THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL,
In LATIN and ENGLISH.

The ÆNEID Translated
By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT;
The Eclogues and Georgics, with Notes on the Whole,
By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With several NEW Observations,
By Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Spence, C. Heyne, and Others.

ALSO,
A DISSECTIOIATION on the Sixth Book of the ÆNEID,
By Mr. WARBURTON.

On the Shield of Æneas, by Mr. W. Whitehead.

On the Character of IAPIS,
By the late Dr. ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester.

AND,
Three Essays on Pastoral, Didactic, and Epic Poetry,
By Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

The THIRD EDITION, with considerable Improvements.

VOL. I.

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Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.
M.DCC.LXXVII.
TO THE
HONOURABLE
Sir GEORGE LYTTELTON, Bart.
ONE OF THE
LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE TREASURY.

SIR,

CENSURE is so seldom softened by apologies, that perhaps it may be useless for me to declare my consciousness of inability to do justice to the most perfect of poets, in the following translation. When I first entered upon this work, I sometimes imagined, that I heard the voice of Virgil addressing me with the humanity of his hero;

Quo moriture ruis? majoraque viribus audes?
Fallit te incautum pietas tua!—

for indeed nothing but my affection for the author could have engaged me in so arduous an undertaking.

Whoever considers the degree of delicacy and correctness to which the Eclogues of Virgil are polished; together with the ease and wonderful harmony of his numbers; will be convinced of the extreme difficulty of transposing into another tongue,
tongue, beauties of so-refined and subtle a nature. It requires no small command of language, to be able to carry on Pastoral Dialogues, without sinking into vulgar idioms, to unite simplicity with grace, and to preserve familiarity without flatness. A style too highly elevated would be nauseously unnatural, and one too prosaic and plebeian, would be insipid and unaffectioning. And to keep a just mean, is perhaps as difficult in writing as in life.

There are few images and sentiments in the Eclogues of Virgil, but what are drawn from the Idylliums of Theocritus: in whom there is a rural, romantic wildness of thought, heightened by the Doric dialect; with such lively pictures of the passions, and of simple unadorned nature, as are infinitely pleasing to such lovers and judges of true poetry as yourself. Theocritus is indeed the great store-house of pastoral description; and every succeeding painter of rural beauty (except Thomson in his Seasons,) hath copied his images from him, without ever looking abroad upon the face of nature themselves. And thus a set of hereditary objects has been continued from one poet to another, which have been often made use of without any propriety either as to age or climate.

But Virgil never borrowed an idea from his Sicilian master, without beautifying and heightening it with the lustre of his language. And perhaps
haps it may be observed in general, that if the Romans ever excelled their Grecian masters in the graces of diction, which however was seldom the case, it was owing to their exerting all their powers, in dressing up those thoughts and ideas that were ready found to their hands. The mind can attend but to one object at once, with any vigour and intenseness: and if it be big and dilated with the conception and creation of new images, has scarce leisure to adorn them with that pomp of studied expression, which the writer that coolly copies them, can bestow upon them.

Indeed of all authors, either ancient or modern, Virgil seemeth to be the most perfect in his style; I mean in the poems he lived to finish. There is a profusion of the most daring metaphors and most glowing figures, there is a majesty and magnificence of diction throughout the Georgics, that notwithstanding the marvellous harmony and grandeur of the Greek versification, is scarcely excelled by Homer himself. Our author's terms and epithets are chosen with such propriety, elegance and expressiveness, that, as Mr. Addison finely observes, We receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes. We may justly therefore apply to him what Aristotle thought so high a commendation of

\[\text{b 2} \]

Homer:
Homer: that he found out living words. If the arrows which are impatient to destroy, and the spears that thirst to drink blood, are so deservedly admired in the Iliad, Virgil doubtless merits equal praise, for giving life and feeling, love and hatred, hope and fear, wonder and ambition, to plants and to trees, and to the very earth itself: and for exalting his favourite insects, by endowing them with reason, passions, arts, and civil government. To use Aristotle's expression, Every thing in this poem hath manners, and all the creation is animated.

But alas! since this is the case, what must become of a translator of the Georgics, writing in a language not half so lofty, so founding, or so elegant as the Latin, incapable of admitting many of its best and boldest figures, and heavily fettered with the Gothic shackles of rhyme! Is not this endeavouring to imitate a palace of porphyry with flints and bricks? A poem whose excellence peculiarly consists in the graces of diction is far more difficult to be translated, than a work where sentiment, or passion, or imagination, is chiefly displayed. So that I fear we can receive but a faint notion of the beauty of the Georgics from any English version of them. An engraving may indeed faithfully represent the subject, but can give no idea of the colouring of one of Titian's landscapes. Besides, the meanness of the terms of husbandry is concealed and lost in a dead language.
and they convey no low or despicable image to the mind; but the coarse and common words I was necessitated to use in the following translation, viz. plough and sow, wheat, dung, Essex, horse and cow, &c. will, I fear, unconquerably disgust many a delicate reader, if he doth not make proper allowances for a modern compared with an ancient language; and doth not frequently recollect,

verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit! et angustis hunc addere robus honorem.

So just is the observation of Boileau, that a mean or common thought expressed in pompous diction, generally pleases more than a new or noble sentiment delivered in low and vulgar language; because the number is greater of those whom custom has enabled to judge of words, than whom study has qualified to examine things. In short, the Georgics are the highest flight of Virgil, and the master-pieces of his genius, excepting always the fourth book of the Æneid. Some of the translations with which they are adorned, are the boldest and most daring imaginable, and hold very much of the enthusiasm of the ancient lyrics; and I think one may venture to affirm, that this poem contains more original unborrowed beauties, and is more perfect in its kind as a Didaastic, than the Æneid as an Epic poem. Of this last work, give me leave to say, that I have ever observed, persons of elevated and sublime imaginations are more captivated with the Iliad, and men of elegant and tender
tender minds with the Æneid. He that peruses Homer, is like the traveller that surveys mount Atlas; the vastness and roughness of its rocks, the solemn gloominess of its pines and cedars, the everlasting snows that cover its head, the torrents that rush down its sides, and the wild beasts that roar in its caverns, all contribute to strike the imagination with inexpressible astonishment and awe.

While reading the Æneid is like beholding the Capitoline hill at Rome, on which stood many edifices of exquisite architecture, and whose top was crowned with the famous temple of Jupiter, adorned with the spoils of conquered Greece.

If the design of the Æneid was to compliment Augustus, and reconcile the Romans to the government of the Julian family; if, as Mr. Pope was used frequently to say, *it was evidently as much a party-piece, as Absalom and Achitophel*; you, Sir, are too warm a lover of liberty and the virtue of ancient Rome, not to censure the poet as an abject flatterer; unless you will allow the validity of the usual excuse for his conduct; that as the commonwealth maxims were no longer practicable, and a change in the government was unavoidable, after the last struggle for liberty at Philippi had ended so unfortunately, and even the virtuous Messalla had thought it no shame to submit to the conqueror, Virgil believed it would be the best service he could then do his countrymen, to endeavour to soften their minds towards so mild and gentle a
master as Augustus, out of whose hands it was impossible for them to extort the power he had usurped. And that some change in the constitution of Rome was absolutely necessary, seems to be the opinion of that admirable writer and penetrating politician, the president Montesquieu: It must be acknowledged, says he, that the Roman laws were too weak to govern the republic, when it was arrived at its height: experience has proved it to be an invariable fact, that good and just laws, which raise the reputation and power of a small republic, become improper and useless to it, when once its grandeur is established, because it was the natural effect of such laws to make a people great, but not to govern them when made so. He adds afterwards with his usual pregnant brevity, Take this compendium of the Roman history: they subdued all the nations by their maxims; but when they had so far succeeded, their republic could not subsist any longer: the plan of their government must be changed, and maxims contrary to the first, being then introduced, they were divested of all their grandeur.

As to the poetical faults of the Æneid I believe they are but few. What may seem the most liable to censure in the conduct of this poem, is the making Dido a far more interesting and striking character than Lavinia, upon whom the whole action turns. But this circumstance is surely excusable, if we reflect how great a stroke of art the poet
poet has exhibited, in assigning this origin of the inveterate enmity betwixt the rival powers of Rome and Carthage; who were so often engaged in those important and bloody contentions of which Lucretius speaks so sublimely;

\begin{align*}
\text{Omnia cum belli trepido concussa tumultu,} \\
\text{Horrida contremuere sub altis aetheris auris,} \\
\text{In dubioque fuit sub utrorum regna cadendum} \\
\text{Omnibus humanis est terraque marique.}
\end{align*}

L. iii. 845.

And farther; those who cenSure Lavinia as a tame and insipid character, should consider the retired nature of female education among the ancients; for if Virgil had painted this beautiful young princess any otherwise than full of modesty and reservedness, silent and obedient to her parents, he had falsified the manners of the age of which he wrote: in which the fair sex were not permitted to make that conspicuous figure in life they have since done, to the great ornament and improvement of human society.

There are two particulars more, which perhaps will not so easily admit of an excuse. One is, a manifest want of variety of characters in the Æneid, where the few that are introduced are not sufficiently diversified: Homer’s Achilles, Ajax, Diomede and Hector, are all brave; and Ulysses and Neptor are wise; but then each of these heroes is brave and is wise, in a manner eminently different from the other. “The characters of Virgil (says Mr.
Mr. Pope) "are far from striking us in this open" manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and "undistinguished, and where they are marked most "evidently, affect us not in proportion to those "of Homer. His characters of valour are much "alike; even that of Turnus seems no way pecu-"liar, but as it is in a different degree: and we "see nothing that differences the courage of "Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, "and the rest." Perhaps it may be urged, that the character of Æneas, which is entirely of our poet's own formation, and in which wisdom, piety, and courage are so happily blended and tempered with each other, may in some measure atone for this deficiency. — The other seeming blemish is, that in reading the last six books, one cannot forbear pitying Turnus, who undoubtedly ought to have been drawn with some fault or other to have excited our aversion, or raised our indigna-
tion. But to see a valiant young prince, robbed of a mistress whom he passionately loved and who re-turnéd his passion, and to whom he was even betrothed; nay to behold him, murdered, while he fights to maintain his claim to her, by a perfect stranger, who has nothing to plead for his conduct but the gods and oracles; are circumstances that while they prejudice the reader against Æneas, deeply interest him for Turnus. It were to be wished the poet had either given the latter some unamiable quality, or else had represented Lavinia as averse to the match. All that can be said in
defence of this proceeding is, that the present readers of Virgil judge of it in a manner different from the Romans to whom he wrote; who probably looked on Turnus as justly punished for having broke the solemn truce agreed to in the twelfth book, and for fighting against the will of Heaven; and moreover might view this gallant prince in an unfavourable light as he opposed the establishment of that person in Italy,

— Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.

Thus am I rashly endeavouring to pick out seeming blemishes and defects in this admirable writer, while I should be making some apology for undertaking the following translation, after so many persons of eminence, and particularly Mr. Dryden, for whose name and writings I have the sincerest veneration and love. But I must at the same time beg leave to observe, with truth, and I hope with modesty, that in his version of the Eclogues and Georgics, which is certainly inferior to his Æneid, there are so many gross mistakes, so many careless incorrect lines, and such wild deviations from his original, as are utterly astonishing in so great and true a genius. But instead of the invidious and disagreeable task of pointing out these passages at length, I choose rather to say in those generous words of Mr. Pope on a similar occasion, "that " nothing could have made Mr. Dryden capable of " such mistakes, but extreme haste in writing; " which
which never ought to be imputed as a fault to
him, but to those who suffered so noble a genius
to lie under the necessity of it.

And I have still a weightier reason for not specifying these blameable passages; which is, that I am apprehensive, an equal, or perhaps a greater number of my own lines, might be produced on the same occasion. Justice obliges me to add, that even in the midst of these lownesses and inequalities of Mr. Dryden, his native spirit and vigour, the veteris vestigia flammae, frequently break forth: and I have deeply felt how difficult it is to work after so great a master on the same subject.

Give me leave to intrude on your patience a moment longer, to speak of Mr. Pitt's version of the Æneid. I am very well informed that Mr. Pope, notwithstanding his just affection and even veneration for Mr. Dryden, regarded Mr. Pitt's as an excellent translation. It is lucky for me that some of Mr. Dryden's errors in this part of the work have been lately pointed out by a very candid writer, and one who entertains the highest opinion of his genius, to whom, says he, our English poetry is more obliged for its improvements than to any other writer, excepting only Mr. Pope. What I hint at, is one of the chapters upon allegory in Mr. Spence's Polymetis, where that gentleman hath endeavoured to shew, how very little our poets have understood the allegories of the ancients even
even in their translations of them; and has chosen
to instance in Mr. Dryden’s translation of Virgil’s
Æneid, as he thought him one of our most cele-
brated poets. The mistakes are very numerous,
and some of them unaccountably gross. Upon this
I was desirous to examine Mr. Pitt’s translation of
the same passages, and was surprized to find, that
in near fifty instances, which Mr. Spence has given
of Mr. Dryden’s mistakes of that kind, Mr. Pitt
had not fallen into above three or four. A few
specimens may not be amiss, to entertain the cu-
riosity of their several readers.

1. Cum tacet omnis ager.            Æn. 4. ver. 520.

And peace with downy wings was brooding on the ground.
Dryden, ver. 752.

Virgil does not mention peace at all on this occa-
sion; and I do not remember, says Mr. Spence, to
have met with any one ancient representation of
Peace with wings. Pitt only says:

O’er all the fields a brooding silence reigns.
Pitt, ver. 759.

2. Jamque rubescebat radiis mare, et aethere ab alto
Aurora in refeis fulgebats lutea bigis.        Æn. 7. 26.

Now when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav’d her saffron streamer thro’ the skies.
Dryden, ver. 35.

Mr. Dryden here seems to have admitted some
mixture of the allegory and the reality together:
Virgil
Virgil is free both from the streamer, and this faulty mixture; so also is Pitt;

Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
And Ocean reddens with the rising morn. Pitt, 31.

3. *Tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora avia matres*  
*Insultant thiasis, (neque enim leve nomen Amatae)*  
*Undique collecti coeunt, Martemque fatigant.*  

Æn. 7. 582.

Then they, whose mothers frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with dishevell'd hair,
Increase the clamour, and the war demand—

Dryden, 803.

As he had before given a streamer to Aurora, he here gives flags to the attendants of Bacchus;

 Those too whose mothers by the queen were led,
When fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods she fled,
(Such was her int'rest in the realm) declare
For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.

Pitt, 735.

4. Cybele in another place is drawn by the tygers of Bacchus instead of her own lions.

*Alma parens Idaeae deum, cui Dindyma cordi,*  
*Turrigeraque urbes, bijugique ad fraena leones.*  

Æn. 10. 253.

Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tygers rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.

Dryden, 356.

Great
Great guardian queen, of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majestic mother of the gods!
Whose strong defence proud towering cities share,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car.

Pitt, 366

5. Hic, ubi disjectas moles, avulsaque saxis
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit; totamque ab sedibus urbe
Eruit—
Æn. 2. 612

This exalted passage Mr. Dryden has thus translated:

Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the solid base.

Where it is to be observed he has divested Neptune of his trident, and equipped him with a Gothic mace. That Pitt hath restored the god his proper insignia, is much the least part of his praise in this sublime passage:

Where yon' rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,
Stone rent from stone, a dreadful ruin lies,
And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirlwind flies:
There Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There from her basis heaves the trembling town.

Pitt, 812

6. ——— Paterque Sabinus
Vitisator, curvam servans sub imagine falcem.
Æn. 7. 179

In
In translating this passage, Mr. Dryden hath made Sabinus lean his head upon his pruning hook, which as it would appear absurd in a statue or picture, cannot be proper in a poetical description.

There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a short pruning hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his generous wines.

Dryden, 249.

Sabinus there who prest the foaming wine,
Extends the hook that prun'd the generous vine.

Pitt, 221.

7. One great occasion of faults in Mr. Dryden in relation to the imaginary beings of the ancients, is owing to his not being sufficiently acquainted with (or not recollecting) their particular qualities, rank and dignity; and this makes him sometimes vary from his original.

Ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthius, omnemque
Accessum lufrans, hoc ora ferebat et illuc,
Dentibus infrendens. Ter totum fervidus ira
Lufrat Aventini montem; ter faxea tentat
Limina nequicquam; ter sefius valle refedit.

Æn. 8. 228.

The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast,
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd;
He gnash'd his teeth, and thrice he compaft round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.

Thrice
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And panting thrice deftissed from his pain.

Dryden, 304.

Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate;
He gnash'd his teeth with rage, the pass's try'd,
And roll'd his eager eyes on ev'ry side;
Now here, now there, a fiery glance he throw'd,
And thrice impetuous round the mountain flew;
Thrice strove to storm the mafly gates in vain,
And thrice, o'er-spent, fate panting on the plain.

Pitt, 360.

8. Non tuld Alcides animis: seque ipse per ignem
Praecipiti jecit saltu: qua plurimus undam
Fumus agit, nebulaque ingens specus aestuat atrâ.
Æn. 8. 258.

The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' fumes, and gropes his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled till he grasps his prey.

Dryden, 344.

This last particular is great in Virgil, and little in Dryden; and fitter for the herdsman hero (as he calls him in the beginning of the story, 279) than the chief of all the heroes who were deified for having acted in this world, for the good of mankind. Let us see Mr. Pitt's translation.

With that the vengeful god in fury grew;
And headlong thro' the burning tempest flew;
Fierce on the fiend, thro' stifling fumes he came,
Thro' streams of smoke and deluges of flame.

ver. 331.
In fine, if my partiality to Mr. Pitt does not mislead me, I should think he has executed his work with great spirit, that he has a fine flow of harmonious versification, and has rendered his author's sense with faithfulness and perspicuity; but my testimony can be of little consequence in this case; and there is no reason to doubt but he will stand by his own intrinsic merit; which the public hath already sufficiently approved.

I thought it proper to premise these few reflections, on Virgil, on Mr. Pitt, and myself, before I ventured to give the following translation into your hands; I dared not say,

—in Meti descendat judicis aures,

till I had endeavoured to point out the peculiar difficulties attending this performance, and had obviated any charge of envy, or even of emulation, in attempting it after Mr. Dryden. I have only to add, that among other reasons why I could wish this work may reach posterity, one of the greatest is, that it may be known, I enjoyed the favour and friendship of Sir George Lyttelton.

I am,

S I R,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

Jan. 1,
1753,

JOSEPH WARTON.
ADVERTISEMENT.

1753.

THE design of the following volumes is to give a poetical translation, and a correct edition of Virgil's works, illustrated with explications of the difficult, and observations on the beautiful passages. For which purpose, his best critics and commentators have been consulted and made use of, but never quoted without acknowledgment. Besides these assistances, I must inform the reader, that Mr. Spence hath promoted this undertaking with that warmth and readiness with which he always serves his friends, by communicating to me a great number of manuscript notes of the late Mr. Holdsworth, author of Museipola, &c: who by residing many years in Italy, and by making Virgil his constant companion in his travels, had an opportunity of being very exact in his observations on his favourite author. Many of them, that are local, and relate to the soil, the climate and customs of Italy, will I believe be found extremely curious and useful. Mr. Spence likewise obliged me with several excellent remarks of his own, made when he was abroad, that were never yet published, and with some few of Mr. Pope's. His Polyemetis also hath greatly enriched the following collection.
I must not neglect to return my thanks to Mr. Warburton, for giving leave that his most learned and ingenious dissertation on the sixth book of the Æneid might be here inserted; which the reader will find much altered and enlarged with several valuable additions. Mr. William Whitehead hath contributed to the usefulness and beauty of this work by giving it what Virgil has long wanted, a design for the shield of Æneas. He hath added a dissertation on this subject, wherein are some curious remarks on the Roman history, which it is not strange that he should understand, who has made one of its greatest heroes appear so nobly on our * stage. To my learned and ingenious friend Mr. Samuel Johnson I am very much obliged; not only for his elegant essay on Pastoral Poetry, but for several most judicious remarks and observations scattered thro’ the whole. It was thought proper not to omit in this edition, Bishop Atterbury’s celebrated conjecture, concerning lapis, in the twelfth book of the Æneid. It may be necessary likewise to take notice here that Mr. Pitt has borrowed about sixty lines from Mr. Dryden, and I myself about a dozen, and a remark or two in the life of Virgil. I am indebted also to Mr. Benson for some observations, and for six lines of his translation of the two first Georgics. For the rest I am answerable; and I hope those readers that are able to judge, who are likewise ever most inclined to pardon, will excuse the smaller faults and inadvertencies that will necessarily happen in the course of so long a work.

* In his tragedy called the Roman Father.
I begin now most sensibly to perceive the force of that saying of a French author: "When a man writes, "he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of "pleasing all the world; but he is to renounce that "hope, the very moment the book goes out of his "hands."

* * *

In this edition are now first added, several remarks and observations, taken from an edition of Virgil, published at Leipsic, 1771, in four volumes, octavo, by the learned and ingenious Christopher Gott. Heyne. The title of Excursus, which he has given to some of the longer of these observations, is here preserved. And it was thought to be no objection to the insertion of them, that some of them contained remarks contradictory to what had been before advanced in these volumes. In criticism, there will ever be an useful variety of opinions.
THE
LIFE
OF
VIRGIL.

We have an eager desire to be thoroughly acquainted with the minuteest circumstances in the lives of those who have made themselves greatly eminent. It is probably owing to this curiosity, that the writings of old Montagne, notwithstanding his excursions and irregularities, are found so amusing and delightful. Plutarch observes, that the true genius, and characteristic turn of men's minds, are best to be gathered from the small and seemingly inconsiderable particulars of their lives and fortunes. It were to be wished antiquity furnished us with any light of this sort with regard to our celebrated Poet. But we have very few materials to gather from; only some scattered remarks of old commentators and grammarians, and a life written by Tiberius Donatus, (by some falsely supposed to be St. Jerom's master) whose authenticity Ruseus hath taken great pains to explode and destroy. What can best be depended upon seemeth to be as follows.

Publius Virgilius Maro was born on the fifteenth Vol. I. day
day of October in the year of Rome 684, in the consulship of Pompey and Craflus, at a village called Andes, now Petula, not far from Mantua. His father's name was Virgil, according to the opinion of Servius and Probus; for if he had been called Maro, as Donatus affirms, our Poet's name must have been, according to the custom of the Romans, Publius Maro Virgilius.

His father was undoubtedly of low birth and mean circumstances, but by his industry so much recommended himself to his master, that he gave him his daughter, named Maia, in marriage, as a reward of his fidelity. Our Poet, discovering early marks of a very fine genius, was sent at twelve years old to study at Cremona, where he continued till his seventeenth year. He then removed to Milan, and from thence to Naples, being the residence of several teachers of philosophy and polite learning, and prosecuted his studies with great industry and intenseness, carefully perusing the most elegant of the Greek and Roman writers. But physic and mathematics were his favourite sciences, and to which he principally attached himself: and to this early tincture of geometrical learning were owing, that regularity of thought, propriety of expression, and exactness of conducting all subjects, for which he is so remarkable. He learnt the Epicurean philosophy under the celebrated Syro, of whom Cicero speaks twice with the greatest encomiums both of his learning and virtue.

His acquaintance with Varus, his first patron, commenced by his being fellow-student with him under this philosopher, for whom Virgil seems to have had a warm affection and esteem.

There is an epigram remaining, addressed to Syro, written with so beautiful a simplicity that one may safely pronounce it the work of Virgil: who being afraid his father and family would be turned out of their estate at Andes, endeavoured to find a retreat for his parents, and
and cast his eye upon a little farm that Syro possessed in the country.

Ad Villam Scironis.

Villula, quae Scironis eras, & pauper agelle,
Verum illi domino tu quoque divitiæ;
Me tibi, & hos una mecum, quos semper amavi,
Si quid de patriæ triélius audire?
Commendo, in primisque patrem; tu nunc eris illi
Mantua quod fuerat, quodque Cremonæ prius.

After Virgil had compleated his studies at Naples, Donatus affirms, that he made a journey to Rome; that by his extraordinary skill in the diseases incident to cattle of all kinds, he recommended himself to Augustus's master of the horse, who procured appointments for him in the royal stables; that Augustus having a colt presented to him by the Crotoniates which promised uncommon swiftness and spirit, Virgil immediately pronounced that he came from a sickly mare, and would be good for nothing, which proved the case; and lastly, that the emperor hearing of his extraordinary penetration and discernment, sent for him privately to enquire concerning his own parentage, whether he was really the son of Octavius or not. But Ruaeus and the most judicious critics have rejected and refuted these stories as highly fabulous, improbable, and impertinent; and are of opinion that he did not appear at Rome, and was not known to Augustus till long afterwards. Perhaps 'tis safest to steer betwixt these two opposite opinions, and to say, that our Poet might probably pay a visit to Rome, and be introduced to Augustus, though not by the methods Donatus has assigned. At least, Ruaeus seems to lay too great a stress on that passage in the first Eclogue,

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibææ, putavi
Siultus ego hunc nostræ fìmilem

B 2

And
And again,

*Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videendi?*

*Libertas—*

For tho' Virgil is said to represent himself under the person of Tityrus, yet this ignorance of the largeness of the city might be counterfeited, and thrown in, as a natural stroke of pastoral simplicity, and may perhaps be justly considered as a sentiment rather beautifully poetical than strictly true.

We cannot imagine that such an exalted genius as Virgil was blest with, could lie long unactive and unexerted. We are told accordingly, that in the warmth of early youth, he framed a noble design, and boldly intended to write a poem on the Wars of Rome; but after some attempts, he was discouraged from proceeding, by the roughness and asperity of the old Roman names, which horridly disgusted so delicate an ear. That great master of verse (says a lively writer) found it difficult to put such harsh words, as Vibius Caudex, Tanaquil, Lucumo, or Decius Mus into his poetry. Some of the names of towns could absolutely find no place in heroic measure. They were almost as frightful as Boileau's Woerden, or the hideous Wurts, of whose name he so woefully complains as quite fearing his muse.

*Des villes que tu presns les noms durs et barbares,*

*N'offrent de toutes partes que syllabes bizarres:*

*Et qui peut sans fumir aborder Woerden,*

*Quel vers ne tomberoit au seul nom de Hensden?*

*Wurts, l'espoir du pais, et l'appui de ces murs,*

*Wurts—Ah quel nom, Grand Roi, quel Hector que ce Wurts?*

Epitre 4.

Not only so, but 'tis probable he was deterred from an undertaking above his years, by the reason assigned by our English Boileau,

When
When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,  
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,  
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,  
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;  
But when t' examine every part he came,  
Nature and Homer were he found the same;  
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;  
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,  
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.

Captivated with the native beauties of the Idylliums  
of Theocritus, and ambitious of introducing a new species of poetry among the Romans, our poet from hence-forward seems to have bent his whole thoughts to imitate and rival the sweet Sicilian: And having transplanted Pastoral into his own country, it flourished as successfully, as the cherry-trees which Lucullus conveyed from Pontus.

Of these compositions 'tis highly probable that intitled Alexis was his first performance. Dr. Martyn thinks it might have been written in the year of Rome 709, when the Poet was in his twenty-fifth year, which was a little while before Cæsar was assassinated in the year 710. Julius Cæsar might have read this beautiful imitation of the Egeria of Theocritus, and been struck with admiration of the promising genius of its author. Possibly the Palæmon was his second performance; it is a close imitation of the fourth and fifth Idyllia of Theocritus.

May I venture to mention the Silenus as the next composition in order of time? This fine piece of philosophy is said to have been publicly recited on the stage by Cytheris, a celebrated comedian, remarkable for a sweetness and propriety of speaking, in so much that Catrou imagines that expression in the tenth Eclogue, Que legat ipsa Lycoris, does not only signify that he may write such
THE LIFE OF VIRGIL.

verfes as may touch or affect Cytheris (represented by Lycoris) but such as may be fit for a person of a marvellous sweetness of voice to pronounce. Let us hear Catrou's opinion with regard to this sixth Eclogue. It is not from this verse.

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versi,

that I conjecture that this Eclogue ought to precede that of Tityrus. It is for another reason, that I am going to produce. It is true, that the author of the life of Virgil seems here to contradict himself. He affirms, in one place, that the Tityrus was the first Eclogue which the Poet composed. "It appears, says he, that Virgil had "not composed any Eclogue before the Tityrus, from "the fourth Georgic; where he distinguishes his Bucol- "ics by the Eclogue of Tityrus,"

Tityre te patulae cecini sub tegmine fagi.

He adds besides, that the Poet spent three years in composing his Bucolics, Bucolica triennio perfecit. That is, if one can believe it, that Virgil began his first Eclogue about the year of Rome 713, and finished the last after the year 715. The same author also relates, that the Silenus was recited by Cytheris, before a full audience, in the presence of Cicero. This last fact cannot possibly be true, supposing the Tityrus was Virgil's first performance in this kind. Cicero was dead when our Poet composed the Tityrus. In so manifest a contradiction, I incline to the side of the story of Cytheris, which is attested by Servius. As for the conjecture formed by the writer of Virgil's life, that the Tityrus was his first Eclogue, it is grounded upon a very frivolous argument. The quotation from the fourth Georgic, which is the only support of it, proves only, that Virgil, in the edition of his Bucolics, had placed the Tityrus in the front. It is said
said also, that Virgil made all his Eclogues in three years. Therefore Cicero could not hear any one of them. But, in the original it is *perfeicit*, that is, he perfected them; he made them fit to appear. Thus this Eclogue might have been prior to the Tityrus, and Cytheris might have recited it in the presence of Cicero.

I beg to add a conjecture purely my own, and submit the decision of it entirely to the learned. Cicero having heard this Eclogue, cried out in an ecstasy of admiration, that the author of it was

--- *Magna spes altera Roma,*

*the second great hope of Rome,* esteeming himself, say the commentators, to be the first. I understand the words in a far different sense. The subject of this piece, we should remember, was an account of the Epicurean Philosophy both *natural and moral,* which had been but lately beautifully illustrated by Lucretius; an author whom Cicero was so eminently fond of, as to revise and publish his work. Upon hearing therefore the beautiful verses of Virgil on the same subject, Cicero exclaimed to this purpose; *Behold another great genius rising up amongst us, who will prove a second Lucretius.* This interpretation at once takes away the imputation of vanity of which Cicero has been accused for using these words, making the *Spes altera* refer entirely to Lucretius. And besides, the expression of *Spes* necessarily implies something *future and increasing;* whereas Cicero was at that time arrived at a maturity of fame and abilities: neither do I perceive the propriety of the connexion, in joining an eminent poet with an eminent orator. 'Tis observable that Virgil inserted this hemistich afterwards in the twelfth book of his *Aeneid,* and applied the words to Ascanius.

Dion Cassius relates, in his forty-seventh book, that in the year of Rome 712 the Triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, erected and consecrated a temple to Julius Cæsar.
Caesar in the forum, carried about his statue in solemn procession with one of Venus in the Circensian games, decreed supplications to him on the news of any victory, and ordered he should be worshipped as a god. In allusion to the death and deification of Caesar, Virgil composed the fifth Eclogue. He introduces two shepherds lamenting the death of Daphnis, a Sicilian shepherd; he represents the cattle abstaining from their food for grief, the very wild beasts lamenting, the fields withering, Apollo and Pales leaving the plains, the nymphs mourning around his body, and Venus herself bitterly lamenting,

Cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

For Venus is undoubtedly the Mother here mentioned, and not the city of Rome, as Ruæus imagines. This opinion may be confirmed by a parallel passage in the Metamorphoses. Ovid there represents Venus terrified at the approach of Caesar's death; she discovers all the fears and tenderness of a mother; intercedes with the gods for his preservation; smites her own breast, and endeavours to hide him in the cloud in which she had preserved Paris and Æneas;

——Quod ut aurea vidit
Ænea genetrix; vidit quoque triste parari
Pentifici letum; & conjurata arma moveri
Paliuit:——
Tim vero Cytherca manu percussit utrâque
Pellus, & Æneaden molitur condere nubc.

I cannot forbear observing the peculiar beauty of the epithet miserabile in Virgil——This single word points out the mangled body of Julius Caesar in almost as lively a manner as Antony's artful speech in Shakespeare;
Look! in this place ran Cælius' dagger thro'—
See, what a rent the envious Cafca made—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluckt the cursed steel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!

*Julius Cæsar, Act 3. Sc. 6.*

In the latter part of the pastoral, the Poet changes the scene into joy and triumph, which makes a noble contrast to the beginning. He represents Daphnis admitted into heaven, pleasure and joy overflowing the plains, the very mountains breaking forth into songs, altars erected, and solemn sacrifices performed to him as to Ceres and Bacchus. Augustus must have been infinitely pleased with this exquisite piece of flattery.

The fatal battle at Philippi was fought at the latter end of the year 712, which at once put an end to all glorious struggles for the liberty of the commonwealth, the patriots—murderers, Brutus and Cælius, having resolutely slain themselves upon the defeat of their army, leaving Cæsar and Antony victorious. One cannot forbear wishing there had been some Virgil to have lamented the death of the incomparable Brutus, as well as that of the tyrant Julius Cæsar, who, notwithstanding his many amiable and exalted qualities, was no better than the enslaver of his country. After this action the veteran soldiers began to murmur for their pay, and Augustus, to reward them, distributed amongst them the lands of Mantua and Cremona. Appian relates, that when the lands were divided among the soldiers, great numbers both young and old, and women with their children, flocked to Rome, and filled the forum and temples with bitter lamentations, complaining they were driven from their lands and houses as if they had been conquered enemies. Virgil was involved in this common calamity, applied to Varus or to Pollio, or both, who warmly recommended him to Augustus, and procured his
his patrimony for him again. Full of gratitude to Augustus, he composed the Tityrus, introducing in it two shepherds, one of them complaining of the distraction of the times, and of the destruction the soldiers had committed among the Mantuan farmers, the other rejoicing for the recovery of his estate, and promising to honour the person who restored it to him as a god.

— Illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbut agnus.

But our Poet's joy was not of long continuance; for we are told that when he returned to take possession of his farm, he was violently assaulted by the intruder, and would certainly have been killed by him, if he had not made his escape by swimming hastily over the Mincio.

Upon this unexpected disappointment, melancholy and dejected, he returned to Rome to renew his petition; and during his journey seems to have composed the ninth Eclogue; which appears to have been hastily made up, out of several little fragments of poems, and imitations of Theocritus he had by him. One stroke in it is too artful to be omitted. He advises the shepherd to consult no more the old constellations and signs as they were wont to do, but to look up to a brighter star, the Julium Sidus,—alluding to the famous comet which is said to have appeared seven days after Julius Cæsar's death, and was fancied by the vulgar to be Cæsar's soul converted by Venus into a blazing star. Suetonius speaks of it in the following manner: In deorum numerum relatus est, non ere modo decernentium, sed et persuasione vulgi. Siquidem ludis, quos primo consecratos ei haeres Augustus edebat, stella erinita per septem dies continuos fulsit exoricos circa undecimam horam. Creditumque est, animam esse Cæsaris, in caelum recepti, & bac de causâ simulacro ejus in vertice stella additum.

In the year of Rome 714, Virgil composed the celebrated
brated Eclogue intitled usually, but perhaps falsely, Pollio, as it related to the birth of his son Salonius. But Catrou has endeavored to show that this is a gross mistake, and that the subject of it is the birth of young Marcellus, who was afterwards adopted by Augustus. The substance of his opinion is as follows; which will give us some insight into this intricate affair.

Caesar did not remain long in quiet after the compleat victory which he obtained over Lucius, and Fulvia the wife of Antony, who had rashly taken arms against him. This turbulent lady fled to her husband, and incited him to make war upon Caesar. Antony inflamed with rage, fleered his coutrie to Italy; and began a most furious and dangerous war. But the news of the death of Fulvia, whom he had left sick at Sicyon, coming opportunely, gave a favourable opportunity of settling a peace between these mighty rivals. Cocceius, a common friend to both, went between them, and projected a reconciliation: The conful Pollio appearing on the part of Antony, and Mæcenas on the part of Caesar, to arbitrate the differences between them. The arbitrators proposed, that as Fulvia, the wife of Antony, was just dead, and Marcellus also, the husband of Octavia, half sister to Caesar, Octavia should be given in marriage to Antony. This being agreed to, caused an universal joy: and the whole army expressed their joy by shouting all that day, and the following night. Octavia was with child at the time of this marriage. Therefore as this great lady, who was also a person of a most unspotted character, was the cement of so blessed a peace and union between the two great Triumvirs, who were upon the point of tearing the world in sunder by their divisions, Virgil was not backward in testifying his joy for so happy an event. The Sibilline oracles had foretold, that a child was to be born about this time, who should rule the world, and establish perpetual peace. The Poet ingeniously supposes the child, with which Octavia
tavia was then pregnant, to be the glorious infant, under whose rule mankind was to be made happy; the golden age was to return again from heaven; and fraud and violence was to be no more. This is the subject of that Eclogue, of which the usual title is Pollio. In this celebrated poem, the author, with great delicacy, at the same time pays his court to both the chiefs, to his patron Pollio, to Octavia, and to the unborn infant. It is dedicated to the great Pollio by name, who was at that time consul: And therefore we are sure of the date of this Eclogue, as it is known that he enjoyed that high office in the year of Rome 714.

In the year of Rome 715, Pollio, who was now in high favour with Augustus, marched against, and subdued the Parthini. During this expedition, Virgil addressed to him one of his most beautiful Eclogues, the Pharmaceutria, an imitation of one with the same title in Theocritus. Catrou groundlessly imagines Augustus to be the person intended by the fine compliment at the beginning, because this prince attempted to write a drama called Ajax, in imitation of Sophocles. Pollio's character was one of the most illustrious that ever adorned Rome; he was master of many various accomplishments, that seldom shine together in one person; was a skilful and successful general;

*Cui laurus æternos honores*

*Dalhematico peperit triumpho:*

was an admirable historian, orator, and poet; Horace joins with Virgil in bearing testimony to the excellence of the tragedies he wrote, Od. i. Book 2.

*Paulum severæ musa tragediae*

*Desit theatris; max ubi publicas*

*Res ordinaries, grande munus*

*Cecropio repetes cothurno.*
In which ode one cannot forbear observing that the poet, conscious of the dignity of the person he was writing to, has exerted his genius, and warmed his fancy, and has given us some of the most spirited and sublime images that are to be found in his works:

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures; jam litui strepunt!
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus;
Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos!

Pollio was likewise the first who erected a public library at Rome, adorned with curious busts of the most celebrated writers. He had a most delicate taste for the fine arts, particularly architecture and sculpture: Pliny tells us, that some of the capital pieces of the most exquisite Grecian artists were in his collection; particularly, a Silenus, a Neptune, an Apollo, and some Bacchanalian Nymphs, all by Praxiteles; which are particularly mentioned in the fifth chapter of the thirty-sixth book of his Natural History. It was none of the smallest honours Virgil met with, to be protected and esteemed by this all-accomplished courtier.

In the last Eclogue our Author composed, he introduces his friend Cornelius Gallus, lying disconsolately under a mountain in Arcadia, bitterly bewailing the inconstancy of his mistress, and surrounded by all the rural gods, and by Apollo himself, who come to sympathize with him in his grief, and endeavour to administer comfort to him. He had before paid Gallus a high compliment in his Silenus, representing him wandering on the banks of Permessus, and met by one of the Muses, who leads him to the Aonian mountains, where the whole assembly of gods and poets rises up to greet his approach, and Linus gives him the pipe of old Hesiod:

—Quibus
Gallus was greatly beloved by Augustus, who advanced him from a low condition into the highest posts. But being afterwards made governor of Egypt, he fell into a debauched and luxurious life, abused the emperor in his cups, and erected statues of himself throughout the province; for which, and other misdemeanors, being banished by Augustus, he fell upon his own sword, in an agony of grief and despair. Donatus relates that Virgil was so fond of this Gallus, that the fourth Georgic, from the middle to the end, was filled with his praises; and that he afterwards changed this part into the story of Aristeus, at the command of Augustus. But Ruæus justly questions the truth of this story. He observes that the story of Aristeus is so well connected with the culture of the bees, that it does not seem to have been stuck in, but to rise naturally from the subject, and to have been a first thought; that it is not probable, that Virgil would bestow so large a part of his work in the praise of Gallus, when he had given but a few lines to Mæcenas himself, to whom he dedicated the whole poem: and lastly, that Augustus himself, according to Suetonius, lamented the death of Gallus; and therefore cannot be thought so injurious to his memory, as to envy him some empty praise.

Thus we see Virgil employed the very earliest efforts of his muse, at a time, in other poets,

When pure description holds the place of sense, to useful and prudent purposes, to conciliate the countenance of the great, to relieve the distresses of himself and his family, to commemorate his benefactors, to gain the favour and friendship of those by whom it was honour and happiness to be beloved.
And now being in his 34th year, he retired to a delightful and convenient privacy at Naples, and laid the plan of his inimitable Georgics: which he undertook at the earnest entreaties of that wise and able minister, Mæcenas: not to rival and excel Hesiod, whom he has but little imitated, as he had lately done Theocritus, but on a noble political motive, and to promote the welfare of his country. Great was the desolation occasioned by the continuance and cruelty of the civil wars: Italy was almost depopulated; the lands were uncultivated and unstocked; a famine and insurrection ensued; Augustus himself hardly escaped being stoned by the enraged populace, who attributed this calamity to his ambition. This best and wisest minister therefore, Mæcenas, resolved if possible to revive the decayed spirit of husbandry; to introduce a taste for cultivation; to make rural improvements a fashionable amusement of the great. What method so likely to effect this, as to recommend agriculture with all the insinuating charms of poetry? Virgil fully answered the expectations of his polite patron; for the Georgics contain all those masterly beauties that might be expected from an exalted genius, whose judgment and imagination were in full vigour and maturity, and who had leisure to give the last polish and perfection to his incomparable workmanship.

As to Mæcenas's character, tho' a bad writer himself, fond of far-fetch'd metaphors and an affected style, yet was he indisputably the kindest patron the Muses ever found, in any age or country. Paterculus has given us a portrait of him, painted with his usual elegance and expressiveness. *Urbis evisdiis præpostus C. Mæcenas, equestri sed splendido genere natus: vir, ubi res vigiliam exigeret, sanë exsomnis, providens atque agendi sciens, simul vero aequalis ex negotio remitti posset, otio ac mollitis pænè ultrà foeminam fluens: non minus Agrippa Cæsari carus, sed minus honoratus; quippe vixit angusto clavo pænè contentus;*
tenticus; nec minora consequi potuit, sed non tam concupivit.

Even the admired Augustus was deeply indebted to this favourite, for guiding his taste and forming his manners. 'Twas he who introduced the poets to his court; inspired him with a relish for polite learning; convinced him of the importance of having his character handed down to posterity in an amiable light by the best writers of his age, and of having his statue made by none but a Lysippus. That the emperor wanted such a master to soften and polish his temper and behaviour, is sufficiently testified by Suetonius and other authors, who tell us of his natural love of amphitheatrical spectacles, and other barbarous entertainments, little accommodated to the interest of the Muses. Horace, in his artful and concealed manner, frequently glances at this, in many passages of the celebrated epistle in his second book. And Dion Cassius in particular relates the frank treatment which this prince received from his friend Mæceenas; who was forced to draw him from his bloody tribunal and murderous delight, with the reproach of

Surge vero tandem, carnifex!

I cannot forbear adding a little reflection, which may serve, among others, to convince us of the great powerfulness of poetry; which is, that we should have entertained a far different notion of Augustus, who was in reality a cool, a cruel and subtle tyrant, and the person who gave the last wound to expiring liberty, if Virgil and Horace had not so highly celebrated him, and gained us as it were over to his party. But perhaps the reflection does not much honour to these two poets.

We are at last arrived to the period of time when Virgil began writing his Æneid, in the year of Rome 714, when he himself was forty-five years old. His design in writing it has been very lately so excellently explained
plained by a master of classical learning, with equal judgment and taste, that it would be unjust not to quote his own words:

"Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival Antony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and tho' he chose to be called their father; he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn, and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the whole world. He weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin; that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular; Virgil in his Æneid shews, that Æneas was called into their country by the express order of the gods. N. B. This is marked very strongly throughout all the first part of the Æneid. The very night Troy is burnt, Æneas is ordered to go and build a city in Italy, and to carry his gods to it, by the spirits of Hector and Creusa: Cassandra had foretold the same frequently before: Æn. iii. ver. 185.

\[
\begin{align*}
Nunc repeto hoc generi portendere debita nostro, \\
Et sape Hesperiam, sape Itala regna vocare.
\end{align*}
\]

Apollo orders the same;

\emph{Antiquam exquirite matrem:}
\[
\begin{align*}
Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris; \\
Et nati natorum & qui nascentur ab illis.
\end{align*}
\]

Æn. iii. ver. 98.

And his domestic gods, more expressly; Æn. iii. ver. 167. The same orders are given to Æneas whilst at Carthage,
Carthage, by the spirit of his departed father; \AE n. iv. ver. 351. And lastly, by the great messenger of the chief of all their gods;

*Ascaniu murgentem & spes hæreditis Iuli*

*Respice; cui regnum Italæ Romanaque tellus*

*Debentur ——*

\AE n. iv. ver. 275.

He shews likewise that he was made king of it by the will of Heaven, and by all the human rights that could be. Viz. he has an hereditary claim from Dardanus and Jasius, \AE n. iii. ver. 168.—He has a right by conquest, \AE n. xii. ver. 1.—He has a right by compact, \AE n. xii. ver. 175 to 225.—And he has a right by marrying the only daughter of the then king, \AE n. xii. ver. 937. and \AE n. vii. ver. 50—52. He shews likewise that there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans under them were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæsar was of this royal race; and that Augustus was his sole heir. The natural result of all this is, that the promises made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Augustus; the Romans, if they would obey the gods, and be masters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new establishment under that prince. As odd a scheme as this may seem now, it is scarce so odd as that of some people among us, who persuaded themselves that an absolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their supposed descent from some unknown Patriarch. And yet that had its effect with many about a century ago; and seems not to have quite lost all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his \AE neid, were to maintain their old religious tenets; and to support the new form of government, in the family of the Cæsars.
Caesars. That poem therefore may very well be considered as a work merely political. If this was the case, Virgil was not so highly encouraged by Augustus and Mæcenas for nothing. To speak a little more plainly; he wrote in the service of the new usurpation on the state; and all that can be offered in vindication of him in this light is, that the usurper he wrote for was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their constitution was such, that the reins of government must have fallen into the hands of some one person or another; and might probably, on a new revolution, have fallen into the hands of some one less mild and indulgent, than Augustus was at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his service. But whatever may be said of his reasons for writing it, the poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from its first appearance to this day; and tho' left unfinished by its author, has been always reckoned as much superior to all other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. It preserves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities as strongly, as if we had so many pictures of them preserved to us, done by some of the best hands in the Augustan age. It is remarkable that he is commended by some of the ancients themselves, for the strength of his imagination, as to this particular; tho' in general that is not his character, so much as exactness. He was certainly the most correct poet, even of his time; in which all false thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were discouraged: And it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much less, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almost all the little facts in it are built on history: and even as to particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes so far back as to old Ennius;
and often inserts whole verses from him, and some other of their earlist writers. The obsoleteness of their style did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inserted many more antiquated words in his poem than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character; and his great excellence consisted in choosing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the skill of making his own; by weaving it so well into his work, that it looks all of a piece: even those parts of his poem, where this may be most practised, resembling a fine piece of Mosaic; in which all the parts, though of such different marbles, unite together; and the various shades and colours are so artfully disposed, as to melt off insensibly into one another."

Polymetis, Dial. 3. pag. 18.

An event happened about this time too remarkable to be omitted *. Augustus, either cloyed with glory, or terrified by the example of his predecessor, or to gain the credit of moderation with the people, or possibly to feel the pulse of his friends, deliberated whether he should retain the sovereign power, or restore the commonwealth. Agrippa, who was a very honest man, but whose view was of no great extent, advised him to the latter: but Mæcenas, who had thoroughly studied his master's temper, in an eloquent oration, gave contrary advice. That emperor was too politic to commit the oversight of Cromwell, in a deliberation something resembling this. Cromwell had always been defirous of the power, as he was afterwards of the title of King; but by a too vehement allegation of arguments against it, he, who had outwitted everybody besides, at last outwitted himself,

* See the author of Virgil's life, prefixed to Dryden's translation. This story seems to have been feigned by the grammarians, and later rhetoricians.
by too deep diffimulation: for his council, thinking to make their court by assenting to his judgment, voted unanimously for him against his inclination, which surprized and troubled him to such a degree, that as soon as he got into his coach he fell into a swoon. But Cæsar knew his people better; and his council being thus divided, he asked Virgil’s advice. Thus a poet had the honour of determining the greatest point that ever was in debate, betwixt the son-in-law, and favourite of Cæsar. Virgil delivered his opinion in words to this effect: The change of a popular into an absolute government, has generally been of very ill consequence: for betwixt the hatred of the people, and injustice of the prince, it of necessity comes to pass that they live in distrust and mutual apprehension. But if the commons knew a just person, whom they entirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all parties that such a one should be their sovereign. Wherefore if you shall continue to administer justice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your power will prove safe to yourself, and beneficial to mankind. This excellent sentence, which seems taken out of Plato (with whose writings the grammarians were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reasonably be suspected of forgery in this matter) contains the true state of affairs at that time: For the commonwealth maxims were now no longer practicable; the Romans had only the haughtiness of the old commonwealth left, without one of its virtues. And this sentence we find, almost in the same words, in the first book of the Æneis, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a tempest to a popular insurrection, as Cicero had compared a sedition to a storm a little before.

Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditis, sive vitque animis ignobile vulgus.

C 3

Jamque
Augustus was eagerly desirous to peruse the poem as far as it had been carried; he entreated Virgil to communicate it to him by several letters in the warmest manner. Macrobius in the first book of his Saturnalia, has preserved to us one of Virgil's answers to the emperor; 

_Ego vero frequentius a te litteras accipio——De Aenea qui-dem meo, si mehercule jam dignum auribus haberem tuis, libenter mitterem._ Sed tanta inchoata res est, ut paene vitio mentis tantum opus ingressus mihi videor; cum præsertim, ut scis, alia quoque studia ad id opus, multoque potiora impartiar.

Prevailed on at last by these importunities, Virgil recited (and 'tis remarkable that he read his verses with a wonderful sweetnefs and propriety) the sixth book to Augustus; and his sister Octavia, who had just loft her son Marcellus, the darling of Rome, and the adopted son of Augustus, would needs be one of the audience to alleviate and divert her sorrow. Let us indulge a thought that is naturally pleasing, for a moment! Virgil, reading the finest part of the Æneid to the Lord of the whole earth, attended by his sifter, and perhaps Maecenas, Horace, and other favourites! He had artfully inserted that beautiful lamentation for the death of young Marcellus, beginning with,

_O nate, ingentem luètum no quære tuorum——_

but suppressed his name till he came to the line,

_Tu Marcellus eris;————_

upon hearing which Octavia could bear no more, but, suddenly struck with surprize and sorrow, fainted away. When
When he recovered, she made the poet a present of ten festerces for every line, which amounted in the whole to above two thousand pounds sterling. A reward equal to Octavia's generosity, and not above Virgil's merit!

The Aeneid being brought to conclusion, but not to the perfection our author intended to give it; he resolved to travel into Greece to correct and to polish it at leisure. It was on his undertaking this voyage, that Horace addressed to him that affectionate ode;

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic Fratres Helenæ, lucida sydera,
Venterumque regat pater,
Obstrièis aliis præter Iapyga,
Navis, que tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis,
Reddas incolæm precor,
Et servès animæ dimidium meæ.

It was during his stay in Greece, that, in all probability, he added that fine introduction to his third Georgic, one of the sublimest passages in all his works: the numbers also are particularly majestic;

Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam——
In medio mihi Cæsar erit, templumque tenebit.
Illi victor ego, & Tyrio conspectus in ostro,
Centum quadrijugos agitabo ad fiumina currus——
In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephanto,
Gangaridum faciam, victorisque arma Quirini:——
Addam urbes Asiae domitas, pulsumque Niphatem;
Fidentemque fugâ Parthum, versfisque sagittis:——
Stabunt & Parii lapides, spirantia signa,
Affaraci proles, demissaque ab Iove gentis
Nomina, Trojæque parentis, & Trojæ Cynthius auctor.

This passage contains a magnificent allegory, in which
the poet intimates, that when he returns from Greece he would perfect and publish his Æneid: for this is the superb temple he intends to erect in honour of Augustus,

— Monumentum are perennius, Regalique situ pyramidum altius. Hor.

The emperor was the chief divinity of the temple; his ancestors were all to have their statues erected in it, (that is) were to be the principal actors in the Æneid; and his victories, like Basso Relievos, were to adorn the glorious work. Catrou was the first who hit of this interpretation, which adds an infinite beauty to the passage.

Nature seems to have thought, that for one person to have produced two perfect poems, would have been too great a portion of fame and felicity for humanity to enjoy. Augustus, returning victorious from the East, met with Virgil at Athens, who thought himself obliged to wait upon the emperor back to Italy. But he was suddenly seized with a fatal distemper, which, being increased by the agitation of the vessel, he had scarce time to land at Brundusium, where he died on the twenty-second day of September, in the fifty-second year of his age. What can give one so high an opinion, both of his modesty and genius, as his earnestly requesting on his death-bed, that his Æneid might be burnt, because it had not received his last corrections and improvements! which, to speak the truth, the last six books apparently want. But Mr. Upton is of opinion, that he ordered his divine work to be destroyed, not because it wanted perfection as an epic poem, but because it flattered the subverter of the constitution.

Tully says somewhat severely, Adhuc neminem cognovì poetam, qui fìbi non optimus videretur. Tuscul. lib. i. I never yet knew any poet, who did not think himself the best of his profession. This sarcasm can be applicable to none but those trifling wits, who owe their complacency to
to their indelicacy and insensibility. Larger souls are not so easily self-satisfied. Raphaël frequently declared, that in none of his performances he had ever expressed his notion of a perfect beauty. And Virgil’s behaviour rather puts one in mind of what the same Tully says elsewhere, that in none of his works or orations, he was able to come up to that high idea of eloquence he had conceived in his mind. Augustus interposed, and would not suffer a poem that was to consecrate his name to immortality, to be destroyed; it was then bequeathed to Varius and Tucca, with a strict charge that they should make no additions; which they so exactly observed, as not to fill up even the hemistichs which were left imperfect. He died with such steadiness and tranquillity, as to be able to dictate his own epitaph in the following words,

*Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc*

*Parthenope; cecini Pasqua, Rura, Duces.*

His bones were carried to Naples, according to his earnest request, and a monument was erected at a small distance from the city.

He was of a swarthy complexion, tall of stature like his own Musæus; of a sickly and delicate constitution, afflicted with frequent head-aches, coughs, and spittings of blood; very temperate and abstemious in his diet, very regular, sober, and chaste in his morals. 'Tis a false opinion, that he was slovenly and ungraceful in his habit and person*. He was so bashful, that he frequently

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* See the following passage in Polymetis, Dial. 21. pag. 325.

It seems to have been a vulgar opinion among the moderns, (at least, among the modern commentators) that Virgil was a rough-looking, slovenly man. To overturn this opinion, I should not alledge Urfini’s gem, which has so often been called a head of Virgil: both because there is a great deal of reason to think,
quently ran into the shops to prevent being gazed at in the streets of Rome; yet so honoured by the Romans,

think, that it is falsely attributed to him; and because we have pictures of Virgil drawn at full length, and much less to be disputed. What I mean are two pictures, placed before two of his Eclogues, in one of those old manuscripts of his works, in the Vatican library. You see him there represented with a sweet, modest countenance, and dressed particularly neat. These pictures, if you will allow of their authority, (and I know of no other that can pretend to near so good an one) may serve perhaps to give us the true sense of an expression in Statius, and to save a passage in Horace from the misrepresentations of his commentators. Statius, in speaking of Virgil, applies the epithet of _tornus_ to him; whence some have been apt to imagine, that Virgil had a stern or sour look. But if one ought to trust more to this picture than to the commentators, we should perhaps understand that expression of his writings rather than of his personage, with which it will by no means agree: whereas if it be applied to his works, it may signify the dignity and majesty of them, which will agree with the context, and the occasion on which Statius uses that expression, as much as in the other sense it would be foreign to both. The passage I had in my eye, from Horace, is where that poet is speaking of a man who had some little faults, mixed with more material excellencies, which might well enough conceal them, at least to every good-natured observer. The faults or defects he mentions are, that he was a little too passionate, somewhat ungenteel in his conversation, and ill-dressed. Here, say the commentators, one sees an instance of the fly way that Horace had of touching on the faults of his best friends, even whilst he is commending them; and the friend here touched upon they will have to be Virgil. The lines are as follows:

In pede calceus hevert

Hor. Lib. i. Sat. iii. 32.
that coming once into the theatre, the whole audience rose out of respect to him. His voice was musical, and his elocution marvellously proper, and pathetic. He was of a thoughtful and melancholy temper, spoke little, and loved retirement and contemplation, and was an enemy to those talkative impertinents, from which no court (not even that of Augustus) could be free. He had a heart full of tenderness and sensibility, and formed for all the delicate feelings of love and friendship. His fortune was not only easy, but affluent: he had a delightful villa in Sicily, and a fine house and well-furnished library near Mæcenas's gardens on the Esquiline hill at Rome.

But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ygo is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:

fays an exquisite poet, who wanted such encouragement as Virgil met with; and who adds, in a noble strain, that, if he had been encouraged,

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should rage!
O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in girlands of wild ivy-twine,
How I could rear the muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buflkin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

Spenser's October.

Juvenal says finely, that we should have wanted the strongest paintings, the noblest strokes of imagination in all the Æneid, if Virgil had not been blest'd with the comforts and conveniencies of life.

_Magna mentis opus, nec de lodice parandâ_
_Sollicita, currus & equos, faciesque deorum_

_Aspicere_
He used to revise his verses with a judicious severity, to dictate a great number of lines in the morning, and to spend the rest of the day in correcting them, and reducing them to a less number. He compared himself to a she-bear which licks her cubs into shape. This was also the practice of our great Milton. His behaviour was so benevolent, gentle, and inoffensive, that most of his cotemporary poets (even the genus irritabile vatui) tho' they envied and maligned each other, agreed in loving and esteeming him. Yet that age, polite as it was, could have furnished some heroes for a Dunciad, a Bavius, a Mævius, and a Corvilius Pictor, who joined in traducing our Poet. But as an equivalent, Horace addressed two odes to him, and frequently mentions him with particular tenderness and esteem. In his entertaining journey to Brundusium, whither he went to meet Mæcenas, Cocceius, Capito Fonteius, and other accomplished wits, he tells us,

_Plotius & Varius Sinuessæ Virgiliusque
Occurrunt; animæ quales neque candidiores
Terra tuli, neque queis me sit devinctor alter:
O qui complexus & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico._

_Lib._ i. _Sat._ 5.

I have often thought what a delightful evening this cluster of poetical friends must have spent at Sinuessa!

With regard to the characteristic difference between Virgil and Homer (on which so many fruitless and furious disputes have been raised) it may with truth be affirmed, that the former
former excelled all mankind in judgment, and the latter in invention. Methinks the two Poets (says Mr. Pope) resemble the heroes they celebrate; Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more, as the tumult increases: Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. Or when we look on their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens: Virgil like the same Power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

By way of conclusion to this life, I will add some beautiful verses, which I wonder to find omitted in all our late editions; as their purity and simple elegance may justly induce one to suppose they came from the hand of Virgil.

Dedication Æneidos.

Ad Venerem.

Si mihi susceptum fuerit decurrere munus,
O Venus, O fædes quaæ colis Idalias!
Troius Æneas Romana per oppida digna
Jam tandem ut tecum carmine vestus est;
Non ego thure modo aut paœtæ tua templæ tabellæ
Ornabo, & puris sertæ feram manibus;
Corniger hos aries humiles & maxima taurus
Vitæma sacrato tinget odore focos;
Marmoreusque tibi diversicoloribis alis
Interior pia stabit amor pharetra;
Adfis, O Cytherea! tuæ te Cæsar olympo,
Et Surrentini litoris ora vocat.

P. Virgilii
P. VIRGILII MARONIS VITA PER ANNOS DIGESTA.

V. C. Varr. 684. Cat. 682.

a. C. 70. Virgilii I.


Andes Hieronymus l. l. et Donatus aliique memorant.

Andius
Andino vico, inquit Probus, qui abest a Mantua millia passuum III. Situs huius vici incertus est. Mantuani tamen cum esse contendunt, qui nunc duo millia passuum ab vrbe disstitus, vulgo dicitur Petolo. v. Cluver. Ital. ant. p. 257. Ex more tamen fatis frequenti inter veteres, de quò vel Catulli exemplo confat, qui, in infula Be-

naci Sirmione natus, Veronensis appellatur, Virgilii ori-
gines ad Mantuam ipsam referuntur, vt ab ipso poeta fa-
ctum esse videtur Ge. III, 10. alia aliorum loca v. ap.
Cluver. l. 1. Venetum appellat apudMacrobiuvm Euange-
lus, Sat. V, 2. sed cum irrisione, vt scilicet tanto magis
eum a cultu Graecarum litterarum alienum fingeret; ni-
isi fecundum posterioris Venetiae fines dictum exiftimes,
qui ad Adduum vtque flumen extendeabantur. Phocas
Grammaticus in Vita Virgil. 21. Vatem Etruscum appel-
lat, et v. 5. Aemula Virgilium tellus nisi Tusca dedisset. Pos-
sit id ad origines Mantuae referri; sed vix tam docte scribere
voluit Phocas.

De Idibus Octobr. non modo ex Phlegonte l. l. verum
etiam ex Martiale XII, 68. constat: Octobres Marie con-
secravit Idus. Adde Aufon. Idyll. V, 26. A viris doc-
tis eas inter dies festos habitas fuiffe, cum ex illis locis
multum ubique — imaginum, quas non habebat modo, verum
etiam venerabantur; Virgilii ante omnes, cuius natalem re-
ligiosum quam suum celebrabat. Natum Virgilium, cum
Sol ex Virgine in Chelas receptus esset, h. in locum
Librae deinceps definitum, Phocas v. 21. 22. memorat.
Augusti aevo Sol Libram adibat Kal. XII Octobr.

De scriptura nominis digladiati sunt inter se cum
vetereis tum recentiores Grammatici. Lapides et codices
vtrumque exhibent. Etiam Graeci modo οὐσιούς modo
οὐσιούς scribunt: et Vergilius, Medicus, Pierii Ro-
manus, et vetustissimum Fragment. Aspri apud Benedichtenos
Novv. Tr. de Diplomat. T. III. p. 152. Ceterum vide,
fi tanti est, Corrad. in Vita Virgilii pr. adde quos
laudat
P. VIRGILII VITA

Nomini in veteribus nonnullis libris Parthenius additur.


V. C. 689.
L. Aurelius Cotta. L. Manlius Torquatus,

Q. Horatius Flaccus nascitur VI. Id. Decemb. Sueton. in ei. Vita.

V. C. 696.
L. Calpurnius Piso. A. Gabinius,


De magistris Virgilii vix quicquam certi tradi poteft. Quae siue Grammaticorum fidei, siue doctorum virorum coniecturis debentur, ad Donatum reiecta sunt ad § 7 et 79.

Ceterum
Ceterum et si de magistris Virgillii et disciplina non fatis constet, et eum obscurlo loco natum esse fatis apparent, liberali tamen institutione eum vsum et cum viris doctis et elegantibus versus etiim esse, tota ingenii eius in carminibus expressa venustas fatis prodit. Ex humili enim et sordida vita et confuetudine nemo facile generofi poetae spiritus sumit.

V. C. 699.

Cn. Pompeius Magnus II. M. Licinius Crassus II.
a. C. 55. Virgiliii ¼.


V. C. 701.

a. C. 53. Virgiliii ¼.


V. C. 709.

C. Iulius Caesar IV. sine Collega.
a. C. 45. Virgiliii ¼.

Alexin hoc anno scriptum coniicit, primam certe omnium Eclogarum suisse contendit Martinus in vita Virg. p. XXXIV et ad Ecl. V, 86. Ex verbis enim huius eclogae: Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta;

V. C. 710.
C. Iulius Caesar. V. M. Antonius.


V. C. 711.
C. Vibius Pansa. A. Hirtius.
C. Iulius Caesar Octavianus. Q. Pedius suffecti.
a. C. 43. Virgilii 24.

Bellum Mutinense, quo, cum totam Galliam Cisalpinam, tum agrum Mantuanum, adeoque Virgilius possessiones valde afflictas suisse necesse eft. Ex V. Kal. Decembr. M. Lepidus, M. Antonius, C. Caesar Octavianus
tavianus Triumuiros rep. constituendae in quinque annos
fe renuntiant, proscriptorum tabulas proponunt, inter

In provinciarum distributione, quum Africam, Si-
ciliam, Sardiniam reliquasque eius maris insulas Caeser
Oetavianus, Hispanias cum Gallia Narbonensis Lepidus,
IV. p. 953. 954. ager Mantuanus M. Antonii fortì ac-
cesserat. Miserat hic in has terras Asinium Pollionem,
qui vēque ad a. 714 Galliam Cisalpinam in Antonii fide
continuit. cf. inf. ad 713:

Ad hunc porro annum Palaemonem, Eclogam III
refert Martinus Life of Virgil p. XLIV et ad Ecl. V,
86. quoniam in ea Pollio et primus et solus poetae laudi-
bus ornatur. Ex iis, quae modo dīcēa sunt, coniecturam
elegantissimi viri alioqui leuissimam firmare posset, certe hoc
impetrare, mature in Asinii Pollionis notitiam venisse poe-
tam, cum is per eos annos in illis Italiae partibus de-
geret. Cur mihi inter prima poetae tentamina referenda
videatur Eclogae III. ca est causa, quod iuuenilem medi-
tationem et exercitationem non obscure prodat; est enim
ex Theocriteis Idylliis IV et V vnice convenera aut
adumbrata.

Iulio Caesari Virgilium innotuisse et carum suisse,
ex Ecl. V, 52. amavit nos quoque Daphnis, contendunt;
Daphnidem enim Iulium Caesarem esse voluit. cf. ibid.
argument. item Martinum in Vita Virgil. p. XXXIV
et ad Ecl. V, 52. Idem vir doctus verfum illum ad
studium Caesaris in Mantuanos referebat, quibus, cum
verteris Galliae Transpadanae vrbibus, ciuitatem dedisse
memorat Dio XLI, 36.

Lepida Grammaticorum fabula est de Ecloga sexta
in theatro a Cytheride mima cantata, quam cum Cicero
audiret, magnam Virgilii famam praesagisse fertur. v.
Donat. § 41. Scru. ad Ecl. VI, 11.

Hoc anno ad XIII. Kal. April. (XX. Martii) Oui-
D 2 dius
dius natus est; nec multo ante Propertius; Tibullus autem iam ante 705 natus erat; quamquam alii eius natales ad a. 690. Propertii autem ad a. 697 referre volunt.

V. C. 712.

M. Aemilius Lepidus II. L. Munatius Plancus.

a. C. 42. Virgilii v.25.


De pugna ad Philippos v. Ge. I, 489 fqq.
Per annos Digesta. 37

V. C. 713.
P. Servilius Vatia Irauricus II. L. Antonius.
a. c. 41. Virgilius 33.


In illa agraria largitione (non enim ad aliam trahi posfle, quamquam res probatione vix eget, Ruæus probabuit ad Virgillii Vitam 713) etiam Virgilius agros suos paternos amifit. Eft enim Mantuani nihil in Triumuiros commiferant, magna tamen agrorum fuorum parte multati sunt, quoniam, vt aiunt, Cremonensium, qui Brutii et Caffii partes sequuti erant, agri proscripti veteranorum.
norum cohortibus, quae eo deductae erant, non sufficiabant. Iam Virgilium Romam profectum Octavianiani liberalitate agros suos recepit, cum autem Mantuam redissest, nouam veteranorum iniuriam expectum esse, ex Ecloga I et IX satis appareat. Confirmat Martianis VIII, 56. Ingera perdiderat (Virgilius) miserae vicina Cremonae, Plebat et abduelas Tityrus aeger oves. Rifi Tuscus eques etc. Videamus nunc ea, quae a Grammaticis, pleraque fide incerta, traduntur.


Haberet hoc aliquam veri speciem; sed tum in Alfeno Varo nouae difficultates oriuntur, quem nobilem ICTum male nobis Grammatici in haec tempora intrudere videntur. v. argum. Ecl. VI. si tamen fatis se vel de quocunque alio Varo ea narratio probauerit, tum alius ex Seruiano centone locus non tam falsi convincitur, quam innuere videtur, plures in iis regionibus Triumvirorum negotia curas : ad Ecl. VI. 64. Gallus—qui et a Triumviris praepositus fuit ad exigendas pecunias ab his municipiis, quarum agri in Transpadana regione non dividabantur. Ceterum vides, hic omnem illam licentiam iam tum viguisse, quam
quam nos superiori bello novo aliquo militum acumine ad despoliandos homines increbruisse putabamus.


Cum Virgilius Mantuan redux agros suos a veteranis qui eos occuparant, vindicare, novam iniuriam acceperit, vt adeo fuga vitae consulere necesse haberet. Patet id ex Ecl. IX, quam tum Romam, vt aiunt, regressus, vt denuo Oetauiani opem imploraret, Varo obtulisse videri potest; quamquam in ipso carmine nihil ea de re praeter honorificam Varo mentionem v. 27. 35. occurrit. v. Argum. Ecl. IX. Non male hoc Ruaeus ipsa carminis forma, quae subitariam operam fatis prodit, confirmari putat.
Menalc a n in eo carmine Virgilium intelligendum esse, iam Quinctilianus monuit Inst. VIII, 6, 47. Veteranus, cuius audaciae et furori Virgilius vix fuga se subducere potuit, ab aliis Arrius centurio, ab aliis Clodius, a Probo Milenus seu Milienus f e u Milienus Toro primipilaris fuif fe traditur. Sed de his disputationem ad Donatum § 31 reieimus.

Inuiriam hanc poetam non nisi Asinio Pollione fugato, expertum esse, narratur in Seru. ad Ecl. IX, 11. quo, Pollione, fugato, rursus de praedii sui fuerat Virgilii expulsus.

Si quaeras, qua ratione poeta iterum in agros suos reducit fuerit, Seruium habes Comment. in Bucol. pr. § 14 narrantem: Postea ab Augusto missis triumviris, et ipsi integer ager est redditus, et Mantuanis pro parte. In quam sententiam idem ibid. interpretatur versus 11 sqq. Ecl, IX. Vix tamen illud hoc ipso anno fieri potuit, quo bellum Perusinum exaruit, quo late Italia conflagraret; itaque rebus demum paftione Brundisina a. 714 compositis id esse factum, rectius ponit Martinus p. LI.


V. C. 714.

Cn. Domitius Caluinus II. C. Asinius Pollio.

Suffecti sub exitum anni: *
L. Cornelius Balbus. P. Canidius.
a. C. 40. Virgilii 34.

Bellum Perusinum. Octauianus L. Antonium Perusiamque vrbem deditione accipit. Cum, M. Antonii in Italian aduentu, maxima omnium, ne bellum recrudeceret, follicitudo effet, L. Cocceio, communi amico, cum vtroque agente, et Maecenate et Pollione adhibitis,


(Appian,
P. VIRGILII VITA

(Appian. p. 1126. Dio XLVII, 28.) pace Brundisina, amicitia inter Octauianum et Antonium iterum coaluit; ad quam tanto magis firmandam M. Antonius Octauiam, Octauiani fororem, cuius maritus nuper obierat, vexorem duxit. Mox cum Sext. Pompeius, qui classibus mare tenebat, commeatu vrblem intercluderet, fame vrgente, de pace cum Sexto agi coeptum est. Iam quae ex his huius anni actis ad Virgilium pertinent, paullo curatius videamus.


et Augusti ore exhibetur) consilio et prudentia cum omnes boni pacem et concordiam tandem stabilitam et firmissimo vinculo coagamentam crederent, cumque eius cum Antonio coniugium magna populi laetitia et acclamatione exceptum esset, videtur sane Eclogae IV argumentum et scriptio ad h. a. referenda esse, vt infans ille nasciturus, cuius in eo carmine tam praeclara fata ominatur poeta, nullus alius fit, quam is, quem Oetauium vtero gerbat. Quamuis autem difficile fit dicere, quomodo de Marcelli pothum, siue is ex Catroei, Martini et Spencii opinione Polymet. p. 189. 86. idem ille M. Marcellus, qui immatura morte V. C. 731 obiit, (ad quem annum vide) siue alius minor natu fuit, tot et tanta ad summum rem spectantia augurari tum aliquis potuerit; cum tamen infans ille ex Oetauiani sorore natus et ab Antonio aliquando adoptatus, de quo forte iam tum convenerat, ad summas opes peruenturus esse videretur, potuit poeta laetitiae publicae impetum sequi, et rem sententiis exornare et amplificare, quas poetica ratio suppedibat, inprimis, quum Sibyllinum oraculum, quod sequetur, haberet, et Sileno, quae dicebat, tribueret. Hoc certe anno, pace iam confecta, Eclogam hanc scriptam esse, dubitari nequit; quum Pollioni Consuli inscripta fit v. 3. 11. 12. orbe iam pacato v. 17. Cf. Argum. illius Eclogae vbi et illud notatum, male multos arbitrari, Pollioni filium natum eo carmine poetam gratulari. Secundum hos Hieronymus Chron. Euseb. MMXXX dixit. C. Asinius Gallus, Orator, Asini pollsionis filius, cuius etiam Virgilius meminit, diris a Tiberio suppliciis eneatus.

Non modo Brundisianam, verum etiam Puteolanae pacem iam tum confecitam fugisse, quum ea Ecloga scriberetur, Ruaeus cum aliis memorat, vt vere totus orbis pacatus videri posset. Enimuoero non nisi ineunte anno sequenti, quum adeo Pollio iamdudum Consulatu abierat, illa pac est composita, quum Caesar et Antonius Pomp-


V. C. 715.

L. Marcius Censorinus. C. Caluifius Sabinus.


Dum Pollio in apparatu triumphi cum maxime esset, tertiam Eclogam a Virgilio factam ex v. 84 sqq. Pollio amat nostram etc. ingeniose colligit Ruaeus, vt de victi-
mis triumphalibus in iis versibus agatur. Sed vide supra ad V. C. 711.


V. C. 716.

a. C. 38. Virgilii 32.


At idem vir doctissimus p. LXIII ad hunc annum, Meliboeum VII. Eclogam, cuius aliqui incertum plane tempus est, refert, hoc uno argumento vsus, ne is annus prorsus aliquo Virgiliani ingenii monumento vacet.
nona, et 717 decima vltimo loco scripta fuit; vt adeo ad temporis rationem ordo hic constitui forte possit:

1 Ecloga II. 6 Ecloga VI.
2 — III. 7 — IV. 714.
3 — V. 8 — VIII. 715.
4 — I. 713. 9 — VII.
5 — IX. eod. 10 — X. 717.


Hoc etiam anno Maecenatis iussu Virgilium Georgica exoratum esse, communis est opinio, quam tamen, si molefiior sis, non facile nisi Grammaticorum ausitioritate probes.


Eodem anno ab Agrippa, vt recens aedificatae clasfes tutum receptuni haberent, lacu Auerno et Lucrino cum mari commiiffo, portus Iulius factus est, de quo v. inprinis apud Dionem XLVIII, 50. 51. Huius operis Virgilius meminit Ge. II, 161 — 164 *An memoriam portus Lucrinaque addita claustra etc.*

V. C. 718.


V. C. 720.


a. C. 34. Virgillii 36/37.


V. C. 722.


a. C. 32. Virgillii 33/35.

Inimicitiae inter Caefarem et M. Antonium ad bellum spectant. Magni vtrinque apparatus; de quibus verfus Ge. I, 509 sqq. agere videntur: Hinc moent Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum; Vicinae ruptis infer se legibus urbes Arma ferunt, facuit tota Mars impius orbe.
Caesar Octavianus III. M. Valerius Messala.
a. C. 31. Virgilii 42.


Virgilium sequi voluisse Augustum contra Antonium ad Aetiaca bella propteram, ait alquis in Seruiinis ad Ecl. III, 74. sicicet, quemadmodum Horatius Maecenatii comes esse volebat Epod. I.

Caesar post Aetiacam pugnamcum Samum insulam in hiberna se recepisset, turbatus nuntiiis de seditione militum, quos confecita victoria Brundisium praemiserat, media hyeme repetit Italianam, tempestate in traiectu bis conflictus. Nee amplius quam XXVII dies Brundisii commoratus in Asiain reuertitur. Inde iusquis Antonii et Cleopatrae legationibus, Aegyptum petiti, obsesiique Alexandria, quo Antonius et Cleopatra confugerant, breui potitus est.

Itaque narratio illa Donati Vita Virgilii § 42 de praeclaris Caesaris Atellae decumbenti Georgicis nullam fidem habet.


Caesar, rebus Aegypti constitutis, per Syriam in Asiain provinciam praefectus hiberna ibi est, simulque et subditurum omnia negotia et Parthica compesuit. Ita Dio LI, 8. Ti-

Vol. I.


Virgilium
Virgilium Neapoli Georgicorum partem certe extre-
mam pertexisse, ex lib. IV extra. manifestum est, si ver-
fus illi ab eius manu sunt. Erat ea vrbs illusrium et
doctorum virorum feceflu illa actate inprimis celebris, vt
otio ac leuioribus studiis se ibi committerent. In oia
natam Parthenopen Ouidius appellat Met. XV, 712. v.
Etiam Aeneidis condendae paullo altius petitum fuifle
autumant viri docti, vt summum unius imperium et gen-
tem Iuliam fatis ei imperio desinentam Romanis commen-
daret.

V. C. 725.

Caesar Octavianus V. Sext. Apuleius.

Decreto Senatus Ianus clausus est. v. Dio LI, 20 et
ibi not. Quo Virgilius respexisse creditur Aen. I, 295
- 300. Aspera tum positis mitescent secula bellis — dirae Clau-
dentur belli portae: vti v. 296. Cana Fides et Vesta, Remo
cum fratre Quirinus Iura dabunt, ad Cenfuram hoc anno
a Caesare, affumto M. Agrippa collega, aedam. Dio LII,
42. A. d. VIII. VII. et VI. Id. Sext. tres Caesaris ex
Asia et Graecia reducis triumphi habiti, vnus ex Illyrico,
alter ex Aetiaca victoria, tertius de Cleopatra et Aegypto

Ad hunc annum Caesaris de imperio deponendo ha-
bita cum Agrippa et Maccenate consultatio pertinet. v.
Dio LII. pr. Quas Virgilio ea in re partes dederint in-
cepti Grammatici, v. in Donato § 78.

Hoc aut superiore anno Dacas trans Istrum cum Ba-
ftarnis, Moeois et aliis populis bello adortus erat M.
Craflus: de qua expeditione v. Dio LI, 22. 23 sqq. Vn-
de versus Virgilii ductus Ge. II, 497. aut comiurato descen-
dens Dacus ab Istro. A. M. Antonio ad societatem et auxilia

E 2
ferenda pelle&i fuerant iti populi, quo factum esse vide-
tur, vt in fines Romanos inscitis mox armis incurrerent.

V. C. 726.

Caesar Octavianus VI. M. Agrippa II.
a. C. 28. Virgiliii 44.

Apollinis in Palatio templum cum bibliotheca Caesar
perfe&it et dedicauit. Ludos A&iacos quinquennales,
propter victoriam A&iacam iam ante decretos, cum Agrippa
exhibu&it. Tunc gymnici quoque ludi a&ti sunt. Dio
LIII, 1.

Hos ludos adumbrauit poeta sub iis, quos Aeneam
fuum facit inscituere Aen. III, 280. A&iace Iliaci cele-
bramus littora ludis. Exercent patrias oleo labente palaetras
Nudati socii.

V. C. 727.

Caesar Octavianus VII. M. Agrippa III.
a. C. 27. Virgiliii 44.

Caesar ex ante diem XVI Kal. Februarii, sententia L.
Munatii Planci, a senatu ceterisque ciuiibus Augustus appel-
latus est, fese septimum, et M. Vipsanio Agrippa tertium
Consulibus. Censorinus c. 22. v. Dio LIII, 16 ibique
Fabric. Romuli nomen a nonnullis propos&um, et ab
ipso Augusto magnopere esse appetitum, fatis constat. v.
victorisque arma Quirini hinc interpretandum esse existi-
mant viri do&i; quod si recte faciant, patet et ex hoc,
Georgica serius, quam 724 absoluta, saltem edita et
vulgatauisse. Namque illud nonnullorum commentum,
de versibus serius et secunda aliqua recensione inscritis,
quod forte ex Donato § 50 petitum est, non admodum
probamus. Ncc Harduinii somnia nos tenebunt, cum in
reliquis, tum in iis, quae ex temporum angustia contra
Aeneidis a Virgilio susceptum opus disputat in Pseudouir-
gilio (inter Opera varia p. 280). Talia refellere, nostri
otii non eft. Poet hoc itaque tempus etiam ille locus Aen.
VI,
VI, 792. scriptus esse debet: *Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis, Augustus Caeser, Dini genus.*

Hunc porro annum assignant viri docti Satyrae decimae libri I. Horatii, in qua v. 45. *melle atque facetum Virgilio adnuerunt gaudentes rare Camosenae.* Quod iudicium cum vnice ad Bucolica et Georgica spectet, cumque ibidem: *forte epos acer, Vt nemo, Varius ducit, adiecitum fit, nihil adhuc de Aeneide tum poetam cogitasse, nihil certe vulgasse, probable fit.*

V. C. 728.

*Caesar Augustus VIII.*  T. Statilius Taurus II.

a. C. 26. *Virgillii ??*.


V. C. 729.

*Caesar Augustus IX.*  M. Iunius Silanus.

a. C. 25. *Virgillii ??*.

*Expeditio Augusti in Cantabros.* Absentem eum a Virgilio litteris suis Aeneidem flagitasse, Donatus memo-

rat § 46. vbi v. not.

V. C. 730.

*Caesar Augustus X.*  C. Norbanus Flaccus.

a. C. 24. *Virgillii ??*.

*Hieronymus Chron. Euseb. ad Olymp. 189, 1. Quinctilius Cremonensis, Virgillii et Horatii familiaris, moritur.*

De eius obitu conoslatur Virgilium Horatius noto carne lib. I. Od. 24. *Quis ille Quinctilius fuerit, ignora-
ratur: nam Grammaticorum commenta audienda non

sunt.*
54

P. VIRGILII VITA.

V. C. 731.

Caesar Augustus XI. A. Terentius Varro Muraena
a. C. 23. Virgiliii 44.

Augustus e graui morbo Antonii Musae opera conuale-
scens femestri spatio interieito M. Marcellum fororis fi-
lium, cum aedilitatem anno superiore suscepiisset, et Au-
gusto vulgo imperii heres desinaretur, e morbo decedere
Virgilius eius mortem pulcherrimis versibus ornat Aen.
VI, 861-887. De quibus versibus lecitis et lauta remu-
neratione honeftatis, v. Donat. § 47. De M. Marcelllo
et eius numo, v. Fortunati Mandelli Commentarium in
Nuova Raccolta d' Opusc. scien. T. XII.

Tiridates ipse, a Phraate vero legati, controueriarum sua-
rum caussa Romam venere. Quibus in senatum introduxit,
cum Augusto caussae cognitio decreta esset, Tiridatem Phraati
nequaquam tradidit, filium tamen Phraatis, quem in potestate
sua habebat, patri remisit hae lege, vt pro eo captiuis signa-
que militaria, Graffi et Antonii cladibus amissâ, recipieret.
Dio LIII, 33. Res tamen non perfecta ante annum 734.
Ad hoc Augusti postulatum, quo negato bellum in Parthos
susceptum iri suscipio esset, respexisse creditur Virgilius
Aen. VII, 605, 606. Sine Getis inferre manu lacrimabile
bellum Hyrcanise Arabisque parant, scil tendere ad Indos
Auroramque sequi, Parbosque reposcere signa. Addebat
Ruacus sub h. a. "Igitur annis minus quatuor sex fere
vitionis operis libros poeta perfecit; nec vero tanta in iis
elucet, quanta in superioribus, cura." Atqui poterant
et haec secundis curis operi in tera esse, si semel hoc ad-
miferis.

V. C.
V. C. 732.
M. Claudius Marcellus Aeserninus. L. Aruntius.
a. C. 22. Virgillii 43/43.


V. C. 733.
M. Lollius. Q. Aemilius Lepidus.


V. C. 734.
M. Apuleius. P. Silius Nerua.


Cum in Syriam aduenisset, Phraates, veritus ne bello peteretur, signa Augusto cum captiuis et exercituum Rom. spoliis remisit. Qua re nihil ad Augusti gloriain illustrius vnquam factum vifum efft. v. Dio LIV, 8. et ibi Fabric, Itaque magnopere inprimis a poetis ea res extollitur et etc. cf. Sueton. c. 47.

E 4 magnificis
magnificis verbis ornatur, vt de profugatis Parthis, euerfo eorum imperio, victo Oriente, India debellata, eos loqui vides. Ad hunc itaque annum versus poetae nostri Ge. IV, extr. II, 170 - 173. III, 26 - 33 non male referri, supra ad a. 724 significauimus.


V. C. 735.

C. Sentius Saturninus. Q. Lucretius Vespillo.


Donatus in Vita § 51. Anno quinquagesimo secundo, ut ultimam manum Aeneidi imponeret, statuit in Graeciam et Asiam decedere, triennioque continuo omnem operam limationi dare, ut reliqua vita tantum philosophiae vacaret. Sed cum progressus iter Athenis occurrisset Augusto, ab Oriente Romam revertenti, (quod verum est. v. Dio LIV, 10) una cum Caesare redire statuit. Ac cum Megara, vicinum Athenis oppidum, visendi gratia peteret, languorem natus est: quem non intermissa navigatio auxit; ita, ut gravior indies, tandem Brundisium (alios Tarentum memorare, in notis monitu in) a d u n c t a r i t,

Cum in Graeciam proficisceretur Virgilius, scripturum fuisse creditur ab Horatio Carmen III libri. Sic te Diva potens Cypr.

Dum in Graecia fuit, tertio Georgicorum libro splendidum illud exordium: Primus Idumeas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas, additum fuisse cum Catroco Wartonus putabat (Life of Virgil) ex interpretatione feilicet parum subtili.

Fuisse, qui eum in itinere Tarenti vita excessisset trade rent, ad Donatum § 51 dicitum, quae vrbs cum ad Calabriam referatur, hinc intelligendus versus Epitaphii: Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, h. in Calabria vitae eruptum se significat. cf. Phocas v. 105. ut Calabros totigit — vehementem luxavit corpora morbus.


De testamento Virgillii v. Donatum § 56.

Eum paullo ante mortem scriinia adeoque omnia sua scripta, (vt etiam Grammaticus in Antholog. lat. II, 184, 10 - 14
10-14 accepit) comburere voluisse, mox, vt Aeneis saltem combureretur, tanquam imperfectum opus, testamento iubere voluisse, tandem, amicorum precibus victum, Vario ac Tuccae, de quibus v. ad Donat. § 53. scripta sua legisse, ea sub conditione ne emendarent, narrat Donatus § 52. 53. ab iis tamen, iussu Caesaris, Aeneidem emendatam fuisse, in eadem farragine memoratur § 56. quod tamen ita intelligas, vt emendarint quidem tollendo, non autem addendo. Ita fere Hieronymus Chron. Eufeb. ad Olymp. 190, 4. Varius et Tucca, Virgili et Horatii contubernales, poetae habentur illustres, qui Aeneidum postea libros emendarunt sub ea lege, vt nihil adderent.


Ceterum Virgilio mox comitem ad Elysios campos mors misit Tibullum iuuenem. v. Domitii Marsi Epigramma ad calcem Tibulli. Ouidius tum annum XXV agebat, itaque Virgilium tantum se vidisse testatur Trift. IV, 10, 51. Horatius annum ingressus erat XLVII.

Aeneidem cum viuo Virgilio multis hominum desideriis expectatam, tum eo mortuo magno fauore et praedicatione acceptam
acceptam fuifse, ex poetis eius temporis colligas. Ouidius
Rem. 395. 396. Tantum se nobis Elegi debe re fat entur Quan-
tum Virgilio nobile debet epis*. Sed idem Aeneidis iam
meminit Am. I, 15, 25. quod carmen ad annum 736,
proximum a Virgilio morte, Massonius retulit: Tityrus et
fegetes Aeneiaque arma legentur, Roma triumphati dum caput
orbis e rit. Et in Arte 751 edita lib. III, 337. Et profugum
Aenean, altae primordia Romae, Quo nullum Latio clarius
ex tat opus. Nondum absoluta et edita erat Aeneis, cum
Propertius nobiles illos versus scriberet lib. II. Eleg. extr.
61 sqq. Qui nunc Aeneae Troiani fusciat arma etc.
Virgilium paullo post, et adhuc aequo Augusteo, in
scho lis praelect tum et enarratum fuifse, e Suetonio scimus
de ill. Grammat. c. 16. Q. Caecilius Epirota Cornelli
Galli familiaris—primus dicitur latine ex tempore dispu-
tasse, primusque Virgilium et alios poetas nown praelegere
coepisse.
Caligula Virgilii memoriae admodum insfe tus fuit. Sed
et Virgilii et T. Liuii scripta et imagines, paulum afuit, quin
ex omnibus bibliothecis amoueret, quorum alterum, vt nullius
ingenii minima eque doctrinae—carpebat Sueton. Calig. 34.
Itaque Virgilii Codices ad paruum tum numerum redactos
fuifse necesfe eft. An forte inde in tanto nunc apographo-
rum numero mirus ille librorum etiam vetustiorum in cor-
ruptelas consensus repetendus eft? vt, cum poft haec Vir-
giliana carmina ex paucis, nec forte emendatislimis exem-
plaribus describerentur, vera iam tum lectio periisfe; quo
factum, vt frufrata nunc a libris auxilium, vbi haereas, ex-
spectetur. Exstitabat tamen Virgili manus adhuc Plinii
maioris aetate H. N. XIII, 12 extr. et Quinctilianii,
Inf t. I, 7, 20. Virgilii idiographum librum inspe ctum,

* ita le g. nam opus nobile esfet quidem carmen epicum, non
poefis epica.

sed

A DISSERTATION UPON PASTORAL POETRY.

MAN is not so depraved, but that representations of innocence and tranquillity, are still delightful and pleasing to the mind. The first employment of our forefathers was undoubtedly the tending of cattle: an employment which princes and patriarchs did not disdain to undertake, however opposite it may appear to the refinements of modern life. This plainness and simplicity of manners is highly amusing and captivating to persons uncorrupted, and, as Shakespeare says, unhackney'd in the ways of men; who love to be carried back into that age of quiet, of innocence and virtue.

What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains him could best engage:
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Blest sons of Nature they, true golden age indeed!

Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

The love of the country is so strong a passion, that it
can hardly be ever obliterated or overcome: tho' business or amusements, or criminal pursuits, or conveniences, or courts, carry men into cities, yet they still continue fond of fields and forests, of meadows and rivulets. A very accomplished courtier assures us, that the stateliest edifices, and the finest pieces of architecture would lose their beauty, if rural objects were not interspersed among them.

Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas,
Laudaturque domus, longos qua prospicit agros;
Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.

Hor.

This is owing to the superior power which the works of nature hold above those of art, to affect and entertain the imagination. For altho' the latter may sometimes appear very beautiful, or even wonderful, yet they can have nothing in them of that vastness and iminenfy, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other; but can never appear so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly, in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nicest touches and embellishments of art. For this reason is Pastoral Poetry so amusing to the mind: In her fairy region are found,

Et secura quies, & nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum: hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

Virg.

A true Pastoral, says Mr. Pope, is an imitation of the action of a shepherd; the form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite, nor too rustic: the thoughts
are plain, but admit a little quickness and passion, yet that short and flowing. The expression humble, yet as pure as the language will allow; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature. The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy: the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

Many laboured and tedious treatises both of French and Italian critics, have been written on the nature of this kind of poetry; but I have not been able to find any thing on the subject so rational, so judicious, and yet so new, as a little piece very lately published, by an excellent writer of our own country, in a paper called the Rambler, which is therefore inserted in this place.

IN writing or judging of Pastoral Poetry, neither the authors or critics of later times seem to have paid sufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity; but have entangled themselves with unnecessary difficulties, and advanced principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a species of composition in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is, therefore, necessary, to enquire after some more distinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be easily found in the Pastorals of Virgil; from whose opinion it will not appear very safe to depart, if we consider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions: that he was born with great accuracy, and severity of judgment, enriched with all the learning of one of the brightest ages, and embellished with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving, than inventing; that, taking Theocritus for his origi-

* The Rambler. No 37.
nal, he found Pastoral much advanced towards perfection, if not already perfect; and that having therefore so great a rival, he must have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we search the writings of Virgil, for the true definition of a Pastoral, it will be found a Poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon a country life. Whatever, therefore, may, according to the common course of things, happen in the country, may afford a subject for a Pastoral Poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur, to those who are versed in the writings of the modern critics, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed easily discover why it is thought necessary to refer descriptions of a rural state to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has consistently preserved the Arcadian manners and sentiments. The only reason that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that according to the customs of modern life, it is improbable that shepherds should be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate sentiments; and therefore the reader must exalt his ideas of the Pastoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wisest and greatest men.

These reasoners seem to have been led into their hypothesis, by considering Pastoral, not in general, as a representation of rural nature, and consequently as exhibiting the ideas and sentiments of those, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleasure or employment; but simply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending sheep, and busied in the lowest and most laborious offices: from whence they very readily concluded, since characters must necessarily be preserved, that either the sentiments must sink to the level of the speakers,
speakers, or the speakers must be raised to the height of the sentiments.

In consequence of these original errors, a thousand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and to confound. Some have thought it necessary that the imaginary manners of the Golden Age should be universally preserved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in Pastoral, than lilies and roses, and rocks and streams, among which are heard the gentle whispers of chaste fondness, or the soft complaints of amorous impatience. In Pastoral, as in other writings, chastity of sentiment ought doubtless to be observed, and purity of manners to be represented; not because the Poet is confined to the images of the Golden Age, but because, having the subject in his own choice, he ought always to consult the interest of virtue.

Yet these advocates for the Golden Age lay down other principles, not very consistent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to support the character of the shepherd, it is proper that all refinement should be avoided, and that some slight instances of ignorance should be interpersed. Thus the shepherd in Virgil is supposed to have forgot the name of Anaximander, and in Pope the term Zodiac is too hard for a rustic apprehension: But, surely, if we place our shepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we suffer them to allude at all to things of later existence, which, perhaps, cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them speak with too much accuracy, since they conversed with divinities, and transmitted to succeeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers, having the mean and despicable condition of a shepherd always before them, conceive it necessary to degrade the language of Pastoral, by obsolete
leter terms and rustic words; which they very learnedly call Doric, without reflecting, that they thus become authors of a mingled dialect, which no human being ever could have spoken; that they may as well refine the speech, as the sentiments of their personages; and that none of the inconsistencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarseness of diction. Spenser begins one of his Pastorals with studied barbarity,

Diggon Davie, I bid her good-day:
Or, Diggon her is, or I mislay.

Dig. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the subject on which speakers like these exercise their eloquence? Will he not be somewhat disappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the church of Rome? Surely, at the same time that a shepherd learns theology, he may gain some acquaintance with his native language.

Pastoral admits of all ranks of persons, because persons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters necessary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of sentiment; those ideas only are improper, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil,

\[ Nunc sei quo quid sit Amor, duris in cautibus illum \\
Ismarus, aut Rhodope, aut extem! Garamantes, \\
Nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis, edunt. \]

which Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to still greater impropriety,
I know thee, Love, wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tygers on the Lybian plain,
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Begot in tempefts, and in thunders born!

Sentiments like these, as they have no ground in na-
ture, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in
Pastoral they are particularly liable to censure, because
they are more proper for tragic or heroic writings.

Pastoral being the representation of an action or passion,
by its effects upon a country life, has nothing peculiar but
its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceases
to be Pastoral. This is its true charateristic, and this
it cannot lose by any dignity of sentiment, or beauty of
diction. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is
a composition truly Bucolic, though rejected by the cri-
tics; for all the images are either taken from the coun-
try, or from the religion of the age common to all parts
of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more disputable kind, because
though the scene lies in the country, the song being re-
ligious and historical, had been no less adapted to any
other audience or place: Neither can it well be defended
as a fiction, for the introduction of a God seems to imply
the Golden Age, and yet he alludes to many subsequent
transactions, and mentions Gallus the Poet's cotem-
porary.

It seems necessary to the perfection of this poem,
that the occasion which is supposed to produce it, be at
least not inconsistent with a country life, or less likely
to interest those who have retired into places of solitude
and quiet, than the more busy part of mankind. It is
therefore improper to give the title of a Pastoral to
verses, in which the speakers, after the slight mention of
their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church,
and corruptions in the government, or to lamentations
of the death of some illustrious person, whom when once the poet has called a shepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and lilies wither, and the sheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or study.

It is part of Claudian's character of his rustic, that he computes his time not by the succession of consuls, but of harvests. Those who pass their days in retreats distant from the theatres of business, are always least likely to hurry their imaginations with public affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the pastoral style has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the sorrow or the joy which the occasion required into the mouth of Daphne or of Thyris; and as one absurdity must naturally be expected to make way for another, they have written with an utter disregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological allusions, with incredible fictions, and with sentiments which neither passion nor reason could have dictated, since the change which religion has made in the whole system of the world.

Thus far the learned and judicious Mr. Johnson.

If I might now venture to speak of the merits of the several pastoral writers, I would say, that in Theocritus we are charmed with a certain sweetness, a romantic rusticity and wildness, heightened by the Doric dialect, that are almost inimitable. 'Tis worth remarking, that he hath borrowed many beautiful images from the most exquisite pastoral now extant, I mean the Song of Solomon; which he probably had read with pleasure in the Greek translation of the Seventy Interpreters, who were his cotemporaries in the polite court of Ptolomy. Several of his pieces indicate a genius of a higher class, far superior to Pastoral, and equal to the sublimest species of poetry: such are particularly, his Panegyric on Ptolomy, the
Fight between Amycus and Pollux, the Epithalamium of Helen, the Europa, the young Hercules, the Grief of Hercules for Hylas, the Death of Pentheus, and the killing the Nemean Lion. Which of these compositions is most spirited and exalted, 'tis impossible to determine; and I must here apply a noble simile of his own, which he uses on a like difficulty,

'Tι δὲν εἰς πολυδενδρον αὐθὴ ὑπεκύουν 
Πατλαίνεις παρῴειον άδιν πόθεν ἀρξίλαι ἤργαν 
Τι πράτων κατάλεξώ; ξιεὶ παρὰ μυρία εἰπής.

The sweet and pathetic lamentation of Moschus on the death of Bion, and of Bion on the death of Adonis, are pieces of pastoral grief,

_qua Venus
Quintā parte sui nectaris imbuit;_  
_HOR._

and oblige us to lament the loss of their works with sincere concern. We know of no other Greek pastoral writer.

Virgil, who comes next to be considered, has excelled his master Theocritus in these three particulars; in decency, in delicacy, and in the variety of his subjects.

We have seen Eclogues remaining of Titus Calpurnius, a native of Sicily, who flourished under the Emperor Carus and his son. Some of them are prettily fancied, and conducted with judgment; but the style favours of the barbarism and corrupted taste, that long before his age infected the Roman poetry.

Mantuan is full of the most absurd allegories, and of allusions to Christianity ridiculously mixed and blended with the Gods and customs of the Heathens. In one of his Eclogues you have a catalogue of all the Virgin Mary's holidays; in another an apparition of the Virgin, who promises a shepherd, that when he shall have passed

F 3

his
his life in Mount Carmel, she will convey him to a far more delicious place, and will make him dwell in heaven with the Dryades and Hamadryades, a sort of new saints, whom we had not been accustomed to hear of as inhabitants of heaven.

The Piscatory Eclogues of Sannazarius deserve to be mentioned with applause. I know not why the critics have condemned him for choosing subjects fruitful of new imagery and sentiments.

The Aminta of Tasso, the celebrated Pastoral Comedy of which the Italians boast so much, is not free from the common vice of all their compositions, false thoughts and glittering conceits, quite contrary to nature and truth. Sylvia, seeing the reflexion of her face in a fountain, and adorning herself with flowers, tells them she does not wear them to mend her beauty, but to lessen theirs, and disgrace them by being placed near her brighter charms. All critics of a truly classical taste, will be disgusted at such far-fetch'd prettinesses. But the pastoral pieces of Guarini, of Bonarelli, and Marino, are infinitely more unnatural and forced, crowded, to the last degree, with little points of wit, with epigrammatic turns, with affected conceits, and with every instance of false glitter and ornament, that usually dazzle and delight superficial readers.

The Pastorals of the ingenious Fontenelle, are too polite and refined in their sentiments. His shepherds are all courtiers; and are better suited to the toilets of Paris, than the forests of Arcadie. Instead of ridiculing Theocritus and Virgil, he had better have followed the precepts of his judicious countryman, the best defender, judge, and imitator, of the ancients; who gives the following advice to pastoral writers:

_Telle qu'une bergere, au plus beau jour de feste,
De superbe rubis ne charge point sa feste._

Et
Et sans méler à l'or l'éclat de diamans,
Cuëille en un champ voisin ses plus beaux ornements,
Telle, amiable en son air, mais humble dans son âge,
Doit éclater sans pompe une élegante Idylle ;
Son ton simple & naïf n'a rien de fâcheux,
Et n'aime point l'orgueil d'un vers presomptueux :
Il fait que ce douceur flate, chatoiille, eveille,
Et jamais de grands mots n'épouvante l'oreille.

Boileau, l'Art Poétique, c. 2.
P. Virgilii Maronis

BUCOLONICA.

THE

ECLOGUES

OF

VIRGIL.
To reward the veteran soldiers that conquered Brutus and Cassius at the battle of Philippi, Augustus distributed amongst them the lands of Cremona and Mantua: Virgil's estate was seized among the rest, but he recovered it by the interest of Pollio, who warmly recommended him to the emperor. This Eclogue was written on this occasion out of gratitude to Augustus. Some commentators, fond of allegorical interpretations, imagine that by the names of the two mistresses Amaryllis and Galatea, are meant Rome and Mantua; but this interpretation cannot justly be supported. It has been conjectured, that Virgil insinuates his old mistress Galatea was of Brutus's party; and his new one Amaryllis of Octavius's; and that by changing mistresses he hints at his changing parties; and in consequence of that, at his leaving Mantua, and going to Rome.
P. VIRGILII MARONIS

BUCOLICA.

ECLOGA I.

TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

TITYRE, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena:
Nos patriae finis, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

TITYRUS.

O Meliboce, deus nobis hæc otia fecit.
Namque erit ille mihi semper deus: illius aram
Saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus inbuet agnus.
Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
Ludere, quae vellem, calamo permisit agresti.

Ver. 2. Reed.] Avena, says the original.—The musical
instruments used by shepherds were at first made of oat and
wheat straw; then of reeds and hollow pipes of box; afterwards
of leg bones of cranes, horns of animals, metals, &c.—
Hence they are called avena, flîpula, calamus, arundo, flîbula,
luxus, tibia, cormu, aes, &c.

Et Zephyri cava per calamorum flîla primum
Agreśtes docuere cavas inflare cicutas:

says Lucretius, b. 5. v. 1381, in a passage which must have
been of use to Virgil in polishing the Latin versification.
THE
ECLOGUES
OF
VIRGIL.
ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

In beechen shades, you Tit'rus, stretcht along,
Tune to the slender reed your sylvan song;
We leave our country's bounds, our much-lov'd plains,
We from our country fly, unhappy swains!
You, Tit'rus, in the groves at leisure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade.

TITYRUS.

O 'twas a god these blessings, swain, bestow'd,
For still by me he shall be deem'd a god!
For him the tend'rest of my fleecy breed
Shall oft in solemn sacrifices bleed.
He gave my oxen, as thou see'ft, to stray,
And me at ease my fav'rite strains to play.

7. 'Twas a god.] This is pretty high flattery. Octavius had not yet received divine honours, which were afterwards bestowed on him: but Virgil speaks as if he were already deified. This was the language of the courtiers of that time.

Preseh ti/i mature largimur bonores,

fays Horace. One cannot but recollect, on reading such sort of passages, the words of the spirited historian: *Igitur vero civitatiti statu, nihil usquam priisci & integri moris: omnis exuita aequalitate iussa principis aspeélare.* Tacitus, Annal. lib. i. c. 4.
Meliboeus.
Non equidem invideo: miror magis. undique totis
Usque adeo turbatur agris. en ipse capellas
Protenus aeger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco.
Hic inter densas corulos modo namque gemellos;
Spem gregis, ah! silice in nuda connixa reliquit.
Saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeva suisset,
De coelo tactas memini praedicere quercus:
Saepe sinistra cavâ praedixit ab ilice cornix.
Sed tamen, iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

Tityrus.
Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Meliboe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus
Pasteores ovium teneros depellere foetus.
Sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus haedos
Noram: sic parvis conponere magna solebam.
Verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbis,
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

Meliboeus.
Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi caussa videndi?

Tityrus.
Libertas: quae fera tamen respexit inertem;
Candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat;
Respexit tamen, et longo poft tempore venit,
Postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.
Namque (fatebor enim) dum me Galatea tenebat,

27. The city.] This manner of speaking of Rome, has the true pastoral simplicity in it.
34. As lofty.] Not only different in magnitude, but in kind, say the commentators.
41. There Amaryllis reigns.] Some fanciful critics imagine that the poet meant Rome by Amaryllis, and Mantua by Galatea. But Ruæus justly looks on these allegorical interpretations as trifles, and rejects them for the following reasons.
1. As the poet has twice mentioned Rome expressly, and by its proper name, in this Eclogue, what could induce him to call it sometimes Rome, and sometimes Amaryllis? 2. He distinguishes Galatea from Mantua also; when he says, that whilst he was a slave to Galatea, he had no profit from the cheeses which he made, from that unhappy city. 3. If we admit the
Nay, mine’s not envy, swain, but glad surprize;
O’er all our fields such scenes of rapine rise!
And lo! sad part’ner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar,
While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,
Tir’d with the way, and recent from her pains;
For mid’ yon tangled hazles as we past,
On the bare flints her hapless twins she cast,
The hopes and promise of my ruin’d fold!
These ills prophetic signs have oft foretold;
Oft from yon hollow tree th’ hoarse raven’s croak,
And heaven’s quick lightning on my blasted oak:
O I was blind these warnings not to see!—
But tell me, Tit’rus, who this god may be?

The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,
I thought resembled this our humble town;
Where, Meliboeus, with our fleecy care,
We shepherds to the markets oft repair.
So like their dams I kidlings wont to call,
So dogs with whelps compar’d, so great with small:
But she o’er other cities lifts her head,
As lofty cypresses low shrubs exceed.

And what to Rome could Tit’rus’ steps persuade?

’Twas Freedom call’d; and I, tho’ slow, obey’d.
She came at last, tho’ late she blest my sight,
When age had silver’d o’er my beard with white;
But ne’er approach’d till my revolting breast
Had for a new exchang’d its wonted guest:
There Amaryllis reigns; yet sure ’tis true,
While Galatea did my soul subdue,
allegory, that verse Mirabar quid moesta deos, is inextricable.
Servius has laid it down as a rule, that we are not to understand any thing in the Bucolics figuratively, that is, allegorically.
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi,
Quamvis multa meis exiret victima septis,
Pinguis et ingratae premeretur caesus urbi,
Non uulquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat.

**Meliboeus.**

Mirabar, quid moesta deos, Amarylli, vocares:
Cui pendere sua patereris in arbore poma.
Tityrus hinc aberat. ipsae te, Tityre, pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusla vocabant.

**Tityrus.**

Quid facerem? neque servitio me exire licebat,
Nec tam praeuentis alibi cognoscere divos.
Hic illum vidi juvenem, Meliboeae, quot annis
Bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant.
Hic mihi responsem primus dedit ille petenti:
Pascite, ut ante, boves, pueri: submittite tauros.

**Meliboeus.**

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt?
Et tibi magna fatis: quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
Limosoqve palus obducat pasca junco;
Non insueta gravis tentabunt tabula foetas:
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent.
Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontis sacros, frigus captabls opacum.
Hinc tibi, quae femper vicino ab limite sepes;
Hyblaeis apibus florem depausta salici,

52. *The fbrubs.*] The *arbusla* were large pieces of ground planted with elms or other trees, at the distance commonly of forty feet, to leave room for corn to grow between them. These trees were pruned in such a manner, as to serve for stages to the vines, which were planted near them. The vines fastened after this manner, were called *arbuslae vites.* See the 12th chapter of Columella de *arboribus.*

58. *Swains feed.*] The word *submittite* in the original may mean the breeding the cattle, as well as yoking oxen.

61. *What tho' rough stones.*] The reader of taste cannot but be pleased with this little landscape, especially as some critics
Carelessly I liv'd of freedom and of gain,
And frequent victims thinned my folds in vain;
Tho' to th' ungrateful town my cheese I fold,
Yet still I bore not back th' expected gold.

Meliboeus.

Oft, Amaryllis, I with wonder heard
Thy vows to heav'n in soft distress preferred.
With wonder oft thy lingering fruits survey'd;
Nor knew for whom the bending branches sway'd:
'Twas Tit'rus was away—for thee detain'd
The pines, the shrubs, the bubbling springs complain'd.

Tityrus.

What could I do? where else expect to find
One glimpse of freedom, or a god so kind?
There I that youth beheld, for whom shall rise
Each year my votive incense to the skies.
'Twas there this gracious answer blest mine ears,
Swains feed again your herds, and yoke your steers.

Meliboeus.

Happy old man! then still thy farms restor'd,
Enough for thee, shall bless thy frugal board.
What tho' rough stones the naked soil overspread,
Or marshy bulrush rear its watry head,
No foreign food thy teeming ewes shall fear,
No touch contagious spread its influence here.
Happy old man! here mid' the custom'd streams
And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams,
While from yon willow-fence, thy pastures' bound,
The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,
Shall sweetly mingle, with the whispering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose:

think Virgil is here describing his own estate. 'Tis a mistake to imagine the spot of ground was barren, for we find it contained a vineyard and apiary, and good pasture land; and the shepherd says he supplied Mantua with victims and cheeses.
Saepe levi fomnum fuadebit inire sufurro.
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras.
Nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria cesfabit turtur ab ulmo.

**Tityrus.**

Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi,
Et freta desituent nudos in litore piscis:
Ante, pererratis amborum finibus eexul,
Aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrin,
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore voltus.

**Meliboeus.**

At nos hinc alii fitientis ibimus Afros:
Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretae veniemus Oaxen,
Et penitus toto divisos orbe Brittannos.
En unquam patrios longo post tempore finis,
Pauperis ac tuguri congeflum cespite culmen,
Poét aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor afitas?
Inpius haec tarn culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has segetes? en quo discordia civis
Produxit miferos! en quis confevimus agros!
Infere nunc, Meliboee, piros; pone ordine vitis.
Ite meae, felix quondam pecus, ite capellae.

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77. *The Parthian.*] These images are not so much in character as those in the two preceding lines. They are too remote for our simple shepherd.

85. *Ab! fball I never.*] By en in the original, say the commentators, is meant unquamne, aliquandone, or an unquam. Ruæus observes that these expressions are in general only a bare and cold interrogation, but surely in this passage the poet means an interrogation joined with an eager desire; a sort of languishing in Meliboeus after the farms and fields he was obliged to leave. We find the same expression in the same sense in the eighth Eclogue.

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*En eìt unquam*

*Ille dies, mibi cum liceat tua dicere faéta!*

86. *Many a year.*] By post aliquot afitas in the original, is certainly meant after some years. It is natural for shepherds to measure
While from steep rocks the pruner’s song is heard;
Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy fav’rite bird,
Mean while shall cease to breathe her melting strain,
Nor turtles from th’ aërial elm to plain.

Tityrus.
Sooner the stag in fields of air shall feed,
Seas leave on naked shores the scaly breed,
The Parthian and the German climates change,
This Arar drink, and that near Tigris range,
Than e’er, by stealing time effac’d, shall part
His much-lov’d image from my grateful heart.

Meliboeus.
But we far hence to distant climes shall go,
O’er Afric’s burning sands, or Scythia’s snow,
Where roars Oäxis, or where seas embrace,
Dividing from the world, the British race.
Ah! shall I never once again behold,
When many a year in tedious round has roll’d,
My native seats?—Ah! ne’er with ravisht thought
Gaze on my little realm, and turf-built cot?
What! must these rising crops barbarians share?
These well-till’d fields become the spoils of war?
See to what mis’ry discord drives the swain!
See, for what lords we spread the teeming grain!
Now Meliboeus, now, renew your cares,
Go, rank again your vines, and graft your pears:
Away, my goats, once happy flocks! away!
No more shall I resume the rural lay:

measure the years by the harves[t]. *Aris[t]a is the beard of the
wheat; the Roman husbandmen sowed only, the bearded wheat.

87. *Ah! ne’er. ] These short and abrupt exclamations are very
natural, and have quite a dramatic air. The image of his
little farm and cottage being plunder’d, breaks in upon the
shepherd, and quite disorders his mind. The irony in the fol-
lowing lines,

Infere nunc, Meliboeae, piros, &c.
strongly expresses both grief and indignation.

G 2
Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.
Carmina nulla canam. non, me pafcente, capellae,
Florentem cytisum, et falices carpetis amaras.

Tityrus.

His tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem

Fronde super viridi. sunt nobis mitia poma,
Caftaneae molles, et presi copia lae
tis.
Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrac.

97. No more, as in.] I have seen in Italy (and on the Vati-
can hill near Rome, in particular) a little arch'd cave made by
the shepherds of ever-greens, not high enough to stand in;
there they lie at their ease to observe their flocks browsing. Is
it not such a sort of cave which is meant here? Viridi is not a
proper epithet for the inside of a natural cave, especially for
such rocky ones as one finds in Italy.

104. Cheefe.] The Roman peasants used to carry the curd
as soon as it was pressed into the towns, or else salt it for cheefe
against the winter.
No more, as in my verdant cave I lie,
Shall I behold ye hang from rocks on high:
No more shall tend ye, while ye round me browse
The trefoil flow'rs, or willow's harsher boughs.

Tityrus.

Yet here, this night, at least, with me reclin'd
On the green leaves, an humble welcome find;
Ripe apples, chestnuts soft, my fields afford,
And cheese in plenty loads my rural board.
And see! from village-tops the smoke ascend,
And falling shades from western hills extend.

END OF THE FIRST ECLOGUE.
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

A shepherd despairing to gain the affections of a youth, named Alexis, is here introduced, uttering those natural and bitter complaints, that disappointed affection is so apt to suggest. Dr. Trapp observes, "That there is no loose idea, nor one immodest expression in the whole piece; which means no more, than either the platonic love of the beauties, both of body and mind, or excess of friendship, or rather both. Experience gives us many instances of persons of the same sex, one of whom is beloved by the other, to an extremity of fondness, and almost dotage. I dare say no person, unless monstrously debauched beforehand, and so being a tempter to himself (which he may be in reading not only innocent but sacred things) had ever an ill thought suggested to him, by the reading of this Eclogue."
E C L O G A II.

ALEXIS.

FORMOSUM pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin,
Delicias domini: nec, quid speraret, habebat.
Tantum inter densas, umbrösa cacumina, fagos
Adsidue veniecbat. ibi haec incondita folus
Montibus et silvis studio jaetabat inani.
O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas?
Nil noftri miserere? mori me denique coges.
Nunc etiam pecudes umbras ac frigora captant:
Nunc viridis etiam occultant spineta lacertos:
Theflyls et rapido fessis meffioribus aestu
Allia ferpulhumque herbas contundit olentis.
At me cum raucis, tua dum vestigia luftro,
Sole sub ardenti refonant arhufta cicadis.
Nonne fuit fatius, triftis Amaryllidis iras
Atque superba pati faftidia? nonne Menalcan?
Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus efles.
O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.

Ver. 13. Garlic pounds.] We are told by Pliny that garlic was very much used in the country as an excellent medicine; Allium ad melita, ruris praeципué, medicamenta predeffe creditur. It must in Italy be a very nutritious food for husbandmen.

16. Shrill Cicade.] I don't know how every body almost in England came to imagine, that the Cicada in the Roman writers was the fame with our graffopper; for their characters are different enough to have prevented any such mistake. The Cicada is what the Italians now call Cicala, and the French Cigale. They make one coniitant uniform noise all day long in summer-time, which is extremely disagreeable and tiresome, particularly in the great heats. Their note is sharp and shrill in the beginning of the summer, but hoarse and harsh towards the latter part of it. They are supposed to feed on the morning dew, and then fix on some funny branch of a tree,
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon with hopeless love ador'd
The fair Alexis, fav'rite of his lord.
Mid' shades of thickest beech he pin'd alone,
To the wild woods and mountains made his moan,
Still day by day, in incoherent strains,
'Twas all he could, despairing told his pains.
Wilt thou ne'er pity me, thou cruel youth,
Unmindful of my verse, my vows, and truth?
Still, dear Alexis, from my passion fly?
Unheard and unregarded must I die?

Now flocks in cooling shades avoid the heats,
And the green lizard to his brake retreats,
Now Thestylis the thyme and garlic pounds,
And weary reapers leave the fultry grounds,
Thee still I follow o'er the burning plains
And join the shrill Cicada's plaintive strains.
Were it not better calmly to have borne
Proud Amaryllis' or Menalcas' scorn?
Tho' he was black, and thou art heav'nly fair?
How much you trust that beauteous hue beware!

tree, and sing all day long. It is hence that this insect is oppo-
osed to the ant in the old Æsopian fables, which is as in-
duflrious and inoffensive as the other is idle and troublesome.
Virgil calls the Cicada querulae and raucae; Martial, arguta
and inhumanæ. Their note is the more troublesome, because
in the great heats they sing alone. Any one who has pass'd a
summer in Italy, or in the south of France, will not think
the epithet inhumanæ too severe for them. Spence.
18. Amaryllis.] Servius informs us, that the true name of
Amaryllis was Leria, a beautiful girl whom Maecenas gave to
Virgil, as he also did Cebes, whom the poet mentions under
the person of Menalcas. Catrou thinks this story of Servius
is a fiction; but adds another fiction of his own, that Rome is
meant by Amaryllis.

Mecum una in silvis imitabere Pana canendo. Pan primus calamos cera conjungere pluris Institut: Pan curat ovis, oviumque magistros. Nec te poeniteat calamo trivisse labellum. Haec eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas? Eft mihi disparibus septem conpaeta cicutis Fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim, Et dixit moriens: Te nunc habet ifla secundum, Dixit Damoetas: invidit stultus Amyntas,

27. Sunt.] The ancient shepherds walked before, and called their sheep after them.
29. Viciud.] La Cerda has very fully vindicated Virgil, against those who deny the possibility of an image being reflected by the sea. When it is perfectly calm it is quite a mirrour.

I don't know whether you have taken notice of a miscarriage in the most judicious of all poets. Theocritus makes Polypheme say,

Kai γας ἄν θερ' εἰδος εἰκὼς κακον, ὡς με λεγετιν, Η γας πέναν ἐς Ποντον εἰσπλλεσον ἵν εἰ γαλανα.

Nothing could be better fancied than to make this enormous son of Neptune use the sea for his looking-glass: but is Virgil so happy when his little landman says,

Nec
Eel.

2.

The privet’s silver flow’rs we still neglect,
But dusky hyacinths with care collect.
Thou know’st not which thou scorn’st—what snowy kine,
What luscious milk, what rural stores are mine!
Mine are a thousand lambs in yonder vales,
My milk in summer’s drought; nor winter fails;
Nor sweeter to his herds Amphion sung,
While with his voice Boeotia’s mountains rung;
Nor am I so deform’d! myself I view’d
On the smooth surface of the glassy flood,
By winds unmov’d, and be that image true,
I dread not Daphnis’ charms, tho’ judg’d by you.

O that you lov’d the fields and shady grots,
To dwell with me in bowers, and lowly cots,
To drive the kids to fold, the flags to pierce;
Then should’st thou emulate Pan’s skilful verse,
Warbling with me in woods; ’twas mighty Pan
To join with wax the various reeds began;
Pan, the great god of all our subject plains,
Protects and loves the cattle and the swains;
Nor thou disdain, thy tender rosy lip
Deep to indent with such a master’s pipe.
To gain that art how much Amyntas try’d!
This pipe Damoetas gave me as he dy’d;
Seven joints it boasts—Be thine this gift, he said:
Amyntas envious sigh’d, and hung the head.

Nec sum adeo infirmis: nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis flaret mare?

His wonderful judgment for once deserted him, or he might have retained the sentiment with a slight change in the application.

Hurd’s letter on the marks of imitation.

41. Rosy lip.] There is a fondness in mentioning this circumstance of his wearing his lip.—This fistula is used to this day in the Grecian islands. The constant effect of playing on it, is making the lip thick and callous. Mr. Dawkins assured me he saw several shepherds with such lips.

45. Joints.] Servius tells us, that Cicuta means the space between the two joints of a reed.
Praeterea duo, nec tuta mihi valle reperti,
Capreoli sparfs etiam nunc pelibus albo,
(Bina die fuccant ovis ubera) quos tibi servo.
Jam pridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat:
Et faciet: quoniam fordent tibi munera nostra.
Huc ades, ô formosè puer. tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis: tibi candida Naïs,
Pallentis violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcifsum et f lorem jungit bene oentis anethi.
Tum, cafla atque aliis intexens fuavibus herbis,
Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.
Ipfe ego'cana legam tenera lanugine mala,
Caftaneasque'nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat.
Addam cerea pruna: honos erit huic quoque pomo.
Et vos, ô lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte.
Sic poftitae quoniam suavis miscetis odores.
Rusticus es, Corydon. nec munera curat Alexis:
Nec fi muneribus certes, concedat Iolas.
Eheu, quid volui misero mihi? floribus auffrum
Perditus, et liquidis inmisfi fontibus apros.

47. Kids.] These were undoubtedly wild kids, taken from
their proper dam, and not kids which Corydon had lofl, and
now recovered again. Servius says, kids at first have white
spots, which alter and lose their beauty afterwards.
53. The nymphs in baskets bring.] These lines are of an ex-
quifite beauty, and contain the sweeteft garland that ever was
offered by a lover. He concludes this description of his pre-
fents by saying that, Alas! Alexis would not regard any of his
gifts, as he was only a poor rustie, and that his rival Iolas
was able to make far richer preffents. At the mention of his
rival's name he ftops short, and cries, Fool that I am, to put
Alexis in mind of him,—who will certainly prefer him to me!
This seems to be the true meaning of quid volui misero mihi?
The several commentators give a different interpretation. The
agitation and doubts of a lover's mind are finely painted in
this passage and the succeeding lines. At last the shepherd
seems to come to himfelf a little, and reflects on the bad con-
dition of his affairs, which his passion has occasioned, femi-
putata tibi, &c.—and finally resolves to leave the obdurate
Alexis, and go in search of another object.
Befides, two dappled kids, which late I found
Deep in a dale with dangerous rocks around,
For thee I nurfe; with these, O come and play!
They drain two swelling udders every day.

These Thestylis hath begg'd, but begg'd in vain;
Now be they her's, since you my gifts disdain.
Come, beauteous boy! the nymphs in baskets bring
For thee the loveliest lillies of the spring;
Behold for thee the neighbr'ing Naiad crops
The violet pale, and poppy's fragrant tops,
Narcissus' buds she joins with sweet jonquils,
And mingles cinnamon with daffodils;
With tender hyacinths of darker dyes,
The yellow marigold diversifies.

Thee, with the downy quince, and chestnuts sweet,
Which once my Amaryllis lov'd, I'll greet;
To gather plumbs of glossy hue, will toil;
These shall be honour'd if they gain thy smile.

Ye myrtles too I'll crop and verdant bays,
For each, so plac'd, a richer scent conveys.
O Corydon, a rustic hind thou art!
Thy presents ne'er will touch Alexis' heart!
Give all thou canst, exhaust thy rural store,
Iolas, thy rich rival, offers more.

What have I spoke? betray'd by heedless thought,
The boar into my crystal springs have brought!

60. Marigold.] Dr. Martyn has taken great pains to explain the true names of the flowers here mentioned by Virgil, and from his skill in botany one may imagine he has justly ascertained them. I follow him.

61. Chestnuts sweet.] There are still in Italy, garlands intermixt with fruits as well as flowers, like that described by Virgil in his Eclogues. I have seen some of these carried about the streets of Florence, the Sunday before Christmas-day: They were built up in a pyramid of ever-greens, chiefly of bays, and faced with apples, grapes, and other fruits.

71. What.] This reading is after the Vatican manuscript.
Quem fugis, ah, demens! habitaturn di quoque silvas, 60
Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit, arces
Ipsa colat. nobis placeant ante omnia silvae.
Torva leaena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella:
Te Corydon, ò Alexi. trahit sua quemque voluptas. 65
Aspice, aratra jugo referunt suspenfa juvenci,
Et sol crescentis decedens duplicat umbras:
Me tamen urit amor. quis enim modus adfit amori?
Ah Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit!
Semiputata tibi frondofa vitis in ulmo eft.
Quin tu aliquid saltem, potius quorum indiget usus,
Viminibus mollique paras detexere junco?
Invenies alium, ò te hic falsidit, Alexin.

77. Pallas is said to be the inventor of architecture.
88. Elms.] The epithet frondofa has great propriety: for Servius says, here is a double instance of neglect! the vines are half pruned, and the elms are suffered to make long shoots.
91. If this Alexis.] Even when he resolves to forget the beloved person, he fondly repeats the beloved name. Trapp.
92. From Theocritus.

La Cerda has collected, with much exactness, all the passages which Virgil has taken from Theocritus; their number is indeed very great.
Wretch that I am! to the tempestuous blast
O I have given my blooming flowers to waste!

Whom dost thou fly? the gods of heav'n above,
And Trojan Paris deign'd in woods to rove;
Let Pallas build, and dwell in lofty towers,
Be our delight the fields and shady bowers:
Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme—and I still follow you.

Lo! labouring oxen spent with toil and heat,
In loosen'd traces from the plough retreat,
The sun is scarce above the mountains seen,
Lengthening the shadows o'er the dusky green;
But still my bosom feels not evening cool,

Love reigns uncheck'd by time, or bounds, or rule.
What frenzy, Corydon, invades thy breast?
Thy elms grow wild, thy vineyard lies undrest;
No more thy necessary labours leave,
Renew thy works, and offer-baskets weave:

If this Alexis treat thee with disdain,
Thou'lt find another, and a kinder swain.

END OF THE SECOND ECLOGUE.
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

This Eclogue contains a dispute between two shepherds, of that sort which the critics call Amoebae, from Ἀμοεβαῖς, mutual or alternate. In this way of writing the persons are represented to speak alternately, the latter always endeavouring to exceed, or at least equal, what has been said by the former, in the very same number of verses; in which if he fails, he loses the victory. Here Menalcas and Damoetas reproach each other, and then sing for a wager, making Palaemon judge between them. Menalcas begins the contention, by casting some reflections on his rival Ægon, and his servant Damoetas. Vives, as usual, endeavours to allegorize this Eclogue, and says that Virgil means himself under the fictitious name of Damoetas. I heard, says Mr. Holdsworth, a poetical contest of this kind at Val-Ombrofa, which being very satirical, put me in mind of the old Bucolics.
ECLOGA III.

PALAEMON.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALAEMON.

MENALCAS.

DIC mihi, Damoeta, cujum pecus? an Meliboei?

DAMOETAS.

Non: verum Aegonis. nuper mihi tradidit Aegon.

MENALCAS.

Infelix ô semper oves pecus! ipse Neaeram
Dum fovet, ac, ne me frib praeferat illa, veretur;
Hic alienus ovis custos bis mulget in hora:
Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

DAMOETAS.

Parcius ista viris tamen objicienda memento.
Novimus et qui te, traniversa tuentibus hircis,
Et quo, sed faciles Nymphae risere, facello.

MENALCAS.

Tum, credo, cum me arbuflum videre Myconis,
Atque mala vitis incidere falce novellas.

DAMOETAS.

Aut hic ad veteres fagos, cum Daphnidos arcum
Fregisti et calamos: quae tu, perverse Menalca,
Et cum vidisti puero donata, dolebas,
Et, si non aliqua nocuiffes, mortuus esles.

12. We know that you.] Virgil here imitates Theocritus (Novimus, &c.) but is not so grofs and indelicate as the Greek poet.
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

PALAEMON.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALAEMON.

MENALCAS.

Are these, Damoetas, Meliboeus' sheep?

DAMOETAS.

No; these their master Aegon bade me keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy sheep! yet more unhappy swain!

Whilst he Neacra woos, but woos in vain;

And fears left I by fairer fortune blest

Should win precedence in the virgin's breast;

Lo! here an hireling wastes his master's gains,

And twice an hour of milk the cattle drains.

How lean, too deeply drain'd, appear the dams!

And cheated of their milk how pine the lambs!

DAMOETAS.

At least to men this scoffing language spare;

We know that you—with whom—and when—and where:

We know the cave—'tis well the nymphs were kind,

Nor to the deed the leering goats were blind.

MENALCAS.

Ay, the kind nymphs, forsooth, no notice took,

When Mycon's vine I tore with wicked hook.

DAMOETAS.

Or rather when, yon ancient beech below,

In spite you broke young Daphnis' darts and bow.

O swain perverse! nay, when the boy receiv'd

The gift, oh! how your jealous soul was griev'd!

'Twas well you found that way, or you, I ween,

Had died in very impotence of spleen.
Virgili Maronis Bucolica.

Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures?
Non ego te vidi Damonis, pessime, caprum
Excipere insidiis, multum latrante Lycifca?
Et cum clamarem: Quo nunc fe proripit ille?
Tityre, coge pecus: tu post carecta latebas.

Damoetas,

An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille,
Quem mea carminibus meruiflet fisftula, caprum?
Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit; et mihi Damon
Ipfe fatebatur: fed reddere posfe negabat.

Cantando tu illum? aut umquam tibi fiftula cera
Iuncta fuit? non tu in triviis, indocete, solebas
Stridenti misprimus stipula disperdere carmen?

Damoetas,

Vis ergo inter nos, quid posfit uterque, vicifsim
Experiamur? ego hanc vitulam, ne forte recufes,
Bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere foetus,
Depono: tu die, mecum quo pignore certes.

De grege non ausim quidquam deponere tecum.
Est mihi namque domi pater, est injufta noverca:
Bifque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et haedos.
Verum id, quod multo tute ipfe fatebere majus,
Infanire libet quoniam tibi, pocula ponam
Fagina, caelatum divini opus Alcimedontis:

36. To flare.] Nothing can be fo satyrical as this line. All
these R's (with a repetition of ft in fridenti & stipula) could not
concur without some design. Milton imitates this passage in
his beautiful poem entitled Lycidas,

Grate on their Jramnel pipes of wretched flaw.

48. Alcimedon.] As there is no account left us of any famous
artist called Alcimedon, Dr. Martyn imagines that he was a
friend of our poet, who was therefore willing to tranfmit his
name to posterity. By his name, he appears to have been a
Greek. How highly the arts of painting and carving were
efteeemed in Greece, appears from this very remarkable passage

Menalcas.

What daring scandal must thy master prate,
Since thou, his slave, canst talk at such a rate!
Did not I see thee, thief, steal Damon's goat,
While loud Lycisca gave the warning note?
And when I cry'd,—"See, where the rascal speeds;
"Tit'rus take care"—you skulk'd behind the reeds.

Damoetas.

The goat was mine, and won beyond dispute;
The lawful prize of my victorious flute.
Not Damon's self the just demand denies,
But owns he could not pay the forfeit prize.

Menalcas.

You win a goat by music? did thy hand
E'er join th' unequal reeds with waxen band?
Vile dunce! whole sole ambition was to draw
The mob in streets to stare at thy harsh-grating straw.

Damoetas.

Howe'er that be, suppose we trial make?
I, to provoke you more, yon heifer stake.
Two calves she rears, twice fills the pails a-day,
Now for the strife 'tis your's some pledge to lay.

Menalcas.

You cannot from my flock a pledge require,
You know I have at home a peevish fire,
A cruel step-dame too—strict watch they keep,
And twice each day they count my goats and sheep.
But since your proffer'd prize so much you boast,
I'll stake a pledge of far superior cost.
Two beauteous bowls of beechen wood are mine,
The sculpture of Alcimedon divine;
in Pliny; speaking of Eupompus, he says, "It was enjoined by
his authority, first in Sicyon, and next throughout all Greece,
that *ingenious youths* should above all things learn the art
of carving, that is, of making designs in box; and that this
art should be ranked among the first of the liberal ones. He
thought
Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos.
In medio duo signa, Conon: et quis fuit alter,
Defcripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem,
Tempora quae melior, quae curvus arator haberet?
Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.

Damoetas.
Et nobis idem Alcimedon duo pocula fecit,
Et molli circum est ansas amplexus acantho,
Orpheaque in medio posuit, silvasque sequentis.
Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.
Si ad vitulam speetas, nihil est quod pocula laudes.

Menalcas.
Nunquam hodie effugies. veniam quocunque vocaris.
Audiat haec tantum vel qui venit: ecce, Palaemon:
Efficiam posthaec quemquam ne voce laccellas.

Damoetas.
Quin age, si quid habes; in me mora non erit ualla,
Nec quemquam fugio. tantum, vicine Palaemon,
Senibus haec imis (res est non parva) reponas.

Palaemon.
Dicite: quandoquidem in molli confedimus herba.
Et nunc omnis aher, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus.
Incipe, Damoeta; tu deinde sequere, Menalca.
Alternis dictis: amant alterna Camenae.

"thought the laws of honour were violated, if any but gentle-
men, or at least those that were reputedly born, practised this 
art; and made a perpetual prohibition that slaves never 
should be admitted to learn it. Hence it is that we see no 
celebrated pieces of carving, neither of engraving, or relievos,
[Toreutice] done by any person in the degree of a slave."

Nat. Hist. b. 35. c. 10.
Ecl. 3. The Eclogues of Virgil. 103

Whose easy chisel o'er the work has twin'd,
A vine with berries of pale ivy join'd.
Full in the midst two comely forms appear,
Conon, with him who fram'd that wond'rous sphere,
Which points the change of seasons to the swain,
And when to plough the soil, or reap the grain.
These are my pledge: which yet with care I keep
Untouch'd, and unpolluted by the lip.

Damoetas.

I have a pair by the fame artist made,
Their handles with acanthus' leaves o'erlaid,
Where Orpheus in the midst attracts the grove—
But my first-proffer'd prize is still above
All we can stake; tho' yet my cups I keep
Untouch'd, and unpolluted by the lip.

Menalcas.

Name your own terms, nor think the field to fly,
We'll choose, for judge, the first who passes by—
Palaemon comes—let him the cause decide;
For once I'll tame an empty boaster's pride.

Damoetas.

I fear the threats of no vain-glorious swain,
No proud Menalcas, nor his vaunted strain.
The song, Palaemon, with attention hear,
No mean debate demands thy listening ear.

Palaemon.

Begin, since on the tender turf we rest,
And fields and trees in fruitful stores are drest.
The lofty groves their verdant livery wear,
And in full beauty blooms the laughing year.
Begin Damoetas; next, Menalcas, prove
Thy skill; the Nine alternate measures love.
Damoetas.
Ab Jove principium, Mufae: Jovis omnia plena: 60
Ille colit terras, illi mea carmina curae.

Menalcas.
Et me Phoebus amat: Phoebus sua semper apud me
Munera sunt, lauri, et suave rubens hyacinthus.

Damoetas.
Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella;
Et fugit ad falices, et se cupit ante videri. 65

Menalcas.
At mihi fce offert ultrro meus ignis Amyntas:
Notior ut jam fit canibus non Delia nostris.

Damoetas.
Parta meae Veneri sunt munera: namque notavi
Ipfe locum, ææiae quo congeflere palumbes.

Menalcas.
Quod potui, puero silvestri ex arbo re lec^a 70
Aurea mala decem misi: cras altera mittam.

Damoetas.
O quoties, et quae nobis Galatea locuta est!
Partem aliquam, venti, divom referatis ad auris.

77. Muses from mighty.] Virgil seems to have laid it down as an indispensible rule to himself, in these Amoebaean verses, to make the respondent shepherd answer his opponent, in exactly the same number of lines. Either this rule was never taken notice of by any former translator; or the extreme difficulty of observing it, hath deterred them from attempting to follow it. How I have succeeded (both in this and the seventh Eclogue) must be left to the determination of the judicious reader, who, it is hoped, will make proper allowances for such a constraint.

82. Laurel.] The ancient poets seem to use laurus indifferently for laurels, or bays: strictly speaking, lauro, or lauro regio, signifies the former in Italian, and alloro the latter; but their best poets use lauro indifferently for both.

103. Breezes, bear.] This sentiment of Damoetas is beautiful and poetical to the last degree, especially, partem aliquam.
Damoetas.

Muses from mighty Jove begin the theme;
With mighty Jove all nature's regions teem:
With liberal hand he sows the plenteous plains,
Nor unpropitious hears my rural strains.

Menalcas.

E'en me, mean shepherd, Phoebus deigns to love,
Sacred to him I rear a laurel-grove:
And still along my lavish borders rise,
His hyacinths of sweetly-blooming dies.

Damoetas.

At me an apple Galatea threw,
Then to the willows, wily girl, withdrew;
Yet as with hafty steps she skimm'd the green,
Wish'd, ere she gain'd the willows, to be seen.

Menalcas.

But unsolicited Amyntas burns
For me, spontaneously my love returns;
Unask'd the boy prevents each soft request,
Nor by my dogs is Delia more carefs'd.

Damoetas.

To the dear Venus of my love-sick mind,
Her swain a welcome present has design'd.
I mark'd the bough where two fond turtles coo'd,
And her's shall be the nest, and feathery brood.

Menalcas.

Amid the woodland wilds a tree I found,
Its plenteous boughs with golden apples crown'd;
Then, all I could, to my dear youth I sent,
And mean ten more to-morrow to present.

Damoetas.

How oft with words so musically mild,
Has Galatea every sense beguil'd!
Some part, at least, to heav'n, ye breezes, bear,
Nor let such words be lost in common air.
Menalcas.

Quid prodest, quod me ipse animo non spernis, Amynta,
Si, dum tu secataris apos, ego retia servo?

Damoetas.

Phyllida mitte mihi: meus est natalis, Iola:
Cum faciam vitula pro frugibus, ipse venito.

Menalcas.

Phyllida amo ante alias; nam me discedere elevit:
Et, longum formose vale, vale, inquit, Iola.

Damoetas.

Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,
Arboribus venti; nobis Amaryllidis irae.

Menalcas.

Dulce fatis humor, depulsiis arbutus haedis,
Lenta falix foeto pecori; mihi solus Amyntas.

Damoetas.

Pollio amat nofram, quamvis est rustica, Musam:
Plerides, vitulam lectori pascite vestro.

Menalcas.

Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina. pascite taurum,
Jam cornu petat, ac pedibus qui spargat arenam.

Damoetas.

Qui te, Pollio, amat, veniat, quo te quoque gaudet.

107. The boar at bay.] Orig. Si, dum tu secataris apos, ego retia servo? "What signifies your love to me, if you will not let me shew mine to you by sharine your dangers?" — For all the danger was in hunting the wild beasts; none in watching the nets.

RUAES and TRAPP.

133. Phillis o'er every other nymph.] The original is, et longum formose, vale—Iola! The vocative case Iola does not agree with formose, but is to be construed at the beginning of the couplet: O Iolas, I love Phillis above other women, for she accepted when I parted from her, and cried, O fair shepherd [Menalcas] farewell, &c.

121. Vernal showers.] La Cerda thinks the shepherds are equal in these couplets: but Catrou, according to custom, affirms that Menalcas has the advantage. "The images," says he, "which Menalcas here presents to the mind, are more agreeable than those of his adversary. A wolf, unfeasonable rains, " and
In vain, Amyntas, you pretend in vain
To love; you treat me with unkind disdain,
If while you hold the bristly boar at bay,
I keep the nets, nor share the dangerous day.

Bid Phillis haste t’improve the genial mirth
Of this the day that gave her shepherd birth;
And when my heifer bleeds at Ceres’ feast,
Iolas, come thyself, and be a welcome guest!

Phillis o’er every other nymph I prize,
Oh! how she took her leave with weeping eyes!
And as I went, “Dear shepherd,” oft she cry’d,
And many a long adieu thro’ the deep vales she sigh’d.

The wolf is fatal to the folded sheep;
With fatal force o’er trees loud tempests sweep;
Fatal the rushing show’rs to ripening corn:
To me more fatal Amaryllis’ scorn!

Sweet are the vernal show’rs to swelling feed;
The flow’ry arbute to the weanling kid;
The tender willows to the teeming herd:
By me o’er all Amyntas is preferr’d.

Pollio approves, though rough, my rural reed;
Muses, an heifer for your patron feed!

Since Pollio deigns to build the lofty strain;
Feed him a bull that butting spurns the plain.

Let him who loves a Pollio’s sacred name
Gain what he loves, and share a Pollio’s fame:

“and tempestuous winds, are the ornament of Damoetas’s dif-
course. In that of Menalcas, we have favourable rains, and
an agreeable nourishment to the flocks.”
Mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus asper amomum.

**Menalcas.**

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Maevi:
Atque idem jungat volpes, et mulgeat hircos.

**Damoetas.**

Qui legitis flores, et humi nascentia fraga,
Frigidus, ò pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.

**Menalcas.**

Parcite oves nimium procedere: non bene ripae
Creditur. ipse aries etiam nunc vellera Siccat.

**Damoetas.**

Tityre, pascentis à flumine reice capellas:
Ipse, ubi tempus erit, omnis in fonte lavabo.

**Menalcas.**

Cogite ovis, pueri: si lac praecipit aestus,
Ut nuper, frustra preslabimus ubera palmis.

**Damoetas.**

Eheu, quam pingui macer est mihi taurus inervo!
Idem amor exitium pecori est, pecorisque magistro.

**Menalcas.**

His certe neque amor causa est: vix ossibus haerent.
Neocio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat agnos.

**Damoetas.**

Dic, quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo,
Tris pateat coeli spatium non amplius ulnas.

**Menalcas.**

Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascentur flores: et Phyllida folus habeto.

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139. *Graxe not.* Catrou understands this couplet as an allegory, implying a caution to avoid being surprised by dangerous inclinations. This seems a strained and forced interpretation.


151. *Tell this.* Catrou and Dr. Trapp are for the *well and the oven,* as the most simple and suitable to a shepherd's understanding. But Dr. Martyn proposes a new interpretation, and thinks the shepherd may mean a celestial globe or sphere.
For him let golden streams of honey flow,
And fragrant spices breathe from every bough.

Menalcas.
Is there a swain that hates not Bavius' lays?
Be it his curse vile Maevius' verse to praise:
The same degree of madness might provoke
To milk male goats, or stubborn foxes yoke.

Damoetas.
Ye boys that gather flow'rs and strawberries,
Lo! hid within the grass a serpent lies!

Menalcas.
Graze not, my sheep, too near the faithless bank,
Scarce yet the ram has dry'd his fleeces dank.

Damoetas.
Tityrus, thy kids too near the river stray,
Myself will wash them all some fitter day.

Menalcas.
Boys, fold your sheep, 'tis vain to press the teat,
When all the milk, as erft, is dry'd with heat.

Damoetas.
How lean my bull on yonder clover'd plain!
Love wastes alike the cattle and the swain.

Menalcas.
Some heavier plague has made these lambs so lean,
What magic eye my tender brood has seen!

Damoetas.
Tell me the place, where heaven's contracted bound
Appears to view but three short ells around?
Tell this, and thou my god of verse shalt shine.

Menalcas.
Tell this, and lovely Phillis shall be thine;
O tell in what delightful region springs
The flow'r that bears inscrib'd the names of kings.

154. Of kings.] The flower here meant is the hyacinth,
which as it is said to spring from the blood of Ajax, was mark'd
AI.
Non nostrum inter vos tantas conponere litis:
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic: et quisquis amores
Aut metuet dulcis, aut experietur amaros.

Claudite jam rivos, pueri. fat prata biberunt.

159. *The streams.*] *Claudite jam rivos,* is an allegorical expression, taken from a river's refreshing the meadows, and applied to music and poetry delighting the ears, the fancy, and the judgment.
Ecl. 3.  The Eclogues of Virgil.

Palaemon.

Which to prefer perplexing doubts arise:
Neither have won, but both deferv'd the prize;
And all deferve alike, whose song can prove,
Like yours, how much they fear'd or hop'd in love.
'Tis time to cease, my boys: the streams restrain,
Enough the floods have drench'd the thirfty plain.

END OF THE THIRD ECLOGUE.
Catrou seems to be the first commentator that has given any thing like a rational interpretation of the subject of this famous Eclogue. His words are as follows, viz. In the year of Rome 714, says he, when Afinius Pollio and Domitius Calvinus were consuls, the people of Rome compelled the triumvirs Oktavian and Anthony to make a durable peace between them. It was hoped, that thereby an end would be put to the war with Sextus Pompey, who had made himself master of Sicily, and by the interruption of commerce, had caused a famine in Rome. To make this peace the more firm, they would have Anthony, whose wife Fulvia was then dead, to marry Oktavian Caesar's sister Oktavia, who had lately lost her husband Marcellus, and was then big with a child, of which she was delivered after her marriage with Anthony. This child retained the name of his own father Marcellus, and as long as he lived was the delight of his uncle Oktavian, and the hope of the Roman people. It is he that is the subject of this Eclogue. Virgil addresses it to Pollio, who was at that time consul, and thereby makes a compliment to Caesar, Anthony, Oktavia, and Pollio, all at once. The Marcellus, whose birth is here celebrated, is the same whose death is lamented by Virgil in the sixth Aeneid. The poet borrows what was predicted by the Camaean Sybil concerning Jesus Christ, and applies it to this child.
ECLOGA IV.

POLLIO.


Ver. 21. For thee, O child.] 'Tis impossible to forbear observing the great similitude of this passage, and that famous one of Isaiah:

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, chap. xi. ver. 13. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid: and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat
ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.
On the Birth of MARCELLUS.
To POLLIO.

Give me, Sicilian maids, sublimer strains;
All love not lowly shrubs and rural plains:
Or if ye choose to sing the shady grove,
Make your theme worthy a great consul's love.

The years approach, by Sybil's sage foretold,
Again by circling time in order roll'd!
Aftrea comes, old Saturn's holy reign,
Peace, virtue, justice, now return again!

See a new progeny from heav'n descend!
Lucina hear! th' important birth befriended!
The golden age this infant shall restore,
Thy Phoebus reigns—and vice shall be no more.
The months begin, the babe's auspicious face,
Pollio, thy glorious consulship shall grace;
What footsteps of our ancient crimes remain
For ever shall be banish'd in thy reign.

He shall enjoy the life divine, and see
The gods and heroes of eternity;
The jarring world in lasting peace shall bind,
And with his father's virtues rule mankind.

For thee, O child, spontaneous earth shall pour
Green ivy, mix'd with ev'ry choicest flow'r:

"eat straw like the ox. And the fucking child shall play
"upon the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put
"his hand on the adder's den, chap. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8."

How much inferior is Virgil's poetry to Isaiah's! The former has nothing comparable to these beautiful strokes; "that
"a little child shall lead the lion;—that the very trees of
"the forest shall come to pay adoration."—Virgil says

12 only
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
Ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae
Ubera: nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet: Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum.
Ac simul heroum laudes et facta parentis
Jam legere, et quae fit poteris cognoscere virtus:
Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit tentibus uva:
Et duræ quercus fudabunt roscida mella.
Pauca tamen referunt prifcae vestigia fraudis,
Quae tentare Thetin ratibus, quae cingere muris
Oppida, quae jubeant telluri insindere fulcos.
Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
Delectos heros: erunt etiam altera bella;
Atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.
Hinc, ubi jam firmata virum te fecerit ætas,
Cedet et ipse mari vecto; nec nautica pinus
Mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.
Non raftros patietur humus, non vinea falcem:
Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator.
Nec varios difcet mentiri lana colores.
Ipse fed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti
Murice, jam crocco mutabit vellera luto.

only occidet et serpens; Isaiah adds a circumstance inimitably pictureful, that the fucking child shall play upon the hole of the ape; and that the weaned child, a little older and beginning to make use of its hands, shall put his fingers on the adder’s den. There are certain critics who would never cease to admire these circumstances and strokes of nature, if they had not the ill fortune to be placed in the Bible.

33. Harvests.] The ancients used to sow bearded or prickly wheat, which deterred the birds from picking the ears. The epithet molli may therefore imply, that the corn shall no longer stand in need of this fortification, this pallisade, this wallum arysterum as Cicero calls it, to defend it from injuries, but shall
Each field shall breathe Assyria's rich perfume,
And sweets ambrosial round thy cradle bloom:
With milk o'ercharg'd the goats shall homeward speed,
And herds secure from mighty lions feed.
The baleful asp and speckled snake shall die,
Nor pois'nous herb 'mid flow'rs conceal'd shall lie.
But when his matchless father's deeds divine,
And how in virtue's arduous paths to shine,
Warm'd with old heroes' fame, the youth shall know,
Then clustering grapes on forest-thorns shall glow;
Swains without culture golden harvests reap,
And knotted oaks shall shower honey weep.
Yet of old crimes some footsteps shall remain,
The glebe be plough'd, ships tempt the dang'rous main;
'Round cities bulwarks rise, and masy tow'rs,
And other Argo's bear the chosen pow'rs;
New wars the bleeding nations shall destroy,
And great Achilles find a second Troy.

Last, when he reaches manhood's prime complete,
The sailor shall forfake the useless fleet;
No freighted ship shall wander ocean 'round,
With ev'ry fruit shall ev'ry clime be crown'd:
No lands shall feel the rake, nor vine the hook,
The swain from toil his bullocks shall unyoke:
No wool shall glow with alien colours gay,
The ram himself rich fleeces shall display

shall spring up spontaneously, and grow ripe with soft and tender beards.

38. Argo's. By navigation and commerce Virgil means that avarice, and by wars, that ambition shall still subsist.

39. Wars. A bloody war at last reduced Sextus Pompey to quit Sicily, and meet his death in Asia by Anthony. The conjuncture of affairs, the preparations made by Octavian, and above all, the dispositions of men's minds, gave room for the prediction of the poet.
Sponte sua Sandyx pascensis veftiet agnos.
Talia faecla, fuis dixerunt, currite, fufis
Concordes ftabilis fatorum numine Parcae.
Adgredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deum suboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.
Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terraque, tractufque maris, coelumque profundum:
Aspice, venturo laetantur ut omnia faeclorrh
O mihi tum longae maneant pars ultima vitae,
Spiritus et quantum fact erit tua dicere faéla!
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus: huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adfìt,
Orphi Calliopea, Lino formofus Apollo.
Pan etiam Arcadia mecum fì judice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat fe judice viclust.
Incipe, parve puer, rifu cognoscere matrem:

49. Purple.] Murex was a shell-fish set about with spikes, from whence the Tyrian colour was obtained. Lutum is that herb, fays Dr. Martyn, which our English writers of botany describe under the name of Luteola, wild woad, and dyer’s weed. It is used in dyeing yellow both wool and silk.

50. Sandyx.] Servius and La Cerda affirm the Sandyx to be an herb, which is a great miflake. Sandyx is spoken of by Pliny, as a cheap material for painting. The true Sandyx, fays Dr. Martyn, which seems to be our native red arsenic, was said to come from an island in the Red Sea.

54. Of progeny of Jove.] Would it have been proper to bestow these illustrious appellations on a son of Pollio? Surely Virgil does not here pour them forth without reason. But what young prince could at that time deserve to be called the child of the gods, and the illustrious offspring of Jupiter? Without doubt it must have been one of the family of the Caesars! And did there at that time come into the world any child of the family of the Caesars, except young Marcellus? Tiberius was not yet entered into the house of Octavian by his mother, and Drufus was not yet born.

55. Tattering nature.] What is the meaning of nutantem? fays the learned Dr. Trapp. With, or under what does it nod or flagger? With its guilt and misery, fay some, and so wants
Of native purple and unborrow'd gold,
And fancy clothe with red the crowded fold.
The Sifters to their spindles said— "Succeed,
Ye happy years; for thus hath fate decreed!
Assume thy state! thy destin'd honours prove,
Dear to the gods! O progeny of Jove!
Behold how tottering nature nods around,
Earth, air, the wat'ry waste, and heav'n profound!
At once they change— they wear a smiling face,
And all with joy th' approaching age embrace!
O that my life, my vigour may remain
To tell thy actions in heroic strain;
Not Orpheus' self, not Linus should exceed
My lofty lays, or gain the poet's meed,
Tho' Phoebus, tho' Calliope inspire,
And one the mother aid, and one the fire.
Should Pan contend, Arcadia's self should own
That I from Pan himself had gain'd the crown.
Begin, begin, O loveliest babe below!
Thy mother by her tender smile to know!

to be succoured by this new-born hero. But that to others
seems not to agree with the happiness which is ascribed even to
the first division, and to the beginning of this happy age.
And therefore they say, it either nods, i. e. moves and shakes
itself with joy and exultation; which is pretty harsh to my
apprehension; or, which is not much better, inclines and tends
to another, i. e. a yet more happy state; ｖｅｒｇｅｎｔｅｍ, say they,

68. "Thy mother by her tender smile.

The commentators are divided in opinion, whether he means the smile of the child,
or that of the mother. I choose the latter meaning, as it may
be supported by the best reasons. See Ruaeus, and Ery-
thraeus.
Matri longa decem tulerunt faftidia menses. 
Incipe, parve puer: cui non risere parentes, 
Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

71. *Smile not.*] Those who understand this passage of the child, strain the verb *cognoscere*, to signify that the child should own, or acknowledge his mother, by smiling on her: but I do not find any instance of its having been used in that sense.

In the next line, the making of the last syllable but one short *tulerunt*, is a poetical licence not very unusual; thus we read *feterunt et miscuerunt*, for *fiterunt et miscuerunt*; so that there is no occasion to read *tulerint*, as some have done without any good authority.
Ecl. 4.  

THE Eclogues of Virgil:

(Ten tedious months that mother bore for thee
The sickness and the pains of pregnancy)
For if thy parents smile not, 'tis decreed,
No god shall grace thy board, no goddess bless thy bed.

72. No god.] The life of the gods or apotheosis (here promised by the poet) consisted of two particulars; the sitting at the table of Jupiter, and the marriage of some goddess; therefore the threats of Virgil amount to this—You shall not enjoy the life of the gods, because neither Jupiter will admit you to his table, nor any goddess to her bed.  

RUAEUS,

END OF THE FOURTH ECLOGUE.
The subject of the following Eclogue is great, and the poet laboured his composition accordingly; it is no less than the death of Julius Caesar, and his deification. Many reasons may be given, why by Daphnis is not meant Salamnus, the pretended son of Pollio, nor Flaccus, Virgil's brother. This Eclogue must have greatly recommended our author to the favour of Augustus. Ruæus thinks it was written when some plays or sacrifices were celebrated in honour of Julius Caesar. The scene of it is not only beautiful in itself, but adapted to the solemnity of the subject; the shepherds sit and sing in the awful gloom of a grotto, which is overhung by wild vines.
ECLOGA V.

DAPHNIS.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

CUR non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus ambo,
Tu calamos inflare levis, ego dicere verfus,
Hic corulis mixtas inter confidimus ulmos?

MOPSUS.

Tu major. tibi me est aequum parere, Menalca:
Sive sub incertas Zephyris motantibus umbras,
Sive antro potius succedimus. aspice, ut antrum
Silvestris raris sparfit labrusca racemis.

MENALCAS.

Montibus in noftris solus tibi certet Amyntas,

MOPSUS.

Quid si idem certet Phoebum superare canendo?

MENALCAS.

Incipe, Mopse, prior; si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.
Incipe: pascentis fervabit Tityrus haedos,

MOPSUS.

Immo haec, in viridi nuper quae cortice fagi
Carmina descripsi, et modulans alterna notavi,
Experiar: tu deinde jubeto certet Amyntas.

Ver. 2. Skill'd.] Boni discere & inflare, in the orig. is a
Grecism of which there are many in our author.
5. Elder.] Servius says, it may either mean, major natu vel
merito. But the context seems to favour the first.
15. Alcon—Codrus.] Surely these subjects are not pastoral
enough to be here mentioned by Menalcas.
18. A beech's.] Cortice fagi. It was the ancient custom of
Italy
ECLOGUE THE FIFTH.

DAPHNIS.

MENALCAS and MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE thus we meet, whom different fancies lead,
I skill'd to sing, and you to touch the reed,
Why fit we not beneath this woven shade,
Which the broad elm with hazles mixt hath made?

MOPSUS.

Mine elder thou; 'tis just that I obey
What you propose; whether you choose to stay
Below the covert of the branching trees,
Which shift their shadows to th' uncertain breeze,
Or rather in yon' cooling grot recline,
O'erhung with clusters of the flaunting vine.

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only can with you compare:

MOPSUS.

What if to sing with Phoebus' self he dare?

MENALCAS.

Begin thou first; whether fair Phillis' flame,
Or Codrus' patriot quarrel be the theme;
Or skilful Alcon's praises swell thy notes:
Tityrus mean while shall tend thy feeding goats.

MOPSUS.

Rather I'll try those verses to repeat,
Which on a beech's verdant bark I writ:
I writ, and sung between: when these you hear,
Judge if Amyntas' strains with mine compare.

Italy to write on the barks of trees, as it was in Egypt to write on the Papyrus, a sort of rush, from which the word Paper is derived.
Lenta falix quantum pallenti cedit olivae,  
Puniceis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis:  
Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.

Mopsus.

Sed tu define plura, puer: succedimus antro.  
Exstinctum nymphae crudeli funere Daphnin  
Flebant: vos coruli testes, et flumina, nymphis:  
Cum, complexa sui corpus miserabile gnati,  
Atque deos atque astrà vocat crudelia mater.  
Non ulli pastos illis egere dicbus

Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina: nulla neque annem

Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis adtigit herbam.

Daphni, tuum Poenos etiam ingemuisse leones

Interitum, montesque feri silvaeque loquuntur.

Daphnis et Armenias curru subjungere tigris

Infinituit, Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi,

Et foliis lentas intexere mollibus haftas.

Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvae,

Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguiibus arvis;  
Tu decus omne tuis. postquam te fata tulerunt,

Ipfa Pales agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo.

Grandia faepe quibus mandavimus hordea fulcis,

Insfelix lolium, et steriles nascentur avenae.

22. There is no English name for "saliunca": it is either the nardus Celtica, or else entirely unknown.  
27. His sad mother.] Dr. Martyn with great probability observes, that by the mother is meant Venus, and confirms his opinion by an almost parallel passage in Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 15. Ovid there represents Venus to be terrified at the approach of Caesar's death; she discovers all the fears and tenderness of a mother, and considers the injury as offered to herself.

29. No cattle,—no horse.] This circumstance is remarkable, and may allude to a strange fact that happened, according to Suetonius's account, at Julius Caesar's death: He tells us, that the horses which this emperor consecrated when he passed the Rubicon, and had been turned wild ever since, were observed
When the weak willow with the olive vies,
Or nard with the sweet rose's crimson dies;
Then may Amyntas with thy matchless strain:

Mopsus.

Enough— for see! the solemn grott we gain.

Round Daphnis dead the nymphs in anguish mourn'd,

Witnefs, ye woods and streams, for ye their plaints return'd!

While his sad mother his cold limbs embrac'd,
Heav'n and the gods accusing in her haste.
No swain then drove his cattle to the flood;
No horse would taste the stream, or grassy food:
Thee, desart rocks, thee vocal woods bemoan'd,
For thee with dreadful grief, ev'n Lybian lions groan'd.

Armenian tygers Daphnis taught to yoke,
And whirl the car obedient to the stroke,
To dance in frantic mood at Bacchus' feast,
And shake the spear with tender foliage drêft:
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
Bulls grace the herds, and fields the golden corn,

So Daphnis while he dwelt upon the plains,
Shone with superior grace among the swains.

Thee when the fates in vengeance snatch'd away,
Pales nor Phoebus deign'd a longer stay:
In vain we sow; the promis'd harvests fail;
While wretched lolium and wild oats prevail;

served to abstain from their food, pertinacissimè pabulo abstinere ubertimque flere.

33. Armenian tygers.] Ruæus says, the solemnities of Bacchus were in a manner restored and celebrated by Caesar with greater magnificence than they had ever been before.

44. Wretched lolium.] Virgil here gives lolium the epithet of infelix. It is of a malignant nature, and is so much the more dangerous from its not being easily to be distinguished from the corn among which it usually springs up. The ancients thought it bad for the eyes: Mirum est lolio viâlitare te tam vili tritico.
Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus, et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.
Spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras,
Pastores: mandat scribere tali Daphnis.
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen:
Daphnis ego in silvis, hinc usque ad sidera notas,
Formosi pecoris cuftos, formosior ipse.

**Menalcas.**

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poëta,
Quale sopor seiss in gramine: quale per aëstum
Dulcis aquae saliente stim reftinguere rivo.
Nec calamis solum aequiparas, sed voce magistrum.
Fortunate puer, tu nunc eris alter ab illo.
Nos tamen haec quocunque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus; Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra:
Daphnin ad astra feremus. amavit nos quoque Daphnis.

**Mopsus.**

An quidquam nobis tali fit munere majus?
Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus: et icta
Jam pridem Stimicon laudavit carmina nobis.

**Menalcas.**

Candidus infuctum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.
Ergo alacris silvas, et cetera rura voluptas,
Panaque, pastoresque tenet, Dryadasque puellas.
Nec lupus insidias pecori, nec retia cervis


*Et careant lolii oculos vitiantibus agri.*

OVID. Fast. 1. 690.

And the modern Italians have yet a worse notion of it: for they look upon it as the cause of the melancholy kind of madness; and 'tis common with them to say of any such person, *A mangiato pane con loglio,* 'He has eat bread with lolium in it.'

HOLDSWORTH and SPENCE.
For violet soft, for purple daffodill,
Brambles and prickly burrs the meadows fill.
With boughs the brooks o'ershade, ye rural train,
With leaves and flowers bespread the verdant plain;
Daphnis these rites did for himself ordain.
With grateful hands his monument erect,
And be the stone with this inscription deck'd;
"I Daphnis here repose; fam'd to the sky,
"Fair was my flock, but fairer far was I!"

Menalcas.
O bard divine! as sweet thy tuneful lay,
As slumber to tir'd swains on new-mown hay,
Or as in summer's sultry drought to taste
Cool streams that bubbling o'er the meadows haste.
Thou ev'n with Pan deserv'st an equal meed,
For skill to tune the voice or touch the reed.
Blest youth! who now shalt share that master's fame;
Yet will I strive th' alternate lays to frame:
Bid Daphnis' praises to the stars ascend,
For Daphnis lov'd ev'n me, his humble friend.

Mopsus.
How can't thou please me more?—The youth thy praise
Deserv'd, and Stimichon approves the lays.

Menalcas.
Daphnis with wonder mounts to heav'n on high,
Above the clouds, above the starry sky:
Hence joy enchants the woods, and smiling plains,
Pales and Pan, the Dryads, and the swains;
No more the prowling wolf the cattle fear,
Nor secret toils deceive th' incautious deer;

54. *O bard divine.*] The elegance and sweetness of these lines are not to be equalled by any thing, but the answer Mopsus makes to them afterwards in line 82 of the original.

Nam neque me tantum, &c.

Vol. I.
Ulla dolum meditantur. amat bonus otia Daphnis.
Ipfi lactitia voces ad sidera jačtant
Intonśi montes: ipsea jam carmina rupes,
Ipśa fonant arbusťa: Deus, deus ille, Menalca.
Sis bonus, ó felixque tuis ! en quatuor aras:
Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duoque altaria Phoebi.
Pocula bina novo spumantia lactitia voces
ad fidera jadlant Intonśi montes: ipśa jam carmina rupes,
Ipśa fonant arbusťa: Deus, deus ille, Menalca.
Sis bonus, ó felixque tuis ! en quatuor aras:
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Sis bonus, ó felixque tuis ! en quatuor aras:
Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duoque altaria Phoebi.
Pocula bina novo spumantia lactitia voces
ad fidera jadlant Intonśi montes: ipśa jam carmina rupes,
Ipśa fonant arbusťa: Deus, deus ille, Menalca.
Sis bonus, ó felixque tuis ! en quatuor aras:
Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duoque altaria Phoebi.
Pocula bina novo spumantia lactitia voces
ad fidera jadlant Intonśi montes: ipśa jam carmina rupes,
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ad fidera jadlant Intonśi montes: ipśa jam carmina rupes,
Ipśa fonant arbusťa: Deus, deus ille, Menalca.
Sis bonus, ó felixque tuis ! en quatuor aras:
Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duoque altaria Phoebi.
The sylvan wars of cruel hunters cease,
Daphnis the mild loves universal peace.
The desert mountains into singing break,
The forests and the fields in transport speak;
The rocks proclaim the new divinity!
A god, a god! the vocal hills reply.
O hear thy worshippers! four altars see;
For Phoebus two, and Daphnis, two for thee!
Two jars of fattest oil, each rolling year,
Two bowls of frothing milk to thee I'll bear;
The ritual feast shall overflow with wine,
And Chios' richest nectar shall be thine;
On the warm hearth in winter's chilling hour
We'll sacrifice; a summer in a bow'r;
Alphesiboeus tripping shall advance,
And mimic satyrs in the seftal dance;
Damoetas there and skilful Aegon sing;
And constantly our off'ring will we bring;
Both to the nymphs when sacred rites are paid;
And when the victims round the fields are led:
While the cicada sips the dew, while thyme
The bees shall suck, while boars the mountains climb,
While fishes wanton in the wat'ry waste,
So long thy honour, name and praise shall last.
Those holy vows which on a solemn day,
At Bacchus' and at Ceres' shrine we pay,
Daphnis to thee shall rise each circling year:
Thou too shalt be invok'd and hear our pray'r!

99. Thou—hear our prayer.] Ruæus has well explained this passage: He who makes a vow desires something from God, and promises something to him at the same time. If God grants his request; then he, who makes the vow, is in a manner judged, and obliged to perform his promise. Thus God is said damnare votis or voti, when he grants the request, and so obliges the person to perform what he had promised.
Mopsus.
Quae tibi, quae tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis fibulis aüftri,
Nec percussa juvant fluetu tam litora, nec quae
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

Menalcas.
Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta.
Haec nos, Formosum Corydon ardebat Alexin:
Haec eadem docuit, Cujum pecus? An Meliboei?

Mopsus.
Ac tu fume pedum, quod, me cum saepe rogaret,
Non tulit Antigenes, (et erat tum dignus amari)
Formosum paribus nodis atque aere, Menalca.

109. The same, &c.] 'Tis inferred from this passage that Virgil certainly means himself under the name of Menalcas; and likewise, that by his mentioning only the subjects of the Palaemon and the Alexis, and not a syllable of the Tityrus, that all these three Eclogues were written before the Tityrus; notwithstanding that Eclogue, usually, but erroneously, is placed first in all editions. It is not improbable, that the Alexis was published before the death of Julius Caesar, who might read and admire it.
MOPSUS.

What thanks, what recompence, can my weak lay
For such exalted strains as thine repay?
Not from fresh whispers of the southern breeze,
Nor gentle dashings of the calmest seas,
Nor from the murmuring rills, such joys I feel,
That gliding down the pebbly vallies steal!

MENALCAS.

But first receive this slender pipe, the same
That told poor Corydon's unpitied flame,
Who vainly sought Alexis' heart to move:
The fame with which Damoetas fondly strove.

MOPSUS.

And thou, Menalcas, take this well-form'd crook,
With polish'd joints adorn'd and brazen hook;
Which ev'n Antigones could ne'er obtain
Tho' worthy to be lov'd, a beauteous swain.

END OF THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.
ECLOGUE THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

This piece is perhaps one of the most beautiful of all the ten Eclogues. Virgil addresses it to Varus his friend and fellow student under the celebrated Syro an Epicurean philosopher. Two shepherds are introduced, who seize Silenus sleeping in a grotto, and compel him, with the assistance of a water nymph, to entertain them with a song he had often promised them. The god immediately begins to give them an account of the formation of things, and lays before them the system of Epicurus’s philosophy both natural and moral; which last circumstance was never thought of or understood by any one translator or commentator before Catrou. After Silenus has told them how the world was made according to the doctrine of Epicurus, his adjungit Hylam; that is, say the critics, he recounted the most famous ancient fables, and some surprising transformations that had happened in the world. How absurd and unlike the regularity and exactness of Virgil! The meaning seems to be,—that after Silenus had done with the natural, he entered upon the moral philosophy of Epicurus: which consisted in teaching men to avoid all outrageous passions and violent perturbations of mind. This was the reason that he sung to them the inmoderate grief of Hercules for the boy Hylas, the brutal lust of Pasiphaë, the vanity of the Praetides, the avarice of Atalanta, and the inmoderate grief of the sisters of Phaëthon. All which the Epicureans condemned as enemies to that quiet and soft repose which they esteemed the perfection of virtue and happiness.
PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra, neque erubuit silvas habitare, Thalia.
Cum canerem reges et praelia, Cynthiae aurem
Vellit, et admonuit: Pastorem, Tityre, pinguis
Passer oportet ovis, deditum dicere carmen. 5
Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant, ac tristia condere bella)
Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine musam.
Non injusta cano. si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget; te nostra, Vare, myricae,
Te nemus omne canet. nec Phoebo gratior ulla est,
Quam si quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.
Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnasylos in antro
Silenum pueri somno videye jacentem,
Inflatum hecsterno venas, ut semper, iaccho.
Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant:
Et gravis adtrita pendebat cantharus anfa.
Adgressi (nam saepe senex fpe carminis ambo
Lusferat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis.
Addit se sociam, timidisque supervenit Aegle:
Aegle Naiadum pulcherrima. jamque videnti

Ver. 3. Chief. This alludes to Virgil’s attempt to write an
historical poem on the actions of the Alban kings.
6. Humbler. The word deductum in the original is a metaphor
taken from wool, which by spinning is made smaller and
smaller. Tenui deducta poemata 1 fol. Hor. Ruaeus.
21. Goblet. Cantharus was a cup sacred to the use of Bacchus,
and not used by mortals.
22. The commentators are equally divided about the true
meaning of procu tantum, which undoubtedly signify near or
just by; tantum procu, is barely at a distance.
ECLOGUE THE SIXTH.

SILENUS.

On the Epicurean Philosophy natural and moral.

My Muse first sported in Sicilian strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell amid the woods and plains;
When chiefs and fields of fight to sing I try'd,
Apollo whispering check'd my youthful pride;
Go, Tit'rus, go, thy flocks and fatlings feed,
To humbler subjects suit thy rustic reed;
Thus warn'd, O Varus, in heroic lays,
While bards sublime refound thy martial praise,
I meditate the rural minstrelsy;
Apollo bids, and I will sing of thee.

Pleas'd with the subject, with indulgent eyes
If any read, and this, ev'n this should prize,
Thy name shall echo thro' each hill and grove,
And Phoebus' self the votive strains approve;
No page so much delights the god of verse,
As where the lines great Varus' praise rehearse.

Stretch'd in a cavern on the mossy ground,
Two sportive youths Silenus sleeping found,
With copious wine o'ercome; his flowery wreath
Just from his temples fall'n, lay sown beneath;
His mossy goblet drain'd of potent juice
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
They bind him fast (tho' cautious and afraid)
With manacles of his own garlands made;
For oft the senior had deceiv'd the swains
With hopes (for well he sung) of pleasing strains:
Young Aegle too to join the frolic came,
The loveliest Naïd of the neighbouring stream;
Sanguincis frontem moris ac tempora pingit.
Ille dolum ridens, Quo vincula necritis? inquit.
Solvite me, pueri. fatis eft potuisse videri.
Carmina quae voltis, cognoscite: carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit. simul incipit ipse.
Tum vero in numerum Faunosque serasque videres
Ludere, tum rigidas motare caçumina quercus.
Nec tantum Phoebò gaudet Parnafia rupes;
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.
Namque canebat; uti magnum per inane coæta
Semina terrarumque, animaeque, marisque fuiffent,
Et liquidi simul ignis: ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concerвет orbis.
Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto
Coeperit, et rerum paulatim fumeræ formas.
Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucefcre solem,
Altius utque cadant submotis nubibus imbres:
Incipient Silvae cum primum surgere, cumque
Rara per ignotos errent animalia montis.
Hinc lapides Pyrrhae jactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiasque refert volucres, fur tumque Promethi.

29. That is, just as Silenus began to open his eyes: videntz Sileno.
32. Enough.] Servius tells us the demi-gods were visible only
when they thought proper.
44. How seeds of water.] This is the system of the atomical
philosophers; though it is certain Epicurus was not the inven-
tor of this doctrine, but received it from Democritus. These
philosophers held, that there were two principles of all things,
body, and void; or, as the moderns speak, matter, and space;
and that by a fortuitous concourse of these atoms, or particles
of matter, the universe was formed without the assistance of a
directing Mind.
47. Moif.] The earth, by growing compact and solid, forced
the waters to retire from it, and to form the seas. Thus the
sea was separated or distinguished, which is the proper meaning
of discludere.
50. Struck with the new-born sun's.] This circumstance of
the earth's being amazed at the first appearance of the sun, is
strongly imagined: yet has been omitted by several translators.
Who, as the god uplifts his drowzy eyes,
With berries' purple juice his temples dies.
Pleas'd with the fraud—"Unloose me, boys," he cry'd,
"Enough, that by surprize I've been espy'd.
"Attend, ye youths, and hear the promis'd lay,
"But Aegle shall be paid a better way."

Soon as he rais'd his voice, the lift'ning fauns,
And wondering beasts came dancing down the lawns;
The hills exulted, and each rigid oak,
High-seated on their tops, in transport shook;
Parnassus' cliffs did ne'er so much rejoice,
At the sweet echoes of Apollo's voice;

Nor Rhodope nor Isumarus that heard
The magic warblings of the Thracian bard.
He sung, at universal nature's birth,
How seeds of water, fire, and air, and earth,
Fell thro' the void; whence order rose, and all
The beauties of this congregated ball:
How the moist soil grew stiffen'd by degrees,
And drove to destin'd bounds the narrow'd seas;
How Earth was seiz'd with wonder and affright,
Struck with the new-born sun's refulgent light.
How clouds condens'd, in liquid showers distill'd,
Dropt fatness and refreshment on the field;
How first up-springs sublime each branching grove,
While scatter'd beasts o'er pathless mountains rove.

Next to the world's renewal turns the strain,
To Pyrrha's fruitful stones, and Saturn's reign;
And bold Prometheus' theft and punishment,
His mangled heart by angry vultures rent.

58. His mangled heart by hungry vultures rent.] This tale has been prettily allegorized. It is an ingenious but cruel story which the poets have contrived to express the train of cares brought into life by Prometheus or Forefight: The chains which fastened him to the rock, and the in satiable vulture that sends his vitals every morning.

Blackwell's Life of Homer, p. 124.
His adjungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relietum
Clamassent: ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne fonaret.
Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore juvenci.
Ah, virgo infelix, quae te dementia cepit?
Proetides inplerunt falsis mugitibus agros:
At non tam turpis pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
Et faepe in levi quaefisset cornua.
Ah! virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!
Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,
Ilice sub nigra pallentis ruminat herbas,
Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. claudite nymphae,
Diétaeae nymphae, nemorum jam claudite saltus:
Si qua forte ferant oculis sefè obvia noftris
Errabunda bovis vefligia. forfitan illum
Aut herba captum viridi, aut armenta fecutum,
Perducant aliquae flabula ad Gortyna vaccae.
Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam;
Tum Phaethontiadas musco circumdat amarac
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

62. And Hylas.] Hylas, the favourite of Hercules, falling into a well, was said to be snatched away by the nymphs. Pasiphae, the wife of Minos king of Crete, was said to have had an unnatural passion for a bull. The daughters of Proetes, king of the Argives, being struck with madness by Juno, imagined themselves to be cows.

63. Cretan queen.] The medals of the people of this town are marked with a cow or bull. Lord Pembroke's medals, 2, 34, 8. Quære, whether they had any sacred cattle of that kind kept there? or, whether the woman riding on it be not Pasiphae? Gortyna was a city of Crete.

67. At this verse, Proetides inplerunt, &c. begins the famous manuscript of Virgil in the Lorenzo library; authorized by one of the consuls, and dated by him in the 5th century.

73. Side reclines.] In the original fulus hyacintho. Among the ancients every one was said to be fulus by whatsoever he rested upon. Thus we read Pulvino fulus in Lucilius. Servius, The Rumen or Paunch is the first of the four stomachs of these animals which are said to ruminate or chew the cud.

75. Nymphs.] In the original claudite nymphae. Here Pasiphae is introduced speaking to the nymphs.
To these he adds, how blooming Hylas fell,
Snatch’d by the Naiads of the neighb’ring well,
Whom pierc’d with love, Alcides loudly mourn’d,
And Hylas, Hylas loft, each echoing shore return’d.
Then, he bewail’d the love-sick Cretan queen;
Happy for her if herds had never been;
Enamour’d of a bull’s unspotted pride,
Forfaking shame, for him she pin’d and sigh’d.
The Proetian maids whose lowings fill’d the plain,
Ne’er knew the guilt of thy unnat’ral pain;
Tho’ fearful oft their necks should bear the plough,
They felt in vain for horns their polish’d brow.
Ah! wretched queen! while you o’er mountains rove,
Near some dark oak regardles of your love,
He, on soft hyacinths his side reclines,
Or for some happier heifer fondly pines.

“Dictean nymphs! with toils your woods surround,
“Search where my favourite’s footsteps may be found,
“Haply the herds my wanderer may lead,
“To fresher grass on rich Gortyna’s mead,
“Or far away, while I such pains endure,
“The wanton heifers may my love allure!”

Next told, the nimble-footed, cruel maid,
By the false apple’s glittering shew betray’d;
The nymphs who their ambitious brother mourn’d,
He next inclos’d in bark, and to tall poplars turn’d.

81.] Hippomanes being engaged in a race with Atalanta, in order to obtain her in marriage, threw down a golden apple whenever she gained ground upon him; which she folding to gather up, Hippomanes had an opportunity of getting before her, and of consequence of obtaining the lovely prize. The sisters of Phaeton consum’d themselv’es with weeping for his death, and were transformed into trees. Phaeton rashly attempting to drive the chariot of the sun, would have set fire to the earth if Jupiter had not struck him down with a thunderbolt.

84. Inclos’d.] I have ventured to translate literally circumdat, because it is very lively. He did not now sing bow they were inclosed with moss, but he inclosed them.
Tum canit, errantem Perseffi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montis ut duxerit una fororum;
Utque viro Phoebi chorus adsurrrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine paftor,
Floribus atque apio crinis ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Mufae,
Ascraeo quos ante seni: quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.
His tibi Grynaci nemoris dicatur origo:
Ne qui fit lucus, quo fe plus jaṣtet Apollo:
Quid loquar ut Scyllam Nifi, aut quam fama secuta est;
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monftris
Dulichias vexasfæ rates, et gurgite in alto
Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerasfe marinis:
Aut ut mutatos Teri narraverit artus?
Quas ille Philomela dapes, quae dona parat?
Quo curfu deferta petiverit, et quibus ante
Infelix sua te&ta supervolitaverit alis?
Omnia quae, Phoebò quoridam meditante, beatus
Audii Eurotas, jussitque edificere lauros,
Ille canit. pulsae referunt ad sidera valles.
Cogere donec ovis ftabulis, numerumque referre
Juflit, et invito procesfit Vesper Olymipo.

88.] When Virgil himfelf once entered the theatre, all the
spectators rofe up to honour his entrance.
89. Linus.] Virgil has been blamed very ridiculoufly for not
faying any thing of Homer in his fixth Aeneid (637. 677.)
where if he had said any thing of him, he muʃt have put him
in Elyfium before he was born. It feems more just to complain
that he has not mentioned him in all his works. He feems to
have had a fair opportunity here, and another in the fourth
Eclogue (v. 55.) But have not the poets he mentions in both
these places fome relation to pastoral poetry? And might not
the mentioning of an epic poet be improper in both? Here he
names Linus only; and before, the fame Linus, Orpheus, and
Pan.

Spence.
How tuneful Gallus wandering, next he sings,
Indulging raptures, near poetic springs,
A muse conducted to th’ Aonian seat,
Whose whole assembly rose the guest to greet;
While hoary Linus, crown’d with parsley, spake:
“ The pipe, the Muses’ gift, O Gallus, take,
Which erst the sweet Ascrean sage they gave,
Who bade the wandering oaks their mountains leave;
Go, sing on this thy fam’d Grynaean grove,
So shall Apollo chief that forest love.”
Why should I tell, the maid with monsters arm’d,
Whose barkings fierce the wand’ring Greeks alarm’d,
Whose hungry dogs the shrieking sailors tore,
And round her dungeon ting’d the sea with gore.
Or why the Thracian tyrant’s alter’d shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela’s rape,
Who murder’d Itys’ mangled body dreft,
And to his father serv’d the direful feast.
What Phoebus sung, Eurota’s banks along,
And bade the listening laurels learn the song,
All these Silenus chants; the vales reply,
And bear their echoes to the distant sky;
Till Hesper glimmering o’er the twilight plains,
To fold their counted sheep had warn’d the swains;
The heav’ns delighted with the matchless lay,
To Hesper’s beams unwillingly gave way.

91. Ascrean sage.] The sevex Ascreaus, is Hesiod, who was of
Aecria, a city in Boeotia. According to some he was coaeval
with Homer. He writes with great simplicity, though in his
description of the battle between the giants and the gods, he
rises to the true sublime.

110. Unwillingly.] There is a peculiar beauty in that epithet
invito Olympo. The sky was so delighted with the song of
Silenus, that it was forry and uneasy to see the evening ap-
proach.

END OF THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.
ECLOGUE THE SEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

The following poetical contest betwixt Thyrfs and Corydon, related by Meliboeus, is an imitation of the fifth and eighth Idylliums of Theocritus. Some fanciful commentators imagine that under these shepherds are represented Gallus or Pollio, or Cebees and Alexander, and that Meliboeus is Virgil himself. But there are not sufficient grounds for this conjecture. This pastoral is introduced with a pretty rural adventure.

This seventh Eclogue, as the third before, seems to be an imitation of a custom among the shepherds of old, of vying together in extempore verse. At least 'tis very like the Improvisatori at present in Italy; who flourish now perhaps more than any other poets among them, particularly in Tuscany. They are surprisingly ready in their answers (respondere parati) and go on octave for octave, or speech for speech alternately (alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camenae.) In both these Eclogues the second speaker seems obliged to follow the turn of thought used by the first; as at present the second Improvisatore is obliged to follow the rhyme of the first. At Florence I have heard of their having even Improviso comedies. There were Improvisatori of this kind of old; for before Livius Andronicus endeavoured to make any thing of a regular play, compositum temerè ac rudem alternis jaciebant, says Livy, 7. 2. U. C. 391. They were Tuscans too who brought this method to Rome.

Spence.
ECLOGA VII.

MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

Forte sub arguta confederat ilice Daphnis,
Conpulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum;
Thyrsis ovis, Corydon distentas lacte capellas.
Ambo florentes aetatis, Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.
Hic mihi, dum teneras defendo a frigore myrtos,
Vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat. atque ego Daphnin
Aspicio : ille ubi me contra videt ; Ocius, inquit,
Huc ades, ó Meliboeus : caper tibi salvus, et haedi.
Et, si quid celfare potes, requiesce sub umbra.
Huc ipsi potum venient per prata juvenci :
Hic viridis tenebra praetexit arundine ripas
Mincius, eque sacra resonant examina queru.
Quid facerem ? neque ego Alcippen, nec Phyllida habebam,
Depulsos a lacte domi quae clauderet agnos :
Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrsides, magnum.
Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.
Alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo
Coepere : alternos Mufae meminisse volebant.
Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.

CORYDON.

Nymphae, nofter amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,
Quale meo Codro, concedite: proxima Phoebi

Ver. 16. Brer. That is, apam examina.
20. Gains. 'Tis difficult to make the pastoral simplicity of this introduction to the contest, agreeable to modern readers. The images are all taken from plain unadorned nature, and will not bear to be dress'd up with florid epithets and pompous language, as is the custom of our modern pastoral writers in painting their scenes of action.
23. Nymphs of the spring. ] The critics are greatly divided about the situation of Libethrum (Nymphae Libethrides) but the learned
ECLOGUE THE SEVENTH.

MELIBOeus.

Meliboëus, Corydon, Thyrsis.

By chance beneath an ilex’ darksome shade
That whisper’d with the breeze was Daphnis laid;
Their flocks while Corydon and Thyrsis join’d,
These milky goats, and those the fleecy kind;
Both blooming youths, and both of Arcady,
Both skill’d alike to sing and to reply.
Thither my goat, the father of the fold,
While close I fenc’d my myrtles from the cold,
Rumbling had stray’d; I Daphnis sitting spy’d,
He saw me too, and Hither haste, he cry’d,
Safe is thy goat and kids: one idle hour,
Come, waste with me beneath this cooling bow’r:
Here Mincius gently winding through the meads,
Fringes his banks with graves and bending reeds:
Hither thy herds at eve to drink will come,
While from yon’ sacred oak bees swarming hum.
What could I do? Alcippé was not near,
Nor Phillis to the falls my lambs to bear;
Great was the strife betwixt the tuneful swains,
And bent on pleasure I forgot my gains;
In sweet alternate numbers they began,
(So bade the Nine) and thus the contest ran.

Corydon.

Give me the lays, nymphs of th’ inspiring springs!
Which Codrus, rival of Apollo, sings!

learned and accurate Strabo, whose testimony is worth that of a
thousand commentators, tells us, that Libethrum is the name
of a cave in or near Mount Helicon, consecrated to the Muses
by the Thracians.

24. Codrus.] Codrus, says Servius, was a cotemporary poet
with Virgil, and is mentioned in the Elegies of Valgius.
P. VIRGILII MARONIS BUCOLICA. Ecl. 7.

Verfibus ille facit. aut, si non possimus omnes, Hic arguta sacra pendebit fistula pinu.

THYRSIS.
Paftores, edera crescentem ornate poëtam, Arcades, invidia rumpantur ut ilia Codro. Aut si ultra placitum laudaret, baccare frontem Cingite, ne vati noccat mala lingua futuro.

CORYDON.
Setosi caput hoc apri, tibi Delia, parvus Et ramosa Mycon vivacis cornua cervi. Si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore tota Puniceo ftabis furas evinéta cothurno.

THYRSIS.

CORYDON.
Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae, Candidior cycnis, edera formasior alba: Cum primum paflí repetent praefepia tauri, Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

THYRSIS.
Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarius herbis, Horridior rufco, projecta vilior alga;

30. With baccar.] It was imagined by the ancients that this plant carried an amulet or charm against the fascination of what they called an evil tongue.

33. If still the chace.] In the original, si proprium hoc fuerit; i. e. says Ruæus, if you shall make it as it were my own, and perpetual. Da proprium Thymbrae domum, Æn. 3. What is the meaning of hoc? That I should make such verses as Codrus, says Servius.—But falsely,—The meaning is, As I have succeeded in hunting this boar and flag, so may this success be perpetual.

40. Ivy white.] More beautiful than ivy, to us may seem but an odd simile. It might sound otherwise to an Italian, whose country abounds with ever-greens; most of them of a rusty and disagreeable colour; whereas ivy is of a clean lively green. They
But if too weak to reach his flights divine,
My useless pipe I'll hang on yonder pine.

_Ye swains, your rising bard with ivy deck,
Till Codrus' heart malign with envy break;
Or if pernicious praise his tongue bestow,
To guard from harms with baccar bind my brow._

_Corydon.
This bristly head, these branching horns I send,
Delia! and Mycon at thy shrine shall bend;
If still the chase with such success be crown'd,
In marble shalt thou stand, with purple buskins bound._

_Priapus! cakes and milk alone expect,
Small is the garden which you now protect!
But if the teeming ewes increase my fold,
Thy marble statue chang'd shall shine in polish'd gold._

_Corydon.
O Galatea! nymph than swans more bright,
More sweet than thyme, more fair than ivy white,
When pastur'd herds at evening seek the stall,
Haste to my arms! nor scorn thy lover's call._

_May I appear than wither'd weeds more vile,
Or bitter herbage of Sardinia's isle,_

_They used it of old in the most beautiful parts of their gardens: Pliny speaking of his garden, and of the Hippodrome, which seems to have been one of the prettiest things in it, says, _Platanis circuitur, illae hederà vestiuntur; utque summae suis, ita sine alienis frondibus virent._ L. 5. Ep. 6. Horace compares young beauties to ivy, and old women to dead withered leaves. L 1. Od. 25. St. ult._

_Spence._

44._Sardinia's._] Dioscorides says expressly, that the poisonous herb of Sardinia is a species of _Balseppor, ranunculus_ or crotu-foot._
Si mihi non hac lux toto jam longior anno est.
Ite domum pasti, si quis pudor, ite juvenci.

**Corydon.**

Muscosi fontes, et somno mollior herba,
Et quae vos rara viridis tegit arbutus umbra,
Solfitium pecori defendite. jam venit aequas
Torrida: jam laeto turgent in palmitre gemmae.

**Thyris.**

Hic focus, ac taedae pingues, hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et adsidua postes fuligine nigri.
Hic tantum Boreae curamus frigora, quantum
Aut numerum lupus, aut torrentia flumina ripas.

**Corydon.**

Stant et juniperi, et caftaneae hirsutae:
Strata jacent paflim sua quaque sub arbore poma:
Omnia nunc rident. at si formosus Alexis
Montibus his abeat, videas et flumina ficca.

**Thyris.**

Aret agcr: vitio moriens fitit æris herba:
Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras.
Phyllidis adventu nostrae nemus omne virebit:
Juppiter et laeto descendet plurimus imbri.

**Corydon.**

Populus Alcidae gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosae myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phoebo.
Phyllis amat corulos. illas dum Phyllis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corulos, nec laurea Phoebi.

47. *Ye mossy founts.*] This Amoebaeian is doubtles more beautiful than the succeding, and contains more delightful images of nature. Mr. Dryden has omitted the natural froke of the smoky posts in the cottage.

54. *Wolves.*] Catrou gives quite a new but fanciful interpretation to the word *numerus*; he fays it means musical numbers.

58. *Streams would cease to flow.*] The end of this Amoebaeian appears to some critics to be flat—*videas et flumina ficca.* But I am of opinion the poet design'd the line should be faint and languishing, as it were, more fully to express that mournful state.
If a year's length exceeds this tedious day;
Homeward ye well-fed goats (for shame) away!

Corydon.

Ye mazy founts, and grafs more soft than sleep,
Who still, with boughs o'er-hung, your coolness keep,
Defend my fainting flocks! the heats are near,
And bursting gems on the glad vine appear.

Thyris.

Here ever glowing hearths embrown the posts,
Here blazing pines expel the pinching frosts,
Here cold and Boreas' blasts we dread no more,
Than wolves the sheep, or torrent streams the shore.

Corydon.

Here junipers and prickly chestnuts see,
Lo! scatter'd fruits lie under every tree;
All nature smiles; but should Alexis go
From these blest hills, ev'n streams would cease to flow.

Thyris.

Parch'd are the plains, the wither'd herbage dies,
Bacchus to hills their viny shade denies;
Let Phillis come, fresh greens will deck the grove,
In joyful showers descend prolific Jove.

Corydon.

Alcides, poplar; Venus, myrtle groves;
Bacchus, the vine; the laurel, Phoebus loves;
Phillis the hazels; while they gain her praise,
Myrtle to them shall yield, and Phoebus' bays.

State of nature in his painting. Mr. Pope has imitated this and
the following passage in his first pastoral.

59. Parch'd.] A fine contrast is observable in these two
Amoebaans. The flourishing scenes of nature are strongly set
off by the fading and languishing prospect that succeeds.
63. Alcides.] When Hercules returned from hell, he was
fabled to have crown'd his head with a chaplet of poplar leaves.
Thyrsis.

Fraxinus in silvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis.
Saepius at me, Lycida formosè, revìsas,
Fraxinus in silvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.

Meliboeus.
Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin,
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

71. But vanquis'd were his strains.] The victor is adjudged
to Corydon, because Corydon in the first Amœbean begins with
piety to the gods; Thyrsis with rage against his adversary: in
the second, Corydon invokes Diana, a chaste goddess; Thyrsis,
an obscene deity, Priapus: in the third, Corydon addresses him-
sel to Galatea with mildness; Thyrsis with dire imprecaations:
in the rest, Corydon's subjects are generally pleasing and de-
lightful to the imagination; those of Thyrsis are directly con-
trary.

Ruaeus.

72. And Corydon.] The original says, ex illo Corydon, &c.
which is an ellipsis, says Servius, and may be supplied victor
nobilis supra omnes. Simplicius says, ex illo tempore Corydon ha-
betur à nobis verè Corydon: that is, really worthy the reputation
he has obtained.
Thyrsis.

Loveliest in walks the pine, the ash in woods,
Firs on the mountains, poplars in the floods;
Fair Lycidas, revisit oft' my field,
Pine, poplar, fir, and ash to thee shall yield!

Meliboeus.

Thus Thyrsis strove, but vanquish'd were his strains;
And Corydon without a rival reigns.

END OF THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE.
ECLOGUE THE EIGHTH.

ARGUMENT.

This is evidently an imitation of the Φαρακτοςια of Theocritus, and is very valuable not only for its poetical beauties, but likewise for the account it preserves to us of several superstitious rites and heathen notions of enchantment. The poet seems to have had an high idea of his composition by his introducing it in so lofty a strain, quorum stupefactae carmine lynces. The critics have been very much divided whether it is inscribed to Pollio or Augustus. Catrou pleads very strongly for Augustus; but Dr. Marty largely examines this plea, and confutes it solidly. There is doubtless a great stress to be laid on

Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.

For though Augustus began a tragedy on the death of Ajax, (after Sophocles) yet this piece was never published, as many fine ones of Pollio were, who is highly celebrated by Horace for his dramatic excellence. Lib. II. Od. i. Motum ex Metello, &c. The enchantments described in this Eclogue, are finely imitated in the Arcadia del Sannazoro; a book to which our Sir Philip Sidney in his Arcadia is much indebted. Sannazaró has there given a loose to his fancy, and has shown that he had a very exuberant one.—Prosa. 10.
E C L O G A  VIII.

P H A R M A C E U T R I A.

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

Aftermum musam Damonis et Alphestiboei,
Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantis, quorum stupefactae carmine lynceis;
Et mutatauros requierunt flumina curos:
Damonis musam dicemus et Alphestiboei.

Tu mihi seu magni superas jam faxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris; en erit umquam
Ille dies, liceat mihi cum tua dicere facta?
En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem
Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!

A te principium: tibi definet. accipe jussis
Carmina coepta tuis: atque hanc fine tempora circum
Inter viétrices ederam tibi serpere laurus.
Frigida vix coelo noctis decesserat umbra,
Cum ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba,
Incumbens tereti Damon sic coepit olivae.

DAMON.

Nascere, praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer, alnum;
Conjugis indigno Nisae deceptus amore
Dum queror, et divos, (quamquam nil teftibus illis
Profeci) extrema moriens tamen adloquor hora.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Maenalus argutumque nemus pinoque loquentis
Semper habet; semper pastorum ille audit amores,
Panaque, qui primus calamos non passus inertis.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Ver. 17. Reclin’d.] Denoting the melancholy posture of
the shepherd, leaning against the tree, not incumbens baculo
ex olivâ.

25. 'Tis very poetical to personify the mountain Maenalus,
and ascribe to it a voice and the power of hearing.
ECLOGUE THE EIGHTH.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

Damon and Alphesiboeus.

Charmed with the songs of two contending swains,
The herds for wonder ceas'd to graze the plains,
In deep surprise the lynxes listening stood,
The rolling rivers stop'd their headlong flood!
O Pollio! leading thy victorious bands,
O'er deep Timavus' or Illyria's sands;
O when thy glorious deeds shall I rehearse,
When tell the world how matchless is thy verse,
Worthy the lofty stage of laurel'd Greece,
Great rival of majestic Sophocles!
With thee began my songs, with thee shall end;
The strains thyself commanded, O attend!
And 'mid the laurels which thy brows entwine,
Admit this humble ivy-wreath of mine.

Night, her unwholesome shadows scarce withdrew,
What time the cattle love the cooling dew,
Damon, against an olive's trunk reclin'd,
Thus pour'd the transports of his jealous mind.

Damon.

Bright Lucifer arise! bring on the day,
While I deceiv'd by Nisa pine away,
To heav'n addressing my last pray'rs and tears,
Yet which of all the gods my sorrow hears?

Begin with me, my pipe, Maenaljan strains.
Delightful Maenalus, 'mid echoing groves,
And vocal pines, still hears the shepherds' loves;

The rural warblings hears of skilful Pan,
Who first to tune neglect'd reeds began.

Begin, &c.
Mopso Nifa datur. quid non speremus amantes?
Jungentur jam gryphes equis: aevoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damae.
Mopse, novas incide faces: tibi ducitur uxor.
Sparge, marite, nuces: tibi desperet Hesperus Oetam.

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
O digno conjuncta viro, dum desperis omnis,
Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellae,
Hirsutumque supercilium, prolitaxque barba:
Nec curare deum credis mortalia quemquam.

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala
(Dux ego vester clam) vidi cum matre legentem.
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam acceperat annus:
Jam fragilis poteram a terra contingere ramos.
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Nunc scio, quid sit amor. duris in cotibus illum
Aut Tmaros, aut Rhodope, aut extemini Garamantes,
Nec generis nostris puerum nec sanguinis edunt.

32. Timid deer.] Benson observed that Virgil in this passage chose rather to infringe grammar than to make a rhyme; TIMIDI venient ad pocula Damæ.

34. Nuptial lights.] The bride used to be led home by night with lighted torches before her. Their torches were pieces of pine or unctuous wood, which were cut to a point that they might be the more easily inflamed. Plutarch says, there were five usually carried.

MARTYN.
That nucés signify walnuts, and have a mystical signification in the nuptial ceremonies, see MARTYN'S Georgics, v. 187.

36. Hesper.] That is, night approaches.

"——— Hesperus that led
"The starry host shone brightest, till the moon, &c.

MILTON.

40. Length of beard.] La Cerda is of opinion, that the meaning is, my violent love has made me neglect my person.

45. The choicest fruit.] The circumstances of his officiousness of pointing out the fruit, and of his being but just able
Fair Nifa Mopfus weds! O wond'rous mate,
Ye lovers! what may we not hope from fate?
Now gryphons join with mares! another year,
With hostile dogs shall drink the timid deer:
Thy bride comes forth! begin the festal rites!
The walnuts strew! prepare the nuptial lights!
O envied husband, now thy bliss is nigh,
Behold for thee bright Hesper mounts the sky.

Begin, &c.

O Nifa I congratulate thy choice!
Me you despise, my pipe, and artless voice,
My goats, my shaggy brows, my length of beard,
Nor think the gods your broken vows have heard.

Begin, &c.

Once with your mother to our fields you came,
For dewy apples—thence I date my flame;
The choicest fruit I pointed to your view,
Tho' young my raptur'd soul was fix'd on you!
The boughs I scarce could reach with little arms,
But then, ev'n then could feel thy pow'rful charms.
O how I gaz'd in pleasing transport toft!
How glow'd my heart in sweet delusion loft!

Begin, &c.

I know thee, Love! on horrid Tmarus born,
Or from cold Rhodope's hard entrails torn,
Nurs'd in hot sands the Garamants among,
From human stock the savage never sprung.

Begin, &c.

to reach the branches from the ground, are natural and poetical.

Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus absulit error!
is not equal to

'Ως ιδον, ὡς εμαν, ὡς εσ βαθν αλλετ' εμμα.

Absulit error is not so strong as the Greek.

52. On horrid Tmarus.] Does not the shepherd Lamon
seem to be too well acquainted with the geography of distant
countries?
Saevus amor docuit gnatorum sanguine matrem
Conmaculare manus. crudelis tu quoque, mater;
Crudelis mater magis, an puer inprobus ille?
Inprobus ille puer: crudelis tu quoque, mater.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Nunc et ovis ul tuo fugiat lupus: aurea durae
Mala ferant quercus: narcisso floreat alnus:
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricae.
Certent et cycnis ululae: fit Tityrus Orpheus:
Orpheus in silvis, inter Delphinas Arion.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Omnia vel medium fiant mare: vivite silvae.
Praecepta aerii specula de montis in undas
Deferar. extremum hoc munus morientis habeto.
Define, Maenalios jam define, tibia, versus.
Haec Damon: vos, quae responderit Alphesiboeus,
Dicite, Picrides. non omnia possimus omnes.

ALPHESIBOEUS.
Effer aquam, et molli cinge haec altaria vitta:
Verbenasque adole pinguis et mascula tura:
Conjugis ut adole piguis et mascula tura
Experiar sensus. nihil hie nisi carmina defunt.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.

57. Relentless love.] After Medea had fled with Jason, one
of the Argonauts, from her father and country, he basely for-
sook her and married another: this so highly enraged her, that
she murdered before his face the children she had by him. The
most pathetic tragedy of Euripides is on this fine subject:
wherein the tenderness of the mother, and the fury of the for-
saken mistress, produce noble struggles of passion. I cannot
forbear adding, that the celebrated lines crudelis mater magis,
&c. contain a trifling play and jingling of words very unwor-
thly the simplicity of Virgil's style. Dr. Trapp and Dr. Martyn
are of a quite contrary opinion, and think the passage beau-
tiful.

78. Ye tuneful virgins.] The poet hints that he is unable to
proceed by his own strength, and begs therefore the assistance
of the muses.

80. Bring water.] The water was heated in the house, and the
Relentless Love the mother taught of yore,
To bathe her hands in her own infants' gore;
O barbarous mother thirsting to destroy!
More cruel was the mother or the boy?
Both, both, alike delighted to destroy,
Th' unnat'ral mother and the ruthless boy.

Begin, &c.

Now hungry wolves let tim'rous lambkins chace,
Narcissus' flowers the barren alder grace,
Let blushing apples knotted oaks adorn,
Let liquid amber drop from every thorn!
Let owls contend with swans; our rural bard
To Orpheus or Arion be preferr'd!
Like Orpheus draw the listening trees along,
Or like Arion charm the finny throng.

Begin, &c.

Let the sea rush o'er all, in shoreless floods!
Take this last dying gift!—farewel, ye woods!
Nis a adieu!—from yon impending steep,
Headlong I'll plunge into the foamy deep!

Cae.se now, my pipe, now cease Maenalian strains.
Thus Damon mourn'd. Ye tuneful virgins tell
The swain's reply—Not all in all excel.

ALPHESBIOEUS.

Bring water for the solemn rites designd,
The altar's sides with holy fillets bind—
The strongest frankincense, rich vervain burn,
That mighty magic may to madness turn
My perjur'd love—'Tis done—and nought remains
To crown the rites but all-inchanting strains.

Bring Daphnis, bring him from the town, my strains.

the sorceress calls to her assistent Amaryllis to bring it out to
her; so there is no need to read after, as some have done.
82. The strongest.] The ancients called the strongest sort of
frankincense, male.
Carmina vel coelo poslunt deducere lunam:
Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulixii:
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Terna tibi haec primum tripli diversa colore
Licia circumdo, terque haec altaria circum
Effigiem duco. numero deus inpare gaudet.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Necete tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necete, Amarylli, modo : et, Veneris, dic, vincula neclo.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Limus ut hic durecit, et haec ut cera liquecit
Uno eodemque igni ; sic nostro Daphnis amore.
Sparge molam, et fragilis incende bitumine lauros.
Daphnis me malus urit : ego hanc in Daphnide laurn.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Talis amor Daphnin, qualis, cum fessa juvencum
Per nemora atque altos quaerendo bucula lucos,
Propit aquae rivom viridi procumbit in ulva
Perdita, nec ferae meminit decedere nocti:

94. For three.] The ancients had a prodigious veneration for
the number three, and held many ridiculous superstitions in re-
atlon to it. This number was thought the most perfect of all
numbers, having regard to the beginning, middle, and end.

103. As this same fire.] There were plainly two figures
made, one of wax, and the other of clay; the former would
naturally melt, and the other harden by the fire. The notion
was, that as the image consumed, so did the person it repre-
sented. Dr. Martyn observes, that in the beginning of the
last century, many persons were convicted of this and other
such like practices, and were executed accordingly, as it was
deemed to be attempting the lives of others. King James the
First was a great believer of the power of magic, and wrote
a very idle book on the subject, entitled, Daemonologie.
Shakespeare seems to have chosen the subject of his Macbeth to
please the taste of that prince.

The bays were burnt also to consume the flesh of the person
on whose account these magical rites were performed. The
cake is crumbled upon the image of Daphnis as upon the victim
of this sacrifice.
By strains pale Cynthia from her sphere descends;
Strains chang'd to brutes Ulysses' wondering friends;
Strains in the meadow; or the secret brake,
Can the deaf adder split, and venom'd snake.

Bring, &c.

Lo! first I round thy waxen image twixt,
And closely bind this triple-colour'd lift,
And three times round the altar walk; for three
Is a dear number to dread Hecaté.

Bring, &c.

Haste, Amaryllis, ply thy busy hand;
Haste, quickly, knit the consecrated band,
And say 'tis knit at Venus' dread command;
In three close knots the mixing colours knit,
For ardent lovers such close bands befit.

Bring, &c.

As this same fire melts wax and hardens clay,
To others deaf, let him my love repay.
Crumble the sacred cake, let wither'd bays,
Inflam'd with liquid sulphur crackling blaze;
As Daphnis warms my bosom with desire,
May Daphnis burn in this consuming fire!

Bring, &c.

May Daphnis feel such strong, unanswer'd love,
As the fond heifer feels, thro' copse and grove,
Who seeks her beauteous bull, then tire'd and faint
On the green rushy bank lies down to pant,
Loft to herself and rolling on the ground,
Heedless of darksome night now clos'd around!

105. The mola was made of meal salted and kneaded, mol-
lita, whence it was called mola: and victims were said to be
immolated, because the foreheads of the victims, and the
hearth's and the knives had this cake crumbled on them.

RUAEUS.

115. Night.] Perdita, nec ferae meminit decedere nothi; which
sweet line, says Macrobius, is taken entirely from Varius.
Talis amor teneat, nec sit mihi cura mederi.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin. 90
Has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit,
Pignora cara sui: quae nunc ego limine in ipso,
Terra, tibi mando. debent haec pignora Daphnin.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Has herbas, atque haec Ponto mihi lecfa venena,
Ipse dedit Moeris. nascentur plurima Ponto.
His ego saepe lupum fieri, et se condere silvis
Moerin, saepe animas imis excire sepulcris,
Atque fatas alio vidi traducere messis.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin. 100
Fer cineres, Amarylli, foras: rivoque fluenti,
Transque caput jace: ne respexeris. his ego Daphnin
Adgrediari: nihil ille deos, nil carmina curat.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin
Aspice: corripuit tremulis altaria flammis
Sponte sua, dum ferre moror, cinis ipse. bonum fit!
Nescio quid certe est: et Hylax in limine latrat.
Credimus? an, qui amant, ipsi fibi somnia fingunt?
Parcite, ab urbe venit, jam parcite, carmina, Daphnis.

126. Sage Moeris.] The description of the powerfulness of
Moeris his magic, is sublime. Pontus was the land of poi-
sons: Mithridates, who used to eat poison, reigned there; and
Medea was born in Colchis.

133. These ashes.] The most powerful of all incantations
was to throw the ashes of the sacrifice backward into the water.

141. The dying embers.] The ancients thought the sudden
blazing of the fire a very happy omen. For Plutarch relates,
that the vestal virgins congratulated Cicero, and begged him
to proceed in his prosecution of Catiline, and assured him of
great success, because the fire of their sacrifice lighted of its
own accord.
Ev'n thus, may disregarded Daphnis burn,
Pine to despair, nor I his flame return!
Bring, &c.
This vest the faithles traitor left behind,
Pledge of his love I give, to thee consign'd,
O sacred earth! thus plac'd beneath the door,
O may the precious pledge its lord restore!
Bring, &c.
These powerful, poisonous plants in Pontus dug,
(Pontus abounds in many a magic drug)
Sage Moeris gave; in dire enchantments brew'd,
Moeris his limbs with these has oft bedew'd.
Hence the fell forcerer have I seen become
A wolf, and thro' wild forests howling roam,
With these from graves the starting spéctres warn,
And whirl to distant fields the flanding corn.
Bring, &c.
Take now these ashes from th' expiring wood,
And strew them, Amaryllis, o'er the flood;
But backward cast them, dare not look behind,
With these I'll strive to touch his harden'd mind;
But weak all art my Daphnis' breast to move,
For he nor charms regards, nor pow'rs above.
Bring, &c.
Lo! round the altar's sides what flames aspire!
The dying embers burst into a fire!
Lift! Hylax barks! O may it lucky prove!
But ah! how oft are we deceiv'd that love?
Can it be truth? my heart will Daphnis eafe?
He comes, my Daphnis comes—Enchantments ceafe!

END OF THE EIGHTH ECOLOGUE.
ECLOGUE THE NINTH.

ARGUMENT.

We are told by Servius that Moeris is the person who had the care of Virgil's farm, was his procurator, or bailiff, as we speak at present; and that when Virgil had from Augustus received a grant of his lands, one Arrius a centurion refused to admit him into possession, and would certainly have killed him if Virgil had not saved his life by swimming over the Mincius. This accident is mentioned in this Eclogue. Lycidas overtakes Moeris on his way to Rome, and asks him to repeat to him as they passed along some favourite verses, that he formerly had heard from him. Moeris grants his request, but suddenly breaks off in a natural and dramatic manner.
E C L O G A  I X.

M O E R I S.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

QUO te, Moeri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbe?

MOERIS.

O Lycida, vivi pervenimus; advena nostrri,
Quod numquam veriti sumus, ut possessor agelli
Diceret: Haec mea sunt; veteres migrate coloni.
Nunc vieti, tristes, quoniam Fors omnia versat,
Hos illi (quo nec bene vertat) mittimus haedos.

LYCIDAS.

Certe equidem audieram, qua se subducere colles
Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo,
Usque ad aquam et veteres, jam fracta cacumina, fagos,
Omnia carminibus vestrum servisse Menalcan.

MOERIS.

Audieras; et fama fuit. sed carmina tantum
Nostra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia, quantum
Chaonias dicunt, aquila veniente, columbas.
Quod nisi me quacumque novas incidere litis
Ante finistra cava monuisset ab ilice cornix,
Nec tuus hic Moeris, nec viveret ipse Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

Heu, cadit in quemquam tantum seclus! heu, tua nobis

5. By fear.] The two epithets vieti and tristes, Burman declares he cannot digest; but the rule de epithetis non multiplicandis, is a mere dream of the grammarians; nor did the best poets regard it.

SPENCE.
ECLOGUE THE NINTH.

MOERIS.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

SAY, Moeris, to the city dost thou haste?

Moeris.

O Lycidas, the day's arriv'd at last,
When the fierce stranger, breathing rage, shall say,
These fields are mine, ye veteran hinds away!
To whom, by Fortune crush'd, o'ercome by fear,
These kids (a curse attend them!) must I bear.

LYCIDAS.

Sure I had heard, that where yon' hills descend,
And to the vale their sloping summits bend,
Down to the stream and ancient broken beech,
Far as the confines of his pastures reach,
Menalcas sav'd his all by skilful strains.

Moeris.

Such was the tale among the Mantuan swains;
But verse 'mid dreadful war's mad tumults, proves
As weak and powerless, as Dodona's doves,
When the fierce, hungry eagle first they spy,
Full on their heads impetuous dart from high.
The boding raven from an hollow tree,
Warn'd us to cease the strife, and quick agree;
Else of our liberty, nay life, depriv'd,
Nor Moeris nor Menalcas had surviv'd.

LYCIDAS.

What rage the ruthless soldier could induce
To hurt the sweetest favourite of the muse?
Viri
gii
Maronis
Bucolica.

Paene simui tecum folatia rapta, Menalca!
Quis caneret Nymphas? quis humum florentibus herbis
Spargeret? aut viridi fontis induceret umbra?
Vel quae sublegi tacitus tibi carmina nuper,
Cum te ad delicias ferres Amaryllida nostras?
Tityre, dum redeo, brevis est via, pasee capellas:
Et potum pastas age, Tityre; et inter agendum
Occursare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

Moeris.

Immo haec, quae Varo nec dum perfecta canebat.
Vare, tuum nomen (superet modo Mantua nobis,
Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae!)
Cantantes sublime ferent ad sidera cycni.

Lyidas.

Sic tua Cyrneas fugiant examina taxos:
Sic cytio pastae distent ubera vaccae.
Incipe, si quid habes. et me fecere poetam
Pierides: sunt et mihi carmina. me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores: sed non ego credulus illis.
Nam neque adhuc Varo videor, nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

Moeris.

Id quidem ago; ac tacitus, Lycida, mecum ipse voluto,
Si valeam meminiisse: neque est ignobile carmen.
Huc ades, ô Galatea. quis est nain ludus in undis?
Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum

25. *Who then could firewo.*] Virgil certainly alludes to his
Eclogue, entitled *Daphnis*, composed on the death of Julius
Caesar.

35. *Cremona's.*] Augustus divided the lands of Cremona
amongst his soldiers, because they sided with Antony. But that
country not affording sufficient quantities of land for all the
soldiers, part of the territory of Mantua was added and given
away in that manner.

40. *Cyrnaean.*] Corsica was called Cynmus by the Greeks.
The honey of this island was most remarkably bad.

43. *Cinna's, &c.*] This undoubtedly was not Helvius Cinna
the poet who was murdered, by mistaking him for Cornelius
Cinna, and an enemy of Julius Caesar, at that emperor's fu-

O direful thought! hadst thou, Menalcas, bled,
With thee had all our choicest pleasures fled!

Who then could strew sweet flow'rs, the nymphs could sing
Who shade with verdant boughs the crystal spring?

Or chant those lays which privately I read,
When late we visited my fav'rite maid:

"Watch, Tityrus, watch, and see my goats receive
"At morn fresh pasture, and cool streams at eve;
"Soon I'll return; but as the flock you lead,
"Beware the wanton ridg'ling's butting head."

MOERIS.

Or those to Varus, tho' unfinish'd strains——

"Varus, should we preserve our Mantuan plains,
"(Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime)
"The swans thy name shall bear to heav'n sublime."

LYCIDAS.

Begin, if verse thou haft, my tuneful friend;
On trefoil fed so may thy cows distend
Their copious udders; so thy bees refuse
The baneful juices of Cyrranean yews.

Me too the muses love, and give me lays,
Swains call me bard, but I deny their praise;
I reach not Varus' voice, nor Cinna's song,
But scream like gabbling geese sweet swans among.

MOERIS.

Those strains am I revolving in my mind,

Nor are they verses of a vulgar kind.
"O lovely Galatea! hither haste!
"For what delight affords the wat'ry waste?
"Here purple spring her gifts profusely pours,
"And paints the river-banks with balmy flow'rs;
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Inminet, et lentae texunt umbracula vites.
Huc ades; infani feriant fine litora fluctus.

**LYCIDAS.**

Quid, quae te pura solum sub noce canentem
Audieram? numeros memini, si verba tenerem.

**MOEIRIS.**

Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus?
Ecce Dionaei procefsit Caesaris afrum:
Afrum, quo segetes gauderent frugibus; et quo
Duceret apricus in collibus uva colorem.

Insere, Daphni, piros: carpent tua poma nepotes.

Omnia fert aetas, animum quoque. fape ego longos
Cantando puers memini me condere folae.

Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina. vox quoque Moerin
Jam fugit ipsa: lupi Moerin videre priores,
Sed tamen ifta fatis referet tibi fape Menalcas.

**LYCIDAS.**

Causando nostrros in longum ducis amores.

52. *Leaves.*] Observe how judiciously Virgil mentions only
the shades of the vines; it being yet only spring, there could
be no grapes.

58. *Daphnis! behold.*] Virgil, says La Cerda, seems to have
contended with himself in this place for victory. He opposes these
five verses to those which went before, *Huc ades, o Galatea,* in
which having excelled Theocritus, he now endeavours to excel
himself. In the former he aimed only at the sweetness of ex-
pression, as became one who addressed himself to Caesar, who
was then admitted among the gods. There he describes the
delights of the spring, flowers, rivers, shades, such objects as
tend to pleasure; here, he produces the fruits of summer, corn,
grapes, and pears, all which are useful to man. Who can say
that Virgil speaks idly, or to no purpose?

58. *Behold the Julian.*] The Julian star, according to Doctor
Halley, was a comet; and the same that appeared (for the
third time after) in 1680. He says that the tail of that comet
in its nearest approach to the sun, was sixty degrees long. So
that it must have made a very considerable figure in the heavens,
as Horace says the Julian star did. After Caesar's death a
comet happened to appear, which the superstitious vulgar
thought was the soul of Julius Caesar, placed among the gods,
Augustus's courtiers propagated this notion.
"Here, o'er the grotto the pale poplar weaves
With blushing vines a canopy of leaves;
Then quit the seas! against the founding shore
Let the next ocean's billows idly roar!"

 Eclogues of Virgil.

"Kere, o'er the grotto the pale poplar weaves
With blushing vines a canopy of leaves;
Then quit the seas! against the founding shore
Let the next ocean's billows idly roar!"

Lycedas.

What's that you sung alone, one cloudless night?
Its air I know, could I the words recite.

Moeris.

"Why still consult, for ancient signs, the skies?"
"Daphnis! behold the Julian star arise!"
"Whose power the fields with copious corn shall fill,
And clothe with richer grapes each sunny hill;"
"Now, Daphnis, for thy grandsons plant thy pears,
Who luscious fruits shall crop in distant years."—

Alas! by fleeting time how things decay!
Once could I sing whole summer-suns away;
But ah! my mem'ry fails—some wolf accr's'd
Hath stopt my voice and look'd on Moeris first:
But oft Menalcas will repeat these lays.

Lycedas.

My strong desires such slight excuses raise;

59. Fields.] Segetes generally signifies the fields in Virgil's writings.
62. Fruits.] Poma is commonly used by the ancients for any esculent fruit.
63. Alas! by fleeting.] Here the shepherd breaks off abruptly, as if he had forgot the rest of the poem.
65. My memory fails.] Observe two things, says Ruaeus, 1. That obliata is used in a passive signification. 2. That mibi is put for me. So in the Aeneid, Nixla tuarum audita mibi neque visa fororum.
65. Some wolf accr's'd.] The ancients imagined, that if a wolf happened to look on any man first, the person was instantly deprived of his voice. Δυκαι ειδε, εψαξε της, ος σφος ειπεν, says Theocritus.
68. Cauifando in the original, signifies by pretending to make excuses.

Stultus uterque locum immeritum causa ute iniqui. Hor.
Et nunc omne tibi fratrum filiæ aequor: et omnes, (Aspice) ventosi ceciderunt murmurs aurae.
Hinc adeo media est nobis via. namque sepulchrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris. hic, ubi densas
Agricolae stringunt rondheim, hic, Moeri, canamus:
Hic haedos depone. tamen veniemus in urbem.
Aut si, nox pluviam ne conligat ante, veremur,
Cantantes licet usque (minus via laedat) eamus.
Cantantes ut eamus, ego hoc te fasce levabo.

Morris.
Define plura, puer: et, quod nunc insit, agamus.
Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.

70. The neigh'ring lake.] The original says, fratrum filiæ aequor. By aequor cannot possibly be understood the sea, as some translators have imagined. Catrou's observation is very ingenious. Our shepherds were already arrived at the edge of the lake of Mantua, which is formed round the city by the Mincio. Is not a lake a sea in the eyes of shepherds?

72. Bianor's tomb.] Bianor, son of the river Tiber, by the daughter of Theseas, named Manto, is fabled to have first of all fortified the city of Mantua, and to have given it the name of his mother. His tomb, as ancient ones usually were, was placed by the way-side. Hence the expression, abi viator, filiæ viator—absurdly introduced into modern epitaphs, not placed in such situations.
Behold no whispering winds the branches shake;
Smooth is the surface of the neighb'ring lake;
Besides, to our mid-journey are we come,
I see the top of old Bianor's tomb;
Here, Moeris, where the swains thick branches prune,
And strew their leaves, our voices let us tune;
Here rest a while, and lay your kidlings down,
Remains full time to reach the destin'd town;
But if you tempests fear and gathering rain,
Still let us soothe our travel with a strain;
The ways seem shorter by a warbled song,
I'll ease your burden as we pass along.

Moeris:
Cease your request; proceed we o'er the plain;
When he returns we'll sing a sweeter strain.

74. And strew their leaves.] La Cerda says, they gathered the leaves to strew them on Bianor's tomb: but the epithet denfas seems to point to amputation, which they wanted by growing too thick. Holdsworth says, a grove I suppose in which the peasants strip off the leaves; Catrou has mistaken the meaning.
ECLOGUE THE TENTH.

ARGUMENT.

The poet introduces his friend and patron Gallus, lying under a solitary rock in Arcadia, bewailing the inconstancy of his mistress Lycoris, by whom is meant the beautiful Cynthia, a most celebrated actress, that left him to follow some officer into Germany. He describes the rural deities coming to visit Gallus in his distress, as they do Daphnis in Theocritus, and last of all Apollo himself, who all endeav'our in vain to comfort him.
ECLOGA X.

GALLUS.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.
Pauca meo Gallo, sed quae legat ipsa Lycoris,
Carmina sunt dicenda. neget quis carmina Gallo?
Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labère Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

Incipe, sollicitos Galli dicamus amores,
Dum tenera adtendent simae virgulta capellae.
Non canimus furdis: respondent omnia silvae.
Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habueres, puellae
Naïdes, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?

Nam neque Parnasi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aoníae Aganippes.
Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevere myrciae:
Pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe jacentem
Maenalus, et gelidi flevunt saxa Lycaei.

Stant et oves circum: nostri nec poenitet illas:
Nec te poeniteat pecoris, divine poëta:
Et formosus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis.

Venit et upilio: tardi venere bubulci:
Uvidus hiberna, venit de glande Menalcas.

Omnes, unde amor iste, rogant, tibi? venit Apollo:
Galle, quid infantis? inquit. tua cura Lycoris

Ver. 10. While browse the goats. The original calls them simae capellae, snoon-sid goats, which will not bear to be rendered into English. This is one instance among a thousand that may be given, of the utter impossibility of giving any gracefulness to many images in the classics, which in a dead language do not appear gross or common.

13. Where were ye, Naiads. This is finely imitated in that excellent piece of Milton, intituled, Lycidas, but is originally in Theocritus.
ECLOGUE THE TENTH.

GALLUS.

AID the last labour of my rural muse,
'Tis Gallus asks, auspicious Arethusa!
But then such pity-moving strains impart,
Such numbers as may touch Lycoris' heart;
Yet once more, tuneful nymph, thy succour bring;
What bard for Gallus can refuse to sing?
So while beneath Sicilian seas you glide,
May Doris ne'er pollute your purer tide!
'With Gallus' hapless love begin the lay,
While browzze the goats the tender-budding spray;
Nor to the deaf our mournful notes we sing,
Each wood shall with responsive echoes ring,
Where were ye, Naiads! in what lawn or grove,
When Gallus pin'd with unregarded love?
For not by Aganippe's spring we play'd,
Nor Pindus' verdant hill your steps delay'd;
For him lamented every laurel grove;
The very tamarisifs wept his hapless love;
His woes ev'n pine-topt Maenalus bemoan'd,
Thro' all his caverns the dark mountain groan'd;
And cold Lycaecum's rocks bewail'd his fate,
As sad beneath a lonely-cliff he fate.
Around him stood his flock in dumb surprize,
A shepherd's lowly name I ne'er despise:
Nor thou, sweet bard, disdain fair flocks to guide,
Adonis fed them by the river's side;
The heavy hind to him, and goat-herd haste,
And old Menalcas wet from gathering wint'ry mast;
All of his love enquire; Apollo came;
"Why glows my Gallus' breast with fruitless flame?"
Perque nives alium, perque horrida castra secuta est.
Venit et agresti capitis Silvanus honore,
Florentis serulas et grandia lilia quassans.
Pan deus Arcadiae venit: quem vidimus ipsi
Sanguineis ebuli baccis minioque rubentem.
Ecquis erit modus? inquit. amor non talia curat.
Nec lacrimis crudelis amor, nec gramina rivis,
Nec cypitió saturantur aper, nec fronde capellae.
Triflis at ille, Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus haec vestris: foli cantare periti
Arcades. ो mihi tum quam molliter offa quiescunt,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique suislem
Aut custos gregis, aut maturae venitor uvae!
Certe five mihi Phyllis, five est Amyntas,
Seu quicumque furor, (quid tum, si fuscus Amyntas?
Et nigrae violae sunt, et vaccinia nigra)
Mecum inter falices lenta sub vite jaceret.
Sert mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.
Hic gelidi fontes: hic mollia prata, Lycori.
Hic nemus: hic ipso tecum consumerer aevo.
Nunc infanus amor duri me Martis in armis,
Tela inter media, atque adversos detinet hostis.
Tu procul a patria (ne fit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ah dura, nives et frigora Rheni

41. Sad Gallus then. This address of Gallus to the Arcadians is tender and moving; especially that part of it where he wishes he had been only an humble shepherd like them. But when he just afterwards address his mistrels, the lines are inexpresibly pathetic.

Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus: hic ipso tecum consumerer aevo.

And then he turns off at once to the evils his passion has exposed him to,

Nunc infanus amor, &c.
"To seek another youth thy false one flies,
Thro' martial terrors and inclement skies."

Shaking the rustic honours of his brow,
The lilly tall, and fennel's branching bough,
Sylvanus came; and Pan, Arcadia's pride,
With vermil-hues, and blushing elder dy'd:
"Ah! why indulge, he cries, thy boundless grief,
Think'st thou that love will heed, or bring relief?
Nor tears can love suffice, nor showers the grass,
Nor leaves the goat, nor flowers the honied race."

Sad Gallus then.—Yet O Arcadian swains,
Ye best artificers of soothing strains!
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So shall my shade in sweeter rest repose;
O that your birth and bus'ness had been mine,
To feed the flock, and prune the spreading vine!
There some soft solace to my amorous mind,
Some Phillis or Amyntas I should find:
(What if the boy's smooth skin be brown to view,
Dark is the hyacinth and violet's hue)
There as we lay the vine's thick shades beneath,
The boy should sing, and Phillis twine the wreath.
Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
Here woods, Lycoris! lift their verdant heads,
Here could I wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.
Instead of that, me frantic love detains,
'Mid foes, and deathful darts, and bloody plains:
While you, and can my soul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave,
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps, where snows eternal shine,
And joyles's borders of the frozen Rhine.

53. These four lines are taken from Sir George Lyttelton's elegant Eclogues, entitled, The progress of love.
Me fine sola vides. ah te ne frigora laedant!
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies fecet aspera plantas!
Ibo, et Chalcidico quae sunt mihi condita verfu
Carmina, pastoris Siculi modulabor avena.
Certum eft in silvis, inter spelaea ferarum,
Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus: crescent illae: crescetis amores.
Interea mixtis lufrabo Maenala nymphis:
Aut acris venabor apros: non me ulla vetabunt
Frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare sultus.
Jam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantis
Ire: libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu
Spicula; tanquam haec sint noftri medicina furoris,
Aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere disecat.
Jam neque Hamadryades rurfum, neque carmina nobis
Ipfa placent: ipfæ rurfum concedite silvae.
Non illum noftri possunt mutare labores:
Nec fi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaque nivis hiemis fubeamus aquosae,
Nec fi, cum moriens alta liberaret in ulmo,
Aethiopum verfemus ovis sub fidere Cancri.
Omnia vincit Amor. et nos cedamus Amori.
Haec fat erit, divae, vestrum ceciniffe poëtam,
Dum fedet, et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco,

66. Igo, Igo.] How juftly are the various resolutions and
shifting passions of a lover here described! First, he resolves
to renew his poetical fudies, (for Gallus was a writer of elegies)
then suddenly he talks of leaving the world, and finding
out some melancholy solitude, and hiding himself among the
dens of wild beasts, and amufing himself by carving her name
on the trees. Then all at once he breaks out into a resolution
that he will spend all his time in hunting; but suddenly re-
collects with a figh, that none of these amufements will cure
his paffion; and then bids adieu to all the diversions of which
he had been speaking.
88. Feed.] Verfemus, in this place, in the original signifies to
feed theep, or drive them about, to feed.
89. Elm.] Liber in the original signifies the inmoft bark of
a tree.
90. Virgil ufe the confellation of Cancer to express the
7 tropic.
Ah! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!
I go, I go, Chalcidian strains to suit
To the soft sounds of the Sicilian flute!
'Tis fix'd!—to mazes of the tangled wood,
Where cavern'd monsters roam in quest of blood,
Abandon'd will I fly, to feed my flame
Alone, and on the trees inscribe her name;
Fast as the groves in stately growth improve,
By pow'r congenial will increase my love.
Mean while on summits of Lycaeum hoar,
With the light nymphs I'll chase the furious boar,
Nor me shall frosts forbid with horn and hound
Parthenia's echoing foreste to surround.
Now, now, thro' founding woods I seem to go,
Twanging my arrows from the Parthian bow:
As if these sports my wounded breast could heal,
Or that fell god for mortal pangs would feel!
But now, again no more the woodland maids,
Nor pastoral songs delight—Farewel, ye shades!
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' loft in frozen desarts we should range,
Tho' we should drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blasts, and Thracian snows;
Or on hot India's plains our flocks should feed,
Where the parch'd elm declines his sickening head;
Beneath fierce glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams.
Love over all maintains resistless sway,
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.
Thus, as a basket's rufhy frame he wove,
Your bard, ye muses, sung the pains of love:

The sun enters Cancer on the 10th or 11th of our June, which is the longest day of the year, and naturally the hottest.
Pierides. vos haec facietis maxima Gallo: Gallo, quojus amor tantum mihi crescit in horas, Quantum vere novo viridis se subjicit alnus. Surgamus: solet esse gravis cunctantibus umbra. 75 Juniperi gravis umbra: nocent et frugibus umbrac. Ite domum satureae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae.

100. Loitering.] La Cerda reads, cunctantibus, not cantantibus, in the original, which seems to be the true sense.

102. Even the shades of juniper, tho' it is a tree whose leaves are so fragrant, are still very unwholesome.
May Gallus view the song with partial eyes, 
For whom each hour my flames of friendship rise;  
Fast as when vernal gales their influence spread, 
The verdant alder lifts his blooming head.  
But haste, unwholsome to the loitering swain  
The shades are found, and hurtful to the grain;  
Ev'n juniper's sweet shade, whose leaves around 
Fragrance diffuse, at eve are noxious found. 
Homeward, ye well-fed goats, now sinks the day;  
Lo, glittering Hesper comes! my goats away.

END OF THE TENTH ECLOGUE.
BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The poet begins with proposing the subjects of the four books of his work; then easily slides into an invocation of such deities as were proper to assist him in his execution of it, artfully introducing Augustus among those deities. These circumstances are comprehended in the exordium. The book itself may be divided into six parts. I. The various methods of tilling ground, according to its different natures and qualities. II. The origin of agriculture. III. The instruments of husbandmen. IV. The proper seasons for the works of husbandmen. V. The prognostics of the weather. VI. The prodigies that attended the death of Julius Caesar.
P. VIRGILII MARONIS
GEO R G I C A.
AD C. CILNIUM MAECENATEM.

LIBER PRIMUS.

QUID faciat laetas fegetes, quo fidere terram
Vertere, Maecenas, ulmisque adjungere vites
Conveniat: quaе cura boum, quі cultus habendo
Sit pecori, atque apibus quanta experientia parcis,
Hinc canere incipiam. Vos, ó clarissima mundi
Lumina, labentem coelo quae ducitis annum:
Liber et alma Ceres, vеstro fi munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glаndem mutavit arista,
Pоculaque inventis Aсhelоіа miscuit uіs:
Et vos agrestum praesentia numina, Fauni,
Ferte simul Faunique pedem Dryadesque puellae:
Munera vestra cano. tuque ó, cui prima fremente
Fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti,

Ver. I. Fields.] The subjects of the four following books of
Georgics are particularly specified in these four first lines;
Corn and Ploughing are the subject of the first, Vines of the se-
cond, Cattle of the third, and Bees of the last. By fеges Vir-
gil generally means the fields. Quo fidere is very poetical for
quo tempore. Mr. Dryden says only āvhen to turn, &c. I ap-
ply experientia to the bees after Grimoaldus and Dr. Trapp,
as more poetical than the other meaning, and as suitable to
Virgil's manner of ascribing human qualities to these insects.
I wonder, says Mr. Holdsworth, whence Seneca came to speаk
tо lightly of Virgil's exactness in his Georgics: but this I am
sure of, that the more I have looked into the manner of agri-
culture used at present in Italy, the more occasion I have had to
admire
THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

TO C. CILNIUS MAECENAS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

WHAT culture crowns the laughing fields with corn,
Beneath what heavenly signs the glebe to turn,
Round the tall elm how circling vines to lead,
The care of oxen, cattle how to breed,
What wond'rous arts to frugal bees belong,
Maecenas, are the subjects of my song.

Lights of the world! ye brightest orbs on high;
Who lead the sliding year around the sky!
Bacchus and Ceres, by whose gifts divine,
Man chang'd the crystal stream for purple wine;
For rich and foodful corn, Chaonian mast;
Ye Fauns and virgin Dryads, hither haste;
Ye Deities, who aid industrious swains,
Your gifts I sing! facilitate the strains!
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
Whence fairest a neighing courser sprang to birth.

admire the justice and force of his expressions, and his exactness even in the minutest particulars. Holdsworth.

7. Lights of the world. Clarissima mundi lumina cannot be put in apposition or joined with Bacchus et alma Ceres; Virgil first invokes the sun and moon, and then Bacchus.—Varro's invocation proceeds in the same manner.

11. Chaonian mast.] The famous grove of Dodona was in Epirus or Chaonia.
Neptune; et cultor nemorum, cui pinguia Ceae
Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta juvenci:
Ipsi nemus linquens patrium saltusque Lycae
Pan ovium custos, tua si tibi Maenalum curae,
Adsis Tegeae favens, oleaeque Minerva
Inventrix, uncique puer monstrator aratri,
Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum:
Dique deaeque omnes, fludium quibus arva tueri,
Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges:
Quique satis largum coelo demittitis imbrem.
Tuqique adeo, quern mox quae fuit habitura deorum
Concilia incertum est; urbisie invisere, Caesar,
Terrarumque velis curam, et te maximus orbis
Au&orem frugum, tempestratumque potentem
Accipiat, cingens materna tempora myrto;
An deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nautae
Numina fola colant : tibi serviat ultima Thule,
Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis:
An nec novum tardis fidus te menfibus addas,

18. Snow-white heifers, feeds.] Aristaeus is here invoked, who taught the arts of curding milk and cultivating olive trees. Triptolemus the son of Celeus was the inventor of the plough. In a contention between Neptune and Minerva about naming Athens, Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and produced a horse, and Pallas an olive tree.

19. Lycaeus' grove.] Lycaeus and Maenalus were two mountains in Arcadia, sacred to Pan.

25. Sylvanus.] Medals represent Sylvanus bearing a young cypress tree torn up by the roots. Neither Mr. Dryden nor Mr. Benfon seem apprehensive of this allusion, which is very picturesque.

31. And thou.] The poet here begins a fine address to Augustus, asking him whether he would chuse to be the god of earth, sea, or heaven. Catron ingeniously imagines this address was added by Virgil the year before his death, when several other passages were likewise inserted; for he says Augustus was not thus highly honoured till after his return from the conquest of Egypt.

46. Scorpious.] Libra, or the Balance, was originally represented as held up by Scorpion, who extended his claws for that
Come thou, whose herd, in Caea's fertil meads,
Of twice an hundred snow-white heifers, Feed : 
Guardian of flocks, O leave Lycaeus' grove,
If Maenalus may still retain thy love,
Tegaean Pan; and bring with thee the maid
Who first at Athens rais'd the olive's shade,
Propitious Pallas; nor be absent thou,
Fair youth, inventer of the crooked plough;
Nor thou, Sylvanus, in whose hands is borne
A tender cypress by the roots up-torn:
Come, all ye gods and goddesses, who hear
The suppliant swains, and blest with fruits the year;
Ye, who the wild spontaneous feeds sustain,
Or swell with flowers the cultivated grain.
And thou, thou chief, whose feat among the gods
Is yet unchosen in the blest abodes,
Wilt thou, great Caesar, o'er the earth reign,
Protect her cities, and her empires guide,
While the vast globe shall feel thy genial pow'r,
Thee as the god of foodful fruits adore,
Sovereign of feasons, of the storms and wind,
And with thy mother's boughs thy temples bind?
Or over boundless ocean wilt thou reign,
Smooth the wild billows of the roaring main,
While utmost Thule shall thy nod obey,
To thee in shipwrecks shivering sailors pray,
While Tethys, if some wat'ry nymph could please,
Would give in dow'ry all her thousand seas?
Or wilt thou mount a splendid sign on high,
Betwixt the Maid and Scorpius deck the sky;

that purpose out of his own proper dominions; and that, under Augustus, or a little after his death, they made Scorpius contract his claws, and introduced a new personage (most probably Augustus himself) to hold the Balance. On the Parnese globe it is held by Scorpius; (which, by the way, may perhaps shew that work to have been previous to the Augustan age:) in several of the gems and medals on which we have
Qua locus Erigonen inter Chelafque frequentis, *P.-* ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens Scorpios, et coeli jufta plus parte reliquit. Quicquid eris; (nam te nec sperent Tartara regem, Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupidio: Quamvis Elysios miretur Graecia campos, Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem) Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus adnue coeptis, Ignarosque viae mecum miseratus agrifcis Ingrederc, et votis jam nunc adsuefce vocari. Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor Liquitur, et zephyro putris se gleba resolvit; Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi taurus aratro Ingemere, et fulco adtritus splendescere vocem. Illa feges demum votis respondet avari Agricolae, bis quae folem, bis frigora fensit: Illius immensae ruperunt horrea megfes. Ac prius ignotum ferro quam fcinimus aequor; Ventos, et varium coeli praeclere morem Cura fit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum, Et quid quaque ferat regio, et quid quacque recufet.

have the signs of the zodiac, it is held by a man. This is said to be Augustus. It was a very common thing among the Roman poets to compliment their emperors with a place among the constellations; and perhaps the Roman astronomers took the hint of placing Augustus there, and that in this very situation, from Virgil's compliment of this kind to the emperor. To say the truth, there could scarce have been a place or employment, better chosen for Augustus. The astronomers originally were at a loss how to have the Balance supported: they were obliged, for this purpose, to make Scorpius take up the space of two signs in the zodiac; which was quite irregular; and to be sure they would be ready to lay hold of any fair occasion of reducing to his due bounds again. On the other hand, it was quite as proper for Augustus, as it was improper for Scorpius, to hold it: for, beside its being a compliment to him for his justice, or for his holding the balance of the affairs of the world, (if they talked of princes then, in the style we have been so much used to of late) Libra was the very sign that was said to preside over Italy; and so Augu-
Scorpius e’en now his burning claws confines,
And more than a just share of heav’n resigns?
Whate’er thou choose; (for sure thou wilt not deign,
With dire ambition fir’d, in hell to reign,
Tho’ Greece her fair Elyrian fields admire,
Whence Proserpine refuses to retire)—

Look kindly down, my invocations hear!
Assist my course, and urge my bold career;
Pity with me, the simple ploughman’s cares,

Now, now assume the god, and learn to hear our pray’rs.

In earliest spring, when melting snow distils
Adown the mountains’ sides, in trickling rills,
When Zephyr’s breeze unbinds the crumbling soil,
Then let my groaning steers begin the toil;

Deep in the furrows press the shining share;
Those lands at last repay the peasants’ care,
Which twice the sun, and twice the frosts sustaint,
And burst his barns surcharg’d with pond’rous grain.

But ere we launch the plough in plains unknown,

Be first the clime, the winds and weather shewn;
The temper and the genius of the fields,
What each resists, what in plenty yields;

\[57. \text{In earliest spring.}]\ The writers of agriculture, says Dr. Martyn, did not confine themselves to the computation of astrologers; but dated their spring from the end of the frosty weather. \textit{Possunt igitur ac idibus Januariis, ut principem mensem Romani anni observet, auspiciari culturarum officia.}

\[63. \text{Which twice the sun, and twice.}]\ The meaning is, that, a field which has lain still two years together, instead of \textit{one} (which last is the common method) will bear a much greater crop.
Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvae:
Arborci foetus albi atque injusta virescunt
Gramina. nonne vides, croceos ut Timolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua tura Sabaei?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virofaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epiros equarum?
Continuo has leges, aeternaque foedera certis
Inpofuit Natura locis: quo tempore primum
Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem:
Unde homines nati durum genus. ergo age, terrae
Pingue solum primis extemplo a mensibus anni
Fortes invortant tauri, glebasque jacentis
Pulverulenta coquat maturis folibus
A. si non fuerit tellus fecunda; sub ipsum
Arborum tenui sat erit suspendere fulco:
Illic, officiant laetis ne frugibus herbae;
Hic, sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor arenam.
Alternis idem tonfas cesfare novalis,
Et segnem patiere situ durefcere campum.
Aut ibi flava feres mutat foide farra,
Unde prius laetum fliliaqua quasiante legumen,
Aut tenuis foetus viciae, triflisque lupini
Suftuleris fragillis calamos silvamque sonantem.
Urit enim lini campum leges, urit avenae:
Urunt Lethaco perfusa papavera somno.

74. Caslar.] 'Tis a vulgar mistake that the tellicles of the beaver contain the caslar; for 'tis taken from some odoriferous glands about the groin of this animal. Virgili in this place does not mean poifonous, but efficacious or powerful.

87. There, left the weeds.] Virgil speaks of the seasons of ploughing strong and light ground. The firft, says he, must be ploughed early in the spring, and lie all summer; and the other lightly in autumn: or elfe the strong ground will run all to weeds, and the light ground will have all its juices exhaufed.

Benson.

92. The lupin flook.] The triflis lupinus is not our lupin, but that feed which they now in Italy lay afoak so long in water, to get rid of its bitternefs, and even fell it fo in their streets.
Here golden corn, there luscious grapes abound,
There grafs spontaneous, or rich fruits are found;
See'ft thou not Tmolus, saffron sweet dispense?
Her ivory, Ind? Arabia, frankincense?
The naked Chalybes their iron ore?
To Caftor Pontus give it's fetid pow'r?
While for Olympic games, Epirus breeds,
To whirl the kindling car, the swiftest steeds?
Nature, these laws, and these eternal bands,
First fix'd on certain climes, and various lands,
What time the stones, upon th' unpeopled world,
Whence sprung laborious man, Deucalion hurl'd.
Come on then: yoke, and sweat thy sturdy steer,
In deep, rich soils, when dawns the vernal year;
The turf disclos'd, the clinging clods unbound,
Summer shall bake and meliorate thy ground:
But for light, steril land, it may suffice,
Gently to turn it in autumnal skies;
There, left the weeds o'er joyful ears prevail,
Here, left all moisture from the sands exhale.
The glebe shall rest, whence laft you gather'd grain,
Till the spent earth recover strength again:
For where the trembling pods of pulse you took,
Or from its rattling stalk the lupin shook,
Or vetches' seed minute, will golden corn
With alter'd grain that happy tilth adorn.
Parcht are the lands, that oats or flax produce,
Or poppies, pregnant with Lethean juice;
Nor want uncultur'd fallows grace or use.

'Tis but a very insipid thing at best. The fafelus of the Romans
is our lupin.

95. 'Parcht are the lands.] That flax, oats, and poppies, dry
and impoverish the soil, we have the concurrent testimony of
Columella, Paladius, and Pliny. The Romans cultivated
poppies, not our common scarlet ones, but our garden poppy.

Holdsworth.

Martyn.
Sed tamen alternis facilis labor: arida tantum
Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola; neve
Effoetos cinerem inmundum jacare per agros.
Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt foetibus arva.
Nec nulla interea est inaratae gratia terrae.
Saepe etiam sterilis incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urete flammis:
Sive inde occultas vires, et pabula terrae
Pinguia concipient: five illis omne per ignem.
Excoquitur vitium, atque exfudat inutilis humor:
Seu pluris calor ille vias et caeca relaxat
Spiramenta, novas veniat qua succus in herbas:
Seu pluris caloris ille vias et caeca relaxat,
Vimineaque trahit crates, juvat arva: neque illum
Flava Ceres alto nequicquam spectat Olympo:
Et qui, prosciffo quae succitat aequore terga,
Rurfus in obliquum verso percurrat aratro,
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.

102. To burn the barren glebe.] Virgil, says Mr. Benson (but he seems to be mistaken) speaks of two different things, of burning the soil itself before the ground is ploughed, and of burning the stubble after the corn is taken off from arable land. The rapidity of vaele levem stipulam crepitantibus urete flammis, expresses the crackling and swiftness of the flame.

103. While the light stubble.] They still use the method so much recommended by Virgil (Geo. I. 84 to 93) of burning the stubble, especially in the more barren fields, in most parts of Italy; and about Rome in particular, where there is so much bad ground. The smoke is very troublesome when they do it; and there had been so many complaints made of it to Clement XI. that he had resolved to forbid that practice. When the order was laid before that pope, to be signed by him; a cardinal (who happened to be with his holiness) spoke much of the use of it; shewed him this passage in Virgil; and the pope on reading it, changed his mind, and rejected the order.

113. Gold should scorch.] Burning applied to cold is not merely a poetical expression; but we find it made use of by the philoso-
But blush not fattening dung to cast around,
Or fordid ashes o'er th' exhausted ground.
Thus rest, or change of grain, improves the field,
Thus riches may arise from lands until'd.

Gainful to burn the barren glebe 'tis found,
While the light flubble, crackling, flames around:
Whence, or to earth new flores of strength are lent,
And large supplies of richer nutriment;
Or oozing off, and purify'd by fire,
The latent, noxious particles transpire;
Or thro' the pores relax'd, the tender blade
Fresh fructifying juices feels convey'd;
Braces each nerve, and binds the gaping veins;
Left slender flowers, or the fierce beams of day,
Or Boreas' baleful cold should scorch the crops away.

Much too he helps his labour'd lands, who breaks
The crumbling clods, with harrows, drags, and rakes;
Who ploughs across, and back, with ceaseless toil,
Subdues to dust, and triumphs o'er the soil:
Plenty to him, industrious swain! is giv'n,
And Ceres finiles upon his works from heav'n.

Phers. Aristotle says, that cold is accidentally an active body,
and is sometimes said to burn and warm, not in the same manner as heat, but because it condenses or constrains the heat by surrounding it.

MARTYN.

116. Who ploughs across.] What the poet speaks of here retains the Roman name to this day, in many parts of England; and is called, sowing upon the back; that is, sowing stiff ground after once ploughing. Now, says Virgil, he that draws a harrow or hurdle over his ground before he sows it, multum jwvat arva, for this fills up the chinks, which otherwise would bury the corn; but then, says he, "Ceres always looks kindly on him, who ploughs his ground across again."

BENSON.

119. And Ceres.] Virgil, says Spence, in his Georgics gives us an idea of Ceres as regarding the laborious husbandman from heaven, and blessing the work of his hand with success. There is a picture like this in the famous old manuscript of Virgil in the Vatican; and Lucretius has a strong description of
Humida solititia atque hiemes orate serenas, Agricolae: hiberno laetissima pulvere farra, Lactus ager. nullo tantum se Myfla cultu Jaclat, et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messis. Quid dicam, jaeto qui femine comminus arva Insequitur cumulofque ruit male pinguis arenae? Deinde fatis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentis? Et, cum exuflus ager morientibus aestuat herbis, Ecce supercilio clivoli tramitis undam Elicit. illa cadens raecum per levia murmur Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva. Quid, qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus ariftis, Luxuriam segetum terna depafcit in herba; Cum primum fulcos aequant fata? quique paludis Conlectum humorem bibula deducit arena? Praefertim incertis si menibibus amnis abundans Exit, et obducto late tenet omnia limo; Unde cavae tepido sudant humore lacunae. Nec tamen (haec cum fint hominumque boumque labores Versando terram experti) nihil inprobus anfer, Strymoniacque grues, et amaris intuba fibris, Officiunt, aut umbra nocet. pater ipfe colendi of another deity, exactly in the same attitude, though with a very different regard. Polymetis, page 103. This image of Ceres puts one in mind of that beautiful one in the psalms—Righteousnes (a perfon) hath looked down from heaven. Pf. lxviii. ver. 2. 121. So/ftice.] Solstice, when used alone, is always used for the summer solstice by the ancients. Holdsworth. 125. And Gargarus.] This is one of thofe figures that raife the style of the Georgics, and make it fo majestic. 133. P hills.] When the Perfians were maiters of Asia, they permitted thofe who conveyed a spring to any place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the benef't for five generations; and as a number of rivulets flowed from mount Taurus, they spared no expence in directing the courfe of their streams. At this day, without knowing how they came thither, they are ound in the fields and gardens. Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, Vol. 1. p. 325. 139. Feeds down.] It is a common practice among the farmers
Book I.  The Georgics of Virgil.

Ye husbandmen! of righteous Heav'n intreat
A winter calm and dry; a solfice wet;
For winter-dust delights the pregnant plain,
The happiest covering for the bury'd grain;
Hence matchless harvests Myia boasting reaps,
And Gargarus admires his unexpected heaps.

Why should I tell of him, who, on his land
Fresh-frown, destroys each ridge of barren sand;
Then instant, o'er the level'd furrows brings
Refreshful waters from the cooling springs;
Behold, when burning suns, or Syrius' beams
Strike fiercely on the fields, and withering flakes;
Down from the summit of the neighb'ring hills,
O'er the smooth stones he calls the bubbling rills;
Soon as he clears, what'er their passage stay'd,
And marks their future current with his spade,
Before him scattering they prevent his pains,
Burst all abroad, and drench the thirsty plains.
Or who, left the weak stalks be over-weigh'd,
Feeds down, betimes, the rank luxuriant blade.
When first it rises to the furrows' head.
Or why of him, who drains the marshy sands,
Collects the moisture from th' absorbing sands,
When bursting from his banks, th' indignant flood
The country covers wide, with flimy mud,
In doubtful months, when swelling dykes resound
With torrents loud, and sweat and boil around.
Yet after all these toils of swains and steers,
Still rising ills impend, and countless cares;
The glutton goose, the Thracian cranes annoy,
Succory and noxious shade thy crops destroy.

mers at present, when the corn is too rank and luxuriant, to
turn in their sheep and feed it down.

149. Goose.] Virgil speaks of the goose as a very troublesome bird, and very pernicious to the corn. They are still so in flocks, in the Campania Felice, the country which Virgil had chiefly in his eye when he wrote his Georgics.

Holdsworth.
Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,
Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.
Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni:
Nec signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
Fas erat. in medium quaerebant: ipsaque tellus
Omnia liberius nullo poscente ferrebat.
Ille malum virus serpentina addidit atris,
Pracadarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri:
Mellaque decusit foliis, ignemque removit,
Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit:
Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artis
Paulatinum et fulcis frumentis quaerere herbam;
Ut silicis venis absursum excuderet ignem.
Tunc alnos primum fluvii senfere cavatas:
Navita tum stellis fluvii senfere cavatas:
Nicadoes, Hyadas, clarameque Lycaonis Arison.
Tun laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,
Inventum; et magnos canibus circumdare saltus.
Atque alius latum funda jam verberat amnem,
Alta petens: pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.
Tun ferri rigor, atque arbutae lamina ferrae:
(Nam primi cuneis scindebant fistile lignum)
Tun variae venere artes. labor omnia vict
Inprobus, ac duris argucns in rebus egefas.
Prima Ceres ferro mortal atque tertam
Instituit: cum jam glandes atque arbuta facrae
Deficerent silvae, et victum Dodona negaret.
Mox et frumentis labor additus: ut mala culmos
Effet robigo, signisque horreret in arvis

153. With cares be spud.] This account of the providential usefulness of some seeming evils, is not only beautifully poetical, but strictly philosophical. Want is the origin of arts: Infirmities and weaknesses are the cause and cement of human society. If man were perfect and self-sufficient, all the efforts of industry would be useless. A dead calm would reign over all the species.
Th' eternal fire, immutably decreed,
That tillage should with toil alone succeed;
With cares he rous'd, and sharpen'd human hearts,
Bright'ning the ruff of indolence by arts.
Ere Jove had reign'd, no swains subdu'd the ground,
Unknown was property, unjust the mound;
At will they rov'd; and earth spontaneous bore,
Unask'd, and uncompell'd, a bounteous store:
He, to fierce serpents deathful venom gave,
Bade wolves destroy, bade stormy ocean rave;
Conceal'd the fire, from leaves their honey shook;
And flopp'd of purple wine each flowing brook:
That studious want might useful arts contrive;
From planted furrows foodful corn derive;
And strike from veins of flints the secret spark:
Then first the rivers felt the hollow'd bark;
Sailors first nam'd and counted every star,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the northern car.
Now snares for beasts and birds fell hunters place,
And wide surround with dogs the echoing chase:
One, for the finny prey broad rivers beats,
One, from the sea drags slow his loaded nets.
Erst did the woods the force of wedges feel,
Now saws were tooth'd, and temper'd was the steel;
Then all those arts that polish life succeed;
What cannot ceaseless toil, and pressing need!
Great Ceres first the plough to mortals brought,
To yoke the steer, to turn the furrow taught;
What time, nor mast, nor fruits the groves supply'd,
And fam'd Dodona sustenance deny'd:
Tillage grew toilsome, the choak'd harvests dy'd;

"Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
"The common int'rest, and endear the tye;"

Says the great moral poet in his Essay on Man. And this doctrine is strongly illustrated throughout the whole system.
Carduus. intercunct segetes: subit aspera Silva
Lappaeque tribulique; interque nitentia culta
Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenae.
Quod nisi et adsiduis herbam infectabere raftris,
Et sonitu terrebis, et ruris opaci
Falce premes umbras, votisque vocaveris imbrem:
Heu, magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervom;
Concussaque famem in silvis folabere quercu.
Dicendum, et quae sint duris agrifibus arma:
Quis sine nec potuere feri, nec surgere melles.
Vomis, et inflexi primum grave robur aratri,
Tardaque Eleusinum matris volventia plaustra,
Tribulaque, trahaeque, et iniquo pondere raftris:
Virgii praeterea Celei vilisque supellex,
Arbuteae crates, et mystica vannus Lacchi.
Omnia quae multa ante memor proviva repones;
Si te digna manet divina gloria ruris.

From forest-oaks.] This is another instance of Virgil's
poetical manner of telling plain things; instead of saying,
You will have no crop; You will be forc'd, says he, to go
into the wild forests, as man used to do, before he was civilized,
for food.

Plough.] I have a drawing of an antique plough, from
a brass figure in the Jesuits college at Rome. I don't know the
exact time or place in which it was made, but every part of it
seems to me to have something to answer it in Virgil's description.
The figure of it is below: and I take all the bending part of the
wood, or the plough tail (mark'd a) to be what Virgil
calls buris; b the pole or teno; c the two pieces that go over
the necks of the oxen; which he calls aures; d the plough-
share, dentale; e the two clouts of iron to fasten the plough-
share, dorsa; and f the handle of the plough, or fira.
Caltrops, wild oats, darning, and burrs affail
The beauteous tilth, and blights o'er the rich crops prevail;

Unless with harrows' unremitted toil,
Thou break, subdue, and pulverize the soil,
Fright pecking birds, lop overshadowing bowers,
And beg of smiling Heav'n refreshful flowers,
Alas! thy neighbour's store with envy view'd;
Thou'lt shake from forest-oaks thy tasteless food.

Next must we tell, what arms stout peasants wield,

Without whose aid, no crops could crown the field:
The sharpen'd share, and heavy-timber'd plough,
And Ceres' pond'rous waggon, rolling low;
And Celeus' harrows, hurdles, sleds to trail
O'er the press'd grain, and Bacchus' flying sail.

These long before provide, you, who incline
To merit praise by husbandry divine!

I have borrow'd a few lines from Mr. Benfon's translation of this passage.

195. *Bacchus' flying sail.*] The persons who were initiated into any of the ancient mysteries, were to be particularly good; they looked upon themselves as separated from the vulgar of mankind, and dedicated to a life of singular virtue and piety. This may be the reason that the fan or van, the *mystica vanus lacchi*, was used in initiations: The instrument that separates the wheat from the chaff being as proper an emblem as can well be, of setting apart the good and virtuous from the wicked or useless part of mankind.

In the drawings of the ancient paintings by Bellori, there are two that seem to relate to initiations; and each of them has the *vanus* in it. In one of them, the person that is initiating stands in a devout posture, and with a veil on, the old mark of devotion; while two that were formerly initiated hold the van over his head. In the other there is a person holding a van, with a young infant in it. The latter may signify much the same with the scripture expression, entering into a state of virtue "as a little child." Mark x. 15. The van itself puts one in mind of another text relating to a particular purity of life, and the separation of the good from the bad, "Whose fan is in his hand, and he shall thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire." Luke iii. 17.

*Holdsworth and Spence.*
Continuo in silvis magna vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.
Huic ab stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,
Binae aures, duplici aptatur dentalia dorso.
Caeditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,
Stivaque, quae currus a tergo torqueat imos,
Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus.
Possum multa tibi veterum praecepta referre;
Ni refugis, tenuisque piget cognoscere curas.
Area cum primis ingenti aequanda cylindro,
Et vertenda manu, et creta solidanda tenaci:
Ne subeant herbae, neu pulvere vicita fatiscat;
Tum variae inludant pestes. faepe exiguus mus
Sub terris possitque domos atque horrea fecit:
Aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpae.
Inventusque cavis bufo, et quae plurima terrae
Monstra ferunt: populatque ingentem farris acervum
Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica senectae.
Contemplator item, cum se nux plurima silvis
Induet in florem, et ramos curvabit olentis:
Si superant foetus, pariter frumenta sequuntur,
Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore.
At si luxurie foliorum exuberat umbra,
Nequidquam pinguis palea teret area culmos.
Semina vidi equidem multos medicare serienses,
Et nitro prius et nigra perfundere amurca,
Grandior ut foetus silquus faliacibus effet.
Et, quamvis igni exiguo properata maderent,
Vidi lecta diu, et multo spectata labore
Degenerare tamen: ni vis humana quotannis

202. *Light to.*] Magna vi domatur ulmus—alta fagus caedi-
tur— currus torqueat—all expressions used to ennable the de-
scription. 

208. *Floor.*] Aream effe eportet—solidâ terrâ pavitam, maximâ
et argilla, ne aestâ paeminosa, in rimis ejus grana delitescant, et
recipient aquam, et oftia aperiant muribus & formicis. Itaque
amurca solent perfundere, ea enim herbarum est inimica & formi-
carum,
When bent betimes, and tam'd the stubborn bough,
Tough elm receives the figure of the plough;
Eight foot the beam, a cumbrous length appears;
The earth-boards double; double are the ears;
Light to the yoke the linden feels the wound,
And the tall beech lies stretcht along the ground;
They fall for staves that guide the plough-share's course,
And heat and hardening smoke confirm their force.
More ancient precepts could I sing, but fear
Such homely rules may grate thy nicer ear.
To press the chalky floor more closelty down,
Roll o'er its surface a cylindric stone;
Else thro' the loosen'd dust, and chinky ground,
The grass springs forth, and vermin will abound.
Oft working low in earth the tiny mouse
Her garners makes, and builds her secret house;
Their nests and chambers scoop, the eyeles foes moles,
And swelling toads that haunt the darksome holes;
The weasel heaps consumes, or prudent ant
Provides her copious stores, 'gainst age or want.
Mark likewise when in groves the almond blows,
And bends with luxury of flow'rs his boughs;
If fruit abound, the corn alike will thrive,
And toil immense the copious threshing give;
But if with full exuberance of shade,
The clustering leaves a barren foliage spread,
Then will the chaffy stalks, so lean and poor,
In vain be trampled on the hungry floor.
Some prudent fowers have I seen indeed
Steep with preventive care the manag'd seed,
In nitre, and black lees of oil; to make
The swelling pods a larger body take:
But the well-disciplin'd, and chosen grains,
Tho' quicken'd o'er flow fires with skilful pains,
Starve and degenerate in the fattest plains,

carum, & talporum venenum. Thus says Varro, from whom 'tis
plain Virgil borrow'd this precept, as he has done many others.
Maxuma quaeque manu legeret: sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapfa referri. 200
Non aliter, quam qui adverfo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit; si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni.
Praeterea tam sunt Arcturi fidera nobis,
Haedorumque dies fervandi, et lucidus Anguis;
Quam quibus in patriam ventosa per acquora vectis
Pontus et oftriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.
Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas,
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem:
Exercete, viri, tauros; fcrite hordea campis,
Usque fub extremum brumae intraclabilis imbrem.
Nec non et lini fegetem et Cereale papaver
Tempus humo tegcre, et jamdudum incumbere raftris,
Dum ficca tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.

240. The torrent.] It is remarkable in Virgil, that he frequently joins in the fame fentence the complete and perfect pre-
fent with the extended and paffing prefent; which proves that he considered the two, as belonging to the fame species of time; and therefore naturally formed to co-incide with each other.

—— Si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni. Geor. I.

Terra remit, fugere ferae.
Praefertim fi tempefas a vertice fylvis
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus. G. I.

—— Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenera praexit arundine ripas. G. II.

—— Illa noto citius, volucrique fagittâ,
Ad terram fugit, et portu fe condidit alto. G. III.

In the fame manner he joins the fame two modifications of
time in the past; that is to fay, the complete and perfect with
the extended and paffing.

—— Irruerant Danai & teftum omne tenebant. Aen. II.

Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosae
Addiderant, rutili tris ignis, et alitis aütri.
Unless with annual industry and art,
They cull'd each largest out, and plac'd apart:
For such the changeful lot of things below,
Still to decay they rush, and ever backwards flow.
As one, who 'gainst a stream's impetuous course,
Scarce pulls his slow boat, urg'd with all his force,
If once his vigour cease, or arms grow slack,
Instant, with headlong haste, the torrent whirs him back.

We too as much must mark Arcturus' signs,
When rise the Kids, when the bright Dragon shines,
As home-bound mariners, in tempests toss,
Near Pontus, or Abydos' oyster'd coast.

When Libra measures out to day and night,
Equal proportions both of shade and light;
Work, work your bullocks, barley sow, ye swains,
'Till winter's first impracticable rains.
Now in their beds, your poppies hide and flax;
With frequent harrowings smooth the furrows' backs,
Now while ye may, while the dark welkin low'rs,
O'er the dry glebe while clouds suspend their show'rs.

_Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi,flammisque sequacibus iras._

Harris's Hermes, p. 133

248. *Winter's.*] Bruma was not used by the ancients for the whole winter; but for one day only of it, the shortest day, or the winter solstice. Holdsworth.

248. *First.*] The word _extremus_ in Latin has two very different significations; it may relate to the beginning, as well as the end of any thing; or to the nearest part of it, as well as the farthest off. Thus if one was to say, _in extremo pente_, it may mean the _hither_ extremity or end of the bridge; and when Virgil says his countrymen should work

_Ufque sub extremum brumae intractabiliis imbre:_

it must be understood of the beginning of that rainy season, which was itself unfit for work; this took up the latter half of December, which was therefore turned all into holy-days, or the Saturnalia, in which the slaves that were at other times kept hard to work, were indulged in particular liberties, and spent all the time in mirth and joviality. Holdsworth.
Vere fabis satio. tum te quoque, Medica, putres
Accipiant fulci; et milio venit annua cura:
Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
Taurus, et averfo cedens Canis occidit astra.
At si triticeam in meffam robustaque farra
Exercebis humum, fclifque sinitabis arilis:
Ante tibi Eoae Atlantides abfcondantur,
Quinque tenent coelum zonae: quarum una corufco
Semper fole rubens, ac torrida fepiper ab igni:
Quam circum extremae dextra laevaque trahuntur,

220. Fore verò viciamque feres vilenique fafelum,
Nec Pelusiacae curam aspernabere lentis;
Haud obfcura cadens mittet tibi figna Boötes.
Incipe, et ad medias fementem extende pruinas.

225. Idcirco certis dimenfum partibus orbem
Per duodena regit mundi Sol aureus astra.

230. His backward-rising flars.] By averfo offro, in the original, 'tis moft probable Virgil means the Bull; for that confellation rifes with his hinder parts upwards. Throughout Mamilius the Bull is called arium offum. Some read adversum; but that is scarce reconcileable to the fene of this passage.

235. Caerulea glacie concreatae atque imbribus atris.

260. Pleiades.] The helical fetting of thefe flars Eoae Atlantides is pointed out by the word abfcondantur. Wherever Virgil fpeaks of the fetting of any flars in general, and without any fuch restriction, it is always to be understood of their natural fetting.

270. Five zones.] Under the torrid or burning zone lies that part of the earth which is contained between the two tropics. This was thought by the ancients to be uninhabit-able, because of the exceflive heat: but later discoveries have fhewn it to be inhabited by many great nations. It contains a great part of Asia, Africa, and South America. Under the two frigid or cold zones lie thofe parts of the earth; which are
Sow beans in spring: in spring, the crumbling foil
Receives thee, lucern! Media's flowery spoil;
But still to millet give we annual care,
When the Bull opes with golden horns the year,
And the Dog sets, to shun his backward-rising star.
But if for wheat alone, for stronger grain,
And bearded corn, thou exercise the plain,
First let the morning Pleiades go down,
From the sun's rays emerge the Gnostian crown,
Ere to th' unwilling earth thou trust the seed,
And marr thy future hopes with ill-judg'd speed.
Some have begun, ere Maia sunk; but them
Their full-ear'd hope mock'd with a flattering stem.

If the mean vetch, or tare, thou deign to sow,
Nor scorn to bid Aegyptian lentils grow,
Signs, not obscure, Boötes, setting yields,
Begin, and sow, thro' half the frosts, thy fields.
For this the golden sun, in his career,
Rules thro' the world's twelve signs the quarter'd year;
Five zones infold heav'n's radiant concave: one,
Plac'd full beneath the burnings of the sun,
For ever feels his culminating rays,
And gasps for ever in the searing blaze;
On each side which, two more their circles mark,
Clog'd with thick ice, with gloomy tempests dark;

are included within the two polar circles, which are so cold,
being at a great distance from the sun, as to be scarce habitable. Within the artic circle, near the north pole, are contained Nova Zembla, Lapland, Greenland, &c. within the antartic circle, near the south pole, no land as yet has been discovered; tho' the great quantities of ice found there make it probable, that there is more land near the south than the north pole. Under the two temperate zones are contained those parts of the globe which lie between the tropics and polar circles. The temperate zone, between the artic circle and the tropic of Cancer, contains the greatest part of Europe and Asia, part of Africa, and almost all North America. That between the antartic circle and the tropic of Capricorn, contains part of South America, or the Antipodes.
Has inter mediumque duae mortalibus aegris
Munere concellisae divom. via secia per ambas,
Obliquus qua se signorum vertet ordo.
Mundus ut ad Scythiam Riphaeasque arduus arcis
Consurgit; premitur Libyaee de vexus in austros.
Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis: at illum
Sub pedibus Styx atra videt, Manesque profundi:
Maximus hic flexu signo elabitur anguis
Circum, perque duas in morem flamminis Arctos,
Arctos Oceani metuentis aequore tingui.
Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta filet nox
Semper, et obtenta denfentur nocte tenebrae:
Aut reedit a nobis Aurora, diemque rudicit:
Nofque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis,
Illic fera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.
Hinc tempeslates dubio praediscere caelo
Possimus, hinc mesifque diem, tempusque serendi;
Et quando infidum remis innpelere marmor
Conveniat: quando armatas deducere clasfis,
Illic tempeftivm silvis evertere pinum.
Nec frustra flgnorum obitus specularum et ortus,
Temporibusque parem diversis quatuor annum.
Frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber,
Multa, forent quae mox caelo properanda fereno.

281. Roll the signs.] Here the poet describes the zodiac, which is a broad belt spreading about five or six degrees on each side of the ecliptic line, and contains the twelve constellations or signs. They are Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces. The ecliptic line cuts the equinoctial obliquely in two opposite points, whence the poet calls the zodiac obliquus signorum ordo. It traverses the whole torrid zone, but neither of the temperate zones; so that per ambas, mult mean between, not thro' them. Thus presently after, speaking of the Dragon, he says it twines, per duas arcis: now that constellation cannot be said to twine thro' the two Bears, but between them. The zodiac is the annual path of the sun, thro' each sign of which he passes in and about the space of a month. He is said to be in one of those signs, when he appears in that part of the heavens, where those stars are of which the sign is composed.

Martyn.
Book I.  

The Georgics of Virgil.  

Betwixt the first and these, indulgent Heav'n
Two milder zones to feeble man hath giv'n;
Across them both a path oblique inclines,
Where in refrigent order roll the signs.
Bleak Scythia's snows, Riphaea's tow'ring cliffs,
High as this elevated globe uplifts,
So low to southern Libya it descends,
And with an equal inclination bends.
One pole for ever o'er our heads is roll'd,
One, darksome Styx and hell's pale ghosts behold
Beneath their feet: here, the vast Dragon twines
Between the Bears, and like a river winds;
The Bears that still with fearful caution keep
Unting'd beneath the surface of the deep.
There, in dead silence, still night loves to rest,
Night without end, with thickest gloom oppreft;
Or from our hemisphere, the morning ray
Returns alternate, and restores the day;
And when to us the orient car succeeds,
And o'er our climes have breath'd its panting steeds,
There ruddy Vesper, kindling up the sky,
Casts o'er the glowing realms his evening eye.
Hence, changeful Heav'n's rough storms we may foreknow,
The days to reap, the happiest times to sow;
When with safe oars it may be fit to sweep
The glassy surface of the faithless deep;
When to the waves the well-arm'd fleet resign,
And when in forests fell the timely pine.

Nor vain to mark the varying signs our care,
Nor the four seasons of th' adjusted year;
Whene'er the hind a fleetly show'r detains,
Full many a work that soon must cost him pains

290. The Bears.] Mr. Benfon thinks this line in the original spurious, and omits it as such.
Maturate datur. durum procudit arator
Vomeris obtusi dentem: cavat arbore lintres:
Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impresit acervis.
Exacuunt alii vallos, furcasque bicornis,
Atque Americae parant lentae retinacula viti.
Nunc facilis Rubia texatur silicina virga:
Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.
Quippe etiam feftis quaedam exercere diebus
Fas et jura sinunt: rivos diducere nulla
Relligio vetuit, segeti practendere fepeum,
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
Balantiumque gregem fluvio merfare fulubri.
Saepe oleo tardi coftas agitator afelli,
Vilibus aut onerat ponis: lapidemque revertens
Incusum, aut atrae maffam picis urbe reportat.
Ipfa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
Felices operum. quintam fugie: pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque fatae. tum partu terra nefando
Coeumque Iapetumque creat, faevomque Typhoëa,
Et conjuratos caelum refeindere fratres.

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Offam
Scilicet, atque Offæ frondosum involvere Olympum:

313. Mark.] How came the Romans not to find out the art
of printing many ages ago? The Caesars impressed their whole
names on grants and letters, and this practice was so common a
one, that even shepherds impressed their names on their cattle.

——Vivi queque pondera melie
Argenti coquito, lentumque bitumen abono,
Impressurus eui tua nomina; haec tibi lites
Anfert ingentes levis prefert in arvo.

Calpurnius, Ecl. 3. 85. Spence.

The same observation is made by Toland, in his Letters on
the Druids.

337. Offa on Pelion.]

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Offam.

To represent the giants piling up the mountains on each
other,

The
To hurry forward, when the sky is fair,
He may with prudent foresight now prepare;
Now to a point the blunted share may beat;
Scoop troughs from trees, mark flocks, or sacks of wheat;
Long spars and forks may sharpen; or supply
American twigs the creeping vine to tie;
With Rubean rods now baskets may be wove,
Now grain be ground with stones, now parch'd upon the
Nor do the laws of man, or Gods above,
On sacred days some labours disapprove;
No solemn rite should e'er forbid the swain,
The mead with sudden streams o'erflow'd, to drain:
To raise strong fences for the springing corn,
To lay the snare for birds, to burn the thorn;
Nor to forbear to wash the bleating flock,
And soundly plunge them in the healthy brook.
Oft' the flow ass's sides the driver loads,
With oil, or apples, or domestic goods,
And for the mill brings an indented stone,
Or with black lumps of pitch returns from town.
For various works behold the moon declare
Some days more fortunate—the fifth beware!
Pale Orcus and the Furies then sprung forth,
Iapetus and Cocus, having earth
Produc'd, a foul abominable birth!
And fierce Typhoeus, Jove who dar'd defy,
Leagu'd in conjunction dire to storm the sky!
Ossa on Pelion, thrice t' uplift they strove,
And high o'er nodding Ossa roll above

The line too labours, and the words move slow.

The verse cannot be read without making pauses; so judiciously are the hiatus's contrived. Hesiod has nobly described this battle of the giants in his Theogony. See Milton's battle of the angels, Book 6, and compare it with Hesiod.
Ter pater exfructos disjecit fulmine montis.
Septum poa decumam felix et ponere vitem,
Et prensos domitare boves, et licia telae
Addere. nona fugae melior, contraria furtis.
Multa adeo melius gelida se nocte dedere,
Aut cum sole novo terras inrorat Eous.
Nocte leves melius sipulae, nocte arida prata
Tondentur : noctis lentus non deficit humor.
Et quidam feros hiberni ad luminis ignes
Pervigilat, ferroque faces inspicat acuto.
Interea longum cantu folata laborem
Argute conjunx percurrit pecetine telas : 
Aut dulcis musli Volcano decoquit humorem,
Et folis undam tepidi despumat aheni. 
At rubicunda Ceres medio succiditur aestu,
Et medio toftas aestu terit area fruges.
Nudus ara, sere nudus. hiems ignava colono.
Frigoribus parto agricolae plerumque fruuntur,
Mutuaque inter se lacti convivia curtant.
Invitat genialis hiems, curasque resolvit:
Ce s presfiae cum jam portum tetigere carinae,
Puppibus et laeti nautae inspere coronas.
Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus,
Et lauri baccas, oleamque, cruentaque myrta.
Tum gruibus pedicas et retia ponere cervis,
Auritoque sequi lepores : tum figere damas,
Stuppea tormentem Balearis verbera fundae.

357. Corn.] The Romans did not thresh or winnow their corn: in the heat of the day, as soon as it was reaped, they laid it on a floor made on purpose, in the middle of the field, and then they drove horses or mules round about it, till they trod all the grain out. Benson.

This was the common practice too all over the east; and that humane text of scripture, "Thou shall not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is a plain allusion to it.
Olympus fhagg'd with woods; th' almighty fire
Thrice dafh'd the mountains down with forky fire.
Next to the tenth, the seventh to luck inclines,
For taming oxen, and for planting vines;
Then beft her woof the prudent housewife weaves;
Better for flight the ninth, adverfe to thieves.

Ev'n in cold night some proper tasks pursue,
Or when gay morn impearls the field with dew;
At night dry flubble, and parcht meadows mow,
At night, fat moisture never fails to flow;
One, by the glowing ember's livid light,
Watches and works the livelong winter's night,
Forms spiky torches with his sharpen'd knife;
Mean while with equal induftry his wife,
Beguiling time sings in the glimmering room,
To cheer the labours of the rattling loom;
Or on the lufcious muft while bubbles rife,
With leaves the trembling cauldron purifies.
But cut the golden corn in mid-day's heat,
And the parcht grain at noon's high ardor beat.
Plough naked; naked sow; the busy hind
No reft but in bleak wintry hours can find;
In that drear feafon, swains their flores enjoy,
Mirth all their thought, and feafting their employ;
The genial time to mutual joy excites,
And drowns their cares in innocent delights.
As when a freighted fhip has touch'd the port,
The jovial crews upon their decks resort,
With fragrant garlands all their flerns are crown'd,
And jocund ftrains from fhip to fhip refound.
Yet then from leafless oaks their acorns strip,
From bays and myrtles bloody berries flip,
For noxious cranes then plant the guileful fnare,
O'er tainted ground pursue the listening hare;
Pitch toyls for flags, and whirling round the string,
Smite the fat doe with Balearic fling,
Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudunt.  
Quid tempestates autumni et sidera dicam?  
Atque ubi jam breviorque dies, et mollior aestas,  
Quae vigilanda viris? vel cum ruit imbriferum ver;  
Spicea jam campis cum mefis inhorruit, et cum  
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turguent?  
Saepe ego, cum flavis mefibrecm induceret arvis  
Agricola, et fragili jam ftringcret hordea culmo.  
Omnia ventorum concurrere proelia vidi:  
Quae gravidam late fegetem ab radicibus imis  
Sublime expulfum eruerent: ita turbine nigro  
Ferret hiems culmumque levem stipulafque volantls.  
Saepe etiam inmenfum caelo vnuit agmen aquarum,  
Et foedamglomerant tempeftatem imbris atris  
Conleæae ex alto nubes. ruít arduus aether,  
Et pluvia ingenti fata laeta boumque labores  
Diluit. inplentur foffae, et cava flumina crescunt  
Cum fonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus aequor.  
Ipfe pater, media nimborum in notis, corusca  
Fulmina molitur dextra. quo maxuma motu  
Terra tremit: fugère ferae; et mortalia corda  
Per gentes humilis ftrayit pavor. ille flagranti

395. Great Jove himself pavilion'd.] This description is very sublime. While the winds are roaring, the rains descending, the rivers overflowing, he nobly introduces Jupiter himself surrounded with a thick cloud, and from thence darting his thunderbolts, and splitting the loftieft mountains, all the earth trembling and afloniished with fear and dread. I follow Mr. Benson and Maflicius, in reading plangit (instead of plangunt) because it adds a poetical and bold image of Jupiter's striking the woods and shores. This description, fine as it is, is excelled by the florm in the 18th psalm. God is described flying upon the wings of the wind——“He made darkness his secret place, his pavilion round about him, with dark water and thick clouds to cover him.——The springs of waters were feen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at thy chiding, O Lord.” See the whole, too long to be transcribed, but inimitably great and sublime.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
While on the ground the snow deep-crusted lies,
And the clog'd floods push down thick flakes of ice.

Why should I sing autumnal stars and skies;
What storms in that uncertain season rise?
How careful swains should watch in shorter days,
When soften'd summer feels abated rays:
Or what, in showery spring, the farmer fears,
When swell with milky corn the bristling ears.
When hinds began to reap, and bind the field,
All the wild war of winds have I beheld
Rise with united rage at once, and tear
And whirl th' uprooted harvest into air,
With the same force, as by a driving blast
Light chaff or stubble o'er the plains are cast.

Oft in one deluge of impetuous rain,
All heav'n's dark concave ruthes down amain,
And sweeps away the crops and labours of the swain.
The roaring rivers drown the oxen's toil,
The toffing seas in furious eddies boil;
Great Jove himself, whom dreadful darkness shrouds,
Pavilion'd in the thickness of the clouds,
With lightning arm'd his red right hand puts forth,
And shakes with burning bolts the solid earth.
The nations shrink appall'd; the beasts are fled;
All human hearts are funk, and pierc'd with dread:

Savage beasts to coverts fly.
Dryden has been guilty of the same oversight:
And flying beasts in forests seek abode.
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit: ingeminant aures, et densissimus imber:
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangit.
Hoc metuens, caeli mensis, et sidera serva,
Frigida Saturni sefe quo Stella receptet,
Quos ignis caeli Cyllenius erret in orbis.
In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnae
Sacra refer Cereri lactis operatus in herbis,
Extremae sub caum hiemis, jam vere sereno.
Tum pingues agni, et tum mollissima vina:
Tum somni dulces, densaeque in montibus umbræ.
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.
Quoi tu laete favos, et miti dulce baccho:
Terque novas circum felix cat holstia fruges;
Omnis quam chorus, et focii comitentur ovantes;
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta: neque ante
Falcem maturis quisquam supponat arislis,
Quam Cereri torta redimitus tempora quercu
Det motus incompositos, et carmina dicat.
Atque haec ut certis poßimus discere signis,
Aestusque, pluviasque, et agentis frigora ventos;
Ipse pater statuit, quid menstrua Luna moneret,
Quo signo caderent Auftri: quid sœpe videntes
Agricolae, propius stabulis armenta tenerent.
Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor; aut resonantia longe

The Latin, says Mr. Benson, is as quick and sudden as their flight. Fugire feræ, they are all vanished in an instant. But in Mr. Dryden's translation, one would imagine these creatures were drove out of some inclosed country, and were searching for entertainment in the next forest. Yet Mr. Benson himself did not observe the beauty of the tense.

Far shakes the earth, beasts fly, and mortal hearts
Pale fear dejects.

417. And Ceres call.] This sacrifice the Romans called Ambar-valia from ambire arvo; for they led the victim round the fields.
Book I. The Georgics of Virgil. 221

He strikes vast Rhodope's exalted crown,
And hurls huge Athos, and Ceraunia down.
Thick fall the rains; the wind redoubled roars; [shores.
The God now finites the woods, and now the founding
Warn'd by these ills, observe the flarry signs,
Whither cold Saturn's joyles orb inclines,
Whither light Hermes' wandering flame is driv'n.
First to the Gods be all due honours giv'n;
To Ceres chief her annual rites be paid,
On the green turf, beneath a fragrant shade,
When winter ends, and spring serenely shines,
Then fat the lambs, then mellow are the wines,
Then sweet are flumbers on the flowery ground,
Then with thick shades are lofty mountains crown'd.
Let all thy hinds bend low at Ceres' shrine;
Mix honey sweet, for her, with milk and mellow wine;
Thrice lead the victim the new fruits around,
And Ceres call, and choral hymns resound:
Presume not, swains, the ripen'd grain to reap,
Till crown'd with oak in antic dance ye leap,
Exalt your rural queen's immortal praise.
Great Jove himself unerring signs ordains,
Of chilling winds, and heats, and driving rains;
The moon declares when bluff'ring Aufer falls,
When herds should be confin'd near sheft'ring falls.
When winds approach, the vex'd sea heaves around,
From the bleak mountain comes a hollow sound,

427. Mountain.] This puts me in mind of a passage in Thomson's Seasons on the same subject, the approach of a storm:

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fracture'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave prefageful send a hollow moan,
Refounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Thomson's Winter, ver. 70.
Litora misceri, et nemorum increbescere murmur.
Jam sibi tum a curvis male temperat unda carinis,
Cum medio celeres revolant ex aequore mergi,
Clamoremque serunt ad litora: cumque marinae
In sicco ludunt fulicae: notasque paludes
Deferit, atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.
Saepe etiam stellas, vento inpendente, videbis
Praecipites caelo labi, noctisque per umbram
Flammarum longos a tergo albuscere tractus:
Saepe levem paleam et frondes volitare caducas,
Aut summa nantis in aqua concludere plumas.
At Boreae de parte trucis cum fulminat, et cum
Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus; omnia plenis
Rura natant foelis, atque omnis navita ponto
Humida velas legunt. numquam imprudentibus imber
Obfuit. aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
Aeriae fugere grus: aut bucula caelum
Suspiiciens patulis captavit naribus auras:
Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
Et veterem in limo ranae cecinere querelam.
Saeepius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova
Auguflum formica terens iter, et bibit ingens
Arcus: et e paflu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
Jam varias pelagi volucres, et quae Asia circum
Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Cayftri,
Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
Et studio incaffum videas gestire lavandi.

446. The heifer taffing.] This prognolic is taken from
Aratus; and I would obferve once for all, that almost each of
the signs of weather are borrowed (and indeed beautified) from
that ancient writer. The line
Arguta lacus, circumvolitavit hirundo,
with several that precede and follow it, are entirely taken with
very small alterations from Varro Atacinus, as may be seen in
Servius.
The loud blast whistles o'er the echoing shore,
Ruffle the murm'ring woods, the rising billows roar.
From the frail bark that ploughs the raging main,
The greedy waves unwillingly refrain,
When loud the corm'rant screams and seeks the land,
And coots and sea-gulls sport upon the sand; 
And the tall heron his marshy haunts forsakes,
And tow'rs to heav'n above the 'custom'd lakes:
Oft, stars fall headlong thro' the shades of night,
And leave behind white tracks of trembling light,
In circles play light chaff and wither'd leaves,
And floating feathers dance upon the waves.
But when keen lightnings flash from Boreas' pole,
From Eurus' house to west, when pealing thunders roll,
The country swims, all delug'd are the dales,
And every pilot furls his humid sails.
Sure warnings still the stormy showers precede;
The conscious cranes forfake the vapoury mead,
The heifer tossing high her head in air,
With broader nostrils snuffs the gale afar;
Light skims the chirping swallow o'er the flood,
The frogs croak hoarsely on their beds of mud;
Her eggs abroad the prudent pismire bears,
While at her work a narrow road she wears.
Deep drinks the bow; on rustling pinions loud,
The crows, a numerous host! from pasture homeward
Lo! various sea-fowl, and each bird that breeds
In Asian lakes, near sweet Cayster's meads,
O'er their smooth shoulders strive the stream to fling,
And wash in wanton sport each snowy wing;
Now dive, now run upon the wat'ry plain,
And long to lave their downy plumes in vain:

452. Deep drinks the bow.] Alludes to the ridiculous notion of
the ancients, that the rainbow suck'd up water with its
horns from lakes and rivers.
Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.
Ne nocturna quidem carpentes penfa puellae
Neccevere hiemem: testa cum ardente viderent
Scintillare oleum, et putris concrescere fungos.
Nec minus eximbris soles et aperta frena
Prospicere, et certis poteris cognoscere signis.
Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusa videtur,
Nec fraetris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna;
Tenuia nec lanae per caelum vellera ferri.
Non tepidum ad solem pennis in litore pandunt
Dilectae Thetidi Alcyones: non ore solutos
Inmundi meminere sues jaetare maniplos.
At nebulae magis ima petunt, campoque recumbunt:
Solis et occasum fervans de culmine summo
Nequicquam feros exercet noctua cantus.
Adparet liquido sublimis in aere Nifus,
Et pro purpureo poenas dat Scylla capillo.
Quaecunque illa levem fugiens fecat aethera pennis,
Ecce inimicus atrox magno fridore per auras
Insequitur Nifus: qua se fers Nifus ad auras,
Illa levem fugiens raptim fecat aethera pennis.
Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces
Aufer quater ingeminant: et faepe cubilibus altis,
Nescio qua praeter solitum dulcedine laeti,
Inter se foliis firepitant. juvat imbribus aedtis
Progeniem parvam dulcisque revisere nidos.

461. Stalks acros the scorching sands.] The line admirably represents the action of the crow, and is an echo to the sense. Those who are fond of alliteration, are delighted with this verse, where so many S's are found together: they may say the same of plena pluviam, vocat voce, in the preceding line.

467. Calm.] According to what Pierius found in several old manuscripts: ex imbris in the original, for the poet begins to speak of fair weather.
Loudly the rains the boding rook demands,
And solitary stalks across the scorching sands.
Nor less the virgins nightly tasks that weave
With busy hands, approaching storms perceive,
While on the lamp they mark the sputtering oil,
And fungous clots the light, adhesive, foil.
Nor less by certain marks may'st thou discern
Fair seasons, in the calm, and stormless sky;
Then shine the stars with keener lustre bright,
Nor Cynthia borrows from her brother's light.
No fleecy clouds slit lightly through the air,
The mists descend, and low on earth appear.
Nor Thetis' halcyons basking on the strand,
Their plumage to the tepid sun expand:
Nor swine deep delving with the fordid snout,
Delight to toss the bundled straw about:
To watch the setting sun, the fullen owl
Sits pensive, and in vain repeats her baleful howl;
Nifus appears sublime in liquid air,
And Scylla rues the ravish'd purple hair:
Where with swift wings she cuts th' ethereal way,
Fierce Nifus presses on his panting prey,
Where Nifus wheels, she swiftly darts away.
With throats compress'd, with shrill and clearer voice,
The tempest gone, the cawing rooks rejoice;
Seek with unusual joys, on branches hung
Their much-lov'd nests, and feed their callow young.

477. In vain repeats.] Dr. Trapp interprets nequicquam, in vain, Dr. Martyn, not repeats.—If we understand the poet to be speaking of the continuance of fair weather, nequicquam must signify not; because, according to Pliny, the hooting of the owl at such a time would be a sign of rain.

Mr. Dryden has strangely translated this passage:
And owls that mark the setting sun declare,
A star-light evening and a morning fair.
Haud equidem credo, quia fit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
Verum, ubi tempestatas, et caeli mobilis humor
Mutaveret vias, et Juppiter uvidus austris
Denat, erant quae rara modo, et, quae densa, relaxat;
Vertuntur species animorum, et pecora motus
Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipient. hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
Et laetae pecudes, et ovantes gutture corvi.
Si vero solem ad rapidum lunasquesequentis
Ordine respicies; numquam te crafina fallet
Hora, neque insidiis noctis capiere serenae.
Luna revertentes cum primum conligit ignis,
Si nigrum obscurow comimperit aëra cornu,
Maximus agricoli, pelagoque parabitur imber.
At, si virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem,
Vetus erit. vento semper rubet aurea Phoebe.
Sin ortu quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)
Pura, neque obtusis per caelum cornibus ibit;
Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo
Exactum ad mensem, pluvia ventisque carebunt:
Votaque servati solvent in litore nautae
Glauco, et Panopeae, et Inoo Melicertae.
Sol quoque et exoriens, et cum se condit in undas,
Signa dabit. solem certissima signa sequuntur,
Et quae mane refert, et quae surgentibus austris.
Ille ubi nascentem maculis varlaverit ortum
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe;

487. Not that to them.] This is a remarkable instance of Virgil's clear and beautiful style in expressing even the most abstruse notions. The meaning of the words fato prudentia major, which occasions difficulties among the commentators, seems to be, a greater knowledge (than men have) in the fate of things.
505. Clearly.] The verse in the original is quoted by Seneca in his works, in a different manner from the common reading,
—Plena, nec obtusis per caelum cornibus ibit; and he certainly meant
Not that to them a genius Heav'n hath lent,  
Or piercing foresight of each dark event,  
But when the changeful temper of the skies,  
The rare condensés, the dense rarifies,  
New motions on the alter'd air impress,  
New images and passions fill their breast:  
Hence the glad birds in louder concert join,  
Hence croaks th' exulting rook, and sport the lusty kine.  
But if thou shalt observe the rapid sun,  
And mark the moons their following courses run,  
No night serene with smiles, shall e'er betray,  
And safely may'st thou trust the coming day:  
When the young moon returning light collects,  
If 'twixt her horns we spy thick gloomy specks,  
Prepare, ye mariners and watchful swains,  
For wasteful storms and deluges of rains!  
But if a virgin-blush her cheeks o'erspread,  
Lo, winds! they tinge her golden face with red;  
But the fourth evening if she clearly rise,  
And fail unclouded thro' the azure skies,  
That day, and all the following month behind,  
No rattling storm shall feel of rain or wind:  
And sailors sav'd from the devouring sea,  
To Glaucus vows prefer and Panope.  
Nor less the sun, when eastern hills he leaves,  
And when he sinks behind the blushing waves,  
Prognostics gives: he brings the safest signs  
At morn, and when the starry evening shines:  
When with dark spots his opening face he clouds,  
Shorn of his beams, and half his glory shrouds,

meant it so, by what he says of it. If this be the true reading,  
it may be thus understood—"If on the fourth day of the new moon, its whole disk appears, and the horns of that part of  
it which is enlighten'd, are sharp, and well-pointed; then the  
next day, and all the following to the end of the month, will  
be free both from high winds and rain." Holdsworth.
Suspecti tibi sint imbres. namque urguet ab alto
Arboribusque satisque Notus pecorique sinister.
Aut ubi sub lucem denfa inter nubila sefe
Divorfi rumpent radii, aut ubi pallida surget
Tithoni creceum linquens Aurorae cubile;
Heu, male tum mitis defendet pampinus uvas:
Tam multa in teitis crepitans falit horrida grando.
Hoc etiam, emenfo cum jam decretet Olympos,
Profuerit mimenifte magis. nam faepe videmus
Pfius in volto varios errare colores.
Caeruleos pluviam denuntiat, igneus Euros.
Sin maculae incipient rutilo innischerer igni;
Omnia tunc pariter vento nimbisque videbis
Fervere. non illa quisquam me nocte per altum
Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.
At fi, cum referetque diem, condetque relatum,
Lucidus orbis erit, frustra terrebere nimbis,
Et claro filvas cernes aquilone moveri.
Denique, quid vesper ferus vehat, unde ferenas
Ventus ageat nubes, quod cogitet humidos Aufter,
Sol tibi signa dabat. Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat? ille etiam caecos infare tumultus
Saepe monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella.
Ille etiam extincto misératus Caecare Romam,

525. The dusky, rain.] Tho' I believe there is no one thing
in the whole language of the Romans, that we are more at a
dois about now, than their names of colours; it appears evi-
dently enough, that coeruleus was used by them for some dark
colour or other. One might bring a number of instances to
prove this, but one or two from Virgil will be sufficient:

Coeruleus pluviam denuntiat.
—-Coeruleus fupra caput asfittit iiber,
Nocest hieemque ferens, et inberruit unda tenebris.

Aen. 3. 195.

POLYMETIS, pag. 167. note 24.

536. Aufter meditate.] Several of the commentators that have
been used to consider the winds only in a natural way, and
never perhaps in an allegorical one, are greatly offended at the
word cogitet here. The thinking of a wind is to them the
highest
Suspect thou showers: the south from ocean borne,
Springs noxious to the cattle, trees and corn.
When scatter’d are his rays; with paleness spread
When faint Aurora leaves Tithonus’ bed;

Ah! can the leaves their ripening grapes defend!
Such heaps of horrid hail on rattling roofs descend!
Observe too, when he ends his heavenly race,
What various colours wander o’er his face:
The dusky, rain; the fiery, wind denotes;
But if with glowing red he mingle spots,
Then showers and winds commixt shalt thou behold
In dreadful tempest thro’ black aether roll’d;
In such a night, when soon the waves will roar,
None should persuade to loose my bark from shore.

But if his orb be lucid, clear his ray,
When forth he usters, or concludes the day,
Fear not the storms: for mild will be the breeze,
And Aquilo but gently wave the trees.

In fine, what winds may rise at evening late,
What show’rs may humid Aus ter meditate,
By surest marks th’ unerring sun declares,
And who, to call the sun deceitful, dares?
He too foretells sedition’s secret schemes,
Tumults and treasons, wars and stratagems.

He too, bewailing her unhappy doom,
When fell her glorious Caesar, pitied Rome;

highest pitch of absurdity that can be. They are therefore for
altering the passage into quid cogat et humidas auster, or quid
concitet—contra omnes codices, as themselves say: If these
gentlemen would please to consider that it is not they, but
Virgil that is speaking here; that the winds were frequently
represented as persons in his time; that he had been used to
see them so represented both in Greece and in his own coun-
try; that they were commonly worshipped as gods—and they
may perhaps be persuaded not to think this so strange an ex-
pression for him to use.

Horace speaking of the river Aeusus says finely, Diluvium

541. He too, bewailing.] ‘Tis something strange that the best
historians, Pliny, Plutarch, and Appian, join in relating these
prodigies
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit,
Inpiaque aeternam timuerunt saecula noctem.
Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque, et aequora ponti,
Obscenaeque canes, inopportaquoque volucres
Signa dabant. quoties Cyclopum effervere in agros
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Aetnam,
Flammaremque globos, liquefactaque volvere faxa!
Armorum sonitum toto Germania caelo
Audít: insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.
Vox quoque per lucos volgo exaudita silentis
Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris
Vísa sub obscurum noctis, pecudesque locutae,
Infandum! siffunt amnes, terraeque dehiscent,
Et macfíhum iniacrimat templis ebur, aeraque sudant.
Proluit infano contorquens vortice silvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta tuit. nec tempore eodem
Trifiibus aut extis fibrae adparere minaces,
Aut puteis manare cruor cessvit: et alte
Per noctem resonare, lupis ululantibus, urbes.
Non alias caelo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura: nec diri toties arsere comæae.
Ergo inter se se paribus concurrere telis
Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi:

prodigies. Plutarch not only mentions the paleness of the sun,
for a whole year after Cæsar’s death, but adds, that the fruits
rotted for want of heat. Appian relates the stories of the
clashing of arms, and shouts in the air, an ox speaking with
a human voice, statues sweating blood, wolves howling in the
Forum, and victims wanting entrails.

562. Eridanus.] The redundant syllable in fìuvíorùm, is
expressive of the inundation. Dion Cassius relates, that the
river Po did not only overflow and occasion prodigious da-
mages, but left likewise great quantities of serpents when it
reired.

569. Philippi.] Many learned critics have disputed about
the meaning of this passage, which was never cleared up till
Mr. Holdsworth published a judicious dissertation on the sub-
ject. He is of opinion, that Virgil means by his two battles
With dusky redness veil'd his cheerful light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night:
Then too, the trembling earth, and seas that rag'd,
And dogs, and boding birds dire ills prefag'd:
What globes of flames hath thund'ring Aetna thrown,
What heaps of sulphur mix'd with molten stone,
From her burst entrails did she oft expire,
And deluge the Cyclopean fields with fire!
A clank of arms and rushing to the wars,
The sound of trampling steeds, and clattering cars,
Heard thro' th' astonish'd sky, Germania shock'd,
The solid Alps unusual tremblings rock'd!
Thro' silent woods a dismal voice was heard,
And glaring ghosts all grimly pale appear'd,
At dusky eve; dumb cattle silence broke,
And with the voice of man (portentous!) spoke!
Earth gapes aghast; the wondering rivers flop;
The brazen statues mourn, cold sweats from ivory drop;
Monarch of mighty floods, supremely strong,
Eridanus, whose forests whirl'd along,
And rolling onwards with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and helpless hinds away:
The victims' entrails dire events forebode!
Wolves howl in cities! wells o'erflow with blood.
Ne'er with such rage did livid lightnings glare,
Nor comets trail such lengths of horrid hair!
For this, Philippi saw, with civil rage,
The wretched Roman legions twice engage;

of Philippi, not two battles fought on the same individual spot,
but at two distant places of the same name, the former at Philippi (alias Thbeae Phthiae) near Pharalai in Thessaly: the latter at Philippi near the confines of Thrace. And though historians (all except Lucius Florus) for distinction's sake, call the latter battle only by the name of Philippi; yet. as there was one at Philippi near Pharalai, in fight of which the former was fought, the poets call both by the same name. As to the reasons which he says determined Virgil to call both battles by the
Nec fuit indignum superis, bis sanguine nostro
Emathiam, et latos Haemi pinguescero campos.
Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet sebrae robigine pila :

Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanis,
Grandiaque effoffis mirabitur osfa sepulcris.
Di patrii Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque mater,
Quae Tuscom Tiberim, et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everfo juvenem succurrere faeclo
Ne prohibete. satis jam pridem sanguine nostro
Laomedonetae luimus perjuria Troiae.
Jam pridem nobis caeli te regia, Caesart, Invidet, atque hominum queritur curare triumphos.

574. Ploughs.] The delicate art of the poet in returning to
his subject by inserting this circumstance of the ploughman's
finding old armour, cannot be sufficiently admired. Philips
has finely imitated it in his Cyder, where speaking of the de-
struction of old Aironicum, he adds,

——Upon that treacherous tract of land
She whilom flood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest freight bedeck'd
The apple-tree, by our forefathers' blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

PHILIPS's Cyder, Book I.

579. Ye greater guardian gods.] Virgil (says Mr. Spence)
by the dii patrii, here means the great train of deities, first
received all over the east, and afterwards successively in Greece
and Italy. Among the Romans, the three deities received as
supreme,
Emathia, (Heaven decreed!) was twice imbru'd,
And Haemus' fields twice fatten'd with our blood.
The time at length shall come, when lab'ring swains,
As with their ploughs they turn these guilty plains,
'Gainst hollow helms their heavy drags shall strike,
And clash 'gainst many a sword, and rusty pike;
View the vast graves with horror and amaze,
And at huge bones of giant heroes gaze.
Ye greater guardian gods of Rome, our pray'r,
And Romulus, and thou, chaste Vesta, hear!
Ye, who preserve with your propitious powers,
Etrurian Tiber, and the Roman towers!
At least permit this youth to save the world
(Our only refuge!) in confusion hurl'd:
Let streams of blood already spilt atone
For perjuries of false Laomedon!
The Gods, O Caesar, envy and complain,
That men and earthly cares thy steps detain;
supreme, were Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; and therefore
Virgil adds the word indigetes, to fix it to the θεοι ματρώοι, or
the three great supreme gods, received as such in his own
country. Indigetes here is much the same as neferti in Juvenal,
when he speaks of these very deities. Mr. Spence observes
how faultily Dryden has translated this passage.

POLYMETIS, Dial. 20.

582. Etrurian.] Virgil in this place, and in Geo. 2. 530.
speaks of Tuscany and Rome almost as if they were upon the
fame footing; chiefly out of complaisance for his great patron
Mecaenas, who was descended from the old race of the kings
of that country.

586. False Laomedon.] Apollo and Neptune being hired by
Laomedon, to afflict him in building a wall round his city of
Troy, when the work was finished were by him defrauded of
their pay.

587. O Caesar.] I at first translated it great Caesar; but ob-
served afterwards that the poet joins no epithet to Caesar; I
therefore omitted so improper an addition; which weakens the
dignity and simplicity of the original.
Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem:
Tam multae fcelerum facies: non ullus aratro
Dignus honos. squalent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.
Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum:
Vicinae ruptis inter fe legibus urbes
Arma ferunt. faevit tota Mars inpius orbe.
Ut, cum carceribus fese effudere quadrigae,
Addunt in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

590. Impious wars.] The amiable and gentle temper, the
universal benevolence of Virgil, appear in this striking passage.
A certain melancholy flow in the numbers, and an air of pity
for the distresses of his fellow-creatures, make these lines more
valuable than even the poetry they contain. At the time I
write this, 1761, it is impossible to read them without feeling
their force.
Where sacred order, fraud and force confound,
Where impious wars and tumults rage around,
And every various vice and crime is crown'd:
Dishonour'd lies the plough; the banish'd swains
Are hurried from th' uncultivated plains;
The sickles into barbarous swords are beat,
Euphrates here, there war the Germans threat.
The neighbouring cities break faith's mutual bands,
And ruthless Mars raves wild o'er all the lands.
As when four furious coursers whirl away
The trembling driver, nor his cries obey,
With headlong haste swift-pouring o'er the plains,
The chariot bounds along, nor hears the reins.

END OF THE FIRST GEORGIC.
BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

This Book, which treats of planting, is divided into seven parts. I. The poet speaks of the various ways in which trees are produced, both by nature and art. II. Their different species and sorts, and how they are to be managed. III. What soils are most suitable to each; from whence he naturally digresses into an encomium on the soil and productions of Italy. IV. The method of discovering and distinguishing the nature of each soil. V. The culture and management of the vine. VI. The culture of the olive and other trees. VII. The praises of a country life.
HACTENUS arvorum cultus, et sidera coeli:
Nunc te, Bacche, canam, nec non silvestria tecum
Virgulta, et prolem tarde crescentis olivae.
Huc, pater ô Lenaee, (tuis hic omnia plena
Muneribus: tibi pampilneo gravidus autumno
Floret ager; spumat plenis vindemia labris)
Huc, pater ô Lenaee, veni; nufdataque musfo
Tingue novo mecum direptis crura cuthurnis.
Principio arboribus varia est natura creandis.
Namque aliae, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipfæ
Sponte sua veniunt, camposque et flamina late
Curva tenent: ut molle filer, lentaque geniftæ,
Populus, et glauca canentia fronde fàlicà.
Pars autem posito surgunt de femine: ut altae
Caftaneae, nemorumque Jovi quae maxima frondet

Ver. 2. Novo thee I fing, O Bacbus.] Instead of coolly pro-
pofing the subje& he is going to treat of, víz. the cultivation of
vines, olives, &c. the poet at once breaks out into a rapturous
address to Bacchus, in the style of an hymn; the image con-
tained in the following lines is beautiful and picturesque.

Huc, pater ô Lenaee, veni: nudataque musfo
Tingue novo mecum direptis crura cuthurnis.

We see the god treading the wine-pres. Mr. Dryden’s
translation of this passage is remarkable.

Come, ftrip with me, my god, come drench all o’er
Thy limbs in mult of wine, and drink at ev’ry pore.
THE
GEORGICS
OF
VIRGIL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THUS far of tillage, and the heav'ny signs;
Now thee I sing, O Bacchus, god of vines!
With thee the native race of sylvan trees,
And olives, blooming late by flow degrees.
Come, sacred fire, with luscious clusters crown'd,
Here all the riches of thy reign abound;
Each field replete with blushing autumn glows,
And in deep tides for thee, the foaming vintage flows.
O come, thy bufkins, sacred fire, unloose,
And tinge with me thy thighs in purple juice.

Kind nature trees, by several means, supplies,
Spontaneous some, by art untaught, arise;
At will, by brook, in lawn or meadow, bloom
Th' obedient offer, and the bending broom;
While with the poplar on the mazy shore
The willow waves its azure foliage hoar.
Part by the force of quick'ning seed arise,
Hence tow'rs the lofty chestnut to the skies;
And Aesculus, great monarch of the grove,
Supreme and statelyst of the trees of Jove:

11. Kind nature trees.] The poet says, wild trees are produced three several ways, 1. spontaneously, 2. by seeds, 3. and by suckers. He still uses the same order at verse the 61st, &c.
Aesculus, atque habitae Graiis oracula quercus.
Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima Silva:
Ut cerasis, ulmisque: etiam Parnasia laurus
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbra.
Hos Natura modos primum dedit: his genus omne
Silvarum, fruticumque viret, nemorumque facrorum.
Sunt alii, quos ipse via sibi repperit usus.
Hic plantas tenero absceindens de corpore matrum
Depofuit fulcis: hic flirpes obruit arvo,
Quadrifidasque fudes, et acuto robore vallos:
Silvarumque aliae presflos propaginis arcus
Exspectant, et viva sua plantaria terra.
Nil radicis egent aliae: summumque putator
Haud dubitat terrae referens mandare cacumen.
Quin et caudicibus sectis (mirabile dictu)
Truditur et ficco radix oleagina ligno.
Et faepe aterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pirum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
Quare agite ò, proprios generatim discite cultus,
Agricolae, fructusque feros mollite colendo:
Neu segnes jaceant terrae: juvat Ismara baccho
Conferere, atque olca magnum vestire Taburnum.

22. **Greece devoutly paid.**] In this, and many other passages, he glances at, and ridicules the superflitious of the Grecians.
24. **Cherries.**] This kind of fruit had not been brought into Italy many years before Virgil wrote. ’Tis said, Lucullus first introduced them into that country after he had conquered Mithridates.
29. **Yet other means.**] Having spoken of trees which spontaneously propagate their species, he now proceeds to mention those methods which are used by human industry. These are by fuckers, fets, layers, cuttings, pieces of cleft wood, and ingrafting.
32. **Cross-split, or sharpen’d stakes.**] There are two ways of planting feters. The quadrifidas fudes (says Mr. Benfon) is when the bottom is slit across both ways; the acuto robore is when it is cut into a point, which is called the colt’s foot.
37. **Olive.**] It is common in Italy to see old olive-trees,
With the proud oak, beneath whose awful shade
Religious rites fond Greece devoutly paid.
Some pour an infant forest from their roots,
Thus elms and cherries spring in frequent shoots.
Thus too, their tender tops Parnassius’ bays,
Beneath their mother’s sheltering shade, raise.
So spring, as nature various means approves,
Or woods, or shrubs, or consecrated groves.
Yet other means hath fage experience found;
This, from the mother-trunk, within the ground
The tender sucker sets; another takes
Of larger growth, cross-split, or sharpen’d stakes.
And oft, in native earth, the boughs we see
Inverted, multiply the parent tree:
Nor fears the gard’ner oft, the smallest shoot
To truft to earth; some ask not for a root.
Nay from cleft olive-trunks with age decay’d
New fibres shoot, and springs a wond’rous shade.
Even different kinds a mutual change assume,
And still improv’d, with alien foliage bloom;
By pear-trees are ingrafted apples borne,
And ftony corneils blushing plums adorn.
Search then, ye farmers, with fagacious mind,
How best to manage every various kind.
With culture civilize your savage trees,
Nor let your lands lie dead in flothful ease.
What joy the grapes on Ismarus to crop,
And clothe with olives huge Taburnus’ top!

that seem totally dead in the trunk, and yet have very flourishing young heads. The same is often as surprizing in old willows; of which I have seen several (and particularly some in the garden island in St. James’s Park) which send down a tap-root from their heads through the trunk, that often seems entirely decayed; and so form a young tree on an old stock, which looks as flourishing as the other does rotten. SPENCE.

47. Ismarus.] Ismarus is a mountain in Thrace; Taburnus in Campania, famous for olives.
Tuque ades, inceptumque una decurre laborem,
O decus, ó famæ merito pars maxima nostrae,
Maecenas; pelagoque volans da vela patenti.
Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto:
Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox. ades, et primi lege litoris oram.
In manibus terrae. non hic te carmine fibto,
Atque per ambages et longa exorsa tenebo.
Sponte sua quae se tollunt in luminis oras,
Insecunda quidem, sed lacta et forta surgunt:
Quippe solo Natura subest. tamen hæc quoque si quis
Inferat, aut scroibus mandet mutata subactis,
Exuerint silvestrem animum: cultuque frequenti,
In quascumque voces artis, haud tarda sequentur.
In manibus terrae. non hic te carmine fìcto,
Atque per ambages et longa exorsa tenebo.
Sponte sua quae se tollunt in luminis oras,
Insecunda quidem, sed lacta et forta surgunt:
Quippe solo Natura subest. tamen hæc quoque si quis
Inferat, aut scroibus mandet mutata subactis,
Exuerint silvestrem animum: cultuque frequenti,
In quascumque voces artis, haud tarda sequentur.

51. Do thou, Maecenas.] If I mistake not, no patron was ever
so finely commended as Maecenas is in this work. Indeed all
Virgil lays to him, or of him, is as follows, viz. In the first
book, Virgil names him in the second line. In the second
book, he begs him to assist him in his undertaking, and de-
clares he owes the greatest part of his reputation to him. In
the third book, he mentions the difficulty of the task Maecenas
had put him upon, and again begs his assistance. In the
fourth book, he desires him to look favourably upon that piece,
and addresses it more particularly to him, than he had done
any of the former. 'Tis true there is no great eclat in all
this, but the compliment to Maecenas lies here. Virgil under-
took a very necessary work for the service of his prince, and
his country. He declares it was Maecenas put him upon
it. He found the work very difficult, but still Maecenas
perfuades him to perfift in it; and by his patronage, and his
generosity, enabled him to go through with it; so that the
whole, all the judgment that is done to Augustus's character, all
the service that work could do his country, was owing to Mac-
cenas. This was complimenting him in the finest manner. He
was
Hafte then, my better part of fame, my pride,
Do thou my course at once assist and guide;
Do thou, Maecenas, share with me the gale,
And o'er expanded seas unfurl the swelling sail.
Nor fears my thought ambitious to rehearse
All nature's wonders, in my shorter verse;
A task like this, would ask an hundred tongues,
An hundred mouths, and iron-armed lungs.
Still will we keep the friendly shore at hand,
Nor dare to launch too boldly from the land:
Nor will I tire thine ear with fables vain,
With long preambles and superfluous strain.

The trees, whose shades spontaneous pierce the skies,
Tho' barren, beautiful and vig'rous rise;
For nature works beneath: but if thy toil
Graft, or transplant them in a gentler foil,
Their genius wild, where-e'er thou lead'st the way;
Of discipline sequaceous, will obey:
So will the sprouts that from the roots arose,
If plac'd amid the plain, in order'd rows:
For else the mother's overshadowing top,
Or blasts the fruit, or checks the promis'd crop.
All trees from seed advance by flow degrees,
And for a future race their shades increase;

was speaking of a minister. The character he gives him is that
of a person, who employs his power and fortune in counte-
nancing one that could be of use to his master, and the public.
Here the poet makes a graceful figure, whilst he shews his gra-
titude by owning his obligations, and at the same time that he
makes his court to his patron, he makes his patron's court to
his prince.  

59. Fables vain.] He points at the truth, and the dignity,
and the utility of his subject, exalting it above subjects of mere
fiction, and Grecian tales.

61. The trees.] The poet had before mentioned the three
ways by which wild trees are produced.—Here he follows the
same method, and shews by what culture each sort may be
meliorated.
Pomaque degenerant succos oblita priores:
Et turpis avibus praedam fert uva racemos. 60
Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, et omnes
Cogendae in fulcum, ac multa mercede domandae.
Sed truncis oleae melius, propagine vites,
Respondent, solido Paphiae de robore myrtus.
Plantis edurae coruli nascentur, et ingens
Fraxinus, Herculeaeque arbos umbrofa coronae,

80. But quite full-grown.] A curious dissertation on the sub-
ject of these verses by Mr. Holdsworth was published not long
ago, of whom I have heard many able judges declare, that he
understood Virgil better than any man living. In my humble
opinion, says he, after the general conclusion of planting out,

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, & omnes
Cogendae in fulcum, ac multa mercede domandae,

and the short remark added, that some trees thrive best, not by
the ordinary way of planting, but by layers and truncheons,

Sed truncis oleae melius, &c.

Virgil proceeds next to another sort of planting, still more dif-
ficult; and tells us, that not only young plants and trunche-
ons may be removed, but even grown trees. This is methodi-
cal, and consistent with what preceded, the transition easy, and
the climax just. We continue still in the plantation, but we
are led into a part we had seen nothing of before, a grove of
some considerable growth, newly planted. And therefore we
may observe, all the epithets and decorations, used here to en-
liven the subject, are suited to trees of an advanced age,

Plantis edurae coruli, &c.

By this interpretation it must appear already, that the epithet
ardua, which is a difficulty with Dr. Martyn, becomes plain
and easy: and indeed it was so far from embarrassing me, that
it helped to explain what went before. We advance farther
in the plantation, and are shown, that even the palm too (an
exotic) may be transplanted when tall, or, in poetic language,
be born a tree; and so likewise the fir, when grown fit for a
mast.

We may very reasonably imagine, that in Virgil's time, that
age of luxury, the great men of Rome transplanted tall trees
from woods and nurseries, as is frequently done with us, into
their walks and gardens. Maecenas, to whom this book is de-
dicated,
Fruits of the richest juice in time decay,
And birds amid degenerate vineyards prey;
All, all, must feel the force of toil intense,
Be to the trench confin'd, and tam'd with large expence.
With best success, from truncheons olives spring;
Layers of the vine the fairest clusters bring;
From sfts will bloom the myrtle, plant of love;
But quite full-grown transplant the hazle grove;

Ah too, tho' tall, and that fair tree whose boughs
Bear the broad crown that binds Alcides' brows,

dicated, had a garden, we know, on the Esquiline hill, celebrated by Horace and others; and 'tis not improbable, that in order to bring it sooner to perfection, this might be practis'd there, perhaps just at the time when Virgil was writing this Georgic. If so, how artfully does the poet here intimate, with his usual address, a compliment to his patron? I only hint this as a conjecture; but am more inclin'd to believe, that something of the wilderness part of a garden is intended, by the palm being placed among the others; which, tho' a fruit-tree in its own country, yet is not improperly put here in the company of forest-trees, because it did not bear fruit, nor was counted a fruit-tree at that time in Italy; as Pliny informs us lib. iii. c. 4. and therefore could be planted only, as the others might, for beauty and ornament to gardens.

Whether Virgil had any such view or not, there can, at least be no doubt but that removing tall trees was practis'd among the Romans. We find by Pliny, that the common method of making their arbusta, or plantations for supporting vines, was by planting out elms, when about five years old, or about twenty foot high: lib. xvii. c. 11. And the first, mention'd above, which Pliny tells us had so deep a root, must certainly have been a tall tree, and yet, he says, was removed. As to the palm, tho' it did not arrive to such perfection in Italy, as to bear fruit, yet we find it was common there; and a tree which not only would bear removing, but thrive the better for it.

And to put this matter about removing tall trees beyond dispute, Virgil himself confirms it in another place, and makes his Corycis Senex put it in practice, Georg. iv. 144, &c.

Ille etiam feras in versus distulit ulnos,
Edumaque pirum, & spinos jam pruna fercates,
Jamque ministrantem platanum potentibus umbras.
'Tis true, most of the commentators and translators seem not to have rightly apprehended the meaning of this passage, as Dr.

R 3

Martyn
Chaonique patris glandes: etiam ardua palma
Nasceitur, et casus abies visura marinos.
Inferitur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida;
Et steriles platani malos gessere valentis,
Caflaneas fagus, orinusque incanuit albo
Flore piri, glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
Nec modus inferere, atque oculos inponere simplex.
Nam qua se medio trudunt de cortice gemmae,
Et tenuis rumpunt tunicas: angustus in ipso
Fit nodo finus: huc aliena ex arbo re germen
Includunt, udoque docent inolefcere libro.
Aut rurfum enodes trunci refecantur, et alte
Finditur in solidum cuneis via: deinde feraces
Plantae innittuntur. nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad caelum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.
Praeterea genus haud unum, nec fortibus ulmis,
Nec salici, lotoque, neque Idaeis cyparissis:
Nec pingues unam in faciem nasceuntur olivae,
Orchades, et radii, et amara paufia bacca,

Martyn observes, and thereby have loft much of its spirit. But
since he has render’d it juftly, and given it its full force, I
doubt not, but when he compares the expressions of both pas-
fages together, he will more eafily agree to my interpretation;
and will be surpriz’d, as indeed I am, how it before efcape’d
him. With regard to the verses following in the original,

Inferitur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida;
Et steriles platani malos gessere valentis,
Caflaneas fagus, orinusque incanuit albo
Flore piri, glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.

Mr. Holdfworth observes, that Virgil had before spoken of
grafting in the common method, from ver. 32 to 34.

Et faepe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque infita mala
Ferre pirum, et prunis lapidoja rubescre corna.

As he there grafts only kernel fruit on kernel, and stone on
stone, he fhes plainly that he underflood what was the com-
mon method, and conforms to it. Again, from ver. 49 to 51.
Jove's oak, or palm high-waving o'er the steep,
And fir now fit to tempt the dang'rous deep.
On th' horrid arbute graft the walnut's spray,
Or bid with apples barren planes look gay:
Oft has the beech improv'd, the chestnut bore,
The wild ash stood with pear-tree blossoms hoar,
And swine beneath the elm have crack'd the mafty store.
The swains who graft, employ a different art
From those, who to the bark a bud impart:
For thro' the rind where bursts the tender gem,
Fast by the knot they wound the taper stem,
Then in the flit an alien bud confin'd,
They teach to knit congenial with the rind;
Or thro' the polish'd trunk they wedge their way,
And in the chasm insert a lufty spray;
Ere long to heaven the soaring branches shoot,
And wonder at their height, and more than native fruit.
Besides, of sturdy elms a different kind,
Of willows, and the watery lote, we find.
Th' Idean cypresses various looks assume,
In numerous forms the luscious olive blooms:
Nor Orchite's nor the Radius' kind is one,
Nor Paufia's by their bitter berries known;

under the articles of improvements, he observes, that chance-plants, which are naturally wild, may be civilized by grafting, as crabs, floes, or wild plums, &c.

Tamen haec quoque si quis
Inferrat, aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis,
Exuerint sylvestrem animum.

Having thus sufficiently mentioned this practice, and there being no necessity to repeat it as he endeavours to be as concise as possible; he proceeds in the next place to tell us, that trees of different kinds may likewise be grafted on each other. And as he had before shewed, in the four preceding verses, what art could do in transplanting tall trees; he advances here to shew what may likewise be done by the help of art in grafting, viz. that any scion may be ingrafted on any stock. All the translators have mistaken this passage: and I am indebted to Mr. Hoidsworth for his clearing it up.
Pomaque, et Alcinoi silvae: nec furculus idem
Crustumiis, Syriifique piris, gravibusque volemis.
Non cadem arboribus pendet vindemia nestris,
Quam Methymnaeo carpit de palmitae Leibos.
Sunt Thasiae vites, sunt et Marcotides aliae:
Pinguibus hae terris habiles, levioribus illae.
Et passo Plythia utilior, tenuisque Lagoes,
Tentatura pedes olim, vincituraque linguam,
Purpureae, preciseaque. et quo te carmine dicam,
Rhaetica? nec cellis ideo contendit Falernis.
Sunt etiam Ammineae vites firmissima vina,
Tmolius adfurgit quibus, et rex ipse Phanacus,
Argitisque minor: cui non certaverit ulla,
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.
Non ego te, Dis et mensis accepta secundis,
Transferim, Rhodia, et tumidis, bumaste, racenis.
Sed neque quam multae species, nec nomina quae sint,
Est numerus; neque enim numero comprehendere refer:
Quem qui scire velit, Libyci velit aequoris idem
Differe quam multae zephyro turbatur arenae:
Aut, ubi navigiis violentior incidit eurus,
Nosse quot Ionii veniant ad litora fluctus.
Nec vero terrae ferre omnes omnia possum.
Fluminibus salices, crassisque paludibus alni
Nascuntur: steriles saxofis montibus orni.
Litora myrtetis laetissima. denique apertos
Bacchus amat collis: aquilenem et frigora taxi.

114. Pfythia.] Passum is a wine made from raisins, or dried grapes, common both in Italy and the south of France. But the grapes are only hung up to dry, and not squeezed into barrels like our common raisins.

126. Libations.] Among the Romans the first course consisted of flesh, and the second of fruit, at which they poured out wine to offer to the gods, called a Libation.

ARDUTHNOT ON COINS.

127. Pumpef.] Bumasus is the very large red sort of grapes, that they give you so perpetually in their deserts in

Italy:
In several hues to shine the apple loves;
How many species deck Alcinous' groves?
What vast varieties each orchard bears,
In syrian, bergamot, and pounder pears?
Nor the same grape Hesperia's vintage fills,
Which Lesbos gathers from Methymnia's hills.
Of Thasian vines, and Mareotic white,
One loves a fatten'd soil, and one a light;
Best are the Plythian when by Phoebus dry'd;
Thin is Lageos' penetrating tide,
By which the faultering tongue, and staggering feet are
Purple there are, and grapes which early spring,
But in what strains thee, Rhaetic, shall I sing?
Yet dare not thou with Falern juice contest!
Amminean wines for body are the best;
To these, ev'n Tmolus bends his cluster'd brows,
And, king of vine-clad hills, Phanaeus bows;
By these is Argos' lesser grape surpast,
Tho' fam'd so much to flow, so long to last.
Nor thine, O Rhodes, I pass, whose streams afford
Libations to the Gods, and crown the board:
Nor thee, Bumaftus, grape of plumpest size;
But can my song each various race comprise?
He that cou'd each rehearse, the sands might count,
That from the Libyan waste in whirling eddies mount:
Or tell the billows as they beat the shores,
When all th' Ionian sea with raging Boreas roars.
Nor every race will thrive in every ground:
Willows along the river-banks abound;
While adders bud in wet and weeping plains,
The wild ash on the ridgy mountain reigns:
Myrtles the shore, the baleful eugh approves
Bleak blasts, and Bacchus funny summits loves.

Italy: and particularly at Florence. It has its name from its
shape, each grape being like the teat of a cow; Varro half la-
tinifies the word, where he calls it bumamma. Holdsworth.
Afpice et extremis domitum cultoribus orbem,  
Eoafque domos' Arabum, pifcoſque Gelonos.  
Diviſae arborebus patriae. sola India nigrum  
Fert eβenum: folis eft turea virga Sabaeis.  
Quid tibi odorato referam ſudantia ligno  
Balsamaque, et baccas ſemper frondentis acanthi?  
Quid nemora Aethiopum mollis canentia lana?  
Velleraque ut foliis depectunt tenuia Seres?  
Aut quos Oceano propior gerit India lucos,  
Extremi finus orbis? ubi aera vincere ſumnum  
Arboris haud ullæ jaetu potuere ſagittae.  
Et gens illa quidem ſumtis non tarda pharetris.  
Media fert trifis Succos, ſardumque ſaporem  
Felicis mali; quo non præſentium ſummum,  
Pocula si quando ſaevae infecere novercae,  
Mifeueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,  
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.  
Ipsa ingens arboſ, faciemque ſimillima lauro;  
Et, si non alium late jaetaret ſodorem,  
Laurus erat. folia haud ullis labentia ventis:  
Flos ad prima tenax. animas et olentia Medi  
Ora fovent illo, et ſenibus medicantur anhelis.  
Sed neque Medorum filvae ditiflima terra,  
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Th' extreme of cultivated lands survey,  
The painted Scythians, and the realms of day;  
All trees allotted keep their several coasts,  
India alone the fable ebon boasts;  
Sabaea bears the branch of frankincense.  
And shall I sing, how teeming trees dispense  
Rich fragrant balms in many a trickling tear,  
With soft Acanthus' berries, never fear?  
From Aethiop woods, where woolly leaves increase,  
How Syrians comb the vegetable fleece?  
Or shall I tell how India hangs her woods,  
Bound of this earth, o'er Ocean's unknown floods?  
Where to such height the trees gigantic grow,  
That far they leave the founding shaft below,  
Tho' skil'd the natives are to bend the bow,  
The Median fields rich citron fruits produce,  
Tho' harsh the taste, and clammy be the juice;  
Blest antidote! which, when in evil hour  
The step-dame mixes herbs of poisonous power,  
And crowns the bowl with many a mutter'd spell,  
Will from the veins the direful draught expell.  
Large is the trunk, and laurel-like its frame,  
And 'twere a laurel, were its scent the same.  
Its lasting leaf each roaring blast defies,  
Tenacious of the stem its flowerets rise:  
Hence a more wholesome breath the Medes receive,  
And of pale fires the lab'ring lungs relieve.  
But neither Media's groves, her teeming mold,  
Fair Ganges' flood, nor Hermus thick with gold;

passage; particularly he seems to laugh at some of their absurd stories: in these lines,

_Haec loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem Invertere, satis inmanis dentibus hydri,

he alludes to the famous story of Jafon. Mr. Thomson has finely imitated these praises of Italy in his Seasons, where he celebrates Great Britain. See his Summer.
Laudibus Italiae certent: non Bastra, neque Indi, Totaque turiferis Panchaia pinguis arenis. 
Haec loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem Invertere, satis inmanis dentibus hydri; 
Nec galeis, deniqve virum seges horruit hastis: 
Hinc bellator equus catapo {e{z ardus infert: 
Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxuma taurus Vi(tima, saepe tuo perfusi flumine facro, 
Romanos ad templum deum duxere triumphos. 
Hic ver adsiduum, atque alienis mensibus aestas: 
Bis gravidae pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos. 
At rabidae tigres absunt, et faeva leonum 
Semia: nec miseros fallunt aconita legentis; 
Nec rapit inmensos orbis per humum, neque tanto 
Squameus in spiram tracatu sce conligit anguis. 
Adde tot egregias urbis, operumque laborem, 
Tot congefta manu praeruptis oppida faxis; 
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros. 
An mare, quod supra, memorem, quodque adluit infra, 

181. Clitumnus.] Now called Clitumno; it rifes a little below 
the village of Campello in Ombria. The inhabitants near this 
river stil retain a notion, that its waters are attended with a 
supernatural property, imagining that it makes the cattle white 
that drink of it; a quality for which it is likewise celebrated by 
many of the Latin poets. See Melmoth's Pliny, p. 455. 

196. With towns—cliffs.] Among other instances of the hap-
pinefs of Italy, Virgil mentions its having so many towns built 
on craggys rocks and hills. There were more formerly, and are 
several stil. In the road from Rome to Naples, you see no less 
than four in one view, from the hill on which Piperno now 
stands; reckoning that for one of them. These were very 
useful, of old, for defence, among such a fighting race of 
people: and are stil for their coolnefs, in so hot a climate, 
that they are generally forced to drive their flocks of sheep up 
upon the mountains for the summer fæafon, as they usually 
feed them in the sheltered plains by the sea-fide in the winter. 

Holdsworth and Spence. 

198. Ocean.] Italy is wafhed on the north fide by the Adri-
atic fea, or gulph of Venice, which is called mare superum, or the
Nor all the stores Panchaia's glebe expands,
Where spices overflow the fragrant sands;
Nor Bactrian, nor Arabian fields can vie
With the blest scenes of beauteous Italy.
Bulls breathing fire her furrows ne'er have known,
Ne'er with the dreadful dragon's teeth were sown,
Whence sprung an iron crop, an armed train,
With helm and spear embattell'd on the plain.
But plenteous corn she boasts, and gen'rous wine,
The luscious olive, and the joyful kine.
Hence o'er the plain the warrior-freethed elate,
Prances with portly pace in martial state;
Hence snowy flocks wash'd in thy sacred stream,
Clitumnus, and of victims the supreme
The mighty bull, have led, thro' shouting trains,
Rome's pompous triumphs to the lofty fanes.
The fields here spring's perpetual beauties crown;
Here summer shines in seasons not her own.
Twice teem the cattle each revolving year,
And twice the trees their blushing burthen bear.
Nor here the tygress rears her rav'rous breed,
Far hence is the fell lion's savage feed;
Nor wretched simplers speious weeds invite,
For wholesome herbs, to crop paleaconite:
Nor scaly snakes in such vast volumes glide,
Nor on a train so thick, and spires so lofty ride.
Add too around what far-fan'd cities rise,
What stately works of daedal artifice!
With tow'red towns here raggy cliffs are crown'd,
Here rivers roll old moss-grown ramparts round.
And shall my song her two-fold ocean boast,
That pours its riches forth on either coast?

the upper sea; and on the south side by the Tyrrbene or Tuscan sea, which is called mare inferum, or the lower sea. The Larius is a great lake at the foot of the Alps in the Milanese, now called, Lago di Como. The Benacus is another great lake
in the Veronese, now called Lago di Garda; out of which flows
the Mincius, on the banks of which our poet was born. Lu-
crinus and Avernus are two lakes of Campania; the former
of which was almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake, but the
latter is still remaining, and now called Lago d'Averno.

214. The Scipios.] The elder Scipio delivered his country
from the invasion of Hannibal, by transferring the war into
Africa; where he subdued the Carthaginians, imposed a tri-
buté upon them, and took hostages. Hence he had the sur-
name of Africanus, and the honour of a triumph. The younger
Scipio triumphed for the conclusion of the third Punic war,
by the total destruction of Carthage. Hence they were called
the thunderbolts of war— duo fulmina belli Scipiadas. Aen. 6.
Virgil borrows the expression, from Lucretius, Scipiades belli
fulmen.

218. All baiL] The conclusion of Pliny's Natural History
bears a very near resemblance to this passage, and is very beau-
tiful.
Her spacious lakes; first mighty Larius, thee?
And thee, Benacus, roaring like a sea?
Her ports and harbours, and the Lucrine mounds,
From which the beating main indignant bounds;
Where Julius' flood of bonds impatient raves,
And calm Avernus' freights confine the Tuscan waves?
Her fields with brays and silver veins have glow'd,
Her pregnant rocks with gold abundant flow'd.
She birth to many a race, in battle brave,
The Marsian, and the Sabine soldiery, gave.
Her's are Liguria's sons, untaught to yield,
And her's the Volsci, skil'd the spear to wield;
The Decian hence, and Marian heroes came,
Hence sprung thy line, Camillus, mighty name:
Hence rose the Scipios, undismay'd in fight,
And thou, great Cæsar, whose victorious might,
From Rome's high walls, on Asia's utmost plains,
Aw'd into peace fierce India's rage restrains.
All hail, Saturnian foil! hail, parent great
Of fruits and mighty men! my lays repeat
For thee this argument of ancient art,
These useful toils, rever'd of old, impart;
For thee, I dare unlock the sacred spring,
And thro' the Roman streets Aescrean numbers sing.
Next, of each various foil the genius hear!
Its colour, strench, what best dispos'd to bear.
Th' unfriendly cliffs, and unpromiscuous ground,
Where clay jejune, and the cold flint abound;
Where bushes overspread the stubborn field,
Will best th' unfading grove of Pallas yield:

*ergo in toto orbe et quacunque coeli convexitas vergit,*
*pulcherrima est omnium, rebusque merito principatum obtinens,*
*Italia, reærix parenque mundi altera; viris, fæminis, ducibus,*
*militibus, servitiis, artium praestantia, ingeniorum claritatiis,*
*jam situ ac salubritate coeli atque temperie, accessu cunctarum gentium* facili,
*liitoribus portuosis, benigno ventorum aëlatu. The whole* pasage is worth the reader's perusal.
Indicio est, trāctu surgens oleaster eodem
Plurimus, et frātri baccis silvestribus agri.
At quae pinguis humus, dulcique uligine laeta,
Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus,
Qualem sāepe cava montis convalle solemus
Dispicere: hue fummis liquanturrupibus amnes,
Felicemque trahunt limum: quique editus Austro,
Et silicem curvis invisam pascit aratri:
Hic tibi praevalidas olim multoque fluentes
Sufficiet baccho vitis: hic fertilis uvae,
Hic laticis, qualem pateris libamus et auro,
Inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras,
Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta.
Sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri,
Aut foetus ovium, aut urentis culta capellas:
Saltus, et sāturi petito longinqua Tarenti,
Et qualem infelix amisti Mantua campum,
Pascentem niveos herbofo flumine cycnos.
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina decrunt;
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
Exiguā tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.
Nigra fere, et presso pinguis sub vomere terra,
Et cui putre solum, (namque hoc imitamur arando)
Optuma frumentis. non ullo ex aequore cernes
Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra juvencis:
Aut unde iratus silvam devent arator,
Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,
Antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
Fruit: illae altum nidis petiere reliquis.
The Georgics of Virgil

Here the wild olive woods luxuriant shoot,
And all the plains are strewn with sylvan fruit.
But the rich soil with genial force endu’d,
All green with grass, with moisture sweet bedew’d,
Such as we oft survey from cavern’d hills,
Whence many a stream descends in dripping rills,
And with rich ooze the fatt’ning valley fills;
Or that which feels the balmy southern air,
And feeds the fern unfriendly to the share;
Ere long will vines of lustiest growth produce,
And big with bounteous Bacchus’ choicest juice,
Will give the grape, in solemn sacrifice,
Whose purple stream the golden goblet dies;
When the fat Tuscan’s horn has call’d the god,
And the full chargers bend beneath the smoking load.
But bullocks would you rear, and herds of cows,
Or sheep, or goats that crop the budding boughs;
Seek rich Tarentum’s plains, a distant coast,
And fields like those my luckless Mantua loft;
His silver-pinion’d swans where Mincio feeds,
As low they sail among the wat’ry weeds.
There for thy flocks fresh fountains never fail,
Undying verdure cloaths the grassy vale;
And what is crop’d by day, the night renews,
Shedding refreshful stores of cooling dews.
A fable mold and fat beneath the share,
That crumbles to the touch, of texture rare,
And (what our art effects) by nature loose,
Will the best growth of foodful gain produce:
And from no field, beneath pale evening’s star
With heavier harvests fraught, returns the nodding car.
Or else the plain, from which the ploughman’s rage
Has fell’d the forest, hoar through many an age,
And tore the tall trees from their ancient base,
Long the dark covert of the feathery race;
At rudis enituit in pulsso vomere campus.
Nam jejuna quidem clivosi glarea ruris
Vix humilis apibus cafas roremque ministrat:
Et tophus scaber, et nigris exesa chelydris
Creta, negant alios aeque serpentibus agros
Dulcem ferre cibum, et curvas praebere latebras.
Quae tenuem exhalat nebulam, fumosque volucris;
Et bibit humorem, et, cum vol, ex se ipsa remittit.
Quaeque suo semper viridi se gramine vestit,
Nec scabie et falsa laedit robigine ferrum.
Ilia tibi laetis intexet vitibus ulmos:
Ilia serax oleo est: illam experiere colendo,
Et facilem pecori, et patientem vomeris unci,
Talem dives arat Capua, et vicina Vesevo
Nunc, quo quamque modo possis cognoscere, dicam.
Rara fit, an supra morem si densa, requiras;
Altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera baccho;
Denfa magis cereri, rarissima quaeque lyaeo:
Ante locum capies oculis, altteque jubebis
In solido puteum demitti, omnemque repones
Rufus humum, et pedibus summis aequabis arenas.
Si deearunt, rarum pecorique et vitibus almis
Aptius uber erit. sin in sua posse negabunt

272. Rarumque ministrat. Ros does not in this place signify dew, as Dryden translates it, but rosemery. Virgil says that the dry hungry soil (now under consideration) is of so barren a nature, that not even those common plants, cafa and rosemery, will grow in it. Dr. Martyn has proved the cafa here mentioned not to be the celebrated aromatic cafa, but a very vulgar herb. Perhaps the epithet humilis, in this place, ought to be construed mean or insignificant, rather than low of growth.

288. Dense.] Denfa signifies such a foil, as will not easily admit the rain, is easily crack’d and apt to gape, and so let in the sun to the root of the vines, and in a manner to strangle the young plants. This therefore must be a hard or stiff foil; rara, lets the showers quite through, and is apt to be dry’d up with the sun. Therefore this must be a loose foil. See Dr. Martyn,
Banish'd their bow'rs, abroad they mount in air,
While shines the recent glebe beneath the share.
For the lean gravel of the flow'ring field,
And mould'ring stones, where snakes their mansions build,
Where in dark windings filthy reptiles breed,
And find sweet food their lurking young to feed;
To bees ungenial, scarcely will supply
Their cafia-flow'rs, and dewy rosemary.
In that blest ground, which from its opening chinks,
At will, a steaming mist emits, or drinks;
Which blooms with native grafs for ever fair,
Nor blunts with eating ruft the flowing share,
Round thy tall elms the joyous vines shall weave;
And floods of luscious oil thy olives give;
'This, with due culture, thou shalt surely find
Obedient to thy plough, and to thy cattle kind.
Such fertile lands rich Capua's peafants till,
And such the foil beneath Vesuvus' hill;
And that, where o'er Acerrae's prostrate tow'rs
Clanius his swelling tide too fiercely pours.

Rules to know different foils I next dispense;
How to distinguish from the rare the dense.
This best for vines, that golden grain approves,
Ceres, the dense; the rare Lynæus loves.
First choose a spot that's for the purpose fit,
Then dig the solid earth; and sink a pit;
Next, to its bed th' ejected soil restore,
And press with trampling feet the surface o'er;
If the mold fail, 'tis light; that foil inclines
To fatten herds, and swell thy clusler'd vines.

Martyn, who grounds this interpretation on Julius Graecinus,
as he is quoted by Columella:

289. Choose.] It is extremely difficult to make this experiment,
which is told with great dignity in the Latin, read gracefully
and agreeably in a translation, particularly the animated ex-
pressions, negabant ire loca, et superabit terra.
Ire loca, et scroblbus superabit terra repletis, 235
Spiffus ager: glebas cunétantis crassáque terga
Expecta, et validis terram proscinde juvencis.
Salfa autem tellus, et quae perhibetur amara,
Frugibus infelix (ea nec manufccit arando,
Nec baccho genus, aut pomis fua nomina fervat) 240
Tale dabit specimen. tu spifflo vimine qualos,
Collaque praelorum fumonis deripe teétis.
Huc ager ille malus, dulcesque à fontibus undae
Ad plenum calcentur. aqua eluétabitur omnis
Scilicet, et grandes ibunt per vimina gutae.
At fapor indicium faciet manifestus, et ora
Trifia tentantium fenu torquebit amaror.
Ptinguis item quae fit tellus, hoc denique pacto
Diffinus. haud umquam manibus jaétata fatiscit,
Sed picis in morem ad digitos lentescit habendo. 245
Humida majores alit herbas, ipsaque justo
Laetior. ah nimium ne fì mihi fertilis illa,
Neu fè praevaldam primis offendat aristis!
Quae gravis eft, ipfo tacitam fe pondere probit;
Quaeque levis. promptum eft oculis praediscere nigram,
Et quis cui color. at fceleratum exquirere frigus 250
Difficulte eft: piceae tantum, taxique nocentes
Interdum, aut ederae pandunt veftigia nigrae.
His animadversis, terram multo ante memento
Excoquere, et magnos scroblbus concidere montis, 260
Ante supinatas aquiloni offendere glebas,
Quam laetum infodias vitis genus. optima putri
Arva solò: id venti curant, gelidaeque pruinac,
Et labefacta movens robustus jugera foßor.

309. Bitter.] Amor is in the style of Lucretius, and the
true reading; though many read amaro, making it agree with
Senfù. Servius.
311. It sticks.] Ad digitos lentescit habendo, cannot startle a
delicate ear so much as mult the translation of that expression from
Book 2.  The Georgics of Virgil.  

But o'er the pit replenish'd, if the ground  
Still rise, and in superfluous heaps abound,  
O'er the thick glebe let sturdy bullocks toil,  
Cleave the compacted clods and fluggish foil.  
But earth that's bitter, or with salt imbu'd,  
Too wild for culture, for the plough too rude,  
Where apples boast no more their purple hues,  
And drooping Bacchus yields degen'rate juice,  
May thus be known: Of twigs a basket twine  
Like that from whence is strain'd the recent wine;  
This with the soil and crystal water fill,  
Then squeeze the mass, while thro' the twigs distil  
The big round drops in many a trickling rill;  
Soon shall its nature from its taste appear,  
And the wry mouth the bitter juice declare.  
We learn from hence a fat and viscid land;  
It sticks like pitch uncrumbled to the hand;  
The moister mold a rank luxuriance feeds,  
Of lengthen'd gras's, and tall promiscuous weeds;  
O may be mine no over-fertile plain,  
That shoots too strongly forth its early grain!  
The light and heavy in the balance try,  
The black and other colours strike the eye;  
Not so the cold; lo! there dark ivy spreads,  
Or yews on pitch-trees lift their gloomy heads.  
These rules observ'd, expose the clods to dry,  
Bak'd and concoc'd by the northern sky.  
Trench deep, and turn the soil, before ye place  
The tender vines, a joy-diffusing race;  
Fat molds grow mellow by the delver's pains,  
By fanning winds and frosts, and cooling rains.  

from the single circumstance, of a vulgar idea being quite concealed in any dead language.

S 3
At quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit;
Ante locum similem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur
Arboribus feges, et quo mox digesta feratur,
Mutatam ignorant subito ne femina matrem.
Quin etiam caeli regionem in cortice signant:
Ut, quo quaeque modo steterit, qua parte calores
Austrinos tulerit, quae terga obverterit axi,
Reslituant. adeo in teneris confuecere multum est.
Collibus, an plano melius fit ponere vitem,
Quacere prius. si pinguis agros metabere campi,
Denfa sere: in denso non fregnior ubere bacchus.
Sin, tumulis adelve solem collisque supinos,
Indulge ordinibus: nec fecius omnis in unguem
Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.
Ut faepe ingenti bello cum longa cohortis
Explicit legio, et campo fletit agmen aperto,
Direcctaeque acies, ac late fluuat omnis
Acre renidenti tellus, nec dum horrida miscens

327.} Columella says the trenches should be dug a year beforehand. Mr. Heldfworth ued to say, that Columella's treatise on husbandry was by much the best comment on Virgil's Georgics, that he knew of.

327. Two foils.] Having explained the several sorts of foil, says Martyn, he proceeds to give some instructions concerning the planting of vines; and speaks of the trenches to be made to receive the plants out of the nursery; of taking care that the nursery and the vineyards should have a like soil, and that the plants should be set with the same aspect which they had in the nursery.

346. As in just ranks.] Virgil, says Dr. Martyn, does not mean the form of a Quincunx in this description, but that you should plant your vines in a square in the following order:

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* * * * *
* * * * *
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As Virgil compares the disposition of the trees in a vineyard, to an army drawn up in battle array, 'tis evident that he must mean this figure. The Romans usually allowed three foot square
But hinds of greater diligence and care,
Two foils, of genius similar prepare,
Left the fond offspring its chang'd mother mourn,
And genial lap whence suddenly 'tis torn:
Thus plants from infancy to strength arrive,
And in a kindred soil, transplanted thrive.
Besides their former site they nicely mark,
With sharpen'd knife upon the yielding bark;
And place them as before they stood inclin'd
To the hot south, or blustering northern wind:
Such is the strength of custom, such appears
The force of habits gain'd in tender years.

Consider, first, if best the vine will grow
On the high hill, or in the valley low.
If on rich plains extends thy level ground,
Thick set thy plants, and Bacchus will abound;
If on a gentle hill or sloping bank,
In meafur'd squares exact your vineyards rank;
Each narrow path and equal opening place,
To front, and answer to the crossing space.
As in just ranks, and many an order'd band,
On some vast plain the Roman legions stand,
Before the shouting squadrons battle join,
And earth reflects the dazzling armour's shine,

Square for every common soldier to manage his arms, that is,
six foot between each, which is a proper distance for the vines
in Italy, according to Columella, who says the rows should
not be wider than ten feet, nor nearer than four.

349. And earth reflects.] Aere renidensi tellus, says the ori-
ginal. This expression is borrowed from Lucretius's aere
renidefit tellus. Both these poets seem to have had Euripides
in their eye;

καταγχαλκον ἀταν
Πεδεν ἀφτατων.

Phaedri. ver. 110.

The shining beauties of the clusters of the vines (says Dr.
Martyn) is finely represented by the splendor of the brazen
arms. I beg for once to dissent from this learned gentleman,
and to obverse, that this part of the comparison seems too
minute, and too much like an Italian conceit, for Virgil to have
thought of.
Proelia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis.
Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensia viarum:
Non animum modo uti pascat prospectus inanem:
Sed quia non alter vires dabat omnibus aquas
Terra, neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami.
Forfitan et scrobibus quae sint fafligia quaeras.
Ausim vel tenui vitem committere fulco.
Altior ac terrae penitus desfigitur arbos,
Aesculus in primis: quae quantum vertice ad auras
Aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
Ergo non hices illam, non flabra, neque imbrres
Convellunt. inmota manet, multosque nepotes,
Multa virum volvens durando faecula vincit.
Tum fortis late ramos et brachia tendens
Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.
Neve tibi ad solem vergant vineta cadentem:
Neve inter vites corulum fere: neve flagella
Summa pete, aut summa destringe ex arbo re plantas:
(Tantus amor terrae) neu ferro laede reti so
Semina, neu oleae silvestris infere truncos.
Nam fæpe incautis pastoribus excidit ignis,
Qui furtim pingui primum sub cortice testus
Robora conprendit, frondesque elabfus in altas
Ingentem caelo fonitum dedit. inde fectus
Per ramos victor, perque alta cacumina re gnat,
Et totum involvit fiammis nemus, et ruit atram
Ad caelum picea crasius caligine nubem:
Praefertim si tempeftas a vertice silvis
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.

350. Mars sternly.] This is the only simile in all this Georgic: 
the reason of which seems to be, that metaphors and short de-
scriptions, which are fo frequent in every part of this Georgic, 
are of the same nature and use in poetry, as similes. Benson.

370. To the west decline.] 'Tis worth observing that the poet 
has brought together here, more precepts than in any part of 
all the Georgics; but it is likewise remarkable, that he has 
placed them very artfully betwixt that fine passage just men-
tioned, and another equally beautiful. Benson.
The Georgics of Virgil.

Mars sternly stalks each equal front betwixt,
Nor yet the fate of either holt is fixt:
Ev'n thus, your vines dispos'd at distance due,
Not only strike with joy the gazer's view,
But earth more equal nutriment supplies,
The plants find space to spread, and vigorous rise.
Perhaps the depth of trenches you'll demand;
The vine I dare to plant in shallow land;
But forest-trees that rear their branches higher,
A deeper mold, and wider room require:
Chief the tall Aesculus, that tow'rs above
Each humbler tree, the monarch of the grove;
High as his head shoots lofty to the skies,
So deep his root in hell's foundation lies;
While storms and wintry blasts and driving rain
Beat fiercely on his stately top in vain;
Unhurt, unmov'd, he stands in hoary state,
For many an age beyond frail mortals' date.
This way and that, his vast arms widely spread,
He in the midst supports the thick-surrounding shade.
Nor let thy vineyards to the west decline;
Nor hazels plant amid the joyous vine;
No scions pluck a-top, but near the roots;
Nor wound with blunted steel the red'ning shoots;
Nor let wild olives (noxious plants!) be found
Nigh to those spots where luscious grapes abound:
For oft from heedless shepherds falls a spark,
Which lurking first beneath the unctuous bark,
Seizes the solid tree; with dreadful roar
The flames thro' catching leaves and branches roar,
Swift thro' the crackling wood triumphant fly,
And hurl the pitchy clouds into the darken'd sky.
But most they ravage, if the roaring wind
With doubled rage should rise, with fire combin'd;

376. Falls a spark.] This fine description of a fire raging among the vines and their supporters, judiciously relieves the dryness of the Didactic lines preceding.
Hoc ubi; non a stirpe valent, caesaeque reverti
Possunt, atque ima similes revirescere terræ:
Infelix superat foliis oleaster amaris.
Nec tibi tam prudens quifquam persuadeat auter,
Tellurem Borea rigidam spirante moveri.
Rura gelu tum claudit hiemæ: nec femine jaço
Concretam patitur radicem adfigere terræ.
Optima venit avis longis invisa colubris:
Prima vel auszumi sub frigora, cum rapidus Sol
Nondum hiemem contingit equis. jam praeterit acetas.
Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile filvis:
Vere tument terræ, et genitalia femina poscunt.
Tum pater omnipotens secundis imbris Aether
Conjugis in gremium laetae descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, foetus.
Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus:
Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva sinus. superat tener omnibus humor;
Inque novos foles audent se germina tuto
Credere: nec metuit surgentis pompinus Austró,
Aut aætum caelo magnis Aquilonibus imbre:
Sed trudit gemmas, et frondis explicat omnis.
Non alios prima crescentis origine muni
die mitis, aliumve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim. ver illud erat: ver magnus agebat
Orbis, et hibernis parcebant flatibus Euri:

394. In spring.] There are few passages in the Georgics more
charming than this description of spring. He strives hard to
excel Lucretius, but I am afraid it cannot be said that he has
done it. The conjugis in gremium is evidently taken from

In gremium matris terrai præcipitavit.

And the following lines of the same writer, to whom Virgil
No vines, hereafter, sow’d, or prun’d, will thrive;  
The bitter-leav’d wild olives sole survive.

Let none persuade to plant, in winter hoar,  
When rigid Boreas’ spirit blusters frore;  
Winter the pores of earth so closely binds,  
No passage the too tender fibre finds;  
Plant best the vines, in blushing spring’s fresh bloom,  
When the white bird, the dread of snakes, is come:  
Or in cool autumn, when the summer’s past,  
Ere Phoebus’ steeds to the cold tropic haste.

In spring, in blushing spring, the woods resume  
Their leafy honours, and their fragrant bloom;  
Earth swells with moisture all her teeming lands,  
A genial fructifying seed demands;  
Almighty Jove descends, more full of life,  
On the warm bosom of his kindling wife;  
The birds with music fill the pathless groves,  
Stung by desire the beasts renew their loves;  
The buried grain appears, the fields unbind  
Their pregnant bosoms to the western wind;  
The springing grass to trust this season dares;  
No tender vine the gathering tempests fears,  
By the black north or roaring Aufter roll’d,  
But spreads her leaves, and bids her gems unfold.

Such were the days, the season was the same,  
When first arose this world’s all-beauteous frame;  
The sky was cloudless, balmy was the air,  
And spring’s mild influence made young nature fair:

is indeed infinitely obliged, are very fine; he is likewise speaking of the genial influence of the spring:

Hinc laetas urbes pueris florere videmus,  
Frondiferasque novis avibus canere undique fylvas.  
Hinc fessae pecudes pingues per pabula laeta  
Corpora deponunt, et candens laeteus humor  
Uberibus manat dësientis; hinc nova proles  
Artibus insirmis teneras lasciva per herbas  
Ludit lacte mero, mentes percussa novellas.

404. The ascribing boldness and fear to trees is highly poetical.
Cum primae lucem pecudes hausere, virûmque
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
Inmislaeque ferae silvis, et fidera caelo.
Nec res hunc tenerae possent perferre labore,
Si non tanta quies iret frigufque caloremque
Inter, et exciperet caeli indulgentia terras.

Quod supereft, quaecumque premes virgulta per agros,
Sparge fimo pingui, et multa memor occule terra :
Aut lapidem bibulum, aut squalentis infode conchas.
Inter enim labentur aquae, tenuifque subibit
Halitus, atque animos tollent fata. jamque reperti,

Qui faxo super, atque ingentis pondere teftae
Urguerent: hoc effusos munimen ad imbris:
Hoc, ubi hiulca fiti findit Canis acclifer arva.
Seminibus positis, supereft deducere terram
Saepius ad capita, et duros jaclare bidentis:

Aut preflfo exercere folum fub vomere, et ipfa
Fleclere luftantis inter vineta juvencos.
Tum levis calamos, et rafae haftilia virgae,
Fraxineasque aptare fudes, furcasque bicornis:
Viribus eniti quarum, et contemnere ventos
Adfuefcant, fummasque sequi tabulata per ulmos.
Ac, dum prima novis adolefcit frondibus actas,
Parcendum teneris: et dum fæ laetus ad auras

415. Stars.] This feems to be oddly put together at firft sight. The forefts were stock’d with beafts, and the heavens with contellations. It was not fo in those times, when the contellations were generally confidered as real animals, and many of them as men, but moft of them as beafts. The pro-
logue to Plautus’s Rudens is spoken by Acclerus, as one of the Dramatis Personae.

422. Pebbles bide.] Mr. Evelyn mentions the placing pot-
shehrs, pebbles, or flints near the root of the ftem; but then he adds, remember you remove them after a competent time, elfe the vermin, snails, and insects, which they produce and shelter, will gnaw and greatly injure their bark; and therefore to lay a coat of moift rotten litter with a little earth upon it, will pref erve it moift in summer, and warm in winter, enriching the showers and dews that strain thro’ it.

EVELYN of Forest Trees,
When cattle first o'er new-born mountains spread,
And man, an iron race, uprear'd his hardy head:
When beafts thro' pathlefs brakes began to prowl,
And glittering flars thro' heav'n's blue concave roll.

Nor could this infant world sustainth' extremes
Of piercing winter, and hot Sirius' beams,
Did not kind Heav'n, the fierce excess between,
Bid gentler spring's soft season intervene.

Now, when you bend the layers to the ground,
Cast fatt'ning dung and copious mold around;
Or near the roots rough shells and pebbles hide,
Thro' which the softering rains may gently glide;
Thro' which may subtle vapours penetrate,
And to large growth the tendrils instigate.

There are, with weights of stone who press the roots,
Best safeguard to the plants, and future fruits,
Both in immoderate flowers, or summer's heat,
When Sirius' beams on the parcht vineyard beat.

About the roots oft turn the neigh'ring foil,
And urge the drag and hough with frequent toil;
Or introduce thy plough's unwieldy load,
And 'twixt thy vines the struggling bullocks goad.

Then the smooth cane, the forky asf prepare,
Auxiliar pole, and strong supporting spear;

Assisted thus, the lufty plants despife
The shattering whirlwinds, and the stormy skies,
And to the tall elm's top by just gradations rise.
The new-born buds, the tender foliage spare;
The shoots that vigorous dart into the air,

436. Assisted thus.] The word tabulae in the original signifies the branches of elms extended at proper distances to sustain the vines.

440. Dart into the air.] The original says, laxis per purum immissis habentis; this expression is doubtless extremely bold and strong, but the poet had the authority of his master Lucretius.

Crescendi magnum immissis certarum habentis.
Palmes agit, laxis per purum inmiscus habenis,
Ipsa acies nondum falcis tentanda; sed uncis
Carpendae manibus frandes, interque legendae:
Inde ubi jam validis amplexae stirpibus ulmos
Exierint, tum stringe comas, tum brachia tonde.
Ante reformidant ferrum: tum denique dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos conpexce fluentis.

Texendae sepes etiam, et pecus omne tenendum:
Praecipue dum frons tenera inprudensque laborum:
Cui, super indignas hiemes solemque potentem,
Silvestres uri asfide capreaeque sequaces
Inludunt: pastucuntur oves avidaeque juvenae.

Frigora nec tantum cana concreta pruina,
Aut gravis incumbens scopulis aenitus aequus,
Quantum illi nocuere greges, durique venenum
Dentis, et ad morso signata in stirpe cicatrix.
Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Caeditur, et veteres ineunt proscenia ludi:
Præmiaque ingenii pagos et compita circum
Thefidae posuere, atque inter pocula laeti
Mollibus in pratis uncitos saliere per utres.
Nec non Aufonii, Troja gens missa, coloni
Versibus incomitis ludunt, rifuque soluto;
Oraque corticibus ludent, horrenda cavatis:
Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina laeta, tibique
Oscilla ex alta suspensus mollia pinu.

460. Hence on the lofty stage.] The antient theatre was a
femicircular building, appropriated to the acting of plays, the
name being derived from Σκηνη to behold. It was divided
into the following parts. 1. The porticus, scala, sedilia; the
rows of sedilia, or seats, were called cunei, because they
were formed like wedges, growing narrower, as they came
nearer the center of the theatre; and these were all disposed
about the circumference of the theatre. 2. The orchestra, so
called from οἰκείαδες to dance: it was the inner part, or center
of the theatre, and the lowest of all, and hollow, whence the
whole open space of the theatre was called cavea. Here sat
the senators, and here were the dancers and music. 3. The
proscenium, which was a place drawn from one horn of the
theatre
Disdaining bonds, all free, and full of life,
O dare not wound too soon with sharpen'd knife!
Insert your bending fingers, gently pull
The roving shoots, and red'ning branches pull:
But when they clasp their elms with strong embrace, 445
Lop the luxuriant boughs, a lawless race;
Ere this, they dread the steel; now, now, reclaim
The flowing branches, the bold wand'ring tame.
Guard, too, from cattle thy new-planted ground,
And infant-vines that ill can bear a wound:
For not alone by winter's chilling Frost,
Or summer's scorching beam the young are lost;
But the wild buffaloes and greedy cows,
And goats and sportive kids the branches browse;
Not piercing colds, nor Sirius' beams that beat
On the parcht hills, and split their tops with heat,
So deeply injure, as the nibbling flocks,
That wound with venom'd teeth the tender, fearful flocks.
Hence is the goat on Bacchus' altar laid,
Hence on the lofty stage are fables play'd.
Th' Athenians first to rival wits decreed,
In streets and villages the poet's meed;
The feast with mirth and foaming goblets kept,
And on the goat-skin bladders rudely leapt.
Nor lefts th' Aufonian swains deriv'd from Troy,
Sport in rough numbers and unwieldy joy;
Their hollow vizards scoop from barks of trees,
And stain their ghastly masks with purple lees;
Bacchus, on thee they call, in hymns divine;
And hang thy statues on the lofty pine:

Theatre to the other, between the orchestra and the scene, being higher than the orchestra, and lower than the scene: here the comic and tragic actors spoke and acted upon an elevated place, which was called the pulpitum, or stage. 4. The scene was the opposite part to the audience, decorated with pictures and columns, and originally with trees, to shade the actors, when they performed in the open air. 5. Proscenium, or part behind the scenes.
Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea foetu:
Conplentur vallesque cavae saltusque profundi,
Et quocumque Deus circum caput eget honestum.
Ergo rite suos Baccho dicemus honores
Carminibus patriis, lanceisque et liba feremus;
Et dux corru stabit facer hircus ad aram,
Pinguiaque in verubus torquemur exta colurnis.
Eft etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter:
Cui numquam exhausti fatis est namque omne quotannis
Terque quaterque solum scindendum, glebaque versis
Ac etiam frerat bidentibus: omne levandum
Fronde nemus. redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.
Ac jam olim feras pofuit cum vinea frondis,
Frigidus et silvis Aquilo decussit honorem;
Jam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum
Rusticus, et curvo Saturni dente relietam
Persequitur vitem adtondens, fingitque putando.
Primus humum sodito, primus devecta cremato
Sarmenta, et vallos primus sub tecla referto:
Postremus metito bis vitibus ingruit umbra:
Bis segetem densis obducent fentibus herbae.
Durus uterque labor. laudato ingentia rura:
Exiguum colito. nec non etiam aspera rufci
Vimina per silvam, et ripis fluvialis arundo
Caeditur, incultique exercet cura salisci.
Jam vinetae vites: jam falcem arbusita reponunt:
Jam canit effoetus extremos visitor antes.

473. *The God.*] Virgil speaks of some little heads of Bacchus, which the countrymen of old hung up on trees, that the face might turn every way; out of a notion that the regards of this god gave felicity to their vineyards: and Ovid mentions Bacchus's turning his face towards him, as a blessing. The former, in a passage, which is not very easy to be understood of itself; and for the full understanding of which, I was obliged to a gem in the Great Duke's collection at Florence. Virgil on this occasion says, that there is plenty wherever this god turns his beautiful face. Mr. Dryden, in his translation of the words, seems to have borrowed his idea of Bacchus
Hence plenty every laughing vineyard fills,
'Thro' the deep vallies and the sloping hills;
Where-e'er the God inclines his lovely face,
More luscious fruits the rich plantations grace.
Then let us Bacchus' praises duly sing,
And consecrated cakes, and chargers bring;
Dragg'd by their horns let victim-goats expire,
And roast on hazel spits before the sacred fire.
Another toil in dressing vines remains,
Unconquerable still by ceaseless pains;
Thrice and four times the soil, each rolling year,
The ponderous ploughs, and heavy drags must bear;
Leaves must be thinn'd: still following in a ring
The months fresh labours to the peasants bring.
Ev'n when the tree its last pale leaves hath shed,
And Boreas stript the honours of its head,
To the next year the careful farmers look,
And form the plant with Saturn's bending hook.
Dig thou the first, and shoots superfluous burn,
And homeward first the vineyard's stakes return;
But, unbetray'd by too impatient haste,
To reap thy luscious vintage be the last.
Twice noxious weeds, twice shade, o'er-run the land,
Whose rank increase requires the pruner's hand.
To larger vineyards praise or wonder yield,
But cultivate a small and manageable field.
Nor fail to cut the broom and watery reed,
And the wild willow of the grassy mead.
The vines now ty'd with many a strengthening band,
No more the culture of the knife demand.
Glad for his labour past and long employ,
At the last rank the dresser sings for joy!

Bacchus from the vulgar representations of him on our signpoits, and so calls it, [in downright English] Bacchus's honest face.

Polymetis, page 130.

502. At the last rank.] Mr. Benson complains, that he could not find that the word antes in the original, was used by.
Sollicitanda tamen tellus, pulvisque movendus,
Et jam maturis metuendus Juppiter uis.
Contra, non ulla est oleis cultura: neque illae
Procurvam exspectant falcem rastrisque tenaces,
Cum femel haerent arvis, auraque tulerunt.
Ipse fatis tellus, cum denté recludit unco,
Sufficit humorem, et gravidas cum vomere fruges.
Hoc pinguem et placitam Pax nutritor olivam.
Poma quoque, ut primum trunco ferifere valentis,
Et viris habuere iuas, ad sidera raptim
Vi propria nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostraet.
Nec minus interea foetu nemus omne gravefcit,
Sanguineisque inulta rubent aviaria baccis.
Tondentur cytisi, taedas silva alta miniaturat,
Pacunturque ignes nocturni, ac lumina fundunt.
Et dubitant homines serere, atque inpenderu curam?
Quid majora sequar? falices, humilesque genestae,
Aut illae pecori frondem, aut pastoribus umbras,
Sufficiunt: septemque fatis, et pabula melli.
Et juvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum,
Naryciaeque picis lucos: juvat arva videre,
Non rastris hominum, non uilli obnoxia curae.

by any other Roman writer, and says, that he did not know
what to make of it. It undoubtedly signifies ranks or files, and
is a metaphor taken from the army. For Cato de Re Militari,
says, pedites quatuor agminibus, equites duobus antibus duces.

505. [But happier olives.] We are now come to a new scene.
Hitherto Virgil has expatiated on the vine; but now he enters
on a very different subject. He has shewn what endless labour
the vine requires, and the uncertainty of the product at last.
Now, says he, quite contrary to the vine, the olive requires no
labour at all, after it is once well settled in the ground. All
you need do, is to plough the soil about them, and you may
be sure of a crop of olives.

After olives, he goes on to fruit trees; and all the trouble
that belongs to them is nothing but ingrafting. Then he pro-
ceeds to the wild forest fruits, which require no manner of la-
bour; afterwards to the cytisus, willows, furze, box, and
other plants; and lastly, he declares the usefulness of old de-
cayed trees.
Yet still must he subdue, still turn the mold,
And his ripe grapes still fear Jove's piercing cold.

But happier olives ask nor pains nor care,
When rooted once, they mount into the air,
Nor harrow's teeth, nor arched knives demand,
But self-sustain'd, alone, and vigorous, stand.  
If crooked teeth just make her surface loose,
The earth alone the plants supplies with juice;
But if more deep thy ploughs unlock the soil,
From the large berries burst rich floods of oil:
Then ne'er to raise the fruitful olive cease,
The plant of Pallas, and the pledge of peace.
And when th' engrafted apples feel their strength,
Their trunks they stretch, and doubled is their length;
While swift they dart into the lofty skies,
Self-nourish'd stand, nor ask from man supplies.
Nor lefs wild fruits in pathless forests grow;
And haunts of birds with blushing berries glow;

The cytisus of foodful leaves is thorn,
And prudence finds an use in ev'ry thorn.
The pitchy pines afford us heat and light,
To cheat the tedious gloom of wintry night.
And can the swains still doubt, and still forbear,
To plant, to dig, and cultivate, with care?
Why sing I trees alone, that loftier rise?
The lowly broom to cattle, browse supplies;
Willows to panting shepherds shade dispense,
To bees their honey, and to corn defence.
What joy to see Cytorus wave with box,
And pines nod aweful on Narycium's rocks!
Fields, that ne'er felt or rake or cleaving share,
Wild above art, disdaining human care!

Thus he makes this work of universal concern. All lands
will not bear vines, or corn, or olives; but every land will
bear something or other, and by pointing out the produce of
the several kinds of soil, he applies himself to all sorts of coun-
try people.
Ipsae Caucasio steriles in vertex silvae,
Quas animosi Euri affiduc franguntque seruntque,
Dant alios aliae foetus: dant utile lignum
Navigiis pinus, domibus cedrumque cupressosque.
Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustris
Agricolae, et pandas ratibus posuere carinas.
Viminibus falices fecundae, frondibus ulmi:
At myrtus validis haftilibus, et bona bello
Cornus: Ituraeos taxi tormentur in arcus.
Nec tiliae leves aut torno rasile buxum
Non formam accipiunt, ferroque cavitur acuto.
Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,
Misfa Pado: nec non et apes examina condunt,
Corticibusque cavis vitiofaeque ilicis alvo.
Quid memorandum aeque Baccheïa dona tulerunt?
Bacchus et ad culpam caussas dedit. ille furentis
Centauros leto domuit, Rhoetumque, Pholumque,
Et magno Hylaeum Lapithis cratere minantem.
O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima Tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit acdibus undam;
Nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postes,

541. Elms, foodful leaves.] The use of the very leaves of this tree, especially of the female, is not to be despised; for being suffered to dry in the sun upon the branches, and the spray stripped off about the decrease in August (as also where the suckers and flolones are supernumerary, and hinder the thriving of their nurses) they will prove a great relief to cattle in winter, and scorching summers; when hay and fodder is dear, they will eat them before oats, and thrive exceedingly well with them. Evelyn.

550. The fierce Centaurs.] This happened at the nuptials of Pirithous, king of the Lapithae, where a Centaur, aided by his brethren, attempted to ravish his bride Hippodamia.

552. Three happy sowains.] The following description of the pleasures of a country life is celebrated almost to a proverb; it affords the highest ideas of Virgil's uncorrupt mind, as well as of
Ev’n the rough woods on Caucasus so bleak,
Which ever-roaring whirlwinds bend and break,
For shipping pines afford, thrice useful trees,
For houses, cedars and tall cypresses:
Hence peafants turn their spokes; hence orb their wheels,
Hence find for swift-wing’d vessels crooked keels;
Elms, foodful leaves; and twigs, the willows bear;
Cornels and myrtles give the martial spear:
The yew obedient to the bender’s will,
Forms the strong bows with which the Parthians kill,
And limes and polish’d box confess the carver’s skill:
Down Po’s swift torrents the light alders glide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
What gifts like these can Bacchus’ fruits beftow?
To Bacchus crimes and contests, mortals owe;
He, the fierce Centaurs, Rhoetus, Pholus flew,
And Hyleus who enrag’d, a maffy goblet threw.
Thrice happy swains! whom genuine pleasures blefs,
If they but knew and felt their happiness!
From wars and difcord far, and public strife,
Earth with falubrious fruits supports their life:
Tho’ high-arch’d domes, tho’ marble halls they want,
And columns cas’d in gold and elephant,
In aweful ranks where brazen statues stand,
The polifh’d works of Grecia’s skilful hand;
Nor dazzling palace view, whose portals proud
Each morning vomit out the cringing crowd;
of his poetry. He has assembled here all the moft striking and
beautiful objeets of nature. No contrast was ever worked up
more strongly, than this between the city and country life.
553. Felt their happiness.] Sua fi bona norint, is a tender re-
proach to the Romans for their insenfibility of being delivered
a discordanibus armis, and restored to the quiet enjoyment of their
possessions.
Benson.
556. Tho’ high-arch’d domes.] Virgil hath fo evidently taken
the very tuft and manner of expression in these lines from a
paffage in his master Lucretius, that I cannot forbear inserting
it; and shall leave the reader to judge which of the two is moft
beautiful.
278  P. Virgiliii Maronis Georgica.  Lib. 2.

Inlusasque auro velitis, Ephyreiaque aera;
Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,
Nec casia liquidi cornrumpitur usus olivi:
At secura quies, et nefcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugituque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni
Non abfiunt. illic saltus ac luftra ferarum,
Et patiens operum, exiguoque adfusta juventus,
Sacra Deum, fanetique patres: extrema per illos
Juflitia ececedens terris veftigia fecit.
Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percufius amore,
Accipiant; caelique vias, et sidera monfrent :
Defectus folis varios, lunaque labores :
Unde tremor terris: quaque alta tumefcant
Objicibus ruptis, rurfumque in fe ipfa refidant :
Quid tantum Oceano properent fe tinguere foles
Hiberni, vel quaec tardis mora nofitibus obfiet.
Sin, has ne poftim naturae accedere partes,
Frigidus obfliterit circum praecordia sanguis;
Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem filvasque inglorius. ò, ubi campi,
Sperchosque, et virginibus bacchata Lacenis

Si non aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per aedes,
Lampadas igniferas manibus revertintia dextris,
Lumina nocturnis opulis ut suppedientur;
Nec domus argento fulget, avroque reuidet :
Attamen inter fe profrati in gramine molli
Propter aquae virum, sub ramis arboris altae,
Non magnis opibus jucunde corpora curant.

583. Me may the lowly wales.] Cowley observes upon this
passage, that the first with of Virgil was to be a good phi-
losopher; the second, a good husbandman; and God, whom he
seemed to undertand better than moft of the learned heathens,
dealt with him juft as he did with Solomon; because he prayed
for wiadom in the first place, he added all things else which
were subordinately to be defired. He made him one of the
bell philosophers, and the bell husbandman; and to adorn
and communicate both those faculties, the bell poet: he made
him belliides all this a rich man, and a man who defired to be
no richer.
Nor wear the tiffu’d garment’s cumb’rous pride,
Nor seek soft wool in Syrian purple dy’d,
Nor with fantastic luxury defile
The native sweetness of the liquid oil;
Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares,
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace, and rest, are theirs;
Leisure and ease, in groves, and cooling vales,
Grottoes, and bubbling brooks, and darksome dales;
The lowing oxen, and the bleating sheep,
And under branching trees delightful sleep!
There forests, lawns, and haunts of beasts abound,
There youth is temperate, and laborious found;
There altars and the righteous Gods are fear’d,
And aged fires by duteous sons rever’d.
There Justice linger’d ere she fled mankind,
And left some traces of her reign behind!
Take me, ye muses, your devoted priest,
Whose charms with holy raptures fire my breast!
Teach me the ways of Heav’n, the stars to know;
The radiant sun and moon’s eclipses shew;
Whence trembles earth, what force old Ocean swells
To burst his bounds, and backward what repells;
Why wintry furs roll down with rapid flight,
And whence delay retards the lingering night.
But if my blood’s cold streams, that feebly flow,
Forbid my soul great nature’s works to know,
Me may the lowly vales, and woodlands please,
And winding rivers, and inglorious ease!
O that I wander’d by Sperchius’ flood!
Or on Taygetus’ sacred top I stood!

590. O that I wander’d.] O, ubi campi, &c. It cannot possibly
be the poet’s enquiry where these places are situated, tho’ most
of the translators take it so; but it is an ardent wish to be
placed in such delightful retreats. Catrou, and the learned
M. Haec, bishop of Avranches, read O ubi Tempe, instead of
campi, which is most consistent with the passage.
Taygeta; ó, qui me gelidis in vallibus Haemi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!
Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas:
Atque metus omnis et inexorabile fatum
Subjicit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!
Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestis,
Panaque, Silvanumque fenum, Nymphasque forores!
Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Hiftro:
Non res Romanae, perituraque regna. neque ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
Quos rami fructus, quos ipfa volentia rura
Sponte tulere sua, carpfit: nec ferrea jura,
Infanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta caeca, ruuntque
In ferrum; penetrant aulas, et limina regum:
Hic petit excidiis urbem, miserosque penatis,
Ut gemma bibat, et Sarrano indormiat oftro.
Condit opes aliui, defosloque incubat auro.

592. Haemus.] The very best of the Roman poets copied so much after the Greeks, that they sometimes give us ideas of things, that would be proper enough for a Greek, but found quite improper from a Roman. Virgil's and Horace's inflating Thrace, as so very cold a country, is a strong proof of this. —Thrace was full north of Greece, and some of the Greeks therefore might talk of the coldness of that country as strongly, perhaps, as some among us talk of the coldness of Scotland. The Roman writers speak just in the same style of the coldness of Thrace, tho' a considerable part of Italy lay in as northern a latitude, and some of it even farther north than Thrace.

Spence.

594. Happy the man.] These noble lines are undoubtedly a compliment to Lucretius, to whose poem Virgil is much indebted, and whose system must lead him to despise the fears of death and hell: how strongly and poetically is the latter particular expressed by the roaring (din or noife) of the infernal river Acheron!

604. He weeps no wretch's.] The meaning of nec doluit miserans inopem is not, that he looks on distress and misery with a stoical
Who, in cold Haemus' vales my limbs will lay,
And in the darkest thicket hide from day!
Happy the man, whose vigorous soul can pierce
'Tho' the formation of this universe!
Who nobly dares despise, with soul sedate,
The din of Acheron, and vulgar fears, and fate.
And happy too, tho' humbler, is the man,
Who loves Sylvanus old, the Nymphs, and Pan:
Nor power, nor purple pomp his thoughts engage,
Nor courts and kings, nor faithless brothers' rage,
Nor falls of nations, nor affairs of Rome,
Nor Dacians leagu'd in arms, near rapid Ister's foam:
He weeps no wretch's pitiable state,
Nor looks with pining envy on the great:
The loaded trees, the willing fields afford
Unpurchas'd banquets for his temperate board;
The noisy people's rage he never saw,
Nor frauds and cruelties of iron law.
Some brave the tempests of the roaring main,
Or rush to dangers, toils, and blood for gain;
Some ravage lands, or crowded cities burn,
Nor heed how many helpless widows mourn,
To satiate mad ambition's wild desire,
To quaff in gems, or sleep on silks of Tyre:
This, to solicit smiles of kings ressorts,
Deep practis'd in the dark cabals of courts;
This, low in earth conceals his ill-got store,
Hov'ring and brooding on his useless ore:

Atoical apathy and indifference, but that there is no body in
the country (so happy are they) to be pitied. Benson and
Trapp. But I fear this interpretation is groundless.

608. The noisy people's rage.] The tabularium in the original
was the place where the publick records were kept at Rome.
It was in the temple of Liberty.
595

615. To quaff in gems.] The Romans carried luxury so far,
as to procure large drinking cups made of one entire gem. See
instances of this kind in Pliny's Natural History. Pocula myr-
rhina were common among them. Tyre was anciently called
Sarra, hence Sarrano ofiro.
Hic stupet adtonitus Rosiris: hunc plausus hiantem
Per cuncos (geminatus enim) plebisque patrumque
Conripuit: gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum;
Exsilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant;
Atque alio patriam quacertunf sub sole jacentem.
Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro:
Hinc anni labor: hinc patriam parvofque penatis
Suffinet; hinc armenta boum, meritofque juvencos.
Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus,
Aut foetum pecorum, aut Cerealis mergitculmi:
Proventuque oneret fulcos, atque horrea vincat.
Venit hiens: teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis,
Glande fues laeti redeunt, dant arbuta filvae:
Et varios ponit foetus auctumnus, et alte
Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia faxis.
Interea dulces pendent circum ofcula gnati:
Cafta pudicitiam fervat domus. ubera vaccae
Laetetia demittunt, pinguesque in gramine laeto
Inter fe adversis luditantur cornibus haedi.
Ipfe dies agitat festos; fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio, et focii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenaee, vocat: pecorifque magifris
Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo;
Corporaque agressi nudant praeitura paleftrae.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini:
Hanc Remus, et frater: sic fortis Etruria crevit:

641. His infants.] Pendent circum ofcula, hang about his
kifles, is an image moft poetical and well expressed; but
would not bear a literal translation. The passage in Lucre-
tius, from whom this is imitated, has an image still more
tender and natural. — He says,— nec dulces occurrunt ofcula nati
praepipere. —— which laft word, representing the children run-
ing out to meet their father, and striving which shall have
the frit kifs is very beautiful.

652. The frugal Sabines.] To raife the praifes of the country
life still higher, he tells us, that this was the life their glorious
anceftors, and the frit founders of their city were fo fond of.
Virum bonum cum laudabant, ita laudabant bonum agricolam bo-
num colonum. Ampliffe laudari exflimabatur qui ita laudaba-
tur, says the venerable old Cato.
One doats with fondness on the rostrum's fame,
To gain the prize of eloquence, his aim:
The people's and patrician's loud applause,
To crowded theatres, another draws;
Some shed a brother's blood, and trembling run
To distant lands, beneath another sun;
Condemn'd in hopeless exile far to roam
From their sweet country, and their sacred home.
The happier peasant yearly ploughs the plains,
His country hence, his household hence sustains;
His milky droves, his much-deserving steers:
Each season brings him, in the circling years,
Or blushing apples, or increase of kine,
Or bursts his barns with Ceres' gifts divine.
Prest are his Sicion olives in the mills,
His swine with fat'ning maft the forest fills,
In winter wild: and yellow autumn crowns
With various fruits his farms and smiling grounds,
While every rocky mountain's sunny side
The melting grapes with livid ripeness hide.
He feels the father's and the husband's bliss,
His infants climb, and struggle for a kiss;
His modest house strict chastity maintains,
Nor breach of marriage-vows his nuptials stains;
Fat are the kine, with milk o'er-flow the pails,
His kids in sportive battles skim the vales:
The jocund master keeps the solemn days,
To thee, great Bacchus, due libations pays;
Around the cheerful hearth unbends his soul,
And crowns amid his friends the flowing bowl;
Distributes prizes to the strong-nerv'd swains,
Who best can dart or wrestle on the plains.
The frugal Sabines thus their acres till'd,
Thus Remus and his brother lov'd the field:
Scilicet et rerum fæta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.

Ante etiam sceprum Dictaei regis, et ante
Inpia quam caesis gens est epulata juvencis,
Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.
Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
Inpositos duris crepitare incudibus enīs.
Sed nos inmensum spatiis confecimus aequor:
Et jam tempus equum spumantia solvere colla.

654. Tuscanus.] He mentions Etruria in compliment to
Maecenas, who was descended from the ancient kings of Tus-
cany. Tyrrehena regum progenies, &c. Hor.

660. Useful bullock's gore.] Varro informs us, that in ancient
times it was deemed a capital crime to kill an ox; Hie focius
hominum in rusticō opere, et Cereris minister. Ab hoc, antiqui
manus ita abstineri voluerunt, ut capite sanxerit, si quis occidisset.
I could not forbear quoting this passage for its great humanity.

661. Old Saturn led.] An author, whose elegance and clear-
ness and chastity of style and thought approaches nearest to that
of Virgil, of any in the Augustan age, and who deserves to be
more universally read than he is at present, thus describes the
reign of Saturn: a subject which all the poets of that time have
touched on.

Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege, prīnquam
Tellus in longas est patēsaēa vias.
Nondum cæruleas pinus contemplarit undas,
Effusum ventis præbueratque finum.
Nec vagus ignotis repetens compendia terris
Præfserat externa navita merce ratem.
Illo non validus subit juga tempore taurus,
Non domito frānos ore momordit equus.

Now
The Tuscanst oth these arts their greatness owe,
’Twas hence majestic Rome began to grow,
Rome, noblest object of the things below;
Who, while the subject earth with wonder fills,
Hath, single, deck’d with towers her seven hills.
Ere Cretan Jove a sceptre sway’d, before
Man dar’d to spill the useful bullock’s gore,
Such was the peaceful life old Saturn led,
Such was the golden age, from guilt secure and dread!
Ere the loud trumpet founded dire alarms,
Or impious swords were forg’d, and clattering arms.
But we have pass’d a broad and boundless plain,
’Tis time the smoaking courser to unrein.

Non domus ulla fores habuit, non fixus in agris,
Qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.
Ipsae mella dabant quercus, utroque ferebant
Obvia securus ubera lactis oves.
Non acies, non ira sibi, non bella; neque enses
Immiti sacros duxerat arte faber.

TIBULL. Lib. i. El. 3. v. 35.

664. Impious swords.] Upon naming the sword, the poet
seems to start, as if all the miseries of the civil war were brought
afresh to his sight, and instantly concludes. B E N S O N.
BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

The exordium of this book is particularly pompous and elevated. The precepts of our poet concerning the breeding of cattle, the subject of this book, are divided into four parts. I. Of the best methods of breeding cows and horses, with rules to distinguish the best breeds of each. II. Of sheep and goats. III. Of dogs. IV. Of things that are pernicious to cattle; particularly serpents, vipers, scabs, the murrain, fevers, and the plague; with a moving and sublime description of which last, this book concludes. The descriptions and digressions in the book are more frequent than in any of the rest. Such is this description of the chariot-race; of the insect Asilus; of the loves of the beasts; and the Scythian winter.
P. VIRGILII MARONIS

GEO R G I C A.

L I B E R T E R T I U S.

Te quoque, magna Pales, et te memorande canemus
Pastor ab Amphryso: vos silvae amnesque Lycae.
Cetera, quae vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes,
Omnia jam volgata. quis aut Eurythhea durum,
Aut inlaudati nescit Busiris aras?
Quoi non dictus Hylas puer, et Latonia Delos?
Hippodameque, humeroque Pelops insignis eburno
Acer equis? tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum
Tollere humo, victorque virum votitare per ora
Primus ego in patriam mecum, modo vita superfit,
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas:
Primus Idumaes referam tibi, Mantua, palmas:

Ver. 1. Thy praises too, great Pales.] This is the book which
appears to me the most charming of all the Georgics. Mr.
Addison's favourite is the fourth, which indeed is more sweet
and elegant, but the beauties of this are more great, more
manly, and sublime. He invokes Pales as the goddess of
shepherds, and Apollo who fed the herds of king Admetus on
the banks of the river Amphryus.

5. Who knows not all the songs.] Virgil here strongly ridicules
the trite and fabulous subjects of the Grecian poets. 'Tis in-
geniously conjectured by Fulvius Ursinus, that he alludes to
particular authors who had treated of the fabulous stories he
mentions. Thus Homer has related the fable of Eurythmeus
in the eighteenth Iliad. Athenaeus quotes the Bufris of
Mnesimachus in his ninth book. Theocritus and Apollonius
finely relate the story of Hylas and Hercules his grief for his
lofs. Callimachus is referred to in Latonia Delos, and the first
Olympic
THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK THE THIRD.

 Thy praises too, great Pales, will we sing,
With thee fam'd shepherd of Amphrysus' spring;
Ye too, Lycaeus' groves, and gushing streams,
For vain are ancient tales, and vulgar themes;
Who knows not all the songs that once cou'd please,
Busiris' shrines, Euryléeus' dire decrees?
Can Dian's isle, or Hylas, longer charm?
Or Pelops famous for his ivory arm,
Whose steeds victorious in the dusty race
Won him the fair Hippodame's embrace?
I too must find a path untrod before,
And far from groveling earth, to fame sublimely soar.
I first of Romans to th' Hesperian plain,
Will lead th' Aonian nymphs, if life remain:
I first will bid Idumes' palms arise,
Exchange their foil, and bloom in Mantuan skies.

Olympic ode of Pindar is to be understood by the mention of Hippodamia and Pelops. He breaks out at last into a noble triumph of assurance, that he shall rival these Greek poets:

Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tellere humo, victorque virum voluntare per ora.

Mr. Pope used to say, that this triumph of Virgil over the Greek poets, was one of the vainest things that ever was writ.
—But surely its sublimity makes amends for this imputed vanity.

Vol. I.
Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, ac tenera praetexit arundine ripas.

19. Spreading wide his ling'ring waters.] This description of
the Mincio is as exact as possible; the force of it lies chiefly in
the epithets, *tardis, ingens*—the wide spreading and almost
 stagnation of the river, which forms the lake of Mantua.

17. These hands.] Mr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace's
Epistle to Augustus, hath discoursed so entertainingly on
the introductory lines of this third book, that it was thought pro-
per to insert the following extract from that judicious work:

On the idea of the Apotheosis, which was the usual mode of
flattery in the Augustan age, but, as having the countenance
of public authority, sometimes inartificially enough employed,
Virgil hath projected one of the noblest allegories in ancient
poetry, and at the same time hath given to it all the force of
just compliment, the *occafor* itself allowed. *Each* of these ex-
cellencies was to be expected from his talents. For as his ge-
nius led him to the sublime; so his exquisite judgment would
infract him to palliate this bold fiction, and qualify as much as
possible, the shocking adulation implied in it. So singular a
beauty deserves to be shewn at large.

The third Georgic sets out with an apology for the low
and simple argument of that work, which yet the poet esteem-
ed, for its novelty, preferable to the sublimer, but trite, themes
of the Greek writers. Not but he intended, on some future
occasion, to adorn a nobler subject. This was the great plan
of the Aeneis, which he now *prefigures* and unfolds at large.
For, taking advantage of the noblest privilege of his art, he
breaks away, in a fit of prophetic enthusiasm, to predict his
successes in this projected enterprize, and under the imagery of
the ancient triumph, which comprehends or suggests to the ima-
gination, whatever is most august in human affairs, to delineate
the future glories of this ambitious design. The whole con-
ception, as we shall see, is of the utmost grandeur and mag-
nificence; though, according to the usual management of the
poet (which as not being apprehended by his critics, hath fur-
nished occasion even to the best of them to charge him with a
want of the sublime) he hath contrived to soften and familiarize
its appearance to the reader; by the artful manner in which
it is introduced. It stands thus:

_Tentanda via eft, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per oras._

The idea of *victory*, thus casually dropped, he makes the basis
of his imagery; which, by means of this gradual preparation,
offers itself easy to the apprehension, though it thereby loses,
These hands a fane of Parian stone shall build,
Where Mincio's stream bedews the verdant field;
And spreading wide his ling'ring waters, feeds
Around his winding shores the tender reeds.
as the poet designed it should, much of that broad glare, in
which writers of less judgment love to shew their ideas, as tend-
ing to set the common reader at a gaze. The allegory then
proceeds:

Primus ego in patriam mecum, modo vita supersit,
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas.
The projected conquest was no less than that of all the Grecian
Muses at once; whom, to carry on the decorum of the allegory,
he threatens, 1. to force from their high and advantageous
situation on the summit of the Aonian Mount; and 2. to bring
captive with him into Italy; the former circumstance intimating
to us the difficulty and danger of the enterprize; and the latter,
his complete execution of it.
The palsy, triumphal entry, which was usual to victors on
their return from foreign successes, follows:

Primus Idumaeas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas.
But ancient conquerors did not hold it sufficient to reap this
transient fruit of their labours. They were ambitious to confe-
crate their glory to immortality, by a temple, or other public
monument, which was to be built out of the spoils of the con-
quered cities or countries. This the reader sees is suitable to
the idea of the great work proposed; which was, out of the old
remains of Grecian art, to compose a new one that should com-
prise the virtues of all of them: as, in fact, the Aeneid is
known to unite in itself whatever is most excellent not in Ho-
mer only, but, universally, in the wits of Greece. The ever-
lasting monument of the marble temple is then reared:

Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam.
And because ancient superstition usually preferred, for these
purposes, the banks of rivers to other situations, therefore
the poet, in beautiful allusion to the site of some of the most
celebrated pagan temples, builds his on the MinciUs. We
see with what a scrupulous propriety the allusion is carried on.

Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
MinciUs, et tenera praetexit arundine ripas.
Next, this temple was to be dedicated, as a monument of
the victor's piety, as well as glory, to some propitious, tutelary
deity, under whose auspices the great adventure had been

achieved.
In medio mihi Caesar erit, templumque tenebit.

achieved. The dedication is then made to the poet's divinity, Augustus:

_In medio mihi Caesar erit, templumque tenebit._

_Templum Tenebit._ The expression is emphatical; as intimating to us, and prefiguring the secret purpose of the Aeneis, which was, in the person of Aeneas, to shadow forth and consecrate the character of Augustus. His divinity was to fill and occupy that great work. And the ample circuit and magnificence of the epic plan was projected only, as a more awful enclosure of that august presence, which was to inhabit and solemnize the vast round of this poetic building.

And now the wonderful address of the poet's artifice appears. The mad servility of his country had deified the emperor in good earnest: and his brother poets made no scruple to worship in his temples, and to come before him with handfuls of real incense, smoking from the altars. But the sobriety of Virgil's adoration was of another cast. He feizes this circumstance only to embody a poetical fiction; which, on the supposition of an actual deification, hath all the force of compliment, which the fact implies, and yet, as presented through the chaste veil of allegory, eludes the monstrous offence, which the naked recital must needs have given to decency and common sense. Had the emperor's popular divinity been flatly acknowledged, and adored, the praise, even under Virgil's management, had been insufferable for its extravagance; and without some support for his poetical numen to rest upon, the figure had been more forced and strained, than the rules of just writing allow. As it is, the historical truth of his apotkeoisis authorizes and supports the fiction, and the fiction, in its turn, serves to refine and palliate the history.

The Aeneis being, by the poet's improvement of this circumstance, thus naturally predicted under the image of a temple, we may expect to find a close and studied analogy betwixt them. The great, component parts of the one, will no doubt be made, very faithfully, to represent and adumbrate those of the other. This hath been executed with great art and diligence.

1. The temple, we observed, was erected on the banks of a river. This site was not only proper for the reason already mentioned, but also, for the further convenience of instituting public games, the ordinary attendants of the consecration of temples. These were generally, as in the case of the Olympic and others, celebrated on the banks of rivers.

_Hi victor ego, et Tyrio conspectus in orbro_ 
_Centum quadrijugos agitabo ad flamina currus._
In the mid dome shall Caesar's form divine
Superior stand the godhead of the shrine.

Cunus mini, Alpheum linguens lucosque Molochi,
Curibus et crudo decernet Graecia caesu.

To see the propriety of the figure in this place, the reader needs only be reminded of the book of games in the Aeneid, which was purpofely introduced in honour of the emperor, and not, as is commonly thought, for a mere trial of skill between the poet and his mafter. The emperor was passionatly fond of these sports, and was even the author or refituer of one of them. It is not to be doubted, that he alludes alfo to the quinquennium games, actually celebrated, in honour of his temples, through many parts of the empire. And this the poet undertakes in the civil office of victor.

2. What follows is in the religious office of priest. For it is to be noted, that, in assuming this double character, the poet has an eye to the political design of the Aeneis, which was to do honour to Caeser, in either capacity of a civil and religious personage; both being efential to the idea of the perfect legislator, he was to adorn and recommend. The account of his Jecerdotal functions is delivered in these words:

Ipse caput tonsae folis ornatus oliva,  
Dona fera: jam non follemnis ducere pompas  
Ad delubra juvat, caosaque videre juvenes:  
Vel scaena ut versus dicerat frontium; utque  
Purpurea intesti tollat aulica Britanni.

The imagery in this place cannot be underflood, without reflecting on the customary form and disposition of the pagan temples. Delubrum, or Delubra, for either number is used indifferently, denotes the shrine, or sanctuary, wherein the statue of the presiding God was placed. This was in the center of the building. Exactly before the delubrum, and at no great distance from it, was the altar. Further, the shrine, or delubrum, was inclofed, and shut up on all sides by doors of curious carved work, and duftile veils, embellifhed by the rich embroidery of flowers, animals, or human figures. This being observed, the progress of the imagery before us will be this. The procession ad delubra, or shrine: the sacrifice on the altars, erected before it: and, laftly, the painted, or rather wrought feenery of the purple veils, inclosing the image, which were ornamented, and feemed to be fustained or held up by the figures of invequun Britons. The meaning of all which is, that the poet would proceed to the celebration of Caeser's praise in all the gradual, folemn preparation of poetic pomp: that he would render the most grateful offerings to his divinity
Ili victor ego, et Tyrio conspicus in ostro

in those occasional episodes, which he should consecrate to his more immediate honour; and finally, that he would provide the richest texture of his fancy, for a covering to that admired image of his virtues, which was to make the sovereign pride and glory of his poem. The choice of the invocen Britons, for the support of his veil, is well accounted for by those, who tell us, that Augusta was proud to have a number of these to serve about him in quality of slaves. The ornaments of the Doors of this delubrum, on which the sculptor used to lavish all the riches of his art, are next delineated.

In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephanto
Gangaridum faciam, victorisque arma Quirini:
Atque hic undantem bello, magnumque fluentem
Nilum, ac navali surgentis acre columnas.
Addam urbis Asiae amitas, pulsumque Niphaten,
Fidentemque fuga Partum versifice jagitis,
Et duo rapta manu diverso ex hoste tropaeus,
Bifque triumphatas utroque ab ilio gentis.

Here the covering of the figure is too thin to hide the literal meaning from the common reader, who sees, that the several triumphs of Caefar, here recorded in sculpture, are those, which the poet hath taken so much pains to finish, and hath occasionally inserted, as it were, in miniature, in several places of his poem. Let him only turn to the prophetic speech of Anchises' shade in the VIth, and to the description of the shield in the VIIIth book.

Hitherto we have contemplated the decorations of the shrine, i. e. such as bear a more direct and immediate reference to the honour of Caefar. We are now presented with a view of the remote surrounding ornaments of the temple. These are the illustrious Trojan chiefs, whose story was to furnish the materials, or, more properly, to form the body and cafe, as it were, of this august structure. They are also connected with the idol deity of the place by the closest ties of relationship, the Julian family affecting to derive its pedigree from this proud original. The poet then, in his arrangement of these additional figures, with admirable judgment, completes and rounds the entire fiction.

Stabunt & Parii lapides, fpirantia signa,
Aflaraci protes, demissaeque ab Jove gentis
Nomina, Trojque parenti, & Trojae Cynthiaus aucto.

Nothing now remains but for fame to eternize the glories of what the great architect had, at the expense of so much art and labour, completed; which is predicted, in the highest sublime of ancient poetry, under the idea of envy, whom the poet personalizes, shuddering at the view of such transcendent
For him, myself to grace the solemn feast,
Chief of the sports, in Tyrian purple dreft,

descending perfection; and tainting, beforehand, the pains of a remediless vexation, strongly pictured in the image of the worst, infernal tortures.

\[\textbf{Invidia infelix furias ammemque severum}
\textit{Caco} 
\textit{metuct, torto} 
\textit{Ixionis orbes,}
\textit{Immanemque retam, et non exsuperabile saxum.}

Thus have I presumed, but with a religious awe, to inspect and declare the mysteries of this ideal temple. The attempt after all might have been cenured, as profane, if the great Mythagoge himself, or somebody for him*, had not given us the undoubted key to it. Under this encouragement I could not withstand the temptation of disclosing thus much of one of the noblest fictions of antiquity; and the rather, as the propriety of allegoric composition, which made the distinguished pride of ancient poetry, seems but little known or attended to by modern professors of this fine art.

* In these lines,

\[\text{Mox tamen ardens accingar dicere pugnas}
\text{Caesaris, & nomen fana tot ferre per annos,}
\text{Tiboni prima quot absśt ab origine Caesar.}

Which I suspect not to have been from the hand of Virgil.

And,

1. On account of some peculiarities in the expression.

Accingar is of frequent use in the best authors, to denote a readiness and relatioin to do any thing; but as joined with an infinitive mood, accingar dicere, I do not remember to have ever seen it. 'Tis often used by Virgil; but, if the several places be consulted, it will always be found with an accusative and preposition, expressed or understood, as magicas accingar artes, or with an accusative and dative, as accingere se praedae, or lastly with an ablative, expressing the instrument, as accingor ferro. La Cerda, in his notes upon the place, seemed sensible of the objection, and therefore wrote, \textit{Graec} \textit{locutio:} the common, but paltry, shift of learned critics, when they determine, at any rate, to support an ancient reading.

2. Ardentis pugnas, burning battles, sounds well enough to a modern ear; but I much doubt if it would have paffed in the times of Virgil. At least, I recollect no such expression in all his works; ardens being constantly joined to a word, denoting a substance of apparent light, heat, or flame, to which the allusion is easy, as ardentes gladios, ardentes oculos, campos armis sublimibus ardentes, and by an easy metaphor, ardentes boves, but
but no where, that I can find, to so abstract a notion, as that of fight. It seems to be to avoid this difficulty, that some have chosen to read *ardentis*, in the *genitive*, which yet Servius rejects as of no authority.

3. But the most glaring note of illegitimacy is in the line,

*Tithoni prima quot abst ab origine Caesar.*

It has puzzled all the commentators from old Servius down to Mr. Martyn, to give any tolerable account of the poet’s choice of *Tithoni*, from whom to derive the ancestry of Augustus, rather than Anchises, or Assaracus, who were not only more famous, but in the direct line. The pretences of any or all of them are too frivolous to make it necessary to spend a thought about them. The instance stands single in antiquity; much less is there any thing like it to be found in the Augustan poets.

II. But the phraseology of these lines is the least of my objection. Were it ever so accurate, there is, besides, on the first view, a manifest absurdity in the subject-matter of them. For would any writer, of but common skill in the art of composition, choose a long and elaborate allegory, the principal grace of which consists in its very mystery, with a cold, and formal explanation of it? Or would he pay so poor a compliment to his patron, as to suppose his sagacity wanted the assistance of this additional triplet to lead him into the true meaning? Nothing can be more abhorrent from the usual ad\-dress and artifice of Virgil’s manner. Or,

III. Were the subject-matter itself passable, yet, how, in defiance of all the laws of *disposition*, came it to be forced in here? Let the reader turn to the passage, and he will soon perceive that this could never be the place for it. The allego\-ry being concluded, the poet returns to his subject, which is proposed in the six following lines:

*Internea Dryadum syllvas saltusque sequamur*

*Intactos, tua, Maecenas, baud mollia jussa.*

*Troc nil alto mens incerat, en aege fignis*

*Rumpe meras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,*

*Lepidique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:*

*Et vero adfensu numerum ingeminata remugit.*

Would now any one expect, that the poet, after having con\-cluded the reader thus respectfully, to the very threshold of his subject, should immediately run away again to the point, from which he had set out, and this on so needful an errand, as the letting him into the secret of his allegory?

But this inserted triplet agrees as ill with what follows, as with
Will lash an hundred cars, like chiefs of yore, 25
By four-yok’d horses whirl’d along the founding shore.
All Greece shall leave her feats of ancient fame,
To try on Roman ground, th’ heroic game;
With manly arm the weighty gauntlet wield;
Or lightly skim with winged feet the field:

with what precedes it. For how abrupt is the transition, and unlike the delicate connection, so studiously contrived by the Augustan poets, from

_Titoni prima quot abest ab origine Caesar,

To

_Seu quis Olympiaca miratur praemia palmae, &c._

When omit but these interpolated lines, and see how gracefully, and by how natural a succession of ideas, the poet slides into the main of his subject!—

_Interea Dryadum sylvas salutisque sequamur
Intaxis——
Te fine nil——
Rumpe moras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
_Taygetique canes, domsirixque Epidaurus equorum:
_Et vox adjuv nutorum ingeminata remugit.
_Seu quis Olympiaca miratus praemia palmae,
Paseit equos; seu quis foris ad aratra iuvencos._

On the whole, I have not the least doubt, that the lines before us are the spurious offspring of some later poet; if indeed the writer of them deserve that name; for, whoever he was, he is so far from partaking of the original spirit of Virgil, that at most, he appears to have been but a servile and paltry mimic of Ovid; from the opening of whose Metamorphoses the design was clearly taken. The turn of the thought is evidently the same in both, and even the expression. _Mutatas dicere formas_ is echoed by _ardentes dicere pugnas: dicere fort animus_, is, by an affected improvement, _accingar dicere_: and _Titoni prima ab origine_ is almost literally the same as _primaque ab origine mundi._ For the inference of these lines in this place I leave it to the curious to conjecture of it, as they may; but in the mean time, must esteem the office of the true critic to be so far resembling that of the poet himself, as within some proper limitations, to justify the benefic liberty here taken.

_Cum tabulis animum cenforis sumet bonasti;
Audebit quaecunque parum splendoris habeunt
Et sine ponder e erunt, & honore indigna feruntur,
_Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae._

[2 Ep. ii. 110]
Ipsè caput tonsæe folis ornatus olivæ
Donæ feram. jam nunc follemnis ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat, caesosque videre juvencos:
Vel scæna ut versis discedat frontibus; utque
Putræa intextæ tollant aulaeæ Britanni.

In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephanto
Gangaridum faciam, victorísque arma Quirini:
Atque hic undantem bellow, magnunmque fluentem
Nilum, ac navali surgentis aere columnas.

Addam urbis Asiae domitas, pulsumque Niphaten,
Fidentemque fuga Parthum versisque fagittis,
Et duo rapta manu diverso ex hoffe tropæa,
Bifque triumphatas utroque ab litore gentis.

Stabunt et Parii lapides, spírantia signa,
Affaraci proles, démissaeque ab Jove gentis
Nomina, Trosque parens, et Trojae Cynthiae auctóri,
Invidia infelix Furias annæmque severum
Cocyti metuet, tortusque Ixionis orbis,
Inmanemque rotan, et non exsuperabile saxum.
Interæ Dryadum silvas saltusque sequamur
Intactos, tua, Maccénas, haud mollia jufla.

35. [I see the turning scene.] The commentators seem not sufficienty to have explained the expression of, ut versis discedat frontibus in the original. The ancient scenes were painted on a triangular machine, marked in the plate, D; which was so formed as to turn upon an axle or pin; each of its three sides, mark’d in the ground-plan of the plate, 1. 2. 3. represented a different subject; viz. 1. a city. 2. a palace or magnificent portico. 3. a wild forest, cave, or meadow. When a comedy was play’d, the first of these three frontispieces was turned towards the spectators; when a tragedy, the second; when a satirical piece (such as Infalice, as the Cyclops of Euripides) the third was exposed to view. And these triangular machines were placed under the arches of the theatre, marked in the plate, A, B, C. See Vitruvius, B. 5. and L’Antiquité expliquée par D. Bor. Montfaucon, tom. 3. p. 235.

54. [Envy.] The persons he is speaking of are the enemies of the Julian family; or the faction, as he calls it, against the Caesars. These, he says, should be represented on the temple he
While I, my brows with olive-chaplet bound,
The meed of each victorious toil propound.
Ev'n now I seem the stately pomp to lead,
Now, now, beneath my steel the victims bleed:
I see the turning scene swift change its face,
The pictur'd Britons in the curtains trace,
Which seem to lift the tapestry they grace.
High on the gates, the fell Gangarian fight
In gold and ivory wrought, shall strike the sight.
Here swoln with war, majestic Nile shall pass,
And the tall columns rise in naval brases:
Prostrate in dust, there Asia's cities weep,
And huge Niphates-bend his mountain steep;
The Parthians there the backward arrow ply,
And-vainly strive to conquer as they fly:
Caesar shall here a double triumph boast,
And conquer'd nations kneel from either coast.
Around in order'd ranks an awful band,
Rome's ancestors in breathing stone shall stand:
Thy feed, Assaracus, the mighty line
That drew from Jove its origin divine:
Next Tros, whom Troy her ancient father calls,
With him, the God who rais'd her lofty walls.
Envy, foul fiend, shall view with baleful eyes
Cocytus' billows black around her rise;
The stings of mad Ixion's snakes shall feel,
Quake at th' unconquer'd stone, and ever-whirling wheel.
Mean time, Maecenas, we'll the woods pursue;
The task is arduous, but enjoin'd by you.

he would build to Augustus, as in the tortures of Tartarus; and more particularly as punished in the same manner as Ixion and Sisyphus. Ixion was punished there for his ingratitude and impiety: Sisyphus as a villain and a robber. So that this is calling all the party against Augustus, rascals and ingrates; and infers the highest compliment to that prince, at the same time that it is the most cruel of invectives against his enemies.

Polymetis, pag. 208.
Te fine nil altum mens inchoat. en age fegnis
Rumpe moras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox adfensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. 45
Mox tamen ardentis accingar dicere pugnas
Caefaris, et nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni prima quot abeft ab origine Caefar.
Seu quis, Olympiaeae miratus praemia palmae,
Pascit equos, seu quis fortis ad aratra juvencos;
Corpora praeipue matrum legat. optuma torvae
Forma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
Et crurum tenus a mento palearia pendent.
Tum longo nullus lateri modus: omnia magna:
Pes etiam, et camuris hirtae sub cornibus aures. 55
Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo,
Aut juga dextraetans; interdumque aspera cornu,
Et faciem tauro propior, quaæque ardua tota,
Et gradiens ima verrit vestigia cauda.
Aetas Lucinam, juftofque pati hymenaeos
Definit ante decem, poft quatuor incipit annos:
Cetera nec foeturae habilis, nec fortis aratris.
Interea, superat gregibus dum laeta juventas,
Solve mares: mitte in venerem pecuaria primus,
Atque aliam ex alia generando suffice prolem. 60

75. A clumsy head.] Varro and Columella say that a good cow’s head should be large, latis frontibus, her neck long and broad, her dew-laps hanging low, and in general, that her body should be long and large. Ut sint bene compositae, ut integris membris ablongae, amplae—corporé ampio, bene costatos, largis humeris, bonis clunibus.—Virgil seems to have had his eye on this passage. Varro likewise mentions the length of the tail.
Without thine aid no fancy fires my breast;
Haste, let us burst the bands of idle rest.
Hark, from afar Cythaeron’s voice I hear,
Taygetus’ opening dogs my spirits cheer;
With neighing steeds tall Epidaure refounds;
From the deep groves the doubling din rebounds.
The time may come, when my maturer muse
Augustus’ glowing lights her theme shall choose:
And thro’ more ages bid his glory last,
Than have from Tithon’s birth to Caeser past.

The youth, who studious of th’ Olympic meed,
And fond of fame, would rear the stately steed;
Or bend the sturdy bullock to the yoke,
Must choose the dam with nice sagacious care.
First, by these marks select thy mother-cow,
A clumsy head, broad neck, and lowering brow:
Her double dew-laps from her chin must rise,
In spacious folds descending o’er her thighs:
Be her’s a disproportion’d length of side,
Her limbs all frame’d with vast unwieldy pride:
Let tufts of hair her ample feet adorn,
Rough be her ear, and wreath’d her bending horn:
Nor less her worth, if o’er her jetty skin,
Some random spots of snowy white be seen;
Or if she aim a blow, or spurn the yoke,
Or wear a stern-brow’d bull’s rough threatening look.

Majestic she must walk with lofty mien,
And proudly sweep with length of tail the green.
When now four years have steel’d her lufy frame,
Then let her prove kind Hymen’s mutual flame:
At ten release her; now no more to prove
The toils of culture, or the joys of love.

Mean time, while warmth of youthful blood prevails,
To the soft bliss admit thy sprightly males:
Let their first vigour try the fierce embrace;
So herds shall rise on herds, and race on race.
Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus avit
Prima fugit: subeunt morbi, tristiisque fene ctus;
Et labor, et durae rapit inclementia mortis.
Semper crunt, quarum mutari corpora malis.
Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,
Ante veni, et subolem armento fortire quotannis.
Nec non et pecori eft idem dilectus equino.
Tu modo, quos in spem statues submittere gentis,
Praecipuum jam inde a teneris inpende laborem.
Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit.
Primus et ire viam, et fluvi os tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto fef e committere ponti:
Nec vanos horret strepitus. (illi ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obefaque terga:
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus: honestii
Spadices, glaucique; color determinus albis,
Et gilvo) tum, si qua fonum procul arma dedere,
Stare loco nefcit: micat auribus, ac tremit artus;
Conleقتumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem:
Densa juba, et dextro jaetata recumbit in armo.
At duplex agitur per lumbos spina, cavatque
Tellurem, et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu.
Talis Amyclaei domitus Pollucis habenis
Cyllarus, et, quorum Graii meminere poëtae,

96. Our best of days.] This tender moral reflection thrown
in, diversifies and exalts the low subject the poet is treating of.

108. Ev'n now the colt.] Having spoken of the marks of
good cows, the poet proceeds to speak of horses, and gives a
beautiful description of a colt that is fit to be chosen for a
stallion. There is some difficulty concerning the meaning of
spadices: but after much enquiry Dr. Martyn thinks it is the
colour we call bay, chestnut, or sorrel.

116. Grey.] Glauus, when spoken of the colour of an horse,
signifies a dark or iron-grey; our people in Wales, still call a
grey horse kepbal glauce.

119. Reflects be parus.] This is a beautiful description of a
mettlefome horse; but it is far excelled by that noble one in
the book of Job. Particularly, "He swalloweth the ground
with
Our best of days advance with double speed,
Diseases, pains, a ghastly troop! succeed;
With care, and labour, and complaining age,
And ruthless death's inexorable rage.
For fresh supplies thy weary'd race remove;
Nor place on one alone the weight of love.
Still propagate thy breed with annual care,
And with new births the fleeting race repair.

Nor less with equal care select the steed;
Thou who resolv'ft to rear a generous breed,
Nurse from his earliest youth the chozen fire,
And feed with careful hand his native fire.

Ev'n now the colt treads high with stately pace,
And moves his pliant limbs with easy grace;
Outstrips the rest; the first that dares to brave
The unknown bridge, or tempt the threat'ning wave:
No sudden sounds alarm his soul with dread;
Sublime his arched neck, and small his head:
Short paunch, and breadth of back his might attest,
And prominent with brawn his fearless breast.

Of colours choose the dapple or the grey,
For white and dun a daftard race betray.
Lo! when the battle's distant din he hears,
Restless he paws; erects his eager ears;
With generous fury glows his quivering frame,
And from his nostril bursts the fierce, collected flame.
O'er his right shoulder his redundant mane
Waves to the zephyr as he skims the plain.
Thro' his broad back shoots a divided spine,
And arms with double force his mighty chine.
While o'er the green as his fleet hoof is borne,
Echoes the trembling ground beneath the solid horn.

Such Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd,
And such the steeds, in Grecian story fam'd,
with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he (for joy!) that it is the sound of the trumpet," is more spirited and strong than any circumstance in Virgil's picture.
Martis equi bijuges, et magni currus Achillis.
Talis et ipsa jubam cervice effudit equina
Conjugis adventu pernix Saturnus, et altum
Pelion hinnitu fugiens inplevit acuto.
Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis, aut jam fegnior annis
Deficit, abde domo; nec turpi ignoscit seneectae.
Frigidus in venerem senior, frusfraque laborem
Ingratum trahit: et, si quando ad proelia ventum est,
Ut quondam in stipula magnus sine viribus ignis,
Incaellum fuit. ergo animos aevomque notabis
Praecipue: hinc alias artis, prolemque parentum,
Et quis cuique dolor victo, quae gloria palmae.
Nonne vides, cum praecepti certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi caricere currus,
Cum spes arrectae juvenum, exsultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulfans: illi infant verbere torto,
Et proni dant lora: volat vi servidus axis.
Jamque humiles, jamque elati sublimes videntur
Ae-ra per vacuum ferri, atque adsurgere in auras.
Nec mora, nec requies. at fulvae nimbus arenae
Tollitur: humescent spumis, flatuque sequentum.
Tantus amor laudum, tantae est victoria curae.
Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidusque rotis insiflerc victor.

132. Such Saturn.] Heyne well observes on this passage;
talem formam habebat (at quam ornat hoc poëta extulit) Saturnus, cum equi speciem aufferit, ut siura sua cum Philyre, unde Chiron natus, in Pelio opem celaret.

148. Doth thou not see.] No description was ever more spirited and lively than this of the chariot race. The poet has crowded into a few lines all the circumstances that are most striking in the famous description of Homer, and it must be owned has here excelled the Greek poet. One may say, as Longinus does on almost a similar occasion, that the soul of the reader is, as it were, mounted in the chariot, and whirled along in the race with it.

That to the battle bore the god of war,
And whirl'd the fierce Achilles' thund'ring car:
Such Saturn too, when from the guilty bed,
Cloath'd in a flowing mane, his queen he fled,
And pierc'd with neighings thrill hoar Pelion's piny
When now his strength and youthful years decay,
With no inglorious ease his pains repay;
But grant him, of thy gratitude, to close
His honour'd age at home in safe repose.
When genial warmth forsakes his frozen veins,
Love is a toil, and barren are his pains;
In all the rage of impotent desire,
As o'er the stubble flies the catching fire,
His sparks are spent, and in a flash expire.
Be careful then to mark thy stallion's age,
His feats, his offspring, and his native rage;
Whether he grieve, when in the race outdone,
Or proudly triumph in the trophy won.
Dost thou not see the cars, rival train,
Shoot from the goal, and pour along the plain?
By varying fits, each trembling charioteer,
Now flush'd with hope, now pale with panting fear,
Plies the loud lash, hangs headlong o'er the reins;
Swift bounds the servid axle o'er the plains:
Now deep in dust obscur'd the chariot flies,
Now mounts in air, and gains upon the skies.
The strife runs high, too fierce for dull delay,
The sandy volumes darken all the way:
Bath'd in their followers' foam appear the first:
Such is the love of praise, and glory's thirst.
First Erichthonius dar'd with dauntless skill
To yoke four steeds, and guide the victor's wheel.

rophon invented the backing of horses, Pelethronius bridles
and furniture, and the centaurs of Thessaly the fighting on
horseback.
2o6

P. Virgilii Maronis Georgica. Lib. 3.

Frena Pelethronii Lapithae, gyrofque dedere
Inpofiti dorfo; atque equitem docuere sub armis
Insultare folo, et greslus glomerare superbos.
Aequus uterque labor: aeque juvenemque magisfri
Exquirunt, calidumque animis et curfibus acrem.
Quamvis faepe fuga verfos ille egerit hoflis,
Et patriam Epirum referat, fortifque Mycenas;
Neptunique ipfa deducat origine gentem.

Hism animadversis instant sub tempus, et omnis
Inpandunt curas denfo DiAendere pingui,
Quem legere ducem, et pecori dixere maritum:

163. Form his pliant feet.] There are several lines in this
third Georgic, which shew that the manege was found out
much earlier than some would imagine. Witness the following
passage:

Gyrofque dedere

Inpofiti dorfo.

And that other,

Carpe mox gyrum incipiatur, &c.

The simile just after was meant to shew, a violently swift, but
at the fame time a level and uniform motion. Holdsworth.

170. Without these virtues.] I received the following ob-
servations on this passage from a very ingenious gentleman.
I have always been absolutely at a loss to make out the con-
nection of these three lines [in the original] with the foregoing.
Translators and commentators make quamvis refer to some-
thing which is certainly not expressed there, nor I think im-
plied, or infufianated; nor indeed confent with what is there
expressed. How can the horse be supposed faepe verfos
hostes egiffe, if he was not calidus animis? Quamvis implies an
opposition between these two, whereas no two things can be
more naturally connected. You have got over the difculty as
well as your neighbours, but I think it is insuperable, as the
text now stands. Besides, quamvis implies that the horse above
described was rejected, not that he was fought out, and chosen.
In short I am perfuaded, these three lines are not in their
right place. Suppose them placed as follows:

Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo graviss, aut jam sequior annis
Deficit, abde domo; nec turpi ignoce senectae.

Quamvis
The flalia taught the conduct of the bit,
To mount the steed, and form his pliant feet.
To paw the ground, to wheel, to turn with grace,
And tread the plain with more majestic pace.
The same the labour and the praise to breed,
Or for the bit or car, the vigorous steed:
In each is requisite a generous rage,
A swiftness in the course, and blooming age.
Without these virtues, vain all former boast,
That erst he chased in flight a trembling host;
Tho' Argos, or Epirus gave him birth,
Or Neptune's trident-stroke, that op'd the pregnant earth.
These rules observ'd, with copious grain they feed
The husband of the herd, and father of the breed:
With genial herbs his amorous heat sustain,
And give the copious stream, and golden grain;
Left weak he faint amid the soft embrace,
The famish'd father of a many race.

Quamvis saepe fugà versos ille egerit hostis,
Et patriam Epìrum referat, fortisque Mycenas;
Neptuniqùe ipsa deducat origine gentem.
Frigidus in venerem junior——

Hunc quoque——abde domo——quamvis——Observe that the
horseties here abovementioned are war horses; Pollux', Mars',
and Achilles' his horses; qui versos hostes egerint; now see how
well the other passage goes on without the lines in question.

Aequus uterque labor: aequus juvenemque magistri
Exquirunt, calidumque animis et curfiosus acrem.
His animadversis——

Nimirum, juveniute, animis, pernicitate——

By way of precedent, there are two remarkable transpositions
of this kind in the Aeneid, which the critics have rectified
against all authority of manuscripts——Aeneid 6. 745. Donc
longa dies——and the two next lines, which should follow, af-
ter exuritur igni.

Aeneid 10. 717. Ille autem impavidus——and the next,
which should come after clamoribus instant.

176. With genial herbs.] Varro and Columella speak of
the necessity of feeding the bulls amply for two months be-
fore the time. Tauros duces meusibus ante admisfaram herbâ,
et paled et foeno facio pleniorc et a faeminis fecerno. Varro.

X 2
Ipfa autem macie tenuant armenta volentes.
Atque, ubi concubitus primos jam nota voluptas
Sollicitat, frondisque negant, et fontibus arcent:
Saepe etiam curfu quatiunt, et solo fatigant,
Cum graviter tunris gemit area frugibus, et cum
Surgentem ad Zephyrum paleae jactantur inanes.
Hoc faciunt, nimio ne luxu obtusior usus
Sit genitali arvo, et fulcos oblimet inertis:
Sed rapiat sitiens venerem, interiusque recondat.
Rurfus cura patrum cadere, et succedere matrum
Incipit. exactis gravidae cum mensibus errant,
Non illas gravibus quisquam juga ducere plaustris,
Non saltu superare viam fit paflus, et acri
Carpere prata fuga, fluvisque innare rapaces.
Saltibus in vacuis pascant, et plena secundum
Flumina: muscus ubi, et viridissima gramine ripa,
Speluncaeque tegant, et faxea procubet umbra.
Est lucos Sileri circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, quo nomen asilo
Romanum est, ocefron Graii vertere vocantes;
Asper, acerba fonans: quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus aether
Concussus, silvaeque et sicci ripa Tanagri.

182. Nt avi defires. | Voluptas nota in the original, does not
signify the experienced pleasure, says Dr. Martyn, but the
defire which now first begins to be known by the young mare.
Jam nota, juft now (and not before) known.

203. Asilo.] This insect is a dreadful plague to the cows
of Italy. An Italian writer quoted by Dr. Martyn informs
us, that it resembles a wasp, has two membraneous wings,
with which it makes a most horrible whizzing. The belly is
terminated by three long rings, one within another, from the
last of which proceeds a formidable sting. This sting is com-
posed of a tube, through which the egg is emitted, and two
augres, which make way for the tube to penetrate into the skin
of the cattle. These augres are armed with little knives,
which prick with their points, and cut with their edges,
causing intolerable pain to the wounded animal. The men-
tion of these insects put me in mind of an elegant rural com-
parison in Spenfer.
But to the mares deny they fostering food,
And drive them from the browze and cooling flood,
When now the new desires invade the boiling blood:
Oft bid them glow beneath the sunny ray,
And oft fatigue them thro' the dusty way:
When groan the floors beneath the trampled corn,
And light in air the fluttering chaff is borne;
Left too luxurious ease and plenty cloy,
Blunt the keen sense, and choak the paths of joy:
So shall the female feel the flowing seed,
And suck with greedy rage the rushing steed.
We now forsake the fires, transfer our care,
From the stout stallion, to the teeming mare.
Let her no more, along the lab'ring ground,
Draw the slow car, or leap the rising mound;
Nor tempt the flood, nor skim the level mead,
But turn her lonesome in the lawns to feed,
Soft with the greenest grasses, and many a mossy bed;
Where some full river rolls his plenteous waves,
Mid' shades of ridgy rocks, and cooling caves.
Along the forests dark where Selo flows,
And old Alburnus lifts his ilex-crowned brows,
Of winged insects swarms a frequent flight,
Aesftron in Greece; at Rome Aflus hight;
Soon as their issuing hostes, with humming found
Approach, the cattle quit the groves around;
The skies re-echo to the mingling roar,
The groves, and dry Tanager's sultry shore!

As when a swarme of gnats, at eventide,
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets founden wide,
While in the air their fluttering armie flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to din the skyes;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous injuries;
'Till the fierce northern wind with blustering blast
Doth blowne them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

Fa. Q. B. 2. l. 9. f. 16.
Hoc quondam monstrò horribilis exercuit iras
Inachiae Juno pestem meditata juvencae.
Hunc quoque, nam mediis servoribus acrior instat,
Arcebis gravidus pectori, armentaque paesces
Sole recens orto, aut noclem ducentibus astris.
Post partum cura in vitulos traducitur omnis:
Continuque notas et nomina gentis inurunt:
Et quos aut pectori malit submittere habendo,
Aut aris servare facros, aut scindere terram,
Et campum horrentem fractis invertere glebis.
Cetera pascentur viridis armenta per herbam.
Tu quos ad studium atque usum formabis agris,
Jam vitulos hortare, viamque fissete domandi,
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis actas.
Ac primum laxos tenui de vime circlos
Cervici subnecte: dehinc, ubi libera colla
Servitio adsuerint, ipsis e torquibus aptos
Junge pares: et coge gradum conferre juvencos:
Atque illis jam fæpe rotæ ducantur inanes
Per terram, et summo vestigia pulvere signent.
Post valido nitens sub pondere faginus axis
Instrepat, et junctos tempore trahat aerbus orbis.
Interea pubi indomita non grammata tantum,
Nec vesca satricum frondes, ulvamque palustrem,
Sed frumenta manu carpes fata: nec tibi saeclae,
More patrum, nivea inplebunt mulctaria vaccae,
Sed tota in dulcis consumt ubera gnatos.
Sin ad bella magis studium, turmasque feroce,

226. Correception bear.] Mr. Dryden talks here of sending
the calf to school, refraining him from the bad examples of
the world, and instructing him in moral precepts. Virgil says
only, ad studium et usum agris tem dum faciles animi.
This plague, the just revenge of guilty love,
To frantic rage th’ Inachian heifer drove.
More thick they swarm, when glows the noon-tide heat,
Then shift thy pregnant herd to some sequester’d seat;
Or drive them forth, when dawns the purple light,
Or Hesper gilds with glittering stars the night.
When now the dam has felt Lucina’s pains,
A farther care to rear the calf remains;
On each betimes, they print the branding fire,
To note the name, the lineage, and the fire.
Let this be doom’d to propagate the breed;
This at the sacred shrine a victim bleed:
But that be destin’d in the field to toil,
Break the stiff clods, and cleave the stubborn soil;
The rest unmark’d, as frolic leisure leads,
Wanton, inglorious, o’er the grassy meads.
The steers allotted to the shining share,
Observe to teach and tame with timely care;
While now their tender years correction bear.
Bind them with collars from the tender spray,
And when their necks the servile band obey;
Connect two well-match’d bullocks in the trace,
And bid them learn in pairs the plain to pace;
Oft let them draw the waggon’s empty load,
Whose wheels scarce print the dust, or mark the road:
Next let them smoke beneath th’ incumbent mafs,
Join’d to the beechen axle, bound with bras.
Mean time thy unyok’d young not only feed
With grass and willow-leaves, or marshy weed;
But crop with careful hand the nodding ears;
Nor let the dam, as erst in ancient years,
Contribute to the pail her milky load;
Be all her udder on her calf bestow’d.
But if thy bosom burn in ranks of war
To lead the marshall’d host, or urge the car,
Aut Alphea rotis praelabi flumina Pifae,
Et Jovis in luco currus agitare volantis;
Primus equi labor est, animos atque arma videre
Bellantum, luituosque pati; tractuque gementem
Ferre rotam, et stabulo frenos audire sonantis.
Tum magis atque magis blandis gaudere magistri
Laudibus, et plausae sonitum cervicis amore.
Atque haec jam primo depulsus ab ubere matris
Audiat, inque vicem det mollibus ora capitis
Invalidus, et jamque tremens, et jam inscius aevi.

At, tribus exactis, ubi quarta acciperit aestas,
Carpere mox gyrum incipiat, gradibusque sonare
Conpositis, sisuetsque alterna volumina crurum;
Sitque laboranti similis: tum cursumuras
Provocet, ac per aperta volans, eeu liber habenis,
Aequora, vix summa vestigia ponat arena:
Qualis, Hyperboreis Aquilo cum densus ab oris
Incubuit, Scythiaeque hiemes atque arida differt
Nubila: tum fegetes aliae campique natantes
Lenibus horrefcunt flabris, summaeque sonorem
Dant silvae, longique urgunt ad litora fluc tus:
Ille volat, simul arva fuga, simul aequora verrens.
Hic vel ad Elei metas et maxima campi
Sudabit spatia, et spumas aget ore cruentas:
Belgica vel molli melius seret cffeda collo.
Tum demum crassa magnum farragine corpus
Crefcere jam domitis finito. namque ante domandum
Ingentis tollent animos, prensique negabunt
Verbera lenta pati, et duris parere lupatis.

263. Like Boreas.] It cannot be imagined, by the severest critics, who think such beauties of style in the ancients chimerical, that Virgil did not intend to represent by this swift line of daftyles the course of the wind:

Ille volat, simul arva fuga, simul aequora verrens.

270. Elean plain.] This alludes to the Olympic games celebrated about Olympia in the region of Elis. Whoever would have a just notion of the great political usefulness of these celebrated games of Greece, will meet with much pleasure
Where strays thro’ Pisa’s plain th’ Alphæan flood,
Or whirl along the Thunderer’s olive wood;
To trumpets shrill, to many a martial deed,
And glare of glittering arms inure the steed:
Oft let him toil the slow car’s load to bear,
The rustling reins oft rattle in his ear:
With flattery goth him, while with conscious pride,
He feels his master clap his founding side.

Begin betimes; while weak and youthful yet,
Bend his soft mouth to brook a slender bit;
Just wean’d and trembling from his mother’s side;
New to the curb, and in the course untry’d.
But when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the ring, with pride to prance;
The plain in measur’d steps and time to beat,
And in alternate paces shift his feet;
Oft let him seem to spring with labour’d might;
Then challenge whirlwinds in his airy flight:
While as he pours abroad with loosen’d reins,
His lightsome feet scarce touch the printless plains.
Like Boreas in his course, when rushing forth
He calms the Scythian skies, and clears the cloudy north:
Refound the tall tops of the trembling trees,
The heavy harvests nod beneath the breeze:
O’er plains, o’er seas, the driving tempest sweeps,
And to the sounding shore pursues the boiling deeps.
A steed like this, with conquering steps will strain,
And foam with blood across th’ Elean plain;
Or with obedient neck the Belgic car sustain.
When now the colt is broke to bear command,
Feed him with kindly care, and plenteous hand:
For yet untam’d, his pamper’d pride disdains
To feel the founding lash, and galling reins.

sure and instruction from the learned and ingenious Mr.
Weft’s dissertation prefixed to his translation of an author, to
whom he alone, of all the moderns, has done justice, in a
spirited and elegant translation of his odes.
Sed non ulla magis viris industry firmat,  
Quam venerem et caeci stimulos avertere amoris,  
Sive boum, sive cf cui gratior ufus equorum.  
Atque ideo tauros procul atque in fola relegant  
Psfcua, post montem oppositum, et trans flumina lata:  
Aut intus claufos satura ad præsepia fervant.  
Carpit enim viris paullatim, uritque videndo  
Femina: nec nemorum patitur meminisse, neque herbace.  
Dulcibus illa quidem inlecebris et faepe superbos  
Cornibus inter se subigit decernere amantis:  
Psfcitur in magna Silva formosa juventa:  
Illi alternantes multa vi proelia miscent  
Volneribus crebris: lavit ater corpora sanguis,  
Verfaque in obnixos urgentur cornua vasto  
Cum gemitu. reboant silvaeque et magnus Olympus.  
Nec mos bellantis una stabulare: fed alter  
Victus abit, longeque ignorant exsulat oris;  
Multa gemens ignominiam plagasque superbis  
Victoribus; tum, quos amisit inultus, amores;  
Et stabula aspectans regnis excessit avitis.  
Ergo omni cura viris exercet, et inter  
Dura jacet pernix infrato faxa cubili,  
Frondibus hirsutis et carice pастus acuta:  
Et tentat sese, atque iracdi in cornua difcit  
Arboris obnixus trunco: ventosque Iacefitt  
Ictibus, et sparsa ad pugnam proludit arena.  
Post, ubi conlectum robur, viresque refeetae,  
Signa movet, præceptique oblimum furtur in hostem:  
Fluctus uti, medio coepit cum albeferere ponto,  
Longius, ex altoque finum trahit; utque volutus  

285. The mighty rivals.] The description of the bulls contending for the female is admirable; particularly, that fine circumstance of the vanquished bull looking back on his old accustomed stall and pastures when he is forced to retreat. And still more so, the circumstance of his lying down, sullenly disconsolate, on the stones, feeding upon rushes and prickly leaves, and exercising his horns against the trunks of trees, to enable himself to contend again with his hated rival. All these
But nought will keep their vigour more entire,
Than from their breasts to turn the ftings of blind desire:
Their bulls they banifh to some lonely scene,
Where vast rocks, and wide rivers intervene:
Or to the plenteous ftall the beast remove,
Far from the tender sex, and lure of love.
For while the female charms his sickening figh,
No more the groves, or springing grafs invite.
She vers'd in wanton looks, and winning wiles,
The mighty rivals to the fight beguiles.

The beauteous heifer frays the darkfome wood;
With mutual rage they rush; thick ftreams the fable blood;
From their broad brows the clafhing horns rebound,
With bellowings loud the groves and fkses refound.

Nor, when the war is o'er, their rage expires;
To distant vales the vanquifh'd wretch retires;
Weeps his difgrace, his conqu'ring rival's boaft;
Yet more the fair, that unreveng'd he loft:
And oft with penfive looks, as he retreats,
The parting exile views his ancient feats.

Then feels his limbs to toil, improves his might,
And roughly rests on craggy flints the night;
On prickly leaves and pointed ftashes fed,
He feigns to gore a tree with butting head,
Bends his flern brows and pushes at the air,
And fpurns the fatter'd fand, a prelude of the war.
Now when his nerves with new-felt fury glow,
Headlong he fearchs his unexpecting foe:
As when a rising billow by degrees,
Begins to boil amid the whitening feas;

These beautiful strokes are concluded by the noble fimile of a
vaft wave rolling towards a rocky fhore. The pause at procumbit in the original

Monte minor procumbit,
is very expressive of the thing intended.

286. Heifer.] This line in the original is fuppofed to be
spurious.
Ad terras, inmane tonat per faxa, neque ipso Monte minor procumbit: at ima exaequivat unda
Verticibus, nigramque alte subjicitat arenam.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque ferarumque,
Et genus aequoreum, pecudes, pictaeque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt. amor omnibus idem.

Tempore non alio catulorum oblita leaena
Saevior erravit campis: nec funera volgo
Tam multa informes ursi stragemque dedere
Per silvas. tum saevus aper, tum peffima tigris.

Heu, male tum Libyae solis erratur in agris.
Nonne vides, ut tota tremor pertentet equorum

Corpora, si tantum notas odor adtulit auras?

Ac neque eos jam frena virum, neque verbera saeva,
Non scopuli, rupesque cavae, atque objecta retardant
Flumina correptos unda torquentia montis.

Ipse ruit, dentisque Sabellicus exacuit sus,
Et pede profubigit terram, fricat arbore costas

Atque hinc atque illinc, humerosque ad volnera durat.

Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem

Durus amor? nempe abruptis turbata procellis
Nocte natat caeca ferus freta: quem super ingens

Porta tonat caeli, et scopulis inlifa reclamant

Aequora; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,

Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.

Quid? lynices Bacchi variae, et genus acre luporum,

332. How fares the youth.] The poet alludes to the celebrated story of Hero and Leander, perhaps the most entertaining of all the ancient love-tales; the Musaeus who has written an elegant poem on this subject, was not the ancient Musaeus; for several false conceits and thoughts, rather pretty than solid, and contrary to the simplicity of the older Grecian writers, evidently betray the later age of the piece. See Vol. 3. B. 6. N. ver. 928. 'Tis observable Virgil hints, that the whole species would encounter the same dangers as Leander did for the sake of love.
Loud o'er the rocks then rolls with horrid roar,
And mountain-like bursts on the subject shore:
The troubled depths in circling eddies rise,
And heave the fable sand in whirlwinds to the skies.
Thus man and beast, the tenants of the flood,
The herds that graze the plain, the feathery brood,
Rush into love, and feel the general flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the fame.
'Tis with this rage the mother lion stung,
Prowls o'er the plain, regardless of her young.
'Tis then the shapeless bear with scenes of blood,
With murderous deeds pollutes th' affrighted wood:
Then boars in fight with double warmth engage,
And the grim tygref calls forth all her rage.
Ah! wretched then the traveller who strays
Forlorn o'er Libya's unfrequented ways!
See, what thick pants the stallion's fires declare,
Whence'er in tainted gales he scents the mare:
Nor curbs, nor torturing whips his rage restrain,
And mountains rise to check his flight in vain;
In vain the torrent rolls, that tumbling sweeps
The maffy fragment from the craggy steeps.
Rushes the Sabine boar, and rends the ground,
And whets his tusks to strike the furer wound:
Rubs his rough sides against th' accustom'd oak,
And disciplines his brawn to bear the rival's stroke.
How fares the youth, who feels the pleasing pain
His marrow pierce, and throb in every vein?
In darkness drear he swims the stormy main:
Above from heaven's high gate the thunder roars,
The dashing waves re-echo round the shores.
Nor weeping parents, nor the fated fair
Retards his course, too soon his cruel death to share!
Why shou'd I sing how hungry wolves engage,
How beasts of Bacchus' car, how mastiffs rage?
Atque canum, quid? quae inbelles dant praelia cervi? 265
Scilicet ante omnis furor est insignis equarum:
Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit, quo tempore Glauco
Potniades malis membra absumnere quadrigae.
Illas ducit amor trans Gargara, tranqve sonantem
Ascanium: superant montis, et flumina tranant.
Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,
Vere magis (quia vere calor redit offibus) illae
Ore omnes versae in Zephyrum statant Rupibus altis,
Exceptantque levis auras: et saepe fine ullis
Conjugiis vento gravidae (mirabile dicitu)
Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convallis
Diffugiunt; non, Eure, tuos, neque folis. ad ortus;
In Borean Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Austcr
Nascitur, et pluvio contristat frigore caelum.
Hic demum, hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt
Pastores, lentum destillat ab inguine virus.
Hippomanes, quod saepe malae legere novercae,
Miseruntque herbas et non innoxia verba.
Sed fugit interea, fugit inreparabile tempor;
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.
Hoc fatis armentis. superat pars altera curae,
Lanigeros agitare greges, hirtaque capellas.
Hic labor: hinc laudem fortes sperate coloni.
Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam fit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnasi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Caftaliam molli devortitur orbita clivo.

358. Hippomanes.] The hippomanes signifies two things.
1. A certain liquor that flows from a mare ready to take horie.
2. An excrescence of flesh which the new-foaled colts have
upon their foreheads. It is black, round, and of the bigness
of a dried fig. It is pretended that these two hippomanes's
have a peculiar virtue in philtres, and other such compositions
designed
Ev'n timorous flags provoke the woodland war;
But far above the rest the passion of the mare.
Ev'n Venus here a stronger lust inspir'd,
When to revenge the Potnian mares she fir'd.
Wing'd with desire they bound o'er Gargarus' height,
Nor loud Ascanius' torrents stay their flight:
When now their veins the vernal mildness warms,
And with kind heat their lofty limbs informs;
To the tall cliffs impatient they repair,
And from the westward snuff the fleeting air:
Where, wonderous power! without th' afflicting steed,
Made pregnant by the parent-breeze they breed.
Thence wild o'er rocks and deep-funk vallies stray,
Far from the northern blast, or source of day;
Or whence wet Auster's gloomy damps arise
To hang with fable clouds the fadden'd skies.
Hence from their wombs, what th' artless shepherd calls
Hippomanes, a trickling poison falls:
Which baleful step-dames in the bowl infuse,
With many murmurs mix'd, and herbs of magic juice.
But time is on the wing; too far we rove
Bewilder'd with an argument we love.
Enough of herds: fresh labours now succeed.
The shaggy goats and fleecy flocks to feed.
Hence shall the husbandman new glory raise,
While his low cares I lift in labour'd lays:
Nor flight, to grace so mean a theme, the toil,
And beautify with flow'rs a barren soil.
But me the sweet desire of sacred praise
Leads forth to trace Parnassus' pathless ways,
Down to Caftalia's spring my car to guide,
Where never poet mark'd the mountain's side.

designed for fascinations. And that the last is of such a nature,
that a mare has no sooner dropped her colt, but she eats this piece of flesh, without which she would not suckle it. A curious reader may see a learned dissertation on this subject, at the end of Mr. Bayle's Dictionary: an author fond of treating uncommon subjects.
Nunc, veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum.
Incipiens stabulis edico in mollibus herbam
carpere ovis, dum mox frondosa reducitur aetas:
Et multa duram stipula silicumque maniplis
Sternere subter humum, glacies ne frigida laedat
Molle pecus, scabiemque ferat, turpisque podagras.
Post hinc digressus jubeo frondentia capris
Arbuta sufficere, et fluvios praebere recentis;
Et stabula a ventis hiberno opponere foli
Ad medium conversa diem: cum frigidas olim
Jam cadit, extremoque inrorat Aquarius anno,
Haec quoque non cura nobis leviores tuendae;
Nec minor usus erit: quamvis Milesia magno
Vellera mutentur Tyrios incocta rubores.
Denfior hinc suboles: hinc largi copia lactis.
Quam magis exaustto spumaverit ubere multera
Laeta magis pressis manabunt flumina mammis.
Nec minus interea barbas incanaque menta
Cinyphii tendent hirci, faetaseque comantis,
Usum in castrorum, et miseri velamina nautis.
Pascuntur vero silvas, et summa Lycaeai,
Horrentisque rubos, et amantis ardua dumos.
Atque ipsae memores redeunt in tecla, fuosque
Ducunt, et gravidus superant vix ubere limen.
Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivalis,
Quo minus est illis curae mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres, et virgea laetus
Pabula; nec tota claudes foenilia bruma.

372. Where never poet.] This is an imitation of Lucretius:

Nec me animus fallit, quam sint obscura, sed acri
Percussit thyrsus laudis sese magna meum cor—
juvat integros accedere fontes
Atque haurire, juvatque novos descere flores,
Unde prins nulli velarint tempora musae.
Now, hallowed Pales, I resound thy reign,
O grant thine aid! in more majestic strain.
First, I command, beneath the fostering shed,
Till spring returns, thy sheep with grafts be fed:
Strew fern beneath, left from the piercing ice
O'er their soft skins the loathsome scabs arise.
Nor less, thy goats with leafy fodder fill,
And give them water recent from the rill.
Safe from the stormy north, their stalls prepare
To catch the wintry sun, and southern air;
When cold Aquarius, from his cloudy sphere,
Pours his last drops upon the parting year.
Nor less the toil the shaggy goat to raise,
Nor less the profit that the goat repays.
Let Caria boast her Tyrian-tinctur'd fleece;
Yet these afford more numerous increase;
And, as their swelling dugs you drain the more,
In fuller plenty streams the milky store.
Besides, their hairy beards the shepherds shear,
To cover tents, or Cloath the mariner.
At will they graze Lycaeus' shrubby top,
And the rough thorn or prickly Bramble crop;
Return untended with their bleating train,
And o'er the threshold scarce their strutting dugs sustain.
Since then so little of thy care they know,
Guard them from freezing blasts, and icy snow:
Gladly supply them with the leafy spray,
Nor in bleak winter's reign refuse thy hoarded hay.

373. Pales.] The third is the most epic of all the Georgics;
and the introduction to it, as well as several passages in it, particu-
larly this, shew that Virgil regarded it as such himself.

392. Tents.] Varro, speaking of the usefulness of goats, says,
they are thorn for the use of sailors and war.
At vero, Zephyris cum laeta vocantibus aestas,
In faltus utrumque gregem atque in pascaua mittes.
Luciferi primo cum sidere frigida rura
Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba est.
Inde, ubi quarta simtim caeli conlegerit hora,
Quid tibi paftores Libyae, quid pascaua verfu
Prosequar, et raris habitata mapalia teatis?
Saepe diem noctemque, et totum ex ordine menfem
Pafcitur, itque pecus longa in deferta fine uUis
Hospitiis: tantum campi jacet. omnia secum
Armentarius Afer agit, teatumque, Laremque,
Armaque, Amyclarecumque canem, Crefiamque pharetrum.

405. The frethnefs of the morning is painted in the liveliest colours. We must remember that 'tis a morning in Italy: a morning in a hot climate.

408. Shrill cicada's lay.] Several of the modern Italian poets mention the singing of the cicada, as very loud and troublesome in the great heats of summer. Per gli ombrosi rami le argute cicalc cantando fi affatica vano sotto al gran caldo. Arcadia del Sannazaro, Profa 10.

413. Or where.] How beautifully has the poet enlivened these dry precepts concerning the time of watering cattle by this description of a little landscape! of a vast old oak standing in a valley, or an ilex of ever-green oak, spreading a thick and solemn shade! The description of the cool of the evening is delightful.

413. Ilex forest, dark and deep.] We have not a full idea of this image, from our not knowing of how deep a green the ilex is,
But when the frolic Zephyrs breathe the spring,
Both flocks abroad to verdant pastures bring.
When now the morning-star but dimly dawns;
Lead them to taste the coolness of the lawns;
When hoar with virgin dew the grass appears,
Haste, let them drink the morning's earliest tears.
When the fierce sun grows hot with parching ray,
And woods resound the shrill cicada's lay;
Then drive them to fresh springs, their thirst to slake;
To troughs of oak, or to the spreading lake:
But at mid-noon, to green and spreading lake:
Where some tall oak uprears his aged shades;
Or where the ilex-forest, dark and deep
Sheds holy horrors over the hanging steep.
Again refresh them, with their verdant food,
When sinks the sun, and with the crystal flood,
When evening airs their cooling damps diffuse,
And Cynthia bathes the groves in balmy dews;
When thro' the brakes is heard th' acanthus' song,
And halcyons chant the hollow shores among.
Why should I sing of Libya's artless swains;
Her scatter'd cottages, and trackless plains?
By day, by night, without a destined home,
For many a month their flocks all lonely roam;
So vast th' unbounded solitude appears.
While, with his flock, his all the shepherd bears:
His arms, his household gods, his homely shed,
His Cretan darts, and dogs of Sparta bred.

is, and what a vast shade it casts in Italy, where there are great numbers of this tree. It abounds also in Sicily; Mount Etna is covered with them.

423. By day.] This digression to the shepherds of Africa cannot be sufficiently praised; one sees them pasturing on from verdant stage to stage.

Thomson, Cnt. of Ind.
The vastness of those plains are represented by the very flow of this line in the original,

---aque pecus longa in deserta sive ullis
Hoeptii: --- quantum i. m:. i: aceet.

Y 2
Non fecus ac patriis acer Romanus in armis
Injufto sub fasce viam cum carpit, et hófli
Ante exspectatum positis flat in agmine castris.
At non, qua Scythiae gentes, Maeotiaque unda,
Tubridus ac torquens flaventis Hifter arenas,
Quaque redit medium Rhodope porrecta sub axem,
Illic clausa tenent ftabulis armenta; neque uullae
Aut herbae campo adparent, aut arbore frondes:
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis, et alto
Terra gelu late, septemque adsurgit in ulnas.
Semper hiems, semper spirantes frigora Cauri.
Tum fol pallentis haud umquam difictit umbras:
Nec cum inveéctus equis altum petit aethera: nec cum
Praecipitem Oceani rubro lavit aequore currum.
Concrefcunt fubitae currenti in flumine crupiae,
Undaque jam tergo ferratos ftient orbis,
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hospita plauftris.
Acreaque dissiliunt volgo, veftesque rigescunt
Indutae, caeduntque securibus humida vina,
Et totae solidam in glaciem vertere lacunae,
Stiriaque inpexis induruit horrida barbis.

429. So Rome’s.] The Roman soldiers were wont to carry in
their campaigns, not only their swords, helmets, and shields,
but likewise provisions for a fortnight, and flakes and utensils.

433. Nor so.] The contrast is very strong between the scenes
of Africa and Scythia, and has a fine effect. This variety, this
magic art of conveying the reader from one climate to another,
constitutes one of the greatest beauties of poetry.

M. de Maupertuis, who, with some other academicians, was
sent by the king of France, in 1736, to measure a degree of
the meridian, under the arctic circle, lays, that brandy was
the only liquor, which could be kept sufficiently fluid for them
to drink: Pendant un froid fi grand, que la langue et les levres se
geloient sur le champ, contre le taffé, &c. And a little afterwards
he tells us, that the spirits of wine froze in their thermometers.

442. Nor the sun’s rays.] In the original this is a very con-
sisting wholly of slow spondees, which by their melancholy
flow represent the difmalness of the object described.

443. When first he climbs.] This winter-piece has ever been
admired as one of the capital paintings of Virgil. Thomfon has
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So Rome's brave sons, beneath th' oppressive load
Of arms and baggage, trace the destin'd road;
And while he ne'er suspects th' impending blow,
Sudden unfurl their standards on the foe.
Not so the Scythian shepherds tend their sheep;
Where sad Mecotis spreads his sable deep;
Thick yellow sands where Ister's torrents roll,
And Rhodope returns to meet the pole.
Their flocks they stall; for o'er th' unfruitful scene,
Nor fields, nor trees are cloth'd in lively green.
One waste of snow the joyless landscape lies,
Seven ells in height the ridgy drifts arise.
There still the bitter blasts of winter dwell;
Nor the sun's rays the paly shade dispel,
When first he climbs his noon-tide course, or laves
His headlong car in ocean's purple waves.
Th' encroaching ice the loitering current feels,
And on its bosom bears the studded wheels:
Where erst the flately bark was wont to ride,
Waggons, thro' paths unknown, securely glide.
Oft from the vessel bursts the brazen band,
Stiff round their sides their frozen garments stand.
With sharpen'd steel they cleave the humid sand,
And chains of solid ice whole lakes confine;
Their matted beards, by the keen climate frore,
With hanging icicles are hard and hoar.

has given us a noble imitation of it, in his view of winter
within the polar circle; and has added some striking circum-
stances, not to be, found in Virgil, which modern travellers
have observed. I cannot forbear transcribing his conclusion,
where he describes winter personally. The image is sublime.

Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And thro' his airy hall the loud mizrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard;
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Interea toto non secius ære ninguit:
Intereunt pecudes, Æant circumfusa pruinis
Corpora magna boum: confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole nova, et summis vix cornibus exstant. 370
Hos non inmissis canibus, non caffibus ullis
Puniceaeve agitant pavidos formidine pinnae:
Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
Comminus obtruncant ferro, graviterque rudentes
Caedunt, et magno laeti clamore reportant.

Ipsi in defossis specubus secura sub alta
Otia agunt terra, congeftaque robora, totasque
Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere.
Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula laeti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitae forbis. 380
Talis Hyperboreo septem subjecta trioni
Gens effrenna virum Rhipaeo tunditur euro,
Et pecedum fulvis velatur corpora fetis.
Si tibi lanitium curae; primum aspera Silva,
Lappaeque tribulique absint: fuge pabula laeta:
Continuoque greges villis lege mollibus albos.
Illum autem, quamvis aries fit candidus ipfe,
Nigra subeis udo tantum cui lingua palato,
Rejice, ne maculis infuscet vellera pullis
Nascentum; plenoque alium circumspice campo. 390
Munere sic niveo lanae, si credere dignum est,
Pan deus Arcadiae captam te, Luna, fefellit,
In nemora alta vocans: nec tu asperna ta vocantem.
At cui laetis amor, cytisum, lotosque frequentis
Ille manu, falsaque ferat praefepibus herbas.

479. *Tho' white thy ram.*] If the tongue of the ram be black
or fjeckled (says Varro) the lambs will be of the same colour.
See Aristotle of animals to the same purpose.
Mean time the skies are dim with falling snows;
Thick clouds of fleet th’ unwieldy ox enclose:
In growing heaps benumb’d, the crowding deer
Scarce from beneath, their branching antlers rear:
Nor these with hounds the hunter-train surprize,
With nets, or feathers dipt in purple dies;
But with the sword invade them, while in vain
Against the huge reluctant load they strain,
While void of help, in piteous sounds they bray;
Then home, with shouts of triumph bear the prey.

In caverns deep, with oak uppi’d, they raise,
And many a branching elm, the crackling blaze;
From cold secur’d, around the flaming hearth,
Waste the long drea'y night in social mirth:
Guiltless of wine, the goblet still goes round,
With Ceres’ juice, and sparkling cyder crown’d.

Such is the race of savage swains that lie
Beneath the rigours of the polar sky;
And sore afflicted by the piercing east,
Their limbs with furs and brinded skins invest.

Is wool thy care? avoid the shaggy ground,
Where thistles and the prickly bur abound.
Nor let too fat a soil thy choice invite;
Choose first a flock with fleeces soft and white.
Tho’ white thy ram, yet if a swarthy tongue
Appears beneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he blacken all the breed,
And let another to the task succeed.
Thus by a snowy fleece, th’ Arcadian god
Drew down pale Cynthia from her bright abode;
Nor did’st thou, queen of night, disdain his love,
Pleas’d with the cheat, thou met’st him in the grove.
If milk thou lov’st, with lillies from the brook,
Soft leaves, and salted herbage feed thy flock;
Hinc et amant fluvios magis, ac magis ubera tendunt,
Et fals occultum referunt in lacte saporem.
Multi jam excretos prohibent a matribus haedos,
Primaque ferratis praecigunt ora capitis.
Quod surgente die muliere horisque diurnis,
Nocte premunt; quod jam tenebris et sole cadente,
Sub lucem; exportans calathis ad oppida pastor:
Aut parco sole contingunt, hiemique reponunt.
Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema: sed una
Velocis Spartae catulos acremque Molossium
Pascce fero pingui: numquam custodibus illis
Nocturnum stabulis furem, incursusque luporum,
Aut inpacatos a tergo horrebis Hiberos.
Saepe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas.
Saepe volutabris pulsos silvestribus apos
Latratu turbabis agens, montisque per altos
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervom.
Disce et odoratam stabulis accendere cedrum,
Galbaneoque agitare gravis nidore chelydros.
Saepe sub inmotis praeepibus aut mala tactu
Vipera delituit, caelumque exterrita fugit:
Aut teeto adsuetus coluber succedere et umbrce,
Pestis acerba boum, pecorique adspergere virus,

498. Nor be it thy last care.] The poet says but little concerning
the care of breeding of dogs, or of hunting. Mr. Somerville,
in his poem entituled the Chace, one of the best productions
of this age, has in some measure supplied the defect.

498. Nor be it thy last care.] Tibi cura, says the original. Tibi,
to you, Mecaenas; putting the reader in mind, that the poem
(as didactic pieces should be) is addresed to a particular per-
son.

513. Serpent.] This is from Nicander, Theriac. 35. 51. 53.
See Columella also, 7. 4.

514. The viper too.] Dr. Martyn thinks the serpent here de-
scribed to be that which Pliny calls boas. This author affirms
they grew to a prodigious bigness, and that a child was found
in the belly of one of them in the reign of Claudius: that they
feed
Hence flung with thirst to the clear rills they haste,
Hence are their swelling dugs more tightly brace’d,
While in the milk remains the savoury taste.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain, 
Their tender mouths with feely bits restrain.
Their morning-milk the peasants press at night, 
Their evening bear to town, when dawns the light;
Or in the mafts, with sparing hand, they pour
The tasteful salt, and keep for winter store.
Nor be it thy last care thy dogs to breed;
With fatt’ning whey the vigorous mastiff feed,
And Sparta’s race: thus should the thief invade,
Or wolf, thy fold, when night extends her shade,
Or roving robber from th’ Iberian rocks;
These shall repel their rage, and guard thy flocks:
Thy hound, the wild-afs in the sylvan chase,
Or hare, or hart, with faithful speed will trace;
Affail the muddy cave, with eager cries,
Where the rough boar in sullen ambush lies;
Prefs the tall stag with clamours echoing shrill,
To secret toils, along th’ aerial hill.
And learn to burn within thy sheltering rooms,
The spicy cedar, and Galbanean gums;
Beneath th’ unshifted sheds, in winding cells
Oft shut from day, the bloated serpent dwells:
The viper too that loves a shady feat,
That seeks beneath thy roofs a safe retreat,
Of herds the bane, of sheep the pois’nous pest
Battens in secret o’er her darksome neft.

feed on cow’s milk, whence they have their name. The line a little below in the original,

*Cape saxa manu; cape robora, pastor,
is exactly expressive of hurry and eagerness: there are no particles in it; so in the fourth Aeneid,

*Ferte ciri flammæs, date tela, impellit flammæs.*
Fovit humum. cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor, Tollentemque minas et fibila colla tumentem Dejice. jamque fuga timidum caput abdidit alte, Cum medii nexus, extremaeque agmina caudae Solvontur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbis.'

Est etiam ille malus Calabris in saltibus anguis, Squamea convolvens sublato pectore terga,
Atque notis longam maculosus grandibus alvom:
Qui dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus, et dum Vere madent udo terrae, ac pluvialibus auffris,
Stagna colit, ripisque habitans, hic piscibus atram
Inprobus ingluviem ranisque loquacibus explet.
Postquam exufla palus, terraeque ardore dehifcunt,
Exfilit in fuccum, et flammantia lumina torquens Saevit agris, aperque siti atque extorridus aestu.
Ne mihi tum mollis sub dio carpere somnos,
Neu dorfo nemoris libeat jactiffe per herbas:
Cum positis novus exuviis nitidusque juventa
Volvitur, aut catulos teftis aut ova relinquens,
Arduus ad solem et linguis micat ore trifulcis,
Morborum quoque te cauffas et signa docebo.
Turpis ovis tentat scabies, ubi frigidus imber
Altius ad vivom perfedit, et horrenda cano
Bruma gelu: vel cum toncis inlotus adhaefit
Sudor, et hirsuti secuerunt corpora vepres.
Dulcibus idcirco fluviis pecus omne magiftri

524. Calabria's woods.] The poet here speaks of another serpent called cherjdrus, from its living both in water, and on earth.

540. Brandifhes.] Micare in its true and natural signification relates to any quick motion. So Virgil, micat auribus; and Cicero, digitis micare; of that old game fo common in Italy of darting out their fingers, and guessing at the number of these darted out each time, fo often mentioned by others of the Roman writers.

543. Scabs oft the flock.] Columella remarks, that a sheep as soon as it is sheared, should be anointed with a mixture of the juice of lupines, the lees of old wine, and the dregs of oil, in equal quantities; and be washed four days afterwards in the sea,
Snatch, shepherd, stones, quick snatch the knotted oak,
And quell his stately crest with many a stroke;
Assail his hissing throat, and swelling spires;
Lo! by degrees his timorous head retires,
And the last orbs of his unfolded tail
A ling’ring length of loosen’d volumes trail,
Calabria’s woods too breed a baleful snake,
With lofty breast elate, and scaly back,
And with broad spots his winding belly black:
Who when the rivers burst their rocky bounds,
And southern showers bedew the vernal grounds,
Haunts the moist bank, and in the wat’ry bogs
Gluts his foul paunch with fish, and croaking frogs:
But when keen heat the fens of moisture drains,
He leaps on earth, and hisses o’er the plains,
While mad with thirst, and fill’d with drear amaze
At the fierce beam, his rolling eye-balls blaze.
May ne’er soft sleep, on a green bank, surprize,
Fast by some forest-side, my drooping eyes,
When cast his skin, and fleck in youthful prime,
Recent he rides, before the sun sublime;
Regardless of the nest, deserts his young,
And brandishes abroad his triple-forked tongue.
I’ll teach thee too the signs and causes all,
Of dire diseases on the folds that fall:
Scabs oft the flock, a foul contagion, seize,
When winter hangs with icicles their fleece;
Or cold rains pierce, or unwash’d sweats adhere
To their shorn skins, or prickly brambles tear.
Hence in fresh currents of the cysrtal wave,
With careful hands their flocks the shepherds lave:

sea, or in rain water salted; and quotes the authority of Celsus,
who affirms that a sheep treated after this manner, will be free
from the scab a whole year, and that the wool will be the softer,
and the longer for it.
Perfundunt, udifque aries in gurgite villis
Merfatur, mislfuque secundo defluit amni:
Aut tonfum triff contingunt corpus amurca,
Et fpumas miscent argenti, vivaque sulfura,
Idaeasque pices, et pinguis unguine ceras,
Scillamque, elleborosque gravis, nigrumque bitumen.
Non tamen utla magis praefens fortuna laborum eft,
Quam fi quis ferro potuit refeindere fummum
Ulceris os. alitur vitium, vivitque tegendo:
Dum medicas adhibere manus ad volnera paffor
Abnegat, et meliora deos fedet omnia poftens.
Quin etiam ima dolor balantum labsus ad offa
Cum furit, atque artus depaefitur arida fcbris,
Profuit incenfos aeflus avertere, et inter
Ima ferire pedis falientem fanguine venam:
Bifaltae quo more folent, acerque G felonus,
Cum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deferta Getarum,
Et lac concretum cum fanguine potat equino.
Quam procul aut molli succedere faeipus umbrae
Videris, aut fummas carpentem ignavius herbas,
Extremamque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Pascentem, et ferae folam decedere nofi;
Continuo culpam ferro conpefce, prius quam
Dira per incautum ferpant contagia volgus.
Non tam crerber agens hiemen ruit acquore turbo,
Quam multae pecudum peftes. nec singula morbi
Corpora corripuant : fed tota aefliva repente,
Spemque gregemque fimul, cunetamque ab origine gentem.
Tum fciat, aeflas Alpis, et Norica fi quis

568. And fierce Gelonian.] Several northern nations at this
time drink mare's milk mixed with blood. Pliny fays, they
mixed millet with it. The Tartars ufe it to this day.
580. This truth to know.] The fene is, if any one knows
what fort of places thefe were, when they were full of cattle,
he may now fee them empty, though it is a long time fince the
peftilence.
And first the father of the bleating crowd,
Floats with his moisten’d fleece along the flood:
Or bathe their limbs in bitter lees of oil,
With bubbles that from molten silver boil;
Live sulphur mix, with tar’s black-streaming juice,
Or temper pitch that Ida’s pines produce;
Or mingle, fraught with fat, the waxen store,
Or sea-born squills, with potent hellebore.
But the best cure which sage experience knows,
Is with a lance the ulcer to disclose.
Still grows the sore, while yet the shepherd stands,
Doubtful, nor dares exert his healing hands,
And anxious happier signs of heav’n demands.
But when o’er th’ inmost bones the pain hath spread,
On their parch’d limbs a raging fever fed,
To quell the bleating sufferer’s torrid pain,
Pierce in the bottom-foot the throbbing vein:
This practice the Bifaltae, when they haste
To Rhodope, or roam the cheerless Dacian waste:
And fierce Gelonian, when, for savage food,
He blends the milky stream with horse’s blood.
If one thou feest affect the cooling shade,
Or cropping listlessly the topmost blade;
Droop on the plain, with ling’ring paces wait
Behind, and home return alone and late;
Soon let thy steel remove th’ infected sheep,
Left o’er th’ unwary flock contagion creep.
Lefs fierce and frequent on the wintry main
Black whirlwinds rush, than plagues that waste the plain:
Nor single deaths suffice, at once they prey
On young and old, and sweep whole herds away.
This truth to know, th’ aerial Alps behold,
And meads thro’ which Timavus’ streams are roll’d;

581. And meads thro’ which Timavus’. } Timavus is a river of Carniola.
Castella in tumulis, et Iapidis arva Timavi,
Nunc quoque post tanto videat desertaque regna
Pastorum et longe saltus lateque vacantis.
Hic quondam morbo caeli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totoque auctumni incanduit acitu,
Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne serarum;
Corruptique lacus: infecit pabula tabo.
Nec via mortis erat simplex: sed ubi ignea venis
Omnibus acta sitis miseros adduxerat artus,
Rursus abundabat fluidus liquor; omniaque in se
Offa minumatim morbo conlabfa trahebat.
Saepe in honore deum medio fiant hostia ad aram,
Lanea dum nivea circumdatur infula vitta,
Inter cunctantis ceedit moribunda ministros.
Aut si quam serro maclayerat ante sacerdos,
Inde neque inpositis ardent altaria fibris;
Nec responfa poteft consultus reddere vates:
Ac vix suppositi tinguuntur sanguine cultri,
Summaque jejuna fanie insucatur arena.
Hinc laetis vituli volgo moriuntur in herbis,
Et dulcis animas plena ad præseopia reddunt.
Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit, et quatit aegros
Tussis anhela fues, ac faucibus angit obesis.
Labitur infelix, studiorum atque inmemor herbae,
Victor equus, fontisque avertitur, et pede terram

582. And Noric cliffs.] Noricum was a region of Germany bordering on the Alps.
586. Here sprung of old.] We now enter upon the celebrated description of the plague. Virgil puts forth all his strength to endeavour to excel Lucretius's sixth book on the plague at Athens. Neither can I think he has so far excelled his master (for such he was) as some critics imagine. Many hints in this description are borrowed from Thucydides's accurate and circumstantial account of the plague at Athens.
608. The victor horse.] Infelix studiorum in the original is an expression resembling laeta laborum, visibus animi, fortunatus laborum. Read the description of these symptoms from this line to sauces premit espera lingua: see how nobly the poet acquires
And Noric cliffs with spiry castles crown'd;
Lo! waste and wild the plains appear around:
Ev'n now deserted stands the shepherd's state,
And far and wide the lawns are desolate.
Here sprung of old by sickly gales begot,
A plague with all the fires of autumn fraught,
Which flew the beasts that range the field or wood,
Defl'd the freshness of the crystal flood,
And scorch'd with baleful breath the grassy food.
Strange kind of death! for when the parching pain
Had shrunk the limbs, and throb'd in every vein,
A pois'nous humour flow'd from all the frame,
Till every bone one putrid mass became.
Before the shrine, in snowy fillets dreft,
And holy bands, the consecrated beast
Fell, and prevented oft the lingering priest.
Or if he sunk beneath the fatal stroke,
Lo! on the shrine, his entrails fail to smoke.
No more, misled by many a doubtful sign,
The prophet can the dark event divine;
While scarce the knife with the faint tincture reeks,
Nor the thin gore the sandy surface streaks.
O'er flow'ry meads, or at the plenteous fall,
In lifeless heaps, the calves and heifers fall.
The gentle dogs run mad; the fick'ning swine
Pant with thick coughs, with swelling quinsies pine.
The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood:

quits himself on a subject, so exceedingly difficult to be describ-
ed, and let us compare it with a singularly fine one in Lucretius of the same kind:

Perturbata animi mens in moerore metuque;
Triste supercilium, furiosis vultus, & acer,
Sollicitae porro, plenaque fiororibus aures:
Creber spiritus, aut ingens, rauroque coortus,
Tenuia sputa, minutae, cruci contingita colore,
Salviaque per faucis runcas vix edita tufi.
Crebra ferit: demissae aures: incertus ibidem
Sudor; et illa quidem morituris frigidus: aret
Pellis, et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
Haec ante exitium primis dant signa diebus.
Sin in processu coepit crudescere morbus,
Tum vero ardentem oculi atque adtraactus ab alto
Spiritum, interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo
Ilia singultu tendunt: it naribus ater
Sanguis, et obseffas fauces premit aspera lingua.
Profuit inferto latices infundere cornu
Lenaeos: ea visa salus morientibus una.
Mox erat hoc ipsum exitio, furiiisque resecti
Ardebant, ipsique suos, jam morte sub aegra,
(Di meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum!)
Difciflos nudis laniabant dentibus.
Ecce autem duro humans sub vomere taurus
Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem,
Extremosque ciet gemitus. it tristis arator,
Maerentem abjungens fraterra morte juvencum:
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquat aratra.
Non umbrae alterum nemorum, non mollia posseunt
Prata movere animum, non qui per faxa volútus
Purior elecrò campum petit amnis: at ima
Solvontur latéra, atque oculos stupeor urguit inertis,
Ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix.
Quid labor, aut benefacta juvant? quid vomere terras

629. The bullock sinks.] How exquisitely beautiful is the pause in this verse at the word gemitus! it tristis arator, by the very melancholy flow of the words places the action of the ploughman full in our sight: the next line proceeds as flow as possible, consisting of all spondees,

Maerentem abjungens fraterra morte juvencum.
The circumstance of the brother heifer grieving is most tenderly imagined. Non umbrae alterum nemorum is an imitation of Lucretius, where the dam is lamenting her calf that was sacrificed.

Nec tenerae salices, atque herbae rore vigentes,
Fluminaque ulla quemque femmis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum subitamque avertere curam. L. 2.
By fits, he stamps the ground with eager feet,
While from his body burst a doubtful sweat,
That stood in icy drops, as death appear'd;
His parch'd hide to the touch is rough and hard.
These signs at first his future fate presage;
But as the spreading pest improv'd its rage,
With sanguine beams fierce glow'd his ardent eyes,
And heav'd his struggling breath with groans and sighs;
Of blood black torrents from his nostrils sprung,
To the swoln palate close his furry tongue.
Some have at first with short success apply'd,
Pour'd thro' an horn, Leucæus' purple tide;
But soon fresh fuel to the growing flame
It gave, and death the medicine became:
While, with bare teeth, their limbs all bath'd in gore,
Ev'n in the bitterest dying pangs they tore.
O crown, ye gods, a pious people's pray'r;
And let the bad alone so dire an error share!
Lo! while he toils the galling yoke beneath,
Foaming black blood, the bullock sinks in death:
The pensive hind the brother-slayer relieves,
Who faithful for his lost companion grieves,
And the fix'd share amid the furrow leaves.
Nor grasp'd mead, nor shade of lofty grove,
The mournful mate's afflicted mind can move:
Nor yet from rocks delicious streams that roll
As amber clear, can soothe his sorrowing soul:
His flanks flow loose; his eyes grow dim and dead;
And low to earth he bears his heavy head.
Ah! what avails their ceaseless useful toil?
What boots it to have turn'd the stubborn foil?

It was upon reading these exquisite lines, that Scaliger declared, he had rather have been the author of them, than to have been the first favourite of Croesus or Cyrus. I wish there was no sentiment in Scaliger's works more extravagant than this.
Invertitque gravis? atqui non Massica Bacchi Munera, non illis epulae nocuere repostae:
Frondibus et vicītus pascentur simplicis herbae:
Pocula sunt fontes liquidi, atque exercita cura
Fluminæ, nec somnos abruptit cura salubres. 530
Tempore non alio dicunt regionibus illis
Quaestitas ad sacræ boves Junonis, et uris Inparibus ductos alta ad donaria currus.
Ergo aegre rafris terram rimantur, et ipsis Unguiibus infodiant fruges, montisque per altos Contenta cervice trahunt tridentia plaustra.
Non lupus infidias explorat ovilia circum,
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat: acrior illum Cura domat: timidi damae cervique fugaces
Nunc interque canes et circum tecta vagantur. 540
Jam maris inmensî prolem, et genus omne natantium Litore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus Proluit: insolita fugiunt in fluminæ phocæ.
Interit et curvis frustra defenstra latebris Viperæ, et adtoniti squamis adiantibus hydri.
Ipis est aër avibus non aquos, et illæ Praecipites alta vitam sub nube reliquit.
Praeterea jam nec mutari pabula reperit,
Quaesitaeque nocent artes: cessère magistri Phillyrides Chiron Amythaoniusque Melampus. 550
Sævit et in lucem Stygiis emissa tenebris Pallida Tifiphone, Morbos agit ante Metumque,

653. The wily wolf.] Observe these circumstances of the wolves prowling no more, because acrior illum cura domat, and the deer wandering near the dwellings of men.

657. On the shores.] Virgil, 'tis observed, expressly contradicts Aristotle, who afferts, that pestilential diseases never affect fishes.

661. Th' astoniß'd hydra.] I know not a stronger image in any poet whatever, than this of the serpents dying with their scales erect and stiffened: attoniti (which is a most expressive word in this place) squamis adiantibus hydri!

The poet brings into his subject the inhabitants of every element, making as it were all nature affected with this dreadful plague.
Yet ne'er choice Maffic wines debauch'd their taste,
Ne'er did they riot in the rich repast;
Their food is leafy browze, and nature's grass,
Their draught fresh rills that thro' the meadows pass,
Or torrents rushing from the rocky steep;
Nor care disturbs their salutary sleep.
Then cars were drawn, while fail'd th' accustom'd kine,
By ill-pair'd buffaloes, to Juno's shrine.
And men with harrows toil'd to till the plain,
Ev'n with their nails dug in the golden grain;
The rattling waggon's galling yoke sustain'd,
And up the rocky steep laborious strain'd.
The wily wolf, no more by hunger bold,
With secret step explores the nightly fold.
Deers herd with hounds, and leave their sylvan seat,
And seek with man to find a safe retreat:
Thick on the shores, like ship-wreck'd corses cast,
Appear the finny race of ocean vast;
Th' affrighted Phocae to the rivers haste.
His cave no more to shield the snake avails;
Th' astonish'd hydra dies, erecting all his scales.
Ev'n their own skies to birds unfaithful prove,
Headlong they fall, and leave their lives above;
Nor change of pasture could relief impart;
Destructive proves each vain attempt of art:
Chiron, Melampus healing herbs, no more,
Fathers of sacred medicine explore:
Tisiphone, from hell let loose to light,
Before her drives Diseases and Affright:

666. Chiron, Melampus.] The poet does not mean that the plague happened in the days of Chiron and Melampus, but that the very best physicians acknowledged their skill useless in this case. Particulars are named for generals. Lucretius speaks personally of the art of physic, which has a fine effect.

—Muffabat tacito Medicina timore.

668. Tisiphone from hell.] The figure of Tisiphone driving before her a train of diseases and fear, is nobly conceived.
Inque dies avidum furgens caput altius effert.
Balatu'pecorum et crebris mugitibus amnes,
Arentesque fonnant ripae, collefque supini.
Jamque catervatim dat stiragem, atque aggerat ipsis
In ftabulis turpi dilabfa cadavera tabo:
Donec humo tegere, ac foveis abfcondere difcunt.
Nam neque crat coriis usus: nec viscera quisquam
Aut undis abolere potest, aut vincere flamma:
Nec tondere quidem morbo illuvieque perefa
Vellera, nec telas posfunt adtingere putris.
Verum etiam invisos fi quis tentarat ami6tus;
Ardentes papulae, atque inmundus olentia fudor
Membra fequebatur. nec longo deinde moranti
Tempore contactos facer artus ignis edebat.

puts one in mind of that exalted image in Habakkuk, where
the prophet speaking of Jehovah in his wrath, fays, "Before
him went the pestilence." The circumstance of the fury Ti-
siphone's growing every day larger and larger, is truly ad-
mirable, as it fo juftly alludes to the daily increase of the
pestilence.

673. The withering banks.] What can be more pathetic than
the circumstance of the hills perpetually echoing with the
mournful bleatings of the sheep? &c.

675. She piles.] That is Tisiphone; making this Fury the
agent, and continuing to personify her.
Still day by day more huge the fiend appears,
Till high to heav’n her horrid head she rears:
While lowings loud, and many a mournful bleat,
The withering banks and hanging hills repeat:
At length whole herds to death at once she sweeps,
High in the stalls she piles the loathsome heaps;
Dire spectacle! till sage experience found
To bury deep the carrion in the ground.
Useless their hides; nor from the flesh the flame
Could purge the filth, nor streams the favour tame.
Nor could their skins supply the woolly store,
O’ergrown with scabs, and stiff with many a sore:
Wove from such fleeces those who wore a vest,
Were with foul sweats, and burning spots oppress’d;
Till thro’ the limbs diffus’d, th’ infatiate flame
With dire contagious touch consum’d the putrid frame.

684. Th’ infatiate flame.] Some imagine that by facer ignis
an erysipelas or St. Anthony’s fire may be meant. But perhaps facer may mean accursed, or direful—auri facra fames—facer esto. I cannot agree with many critics, that Virgil hath on the whole excelled his master Lucretius in his description of the plague. There are several strokes of the strongest painting, and the deepest pathetic in Lucretius’s sixth book; which sixth book, by the way, seems but an odd and imperfect conclusion of his work.

The End of the Third Georgic.
BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Having treated of many other animals together in the foregoing book, the poet selects a single creature for the subject of this, and devotes a whole book to the description of the wonderful bee. It is divided into eight parts. I. Of a proper station for bees. II. Of their gathering honey, their swarms, and their battles. III. Of two species of bees. IV. Of their wisdom, civil prudence, government, and republic. V. Of the time of taking their honey. VI. Of the diseases incident to bees, with the signs and the remedies of such diseases. VII. Of the method of repairing the race of bees when the whole breed is lost. VIII. Of Arisflæus, the author of this method of repairing a flock of bees; his adventure with Proteus; the reasons Proteus assigns to Arisflæus for his loss, which artfully introduce the story of Orpheus and Eurydice: with whose unhappy fate the poet concludes his consummate work.
P. VIRGILII MARONIS

GEO R G I C A.

LIBER QUARTUS.

PROTINUS aërii mellis coelestia dona
Exseuar. hanc etiam, Maecenas, adspice partem.
Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores, et studia, et populos, et praelia dicam.
In tenui labor: at tenuis non gloria; si quem
Numina laeva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.
Principio fedes apibus statioque petenda,
Quo neque fit ventis aditus, (nam pabula venti
Ferre domum prohibent) neque oves haedique petulci
Floribus infultent, aut errans bucula campo

Ver. 1. Honey.] The poet calls honey aerial and heavenly, according to the opinion of the old philosophers, who believed that it was derived from the dew of heaven. This heavenly dew they thought was received by the flowers, and thence gathered by the bees. Every reader of taste perceives how Virgil exalts and dignifies these wonderful insects, by ascribing to them thro' this whole book, the manners, passions, and actions of men. I have before said, that the characteristic of this book is elegance, and of the former, sublimity. Virgil has borrowed most of his observations upon bees from Varro, and Aristotle's treatise of animals. Modern philosophy has cleared up many mistakes which these ancients fell into, with regard to bees and other animals.
THE GEOGRAPHICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Next heavenly honey, and ambrosial dews,
This too Maecenas hear! my song pursues;
Great wonders of an insect-race imparts,
Their manners, mighty leaders, arms, and arts;
The subject trivial, but not low the praise,
If Heav’n should smile, and Phoebus aid the lays.
First for your bees a shelter’d station find,
Impervious to the gusts of rushing wind;
Rude blasts permit them not, as wide they roam,
To bring their food and balmy treasures home.
To tread the sweets of neighb’ring flow’rs forbid
The sportful lambkin, and exulting kid;

12. Sportful lambkin.] Which puts me in mind of those sweet lines of Euripides, Hippol. Coron. 73.

An author (whose meanest praise is his critical taste and judgment) instead of ἦνιον in the last verse, would read ἦνιος. Me-s-λιστιν τεὐτόν, the vernal bee.

Jortin on Ecclesiastical Hist. 307. vol. 2.
Decutiat rorem, et surgentis adterat herbas.
Abint et picti squalentia terga lacerti
Pinguibus a stabulis, meropesque, aliaeque volucres;
Et manibus Procne pectus signata cruentis.
Omnia nam late vaivant, ipsasque volantis
Ore ferunt dulcem nidis inmitibus escam.
At liquidi fontes et stagna virentia musco
Adsint, et tenuis fugiens per gramina rirus,
Palmaque vestibulum aut ingens oleaster inumbret.
Ut, cum prima novi ducent examina reges
Vere suos, ludetque favis emissa juventus,
Vicina invitet decency ripa calori;
Obviaque hospitiis teneat frondentibus arbos.
In medium, feu stabit iners, feu profluet humor,
Transferfas falices, et grandia conjice saxa:
Pontibus ut crebris possint consiftere, et alas
Pandere ad aestivam solem; si forte morantis
Sparserit, aut praeceps Neptune inmerserit Eurus.
Hacc circum caesae virides, et olentia late
Serpulla, et graviter spirantis copia thymbrae
Floreat, inrigiumque bibant violaria fontem.
Ipfa autem, feu corticibus tibi suta cavatis,
Seu lento fuerint alvearia vimine texta,
Angufltos habeant aditus. nam frigore mella
Cogit hiems, eademque calor liquefacta remittit.

16. The merops.] Apiajier, or Bee-eater, is shaped like a king-fisher. It is about the size of a black-bird. Progne the daughter of Pandion was turned into a swallow, which has the feathers of its breast stained with red.

23. Palm.] Dr. Martyn observes that the palm-tree is of several sorts; but believes the species cultivated in Italy (and consequently that meant in this place) to be the date-tree.

27. This cool retreat.] Milton has an expression of the same nature with hospitiis frondentibus in Comus,

To lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines.
Nor springing herbs let roving heifers crush,
Nor nibbling sheep the morning dew-drops brush,
Nor scaly lizards near their walls be found,
Nor ravenous birds, nor merops flit around,
Nor Progne, markt her breast with hands of blood;
Each wandering insect they destroy for food,
Arrest the lab’ring bees, a luscious prey,
And to th’ expectant hungry nests convey.
But near, let fountains spring, and rivulets pass,
Meand’ring thro’ the tufts of moss and grass;
Let spreading palm before the portal grow,
Or olive wild his sheltering branches throw;
That when the youthful swarms come forth to play,
Beneath the vernal sun’s unclouded ray,
The kings may lead them to this cool retreat,
Where flow’ry banks invite, and boughs defend from heat.
Haft thou a living rill, or stagnant lake?
With willows and huge stones the waters break;
On which the wanderers safely may alight,
When rains or winds retard their destin’d flight;
On which emerging from the waves, may land,
And their wet wings to tepid suns expand.
Let casia green and thyme shed sweetness round,
Savoury, and strongly-scented mint abound,
Herbs that the ambient air with fragrance fill;
While beds of violets drink the frehening rill.
Whether your hive you frame of woven boughs,
Or rear with pliant bark the concave house,
Strait be its entrance; left the varying year
Congeal the golden combs with frost severe,

fingers deep, with several shells or small stones standing a little above the surface of the water, that the bees may drink.

36. Savoury.] The thymbra of the ancients is generally thought, says Dr. Martyn, to be some species of fatureia, or savoury. Serpyllum is wild thyme. Caffia is not rosemary, as some have supposed.
Utraque vis apibus pariter metuenda: neque illae
Nequidquam in tectis certatim tenuia cera
Spiramenta linunt, fucque et floribus oras
Explent, conlectumque haec ipsa ad munera gluten,
Et visco et Phrygiae servant pice lentius Idae.
Saepe etiam effossis (si vera est fama) latebris
Sub terras soveré larem, penitusque repertae.
Pumicibusque cavis, exesaeque arboris antro.
Tu tamen e levi rimosa cubilia limo
Ungue fovens circum, et raras superinjice frondis.
Neu propius tectis taxum fine, neve rubentis
Ure foco cancros, altae neu crede paludi:
Aut ubi odor coeni gravis, aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensā resultat imago.
Quod supereft, ubi pulfam hiemem sól aureus egit
Sub terras, caelumque æstiva luce reclusit;
Illæ continuo saltus silvasque peragrunt,
Purpureosque metunt flores, et flumina libant
Summa leves. hinc nescio qua dulcedine laetae
Progeniem nidosque fovent: hinc arte recentís
Excudunt ceras, et mella tenacia singunt.
Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera caeli
Nare per æstatem liquidam suspeferis agmen,
Obscuramque trahy vento mirabère nubem;
Contemplator: aquas dulcis, et frondea semper
Tecta petunt. huc tu jussos adisperge sapoes,

56. The red'ning crabs.] This must sound very odd to mo-
dern readers. The Romans were wont to burn crabs to ashes,
and used them as a remedy for scalds and burns.

61. The poet proceeds to speak of the swarming of bees,
and points out the method of making them settle.
Or melt the mass in summer's scorching beams;  
Baneful alike to bees are both extremes.  
For this, around the chinks, by nature led,  
Soft wax and flow'rs and fucus thick they spread: 
For this, their stores with potent glews enrich,  
More tough than bird-lime or Idean pitch. 
And oft in caverns, as tradition tells, 
They fix their bower, and form their secret cells;  
Oft in cleft stones their hoarded sweets are laid, 
Or mossy-green oaken trunks with age decay'd. 
Thou too with mud the chinky sides o'erlay, 
And thinly shade them with the leafy spray. 
Nor by their walls let yews unwholesome grow, 
Nor let the red'ning crabs in embers glow, 
Ne'er trust them near the fen, or flagrante flood, 
Nor rank pernicious stench of reeking mud, 
Nor where the voice from hollow rocks rebounds, 
And hill to hill returns the mimic sounds. 

For what remains, when the bright sun hath driv'n 
Pale winter down, and op'd the smiling heav'n 
With cloudless luftre, strait abroad they rove, 
Around each lawn, around each verdant grove, 
And sip the purple flowers, and lightly skim 
Across the dimpled brook and river's brim: 
Hence inexpressive fondness fills their breast, 
For their young progeny and rising nest; 
With joy their waxen labours they renew,' 
Thick'ning to honey their neætareous dew. 

Burft from their cells if a young troop be seen, 
That fails exulting through the blue serene, 
Driv'n by the winds, in clouds condens'd and dark, 
Observe them close, the paths they steer remark; 
They seek fresh fountains, and thick shady bowers, 
'Tis then the time to scatter fragrant flowers,
Trita melisphylla, et cerinthae ignobile gramen:
Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum.
Ipsae confident medicatis sedibus: ipsae
Intuma more suo sefe in cunabula condent,
Sin autem ad pugnam exierint; (nam saepe duobus
Regibus incefit magnis discordia motu)
Continuque animos volgi et trepidantia bello
Corda licet longe praesercere: namque morantis
Martius ille aeris rauci canor increpat,
Et vox Auditur fructos sonitus imitata tubarum.
Tum trepidae inter se coëunt, pennisque coruscant,
Spiculaque excuunt rostris, aptantque lacertos,
Et circa regem atque ipsa ad praetoria denfae
Miscentur, magnisque vocant clamoribus hostem.
Ergo, ubi ver naeæ sudum campoque patentis,
Erumpunt portis; concurrunt; aethere in alto
Fit sonitus, magnum mixtæ glomerantur in orbem,
Praecipitesque cadunt. non denfior aere grando,
Nec de concusfa tantum pluit ilice glandis.
Ipsi per medias acies, insignibus alis,
Ingentis animos angusto in pectore versant.
Usque adeo obnixi non cedere, dum gravis aut hos,
Aut hos versa fuga victor dare terga subegit.

77. Cerinth, &c.] Trita melisphylla, et cerinthae ignobile
gramen, fays the original. Dr. Martyn, who is very accurate
and full in explaining the botanical part of the Georgics, fays,
that the first plant seems to be a contraction of melisphyllon;
and that the description of it agrees very well with the melissa
or baum, a common herb in the English gardens. Cerinthe
(which is derived from κερινθ, a honey-comb) is the cerinthe fлав
flore asperior, or yellow-flowered honey-wort. The stalks are
about the thickness of one's finger, round, smooth, whiteish,
and divided into several branches. The leaves embrace the
stalks and branches with their bases, and diminish gradually to
a point. They are of a blueish colour marked with white
spots, set on both sides with prickles, and neatly indented.
Dr. Martyn in his quarto edition has given a beautiful print of
the cerinthe finely coloured.
Book 4. The Georgics of Virgil.

Bruis’d baum, and vulgar cerinth spread around,
And ring the tinkling bras, and sacred cymbals sound:
They’ll settle on the medicated seats,
And hide them in the chambers’ last retreats.

But if intent on war they seek the foe,
'Twixt two contending kings when discords glow,
The peoples’ troubled minds you soon presage,
 Burning for battle, swoln with eager rage;
Hark! a rough clangor calls the hosts to arms,
A voice, like the deep trumpet’s hoarse alarms!
Furious they meet, and brandishing their wings,
 Fit all their claws, and sharpen all their stings;
Around their monarch’s high pavilion crowd,
And call the lagging foe with shoutings loud.
Now when a day serene and bright they gain,
From the next city rush both battles main;
Dire is the conflict, loud resounds the sky,
Close in one cluster they contend on high,
And headlong fall, as thick as clattering hail,
Or acorns strew, from shaken oaks, the vale.
The kings shine glorious ’mid the thickest war;
And mighty souls in narrow bosoms bear:
Stedfast in fight, unknowing how to yield,
Till these or those forfake the deathful field.

78. Cymbals.] Tinnitusque cie, &c. This custom is still used.
Aristotle mentions it likewise, and questions whether they hear
or not, and whether it be delight or fear that causes the bees
to be quieted with such noises. For my own part I believe it
to be of no manner of service in this case. Martyn.

85. Hosts to arms.] This battle is described with as much
spirit and strength, and the fury of the combatants is painted
in terms as bold and majestic, as if it were an engagement
between the greatest heroes. One cannot but observe how
Virgil exalts his bees by giving them all the warlike appa-
ratus of an army. Such are the expressions—
Aeris rauci canor, spicula, and praetoria, magnifique vocant
clamoribus bofem, per medias acies, erumpunt portis—
concurritur.
Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jaëtu conpressa quiescunt;
Verum ubi ductores acie revocaveris ambo;
Deterior qui visus, eum, ne prodigus obfit;
Dede neci: melior vacua fine regnet in aula.
Alter erit maculis auro squalentibus ardens:
(Nam duo sunt genera) hic melior, insignis et ore,
Et rutilis clarus squamis: ille horridus alter
Desidia, latamque trahens inglorius alvom.
Ut binae regum facies, ita corpora plebis.
Namque aliae turpes horrent: ceu pulvere ab alto
Cum venit, et ficco terram spuit ore viator
Aridus: elucent aliae, et fulgere coruscant
Ardentes auro, et paribus lita corpora guttis.
Haec potior suboles. hinc caeli tempore certo
Dulcia mella premes: nec tantum dulcia, quantum
Et liquida, et durum bacchi domitura saporem.
At cum incerta volant, caeloque examina ludunt,
Contemnuntque favos, et frigida teëta relinquant;
Inflabilis animos ludo prohibebis inani.
Nec magnus prohibere labor. tu regibus alas
Eripe. non illis quisquam cunctantibus altum
Ire iter, aut castris audebit vellere signa.
Invitent croceis halantes floribus horti,

115. Spits from parch’d lips.] 'Tis observable that this is the only low, or droll image, that Virgil hath admitted into the Georgics; so careful was he of keeping up a dignity and majesty throughout his poem, Philips in his Cyder, has not always followed this judicious example: witnesses the following passages, bordering on burlesque.

Alloo thy furious mastiff——
Blind bayard rather——Add to these instances,
the bag-piper, and the description of a swain eating a beautiful apple whose insides is decayed; whose surprize, to heighten the ridicule by a pompous simile, is compared to an army marching over flowery meadows under which are caverns filled with gun-
These fierce contentions, this pernicious fray,
A little dust flung upwards will allay.
When now both chiefs have left the doubtful strife,
The vanquish'd wretch must yield his forfeit life;
Left he consume the stores, an useless drone;
While uncontroul'd the victor mounts the throne.
Two different kinds of regal bees behold!
The better bears a coat that glows with gold;
More delicate proportions grace his frame,
And radiant scales o'er all his body flame:
While in the other, sloth's foul hues prevail,
Groveling he scarce his breadth of paunch can trail.
Alike a different form the people wear,
These squalid to the sight, and rough appear:
As when the traveller, all spent with thirst,
Spits from parch'd lips the froth-attemper'd dust.
The better race resplendent hues unfold,
Bedropt with equal spots of glistening gold;
At stated seasons, these shall plenteous pour
From their swoln combs the sweet nectarous show'r:
Yet pure as sweet, and potent to diffuse
New flavours mild o'er Bacchus' harsher juice.
But when the swarms in aether idly play,
And from their emptied hives uncertain fray;
From the vain sport their giddy minds restrain;
Nor great, to check the fugitives, the pain:
Be it thy care, from these high reverenc'd kings,
Conductors of their flight, to clip the wings;
The troops to march without their leaders fear,
Nor dare the standard from the camp to bear.
Let gardens gay, with saffron flowers, invite
The fickle wanderers, and retard their flight:

powder. This is more like Cervantes than Virgil: and indeed there is an air of burlesque poetry throughout the whole poem of Cyder, much resembling his Splendid Shilling.
Et custos furum atque avium cum salce saligna
Hellepontiaci servet tutela Priapi.
Ipse thymum pinoque serens de montibus altis
Tecta serat late circum, cui talia curae:
Ipse labore manum duro terat: ipse seracis
Figat humo plantas, et amicos inriget imbris.
Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub fine laborum
Vela traham, ac terris seftinem advertere proram;
Forstam et, pinguis hortos quae cura cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Paefi:
Quoque modo potis gauderent intuba rivas;
Et virides apio ripae, tortusque per herbam
Cresceret in ventrem cucumis: nec sara comantem
Narcisfum, aut flexi taucissem vimen acanthi,
Pallentifque ederad, et amantis litora myrtos.
Namque sub Oebalae memini me turribus altis,
Qua niger humecet flaventia culta Galesus,
Corycium vidisse fenem: cui pauca reliñti
Jugera ruris erant: nec fertilis illa juvencis,
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda baccho.
Hic rurum tamen in dumis olus, albaque circum
Lilia, verbenasque premens, veceilumque papaver,

145. How ceferi.] These exquifite lines make us wish the poet had enlarged upon the subject of gardening. We have no poem on it but an infipid one of F. Rapin, written in pure Latin indeed, but with no poetical spirit, and indeed I think not comparable to an old fragment of Columella on this subject. Considering the many great improvements made in this science, perhaps the garden is the properest and most fruitful subject for a didactic poem of any whatsoever. Especially as this art hath been lately so much improved by Mr. Kent, who with great taste hath banished the regular, ftrait walks, Dutch work, and unnatural uniformity formerly so much admired.

151. Once.] Who that reads this, says Dr. Trapp, despiseth not the wealth, and pities not the persons of all the great ones upon earth?

154. Hereditary field.] Some interpreters fay, reliñti ruris means acres of wafe, or negleced land.

158. Lillies.] The original is, albaque circum lilia. Tho' the white lilly be the most common species of that flower, among
Safe let them live beneath Priapus' eye,
Whose hook rapacious birds and robbers fly.
And let the swain who makes the hive his care,
Sweet thyme and pines from the steep mountains bear,
Nor should himself refute, their straw-built house
Far round to shade with thickly-woven boughs;
Himself should plant the spreading greens, and pour
Thick o'er the thirsting beds the friendly show'r.

And here, but that I hasten to the shore,
Prepar'd to strike my fails, and launch no more;
Perhaps the gardens' culture I might praise,
Teach doubly-fruitful Paestum's rose to raise;
How celeri and endive love to grow
On verdant banks where gushing rivulets flow;
How best the creeping cucumber may swell;
Nor daffadil's late bloom would fail to tell;
Acanthus' bending stalks, nor ivy hoar,
Nor myrtles green, that love the breezy shore.

For once beneath Oebalia's lofty towers,
Where black Galefus thro' rich pastures pours,
An old Corycian yeoman I beheld,
Lord of a small hereditary field,
Too poor to nourish sheep, or fatning kine,
The golden corn, or Bacchus' joyous vine;
Yet he thin fallads 'mid the bushy ground,
And vervain planted, and white lilies round;

among us, yet it was the most celebrated, and best known
among the ancients. Thus Virgil does not produce the epi-
thet alba in this place, without reason. In other passages our
poet has taken care to insist on the whiteness of the lily; as
in Aen. lib. 12.
--- Mixtā rubent ubi lilia multa
   Alba reō

And Aen. 6.
--- Candida circum,
   Lilia funduntur.

A a 2
Regum aquabat opes animis; serraque revertens
Nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat inequitis.
Primus vere rosam atque autumno carpere poma,
Et cum trifidis hiems etiamnum frigore saxa
Rumparet, et glacie cursus frenare aquarum;
Ille comam mollis jam tum tonderebat acanthi,
Aestatem increpitans seram Zephyrosque morantis.
Ergo apibus foetis idem atque examine multo
Primus abundare, et spumantia cogere pressis
Mella favis: illi tiliae, atque uberrima pinus:
Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbos
Induerat, totidem autumno matura tenebat.
Ille etiam ferus in versum diffultit ulmos,
Eduramque pirum, et spinos jam pruna ferentis,
Jamque ministrantem platanum potantibus umbras.
Verum haec ipsè equidem spatiis exclusus iniquis
Praetereo, atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.
Nunc aër, naturas apibus quas Juppiter ipsè
Addidit, expediam: pro qua mercede, canoros
Curetum sonitus crepitantiaque aera secutaæ.
Dicitaeo caeli regem pavere sub antro,
Solae communis gnatos, confortia tecta.

170. Pines.] Columella observes that limes are hurtful to bees, but mentions the pine as agreeable to them.
175. Planes.] This relates to the Corycians having the art of removing even large trees.
179. Wond'rous powres.] There are many passages in the Georgic, where Virgil manages his prince's cause with great dexterity, and at the same time shews an equal regard for the liberty and interest of his country; but certainly nothing can come up to the fourth book, on this head. What wonderful knowledge must that writer have had, who could ransack all nature to find out a species of insects whose constitution might be supposed to be made up of a republic governed by a monarch!
This was one of the principal reasons of Virgil's choosing the bees for his finishing piece; and this makes him say to Maecenas in his introduction to it,
And late at eve returning home to rest,
His frugal board with unbought dainties blest,
Nor wish'd to be the richest monarch's guest.
When spring with flowers, with fruits when autumn
He first could pull the apple, crop the rose;
When winter drear had clove the rocks with cold,
And chain'd in ice the rivers as they roll'd,
Ev'n then acanthus' tender leaves he shear'd,
Slow zephyr blam'd, and a late summer fear'd.
He the first swarms could boast and pregnant bees,
From the full combs could richest honey squeeze:
Tall were his pines and limes, and fruitful all his trees.
Whatever buds the bending branches wore,
So many fruits in autumn swell'd his store.
He too could high-grown elms transplant in rows,
Or harden'd pear-trees from their place transpose,
Or plumbs with all their fruits, or lofty planes
That shelter'd with broad shades the quaffing swains.
But since too narrow bounds my song confine,
To future bards these subjects I resign.

Now listen while the wond'rous powers I sing,
And genius giv'n to bees by heav'n's almighty king,
Whom in the Cretan cave they kindly fed,
By cymbals' sound, and clashing armour led.
They, they alone a general interest share,
Their young committing to the public care;

Admiranda tibi leviurn spectacula rerum.

You will soon see to whom the wonders are applicable, which I relate of these little creatures. How fine a compliment was it to the Roman people, and their prince, to shew that the bees had their laws (upon which all their happiness was founded) by inspiration from Jupiter, and their prince from the same source!

Benson.

180. King.] The poet here insinuates, that Jupiter gave the bees a degree of reason, as a reward for their feeding him, when an infant, with honey, while he was concealed in a cave from his father Saturn.
Urbis habent, magnifice agitant sub legibus aevom:
Et patriam solae, et certos noveere penatis:
Venturaeque hiemis memores aestate laborem
Experiuntur, et in medium quaestita reponunt.
Namque aliae victu invigilant, et foedere pacto
Exercentur agris: pars intra septa domorum
Narcissi lacrimam, et lentum de cortice glutin,
Prima favis ponunt fundamina. deinde tenacis
Suspensunt ceras: aliae spem gentis adultos
Educunt foetus: aliae purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido diffendunt nectaris cellas.
Sunt, quibus ad portas cecidit custodia forti:
Inque vicem speculantur aquas, et nubila caeli:
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus a praefepibus aras.
Fervit opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella,
Ac veluti, ientis Cyclopes fulmina mafis
Cum properant, alii taurinis follibus auras
Accipiunt redunlque, alii frigentia tinguunt
Aera lacu: gemit inpositis incudibus antrum.

198. Intent, and watchful. Vaniere, in his book on the
management of bees, relates the following extraordinary cir-
cumstance, which he says he takes from M. Maraldi, Histoire
de l’Academie Royale de Sciences, 16 Nov. 1712. sur les abeils,
p. 299.

This is an instance, if it be true, of more astonisihing sagacity
than any mentioned by Virgil.

205. Cyclops. Pope observes with fine taste on this passage:
"That the ufe of the grand style on little subjectts, is not
And all concurring to the common cause,
Live in fixt cities under settled laws:
Of winter mindful and inclement skies,
In summer hoard, for all the state, supplies:
Alternate some provide the nation's food,
And search it o'er each forest, field, and flood:
Some for the comb's foundations gather glew,
And temper gums with daffadil's rich dew;
Then with nice art the waxen arches bend,
Or with nectarous sweets the fret-work cells distend.
Commission'd some, th' important office bear,
To form the youth, the nation's hope, with care;
Some, by joint compact, at the city's gate
Intent, and watchful of heav'n's changes, wait,
Examine ev'ry motion of the skies,
What show'r's approach, what storms or winds arise;
Or ease the burden'd lab'rs limbs, or drive
The drones, a race of sluggards, from the hive;
The crowded dome with toil intenfely glows,
And from the breathing sweets a blended fragrance flows.
As when Jove's bolts to frame, the Cyclops sweat,
The rough and stubborn ore subdue with heat,
While chiming hammers in just order beat;

only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the Georgics; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may be very well accounted for; laughter implies cenfure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenfure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridicu-

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Pope, Postscript to the Odyssey,
Illi inter se se magna vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, verfantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Non aliter, si parya licet conponere magnis,
Cecropias innatus apes amor urguet habendi,
Munere quamque suo. grandaevis oppida curae,
Et munire favos, et daedala fingere teeta.
At fessa multa referunt se nocte minores,
Crura thymo plenae: pascuntur et arbuta passim,
Et glauces falices, cafiamque, crocumque rubentem
Et pinguem liliam, et ferrugineos hyacinthos.
Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus unus.
Mane ruunt portis; nusquam mora. rursum easdem
Vesper ubi e pastu tandem decedere campis
Admonuit, tum teeta petunt, tum corpora curant.
Fit sonitus, mussantque oras et limina circum.
Post, ubi jam thalamis se consopuerer, filetur
In noctem, fessosque sopor suus occupat artus;
Nec vero a fabulis pluvia inpendente recedunt
Longius, aut credunt caelo adventantibus euris.
Sed circum tuta sub moenibus urbis aquantur,
Excursusque brevis tentant, et farpe lapillos,
Ut cymbae instabile fluitu jactante faburram,
Tollunt: his sepe per inania nubila librant.
Illum adeo placuflle apibus mirabere morem,
Quod neque concubitu indulgent, nec corpora seges
In venerem solvont, aut foetus nixibus edunt:
Verum ipsae e foliis gnatos et suavibus herbis

236. Enfeebling joys of love.] Variere, who received new lights on this subject from the observations of modern philosophers, describes the queen laying her eggs in the following manner:

Explorans paritura toros regina paratos;
Inserit alcelis caput, ut quae nixibus edct,
Unis ova parens ceponat singula nidis.
Circumflammatis pata cohors, uteroque dolentem
Reginam mulctet pennis; et murmure blando
Horatius duros partus tolerare labores.
Illa retro gradies, averso corpore nidos,
Ingreditur; parientem abdii sexangula cera;
Some turn the weighty mass with gripping tongs,
While others heave the puffing bellows' lungs,
Or the red bars in hissing water lave,

Deep Aetna groans below, thro' many an echoing cave;
No less (small things with greater to compare)
Toil the Cecropian bees with ceaseless care;
Each knows his task: the old their towns attend,
Shape their nice cells, their daedal works defend;

But late at evening those of youthful prime
Return fatigu'd, their thighs surcharged with thyme;
They prey on arbutes, willow buds devour,
Sweet caffia, and the saffron's glowing flower;
From fruitful limes sip rich mellifluous dew,
And suck soft hyacinths of purple hue.

All rest together, all together toil:
At morn they rush abroad, the flow'rs to spoil;
When twilight evening warms them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the gate, and mix a drowsy hum.

At last, into their inmost chambers creep,
And silent lie dissolved in balmy sleep.
When Eurus blows, or gathering winds impend,
The skies they trust not, nor their flights extend;
But drink of streams that flow their city nigh,
Work near the walls, and short excursions try;
Poize their light bodies like a ballanc'd boat,
With sands, as through tempestuous air they float.

But chief, this circumstance may wonder move,
That none indulge th' enfeebling joys of love,
None pangs of child-birth feel, but leaves among,
And fragrant flow'rs, they gather all their young;

The modern philosophers are much better acquainted with the nature of insects, than were Aristotle or Theophrastus.
Theophrastus, from whom Virgil borrowed largely in his account of bees. They assert and prove that no animal (nay no plant) is produced without a concurrence of the two sexes, and that consequently equivocal generation is an idle and most groundless opinion. See Redi de infectis, and the works of Linnaeus. With regard to the generation of bees, I shall present the reader with a large but entertaining extract from a French author lately published. The matter of the treatise is taken from the works of the learned Mr. Maraldi, and Mr. de Reaumur, and is slung into a sprightly dialogue.

It begins with a general view of the hive. The glass hive represents a city of sixteen or eighteen thousand inhabitants. This city is a monarchy, consisting of a queen, of grandees, soldiers, artizans, porters, houses, streets, gates, magazines, and a most strict civil policy. The queen dwells in a palace in the inner part of the city; some of the cells (which run perpendicular from the top of the hive) are larger than the rest, and belong to those, who after the queen, hold the first rank in the commonwealth; the others are inhabited by the common people. The cells are all publick buildings, which belong to the society in common; for among this people there is no meum nor tuum. Some cells are close magazines for a store of honey; others for the daily nourishment of the labouring bees; others are destin'd to receive eggs, and to lodge the worm from which the young bee springs.

In the hive there is usually but one queen, six or eight hundred, or even a thousand males called drones, and from fifteen to sixteen thousand, or upwards, of bees without sex, who carry on the whole policy and manufacture of the hive. The mother-bee, or the queen-mother, is the soul of the community, and but for her, every thing would languish; when she is secreted from the hive, the other bees lose all care of pottery, and make neither honey nor wax, so that the city soon becomes defolate and empty.—The rest of the bees pay her the most dutiful respect, and follow her wherever she goes, or is carried from home. Her subjects perform their several functions without any instructions, and without giving her the least trouble. Her only business is to people the hive; and this she fulfils so perfectly, as well to deserve the most honourable of all political titles, that of Parent of her country. To merit the love of her subjects, 'tis necessary she should produce from ten to twelve thousand children in the space of seven weeks, and one year with another, from thirty to forty thousand. She is easily distinguish'd from the other bees, by the form of her body, which is longer and slenderer. Her wings are shorter, in
Hence their great king and citizens create,
And build their waxen realms, and courts of state. 240

in proportion to her length: in the other bees, they cover the whole body; in her they terminate about half way, at the third ring of her trunk. She has, like the rest, a sting and bladder of poison; but is with much more difficulty provoked to use them; though when she does, the wound is larger and much more painful.

The drones, or the thousand husbands of this single queen, are found in the hive only from the beginning of May to the end of July. Their number increases every day during that space of time, and is greatest when the queen is breeding; in a few days after which period they die a violent death. Their way of living is very different from the rest: for excepting the single moment when they pay their duty to the queen, they are quite idle, and enjoy a most luxurious fare; being fed only with the finest honey, whereas the common bees live in a great measure upon wax. These go out early in the morning, and don't return till they are loaded with honey and wax, for the good of the society. The drones, on the contrary, don't go abroad till about eleven o'clock to take the air, and return punctually about five at night. They have no stings, nor those long elastic teeth with which the other bees work up the honey; nor those kind of hollows, which serve them for baskets to bring it home to the hive. The other bees, or the manufacturer (as we may call them) have an infinite number of strange particularities about them, of which we can only impart a few to the reader.

Their head seems triangular, and the point of the triangle is formed by the meeting of two long elastic teeth, which are concave on the inside. In the second and third pair of their legs, is a part called the brusht, of a square figure, with its outward surface polished and flecked, and its inward hairy, like a common bruft. With these two instruments they prepare their wax and honey. The materials of their wax lie in the form of dust upon the lamina of flowers. When the bee would gather this dust, she enters into the flower, and takes it up by means of her brusht, to which it easily adheres. She comes out all covered with it, sometimes yellow, sometimes red, or according to the native colour of the dust. If this dust be inclosed in the Capulæ of a flower, she pierces the Capsulæ, with her long moveable teeth, and then she gathers it. When it is quite loaded with dust, she rubs herself to collect it, and rolls it up in a little maif. Sometimes she performs this part of her business by the way; sometimes she stays till she comes to the hive. As soon as it is formed into a ball about the size of a grain of pepper, she lodges it in her basket, and returns home with a joy proportionable to the quantity she brings. The honey of the bees is found in the same place with the wax. It is lodged in little reservoirs, placed at the bottom of the flower.
Saepe etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
Adtrivere, ultroque animam sub fasce dedere.
Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis.
Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus aevi
Excipiat: (neque enim plus septima ducitur aetas)
At genus inmortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat Fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
Præterea regem non sic Aegyptos, et ingens
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaspes
Observant. Rege incolumi mens omnibus una est:
Amisso rupere fidem; constructaque mella
Diripuere ipsæ, et crates solvere favorum.
Ille operum custos: illum admirantur, et omnes
Circumstant fremitu denso, sipiantque frequentes;
Et saepe adtolunt humeris, et corpora bello
Objectant, pulchramque petunt per volnera mortem.
His quidam signis atque haec exempla secuti,
Esse apibus partem divinae mentis, et haustus
Aetherios dixere. deum namque ire per omnis
Terasque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum.
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
Quemque fibi tenuis nascentem arcessere vitas.
Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri
Omnia: nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare
Sideris in numerum, atque alto succedere caelo.
Si quando sedem auguftam servataque melia
Thesauris relines; prius haustu sparfas aquarum
Ora foce, fumosque manu praetende sequacis.
Bis gravidos cogunt foetus, duo tempora messis,
Taygete simul os terris ostendit honeflum
Plias, et Oceanis pretos pede repulit amnis:

*241. Rugged rocks.*] These lines in the original are certainly misplaced; they seem to come in more properly, says Martyn, after ver. 196 of the original. I am indebted for this observation to the learned Sir Daniel Molyneux, Bart. F. R. S.

*272. Taygete.*] Virgil in speaking of the rising of Pleiades, speaks of them in the singular number, and that originally.
On rugged rocks, oft as abroad they fly
They tear their wings, sink with their loads and die;
Such love of flow'rs inflames their little hearts,
So great their glory in these matchless arts:
Tho' seven short years are to one race decreed,
Still they continue an inexhaustible breed,
From age to age increase, and fires to fires succeed.
Lydians, nor Medes, so much their king adore,
Nor those on Nilus' or Hydaspe's shore:
The state united stands, while he remains,
But should he fall, what dire confusion reigns!
Their waxen combs, and honey late their joy,
With grief and rage distracted, they destroy:
He guards the works, with awe they him surround,
And crowd about him with triumphant sound;
Him frequent on their dutious shoulders bear,
Bleed, fall, and die for him in glorious war.
Led by such wonders, sages have opin'd,
That bees have portions of an heavenly mind:
That God pervades, and like one common soul,
Fills, feeds, and animates the world's great whole;
That flocks, herds, beasts, and men from him receive
Their vital breath, in him all move and live;
That souls discontent from him shall never die,
But back resolv'd to God and heaven shall fly,
And live for ever in the starry sky.

When of its sweets the dome thou would'st deprive,
Diffuse warm-spirited water thro' the hive,
Or noxious smoke thro' all their dwellings drive.
Twice the sweet artists plenteous honey make,
Thou twice each year th' ambrosial treasures take;
First when Taygete shews her beauteous head,
Disdaining Ocean's melancholy bed;
'Tis probable, that on the ancient globes this was a distinct
constellation from Taurus, and represented by one of the
sisters only, that named by Virgil. Aratus and Eratosthenes
both speak of it as distinct from Taurus; and the latter calls it
Spence.
Aut cadem sidus fugiens ubi Piscis aquosii
Triftior hibernas caelo descendit in undas. 235
Illis ira modum supra est, laesaeque venenum
Moribus inspirant, et spicula caeca relinquunt
Adfixae venis, animalisque in volsna ponunt.
Sin duram metues hiemem, parceque futuro,
Contusosque animos, et res miferabere fracetas;
At suffire thymo, cerasque recidere inanis
Quis dubitet? nam saepe favos ignotus adedit
Stellio, lucis fugis congesta cubilia blattis:
Inmunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus,
Aut apser crabro inparibus se inmiscuit armis;
Aut dirum tineae genus, aut invisa Minervae
Laxos in foribus suspendit aranea cajises.
Quo magis exauatæ fuerint, hoc acrius omnes
Incumbent generis lapfi sarcire ruinas,
Complebuntque foros, et floribus horrea texent.
Si vero (quoniam casus apibus quoque nostras
Vita tulit) trifti languebunt corpora morbo,
Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognoscere signis;
Continuo est aegrís alius color: horrida voltum
Deformat macies: tum corpora luce carentum
Exportant tectis, ac triftia funera ducunt:
Aut illae pedibus connexae ad limina pendent,
Aut intus clauéis cunctantur in aedibus omnes,
Ignavaeque fame et contracto frigore pigrae.
Tum sonus auditur gravior, tractimque sussurrant.
Frigidus ut quondam silvis inmurmurat austri
Ut mares sollicitum frigidus refluentibus undis:
Acetuat ut clauéis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

279. Die upon.] It is said to be a vulgar error, that bees
lose their lives with their stings.
280. Winter.] He now proceeds regularly to tell us, how to
manage those hives in which the honey is left for supporting
the bees through the winter, and likewise enumerates the par-
ticular vermin, and plagues that infect them.
And when with sudden flight the fish she leaves,
Descending pensive to the wintry waves.
Fierce rage and choler in their bosoms glow,
With venom'd flings they dart upon their foe,
Their subtle poison creeps the veins around,
In sweet revenge they die upon the wound.
But if in winter bleak, their broken state,
And drooping spirits you commiserate,
Who doubts, regardful of the pinching time,
To fumigate their hives with fragrant thyme,
And pare their empty wax? The lizard lurks,
Or row-pac'd beetle in their inmost works,
Or oft their golden hoards the fat drones spoil,
A race that riots on another's toil;
Or the fierce hornet, sounding dire alarms,
Provokes the lab'rs to unequal arms;
Or baneful moths, or she whom Pallas hates,
Suspends her filmy nets before their gates.
The more they lose, the more with ceaseless care,
They strive the state's destruction to repair;
Their plunder'd wealth and wasted combs renew,
And swell their granaries with thicken'd dew.
But when, as human ills descend to bees,
The pining nation labours with disease;
Chang'd is their glittering hue to ghastly pale,
Roughness and leanness o'er their limbs prevail;
Forth the dead citizens with grief are borne,
In solemn state the sad attendants mourn.
Clung by the feet they hang the live-long day
Around the door, or in their chambers stay,
Hunger and cold and grief their toils delay,
'Tis then in hoarser tones their hums resound,
Like hollow winds the rustling forest round,
Or billows breaking on a distant shore;
Or flames in furnaces that inly roar.
Hic jam galbanecos fuadebo incendere odores, 265
Mellaque arundineis inferre canalibus, utro
Hortantem, et fessas ad pabula nota vocantem.
Proderit et tunfum gallae admisceare saporem,
Arentisque rosas, aut igni pungia multo
Defruta, vel Plythia pasflos de vite racemos,
Cecropiumque thymum, et grave olentia centaurea. 270
Eft etiam fios in pratis, cui nomen amello
Fecere agricolae, facilis quaerentibus herba.
Namque uno ingentem tollit de cespite fillam,
Aureus ipfe : fed in foliis, quae plurima circum
Funduntur, violae subluct purpura nigrae. 275
Saepe deum nexis ornatae torquibus arae.
Asper in ore sapor. tonfis in vallibus illum
Pastores, et curva legunt prope flumina Mellae.
Hujus odorato radices incoque baccho,
Pabulaque in foribus plenis adpone canistris. 280
Sed fi quem proles subito defecerit omnis;
Nec, genus unde novae stirpis revocetur, habebit ;
Tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magiftri
Pandere, quoque modo caesis jam faepe juvencis
Infincerus apes tulerit cruror. altius omnem 285
Expediam prima repetens ab origine famam.
Nam qua Pellaei gens fortunata Canopi
Adcolit effufo ftantatem flumine Nilum,
Et circum piétis vehitur fua rura fafelis ;
Quaque pharetratae vicinia Perfidis urget,
Et viridem Aegyptum nigra fucundat arena,
Et diverfa ruens septem discurrit in ora
Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis :

326. But should.] The poet having already spoked of the
ways of driving noxious animals from the bees, and of the
method of curing their diseases; now proceeds to describe the
manner after which the total loss of them may be repaired;
which, he tells us, was practised by the Egyptians. MARTYN.

332. Canopus.] The commentators are divided about the
meaning of these four verses. Dr. Martyn takes Virgil to
mean only a description of the Delta or lower Egypt. Canopus
is the west angle of that triangular region; Pelusium is the east
angle, being nearest to Persia; and the south angle is the point
where
Galbanean odours here I shall advise;
And thro' a reed to pour the sweet supplies
Of golden honey, to invite the taste
Of the sick nation, to their known repast:
Bruis'd galls, dry'd roses, thyme and centuary join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Pfithian vine.
Besides, in meads the plant Amellus grows,
And from one root thick stalks profusely throws,
Which easily the wand'ren simpier knows:
Its top a flow'r of golden hue displays,
Its leaves are edg'd with violet-tinctur'd rays;
Rough is the taste; round many an holy shrine
The sacred priests its beauteous foliage twine:
This, where meand'ring Mella laves the plains,
Or in the new-horn valley, seek the swains;
Its roots infuse in wine, and at their door
In baskets hang the medicated store.

But should your stock decay thro' dire disease,
Nor hope remain new families to raise,
Hear the strange secret I shall now impart,
The great Arcadian master's matchless art;
An art to reproduce th' exhausted store
From a slain bullock's putrifying gore:
I'll to its distant source the wond'rous tale explore.

Where happy the Canopian nation dwells,
Where Nile with genial inundation swells,
Where swains, the meadows while he largely floats,
Around his pastures glide in painted boats,
From tawny India while he rolls his tides,
And into seven huge mouths his stream divides,
And pressing close on quiver'd Persia's clime
Green Egypt fattens with prolific slime:
where the Nile is divided to form the Delta. Δ. The circumstance,

\[\text{Circum \pi\delta\i\i\sups 3} \text{vebitur sua rura phaselis,}\]
is a very agreeable picture of that country, which during the inundation of the Nile resembles a vast level lake.

340. \text{Green Egypt.] The Nile is the greatest wonder of Egypt.}
Omnis in hac certam regio jacit arte salutem.
Exiguus primum, atque ipfos contrafectus ad usus
Eligitur locus. hunc angustique imbrice teeti
Parietibusque premunt artis, et quatuor addunt,
Quatuor a ventis obliqua luce fenesstras.
Tum vitulus, bima curvans jam cornua fronte,
Quacritur: huic geminae nares, et spiritus oris
Multa reciuncti obfrruitur, plagisque peremto
Tunfa per integrar solvuntur viscera pellem.
Sic posatum in claufo linquunt, et ramea costis
Subjiciunt fragmenta, thymum, casifque recentis.
Hoc geritur, zephyris primum inpellentibus undas,
Ante novis rubeant quam prata coloribus,
Ante Garrula quam tignis nidum suspendat hirundo.

As it seldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole
country by its regular inundations, supplies that defect, by
bringing, as a yearly tribute, the rains of the other countries;
which made a poet say ingeniously, the Egyptian pastures, how
great ever the drought may be, never implore Jupiter for
rain.

Te propter nullos tellus tua postuliat imbres,
Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi.

Tibull. B. 1. 7. 25.

To multiply so beneficent a river, Egypt was cut into num-
berless canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the
different situation and wants of the lands: the Nile brought
fertility every where with its salutary streams; united cities one
with another, and the Mediterranean with the Red Sea; main-
tained trade at home and abroad, and fortified the kingdom
against the enemy; so that it was at once the nourisher and
protector of Egypt. The fields were delivered up to it; but
the cities that were raised with inmensfe labour, and stood like
islands in the midst of the waters, look down with joy on the
plains which were overflowed, and at the same time enriched
by the Nile.

This is a general idea of the nature and effects of this river,
do famous among the ancients.

There cannot be a finer sight than it affords at two seafons of
the year. For if a man ascends some mountain, or one of the
largest pyramids of Grand Cairo, in the months of July and
August, he beholds a vast sea, in which numberless towns and
villages appear, with several causeys leading from place to
place,
These swains, when grows extinct their honied race,
Sure hope and refuge in this practice place.
First for the work they choose a narrow ground,
With streighten'd walls and roof embrac'd around:
Fronting the winds four windows add; to strike
Athwart the twilight space their beams oblique:
Then seek in prime of youth a lufty steer,
Whose forehead crooked horns begins to wear;
His mouth and nostrils stop, the gates of breath,
And buffet the indignant beast to death;
Till the bruised bowels burst with many a stroke,
But still th' external skin remains unbroke;
Then leave him dead; his putrid limbs below,
Green twigs and thyme, and recent caffia strewn.
Be this perform'd when zephyr's balmy breeze
First curls the surface of the smiling seas,
Ere bloom the meads in crimson vesture drest,
Ere swallows twitter o'er the new-built nest.

This little description of the spring diversifies the subject, and enlivens the dryness of the preceding paragraph.

Rollin's Ancient History, page 13, 8vo, 1749.
Interea teneris tepesactus in offibus humor
Aesfuat, et visenda modis animalia miris,
Trunca pedum primo. mox et tridentia pennis
Mifcentur, tenuem ac magis æra carpunt:
Donec, ut aestivis effusus nubibus imber,
Eruptere; aut ut, nervo pulfante sagittae,
Prima leves ineunt si quando proelia Parthi.
Quis deus hanc, Musae, quis nobis extudit artem?
Unde nova ingreilus hominum experientia cepit?
Pastor Ariflaeus fugiens Peneia Tempe,
Amiffis (ut fama) apibus morboque fameque,
Triftis ad extremi facrum caput adfittit amnis,
Multa querens, atque hac adfatus voce parentem:
Mater Cyrene, mater, quae gurgitis hujus
Ima tenes, quid me praeclara fhirpe deorum,
(Si modo, quem perhibes, pater eft Thymbraeus Apollo)
Invifum fatis genuifti? quo tibi noftri
Pulfus amor? quid me caelum sperare jubebas?
En etiam hunc ipsum vitae mortalis honorem,
Quem mihi vix frugum et pecudum cuftodia follers
Omnia tentanti extuderat, te mater, relinquo.
Quin age, et ipfa manu felices erue silvas:
Fer ftablulis inimicum ignem, atque interffe mefsis:
Ure fata, et validam in vitis molire bipennem;
Tanta meae fi te ceperunt taedia laudis.
At mater fonitum thalamo sub fuminis alti

360. Begin to boil.] Nothing can be expressed in a-livelier manner, than this generation of the bees;

Interea teneris tepesactus in offibus humor.

Such lines as threse on a low and indeed a grosf subjeft, fhew Virgil’s command of language; the two similes at the end add an ornament and an elegance likewise to the passage. It must be observed, that insects cannot be generated by putrefaction; carcafes are only a proper nidus and receptacle for their young: and therefore the female parent choofes there to lay her eggs, that the warmth of the fermenting juices may help to hatch them.

See Rau de Infeélis.
The tainted juices, in this prison pent,
Begin to boil, and thro' the bones ferment;
A wond'rous swarm strait from the carcase crawls,
Of feetless and unfinish'd animals;
Anon their infant buzzing wings they try,
And more and more attempt the boundless sky:
At last embody'd from their birth-place pour,
Thick as from copious clouds a summer-show'r,
Or flight of arrows, when with twanging bows,
The Parthians in fierce onset gall their foes.

What God, ye nine, this art disclos'd to man, 
Say whence this great experiment began?
Sad Aristaeus from sweet Tempe fled,
His bees with famine and diseases dead,
And at the spring of sacred Peneus' flood,
Thus plaining to his sea-green parent flood.

Mother, Cyrene! mother, you who keep
Your wat'ry court beneath this crystal deep,
Why did you bear me of a race divine,
Yet stain with forrows my celestial line?
If Phoebus be my fire, as you relate,
Why am I doom'd the sport of angry Fate?
How have I lost, O how! your former love?
Why did you bid me hope to rise to heav'n above?

Lo! all I gain'd, by cattle, fields and corn,
(Those works which best this mortal state adorn)
The fruits of toil and thought intense are lost,
Tho' for my mother I a goddess boast!

His wondering mother heard the mournful sound,
Low in the chambers of the waves profound.
Senit. eam circum Milesia vellera Nymphae
Carpebant, hyali satuore sacata colore:
Drymoque, Xanthoque, Ligeaque, Phyllidoceque,
Caesariem effusae nitidam per candida colla:
Neface, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque,
Cydiappeque, et flava Lycorias; altera virgo,
Alterum primos Lucinae experta labores;
Clioque et Beroe foror, Oceanitides ambae,
Ambae auro, pictis incinctae pellibus ambae;
Atque Ephyre, atque Opis, et Asia Deiopea;
Et tandem positis velox Arethusa sagittis.
Quas inter curas Clymene narrabat inanes
Volcani, Martisque dolos, et dulcia surta:
Aque Chao densos divom enumerabant amores.
Carmine quo captae, fusis dum mollia penfa
Devolvont, iterum maternas inpulit auris
Lucretus Aristaei, vitreisque sedilibus omnes
Obflupuere: sed ante alias Arethusa forores
Prospiciens, summam flavam caput exultit una.
Et procul: O gemitu non frustra exterrita tanto,
Cyrene foror; ipse tibi tua maxima cura
Thylias Aristaeus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrimans, et te crudelem nomine dicit.
Huic percufla nova mentem formidine mater,
Duc age, duc ad nos; fas illi limina divom
Tangere, ait: simul alta jubet discedere late

395. Ligea, Xantho.] There are but eighteen nymphs mentioned by Virgil in this account of Cyrene's grotto; including Clymene and Cyrene herself; of which passage Mr. Dryden says, The poet here records the names of fifty river nymphs, and for once I have translated them all.

Polymetis, page 316. note 46.

406. Vulcan's fruitless cares.] Some of the graver critics make an observation, which the ladies must needs think unjust and satyrical. When Dido gives a feast to Aeneas, her physician Lopas entertains the company, which were chiefly composed of men and strangers, with a song on a philosophical subject. But, say they, where Virgil introduces a nymph singing to her mistress Cyrene, and to her fellow virgins, she describes to them,
The nymphs around her plac’d, their spindles ply’d,
And spun Milesian wool, in verdure deeply dy’d.
Ligea, Xantho, Drymo, Spio, fair;
Thalia, and Phyllodoce, whose hair
Wav’d o’er their snowy shoulders in the air;
Nefaea, Ephyre, with Opis, thee!
And, her that calms the waves, Cymmodoce;
The yellow maid, Lycorias, and the bride
Cydippe, who Lucina’s pangs had try’d;
Clio, and Beroë, sea-born both, behold,
Both clad in spotted skins and radiant gold;
Deiope, and Arethuse, the chaste,
No more intent to pierce the flying beast.
There Clymene sung Vulcan’s fruitless cares,
The luscious thefts, and soft deceits of Mars;
And how from Chaos’ old, all-mighty Love
Had fill’d the bosom of each god above.
While thus they toil’d, enchanted with the strain,
His voice alarm’d his mother’s ears again;
The listening sisters heard unusual groans
Amaz’d, and start’d from their crystal thrones:
But Arethuse first heav’d her beauteous head
Above the waves; and, O Cyrene, said,
Well might’st thou fear these echoing sounds of woe,
These sorrows from thy Aristaeus flow;
Thy darling care mourns by thy father’s flood,
And calls thee cruel, and complains aloud.
Pitying the youth, the fear-struck mother said,
My son, O quickly, quickly hither lead,
To him ’tis given the courts of Gods to tread.
Flumina, qua juvenis greulis inferret, at illum
Curvata in montis faciem circumfetit unda,
Acceptique finu vasto, misitque sub annem.
Jamque domum mirans generzicus, et humida regna,
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantis;
Ibat, et ingenti motu flupefactus aquarum,
Omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra
Spectabat diversa locis, Phaфинque, LyCumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum se crumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Avena fluenta,
Saxosusque sonans Hypanis, Myrifique Caiсus,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua volu
Eridanus: quo non alius per pinguia culta

423. Rivers.] The descent of Aristaeus into the earth, is
founded on an ancient superstition of the Egyptians. Servius
tells us, that on certain days sacred to the Nile, boys born of
holy parents, were delivered to the nymphs by the priests;
who, when they were grown up, and returned back, reported,
that there were groves under the earth, and an immense water
containing all things, and from whence every thing is pro-
created.

452. Deep.] This is one of the most sublime passages in Vir-
gil. Nothing can strike the imagination more strongly, than
to conceive a person entering the bowels of the earth, and at
once hearing and seeing the most celebrated rivers in the world
bursting forth from their several sources. The rough and hor-
rible scens of rocks, caves, and waters which AriStaeus passes
through, are at last finely softened by the kind reception he
meets with from his mother, and the graceful appearance of
the nymphs spinning and singing the loves of the Gods. Fra-
castorius has a descent into the earth in search of metals, where,
no doubt, he had Virgil in his eye; and in which he has been
followed by Dr. Garth, in the Dispensary.

453. Eridanus—the Po.] This passage cannot be better ex-
plained than by quoting the following words from Mr. Spence,
in his Polymetis:

"But there is another thing in it, with which I am not yet
satisfied: and that is, Virgil's calling the Po here, the most
violent of all rivers. I know one of the most celebrated and
most ingenious writers of our age has endeavoured to soften
this, by understanding it only of the rivers in Italy. But (not
to enquire at all whether the Po be really the most violent of
all the rivers in Italy) how can Virgil be understood of the
rivers
At once she bids the swelling rivers cleave,
Th' obedient floods an ample entrance leave;
Down thro' the deeps he goes, on either hand
The congregated waves like mountains stand.
Now wondering at the wat'ry realms he went,
At dashing lakes in hollow caverns pent,
His mother's palace, and the founding woods,
And deaf'ning roar of subterraneous floods.
Amaz'd he saw, this spacious globe below,
Deep in its bed each mighty river flow,
Phasis, and Lycus, and the fruitful head,
Whence burst Enipeus' streams, whence father Tiber's
Whence Hypanis, that swiftly-pouring roars
With thundering billows on his rocky shores;
Whence Anio's and Caicus' copious urns,
Whence bull-fac'd Po adorn'd with gilded horns,

rivers of one country only, where he is expressly speaking of all the rivers of the world? and of one common point, from whence all their sources were ancienly supposed to be derived?

"I am not quite clear as to that expression, replied Polymetis: but to answer you as far as I can, I must give you the opinion of a man whom you both know; and whose name I need not mention to you, when I have told you it is the person who understands Virgil in a more masterly manner, than perhaps any one in this age. It is his opinion, (with all that modesty, with which he generally offers his opinions) that the difficulty you mention may possibly be got over, by the expression joined with it; per pinguis culta. The most violent rivers in the world are such as run, or fall, through a chain of mountains; and (not to speak of any of the Apennine rivers, or rather torrents, in Italy itself) the Ifar which we cross so often in the two or three last days journey before we enter Italy, is (in all that part of its course) much more violent and more disturbed than the Po: but the Po, you know, very soon after its source, flows on thro' the vale of Piedmont, and afterwards traverses all the rich vale of Lombardy. These are the pinguis culta which Virgil speaks of: almost the whole course of the Po is through such rich low ground: and perhaps there may not be any river in the world, which has almost all its course through so fat and rich a soil, which is so violent as the Po is."

In mare purpureum violentior effluat amnis.
Postquam est in thalami pendentia pumice tecta
Perventum, et gnati fetus cognovit inanis
Cyrene; manibus liquidos dant ordine fontis
Germanae, tonsoique ferunt mantelia villis.
Pars epulis onerant mensas, et plena reponunt
Pocula. Panchaeis adolefcent ignibus araee.
Et mater, Cape Maenonii carchesia bacchi:
Oceano libemos, sit simul ipsa precatur
Oceanumque patrem rerum Nymphasque forores,
Centum quae silvas, centum quae flumina servant.
Ter liquido ardentem perfudit necare Vestam:
Ter flammar ad summum teeti subjecta reluxit.
Omine quo firmans animum, sic incipit ipse:
Eft in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates
Caeruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscebis aequor
Et juncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.
Hic nunc Emathiae portus patriamque revifit
Pallenen. hunc et Nymphae veneramur, et ipse
Grandaevus Nereus. novit namque omnia vates,
Quae sint, quae fuerint, quae mox Ventura trahantur.
Quippe ita Neptuno visum est: inmania cujus
Armenta, et turpis pascit sub gurgite phocas.
Hic tibi, gnate, prius vincis capiundus, ut omnem
Expediat morbi cauflam, eventusque secundet.
Nam fine vi non ulla dabit praeeptam, neque illum
Orando vinces: vim duram et vincula capto
Tende. doli circum haec demum frangentur inanes.
Than whom no river, thro' such level meads
Down to the sea with swifter torrents speeds.
Now to the vaulted chamber was he come,
Where hanging pumice form'd an awful dome;
When fond Cyrene ask'd him of his woe,
And whence those bitter tears began to flow.
The sisters, water from the purest spring,
And towels soft, with haste officious bring;
Prepare full bowls, and heap up choicest meats;
The altars blaze with rich Arabian sweets.
Of Lydian wine, she cry'd, these goblets take,
To Ocean let us due libations make;
At once to Ocean old, in ritual lays,
Parent of all things, she devoutly prays;
And to the sister nymphs, whose gentle sway
An hundred groves, an hundred streams obey;
Thrice o'er the fire the liquid nectar throws,
Thrice to the shining roof the flames arose.
She thus, with that auspicious omen fir'd;
In the Carpathian gulf there dwells retir'd
The prophet Proteus; o'er the wat'ry way,
Whose car the finny, two-legg'd steeds convey:
Now to his distant country he reforts,
Emathia seeking, and Paliene's ports;
The sea-nymphs this caerulean seer adore,
And him reveres ev'n hallow'd Nereus hoar;
All things he knows, tho' hid in time's dark womb,
What is, what long is past, and what shall come;
So Neptune will'd; whose monstrous herds he keeps,
Of squalid calves, beneath the rolling deeps.
Him must thou chain, and force him to disclose
The cause and cure of thy distracting woes.
Nought he'll unfold, except the god thou bind,
Nor prayers, nor tears can move his steadiest mind,
With force and chains, my son, his limbs surround,
These can alone his treach'rous wiles confound.
Ipfa ego te, medios cum sol accenderit asetus,
Cum sitiunt herbae, et pecori jam gratior umbra est,
In secreta fenis ducam, quo seftus ab undis
Se recipit; facile ut somno adgregiare jacentem.
Verum ubi conreptum manibus vinclisque tenebis;
Tum variae eludent species atque ora ferarum.
Fiet enim subito sus horridus, atraque tigris,
Squamofusque draco, et fulva cervice leaena:
Aut acrem flammae fonitum dabit, atque ita vinclis
Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilabfus abibit.
Sed quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnis,
Tanto, gnate, magis contende tenacia vincla:
Donec talis erit mutato corpore, qualem
Videris, incepto tegeret cum lumina somno.
Hacc ait, et liquidum ambrosiae diffundit odorem:
Quo totum gnati corpus perduxit. at illi
Dulcis conpositis spiravit crinibus aura,
Atque habilis membris venit vigor. eft specus ingens
Exefi latere in montis, quo plurima vento
Cogitur, inque sinus scindit sefe unda reductos;
Deprenfis olim flatio tutiflma nautis.
Intus fe vafti Proteus tegit objice faxi.
Hic juvenem in latebris averfum a lumine Nymphe
Conlocat: ipfa procul nebulis obscura refifit.
Jam rapidus, torrens fitientis, Sirius, Indos
Ardebat; caelo et medium sol igneus orbem
Hauferat. arebant herbae, et cava flumina fessis
Faucibus ad limum radii tepefaeta coquebant:
Cum Proteus confueta petens e fluclibus antra

494. Deep in the mountain.] The reader may compare this
description of the cave of Proteus, with the following one in
Spenfer.

His bowre is in the bottome of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, gainft which do rave
The roaring billows in their proud disdain;
That, with the angry working of the wave,
When the parch'd herbage fades with mid-day heat,
And fainting cattle to cool shades retreat,
Myself will lead thee to the close abode,
Where stretc'hth in slumber, thou may'st seize the god.
Instant he'll try, elusive of the rape,
The varied force of every savage shape;
Become a bristly boar, or tyger fell,
Or like a scaly bloated dragon swell;
Like a gaunt lion shake a tawny mane,
Or in loud crackling fire escape thy chain;
Or while thou closely grasp'ft thy fraudulent prey,
Chang'd to a flowing stream glide swift away.
Yet still retentive with redoubled might,
Thro' each vain fleeting form constrain his flight;
Till the same shape, all changes past, appear,
That ere the senior slept, thou saw'st him wear.
She spoke, and o'er him rich ambrosia shed,
With liquid odours bath'd his breathing head,
And thro' his glowing limbs celestial vigour spread.

Deep in the mountain lies a spacious cave,
Worn by the workings of the restless wave,
Whither vast waters drive before the wind,
And shatter'd ships commodious shelter find.
There, far within a grot, old Proteus dwells,
And draws a vast rock o'er his secret cells.
She plac'd her son beneath the darksome roof,
Her'self, involv'd in clouds, retires aloof.

Now rabid Sirius scorcht the gasping plains,
And burnt intense the panting Indian swains;
In his 'mid course the sun all fiery stood,
Parcht was the grass; the rivers bak'd to mud;
When Proteus, weary of the waters, sought
The cool retirement of his 'custom'd grott;

Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seemes rough masons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engrave.
Ibat. cum vasti circum gens humida ponti
Exsultans rorem late dispersit amarum.
Sternunt se somno diversae in litore phocae.
Ipse, velut stabuli custos in montibus olim,
Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit,
Auditisque lupos, acuunt balatibus agni,
Considit scopulo medius, numerumque recenset:
Cujus Aristaeeo quoniam est oblata facultas.
Vix desella senem passus componere membra,
Cum clamore ruet magno, manicisque jacentem
Occupat. ille suae contra non inmemor artis,
Omnia transformat se in miracula rerum,
Ignemque, horribilemque seram, fluviumque liquentem.
Verum, ubi nulla fugam reperit pellacia, victus
In se reedit, atque hominis tandem ore locutus:
Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
Jussit adire domos? quidve hinc petis? inquit. at ille:
Scis, Proteu, scis ipse: neque est te fallere cuiquam.
Sed tu define velle. deum praecipita sectuti
Venimus hinc labis quaestum oracula rebus.
Tantum effatus, ad haec vates vi denique multa
Ardentis oculos intorsit lumine glauco,
Et graviter frendens, sic fatis ora resolvit:
Non te nullius exercet numinis irae.
Magna luis commissa: tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
Haudquaquam ob meritum poenas, ni fata resistent, Suscitat; et rapta graviter pro conjuge saevit.

509. Spray. The circumstance of these monsters scattering the spray of the sea about them, greatly enlivens this beautiful sea-piece.

512. Like a peafant. Virg. has imitated Homer so nicely in his adventure with Proteus, that he has not forgot this simile of the shepherd, in his copy. Lupos acuunt is wonderfully expressive, and short.
The finny race exulting round him play,
And in wild gambols dash the bitter spray;
The scaly phocae, sunk in sleep profound,
Along the shore their guardian god surround;
He (like a peafant skill'd the herds to keep,
When evening homeward warns the calves and sheep,
When hungry wolves, with pleasure listening, hear,
And mark for prey, the lambs that bleat from far)
With watchful eyes, high-seated on a rock,
Reviews and counts the numbers of his flock,
The lucky youth with this occasion blest,
Just as the seer compos'd his limbs to rest,
Rush'd on him with a mighty threatening sound,
And fast, the weary, slumbering senior bound.
He, every various art dissembling tries,
And many a monster's direful shape belies;
Roars horrid like a prowling savage, glows
Like crackling fire, or like a river flows;
But when no fraud could further his escape,
He spoke, return'd to human voice and shape:
Rash youth! who bade thee to my court repair
With impious boldness? what thou seek'st, declare!
O Proteus! well thou know'st the cause, he cry'd,
Nought from thy piercing eyes, can mortals hide;
Obedient to the Gods, I seek to know
What fate decrees, and how to heal my woe.
The prophet, while his bosom boil'd with ire,
And while his green eyes shot indignant fire,
Gnashing his teeth, with fury in his look,
Compell'd, at length, the fates disclosing, spoke;
Thou suffer'st for atrocious crimes; on thee
Falls the just vengeance of a deity;
Unhappy Orpheus on thy guilt hath sent,
And more doft thou deserve, this punishment;
And more shalt feel, unlefs by fate deny'd,
For still he rages for his murder'd bride.
illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina praeceps,
Inmanem ante pedes hydram moritura puella
Servantem ripas alta non vidit in herba.
At chorus aequalis Dryadum clamore supremos
Inplerunt montis. flerunt Rhodopeiae arces,
Altaque Pangaea, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus,
Atque Getae, atque Hebrus, et Aetias Orithyia.
Ipse cava folans aegrum telludine amorem,
Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in litore fecum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.
Taenarias etiam fauces, alta ofta Ditis,
Et caligantem nigra formidine lucunx
Ingraffus, Manisque adit, regemque tremendum,
Nesclaque humanis precibus manfuefcre corda.
At cantu conmotae Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum:

548. But with loud shrieks.] Virgil does not at length de-
scribe the serpents flinging and killing Eurydice. This from
the pen of a lower genius, would have taken up twenty lines.
He contents himself with saying—alta non vidit herba; and
adds immediately,

At chorus aequalis Dryadum.

554. To thee.] There are few things in the ancient poetry
more moving than the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. It hath
acquired new beauties by falling into the hands of the tender
and passionate Virgil; and is told by him in so melting a strain,
that some of the touches he hath given it can hardly be read
without tears. When we are wrought up to such a temper,
it naturally leads us to compassionate the hard fate of the un-
happy lovers; and we begin to feel some indignation at the
captious condition, upon which he was to possess his beauty,
or lose her for ever: not to look at his loved Eurydice. Ar-
bitrary and capricious! unbeciting the just brother of Jove,
and unlike the bounties of a divine, unenvious nature: unless
indeed there be something else understood than appears: some
truth in life or morals that lies latent under this circumstance of
the tale.

The great and unhappy Lord Verulam, who was sensible of
the incongruity, has given an explication of the fable; but
seems not to have hit upon the real meaning. What he says is
entertaining
She from thy arms, by headlong fear misled,
Swift o'er the river's verdant margin fled;
Nor at her feet the fated maid descry'd
The dreadful snake that kept its graffy side.
But with loud shrieks her sister-dryads moan'd,
And high Pangaea's utmost mountains groan'd;
Their cries to Rhodope and Thrace were borne,
The Getae, Hebrus, Orithyia mourn.
He on the desart shore all lonely griev'd,
And with his concave shell his love-sick heart reliev'd;
To thee, sweet wife, still pour'd the piteous lay,
Thee, sung at dawning, thee at clozing day!
Ev'n hell's wide jaws he ventur'd to explore,
Deep gates of Dis, and Death's tremendous shore;
Down to the Manes went, and cheerless plains,
The grove where horror frowns, and hell's dread monarch
Obdurate hearts! to whom unmov'd by woes
Pray'rs plead in vain, and sorrow useless flows.
Struck with his song, from Erebus profound,
Light flitting phantoms, and spirits flock'd around;
entertaining and beautiful: for he was a spirit of that high
order that go ingeniously wrong, and who cannot err without
infraction. But I incline to think that the moral of the fiction
is rather to be learned at an ordinary music-meeting, or an un-
meaning opera, than, where his lordship directs us, in the re-
cesse of an abstruse philosophy.
Orpheus's mistress was music. The powers of it are en-
chanting. It lulls the reason, and raises the fancy in so agree-
able a manner, that we forget ourselves while it lasts. The
mind turns dissolute and gay, and hugs itself in all the deluding
prospects and fond wishes of a golden dream. Whilst every
accent is warbled over by a charming voice, a silly song ap-
ppears found morality, and the very words of the opera pafs for
sense, in presence of their accompagnement. But no soone
does the music cease, than the charm is undone, and the fanc-
cies disappear. The first sober look we take of it breaks the
spell; and we are hurried back with some regret to the com-
mon dull road of life, when the florid illusion is vanish'd.
Blackwell's enquiry concerning the life and writings of
Homer, Sect. 11.

Vol. I.  C c
Quam multa in foliis avium se millia condunt,  
Vesper ubi, aut hibernus agit de montibus imber:  
Matres, atque viri, defunctorque corpora vita  
Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptaeque puellae,  
Inpositique regis juvenes ante ora parentum,  
Quos circum limus niger, et deformis urundo  
Cocyti, tardaque palus inamabilis unda  
Adligat, et novies Styx interfusa coercet.  
Quin ipsae voluptu domus, atque intuma Lethi  
Tartara, caeruleosque inplexae crinisque anguis  
Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,  
Atque Ixionii vento rota constituit orbis.  
Jamque pedem referens cafus evaserat omnis,  
Redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,  
Pone sequens; namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem:  
Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,  
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.  
Restitit, Eurydicenque suam jam luce sub ipsa  
Inmemor, heu, victusque animi reexpexit. ibi omnis  
Effusus labor, atque inimicitia rupta tyranni  
Foedera, terque fragor flagris auditus Avernis.  
illa, Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?  
Quis tantus furor? en iterum crudelia retro  
Fata vocant, conditque natantia lumina somnus.
Thick as the birds to leafy groves descend,
When evening clouds, or wintry storms impend;
Mothers and husbands, heroes' awful shades,
Sweet infant boys, and pure unmarried maids,
Youths whose fond parents saw their bloom expire,
And sorrowing plac'd them on the funeral pyre;
Whom black Cocytus' sullen waters bound,
Foul shores of mud with reeds unsightly crown'd,
And the nine streams of winding Styx surround;
Ev'n these dread mansions listen'd with amaze;
With awe, death's deepest dungeons heard his lays;
Struck were the snake-crown'd Furies; Cerberus shews
His jaws wide-gaping, yet in act to close;
A pause of rest the sad Ixion found,
His wheel stopt sudden at the powerful sound.
And now at length no farther toil remain'd,
The upper air Eurydice regain'd,
Behind she came, so Proserpine ordain'd:
When strait a frenzy the fond lover caught,
(Could Hell forgive, 'twas sure a venial fault)
Ev'n on life's confines, impotent of mind,
He stopt, alas! and cast one look behind.
Fell Pluto's terms he broke! his hopes were loft!
A groan thrice echoed o'er Avernus' coaft.
Ah! who destroys us both, she sadly cry'd,
What madness, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride?
The cruel fates force me again away!
My swimming eyes no more discern the day;

*Vidit lumina flexerit,*
*Quiquid praecipuum trahit,*
*Perdit, dum videt inferos.*

The Rambler, No. 178.

587. *Thrice echoed.]——Terque frager stagnis auditus Avernus,* says the original very finely. A certain dismal and hollow sound was heard through the vaults of hell. Some imagine, but I think groundlessly, that it was the shout of ghofts rejoicing for Eurydice's return. Surely the other sense is far the more poetical and more forcibly imagined.
Jamque vale. feror ingenti circumdata nocte,  
Invalida eque tibi tendens, heu non tua, palmas.  
Dixit, et ex oculis subito, ceu sumus in auras  
Conmittus tenuis, fugit diversa: neque illum,  
Prensantem nequidquam umbras, et multa volentem  
Dicere praeterea, vidit: nec portitor Orci  
Amplius objectam passus transire paludem.  
Quid faceret? quo se rapta bis conjuoge ferret?  
Quo fletu Manis, qua numina voce moveret?  
Illa quidem Stygia nabat jam frigida cymba.  
Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine mensis  
Rupe sub aëria deserti ad Strymonis undam  
Flesse sibi, et gelidis haec evolvisse sub afris,  
Mulcentem tigris, et agentem carmine quercus.  
Qualis populae maerens philomela sub umbra  
Amiflos queritur foetus; quos durus arator  
Observans nido inplumis detraxit: at illa  
Flet noctem, ramoque fedens miserabile carmen  
Integrat, et maefcis late loca queftibus inplet.  
Nulla Venus, nullique animum flexere hymenaei.  
Solus Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaïnque nivalem,  
Arvaque Rhipaeis numquam viduata pruinis  
Lustrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque inrita Ditis  
Dona querens. fpretae Ciconum quo munere matres,  
Inter facra deùm, nocturnique orgia Bacchi,  
Difcerptum latos juvenem sparfe re per agros.  
Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revolium,  
Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus

610. As Philomel.] Is not Proteus too great a poet in this  
  simile? But the lines are some of the most exquisite in Virgil.  
  To heighten the pathetic, the birds are not only inplumis, but  
  taken from the nest. Nor are they singly taken, but dragged  
  out of the nest; to which they clung back: which is strongly  
  implied by the word detraxit. The verse cannot be read with-  
  out laying a particular emphasis on this word, as well as on  
durus.
Adieu! no longer must thou bless my flight—
I go! I sink! involv'd in thickest night!
In vain I stretch my feeble arms to join
Thy fond embrace; ah! now no longer thine!
Swift from his ardent gaze, while thus she spoke,
She vanish'd into air, like subtile smoke,
And left him catching at her empty ghost,
Desiring much to say, in speechless sorrow lost:
The rigid ferryman of hell no more
Would deign to waft him to the gloomy shore:
What should he do? where turn? how seek relief?
Twice lost his comfort, how appease his grief?
How move the Manes, with what doleful note?
She fail'd, already cold, in Charon's boat.
For seven long months, by desart Strymon's side,
Beneath a lofty rock, he mourn'd his bride,
And stretcht in gelid caverns, with his song
Made tygers tame, and drew hard oaks along.
As Philomel in poplar shades, alone,
For her lost offspring pours a mother's moan,
Which some rough ploughman marking for his prey,
From the warm nest, unstag'd, hath dragg'd away;
Percht on a bough, she all night long complains,
And fills the grove with sad repeated strains.
No second fair, no nuptial rites could move,
Nought soften his distracted mind to love:
The Hyperborean ice he wander'd o'er,
And solitary roam'd round Tanais' shire,
And Scythia's desarts of eternal frost,
Lamenting his lost bride, and Pluto's favours lost.
The Thracian dames enrag'd to be despis'd,
At Bacchus' midnight feasts they solemniz'd,
Inspir'd with frantic fury seiz'd the swain,
And strew'd his mangled carcase o'er the plain:
His pale head from his ivory shoulders torn,
Adown Oeagrian Hebrus' tide was borne;
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
Ah miseram Eurydicen anima fugiente vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripae,
Haec Proteus, et se jacu dedit aequor in altum.
Quaque dedit, spumantem undam sub vertice torcit.
At non Cyrene: namque ultro adfata timentem:
Nate, licet tristis animo deponere curas.
Haec omnis morbi cauffeda: hinc miserabile Nymphae,
Cum quibus illa choros lucis agitabat in altis,
Exitium misere apibus. tu munera suppless
Tende petens pacem, et faciles venerare Napaeas.
Namque dabunt veniam votis, irasque remittent.
Sed, modus orandi qui fit, prius ordine dicam.
Quatuor eximios praestanti corpore tauros,
Qui tibi nunc viridis depulsa fumma Lycaeii,
Delige, et intaepra totidem cervice juvencas.
Quatuor his aras alta ad delubra dearam
Constitue, et facrum jugulis demitte cruorem:
Corporaque ipsa boun frondofo defere luco.
Post, ubi nona fuos Aurora oflenderit ortus,
Inferias Orphi Lethae papavera mittes,
Placatam Eurydicen vitula venerabere caesa,
Et nigram maefetabis oym, lucumque revifes.
Haud mora; continuo matris praecpta facessit:
Ad delubra venit; monstratas excitat aras;
Quatuor eximios praestanti corpore tauros
Ducit, et intaetota tidem cervice juvencas.

633. He firste.] Though the epifode of Orpheus and Eu-
rydice be so admirable in itself, that we thank the poet for
having introduced it at any rate; yet, after all, is it not fitch’d
in a little inartificially? Is it to be conceived that Proteus,
who, being made a prifoner, and speaking by contraint, is
in no very good humour, should tell this long story (which is
not very material to the point neither) to entertain Ariftaeus,
who has offered that violence to him? Was it not enough to
inform him, that his misfortune was occasioned by Eurydice’s
death, without telling all these circumstances consequent of
it? Perhaps it may be reply’d, that it is more material to the.
As in the rapid waves it roll'd along,
Ev'n then with falttering voice and feeble tongue,
To name his poor Eurydice he try'd,
Eurydice, with parting breath he cry'd,
Eurydice! the rocks and echoing shores reply'd.
He spoke; and 'mid the waves his body hurl'd,
About his head the foaming waters curl'd.
Not so Cyrene; to asswage his fears,
My son, she cries, allay thy restles cares;
Behold the cause of all this dire diseas;
The nymphs have sent destruction on thy bees,
With whom Eurydice was wont t' advance,
And lead in lofty groves the sacred dance.
Thou suppliant offer gifts, and sue for peace,
The mild Napaeans will their anger cease;
But hear me first in order due declare,
The means to sooth their rage, and frame thy pray'r:
Select four large and beauteous bulls that crop
Thy verdant pastures on Lycaeus' top,
Four heifers too, that ne'er have plough'd the field,
Four altars in the Dryads' temples build;
From the slain victims pour the sacred blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
When the ninth morn o'er dewy hills shall spring,
To Orpheus' ghost Lethean poppies bring;
With a black ewe Eurydice adore,
And shed for her a victim-heifer's gore:
Revisit then the grove. Without delay
He speeds his mother's precepts to obey;
Hastens to the temple, there his altars builds,
Four bulls, four heifers leads, that ne'er had plough'd the
point than is commonly imagined. These consequences greatly aggravate the guilt of Aristaeus; and so it was proper enough, if not absolutely necessary, to recite them. Whether this answer be sufficient, or not, I neither know, nor much care. Be it as it will, I would not lose this episode, to be the author of all the best criticisms that ever were, or shall be, written upon the classics,
P. Virgillii Maronis Georgica. Lib. 4.

Post, ubi nona suos Aurora induxerat ortus,
Inferias Orphi mittit, lucumque revisit:
Hic vero subitum ac dictu mirabile monstrum
Aspiciunt, liquefacta boum per viscera toto
Stridere apes utero, et ruptis effervere costis;
Inmenfasque trahi nubes: jamque arbore summa
Confluere, et lentis uvam demittere ramis.

Haec super arvorum cultu pecorumque canebam,
Et super arboribus: Caesar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentis
Per populos dat jura, viamque adfectat Olympo.
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti:
Carmina qui lufti pastorum, audaxque juventa,
Tityre, te patulae cecini sub tegmine fagi.

663. Putrid bowels.] Observe how the poet has varied his expressions on a subject so difficult to be ornamentally expressed as this birth of the bees, for

—is quite newly expressed from what it was before in the passage above, Interica teneris tepfaetivs in effibus humer.

673. Parthenope.] There may be a propriety in this that is not generally remarked. Naples was a town of indolence and pleasure, and was therefore, as some suppose, said to have been founded by Parthenope one of the Sirens, who were goddesses of indolence and pleasure:

Improba firen
Defidia——
Otiofa Neapolis.

This idea too makes the contrast between Augustus and Virgil much the stronger.
Book 4. The Georgics of Virgil.

At the ninth morning's dawn to Orpheus bears
Th' appointed gifts, and to the grove repairs:
When lo! a wond'rous prodigy they found,
An hoft of bees rush'd forth with humming sound,
By the slain bullocks' putrid bowels form'd,
From whose burst sides, in clouds immense they swarm'd;
Then from a tree's high top, conglob'd depend,
Whose branches with the bellying cluster bend.

Thus have I sung the labours of the swain,
Of trees, of flocks, of cattle, and of grain;
While mighty Caefar to Euphrates bears
His conquering arms, the thunder of his wars;
To all the willing world new laws decrees;
And ardent presses on, th' Olympian heights to seize,
Then me, Parthenope's calm pleasures blest,
And studious leisure and ignoble rest;
Who bold in youth, once sung the shepherds loves,

Sung thee, O Tityrus, stretcht beneath the beechen groves.

673. Then me.] I cannot forbear being of opinion that the four concluding lines of the Georgics, illo Virgilium, &c. &c. are of the same stamp and character with the four justly-exploded ones, which are prefixed to the Aeneid. Audaxque juventa is, I think, an expression entirely unworthy of Virgil, and a mere botch. Besides nothing can be a more complete and sublime conclusion than that compliment to Augustus — Viamque afflictat Olympo.

676. Groves.] Each book of Virgil's Georgics is in a different stile (or has a different colouring) from all the rest. That of the first is plain; of the second various; of the third, grand; and of the fourth pleasing.

Holdsworth.

The End of the Fourth Georgic.
REFLECTIONS ON DIDACTIC POETRY.

The ancients have left us no rules or observations concerning this species of poetry. Aristotle, chiefly intent on giving laws to dramatic writers, advises the true poet to disappear as much as possible, to write only in dialogue, and never to speak in his own person; because, says he, it may be laid down as a general rule in this art, that when the poet speaks in his own person, he is no longer an imitator. In conformity to this opinion, Castelvetro, the learned Italian commentator on Aristotle's Poetics, has declared, that if Virgil had written nothing but the Georgics, he ought not to have been enrolled among the number of the poets. For, says he, p. 29, not very much to the honour of the art he is teaching, physiology can never be the subject of poetry, which was invented not to instruct, but barely to amuse and entertain the minds of the multitude. And what was the general opinion of the ancients on this subject, may be easily known from that story of Socrates related in the Phaedon of Plato: who being admonished in a dream to apply himself to music, began to compose an hymn to Apollo, whose feast was then celebrating. But upon afterwards
afterwards reflecting, that a person who would be a true poet, must make fables (must create) and not write mere discourses in metre; he at once took a common fable from Aesop, not having any inventive faculty himself. And 'tis observable, that Plutarch, after quoting this story of Socrates, excludes Empedocles, Parmenides, Nicander, and Theognis, out of the number of legitimate poets; because, adds he, we know there may be sacrifices without music and dancing, but there can be no true poetry or imitation, without fiction and fables. This severe remark, which seems not to be founded on nature and truth, would effectually exclude all didactic and descriptive poetry. Surely the poet is an imitator, when he paints any object of universal nature, animate or inanimate, whether he speaks in his own person or introduces speakers; tho' indeed imitations of the latter species have not the same dignity or utility with those of human manners, passions, and characters.

To render instruction amiable, to soften the severity of science, and to give virtue and knowledge a captivating and engaging air, is the great privilege of the didactic muse; 'tis she, who

praespergens ante Viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiis, et odoribus opplet.

Lucretius.

Profess'd teaching is highly disagreeable to the natural pride of man, as it implies a superiority of understanding over the person instructed. That precepts may gain an easy admission into the heart, it is necessary to deliver them in a concealed indirect manner, divested of all pretensions to a larger share of reason, and of all dogmatical stiffness. A man who peruses any system, written in this modest unasuming method, and adorned moreover with striking images and harmonious numbers,

discit citius, meminitque libertius. Hor.

As
DIDACTIC POETRY.

As material objects are most susceptible of poetical ornaments, so perhaps, the various employments, busineses, and amusements of life, together with the elegant arts and sciences, are more proper subjects for didactic poetry, than such as are purely speculative and metaphysical. Abstract ideas admit but of few embellishments. All parts of natural philosophy in particular, as being conversant about sensible images, seem the best calculated to shine in this way of writing;

— Coelique vias et sidera monstrant,
Defectus folis varios, lunaeque labores:
Unde tremor terris, qua vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa resident;
Quid tantum oceano propterent se tingere sole
Hyberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus oblata.

We have some elegant but short specimens of this sort in the Musae Anglicanae: such are the poems on a barometer, on the circulation of the blood, on the telescope, and on Dr. Hales's vegetable statics.

In making choice of a proper subject, regard should be had, if possible, upon one of an important and universal nature; and which may deeply interest all mankind. Such is Dr. Armstrong's poem on the art of preserving health. And after this interesting subject is chosen, only such rules relating to it should be selected, as will bear to be delivered gracefully; and to be enlivened with poetical imagery. It is not required or expected of a poet, to enter into a minute detail of dry precepts, but to single out those precepts, that will entertain as well as instruct his reader.

— et quae
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquuit. Hor.

Mr. Addison observes, that there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes
tonguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasant to read than Varro's. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in the description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding.

The delicate address of Virgil in this particular is worth our attention; of which the following instances may be given. Instead of telling his husbandman plainly, that his crops will fail by bad management; he says,

Heu magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum,
Concussaque famem in silvis solabere quercu.

Instead of saying, that elms by engrafting have borne acorns, he speaks of that operation in this lively manner:

— Glandemque fues fregere sub ulmis.

Instead of informing us that the farmers often root up an old forest, he adorns this proceeding with the following picturesque circumstances:

Antiquafque domos avium cum stirpibus inis
Eruit; illae altum nidis petiere relietis.

He does not call the plane a large tree, but says,

Jamque ministrantem planatum potantibus umbram.

And instead of ordering the farmer to water his grounds, what a landscape does he present us with!

Ecce, supercilio clivoft tramitis undam
Elicit: illa cadens raucum per laevia murmure
Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva!

After this manner should the didactic poet raise and enliven every precept he gives; he should turn rules into images;
DIDACTIC POETRY.

Images; he should describe things by their effects; and speak of them as already done, instead of regularly ordering the manner in which they should be done; and throw in circumstances and adjuncts, that may forcibly strike the imagination, and embellish and conceal the dryness of the subject.

But altho' the poet delivers his precepts in the most artful manner imaginable, and renders them as palatable as possible, yet the reader will soon be disgusted with a continued series of instruction, if his mind be not relieved at proper intervals by pleasing digressions of various kinds, naturally arising from the main subject, and closely connected with it. If Virgil had confined himself merely to agriculture, and had never inserted in his poem the prodigies that attended the death of Julius Caesar, the praises of Italy; the chariot-race, the Scythian winter-piece, the happiness of a country-life, the loves of the beasts, and the pathetic description of the plague among the cattle; his Georgics, tho' abounding in most useful rules, delivered with dignity and grace united, would never have been the delight and admiration of his own, and all succeeding ages. His art is no where more remarkable than in those passages, where, after seeming to have left his subject and his husbandmen, he suddenly returns to them, and connects all he has been saying, though he appears to have wandered far from his purpose, by adding some rural circumstance: thus having spoken of the battle of Pharsalia, he subjoins immediately with great address,

Scilicet & tempus veniet cum finibus illis
Agricolae, incurvo terram molitus aratro
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila;
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur offa sepulchris.

And again, after saying the world was distracted with many wars, he instantly adds,

Non
REFLECTIONS ON

— Non ullus aratro —

Dignus honos — —

— Thus Maro's muse,

Thrice sacred muse! commodious precepts gives,
Instructive to the swains; not only bent
On what is gainful, sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth thro' storms and waves,
Alone in deep of night; then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphaean race,
Mimic brisk cyder with the brake's produce wild,
Sloes pounded, hips, and servis' harshest juice.

PHILIPS's Cyder, B. I.

This last mentioned author, among other classical beauties, hath closeley copied Virgil in throwing many artful digressions into his poem. He opens his second book with an address to Lord Harcourt's son, then abroad upon his travels in Italy, and afterwards returns to his subject with great dexterity in the following lines:

Mean while (altho' the Mastic grape delights,

Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills

Temper thy cups, yet) wilt thou not reject

Thy native liquors; lo! for thee my mill

Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats

O'erflow with generous cyder.

Book 2.

This poet, speaking afterwards of the pernicious effects of drunkenness, and of the discords and quarrels arising from this vice, slides with great art and address into a description of the civil wars and dissensions that have frequently troubled the repose of this kingdom. And when he comes to mention the last great rebellion, very dexterously flings in the following line:

Yet was the cyder land unspoil'd with guilt.

This
This at once recalls the mind of the reader to the subject, which the author seemed to have forfaken, during so long a digression. Of the same kind are his descriptions of the destruction of old Ariconium, the praises of Herefordshire; the moral characters of the most celebrated poets, at the conclusion of the first, and the effects of the Union at the end of the second book: where, after saying, that

—— Where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe,

he concludes fully and appositely to his subject,

—— Silurian cyder borne,
Shall please all tasts, and triumph o'er the vine.

But of all the various kinds of digressions, those of a pathetic nature, if they can be introduced with propriety, will have the best effect. A moving tale, such as the history of Orpheus and Eurydice in the fourth book of the Georgics, is most likely to render a didactic poem interesting. A stroke of passion is worth a hundred of the most lively and glowing descriptions. Men love to be moved, much better than to be instructed. Supposing (says the Abbé du Bos) that the subject of a didactic poem is so exceedingly curious, as to induce you to read it once over with great pleasure; yet you will never peruse it a second time with the same satisfaction you taste even from an eclogue. The understanding feels no pleasure in being instructed twice in the same thing; but the heart is capable of feeling the same emotion twice, with great pleasure. This amiable and ingenious writer, who hath struck out many new observations upon poetry, illustrates his opinion, that a poem abounding in the best-written descriptions will never deeply affect a reader,
reader, except something of the pathetic be added, by
the following remarks on a finer art.

"The finest landscape of Titian or Carrache, does not
interest the beholder more than would the real prospect of
a village in a disagreeable or pleasant country. There is
nothing in such a picture that speaks to one, if I may
be allowed the expression. And as it does not touch the
heart, it cannot gain the attention. The best painters
were so well convinced of this truth, that they have very
f seldom given us landscapes wholly desert, and without
human figures *. They have peopled their pictures; they have introduced into them persons employed in some
action capable of moving us, and by consequence of en-
gaging our attention. This is the constant practice of
Pouffin, Rubens, and the other great masters, who do
not think it sufficient to place in their landscapes a man
passing on the road, or perhaps a countrywoman carrying
her fruits to market. They introduce men agitated with
passions, in order to excite ours, and by such an emotion
to interest us and engage our attention. In effect, the
figures introduced in these pictures, are more frequently
mentioned and talked of, than their trees or terraces.

* This observation may be illustrated by that fine simile of
Milton.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and fewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymphlike step fair virgin pafs,
What pleasing seem'd, for Her now pleases more;
She most, and in her look sums all delight.

Paradise Lost, B. 9. v. 445.

The beholder's delight is doubled, at the appearance of this
living beauty.
The landscape which Pouf in painted several times over, and which is commonly called his Arcadia, would never have been so celebrated, if it had contained no human figures.

Who has not heard of that famous country, which is said to have been inhabited by the happiest men that ever existed on earth? Men employed only on their pleasures, and who knew no other disquietudes, than those which befel the imaginary shepherds in romances, whose condition is so much to be envied. The picture of which I am speaking, represents a landscape in this delightful country. In the midst we see the monument of a young virgin, dead in the flower of her age: this we know by means of her statue laid at length on her tomb after the manner of the ancients. The sepulchral inscription is but four Latin words: and yet I lived in Arcadia. Et in Arcadia ego. But this inscription, short as it is, gives occasion for very serious reflections, to two young men and two young maidens, crowned with chaplets of flowers, who seem to have met accidentally with this mournful monument, in a place where they might well imagine no melancholy object was to be found. One of their company makes the rest take notice of this inscription, by pointing to it with his finger. And one may perceive, in the midst of the affliction and pity that begin to spread themselves over their features, something of the remains of an expiring joy. We imagine we hear the reflections of these young persons on the power of death, who spares neither age, nor beauty; and against whom the happiest climates can afford no protection. We figure to ourselves what touching things they would say to one another, when they recovered from their first surprize, and we apply these things to ourselves, and to those for whom we are concerned. It is in poetry as in painting; and the imitations which poetry makes of nature, touch and affect us, only in proportion to the impression, which

D d 2
the thing imitated would make on our hearts, if we saw it in reality.*”

These observations, drawn from the art of painting, are as full of good taste, as of solid reflection, and seem to be founded on a knowledge of the human heart; on which knowledge all true criticism must be founded. They sufficiently evince that without something of the pathetic, something that comes home to our business and bosoms, no didactic poem can possibly be interesting.

As to the style of a didactic poem, which comes next to be considered, it ought certainly to abound in the most bold and forcible metaphors, the most glowing and picturesque epithets; it ought to be elevated and enlivened by pomp of numbers, and majesty of words, and by every figure that can lift a language above the vulgar and current expressions. One may add, that in no kind of poetry (nay not even in the sublime ode) is a beauty of expression so much to be regarded as in this. For the epic writer should be very cautious of indulging himself in too florid a manner of expression; especially in the dramatic parts of his fable, where he introduces dialogue. And the writer of tragedy cannot fall into so nauseous and unnatural an affectation †, as to put laboured descriptions, pompous

* Reflexions critiques sur le poeie & sur la peinture, Tom. i. P. 55.
† It may not be improper to produce the following glaring instance of the absurdity of introducing long and minute descriptions into tragedy. When Romeo receives the dreadful and unexpected news of Juliet’s death, this fond husband, in an agony of grief, immediately resolves to poison himself. But his sorrow is interrupted, while he gives us an exact picture of the apothecary’s shop, from whom he intended to purchase the poison.

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabout he dwells, whom late I noted,
In tatter’d weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
pompous epithets, studied phrases, and high-flown metaphors, into the mouths of his characters. But as the didactic poet speaks in his own person, it is necessary and proper for him to use a more luscious colouring of style, and to be more studious of ornament. And this is agreeable to an admirable precept of Aristotle, which no writer in any kind of composition, be it prose or poetry, should ever forget,—that division ought most to be laboured in the unactive, that is, the descriptive parts of the poem, in which the opinions, manners and passions of men are not represented; for too glaring an expression obscures the manners and the sentiments. Τὴν δὲ λέξιν δείδιασετέ μιν εἰς τοὺς αργοὺς μεγέθη, καὶ μποτὶ νθίσας, μποτὶ διανεμητέοις. ἀποστοιεύει γας πάλιν ἡ λαμπρά λέξεις τα ἑθή, καὶ τας διανοιας. Poetics, chap. 24.

Accordingly Virgil hath used every possible method of exalting his style into dignity and grace, by bold metaphors, grecisms, striking epithets, and poetical circumlocutions.

Hence it is that he will not say quo tempore, but fjdere, in the very first line of his poem. Hence he says, scein-dimus æquor for ploughing, and Saturni dente for the pruning hook. Hence is it that he ascribes human properties and passions to plants and animals.

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill-shap’d fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen-pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter’d to make up a shew.

Act 5. Scene 3.

I appeal to those who know any thing of the human heart, whether Romeo in this distressful situation, could have leisure to think of the alligator, empty boxes, and bladders, and other furniture of this beggarly shop, and to point them out so distinctly to the audience. The description is indeed very lively and natural, but very improperly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passion as Romeo is represented to be.
Reflexions on

Exuerint sylvestrem animam, cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequentur.
Georg. ii. v. 51.

Moerentem abjungens, fraternal morte juvencum.
Georg. iii. 518.

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.
Georg. ii. 82.

Et quis cuique dolor viello, quae gloria palmae.
Georg. iii. 102.

Tardaque Eleusinae matris volventia plaustra.
Georg. i. v. 163.

'Tis after this manner Virgil judiciously conceals the nakedness and barrenness of his subject, by the lustre of his language, and gives to Ceres the cestus of Venus. 'Tis thus (to use Addison's words) that he breaks the clods, and tessels the dung about with an air of gracefulness. Or, as Boileau speaks of another, it is thus that he turneth every thing he touches into gold.

I shall now endeavour to point the merit or imperfection of the most celebrated didactic poets, ancient and modern, by giving a short and I hope impartial account of each. I shall begin with Hesiod, whose character has been drawn by Mr. Addison in the following words.

"If we may guess, says he, at Hesiod's character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran thro' his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons..."
feasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprize and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess, whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sun-shine, in the next description. The descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them; but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. —— Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are fown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic, where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if one would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, and the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finifhed, we must expect it from a greater master's hand."

I cannot help thinking, but that Mr. Addison hath placed the merit of this venerable father of didactic poetry rather too low. There is a great beauty in his natural and artless way of writing; and such primaeval simplicity, tho' it does not strike us at first sight so forcibly, as a more laboured and artificial style, yet is infinitely pleasing to one of a just taste, and to any real lover of nature. However Hesiod sometimes rises into great dignity of expression, and has given many instances of true poetry. Of this kind is his account of the iron age, where the goodness of his heart appears in every line; and which concludes with the following admirable verses, describing with a lofty prolopopoelia, Envy, like a constant companion following all the sons of men, and Modesty and Nemesis, retreating from the earth.
The four last of these lines, in which the goddesses Modesty and Nemesis are described as beautiful personages, arrayed in white robes, are I think more poetical than even Virgil’s imitation of them,

--- extrema per illos

*Justitia excidens terris vestigia fecit.* Georg. ii.

Neither hath Mr. Addison justly represented our author’s description of the cold in the month of January. “The wild beasts, says he, run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flayed with cold.” In this translation of Mr. Addison the following fine description of Boreas rushing from the kingdom of Thrace, throwing down the tallest oaks, and spreading the valleys with uprooted beeches, is totally and unfairly omitted.

As to the passage which Mr. Addison translates, “The old men too are bitterly pincht with the weather;” I beg leave to think that the words in the original have great dignity, and that it is a stroke of nature, very artfully introduced into the description.
DIDACTIC POETRY.

Our old poet’s picture of the spring, and the pleasures to
be enjoyed at that delicious season, is indeed not so high-
ly finished as Virgil’s (Georg. ii. 323.) yet is very pleas-
ing to the mind, as it gives one so lively an idea of the
simple and natural manners of those early ages.

Alia tot’ nond
Ein petegam te skia, kai betaicus oinos,
Ma’ca t’ a molgai, gala t’ aiwv phinoumenon,
Kai bocos ilofigiow keias mutw tetokunis,
Peritogoun t’ kefaiw, ipi d’ aiwom tineos oinos,
En skia xoumen, kephoxoumen wtois eudheis,
Anto iuokaios aneis trefanta xerounon,
Keplis t’ aiwun kai aptezemw, w t’ adokitous.

I shall conclude these remarks on Hesiod with his cha-
acter, as drawn by Paterculus, lib. i. c. 7. Vir perel-
gants ingenii, et mollissimâ dulcedine carminum memorabilis,
att quiesque cupidissimus, ut tempore tanto viro [Homero-
sicile.] ita operis auctoritate proximus.

Empedocles flourished about the 80th olympiad: he
was a native of Sicily, and wrote a poem on the nature
of things, and the four elements; the loss of which, if
we may judge from some few noble fragments that remain,
we have great reason to regret. Even the severe Ariosto
speaks of him with great respect, and says, * that he was
very Homerical in his manner; that his style was forcible,
well laboured, and full of metaphors; and that he made
use of all the proper methods that could conduce to the
beauty of his poetry. One of his fragments is well

* Ομηρικος Ἐμπεδόκλης, καὶ δεῖξος τις θρασύς γεγονε, μεταφορικός
τε αυ, καὶ τοὺς αλλ’ τοὺς περὶ ποιητικὰς ἑπιτενυματιχρωμένος. Aristot.
ἐξ τῶν περὶ ποιητικῶν. Diog. Laer.

worthy
worthy our attention, as it contains some of the most exalted and spiritualized notions of the Deity that are anywhere to be found in the poetry of the ancient Greeks. He seems to have been ridiculing the absurd notions that prevailed of corporeal gods; and expressly affirms, that it is impossible God can have any parts or members, or any thing resembling the human shape. I hope it will not be deemed pedantry to set down at length so extraordinary a fragment.

But what may justly give us the highest idea of this poet, and of the loss the learned world has sustained by the want of his work, is the noble and affectionate character given of him by Lucretius, in a passage, in which the poetry and the panegyric are equally great. Where after speaking of the wonders of Sicily in very sublime terms, he adds, that nothing which that country had produced was so worthy of attention and admiration, or so truly valuable and illustrious as this incomparable man;

> Quorum Acragantinus cum primis Empedocles est,
> Insula quem Triquetris terrarum gessit in oris,
> Quam fluitans circum magnis amfractibus aequor,
> Ionium glaucis espergit virus ab undis;
> Angustoque fretu rapidum mare dividit undis
> Aeoliac terrarum oras a finibus ejus.
> Hic est vastra Charybdis, et hic Actnea minantur
> Murmura flammarum rursum se colligere in iras
> Faucibus eruptos iterum ut vis coeunt ignes;
> Ad coelumque serat flammai fulgura rursum;
> Qua, quem magna modis multis miranda videtur

_Gentibus_
DIDACTIC POETRY.

Gentibus humanis regio, visendaque fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multa munita virum vi;
Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro praecanium in se,
Nec sanatum magis, et mirum, carumque videtur.
Carmina quin etiam divini peitoris ejus
Vociferantur, et exponunt praeclaera reperta;
Ut vix humanâ videatur flirpe creatus.

Lucretius, 1. i. 717.

Aratus, who flourished in the reign of Ptolomy Philadelphus, was the cotemporary and friend of Theocritus*: he composed an astronomical poem on the nature and motion of the stars. Cicero (not probably the most able judge of poetry, and who translated this work into Latin) says, he writes ornatissimos atque optimos versus; but he certainly wants spirit and elevation. Virgil has manifestly borrowed many of his prognostics in the first book, from this writer's phaenomena; and it may be no unpleasing amusement to see how the Roman has improved and heightened the images he took from the Greek.

The loud resounding of the sea-coasts, and the noise among the mountains, are mentioned as prognostics of wind by Aratus in the following lines;

Σῆμα ἐς τοι αἰμοίο, καὶ οἰδαίνεσχ θαλασσα
Γιοεσθ, καὶ κακός ἐπ' αἰγαλοι βοοντες,
Ἀλας τ' εμαλοι, ὡποὶ εὐδοι ηχῆσα
Γιγοται, κομψαι τ' βοωμεναι ὕδεος αἰγαι.

Which circumstances Virgil hath plainly borrowed;

Continued

* Who addresses his sixth Idyllium to him;

Δαιμοτας καὶ Δαφνίς το βακχος εἰς ἵνα χορον
Ταν αἰνία τοι Αράτει—

and is imagined to speak of his loves in the seventh. This is the poet whom the polite apostle St. Paul quotes to the Athenians, Acts xvii. 28. Τε γας καὶ γενος εσμεν, We are also his offspring.
Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiant agitata tumescere, et aridus alte
Montibus audiri fragor: aut resonantia longe
Littora misceri, et nemorum increbescere murmur.

It is obvious that the Roman poet hath added many beauties to his original: such is, the heaving and swelling of the sea, so strongly expressed in words that rise one above another like the waves;

--- Freta ponti
Incipiant agitata tumescere ---

Such is the aridus fragor, not to be found in the Greek; and the ruffling murmur of the woods, represented by nemorum increbescere murmur. Again, Aratus mentions the prognostic of the water-fowl ducking themselves before rain:

Πάλαικα λίμναια ἡ εἰναι λαῖς ὀρνιθές
Ἀπήγην κλεμέται ενεμένα ὁδατόσσῳ.

But see what lively and picturesque circumstances Virgil hath added of his own!

Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
Nunc caput objeceret fretis, nunc currere in undas;
Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.

Αὐτὰρ ὅτι ἐκ εὐροῖο καὶ ἐκ τοιο ἀερακῆς
Ἀλλὸτε ὅ ἐκ ζεῦροῦ, καὶ ἄλλοτε παρὶ βορεῖο,
Ἄν το ἑτερὸς πελαγεὶ ἐν δεῖδε ναυτιλὸς ἄνης.

Aratus.

At Boreae de parte trucis cum fulminat, et cum Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus, omnia plenis Rura natant fossis, atque omnis navita ponto Humida vela legit.

The expressions of trucis, of Zephyri domus, and plenis rura natant fossis, are poetical additions. Even the celebrated description of the crows is taken from Aratus.
Turn quod linguis 'co7'vi prejjo ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminent; et saepe cubilibus altis,
Nescio qua praeter solitum dulcedine laeti
Inter fe foliis strepitant; juvat imbris aethis
Progeniem parvam, dulcesque revisere nidos.

And it must be granted that the Greek verses are extremely good, and indeed little inferior to Virgil’s:

Kai koreiexes μνοι μεν, ερημαιοι βοσοντες
Δισσοεις αυτας επιτη μεταθρα κεκληγοντες.
Πιειοτερει δ’ αγελουδον επην κοιτοι μεδενται,
Φωνεις εμπλεκον, σιτειν κε τις αισθοτο,
Οια τα μιν, βοσωσι, λυγανομενοις ομοια.
Πελλα δε θεοφεειοι σειρι φλουν αλλοτ’ επ’ αυτοι,
Ηχε τε κενειν και υποτροποι απλεγονται.

But what Virgil adds is purely his own: when he accounts for this unusual joy, by the various effects which the alteration of the air will have on their bodies, in the most perspicuous and beautiful terms:

Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fata prudentia major;
Verum, ubi tempestas et coeli mobilis humor,
Mutavere vias, et Jupiter humidus ausiris
Densat, erant quae rara modo, et quae densa relaxat:
Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipiunt.

To express such abstruse notions with so much clearness and grace, is a great instance of Virgil’s supreme mastery of language.

On the whole, Aratus appears to have a great deal of nature, but not much dignity and vivacity in his manner. His character is so finely and so justly drawn by Quintilian, and is applicable to so many didactic poets, that I shall give it to the reader without apology for so many quotations:

I believe it is scarce possible for a passage of equal length to contain more taste and judgment in it than this: insomuch that there is hardly a fault, which a didactic poet can commit, that is not here hinted at.

OPPIAN lived in the beginning of Commodus's reign, and was afterwards greatly patronized by Severus. He wrote two didactic poems, one upon fishing, called Halieutica; the other on hunting, entituled Cyneggetica. The former is the most celebrated of the two. Rapin tells us, he is a dry prosaic writer. But it is observably, that this critic seldom speaks favourably of the Greek authors: the reason of which may probably be, that like many a modern critic he did not understand that language; and M. Menage assures us he did not. Scaliger, a much abler * judge, says of Oppian, that he is an excellent poet; easy, eloquent, sublime and harmonious; that he not only far surpasses Gratius and Nemesianus, who have written on the same subject, but that he seems to have the very air of Virgil, whom he endeavoured particularly to imitate; and that he has given us the truest and liveliest image of that divine poet. Though the censures and praises of Scaliger are generally extravagant; and though in the present case, he seems to have bestowed his encomiums on Oppian a little too lavishly, yet I believe this writer is well worthy the learned reader's perusal, for many of his descriptions (for instance one of a horse and a battle of furious bulls) are well worked up and extremely natural and lively.

Thus

• The Jesuit Varassfor, in his famous treatise de ludicrá dictione, greatly commends Oppian.
Thus much may suffice for the Greek didactic poets: as Nicander, who flourished in the 158th olympiad, is but a flat and prosaic writer, in his Theriaca, though copied by Virgil.

--- Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

For I am next to speak of Lucretius, whose merit as a poet has never yet been sufficiently displayed, and who seems to have had more fire, spirit, and energy, more of the vivida vis animi, than any of the Roman poets, not excepting Virgil himself. Whoever imagines, with Tully, that Lucretius had not a great genius, is desired to cast his eye on two pictures he has given us at the beginning of his poem; the first of Venus with her lover * Mars, beautiful to the last degree, and more glowing than any figure painted by Titian; the second of the terrible and gigantic figure, the daemon of Superstition, worthy the energetic pencil of Michael Angelo. Neither do I think that the description that immediately follows of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, was excelled by the famous picture of Timanthes on the same subject, of which Pliny speaks so highly in the 35th book of his Natural History: especially the minute and moving circumstances of her perceiving the grief of her father Agamemnon, and of the priest's concealing his sacrificing knife,

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* in gremium qui saepe tuum se
Rejicit, aeterno devindicis volnere amoris;
Aique ita suspiciens terret cervice repofa
Pacit amore avidos inhians in te, dea, visus;
Eque tuo pendent refupini spiritus oris. L. i. 33.

† Humana ante oculos foedè cum vita jaceret,
In terris oppressa gravi sub religione,
Quae caput e coeli regionibus ostendebat
Horribili super aspectu mortalis instans;
Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus——
knife, and of the spectators bursting into tears, and her falling on her knees.

_Cui femel insula virgineos circumdata comit_ 
_Ex utrāque pari malarum parte profusa est, 
_Et moesum simul ante aras aësare parentem, 
_Sensit, et hunc propter ferrum celare minifiros, 
Aspectuque suo lacrymas effundere cives; 
Muta metu terram genibus summissa petebat._

Lib. i. 88.

Few passages even in Virgil himself are so highly finished, contain such lively descriptions, or are so harmonious in their versification, as where our poet speaks of the fruitfulneas occasioned throughout all nature by vernal showers, lib. i. 251 to ver. 293; of the ravages committed by tempestuous winds, lib. i. 272 to ver. 295; of the difficulty of his undertaking, and of his affection to his patron Memmius, lib. i. 920 to ver. 950; where after mentioning the great obscurity of his subject, he breaks out into that enthusiastic rapture;

—— Sed acri

_Percussit thyrso laudis spes magna meum cor, 
Et simul incussit suavem mi in pectus amorem 
Musarum, quo nunc infletus mente vigenti 
Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante 
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fontes, &c._

The second book opens with a sublime description of a true philosopher, standing on the top of the temple of Wisdom, and looking down with pity and contempt on the busy hum of men. This is followed by a forcible exhortation to temperance of each kind, and by that account of the pleasures of a country life (ver. 24 to ver. 36.) which Virgil hath exactly copied at the end of his second book of the Georgics. The fears and the cares
that infest human life are afterwards personified in the following manner.

Re verâque Metus hominum, Curaeque sequaces
Nec metuunt sonitus armorum, nec fera tela;
Audax terque inter reges, rerumque potentem
Versantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro.

These images are surely far superior to those admired ones of Horace,

--- Nec Curas laqueata circum
Teûa volantes---
Scandit aeratas vitiosa naves
Cura—---

I know not how to resist the temptation of giving the reader the following landscape of a distant mountain with flocks feeding on the side of it.

Nam saepe in colli tondentes pabula laeta
Lanigeriae reptant pecudes, quo quamque vocantes
Invitant herbae, gemmantes rares recenti;
Et satiati agni ludunt, blandique consicant,
Omnia quae nobis longè confusa videntur,
Et veluti in viridi candor consister colli.

L. ii. 317.

And I could wish to have room to set down the description that immediately follows, lib. ii. 324 to 330, of a field of battle, or the subsequent one of a cow's lamenting her calf that was sacrificed. There is something so truly pathetic, that I must trespass on the reader's patience, and give it him.

At mater virides saltus orbata peragrans
Linguit humi pedibus vestigia pressâ bifulcis,
Omnia convivens oculis loca, si queat usquam
Conspicere amissum foetum, complectaque querelis
Frondiferum nemus adscistens; et crebra revist
Ad stabulum, desiderio perfusa juvenci.

L. ii. 355.
In the beginning of the third book, which opens with the praises of Epicurus, is a passage that of itself, without alluding other instances, is sufficient to shew the strength and sublimity of our author's imagination. At the sound of thy voice (says he, addressing himself to the father of his philosophy) the Terrors of the mind (here personified) fly away with fear and astonishment.

Nam simul ac RATIO tua coepit vociferari
Naturam rerum haud divinâ mente coortam
Diffugiunt animi TERRORES.

The walls of the world suddenly part asunder! I look down into the immense void! and distinctly see all it contains!

--- Moenia mundi

Discedunt, totum video per inane geri res.

This image always puts me in mind of that exalted one in Milton, which is so strongly conceived.

On heavenly ground they flood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole.


Our poet adds, in lines as finished and as smooth as Virgil's, that he there saw the happy and undisturbed state of the gods.

Apparat divum numer, sedesque quietae,
Quas neque concutient venti, neque nubila nimbis
Aspergunt, neque nix acris concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat; semperque innubilus aether
Integit, et largè diffusa lumine ridet:

At contra nusquam apparent Acherusia templar.

L. iii. 25.
On the perusal of this passage, can one forbear crying out with the author?

His tibi me rebus, quaedam divina voluptas
Percepiatque horror!

The descriptions of a person in a deep lethargy, lib. iii. ver. 465; of the effects of drunkenness, ver. 475; of the falling sickness, ver. 486; and the noble prosopopoeia, ver. 944, where Nature is introduced chiding her ungrateful sons for their folly and discontent, are equal to any thing in the Roman poetry; as is likewise the conclusion of this book, where the poet allegorizes all the punishments of hell, from ver. 991 to 1036. 'Tis hard to determine whether the poetry or impiety of this third book (where many weak arguments are brought against the immortality of the soul) be greatest.

In the fourth book our author hath painted the evils and inconveniences attending the passion of love in the liveliest terms. No poet seems to have felt more strongly than Lucretius. For this see the following description of jealousy, and observe the minute circumstances it enumerates.

Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit,
Quod cupido adfixum cordi vivescit ut ignis;
Aut nimium jaclare oculos, aliumque tueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt vestigia risus.

L. iv. 1131.

I know not what apology to make to the reader for such a number of quotations: but I have always thought that general criticism, without producing particular passages, was both useless and unentertaining. Besides, I look upon the giving him these descriptions, to be like leading him through a gallery adorned with the most exquisite paintings. I am sure there is no piece by the hand of Guido or Carrache, that exceeds the following groupe of allegorical personages.
It Ver, et Venus, et Veneris praenuntius ante
Pinnatus graditur Zephyrus, vestigia propter.
Flora quibus mater, praespergens ante viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiiis, et odoribus opplet.
Inde loci sequitur Calor aridus, et Comes una
Pulverulenta Ceres, et Etesia Flabra Aquilonum.
Inde Autumnus adit, graditur simul Evoius Evan:
Inde aliae Temporales, Ventique sequuntur,
Altitonans Volturnus, et Austera fulmine pollens:
Tandem Bruma nives adfert, pigrumque rigorem
Reddit, Hyems sequitur, crepitans ac dentibus Algus.

L. v. 736.

This fifth book concludes with a description of the uncivilized state of man, together with the origin and progress of government, arts, and sciences. The poetical beauties it contains are so many and so various, that they will merit a particular discussion; but intending to publish a translation of this part of Lucretius with critical observations, I waive all farther mention of it at present.

The sixth book is the least obscure and abstruse of any, being wholly taken up with describing the appearances of nature, and accounting for some seeming prodigies. The plague with which the whole poem concludes being more known and perhaps more read than any other part of it, I shall not point out any particular passages.

I could not forbear saying thus much of an author, whose fertile and strong imagination, whose nervous and forcible expression seem not sufficiently regarded. The arguments of impiety which the poem contains, are indeed so sophistical and weak, and have been so many times solidly confuted, that I do not see the danger some are apprehensive of from a diligent perusal of this noble work.

It were much to be wished that the cardinal de Polignac had
had any of the force and fire of Lucretius, whom he has
endeavoured to answer: his arguments are indeed strong,
but he has not a spark of poetry: his verification is
smooth, but not enough varied with different pauses;
and he is generally too verbose and diffuse. One merit
must be allowed him, that of perspicuity in expressing
and explaining the most difficult subjects: for perhaps
there are few accounts of the nature of free-will so clear
and convincing, as what he has given us in the fifth book
of his Anti-Lucretius, ver. 1164 et seq. 'Tis great pity
he did not follow the found philosophy of Newton, in-
stead of that of his whimsical countryman. Why, says
Voltaire, should we still continue to substitute the reveries of Descartes, in the place of the reveries of Lu-
cretius? Oeuvres de Voltaire, tom. 10. 304.

So much hath already been said of VIRGIL (who should
next be mentioned) both in these reflections, in the fore-
going notes, and particularly in the prefatory dedica-
tion, that any further observations on him in this place
are superfluous,

HORACE's Epistle to the Pifo's, commonly called his
Art of Poetry, seems never to have been so fully under-
stood, and so judiciously explained, as lately by the au-
thor of Notes and a Commentary upon it. He hath en-
deavoured to prove, that there is an artful concealed me-
thod observed throughout the whole; and that it is not a
general system of poetry, as hath usually been imagined,
but is confined merely to the state and defects of the drama in the age of Augustus. The Romans seem to
have stood in need of such an instructor, for they had no
extraordinary talents or taste for the stage. In comedia
maxime claudicamus, says the impartial Quintilian: not-
withstanding Varro's opinion, that if the Muses were to
speak Latin, they would speak in Plautus's language;
notwithstanding our forefathers talk so highly of Cae-
cilus;
cilius; and notwithstanding Terence's writings were attributed to Scipio Africanus. He adds the reason with his usual elegance; *Vix levem consequimur umbram, adeo ut mibi sermo ipse, Romanus non recipere videatur, illam solis concessam Atticis Venerem, quando eam ne Graeci quidem in alio genere linguæ obtinuerint.* Inftit. Orat. lib. 11. And as to tragedy the Romans have made no considerable figure in it; but Quintilian assures us (and in this one instance I can with difficulty give credit to him) that the Thyestes of Varius was comparable to any tragedy of the Greeks; and that the Medea of Ovid evidently shewed, how much he could have excelled, if he had chosen to restrain, rather than give a loose to his genius. Inft. Orat. 1. 11. The unnatural and affected Seneca cannot be mentioned without distaste. It is needless to add what almost every school-boy is acquainted with, that the precepts of Horace are chiefly drawn from Aristotle's Poetics, are indeed the most useful commentary on that inestimable treatise, and will best enable us to judge of the ancient stage: but he hath likewise inserted many precepts, peculiarly adapted to the use of his countrymen; and hath delivered the whole with that graceful negligence that ought to be the predominant quality of epistolary writings both in verse and prose; while they should

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familiarly convey

The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire:
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Pope's Essay on Criticism, ver. 656.

Under this head (in which I shall include all the writers on this subject) it will be unpardonable to omit MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA, one of the first restorers of
of polite literature and just criticism. His Poetics have been always deservedly read and admired as a fine didactic poem, and considering the time in which he wrote, were of great use in diffusing a good taste among his countrymen; and from thence over all Europe. The highest panegyric he ever received was from Mr. Pope in the following passage, which gave occasion to the reading and publishing him in England, where formerly he was but little known:

But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust and rears his reverend head;
Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweetest notes each rising temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow,
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

The characteristics of Vida seem to be elegance, perspicuity, and purity; but he frequently wants majesty and force. He rises however into poetry at the end of his first book, and in the middle of his second, where he describes the poet under the influence of inspiration returning upon him powerfully after a languid interval, and an absence of the poetic inclination:

Unde haec tam clara repente
Tempestas? Deus, ecce Deus! jam corda fatigat,
Altius insinuat venis, penitusque per artus
Diditur, atque faces saevas sub pestore versat.
Nec se jam capit acer agens calor, igneaque intus
Vis saevit, totoque agitat se corpore numen.
Ille autem exultans jactat jam non sua verba,
Oblitusque
Oblitusque hominem mirum sonat: haud potis ignem.
Excutere, invitum miratur se ire, rapique
Præcipitem, te Phoebe vocans, te Phoebe frementem
Vociferans, plenusque Deo, stimulisque subactus
Haud placidis; non ille dapum, non ille quietis,
Aut somni membor hanc potis est deponere curam.

Whence shot this sudden flash that gilds the pole?
The god, the god comes rushing on his soul;
Fires with aethereal vigor every part,
Thro' ev'ry trembling limb he seems to dart,
Works in each vein, and swells his rising heart.
Deep in his breast the heav'ly tumult plays,
And sets his mounting spirits on a blaze.
Nor can the raging flames themselves contain,
For the whole god descends into the man.
He quits mortality, and knows no bounds,
But sings inspir'd with more than human sounds.
Nor from his breast can shake th' immortal load,
But pants and raves impatient of the god;
And, rapt beyond himself, admires the force
That drives him on reluctant to the course.
He calls on Phoebus, by the god opprest,
Who breathes excessive spirit in his breast;
No force of thirst or hunger can controul
The fierce, the ruling transport of his soul.

Pitt's Translation of Vida, p. 49.

The precepts of Vida principally respect the Epopoeia,
but are most of them applicable to every other species of poetry. In his third and last book he hath treated of poetical style in general; hath examined the force and propriety of every figure of speech with great accuracy and true taste; hath laid down some judicious rules, on that difficult and delicate task, correction; and concludes with a panegyric on the poems of Virgil. It ought to
he observed, that all succeeding writers on this subject are more indebted to Vida, than he was to his predecessors in the same way.

Boileau's Art of Poetry has a brevity in its precepts, a perspicacity in its observations, and an energy in its style, seldom to be found in the diffusive writings of his countrymen. He hath delivered rules for every species of poetry in its regular gradations from the pastoral to the epic: only 'tis observable that he speaks not a syllable of the didactic. We have in this highly-finish'd work*, which however consists but of four short canto's, all that could be expected from a man of strong sense and keen observation (tho' perhaps of no warm poetical genius) who had spent his life in studying and defending the ancients, had formed his taste upon the Greek and Roman models alone, and therefore always practised and recommended a manly simplicity of style and sentiment.

I choose to speak of Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism in the words of his friend and commentator. "When the reader considers the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of each part, the penetration into nature, and the compass of learning so conspicuous throughout, he should at the same time know it was the work of an author who had not attained to the twentieth year of his age."

Altho' there are some sensible observations, and perhaps a few sparks of poetry in the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, and in that of Lord Roscommon on translated verse, yet I must presume to think, that the reputation they have gained, is in a great mea-

tue owing to the rank of their authors, and to the age
in which they were written; when criticism had not
spread so widely, nor was so well understood, as appa-
rently it hath been since their times.

I am doubtful whether I ought to mention Ovid's
Art of Love in this list of didactic poems, from the li-
bertine nature of its subject. With respect both to his
style and matter, one may apply to him what Quintilian
says of another, abundat dulibus vitis.

There is great dispute among the critics, whether
Manilius wrote his astronomical poem in the age of Au-
gustus, as he himself affirms he did. Many instances of
such language, and such versification as cannot be met
with in any other poet of that time, may be found in his
work: for which the curious reader may see the third
dialogue of Mr. Spence's Polymetis, page 25. What-
ever use his poem may be of to astronomers, who are in-
clined to consider the systems of the ancients, 'tis certain
that there is not a grain of genius or poetical spirit to be
discovered throughout the whole, tho' on a subject so
susceptible of poetry. And indeed, what could one ex-
pect from a writer who made the following cold declara-
tion at the very beginning of his work, and which he
strictly verifies in the course of it:

Omnari res ipfa negat, contenta doceri.

At the restoration of literature under the glorious pon-
tificate of Leo X. several true geniuses arose. Among
the rest Fracastorius, who wrote the Syphilis. He
was unfortunate in the choice of a subject, very difficult
to be treated in an ornamental manner; yet 'tis surprizing
to see how he has enlivened so unpromising a theme by
the beauty and dignity of his language. See how he
hath described a blooming and beautiful youth, labouring
under this dreadful distemper;
DIDACTIC POETRY.

Paulatim ver id nitidum, flos ille juventae
Disperit, vis illa animi, tum squalida tabes
Artus (horrendum!) miseros obduxit, et altè
Grandia turgebant faedis abscessibus offa.
Ulera (prole divum pietatem!) informia pulchros
Pasebant oculos, et die lucis amorem,
Pasebantque acri corrosas vulnere nares.
Illum Alpes vicinae, illum vaga fulmina flierunt,
Illum omnes Olilie Deae, Eridanique puellae
Fleuerunt, nemorumque Deae rurisque puellae;
Sebinusque alto gemitum lacus edidit amne.

Syphilis, L. I.

The style of Fracastorius * is not made up of shreds and patches, and ends of lines collected from Virgil and Horace; (as are several copies of verses in our Musae Anglicane); but it is one continued thread equally woven thro' the whole piece. There is a good deal of imagination in the third book, where he describes the manner of finding the Hyacus in America. In a word, the Syphilis is perhaps the best conducted and most finished of modern didactic poems in Latin verse. It doubtless eminently exceeds the Silk-worms of his countryman and contemporary Vida†, (who hath too closely and servilely copied the Bees of Virgil) and the Gardens of Rapin, of whom

* See his beautiful epistle to Baptista Turianus of Verona, concerning his way of life and method of passing his time with his family; together with that to J. Turianus on the death of his sons. The two books of his Joseph are not equal to the Syphilis.
† However the following lines are elegant and pretty, on the worms being turned into butterflies.

Haerent attonitae rerum novitate, nec audent
Remigio alarum se aperto credere coelo,
Diffimileque fui tacitè nova corpora secum
Mirari, formâ nec se jñfe agnoscre in illâ;
Cornua mirantur fronti, mirantur et alae,
Et vires nil supra audent tentare priores
Diffisi, memoresque fui.—
the French after their manner boast so highly; who is a feeble and flegmatic poet, and hath filled his work, under the notion of digressions, with many puerile and extravagant fables, the Caricatura's of Ovid; whose idle turns and witticisms he hath likewise frequently imitated.

"There is more pleasure, says Addison, in the little platform of a garden which Virgil gives us about the middle of the fourth Georgic, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin."

The art of painting seems to be the finest and fruitfullest subject for a didactic poem. What Fresnoy has written on that subject is exceedingly dry, prosaic, and unentertaining; for he has only given the mechanic rules of a painter; it is to be wished that some true genius would undertake to treat it as a poet.

The Praedium Rusticum of the Jesuit Vaniere, is a long and languid production; but from the labour of the writer, who has collected some curious particulars relating to the management of the farmers of his country, it may perhaps answer one perusal.

The Italians boast much of a poem on Agriculture, La Coltivazione di Luigi Alamanni. He wrote it in Franco under the protection of Francis I. It is in six books, and in blank verse; and is esteemed pure Italian. But the subject is very little diversified with digressions, and not very poetically treated.

They have likewise a didactic poem on the management of bees, but it is little more than a translation of Virgil's fourth book, omitting the story of Aristaeus, with a few additional precepts of the author. It was written by Giovanni Ruccellai, and ends with an address to his intimate friend Triffino, the author of that cool and insipid epic poem, Italia Liberata; but whose memory ought to be reverenced for having given us the first
first regular modern tragedy, in blank verse, his Sophonisba; as Ruccellai himself produced the second that was seen in Italy, entituled, Rosmunda.

Before I conclude these reflections, it will, I presume, be expected that I speak a few words on the didactic poets of our own nation.

Philips’s Cyder is a very close and happy imitation of the Georgic, and conveys to us the fullest idea of Virgil’s manner: whom he hath exactly followed in a pregnant brevity of style, in throwing in frequent moral reflections, in varying the method of giving his precepts, in his digressions, and in his happy address in returning again to his subject; in his knowledge and love of philosophy, medicine, agriculture and antiquity, and in a certain primaevial simplicity of manners, which is so conspicuous in both.

If there be any fault in Philips, it is, perhaps, his insertion of many images that excite laughter, and are contrary to the majesty of the didactic Muse; and his having used too many elisions, exotic and antique expressions, and transpositions, under the notion of strengthening his verse, and of resembling Milton; who, by the way, is not so uniformly obsolete and difficult in his diction, as is sometimes imagined; but makes use of these uncommon and unfamiliar phrasés chiefly when he is describing things that lie out of the compass of nature, and that are marvellous and strange, such as hell, chaos, and heaven.

Somerville in his Chace, writes with all the spirit and fire of an eager sportsman.

Farewell, Cleora! here deep funk in down
Slumber secure with happy dreams amus’d—

Me other joys invite,

The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak’d
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay.

My courser hears their voice; see there with ears

And
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in every vein.—

The descriptions of hunting the hare, the fox, and the flag, are extremely spirited, and place the very objects before our eyes; of such consequence is it for a man to write on that which he hath frequently felt with pleasure. He neglects his versification sometimes, and there are doubtless great inequalities, both with respect to harmony and expression, in the poem. He hath failed in describing the madness that sometimes rages among hounds, and particularly in his account of the effects of the bite of a mad dog on a man.

To describe so difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of a distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. Armstrong; who accordingly hath nobly executed it, at the end of the third book of his Art of preserving health, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the sweating-sickness. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem, that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images. What can be more pleasing than his description of a healthy situation for a house?

See! where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards imperial Windsor fits;
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats;
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). O from the summer's rage
O wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham.

This ends with a well-conducted prosopopoeia.
Green rise the Kentish hills in chearful air;  
But on the marshy plains that Essel spreads  
Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.  
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend  
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force  
Compress'd the slothful Naiads of the sens.

B. i. 108.

In how lofty a manner hath he introduced his precepts  
concerning drinking water!  

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead!  
Now let me wander through your gelid reign;  
I turn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
By mortal elf untrod. I hear the din  
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.  
Hence from the desart down the rumbling steep  
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po  
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves  
A mighty flood to water half the East;  
And there in Gothic solitude reclin'd  
The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn.  
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades  
Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve  
A sacred horror thrills; a pleasing fear  
Glides o'er my frame!  

B. ii. 352, &c.

In short, this author hath evidently shewn, that there  
is no subject but what is capable of being exalted into  
poetry by a genius.

There is a sublimity of sentiment *, an energy of  
diction,

* See particularly Ep. i. ver. 267 to the end. If there be  
any fault in this poem, it is perhaps the mixing droll and  
burlesque
diction, a spirit unextinguished by correctness and rhyme, to be found in Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, that will ever render it the honour of our nation and language. And it is not my province at present to determine, what some are apt to dispute, Whether or no this poem (in the words of Dr. Warburton) "hath a precision, force, and "closeness of connection, rarely to be met with even "in the most formal treatises of philosophy?"

The Pleasures of Imagination are, in their very nature, a most proper and pregnant subject for a didactic poem. The amiable author who happily fixt on these as his subject, it must be allowed by the severest critic, hath done them ample justice; whether we consider his glowing and animated style, his lively and picturesque images†; the graceful and harmonious flow of his numbers; or the noble spirit of poetical enthusiasm, which breathes through his whole work. But that I may not lose myself in a wide field of panegyric, I will produce the following three passages, in which images of Greatness, Wonderfulness, and Beauty (from the perception of which all the pleasures of poetry and the imagination principally flow) are thus nobly exemplify'd.

1. G R E A T N E S S.

—— The high-born soul
Disdains to rest his heav'n aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, the springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;

burlesque images with serious doctrines: such is that line
(taken from Charron, Book i. on Wisdom)

"See man for mine, replies a pamper'd goose."

† See particularly the description of Pleasure, Virtue, and Pain, Book ii. 409, &c. of a solemn wood, and particularly ver. 290. B. iii. and of a poet at the time of his first conceiving some great design, B. iii. ver. 373.
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hov'ring o'er the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets and absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting circles the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inverts the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things;
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Reft at the fated goal.

2. W O N D E R F U L N E S S.

What need words
To paint its power? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage
Heedles of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale.
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell about the murd'rer's bed.
At ev'ry solemn pause the crowd recoil
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shiv'ring sighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

3. BEAUTY.

—— Brightest progeny of heav'n!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The rofèate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,
Haste then and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to th' Atlantic isles
And range with him th' Hesperian field and sea,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad foil, the tender clusters glow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill.
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shade,
The smooth Penæus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan, while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And Spring's Elysian bloom.

I must beg the reader's leave to lay before him one passage more, with which I shall conclude, both because it is a proper instance of our author's genius, and because it contains a strong and seasonable exhortation to the study of the Grecian literature, which is at present so strangely neglected among us, that persons are not wanting who set up for scholars and critics, without even pretending ever to have perused the Greek classics.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
That footes this vernal evening into smiles,
I steal impatient from the fordid haunts
Of strife and low ambition to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphant songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient wisdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with th' immortal praise
Of nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britifh lyre.

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THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.