweeps along in rapid force
The whirling Year;

Nor vows can bend, nor pray'rs can stay
That stranger to delay;
Envious he posts to snatch thy bloom,
—And death rapacious points the tomb.

Though hecatombs luxuriant stain
(Each consecrated day)
Inexorable *Pluto's* fane,
The fruitless bribe we pay.

He

He—to th'infernal plains
Geryon's triple form restrains ;
Nor from the shade will *Tityus* free ;
—And dar'st thou think, he'll pity thee ?

No——'tis the lot of human birth,
The privilege of breath,
To linger for a while on earth,
Then——tread the realms of death.

Mid *labor'd* health the fated wound
Will pierce the peasant to the ground,
And monarchs tinseld round with show
Must, with their courtiers, feel the blow.

The thunder of the battle's roar
In vain the coward flies ;
Or views, undaunted on the shore,
The billows strike the skies.

Ah ! what avails it at the last
To shun intemp'rate *Auster's* blast ?
To shield the tender frame, and fear
The fury of th'autumnal year ?

Yes ! all must pass *Cocytus'* wave,
Whose slow, dull streams surround
The ghastly regions of the grave ;
——A melancholy round——

Yes

Yes! o'er the drear unsocial coast
Must see each agonizing ghost;
Must hear each guilty *Danaid's* groan,
And his, who toiling heaves the still-re-
turning stone.

Yes! of thy lands, thy house, thy wife,
Those *envy'd* joys, bereft,
Not one, one solace of thy life
To mis'ry will be left.

The trees, that shade thy spacious land,
Still in unrival'd pomp shall stand;
And scarce a cypress-twigg, my friend,
Will from the world its lord attend.

Then shall the goblet's purple foam
Burst joyful to the sight;
The sweets shall revel through the dome
Too long involv'd in night.

I see the floor in blushing pride
Stream with the wine's luxuriant tide,
See priestly *Epicures* outdone
By thy triumphant, worthier Son.

ODE XVI. BOOK II.

When blur'd the canopy of night,
And every star withdraws her light,
Amid the thunders of the main,
Reft of their guide, the suppliant train
—Undaunted by a host of foes—
Feel, deeply feel, affliction's throes,
Despondence low'ring in their breast
With anguish they exclaim for—rest.

Sweet Rest the *Thracian* warrior charms,
And quiver'd *Mede* enslav'd to arms ;
But vain the jewel's dazzling glow,
Vain is the vestment's purple flow,
Vain are the treasur'd hills of gold ;
—To pageantry she ne'er is sold.
True to her vot'ries ne'er has rest
The miser, or the coxcomb bless'd.

Nor

Nor pow'r, nor riches can impart
A balsam to the sickly heart,
Still may *their* fascinating nod
Exalt th' oppressor to a God ;
Such—splendid meanness may content,——
Quiet for worthier souls was meant,
While, round the dome of grandeur, care
On raven pinion croaks despair.

Happy the sage, whom wealth maintains,
Boon of a Father's honest gains ;
Happy the sage, who rich nor poor,
Enjoys his all, nor asks for more ;
No fears assail, no galling strife
Mar the serenity of life ;
Nor throbbing hopes, with wild control,
To sordid tumults rouse the soul.

Say, Whence thy toils, impatient man,
To curse a momentary span ?
Thou giant with a pigmy's pow'r,
Why stretch a thought beyond thy hour ?
Is it for thee thy clime to change,
For thee o'er distant realms to range ?
Go, exile, go from plain to plain,
—Thyself alas ! thou fliest in vain.

Yes !

Yes! though we mount the rapid ship,
 Care will pursue us o'er the deep;
 Close will pursue the crowding sail,
 Sure o'er the victims to prevail.

Yes! though we mount the foaming horse,
 Care will arrest us in our course,
 Far swifter than the bounding hind,
 Far swifter than the wings of wind.

Who feel contentment's genial pow'r,
 Calmly enjoy the present hour;
 Ne'er to the morrow's thoughts a prey,
 The now their all, they live to-day;
 With cheerfulness, a balm to strife,
 Soothing the bitter draught of life:
 Bless'd to insure, such griefs annoy,
 One sabbath of untainted joy.

Pelides to the stars renown'd
 Lay pierced by fate's untimely wound;
 With slow advances ling'ring death
 From old *Tithonus* stole his breath;
 Thou soon may'st quit the busy stage,
 While I—enjoy protracted age;
 Kind Heav'n (the boon unask'd) may grant
 Those years to me, which thou may'st want.

For

For thee the wide-extended hills
 Mild-bleating innocence fills ;
 Thine the luxuriant harvests, thine
 The murmurs of the lowing kine ;
 A *foreign* set of prancing mares
 In neighing pomp thy chariot bears ;
 And robes in richest purple dy'd
 Flame forth for thee with blushing pride.

Of Competency's cell possess'd
 Mine is the calm, the social breast,
 Some portion of poetic fire,
 Some little art to tune the lyre ;
 To cull the flow'rs of *Rome* and *Greece*
 Heav'n has indulg'd—and added peace,
 With pride to spurn, and worth to hate
 The rabble, and the knave of state.

ODE IX. BOOK III.

This little Dialogue has been universally esteemed a master-piece of love, admirable for its sweetness of verse and delicacy of thought. I was willing to add to the list of it's translators, particularly as it possesses a portion of that ease and nature so conspicuous in the lyric remains of *Sappho*.

Horace.

While no fond youth, with dearer arms,
Possess'd the heav'n of *Lydia's* charms,
No monarch was like *Horace* blest'd,
—Sole ruler of thy snowy breast.

Lydia.

While thou, content with *Lydia's* flame,
Avow'dst no fair usurper's claim,
Far richer transports grac'd my love,
Than honor'd *Ili*a e'er could prove.

Horace.

Horace.

Me—*Chloe's* heav'nly smiles inspire,
So—sweet her voice, so soft her lyre !
For *Chloe* I would die, if fate
Indulg'd my fair a longer date.

Lydia.

My heart for blooming *Calais* burns,
The constant youth my love returns ;
Thrice would I gladly die, to save
My blooming *Calais* from the grave.

Horace.

Say should the God once more restrain
His captives in a mutual chain,
Should I from beauteous *Chloe* turn !
Should I again for *Lydia* burn !

Lydia.

Though *Calais's* charms, divinely bright,
Outvy'd the silver lamp of night,
Thou lighter than the stormy sea,
Yet would I live, would die with thee.

ODE VII. BOOK IV.

The snow with elemental chain
No longer binds the frozen plain,
 Earth's vernal treasures bloom ;
Th'embow'ring tree with leaves is crown'd,
The grass its verdure sheds around,
 The flow'r its rich perfume.

Th'impetuous torrent now no more
Heav'd o'er the banks with fullen roar
 Rolls an unbounded tide ;
Calmly mæandring in their course,
Just waking to the murmur's force,
 The tuneful streams subside.

The lively nymphs their mazy round
Trip o'er the velvet of the ground,
 —And hail the buxom air :

—The

—The season calls to sport, and joy,
Which time too eager to destroy,
Condemns to age, and care.

Winter retires, with balmy wing
Steps blithely on—the frolic spring,
Like youth, her transient sway ;
Summer the lovely spring expells,
While jolly autumn rushing quells
The summer's radiant day.

Autumn with gay luxuriance pours
In nature's lap his genial show'rs,
But—soon resigns the year ;
To winter stern resigns his place,
Who creeps with lagging, ling'ring pace
A shiv'ring dull career.

The monthly moon renew'd to night
Lends her unvary'd, varying light ;
—Not such our mortal doom !
Alike the mansions of the dead
The rich, the brave, the good must tread ;
Their endless home—the tomb.

Pleasure in vain her trinkets shews——
To-morrow's fun the scene may close,
And folly sink——to death;
The old, the young, the grave, the gay—
None can insure a transient day,
A fleeting hour of breath.

To glut an heir's rapacious mind,
Thy wealth, thy All must be consign'd,
Each wanted joy must end;
Vain is distinction's fairest grace,
Nor mental worth, nor titled race
Death's iron-soul can bend.

Her modest swain *Diana* strove
To free, with unavailing love,
From *Pluto's* ghastly reign;
In vain would friendship's warlike hand
Loose a *Pirithous* from the land,
And burst the solid chain.

ODE III. BOOK III.

The MAN with *gen'rous* obstinacy warm'd,
 By truth directed, and by justice charm'd,
 Heeds not the madden'd vulgar's fierce control,
 Nor can a tyrant's anger shake his soul.
 Blow, blow, ye storms—with unrelenting sweep
 Heave to the stars the mountains of the deep;
 Ye thunders, rend the sphere—not His th'alarm,
 Secure he stands beneath th' Almighty arm;
 Thou, Nature, sink in gen'ral ruin spread——
 Bold 'mid the wreck of worlds he rears his head.

Pois'd on this sacred base * *Alcides* trod
 Thy seats, *Olympus*, tow'ring to a God;
 There lov'd *Augustus*, mid the pow'rs reclin'd,
 Quaffs the rich nectar, and expands his mind.

* *Pollux* is inserted in the text as one of the canonized faints, or more properly, deify'd butchers; but there seemed to be enough without him, to characterize a religion, built upon the principles of romance, and absurdity, of which several have too easily glided into its lineal descendent popery, *progeniem vitiosorem*.

Pois'd on this base *Lyæus'* guiding hand
 Rein'd the proud tygers to his dread command ;
 And *Rome's* great founder, borre with eagle flight,
 Sprang on paternal steeds to realms of light.

The Gods were fat—their queen, to vengeance
 mov'd,

'Thus spake resolv'd the language, which they
 lov'd,—

' Thy *Paris, Iliou, Iliou*, once renown'd,

' And foreign beauty crush'd thee to the ground ;

' Know, when thy perjur'd prince the gods de-
 fy'd,

' Disdain'd his contract, and the boon deny'd,

' Know---Wisdom's queen, and *Juno* wrought
 thy fall ;

' We everlasting ruin show'r'd on All.

' No more, of name accurs'd th'adultrous boy

' With *Helen* revels in a guilty joy ;

' *Hector* no more, triumphant in his course,

' Heads the false band, and breaks the *Grecian*
 force ;

' Sunk ev'ry storm, and clos'd the scene of wars,

' No more Heav'n bellows with tumultuous jars ;

' No more Revenge—all hatred I resign,

' And hail with smiles this God—of *Trojan* line.

' His

- ‘ His the full glories of th’ætherial plain,
- ‘ His with the placid deities to reign ;
- ‘ Wrap’d in a calm serenity of soul
- ‘ Be his—the treasures of th’immortal bowl.
- ‘ Long as old ocean’s far spread waters foam
- ‘ From *Troy* detested, to the banks of *Rome*,
- ‘ Th’ illustrious exiles with unenvy’d sway
- ‘ Swell their wide bounds——where conquest
points the way.
- ‘ Long † as the herd with unrelenting tread
- ‘ Roam o’er the graves of the majestic dead,
- ‘ In conscious pomp the capitol shall glow,
- ‘ And rule with sov’reign nod the subject foe.
- ‘ Far as the land-dividing billows roar,
- ‘ Where *Nile* prolific deluges the shore,
- ‘ Theirs be the triumph——theirs the voice of
fame,
- ‘ And the world tremble at the *Roman* name.
- ‘ Yet must She nobly dare the mine despise ;
- ‘ Where beams the gilded mischief, virtue dies ;
- ‘ Still wealth, still bury’d in thy native clay,
- ‘ No venal traitor tear thee to the day ;

† ‘ *Catulos fera celent inultæ*’ though expressive of the scene of desolation intended in the text promised rather too low an appearance in a poetical version. The ill-success of those, who have versify’d the fall of *Babylon* from the elegant prose of *Isaiab*, particularly in copying the more humble characteristic incidents, seems sufficient to vindicate the omission.

So

‘ So shall *her* deeds on glory’s rapid wing
 ‘ Full o’er the distant bounds of nature spring;
 ‘ Where Sol incessant streams of radiance pours,
 ‘ Where clouds for ever hang, for ever rush
 ‘ the show’rs.

‘ Nor you, ye warriors, with presumptuous joy,
 ‘ Raise the fall’n pride of heav’n-abandon’d *Troy*;
 ‘ Too sure the insolence of zeal to rue,
 ‘ For *Juno*, Fate, and Vengeance will pursue.
 ‘ Again your slaughter’d youth to *Greece* shall
 ‘ yield,
 ‘ Myself will head her squadrons to the field;
 ‘ Thrice should *Apollo*’s arm the bulwarks found,
 ‘ Thrice should the bulwarks thunder to the
 ‘ ground;
 ‘ The wand’ring, widow’d matrons thrice de-
 ‘ plore
 ‘ Their husbands, fathers, and their sons no
 ‘ more.

But whither wouldst thou urge thy headlong
 flight,

Why tempt, impatient muse, a matchless height!
 Cease, goddess, cease, nor in unhallow’d verse,
 The sacred councils of the Gods rehearse.

R E F L E C T I O N S

Upon PASSAGES in the foregoing

O D E S of H O R A C E.

OUR *Roman* Lyrist has supplied the most copious food for the hunger of correction; though almost infinite the emendations of his text, a large field remains for more. In the few following conjectures novelty shall be supported by plausibility. For the rest, the readings of *Bentley* are adhered to.

This great, though often too rigid, critic is the clearest unraveler of historical knots, which would utterly escape the attention of the more flimsy annotator; where his verbal alterations are of importance, he usually improves his original. The best half-critic of *Horace*, who delighting in the sandy soil of scholastic erudition relish'd not the richness
of

of poetry; like his brother-antiquarians, not condescending to stoop for a diamond, he grovels unfatigued for some whimsical, rusty medal.

But,—Peace be to his many

Inopes Rerum, nugæq; canoræ,

for he was master of a capital art, affectedly despised by the *refined* creatures of criticism, the art of keeping to his text.

Bentley was in reality most esteemed, when his author was least understood; his use made him of consequence, and to his elaborate zeal we owe the most valuable readings, since gratefully adopted by the admirers of *Horace*.

ODE XIV. BOOK II.

Non si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,

Amice, places illacrimabilem

Plutona tauris, &c.

Placare tentes, say *Mefirs. Dacier*, and *Sanadon*; the sentence will receive a more sufficient close by the following arrangement;
 ‘ *Non places Plutona tauris, (etiam) si trecentis,*
quot-

quæquæ erant dies,’ and the first stanza will be complete without intruding the sentiment into the second.

*Damnatusq; longi
Sisyphus Æoliaes laboris.*

The ellipsis is unnecessary, and as such may seem more elegantly changed to the direct, and easy construction, ‘*damnatus longo labori,*’ as in Ode 3, Book 3.

*Mibi,
Castæq; damnatum Minervæ.*

At least the repetition of the ‘hissing letter,’ so justly censured in our own language, will be avoided.——*Nullorum autoritate codicum.*

——— *Mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo
Pontificum potiore Cænis.*

The meaning of this sentence is obvious, yet has the simple epithet ‘*superbo*’ occasioned a deal of ink-theal. It has been introduced in all its cases by one innovator, or another, ‘*superbus, suberbis, superbum, superbo,*’ which are all rejected by a correspondent with the edi-
tor

tor of ‘Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors ancient and modern’ for *superbūm*; an epithet well adapted to *Pontificum*, but, as *Bentley* complains of it in the accusative singular, ‘*ingratissimum sonum efficit.*’

It is immaterial to the sense of the passage with what noun the adjective should be coupled. I would prefer ‘*superbis cænis* ;’ the conclusion of the Ode flows more harmoniously, and is better suited to *Horatian* spirit.

ODE III. BOOK III.

*Dùm longus inter sæviat Ilion,
Romamq; Pontus.*

Messrs. *Dacier* and *Sanadon* understand this, and the following stanza, as conditions, on which *Juno* proposed to indulge her favor to the *Romans*. The adverb should be rather interpreted ‘as long a time as,’ which from the reflection itself, aided by the wishes of *Rome*, we may imagine to be the same as ‘for ever.’ To examine particulars;

Dùm

*Dùm longus inter sæviat Iliön,
Romamq; Pontus*

cannot imply a condition, for it was morally impossible, it could be broken.

*Quâlibet exules
In parte regnanto beati ;*

They may rule happily in any *other* place, for ‘exules’ must be applied to *Iliön*.

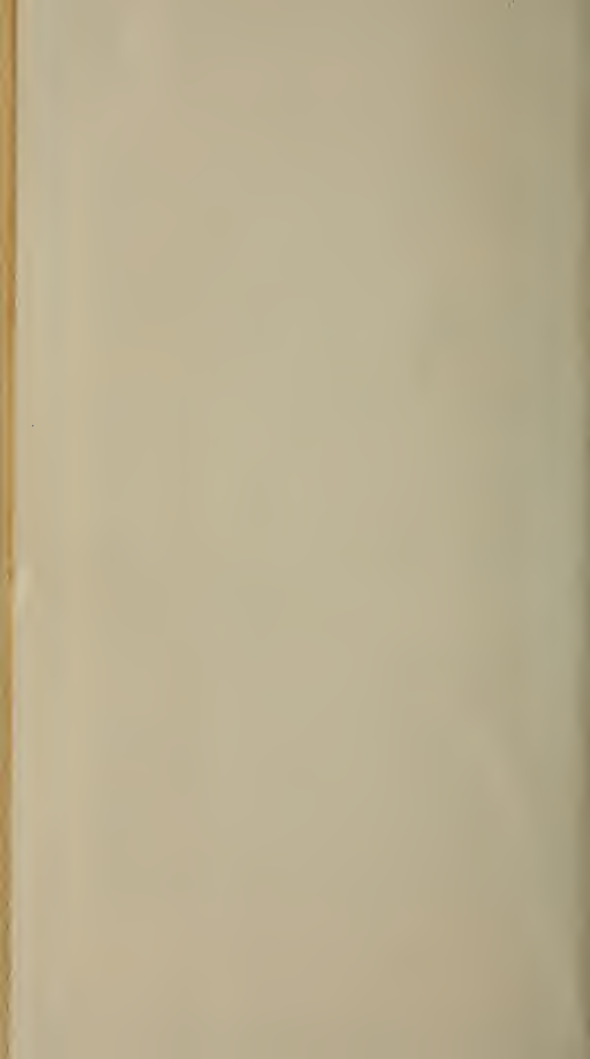
*Dùm Priami, Paridisq; busto
Insuetet armentum, &c.*

Here the *French* critics carry a more plausible appearance ; but if we consider the general hopes of the people, that *Troy* would never become their capital, the phrase cannot be esteemed a condition, for as long as *Ilium* remained in its desolate situation, the consequence specified would necessarily subsist.

T H E E N D.

E R R A T A.

- Page 15, Βαθύκολπος thus accented.
- Page 24, for 'Anacreon's purchase' read 'bargain.'
- Page 27, 'εκεῖνος thus written.
- Page 29, *fatidicum* for *fatidica*.
- Page 44, λάβη τὶ in two words.
- Page 66, the note is intended for the conclusion of Ode XXXII. should therefore have been inserted page 65.
- Page 67, note second, read 'by Scaliger to' &c.
- Page 68, read 'What tho' beauty's blooming grace'
- Page 71, last note, for 'adherence to' read 'compliance with'
- Page 77, read 'Take the bowl—begin the fight.'
- Page 80, note second, for 'the former he was led to insert' read 'the former was inserted.'
- Page 101, note first, read Ἕτεροπνόις ἐν αὐλῶις—Ἕτεροπνόοι (in the succeeding part of the note) thus accented.
- Page 103, πεπηδῆμενον thus accented.
- Page 109, ἐρατοὶ and ἐρατὸν thus written.
- Page 113, ἐρότοι and ἐροτῶν thus written.
- Page 115, note, πρὸςάγοντ' thus accented.
- Page 179, line 4, the word 'whole' redundant.
- Page 225, line 7, read, Dùm varios natura vigen^s.





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