THE BREVIARY TREASURES

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By
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By Nathan Haskell Dole

Henry Morse Stephens
INTRODUCTION

Publius Vergilius Maro was a farmer’s son. He was born at Andes, near Mantua, in Cisalpine Gaul, in October, 70 B.C. His education seems to have been unusually thorough. He studied at Cremona, at Mediolanum (Milan), at Naples, where Parthenius, a native of Bithynia, taught him Greek, and at Rome, where he is believed to have learned the Epicurean philosophy under Syron. His health was feeble, and that may have caused him to return to his father’s small estate, where he cultivated the Muses at his leisure. After the battle of Philippi in 42 B.C., he was dispossessed of his farm, which came into the hands of a veteran named Claudius. Vergil, at the recommendation of Asinius Pollio, applied to Octavianus for its restitution. The first eclogue seems to prove that his request was granted. The ten eclogues, or Bucolics, as they are sometimes
called, were published when Vergil was thirty-five, and probably were regarded as a tribute to the great Emperor. They are not remarkable for their originality. Indeed, Vergil was more of an imitator than a creator, but he used his Greek models to great advantage, and the polish which he succeeded in communicating to his hexameters was never excelled by any Roman versifier. It is a rather interesting circumstance that he ends the last book of his agricultural poems with a repetition of the first line of the thanksgiving eclogue, thus definitely proving, if other proof were needed, that the Bucolics preceded the Georgics:

"Illo Vergilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis atri,
Carmina qui lusi pastroum, audaxque
inventa,
Tityre, te patulae cecini sub tegmine fagi."

The question of selection always arises when one wishes to present a faithful picture of a foreign work. Frederick Harrison says:

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"The present generation has produced a complete library of versions of the great classics; chiefly in prose, partly in verse, more faithful, true, and scholarly, than anything ever produced before. It is the photographic age of translation and all that the art of sun-pictures has done for the recording of ancient buildings, and more than that, the art of literal translation has done for the understanding of ancient poetry.

"A complete translation of a great poem is, of course, an impossible thing. The finest translation is at best but a copy of a part; it gives us more or less crudely some element of the original; the colour, the light and shade, the glow are not there, lost as completely as they are in a photograph. But in the large photograph — say of the Sistine Madonna — the lines and the composition are there, as no human hand ever drew them. And so in a fine translation the thought survives."

Other things being equal, a translation which preserves the metre of the original, as far as possible, will be the most
satisfactory. It has been long believed, more from prejudice than from any well-founded reason, that the so-called hexameter is not adapted to the genius of the English language. It is true that in English iambics and anapests are more natural than dactyls and trochees. The articles have a way of demanding recognition, and they must be reckoned with. The whole secret of rhythmic verse, as far as the modern ear is concerned, lies in accent. If the frame-syllables are strong and the unaccented syllables require no accentuation to make sense, lines will be smooth and rhythmical. It is wholly a question of music, and being a question of music, there is no earthly reason why the hexameter should not be made the richest and most satisfactory vehicle for expression in the English language, as it was in the Greek and Latin.

Lord Bowen adopted the hexameter for his unfinished version of Vergil, and he thus explained his method and modification:

"Hundreds of Vergil's lines are for
most of us familiar quotations, which linger in our memory, and round which our literary associations cluster and hang, just as religious feeling clings to well-known texts or passages of Scripture. The charm of such associations cannot be preserved in a translation, unless upon fit occasions a corresponding English line, pointed and complete in itself, can take, however imperfectly, the place of the well-known original. To satisfy this requirement, Vergil ought to be translated more or less lineally, as well as literally. The heroic metre of Pope or Dryden cannot do this, nor can the ordinary blank verse of ten syllables. The Virgilian line is too long to be represented or reproduced in either. A ballad metre for Vergil is, on the other hand, out of the question.

"English hexameters, meanwhile, — the vehicle of Longfellow’s ‘Evangeline,’ of Clough’s ‘Bothie,’ and, first in metrical value of the three, of Kingsley’s ‘Andromeda,’ — have never become popular. The late Lord Derby condemns them as a ‘pestilent heresy.’ Less impet-
uous critics will probably prefer to abstain from despairing of a metre which has been so little the subject of experiment and labour.

"With his usual delicate perception, Mr. Matthew Arnold observed, many years ago, that the English hexameter contained in itself resources that might yet be developed fruitfully, and there can be little question but that the genius of Lord Tennyson or of Mr. Swinburne would make of the English hexameter—even in a prolonged poem—more than has as yet been deemed possible. Still, there is one feature in its structure and formation which presents a considerable barrier,—the cadence of the final foot of two syllables, which, whatever its beauties and whatever its advantages in a more melodious language, appears to require (in English use) rhyme to prevent it from becoming tedious, and yet which it would be impossible to treat in rhyme, even if the attempt were not certain to result in a medæval jingle.

"In the present volume an effort has been made to accommodate the genuine vi
hexameter to English purposes by shortening the final dissyllabic foot into a foot of a single syllable. The pure classical hexameter may be illustrated by a verse which the poet Coleridge has left behind for an English specimen:

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column."

I have discarded the final dissyllable, and put in place of it a single syllable only—a process which would convert the Coleridgian line into the following:

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery spray."

The alteration gives us a verse capable, amongst other advantages, of being easily dealt with in rhyme. Although a translation in rhyme involves embarrassing necessities, it cannot be denied that habit has taught an English ear to extract a pleasure from rhyme which is appreciable and valuable. Rhyme adds to our sense of adjustment and of nicety, and awakens
in the reader an interest in the fortunes and success of each single line which reacts usefully on the industry and care of the translator.

"That the metre so produced—though inferior to the classical hexameter, and shorn of a syllable which in the original Latin is both an element of beauty and a source of sustained strength—is, nevertheless, a fine one, susceptible of varied treatment, full of flexibility, capable of rising to real grandeur, no failure of mine to manipulate it will ever make me doubt. In the hands of a great master of versification it would be a powerful instrument. That it preserves the orderly and majestic movement of the Roman hexameter it is not possible to claim: nor can the cadence and caesura of the classical model be consistently imitated or observed.

"Latin is Latin, and not English. Pure hexameters, moreover, as Mr. Calverly points out, are beyond the reach of our more rugged language, and the 'quantity' of words cannot by any
amount of care be regulated with the same precision in English as in Latin. Two consonants following a single vowel are sufficient in Latin—except in certain specific cases—to make the syllable long. English poetry never has been written—could not, indeed, be written—on so musical a plan. We must take our tongue as it is, and all that can be done in the way of quantitative purism is perhaps to attend with fastidious care to the cultivated pronunciation of English words, and to observe such differences as a trained sense considers of importance. In the end the ear must judge.”

This is not the place for controversy, but it may not be out of place to remark that both in Greek and in Latin—and this is true in a large degree of the languages derived therefrom—the versification being called quantitative allows an unnatural pronunciation. The beauty of English versification which makes it a thousand times superior to the artificial perfection of the classic verse is that the sense must coincide with the sound. A
Frenchman reading French verse and neglecting the scansion makes prose of it, and the metrical reading of Vergil or Homer is nothing but meaningless singsong.

Charles Synge Christopher, Baron Bowen, was born at Woolaston, January 1, 1835. He was the oldest son of the Rev. Christopher Bowen, a member of a County Mayo family. His mother was daughter of Captain Sir Richard Steele. He was educated principally at Rugby, where he was a leader both in athletics and in scholarship. Both in cricket and in football he had no equal. He was a remarkable jumper, often leaping over a cow as it stood. He carried off nearly all prizes, winning one scholarship after another. He was made D. C. L. in 1883, and two years later Balliol College appointed him visitor — the highest honour in its gift. For several years he contributed regularly to the Saturday Review, but differences arose between him and the editor, and he declined to accept a similar position on a rival journal. In 1861 he was
called to the bar and almost immediately secured a lucrative practice. In 1865 his health failed, and during the rest of his life was always precarious. In 1879 he was appointed as judge on the Queen’s Bench. In 1888 was promoted to be judge of the Court of Appeal, and was knighted. In 1893 was made Lord of Appeal and granted a life peerage. He did not live long to enjoy the honours that were heaped upon him. His health entirely failed, and he died April 10, 1894.

He was regarded as remarkable for his subtlety and rapidity of perception, for his extraordinary power of refined distinctions, for his elegant precision of language, for his wit and charm of conversation. He was the author of many oft-quoted sayings. In 1868 he published a plan for submitting to a court of arbitration all the differences that were likely to arise between the United States and England concerning the War of the Rebellion. His translation of a part of Vergil was published in 1887. He promised to complete it, but the promise was never fulfilled.

N. H. D.
TITYRUS

Melibœus

Thou, my Tityrus, under a beech-tree’s broadening shade
Tunest a slender reed to a song of the wild wood glade —
We from our own dear land and her cornfields sweet must away,
Flying from home. In the shadow reclined thou passest the day,
Teaching the forest echoes the fair Amaryllis to praise.

Titýrus

Ah! to a god, Melibœus, we owe these halcyon days!
In these eyes he will ever be God; on his altar divine
Often a tender lamb shall bleed from a sheep-cot of mine;
'T is of his grace my cattle are roaming yonder the plains,
I on a reed of the meadow may pipe my favourite strains.

Melibœus

Envy I bear thee none, though I marvel much; for unrest
Reaches as far as the meadows around us. Feebly at best
These she-goats I am driving, and lead one laggard behind.
Here in the thick-grown hazels she dropped—last hope of a flock—
Two young kidlings lately, alas, on the
scaur of the rock!
This was the sorrow that often, had I
been wiser inclined,
Oaks by the lightning rent, I remember,
warned me to mind.
Oft from the holm-oak’s hole on the left
did a raven portend.
Yet, my Tityrus, tell us the god thou
callest a friend.

_Tityrus_

Rome, as the people name her, I fancied,
fool that I am,
Like this town, Melibœus, of ours—
where many a lamb
Goes from our shepherd folds new
weaned. So used I to note
Puppies resembled the hound, and the
kids their mother the goat.
So was I alway wonted to measure the
great by the small.
Yonder imperial city her crest uplifts
above all,
As among wayside saplings the giant
cypresses show.

7
Melibœus

What was the mighty occasion that Romeward called thee to go?

Tityrus

Freedom, late as it was, looked down where slothful I lay,
When from the scissors I found my beard fall whiter away,
Late as it was looked down, and arrived, as the years rolled on,
When Amaryllis ruled me, and fair Galatea was gone.
Since, I confess, so long as I loved Galatea the fair,
Hope I had little of freedom—of thrift had never a care.
Many a victim went from my herd to the temple floor,
Many a rich milk cheese to a thankless city I bore,
Homeward ever I came with a purse unfilled as before.
Melibœus

Often I asked me the reason of sad Amaryllis's prayers,
Wondered for whom she had left in her pear-tree hanging the pears:
Tityrus hence had departed — and, Tityrus, even the pines
Wanted thee home, and the fountains and these thy veriest vines.

Tityrus

Had I a choice? There only can slaves be released from the chain,
Nowhere else to the presence of gods so gracious attain.
Here I beheld, Melibœus, the youthful hero for whom
Twice six days our altars with annual offerings fume.
Here from his lips first fell the reply:
"My children, in peace Feed as of old your cattle, and rear your bulls to increase."
Melibœus

Blest old man! Thy fields will be left thee then, and indeed
Ample enough to content thee, although bare stone overlie
Every pasture strewn with the mud and the marshland reed.
No unaccustomed grasses will poison the ewes as they breed,
Never contagion spread from the flock that is browsing nigh.
Here, by the well-known streams, and the hallowed springs, it shall still
Thine be to drink cool draughts of refreshing shade to thy fill;
Here, as aforetime ever, the hedge on the boundary line,
Feeding Hyblæan bees upon willow blossoms of thine,
Oft shall woo thee to sleep with its gentle whisper, and long
Under his upland rock shall the dresser carol his song.
Nor shall the hoarse wood-pigeons the while, thy pets, nor the dove
Cease from a plaintive cooing in high elm branches above.

*Tityrus*

Yea, and the light-limbed stags shall be sooner fed upon air,
Sooner the sea on its beaches the fish leave stranded and bare,
Outcasts each upon alien shores, by the Araris stream
Parthian dwell, on the Tigris the German water his team,
Ere from remembrance of ours his benignant look is effaced.

*Melibæus*

Wanderers we! some fated to see parched Africa's waste,
Scythia's wilds, and the Cretan Oaxes in torrents whirled;
Some, far Britain's people, remote from the habited world.
Ah! shall I ever again, as the years roll onward, behold
Home's dear fields, this cot with its turf-thatched roof as of old?
See what is left of my kingdom — a few poor oats in the grain?
Over the sods I have turned shall a lawless soldiery reign,
Barbarous legions reap? Is it hither that long Discord
Leads our land! Have we sown these fields for an alien horde!
Go, Melibœus, engraft thy pears, thy vineyard array;
Hence, my goats — poor flock that was once so happy — away!
Never again, in the hollow of some green cavern at rest,
Shall I behold ye, clinging to yon cliff's briary breast;
Songs no more shall I sing ye; with me no more shall ye rove,
Browsing the cytisus blossoms, and bitter willows ye love.

_Tityrus_

Yet thou mightest at least for the night in my cottage rest,
Couched upon branches green. We have apples ripe of the best,
Chestnuts mealy, and plentiful cheese
from the new milk pressed.
See in the distance already the roof
stacks smoke to the sky,
Lengthening shadows fall from the
mountain ranges on high.
CORYDON, humble shepherd, the lovely Alexis adored;
Could not look to be honoured of one so dear to his lord;
Still to the beeches thick, and the tree-tops heavy with shade,
Daily he came, and alone to the mountain and listening glade
Poured in a fruitless longing the simple songs he had made:

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Cruel Alexis! are all of my songs passed heedlessly by?
Wilt thou never have pity, but drive thy lover to die?
Even the cattle now of the shade and the cool are in quest;
Emerald lizards hide in the thornwood thicket at rest.
Thestylis now for the reapers, who flag in the furious sun,
Bruises the thyme and the garlic, her fragrant grasses, in one.
Only the husky cicalas and I, still tracking thy feet,
Waken the vineyard echoes from sleep, in the noonday heat.
Better to suffer, methinks, Amaryllis in angriest air,
Better her humours proud to endure, or Menalcas to bear,
Dark though he be of complexion, and thou all snowily fair!
Trust not, beautiful one, fair cheeks too blindly, for—mark!
White hedge flowers we abandon, to gather the hyacinth dark.
Thou dost scorn me, Alexis, nor carest about me to know,
How I am wealthy in sheep, and in milk that is white as the snow;
Ewe-lambs mine by the thousand the mountains of Sicily roam;
Neither in summer nor winter does new milk fail me at home.
Ditties I sing, that he sang when he folded nightly his sheep,
Dirce’s great Amphion, on Aracynth’s Actian steep.
Nor am I all ill-shaped: I beheld me of late in the sea
When wind-lulled its waters were laid, and if only there be
Truth in the mirror, and thou our judge, no Daphnis I fear.
Would that it pleased thee in these poor haunts and in lowliness here
Under my cottage roof to abide, now hunting the deer,
Driving now with a mallow of green our kids to the lea!
Thou shalt rival at song great Pan, in the forest with me.
Pan was the first musician with wax
who taught us to bind
Reed upon reed; great Pan to the flock
and the shepherd is kind.
Nor if the reeds have wounded thy lip,
stay thou to repine;
What did Amyntas pay, to possess these
secrets of mine?

I have a pipe that of old Damætas gave
me, a prize
Fashioned of hemlock stalks; they are
seven, of varying size.
Dying he said: "It is thine, since thou
to thy master art next."
So Damætas spake; and the foolish
Amyntas was vexed.
Two young roes of the mountain besides
— I found them remote
Hid in a perilous glen, with white still
dappled their coat;
Twice each day each feeds from a ewe
— I have kept them for thee;
Long has Thestylis asked to possess
them, and hers shall they be,
Since thou thinkest but little of all gifts
offered by me.
Beautiful one, come hither! For thee,
look, nymphs of the glade
Bring full baskets of lilies; and one fair
Naiad has made,—
Gathering violets pale, and the poppies
tall, by the way,—
Posies of scented anethus in flower, and
daffodils gay;
Then with casia twining the grasses
sweet of the dells,
Brightens with marigold yellow the bend-
ing hyacinth bells.
Quinces myself will bring with a down
of delicate white,
Chestnuts in which my love Amaryllis
used to delight;
Waxen plums shall be honoured — the
fruit thou lovest — as well.
Ye too, bays, will I pluck, and the
myrtles near ye that dwell
Planted together, for sweetly beside each
other ye smell.

Corydon, thou art poor! and to gifts in-
different he!
Still were Iolla the winner, in gifts if
challenged of thee.
18
Misery! what am I after! As lost in sorrow I sing,
Winds break loose on my flowers, and the wild boar into the spring!
Why dost foolishly fly me? The gods too dwelt in the glade
Once, with the Trojan Paris. Let Pallas, cities that made,
Live herself in her cities. Be ours in the woods to delight!
Lioness chases the wolf, wolf follows the goat in her flight;
Frolicking she-goat roves to the cytisus flower to be fed;
Corydon follows Alexis; so each by his liking is led.
Homeward, behold, inverted the share comes drawn by the steer;
Double the lengthening shadows become, for sunset is near;
Love still burns in my bosom; can love know measure or rest?
Corydon, ah! what madness thy simple soul has possessed!
Half unpruned thy vine! On an elm too leafy it lies;
Better finish betimes, for the use of the hour as it flies,
One of thy baskets of reeds and of lissom withies entwined;
If one lover be cruel, another is easy to find.
ECLOGUE III.

PALÆMON

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALÆMON

Menalcas

Whose is the flock, Damoetas? Are yon Melibœus’s sheep?

Damoetas

Nay, they are Ægon’s, and Ægon entrusts them now to my keep.
Menalcas

Poor things, ever unlucky! The master of flock and of herd
Courting Neaera, and trembling for fear my love be preferred.
Twice each hour this stranger, he hires, comes milking the dams;
Strength is drained from the mothers, and milk withdrawn from the lambs.

Damaetas

Ere thou slanderest others, bethink thee longer. We know
All that the peeping eyes of the he-goats witnessed, and, though
Lightly the gay nymphs laughed, what chapel ye chose for the scene.

Menalcas

'Twas, I suppose, when they saw me through Micon's vineries go
Hacking with knife of a villain his vine shoots tender and green.
Damætas

Yea, or at those old beeches the day
thou brakest in twain
Daphnis's bow and his arrows, Menalcas peevish and vain!
When to the boy thou sawest them
given, thy spirit repined; —
Thou hadst died if a mischief thou hadst
not done to mankind!

Menalcas

What will the master do if the knaves
these villanies dare!
Did I not see thee, caitiff, in ambush
laid, with a snare
Angling for Damon's goat, and his wolfhound baying with might?
And, when I shouted, "Whither away
yon fellow?  A care,
Tityrus, have to thy flock," to the reeds
thou stolest from sight.
Damætas

Vanquished fairly in song, was he not yon goat to resign,
Won by my flute's sweet singing? The goat, I can tell thee, was mine;
Thus much Damon allowed, but his debt was unable to meet.

Menalcas

Thou match Damon in singing? And hast thou ever a flute
Jointed with wax? Was it not, poor dunce, thy sorry pursuit
Wretched ditties to murder on grating straws through the street?

Damætas

Shall we essay what in music between us each can achieve
Singing in turn? This heifer I lay thee lest thou decline—
Twice each day she is milked; though still at her udders we leave
Two young calves: what stake for the coming battle is thine?

*Menalcas*

Nothing from yonder flock can I venture safely to find:
I have a father at home and a stepdame harshly inclined —
Twice in the day both reckon the sheep, one ever doth see
Counted the kids. What is grander, as thou thyself wilt agree,
Since upon folly thy spirit is bent, two cups I will stake,
Beechen, embossed all round — the inspired Alcimedon’s make.
Wrought thereon by the skill of the graver, a flexible vine
Droops o’er clusters of berry from ivies pale that entwine:
Figures twain in the midst: one Conon, and, — how was he hight? —
He, who has mapped out heaven to inform earth’s nations aright,
Which be the seasons for reapers and those who stoop at the plough.
No lip ever has touched them: I keep them hoarded till now.

_Damætas_

Two fair cups of the same Alcimedon's making are mine;
Round their handles he wrought an acanthus lissom to twine:
Orpheus placed in the midst, and the woods that dance as he plays.
No lip ever has touched them — I keep them hoarded, — as thine.
Seen by the side of the heifer thy cups are nothing to praise.

_Menalcas_

Nay! Thou shalt not escape me — whate'er thou wilt, I concede —
Choose but a Judge! And Palæmon, who passes yonder, at need.
So henceforth will I cure thee of challenging others to sing.
Damaëtas

Start! an a song thou knowest — I shall not keep thee, I fear
No man's voice. But, Palaemon, a single word in thine ear:
Grave the affair, to its solving a wise intelligence bring.

Palaemon

Sing then, since upon softest grass we are seated, the three;
Now each meadow is teeming, in leaf-birth every tree,
Now all forests are green, now fairest in beauty the year.
Thine to begin, Damaëtas; Menalcas second shall be.
Ring the alternate changes; a change to the Muses is dear.

Damaëtas

Muses! from Jove the beginning; the worlds are full of his power.
He makes earth to be fruitful; he hears my songs with delight.

_Menalca_

Dear am I also to Phœbus’s heart; his favourites flower
Aye in my garden—the bay and the hyacinth scented and bright.

_Damætas_

Apple in hand, Galatea, she pelts me, frolicsome fair,
Flies to the willows, and wishes, before she is hid, to be seen.

_Menalca_

Ah! my darling Amyntas, before I call him, is there—
More of a friend with my puppies than Delia even has been.

_Damætas_

Gifts I have found for my beauty—myself I marked from below
Where wood-pigeons have built in the
tallest trees of the glen.

Menalcas
Ten gold apples I sent my love from a
wilding I know;
All I was able — to-morrow will send
him as many again.

Damaætas
Oh, for the times Galatea has met me —
the things she confessed!
Waft to the ears of the gods some part,
thou listening wind!

Menalcas
Ah! what boots it, Amyntas, that I thy
heart have possessed,
If, when the boar thou art hunting, the
nets my lot be to mind?

Damaætas
Send me thy Phyllis, Iolla; to-day my
birthday is kept:

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Come thyself when a heifer I slay for the harvest in grain.

-Menalcas-

Phyllis I love before all. When I left her, Iolla, she wept. "Beautiful boy, farewell!" she repeated again and again.

-Damætas-

Wolves are a grief to the flock; to the ripened harvest the showers; Winds to the trees; my grief, Amaryllis in anger to see.

-Menalcas-

Sweet is the dew to the seed; to the weaned kid arbutus flowers; Willows to ewes that are yeaning; but only Amyntas to me.

-Damætas-

Pollio loves my verse, though of rustic measure. A calf,
Muses, fatten in honour of one who reads and approves.

Menalcas

Pollio makes sweet songs of his own. In a poet's behalf
Fatten a bull, now butting, and spurning the sand with his hooves.

Damaetas

Pollio! may thy lovers a bright world visit with thee
Flowing with honey, the bramble for them bear spice of the nard.

Menalcas

Who hates Bavius not, let him lover of Mævius be;
Plough with a team of foxes, and milk he-goats for reward.

Damaetas

Boys, who are gathering flowers and the berries that grow on the ground,
Run, for a cold snake lurks in the grasses yonder unseen!

_Menalcas_

Go no further, my sheep: unsafe yon bank will be found. Look at the ram still drying his dripping fleece on the green.

_Damætas_

Tityrus, drive from the river the she-goats seeking to eat. When it is time, myself I will wash them clean in the spring.

_Menalcas_

Fold, my children, the ewes; for the milk once touched by the heat, As but of late, our fingers in vain to the udders will cling.

_Damætas_

Lean my bull, though he feeds on the richest tares that are grown!
One and the same love wasting the flock and the master as well.

_Menalcas_
Mine no love can account for; the skin scarce cleaves to the bone.  
Evil eye that I know not has cast on the lambkins a spell.

_Damætas_
Tell me in what far land — and for ever be Oracle mine —  
Three ell-lengths of the sky are alone left open to see.

_Menalcas_
Tell me in what far region the names of kings are a sign  
Writ on the wild flower's petals — and thine my Phyllis shall be.

_Palæmon_
Mine no voice that can settle debate so mighty.  The twain

33
Equally merit the heifer and each fond lover who still
Trusts love's sweetness, or finds by experience bitter its pain.
Close, my children, the sluices; the meadows have drunk their fill.
Muses of Sicily’s fountain, a grander song let us sing.
Pleasure to some nor vines nor the humble tamarisks bring.
Worthy a Consul’s ear be the woods whose praises we ring!
Come is the last of the Ages, in song Cumæan foretold.
Now is the world’s grand cycle begun once more from of old.
Justice the Virgin comes, and the Saturn kingdom again;
Now from the skies is descending a new generation of men.
Thou to the boy in his birth,— upon whose first opening eyes
The iron age shall close, and a race that is golden arise,—
Chaste Lucina, be kindly! He reigns— thy Phœbus— to-day!
Thine to be Consul, thine, at a bright world’s ushering in,
Pollio, when the procession of nobler months shall begin;
Under thy rule all lingering traces of Italy’s sin,
Fading to nought, shall free us from fear’s perpetual sway.

Life of the gods shall be his, to behold with gods in their might
Heroes immortal mingled, appear himself in their sight,
Rule with his Father’s virtues a world at peace from the sword.
Boy, for thine infant presents the earth
unlaboured shall bring
Ivies wild with foxglove around thee
wreathing, and fling
Mixed with the laughing acanthus the
lotus leaf on the sward;
Homeward at eve untended the goat
shall come from the mead
Swelling with milk; flocks fearless of
monster lions shall feed;
Even thy cradle blossom with tender
flowers, and be gay.
Every snake shall perish; the treacher-
ous poison weed
Die, and Assyrian spices arise unsown
by the way.

When thou art able to read of the heroes'
glories, the bright
Deeds of thy sire, and to know what is
manhood’s valour and might,
Plains will be turning golden, and wave
with ripening corn;
Purple grapes shall blush on the tangled
wilderness thorn;
Honey from hard-grained oaks be dis-
tilling pure as the dew;
Though of our ancient folly as yet shall linger a few
Traces, to bid us venture the deep, with walls to surround
Cities, and, restless ever, to cleave with furrows the ground.
Then shall another Tiphys, a later Argo to sea
Sail, with her heroes chosen; again great battles shall be;
Once more mighty Achilles be sent to a second Troy.

Soon when strengthening years shall have made thee man from a boy,
Trader himself shall abandon the deep; no trafficking hull
Barter her wares; all regions of all things fair shall be full.
Glebe shall be free from the harrow, the vine no pruner fear;
Soon will the stalwart ploughman release unneeded the steer.
Varied hues no longer the wool shall falsely assume.
Now to a blushing purple and now to the saffron's bloom,
Cropping the meadow, the ram shall change his fleece at his need;
Crimsoning grasses colour the lambs themselves as they feed.

"Ages blest, roll onward!" the Sisters of Destiny cried
Each to her spindle, agreeing by Fate's firm will to abide.
Come to thy godlike honours; the time wellnigh is begun;
Offspring loved of immortals, of Jove great scion and son!
Lo, how the universe totters beneath heaven's dome and its weight,
Land and the wide waste waters, the depths of the firmament great!
Lo, all nature rejoices to see this glorious day!

Ah, may the closing years of my life enduring be found,—
Breath sufficient be mine thy deeds of valour to sound,—
Orpheus neither nor Linus shall ever surpass my lay;
One with mother immortal, and one
with sire, at his side,
To Orpheus Calliopeia, to Linus Apollo
allied.
Pan, were he here competing, did all
Arcadia see,
Pan, by Arcadia's voice, should allow
him vanquished of me!
Baby, begin thy mother to know, and to
meet with a smile;
Ten long moons she has waited, and
borne her burthen the while.
Smile, my babe; to his feast no god has
admitted the child,
Goddess none to her kisses, on whom no
parent has smiled.
Menalcas

Mopsus, since we are met peradventure,
both of us strong,
Thou in the light reed's music, and I in
music of song,
Were it not well where the hazels with
elm-trees mingle to rest?

41
Mopsus

Thou art the elder, Menalcas, and I would do thy behest,
Whether we make for the shadows that flicker in winds of the west,
Or to the cave for a choice; and the cave how chequered with shade,
See, from the straggling clusters of wild vine over it laid.

Menalcas

Only Amyntas on these our mountains is rival of thine.

Mopsus

What, an he claim to be equal in verse to Apollo divine?

Menalcas

Mopsus, begin! some song of thy making, full of the flame
Phyllis inspires, or in Alcon's praise, or in Codrus's blame.

42
Tityrus, yonder, will follow behind our kids as they eat.

*Mopsus*

Words that I carved but lately on bark still green of a beech,
Fluting, and pausing in turn to engrave its note upon each,
I will essay. Then bid thy Amyntas seek to compete!

*Menalcas*

As to the pale green olive the flexible willow yields,
As to the blushing rose is the Celtic reed of the fields,
So doth Amyntas beside thee in my poor judgment appear.

*Mopsus*

Prithee, Menalcas, peace! for the cave already is here.

43
(Sings)

All of the nymphs went weeping for
Daphnis cruelly slain:
Ye were witnesses, hazels and river
waves, of the pain
When to her son’s sad body the mother
clave with a cry,
Calling the great gods cruel, and cruel
the stars of the sky.
None upon those dark days their pastured
oxen did lead,
Daphnis, to drink of the cold clear rivulet;
never a steed
Tasted the flowing waters, or cropped
one blade in the mead.
Over thy grave how the lions of Carthage groaned in despair,
Daphnis, the echoes of mountain wild
and of forest declare.
Daphnis was first who taught us to guide,
with a chariot rein,
Far Armenia’s tigers, the choirs of
Iacchus to train,
Led us with foliage waving the pliant
spear to entwine.
As to the tree her vine is a glory, her grapes to the vine,
Bull to the horned herd, and the corn to a fruitful plain,
Thou to thine own wert beauty; and since fate robbed us of thee,
Pales herself, and Apollo are gone from meadow and lea.
Where in the furrow we sowed great pearls of glistening grain,
Lo! the unfruitful darnel, the oatstalks barren appear.
Tender violets once, and the bright narcissus were here;
Thistles now, and the spikes of the Christ thorn, sharp as a spear.
Scatter the turf with leaves, and the fountains border with shade,
Shepherds, for Daphnis wills to his ghost these offerings made;
Build him a tomb, and upon it be this the memorial laid:
Daphnis was I, of the forest, renowned from the earth to the sky;
Fair was the flock I tended, but, ah! still fairer was I.
Menalcas

Heaven's own poet, to me thy voice and its music are sweet
As soft sleep on the grass to the tired, as in noonday heat
Quenching of thirst at a fountain from whence comes leaping the wave;
Brave on the flute, as thy master, in song thou also as brave.
Shepherd blest! thy glory shall after thy master's shine.
This my verse in repayment, although poor measure for thine,
Lo! I will give thee, and lift to the stars thy Daphnis anew,
Yea to the stars raise Daphnis— he loved me tenderly too.

Mopsus

Can I be given a reward more noble than music from thee?
Worthy in song our Daphnis himself to be honoured, and we

46
Know from Stimichon’s praises how
sweet thy melodies be!

Menalcas (sings)

Clad in his shining raiment, the threshold
strange of the sky
Daphnis admires, and the stars and the
clouds far under him lie.
Pleasure blithe in the glade and the
realms of the greenwood now
Reigns, over Pan and the shepherds and
maiden nymphs of the bough.
Wolves no more now menace the sheep
— no meshes intend
Harm to the doe, since Daphnis to gentle
Peace is a friend.
Lo! with joy to the heavens they lift
their glorious voice,
All the untonsured mountains! The
rocks break forth and rejoice!
Vineyards echo: "A god, O Menalcas,
lo! he is made!"
Be to thy people gracious and kind.
Four altars are laid
Here: twain, Daphnis, for thee; twain,
grander, Apollo, are thine!

47
Two cups yearly with new milk foaming, in honour displayed,
Here will I set: two flagons with oil of the olive that shine,
And, above all things, gladdening the feast with gifts of the vine,
Over the fire in the winter, at harvest-time in the shade,
Pour thee—for newest nectar—in bowls Ariusia's wine.
Songs Damætas and Ægon, the Lyctian singer, shall sing,
Alphesibœus mimic the Satyr dance in the ring,
Honours such shall attend thee, when annual vows we address
Unto the Nymphs, or the harvest with lustral offerings bless.
Long as the boar to the mountain, the fish to the river is true,
While bee sucks from the thyme, and cicalas drink of the dew,
Ever shall last thy name, thy praise, thy glory, and now,
As to Iacchus and Ceres, to thee each son of the plough
Carry his prayer each year, and acknowledge duly his vow.

Mopsus

Ah! what boon can I give thee a song so sweet to repay?
Neither the whispering breath of the south wind now on its way
Brings me a joy thus deep, nor the thunder of surf on the shore —
Nor when the rock-strewn valley resounds to the torrent’s roar.

Menalcas

Take thou first in requital a frail reed.
From it I learned:
“How for the lovely Alexis the shepherd Corydon yearned” —
Learned, as I blew it, the measure, “Are yon Melibœus’s sheep?”

Mopsus

Take in return this crook, that Antigenes, oft as he sued,
Never obtained: though worthy in those old days to be wooed—
Knotted with brass all round it, a beauty to have and to keep.
While she was young, my Muse in
Sicilian measure was well
Pleased to disport her, nor blushed in the
greenwood cover to dwell.
When I was fain to be telling of kings
and battles, mine ear
Phœbus plucked with a warning:
"The shepherd's duty is clear,
Tityrus — ever to fatten his sheep, keep slender his song."
So — since poets enough and to spare hereafter will long,
Varus, to sing thy praises, and war's sad glories to chant —
I with a meadow reed upon sylvan themes will descant.
Songs unbidden I sing not. If any who love me there be
This poor verse to peruse, each tam-arisk, Varus, of thee,
Every forest of thee will re-echo, and Phoebus has none
Dearer at heart than a page with the name of Varus begun.

Muses, proceed! Young Chromis and young Mnasyllus had found,
Laid at his length in a cavern, Silenus slumbering sound;
Blown his veins with yesterday's wine, as is ever his way.
Garlands tumbled of late from his forehead near to him lay,
And by its battered handle a pitcher ponderous hung.

52
On him they fall (for the old man often
with hope of a song)
Both had deluded) and bind him in
chains from his garlands made.
As they are standing frightened, arrives
ere long to their aid
Ægle, fairest of Naiads, and, while he is
opening his eyes,
Forehead and brow with the juice of a
blood-red mulberry dyes.
He at the pastime laughing:—"In
chains why fetter me so?"
Boys, unbind me; enough your power
to be able to show.
Take this song ye are seeking; for you
this song; for the maid
Payment in other fashion." And so he
began as they prayed.
Then did ye see to the measure the
Fauns and the beasts of the glen
Tripping in time, their foreheads the stiff
oaks tossing again.
Not so charmed Parnassus when Phœbus
sings, nor rejoiced
Rhodope's mountain ranges at Orpheus,
beautiful-voiced.

53
For in his song he related how through void ether were driven
Seeds primæval of earth and of sea and the airs of the heaven,
Eke of the fire elemental; from these first principles came
Every beginning — the thin round crust of the firmament frame:
Harder and harder the dry land grew, and apart in the seas
Prisoned the spirit of Ocean — assumed life's shapes by degrees.
Soon Earth saw with wonder a young sun shine in the sky,
Farther the rain came falling, as clouds were lifted on high.
Then was the time when the first woods rose, and the animals few
Wandered over the hills that as yet no creature knew.

Next of the stones of Pyrrha, of Saturn's kingdom he told,
Eagles of Caucasus hoar, and the theft of Prometheus bold:
Sang of the spring where Hylas was lost, how the mariner men

54
Shouted for Hylas, and every shore rang
Hylas again;
Then of the snow-white bull, and the
sad Pasiphae’s teen,
Happy in this sad world if a horned one
never had been.
Maiden forlorn! what madness is thine!
Like heifers that low,
Over the meadows the daughters of
Proetus roamed in their woe;
None was dishonoured ever by frenzied
passion as thou;
Often as each would shrink from the
fancied fear of the plough,
Feel for a budding horn on her smooth
and womanly brow.
Maiden forlorn, thou rangest the moun-
tain slopes in the quest!
He, with his snow-white side upon soft-
est hyacinths pressed,
Under a holm-oak dark chews grasses
bright, or is gone
Seeking another bride in the herds.
Close speedily, maids,
Maids of the Dirce fountain, the forest
covers and glades,
So that our eyes may haply behold, ere evening fades,
Track of the truant bull. And perchance this wandering one,
Tempted by some green meadow, or fain with the others to roam,
May to Gortyna’s stalls by the heifers be piloted home.

Next, how a Hesperid apple the maiden charmed, was his strain:—
Moss of the bitter bark round Phaeton’s sisters again
Grew in his song, and to alders immense they rose on the plain;—
Then, how as Gallus wandered beside Permessian rills,
One of the Nine had led him to sweet Aonia’s hills;
How all Phoebus’s choir uprose to salute him, and how—
Flowerets and bitter parsley adorning his heavenly brow—
These words Linus had spoken, the shepherd and poet divine:
“Take these reeds of the meadow, the Muses send thee for thine,
Once on the singer of Ascra bestowed;
wherewith as he blew
Down from the mountains often the stubborn ashes he drew.
With them sweetly recount how the Grynian wood was begun,
Till among all his forests Apollo be prouder of none."

Need I relate how of Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, he told,
Who— with her white waist girdled by howling monsters— of old Harried, chroniclers tell us, the Ithacan vessels, and gave Trembling crews to be rent of her hounds in swirl of the wave?
Or how he sang of the change on the body of Tereus wrought,
What was the feast Philomela prepared, what dainties she brought,
How, swift-winged, for the desert she made, yet first had been fain— Sad one— over her palace to flutter again and again?
All of the songs, that of old from Apollo the listening burn,
Blest Eurotas, heard and had bidden his
bay trees learn,
There did he sing. To the stars the re-
echoing valleys in turn
Told it; till Hesper signalled to fold
and to number the sheep,
Rising with light unwelcome above the
Olympian steep.
Melibœus

Under the whispering boughs of a holm-oak Daphnis had lain,
Thyrsis and Corydon met, for it so had chanced, on the plain,
One with his goats in milk, and the one with sheep in his care,
Both in the blossom of manhood bright —
an Arcadian pair —
Equal in song, and ready for strain and
for answering strain.
I, while fencing the myrtles young from
the alpine cold,
Miss our sultan goat, who has towards
them strayed; and behold
Daphnis before me yonder. In turn
when he sees me again:
"Hasten," he cries, "Melibœus, the
goat and the kids are to hand;
Rest with us here in the shadow, if thou
canst leisure command.
Hither will come thy kine unsought
through the meadows to drink;
Here sweet Mincius fringes with young
spring rushes a brink
Grassy and green; and from Jupiter's
oak bees cluster and hum."
Had I a choice? Nor Phyllis nor my
Alcippe had come
Homeward to drive to the folding the
motherless lambkins yet;
While 'twas a battle of giants — with
Thyris, Corydon met —
Thus my business to their sweet sport gave finally way,
So in alternate changes began their musical play.
As was the Muses' pleasure, in turn their melodies rang —
First came Corydon singing, and after him Thyrisis sang.

_Corydon_

Nymphs of Libethra, beloved of my heart, vouchsafe me a strain
Sweet as ye grant my Codrus; — his songs are next the divine
Lays of Apollo; — or if such grace all cannot attain,
Here my pipe with her music shall hang on your holiest pine.

_Thyrisis_

Fair Arcadian shepherds, a poet is born in the dale;
Crown him with ivy, till envy the bosom of Codrus has wrung.
If overmuch he applaud me, my forehead
with foxglove veil,
Lest your bard of the future be hurt by
an enemy's tongue.

Corydon

Delia, this boar's head with its bristles,
and antlers that graced
Whilom a veteran stag, young Micon
bestows upon thee.
If still fortune attend him, aloft thyself
shall be placed,
Hewn from the marble, and buskined
with purple as high as the knee.

Thyris

One milk flagon, Priapus, is all each
year, with a cake,
Thou canst look for: a poor man's croft
thou holdest in keep.
Marble to-day we have made thee; of
gold hereafter will make,
If our ewes that are yeaning replenish
the tale of the sheep.
Corydon

Child of the sea, Galatea, than thyme Hyblæan to me
Sweeter, than swan more fair, more lovely than ivies white,
Soon as the pastured oxen are homeward gone from the lea,
Come — for thy shepherd lover if aught thou carest — to-night.

Thyris

Let me to thee more bitter than Sardo's grasses appear,
Rougher than bur, more cheap than the seaweed flung on the shore,
If I find not to-day more long than a lingering year!
Homeward, ye well-fed oxen, for shame's sake, tarry no more!

Corydon

Fountains bordered with mosses, and grass more soft than repose.
Arbutus green, whose flickering shade 
roofs both from the day, 
Shelter the cattle from noontide heat! 
Soon summer that glows 
Comes, and the swelling buds on the vine 
already are gay.

*Thyrsis*

Here is a hearth, rich torches that drip, 
here firelight flares 
Cheerily; blackened the door with the 
soot that has clung to its planks; 
Here as little we care for the north winds 
icy, as cares 
Wolf for the number of sheep or the 
river in flood for the banks.

*Corydon*

Here stand junipers tall, and the chest- 
nuts prickly in row; 
Fruits lie strewn and ungathered beneath 
each bountiful tree; 
Now all Nature is smiling; but if from 
the mountain should go
Lovely Alexis, the rivers themselves will waterless be.

**Thyris**

Parched is the meadow; the grass in the sick air withers of thirst; Father Bacchus the shade of his vines to the mountain denies. When my Phyllis approaches, the woods into blossom will burst, And in a gracious torrent to earth come raining the skies.

**Corydon**

Poplars are dear to Alcides; the vine to Iacchus the bright, Myrtle to beautiful Venus, to Phoebus his favourite bay, Phyllis delights in the hazels, and while they are still her delight, Neither shall myrtle be fairer nor bays of Phoebus than they.
Thyris

Ash is the loveliest tree in the forest, in gardens the pine,
Poplar is queen by the river, the fir upon mountains supreme;
Fair Lycidas, come only as guest more often of mine,
Poor in the forest the ash and the pine in the garden will seem.

Melibæus

Thus much well I remember, and idle were Thyris's pains.
Since that day on the mountain alone our Corydon reigns.
ECLOGUE VIII.
PHARMACEUTRIA
DAMON. ALPHESIBŒUS

Songs of the shepherds Damon and Alphesibœus, my theme:
Harkening to whom with rapture as each
in rivalry sung,
Heifers forgot their pasture, upon whose
melodies hung
Lynxes smitten with wonder, and every
listening stream

67
Loitered with altered current along its watery way;
Damon and Alphesibœus shall be our burden to-day.

Sailing already abreast of the great Timavus's hill,
Whether I find thee, or coasting around Illyria still,
Comes not the bright day ever when this poor tongue shall be free
Thy fair deeds to proclaim? Shall I ne'er at liberty be
Proudly to waft thy verse o'er earth and her every clime,
Only of Athens worthy, and buskined tragedy's prime?
Thou my Muse's beginning, her song shall finish with thee.
Take these strains at thy bidding essayed, and grant me to lay
Round thy brow these ivies to twine with the conqueror's bay.

Hardly as yet from the skies had the night's chill shadow dispersed,
Dew lay sweet on the spring-tide grass
for the cattle athirst;
Propped on an olive staff thus sang
young Damon, the first:

(Damon sings)

Rise, fair star of the morning, and herald
the genial day.
I, whom a passion for Nysa the false has
served to betray,
Here will lament; and to gods — whose
presence attested in vain
Naught has availed me — in death’s last
hour once more will complain.
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with
me my Mænalus strain.

Mænalus ever has forests that sing to
him; ever a sigh
Speaks in his pines; to the loves of the
shepherds he listens for aye;
Hears Pan piping, who brooked not that
reeds should idle remain.
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with
me my Mænalus strain.
Nysa with Mopsus weds; what next is a lover to see?
Soon will the griffin be matched with the mare, and in summers to be
Timid fawns with the hounds come down to the pools on the plain.
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Hew fresh torches the bridal to grace; thy bride is in sight,
Mopsus — the bridegroom thou — go scatter the nuts to her train!
Hesper from Æta’s summit for thee sails into the night.
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Worthy the lord they give thee to wed, who scornest the world,
Holdest the pipe of the shepherd and these poor goats in disdain,
Thinkest light of a brow untrimmed and a beard uncurled,
Deeming the gods untroubled by mortal passion and pain!
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

'T was in our crofts I saw thee, a girl thy mother beside,
Plucking the apples dewy, myself thy pilot and guide;
Years I had finished eleven, the twelfth was beginning to reign;
Scarce was I able to reach from the ground to the branches that snapt.
Ah, when I saw! how I perished! to fatal folly was rapt!
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Now have I learned what love is.
   Among rocks savage and wild
   Tmaros or Rhodope bare him or far Garamantes for child,—
Mortal his lineage is not, nor human blood in his veins.
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strains.

Fell love taught one mother her sinful hands to imbrue
Once in her children’s blood, and the
mother was heartless too.
Heartless the mother most? Or was
love more cruel and fell?
Cruel was love; thou also the mother
heartless as well.
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with
me my Mænalus strain.

Now let the wolf turn tail to the sheep;
oaks stubborn have power
Apples golden to bear, on the alder the
daffodil flower!
Droppings of amber rich from the bark
of the tamarisk rain;
Screech-owls vie with the swan, and to
Orpheus Tityrus change;
Orpheus play for the woods, as Arion
with dolphins range.
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with
me my Mænalus strain.

Nay, let the sea drown all. Farewell to
the woods. I will leap
Here from this mountain crest that for
ever watches the deep;
This death-song of the dying for last sad gift let her keep.
Cease, my flute, it is ended, the Mænas-lus mountain refrain.

Thus sang Damon. The answer of Alphesibœus again,
Muses, recount! Frail mortals to all things cannot attain.

(Alphesibœus sings)
Fetch me the water; with soft wreaths circle the altar divine;
Burn to the gods rich boughs, heap frankincense on the fire;
So to the passionless heart of this ice-cold lover of mine
I may reach with my magic; it is but a chant we require.
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

Chants from her heavenly station can draw down even the moon!
Circe once with a chant transformed Ulysses' train.

73
Cold snakes split in the meadows asunder with chant and with tune!
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

These three threads, each tinted a separate colour, I twine
Round thee first in a circle; and thrice these altars around
Carry the image—a number uneven is dear to the shrine;
In three knots, Amaryllis, let each of the colours be wound.
Wind them, prithee, and cry, "I am weaving Venus's chain."
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

As in a fire that is one and the same, grows harder the clay,
Softer the wax, may Daphnis be wrought by passion to-day.
Crumble the cake, let the boughs of the bay-tree crackle and blaze.
Daphnis has fired me with passion, I light over Daphnis the bays.

74
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

May such love upon Daphnis be laid as the heifer's, who hies
Wearily after her mate thro' the forest and hills in the quest.
Down by the river bank upon greenest sedges she lies,
Lost in her grief, nor remembers at nightfall late to arise.
Such may his love be, nor I care ever to heal his unrest.
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

These worn garments he left me, my faithless love, as he went;
Pledges dear of himself;—by the door let them buried remain.
Hold them, O Earth! they are pledges, and owe me the Daphnis I lent.
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

These green herbs, these poisons from Pontus gathered in bloom,
Mœris gave me; in plenty they grow on the Pontus plain;
Often the form of a wolf with these I have seen him assume,
And in the forests plunge, or the ghosts call forth from the tomb,
Often remove to an alien field rich harvests of grain.
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

Carry the ashes without, Amaryllis, and into the brook
Over thy shoulders fling them, nor venture behind thee to look!
These are for Daphnis; he recks nor of gods nor magical strain.
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

Look! As I linger to take it, the cinder itself from the grate
Catches the altar with flickering flames.
Good luck on us wait!
Ay, there is something surely, and Hylax barks at the gate!
Ought I to hope?  Or do lovers their own dreams fashion in vain?

Cease, my chants. From the city he comes, my Daphnis, again.
ECLOGUE IX.

MÆRIS

LYCIDAS. MÆRIS

Lycidas

Whither, Mœris, away? — to the city, as travels the road?

Mœris

Friend, we have lived to a day, that we thought but little to see,

78
Lived for an alien lord to invade our little abode,
Crying "Begone old sons of the soil, these fields are for me!"
Broken in spirit and sad, since chance makes havoc of all,
These young kids for a tribute we take him — and curses withal!

Lycedas
Surely the tale had reached us, that where yon hills from the plain
Draw to the sky, and in gentle slopes break downwards again,
Far as the pool, and the beech-trees old whose crests are decayed,
All to Menalcas was left in return for the verses he made.

Mæris
So ye were told; so rumour was rife; yet verses of ours
Are of as little avail, old friend, when the battle bolt lowers,
As the Chaonian doves when an eagle
swoops to the stroke.
Had not a raven, perched on the left,
from a hole in her oak
Warned me as best I might to prevent
the renewal of strife,
Neither had I—thy Mœris—escaped,
nor Menalcas, with life.

Lycidas

Breathes there, alas! so guilty a soul?
And were we to be
Robbed so nearly, Menalcas, of life’s
sweet solace in thee?
Who was to chant us stories of Nymph-
land, blossom and flower
Strew on the earth, or the fountains with
boscage and shade to embower?
Who was to sing us the song that I stole
from thy lips as I lay,
When thou wentest a-courting my love,
Amaryllis the gay?
"Tityrus, while I am gone—and it is
but a step to return—
Drive my she-goats hence to the meadow,
and thence to the burn
80
When they are fed; and the while, have,  
    Tityrus, ever a care  
How thou come to the he-goat's horns  
— he is wicked — beware!"

Mæris

Ay, or the still unfinished verse that to  
Varus he gave:  
"Thy great name, O Varus—do thou  
our Mantua save—  
Mantua, too near neighbour, alas, of  
Cremona the lost,—  
Swans in a deathless music shall waft to  
the heavenly host."

Lycidas

So past Corsica's yews thy bees un-  
lingering sail;  
Fed upon cytisus flowers thy kine grow  
rich for the pail,  
As thy song thou afford us. For I,  
through grace of the Nine,  
Poet am also, and singer as thou. By  
swains in the dale
Bard am yclept; yet little I trust them. Nothing of mine Worthy of Varius yet, or of noble Cinna I deem; Am but a cackling gander among sweet swans of the stream.

Mæris

Yea, O friend, I endeavour—am thinking once and again—How to recall its burden, for not unworthy the strain.

"Come, Galatea, where in the waves can a merriment be?
Here are the golden blooms of spring; earth bountiful, see,
Here by the river scatters her bright-hued flowers evermore.
Over the cavern hangs one poplar of silvery white,
Lissom vines have woven a roof that shades it from light;
Come! Let the madcap billows in thunder break on the shore."

82
Lycidas

What was the song that I heard thee on
one clear starlight night
Singing? The air I recall, if the words
I remembered aright.

Maenius

"Why still watching the rise of the con-
stellations of old,
Daphnis, with eyes uplifted? The star
of Cæsar — behold —
Star of the Venus-born, has begun its
march on the sky!
Star whose dawn should gladden the
fields with harvest, and dye
Grapes on the sunlit slopes of the hill to
a purple and gold.
Graft thy pears, O Daphnis, the fruit
thy sons shall enjoy."

Age from us all things takes, e'en mem-
ory: oft as a boy
Can I remember singing the summer
sun to its rest;
Now forgotten are all my verses. Gone
at the last

83
Mœris's voice; their glamour the wolves on Mœris have cast;
Often enough will Menalcas himself fulfil thy request.

Lycidas

All thy many excuses increase my passion the more.
Come, for the waters silent and listening lie. On the shore
See, each breath of the murmuring wind has sunk to repose.
Here we are just half-way on the journey. Visible grows
Distant Bianor's tomb. So here, where the labourer goes
Lopping the leafage thick, let us waken, Mœris, the strain.
Lay on the ground thy kids, and the city betimes we shall gain.
Or, if we fear lest night overtake us with gathering rain,
On let us journey singing—a song makes lighter the road—
I, to assist in the music, will ease thy back of its load.
84
Ask me no more; let us hasten to finish the tasks that are near;
Better will be our singing, when once our Master is here.
ECLOGUE X.

GALLUS

One last labour in song, of thy grace,
Arethusa, concede.
Strains, though few, for my Gallus—
that even Lycoris may read—
Yet must I sing, ere parting. Who
gives not Gallus a song?
So, when beneath the Sicilian seas thou
glidest along,
Doris from thine keep ever her brackish waters apart.
Come; let us tell of the passion consuming Gallus's heart,
While each flat-nosed goat on the young bush browses at call.
No deaf ears shall we sing to; the woods make answer to all.

Nymphs of the stream, what glades, what forest detained ye the day
When with a love unrequited my Gallus wasted away?
Never a height of Parnassus, of Pindus never a mount
Stayed ye, nor yet Aganippe, the fair Aonian fount.
Even the bay-trees wept him, the tamarisk gave him a tear;
Pine-clad Mænalus mourned as beneath his precipice drear
Lonely he lay; and the rocks of the frosty Lycaeus repined.
All of his sheep stand round him; — they feel no shame of mankind;
Nor thou, heavenliest singer, do thou feel shame of thy sheep;

87
Flocks himself by the river the lovely Adonis did keep.

Thither the shepherds came, and the swineherds tardy at last;
Thither Menalcas, drenched from his winter storing of mast.
"Whence this passion?" they ask him.
Apollo came, the divine:
"Gallus," he cries, "what madness!
The lovely Lycoris of thine
Follows another love through a wild camp-life and the snows."
Thither arrived Silvanus, his brows with greenery fine,
Nodding his giant lilies and fennel flowers as he goes.

Pan of Arcadia next—ourselves we beheld him—he came—
Blood-red berries of elder, and all vermilion flame,—
"Grieving forever!" he saith. "Wild grief Love little esteems;
Neither is fierce Love sated with tears, nor the meadow with streams,
Nor with the cytisus blossom the bee,  
nor the goat with the leaf.

Sadly he answers: "At least some day  
ye will sing of my grief  
Unto your hills, Arcadians; — alone,  
Arcadians, chief  
Masters of song. How gently, methinks,  
my bones would repose  
Should your pipes hereafter relate my  
love and its woes!  
Would of a truth I among you were  
one! your sheep were it mine  
Daily to tend, or be dresser in vintage-  
time of the vine!  
Then at the least whether Phyllis it were,  
or Amyntas, my spark,  
Or some other, that kindled — and what  
if Amyntas be dark,  
Dark is the violet's beauty, and dark is  
the hyacinth's pride —  
Here they would lie among willows  
beneath long vines at my side;  
Phyllis gather me flowers, and Amyntas  
sing me his lay.  
Here are the cold, clear fountains, the  
swinging meadow is gay;  

89
Here are the forest shadows; and here
life ever should glide,
Glide of itself, O Lycoris, beside thee
gently away.

"Now by insensate passion of savage
war I am here
Stayed—my face to the foeman, en-
compassed around by the spear.
Thou—yet far be the fancy—remote
from the land that is thine,
Lookest on Alpine snows—cold heart
—and the winters of Rhine,
Lonely, without my love. May frosts
thy feebleness spare!
Ah, may the splinters icy thy delicate
feet forbear!
I will away; and the verses I wrought
in the Chalcis mould
Set to the pipe and the music of Sicily's
shepherd of old.
Rather had I in the forest, the wild
beasts' caverns among,
Bear what awaits me, carving my love
on the trees that are young,
So, as the trees grow upward, my love
shall grow with them too.
There meanwhile with the nymphs I will roam great Mænalus through
Hunting the savage boar. No frosts of the winter shall make
Me and my hounds cease ranging the high Parthenian brake.
Over the rocks, methinks, and the ringing covers I go,
Sweeping already in chase; with joy from the Parthian bow
Winging the Cretan arrow; as though this medicine healed
Love like mine! or the Love-god to human sorrow would yield!
Vain is the dream—Hamadryads no more, nor pastoral strain
Bring me delight. Farewell, farewell to the forests again!
Love is a god no toils can appease, no misery melt.
No, not in iciest frosts by the Hebrus’s waves if we dwelt,
Nor if Sithonian snows we endured, and winters of sleet;
Or, when the dying bark on the tall elm withered with heat,
Sheep for an Æthiop master beneath fierce Cancer we drove.—
All things else Love conquers; let us too yield unto Love.”

Muses, enough ye will deem your poet already has sung,
Sitting and weaving a basket of slender mallows and young.
Ye of your grace will make it of worth in Gallus’s eyes —
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour by hour, as arise
Hourly the alders green in the new-born spring to the skies.
Let us be going; the shade for a singer is deadly and chill;
Chill is the juniper’s shade; for the corn all shade is an ill.
Homeward, Hesperus comes — ye have fed, my goats, to your fill.
ÆNEAS’ VISIT TO AVERNUS

(From the Æneid)
ÆNEAS' VISIT TO
AVERNUS

THE ARRIVAL IN ITALY

Weeping he spake, then gave to his
flying vessels the rein,
Gliding at last on the wind to Eubœan
Cumæ's plain.
Seaward the bows are pointed, an anchor's
hook to the land

95
Fastens the ships, and the sterns in a long line border the strand.

Troy's young warriors leap with exultant hearts from the bark

Forth upon Italy's soil. Some look for the fiery spark

Hid in the secret veins of the flint; some scour the profound

Forest, and wild beasts' cover, and show where waters abound.

While the devout Æneas a temple seeks on the height,

Phæbus's mountain throne, and a cavern vast as the night,

Where in mysterious darkness the terrible Sibyl lies,

Maiden upon whose spirit the Delian seer of the skies

Breathes his immortal thought, and the knowledge of doom untold.

Soon they arrive at Diana's grove and her palace of gold.

Flying, as legends tell, from the thraldom of Minos the king,

Dædalus, trusting the heavens, set forth on adventurous wing,
Sailed for the ice-bound north by a way
unimagined and strange;
Airily poising at last upon this Chalcidian
range,
Here first touching the land, to Apollo
hallowed his light
Oarage of wings; and a temple colossal
built on the site.
Graved on the doors is the death of
Androgeos; yonder in turn
Attica’s land, condemned each year in
atonement to yield
Seven of her children; the lots are drawn,
still standing the urn;
Rising from midmost ocean, to match
them, Crete is revealed.
Here is the gloomy romance of the bull,
Pasiphae’s blind
Passion; and twiformed Minotaur, two
bodies combined,
Record of lawless love; there, marvellous
labour, were shaped
Palace and winding mazes, from whence
no feet had escaped,
Had not Daedalus pitied the lorn princess
and her love,
And of himself unentangled the woven trick of the grove,
Guiding her saviour's steps with a thread.
Thee, too, he had wrought,
Icarus, into the picture, had grief not baffled the thought.
Twice he essayed upon gold to engrave thine agony, twice
Faltered the hands of the father, and fell.
Each noble device
Long their eyes had perused, but Achates now is in sight;
With him the priestess comes, dread servant of Phoebus and Night,
Daughter of Glaucus the seer. To the Trojan monarch she cries:
"'T is not an hour, Æneas, for feasting yonder thine eyes.
Better to slaughter from herds unyoked seven oxen and seven
Ewes of the yester year, as a choice oblation to Heaven."
Then, as the ministers hasten the rites ordained to prepare,
Into the depth of the temple she bids Troy's children repair.
There is a cavern hewn in the mountain's enormous side,
Reached by a hundred gates, and a hundred passages wide.
Thence roll voices a hundred, the seer's revelations divine.
When by the doors they stood: "'T is the hour to inquire of the shrine,"
Cried the illumined maiden: "The God! lo, here is the God!"
Even as she spake, while still on the threshold only she trod,
Sudden her countenance altered, her cheek grew pale as in death,
Loose and disordered her fair hair flew,
heart panted for breath,
Bosom with madness heaved. More lofty than woman's her frame,
More than mortal her voice, as the presence of Deity came
Nearer upon her. "And art thou slow to petition the shrine,
Troy's Æneas a laggard at prayer? —
nought else will incline
This charmed temple," she cries, "its colossal doors to unclose."

99
Then stands silent. The veteran bones
of the Teucrians froze,
Chilled with terror, and prayer from the
heart of the monarch arose:
“Phoebus! compassionate ever to Troy
in the hour of her woe,
Who against haughty Achilles of old
didst prosper the bow
Bent by the Dardan Paris, beneath thine
auspices led
Many a sea I have travelled around great
continents spread,
Far as Massylian tribes and the quick-
sands lining their plain.
Italy’s vanishing regions, behold, thy
people attain!
Here may the evil fate of the Trojans
leave us at last!
Spare, for ’t is mercy’s hour, this remnant
of Pergama’s race,
Gods and goddesses all, whose jealous
eyes in the past
Looked upon Ilion’s glories! From thee
I implore one grace,
Prophet of Heaven, dark seer of the
future. Grant us the debt,
Long by the destinies owed us — a kingdom promised of yore —
Foot upon Latium's borders at length may Teucrians set,
Bearing their household gods by the tempests tossed evermore!
I, their votary grateful, in Phoebus' and Trivia's praise
Hewn from the solid marble a glorious fane will raise,
Call by Apollo's name his festival. Also for thee
Shall in our future kingdom a shrine imperial be.
There shall thine own dark sayings, the mystic fates of our line,
Gracious seer, be installed, and a priesthood chosen be thine.
Only entrust not to leaves thy prophecy, maiden divine,
Lest in disorder, the light winds' sport, they be driven on the air;
Chant thyself the prediction.” His lips here ended from prayer.

Still untamed of Apollo, to stature terrible grown,
Raves the prophetic maid in her cavern, 
fain to dethrone
This great God who inspires her — the 
more with bit doth he school
Fiery mouth and rebellious bosom and
mould her to rule.
Wide on a sudden the hundred enor-
mous mouths of her lair
Fly, of themselves unclosing, and an-
swer floats on the air:
"Thou who hast ended at last with the
dangers dread of the sea,
Greater on land still wait thee. Lavin-
iyum's kingdom afar
Teutria's children shall find — of that
ancient terror be free —
Yet shall repent to have found it. I see
grim visions of war,
Tiber foaming with blood. Once more
shall a Simois flow,
Xanthus be there once more, and the
tenos of a Dorian foe.
Yonder in Latium rises a second Achilles,
and born,
Even as the first, of a goddess; and
neither at night nor at morn
Ever shall Juno leave thee, the Trojans' enemy sworn,
While thou pleadest for succour, besieging in misery sore
Each far people and city around Ausonia's shore!
So shall a bride from the stranger again thy nation destroy,
Once more foreign espousals a great woe bring upon Troy.
Yield not thou to disasters, confront them boldly, and more
Boldly — as fortune suffers — and first from a town of the Greek,
Marvel to say, shall be shown thee the way salvation to seek:"

So from her awful shrine the Cumæan Sibyl intones
Fate's revelation dread, till the cavern echoes her groans,
Robing her truths in gloom. So shakes, as she fumes in unrest,
Phoebus his bridle reins, while plunging the spur in her breast.
After her madness ceased and her lips of frenzy were still,
103
Thus Æneas replied: "No vision, lady, of ill
Comes unimagined now to the exile here at thy door;
Each has he counted and traverst already in spirit before.
One sole grace I entreat — since these be the gates, it is said,
Sacred to Death and the twilight lake by the Acheron fed —
Leave to revisit the face of the sire I have loved so well;
Teach me the way thyself, and unlock yon portals of hell.
This was the sire I bore on my shoulders forth from the flame,
Brought thro' a thousand arrows, that vext our flight as we came
Safe from the ranks of the foemen. He shared my journey with me;
Weak as he was, braved ocean, the threats of sky and of sea;
More than the common strength or the common fate of the old.
'T is at his bidding, his earnest prayer long since, I am fain
Thus in petition to seek thy gate. With compassion behold
Father and son, blest maid, for untold thy power, nor in vain
Over the groves of Avernus hath Hecate set thee to reign.
Grace was to Orpheus granted, his bride from the shadows to bring,
Strong in the power of his lyre and its sounding Thracian string.
Still in his turn dies Pollux, a brother's life to redeem,
Travels and ever retravels the journey.
Why of the great Theseus tell thee, or why of Alcides mighty relate?
My race, even as theirs, is descended from Jove the supreme."
So evermore he repeated, and still to the altar he clung.
She in reply: “Great Hero, of heaven's high lineage sprung,
Son of Anchises of Troy, the descent to Avernus is light;
Death's dark gates stand open, alike thro' the day and the night.

105
But to retrace thy steps and emerge to
the sunlight above,
This is the toil and the trouble. A few,
whom Jupiter’s love
Favours, or whose bright valour has raised
them thence to the skies,
Born of the gods, have succeeded. On
this side wilderness lies,
Black Cocytus around it his twilight
waters entwines.
Still, if such thy desire, and if thus thy
spirit inclines
Twice to adventure the Stygian lake,
twice look on the dark
Tartarus, and it delights thee on quest
so wild to embark,
Learn what first to perform. On a tree
no sun that receives
Hides one branch all golden — its yield-
ing stem and its leaves —
Sacred esteemed to the queen of the
shadows. Forests of night
Cover it, sloping valleys enclose it around
from the light.
Subterranean gloom and its mysteries
only may be

106
Reacht by the mortal who gathers the
golden growth of the tree.
This for her tribute chosen the lovely
Proserpina needs
Aye to be brought her. The one
bough broken, another succeeds,
Also of gold, and the spray bears leaf of
a metal as bright.
Deep in the forest explore, and if once
thou find it aright,
Pluck it; the branch will follow, of its
own grace and design,
Should thy destiny call thee; or else no
labour of thine
Ever will move it, nor ever thy hatchet
conquer its might.
Yea, and the corpse of a friend, although
thou know'st not,” she saith,
“Lies upon shore unburied, and taints
thy vessels with death,
While thou tarriest here at the gate thy
future to know.
Carry him home to his rest, in the grave
his body bestow;
Death’s black cattle provide for the altar;
give to the shades
This first lustral oblation, and so on the Stygian glades,
Even on realms where never the feet of the living come,
Thou shalt finally look.” Then, closing her lips, she was dumb.

Sadly, with downcast eyes, Æneas turns to depart,
Leaving the cave; on the issues dark foretold by her words
Pondering much in his bosom. Achates, trusty of heart,
Paces beside him, plunged in a musing deep as his lord's.
Many the troubled thoughts that in ranging talk they pursue —
Who is the dead companion the priestess spake of, and who
Yonder unburied lies? And advancing thither, they find
High on the beach Misenus, to death untimely consigned,
Æolus-born Misenus, than whom no trumpeter bright
Blew more bravely for battle, or fired with music the fight;
Comrade of Hector great, who at Hector’s side to the war
Marched, by his soldier’s spear and his trumpet known from afar.
After triumphant Achilles his master slew with the sword,
Troy’s Æneas he followed, a no less glorious lord.
Now while over the deep he was sounding his clarion sweet,
In wild folly defying the Ocean Gods to compete,
Envious Triton, lo!—if the legend merit belief—
Drowned him, before he was ware, in the foaming waves of a reef.
All now, gathered around him, uplift their voices in grief,
Foremost the faithful chieftain. Anon to their tasks they hie;
Speed, though weeping sorely, the Sibyl’s mission, and vie,
Building the funeral altar with giant trees to the sky.

Into the forest primæval, the beasts’ dark cover, they go;
Pine-trees fall with a crash and the
holm-oaks ring to the blow.
Ash-hewn timbers and fissile oaks with
the wedges are rent;
Massive ash-trees roll from the moun-
tains down the descent.
Foremost strides Æneas, as ever, guid-
ing the way,
Cheering his men, and equipped with a
forester's axe as they.
Long in his own sad thoughts he is
plunged — then raising his eyes
Over the measureless forest, uplifts his
prayer to the skies.
"O that in this great thicket the golden
branch of the tree
Might be revealed! For in all she
related yonder of thee
Ever, alas! Misenus, the prophetess
spake too true."
Lo! at the words twain doves came
down through the heavenly blue,
And at his side on the green turf lighted.
The hero of Troy
Knows the celestial birds of his mother,
and cries with joy:

110
"Guide us, if ever a way be, and cleaving swiftly the skies,
Wing for the grove where in shadow a golden branch overlies
One all-favoured spot. Nor do thou in an hour that is dark,
Mother, desert thy son!" So saying, he pauses to mark
What be the omens, and whither the birds go. They in their flight,
Soaring, and lighting to feed, keep still in the Teucrians' sight.
When they have come to the valley of baleful Avernus, the pair,
Shooting aloft, float up through a bright and radiant air;
Both on a tree they have chosen at length their pinions fold
Through whose branches of green is a wavering glimmer of gold.
As in the winter forest a mistletoe often ye see
Bearing a foliage young, no growth of its own oak-tree,
Circling the rounded boles with a leafage of yellowing bloom;
Such was the branching gold, as it shone through the holm-oak's gloom, So in the light wind rustled the foil. Aeneas with bold Ardour assails it, breaks from the tree the reluctant gold; Then to the Sibyl's palace in triumph carries it home.

Weeping for dead Misenus the Trojan host on the shore Now to his thankless ashes the funeral offerings bore. Rich with the resinous pine and in oakhewn timberscased Rises a giant pyre, in its sides dark foliage laced; Planted in front stand branches of cypress, gifts to the grave; Over it hang for adornment the gleaming arms of the brave. Some heat fountain water, the bubbling caldron prepare; Clay-cold limbs then wash and anoint. Wail sounds on the air. Dirge at an end, the departed is placed on the funeral bed;
O'er him they fling bright raiment, the wonted attire of the dead.
Others shoulder the ponderous bier, sad service of death;
Some in ancestral fashion the lighted torches beneath
Hold with averted eyes. High blaze on the burning pyre
Incense, funeral viands, and oil outpoured on the fire.
After the ashes have fallen and flames are leaping no more,
Wine on the smouldering relics and cinders thirsty they pour.
Next in a vessel of brass Corynæus gath-
ers the bones,
Thrice bears pure spring water around Troy's sorrowing sons,
Sprinkles it o'er them in dew, from the bough of an olive in bloom,
Gives lustration to all, then bids farewell to the tomb.
But the devout Æneas a vast grave builds on the shore,
Places upon it the warrior's arms, his trumpet and oar,
Close to the sky-capped hill that from hence Misenus is hight.
Keeping through endless ages his glorious memory bright.
THE DESCENT TO AVERNUS

Finished the task, to accomplish the Sibyl's behest they sped.
There was a cavern deep,—with a yawning throat and a dread,—
Shingly and rough, by a sombre lake and a forest of night
Sheltered from all approach. No bird wings safely her flight
Over its face,—from the gorges exhales such poisonous breath,
Rising aloft to the skies in a vapour laden with death.
Here four sable oxen the priestess ranges in line;
Empties on every forehead a brimming beaker of wine;
Casts on the altar-fire, as the first-fruits due to the dead,
Hair from between both horns of the victim, plucked from its head;
Loudly on Hecate calls, o’er heaven and the shadows supreme.
Others handle the knife, and receive, as it trickles, the stream
Warm from the throat in a bowl.
Æneas with falchion bright
Slays himself one lamb of a sable fleece to the fell
Mother and queen of the Furies, and great Earth, sister of Night,
Killing a barren heifer to thee, thou mistress of Hell.
Next for the Stygian monarch a twilight altar he lays;
Flings on the flames whole bodies of bulls unquartered to blaze,
Pours rich oil from above upon entrails burning and bright.
When, at the earliest beam of the sun, and the dawn of the light,
Under his feet earth mutters, the mountain forests around
Seem to be trembling, and hell dogs bay from the shadow profound,
Night's dark goddess approaching.
   "Avaunt, ye unhallowed, avaunt!"
Thunders the priestess. "Away from a grove that is Hecate's haunt.
Make for the pathway, thou, and unsheathe thy sword; thou hast need,
Now, Æneas, of all thy spirit and valour indeed!"
When she had spoken, she plunged in her madness into the cave;
Not less swiftly he follows, with feet unswerving and brave.

Gods! whose realm is the spirit-world, mute shadows of might,
Chaos, and Phlegethon thou, broad kingdoms of silence and night,
Leave vouchsafe me to tell the tradition, grace to exhume

117
Things in the deep earth hidden and
drowned in the hollows of gloom.

So unseen thro' darkness, amid lone night,
they strode
Down the unpeopled realm of Death,
and his ghostly abode,
As men journey in woods when a doubt-
ful moon has bestowed
Little of light, when Jove has concealed
in shadow the heaven,
When from the world by sombre Night
Day's colours are driven.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the
gate of the dead,
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have
built their terrible bed.
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and
Old Age sorrowful-eyed,
Fear, and the temptress Famine, and
hideous Want at her side,
Grim and tremendous shapes. There
Death with Labour is joined,
Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the
Joys unclean of the mind.

118
Murderous Battle is campt on the threshold. Fronting the door
The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in the midst of the way
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs:
false Dreams, we are told,
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle to every spray.
Many and various monsters, withal, wild things to behold,
Lie in the gateway stabled — the awful Centaurs of old;
Scyllas with forms half-human; and there with his hundred hands
Dwells Briareus; and the shapeless Hydra of Lerna's lands,
Horribly yelling; in flaming mail the Chimæra arrayed;
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-bodied and terrible Shade.
Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden panic of fear
Points its blade at the legion; and had not the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him the phantoms are thin apparitions, clothed in a vain
Semblance of form, but in substance a fluttering bodiless train,
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing shadows in twain.
THE RIVER OF ACHERON

Here is the path to the river of Acheron,
ever by mud
Clouded, for ever seething with wild,
insatiate flood
Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging
its endless sands.
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferry-
man stands,
Charon, grisly and rugged; a growth of
centuries lies
Hoary and rough on his chin; as a flaming furnace his eyes.
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties;
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,
Urging his steel-gray bark with its burden of corpses pale,
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maids unwed,
Sons borne forth in the sight of their sires to the pile of the dead,
Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in bevies flock to the coast
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter, chilly and frore,
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.
Yonder they stood, each praying for earliest passage, and each
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of the opposite beach.
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman gloomy receives,
Far from the sands of the river the rest he chases and leaves.

Moved at the wild uproar, Æneas, with riveted eyes:
"Why thus crowd to the water the shadows, priestess?" he cries;
"What do the spirits desire? And why go some from the shore
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?"

Briefly the aged priestess again made answer and spake:
"Son of Anchises, sprung most surely from gods upon high,
Yon is the deep Cocytus marsh, and the Stygian lake.
Even the Immortals fear to attest its presence and lie!

123
These are a multitude helpless, of spirit lacking a grave;
Charon the ferryman; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.
Over the awful banks and the hoarse-voiced torrents of doom
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.
Hundreds of years they wander, and flit round river and shore,
Then to the lake they long for are free to return once more.” . . .

Silent the hero gazed and his footstep halted, his mind
Filled with his own sad thoughts and compassion of doom unkind.
Yonder he notes, in affliction, deprived of the dues of the dead,
Near Leucaspis, Orontes who Lycia’s vessels had led.
Over the wind-tost waters from Troy as together they drave,
One wild storm overtook them, engulfing vessels and brave.
Yonder, behold, Palinurus the pilot gloomily went,
Who, while sailing from Libya's shores, on the planets intent,
Fell but of late from the stern, and was lost in a watery waste.
Hardly he knows him at first, as in shadow sadly he paced;
Then at the last breaks silence and cries: "What God can it be
Robbed us of thee, Palinurus, and drowned thee deep in the sea?
Answer me thou! For Apollo I ne'er found false till to-day;
Only in this one thing hath his prophecy led us astray.
Safe with life from the deep to Italian shores, we were told,
Thou should'st come at the last! Is it thus that his promises hold?"

"Son of Anchises," he answers, "Apollo's tripod and shrine
Have not lied; no god overwhelmed me thus in the brine.
True to my trust I was holding the helm, stood ruling the course,
When by sad misadventure I wrencht it loose, and perforce
Trailed it behind in my fall. By the cruel waters I swear
Fear of mine own life truly I knew not, felt but a care
Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and her helmsman lost,
Might be unequal to combat the wild seas round her that tost.
Three long nights of the winter, across great waters and wide,
Violent south winds swept me; at fourth day’s dawn I descried
Italy’s coast, as I rose on the crest of a wave of the sea.
Stroke by stroke I was swimming ashore, seemed nearly to be
Safe from the billows; and weighted by dripping garments I clave,
Clutching my hands, to the face of a cliff that towered on the wave,
When wild people assailed me, a treasure-trove to their mind.
Now are the waves my masters; I toss on the beach in the wind.
O! by the pleasant sun, by the joyous light of the skies,
By thy sire, and Iulus, the rising hope
of thine eyes,
Save me from these great sorrows, my
hero! Over me pour
Earth, as in truth thou canst, and return
to the Velian shore.
Else, if a heavenly mother hath shown
thee yonder a way,—
Since some god’s own presence, me-
thinks, doth guide thee, who here
Seekest to cross these streams and the
Stygian marshes drear,—
Give thy hand to thy servant, and take
him with thee to-day,
So that in quiet places his wearied head
he may lay!"
Thus, sad phantom, he cried; thus an-
swered the seer of the shrine:
"Whence, Palinurus, comes this ill-
omened longing of thine?
Thou cast eyes, unburied, on Stygian
waves, the severe
Stream of the Furies, approach unbidden
the banks of the mere!
Cease thy dream that the Fates by prayer
may be ever appeased,
Yet keep this in remembrance, that so thy lot may be eased:—
Many a neighbouring people from cities far and unknown,
Taught by prodigies dire of the skies, thy bones shall atone,
Building thy tomb, and remitting their gifts each year to thy ghost;
So Palinurus’ name shall for ever cleave to the coast.”
Thus his affliction she soothes. For a little season his sad Spirit has comfort; he thinks on his namesake land and is glad.
THE CROSSING OF THE STYX

Thence they advance on the journey
and now draw near to the flood.
Soon as the boatman saw them, from
where on the water he stood,
Move through the silent forest and bend
their steps to the beach,
Ere they arrive he accosts them, and first
breaks silence in speech.
"Stranger, approaching in arms our river,
whoever thou art,
129
Speak on the spot thine errand, and hold thee farther apart.
This is the kingdom of shadows, of sleep and the slumberous dark;
Bodies of living men are forbidden the Stygian bark.
Not of mine own good will was Alcides over the wave
Yonder, or Theseus taken, nor yet Piritous brave,
Though from gods they descended, and matchless warriors were;
One from the monarch's presence to chains sought boldly to bear
Hell's unslumbering warden, and trailed him trembling away.
Two from her bridal chamber conspired
Death's queen to convey."

Briefly again makes answer the great Amphrysian seer:
"Here no cunning awaits thee as theirs was, far be the fear.
Violence none our weapons prepare;
Hell's warden may still
Bay in his cavern for ever, affrighting the phantoms chill;
Hell's chaste mistress keep to her kinsman's halls if she will.

Troy's Æneas, a son most loving, a warrior brave,
Goess in the quest of his sire to the deepest gloom of the grave.
If thou art all unmoved at the sight of a love so true —
Here she displays him the bough in her garment hidden from view —
"Know this branch." In his bosom the tempest of anger abates.
Further he saith not. Feasting his eyes on the wand of the Fates,
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered summers before,
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and approaches the shore;
Summons the rest of the spirits in row on the benches who sate
Place to resign for the comers, his gangway clears, and on board
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans under his weight.
Water in streams from the marshes through every fissure is poured.
Priestess and hero safely across Death's river are past, Land upon mud unsightly, and pale marsh-sedges, at last.
THE REALMS OF THE DEAD

Here huge Cerberus bays with his triple jaws through the land,
Croucht at enormous length in his cavern facing the strand.
Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now bristling with snakes,
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of honeyed opiate cakes.
Maddened with fury of famine his three great throats unclose;
Fiercely he snatches the viand, his monstrous limbs in repose
Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls measureless over his den.

133
While the custodian sleeps, Æneas the entrance takes,
Speeds from the bank of a stream no traveller crosses again.

Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they bore,
Spirits of infants sobbing at Death's immediate door,
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet breath,
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest death.
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless, although
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below;
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from within
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its sin.
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent hands
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives on the sands,
Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas! how willingly they

134
Now would endure keen want, hard toil,
in the regions of day!
Fate forbids it; the loveless lake with its
waters of woe
Holds them, and nine times round them
entwined, Styx bars them below.

Further faring, they see that beyond and
about them are spread
Fields of the Mourners, for so they are
called in worlds of the dead.
Here dwell those whom Love, with his
cruel sickness, hath slain.
Lost in secluded walks, amid myrtle
groves overhead,
Hiding they go, nor in death itself are
they eased of the pain.
Phaedra, and Procris, here, Eriphyle here
they behold,
Sadly displaying the wounds that her
wild son wrought her of old.

Yonder Pasiphae stood and Evadne; close
to them clung
Laodamia, and Caenis, a man once,
woman at last,
Now by the wheel of the Fates in her former figure recast.
Fresh from her death-wound still, here Dido, the others among,
Roamed in a spacious wood. Thro' shadow the chieftain soon
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when the month is but young,
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudless shining, the moon.

Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with tender love as of old:
"True, then, sorrowful Dido, the messenger fires that told
Thy sad death, and the doom thou soughtest of choice by thy hand!
Was it, alas! to a grave that I did thee? Now by the bright
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that abides in realms of the Night,
'Twas unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell to thy land.
Yet, the behest of Immortals,—the same which bids me to go
Thro' these shadows, the wilderness mire and the darkness below,—
Drove me imperious thence, nor possest
I power to believe
I at departing had left thee in grief thus
bitter to grieve.  
Tarry, and turn not away from a face
that on thine would dwell;
'T is thy lover thou fliest, and this is our
last farewell!"

So, with a burning heart and with glower-
ing eyes as she went,
Melting vainly in tears, he essayed her
wrath to relent;
She with averted gaze upon earth her
countenance cast,
Nothing toucht in her look by her lover's
words to the last,
Set as a marble rock of Marpessus, cold
as a stone.
After a little she fled, in the forest hurried
to hide,
Ever his foe; Sychæus, her first lord,
there at her side,
Answers sorrow with sorrow, and love
not less than her own.
THE HEROES OF TROY

Thence on the path appointed they go,
and the uttermost plain
Reach ere long, where rest in seclusion
the glorious slain.
Tydeus here he discerns, here Parthenopaeus of old
Famous in arms, and the ghost of Adrastus, pallid and cold.
Wailed in the world of the sunlight long,
laid low in the fray,
Here dwell Ilion's chiefs. As his eyes on the gallant array Lighted, he groaned. Three sons of Antenor yonder they see, Glaucus and Medon and young Thersi-lochus, brethren three; Here Polyphætes, servant of Heaven from his earliest breath; There Idæus, the shield and the reins still holding in death. Thickly about him gather the spectral children of Troy: 'T is not enough to have seen him, to linger round him is joy, Pace at his side, and inquire why thus he descends to the dead. But the Achæan chiefs, Agamemnon's legions arrayed, When on the hero they looked, and his armour gleaming in shade, Shook with an infinite terror, and some turned from him and fled, As to the Danaan vessels in days gone by they had sped. Some on the air raise thinnest of voices; the shout of the fray
Seems, upon lips wide-parted, begun,
then passing away.

Noble Deiphobus here he beholds, all
mangled and marred,
Son of the royal Priam; — his visage
cruelly scarred,
Visage and hands; from his ravaged
temples bloodily shorn
Each of his ears, and his nostrils with
wounds inglorious torn.
Hardly he knew him in sooth, for he
trembled, seeking to hide
These great wrongs; but at last in a
voice most loving he cried:
"Gallant Deiphobus, born of the Teu-
crian lineage bright,
Who had the heart to revenge him in
this dire fashion and dread?
Who dared thus to abuse thee? On
Troy's last funeral night,
Weary of endless slaughter and Danaan
blood, it was said
Thou hadst laid thee to die on a heap of
the nameless dead.
Yea! and a vacant mound upon far
Rhoeæum's coast

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He replies; "thou hast paid
All that Deiphobus claims, all debt that
was due to his shade.
'Twas my destiny sad, and the crime
accurst of the Greek
Woman, in woe that plunged me, and
wrote this tale on my cheek.
Well thou knowest — for ah! too long
will the memory last —
How Troy's funeral night amid treacherous pleasures we past;
When Fate's terrible steed overcame
our walls at a leap,
Carrying mailclad men in its womb
towards Pergama's steep;
How, a procession feigning, the Phrygian
mothers she led
Round our city in orgy, with lighted
torch at their head
Waving herself the Achæans to Ilion's citadel keep.
I, that night, overburdened with troubles, buried in sleep,
Lay in the fatal chamber, delicious slumber and deep
Folding mine eyelids, like the unbroken rest of the slain.
She, meanwhile, my glorious spouse, from the palace has ta'en
Every weapon, and drawn from the pillow the falchion I bore,
Then Menelaus summons, and straightway loosens the door,
Hoping in sooth that her lover with this great boon might be won,
Deeming the fame of her guilt in the past might so be undone.
Why on the memory linger? The foe streamed in at the gate
Led by Ulysses, the plotter. May judgment, Immortals, wait
Yet on the Greeks, if of vengeance a reverent heart may be fain!
Tell me in turn what sorrow has brought thee alive and unslain
Hither?" he cries; "art come as a mariner lost on the main,
Or by the counsel of Heaven? What fortune drives thee in quest,
Hither, of sunless places and sad, the abodes of unrest?"
Morn already with roseate steeds, while talk they exchange,
Now in her journey has traversed the half of the heavenly range,
And peradventure thus the allotted time had been past,
Had not the faithful Sibyl rebuked him briefly at last.
"Night draws nigh, Æneas. In tears we are spending the hours.
Here is the place where the path is divided. This to the right,
Under the walls of the terrible Dis — to Elysium — ours.
Yonder, the left, brings doom to the guilty, and drives them in flight
Down to the sinful region where awful Tartarus lowers."

"Terrible priestess, frown not," Deiphobus cries; "I depart,
Join our shadowy legion, restore me to darkness anon.
Go, thou joy of the race; may the Fates vouchsafe thee a part
Brighter than mine!" And behold, as he uttered the word, he was gone.

Turning his eyes, Æneas sees broad battlements placed
Under the cliffs on his left, by a triple rampart encased;
Round them in torrents of ambient fire runs Phlegethon swift,
River of Hell, and the thundering rocks sends ever adrift.
One huge portal in front upon pillars of adamant stands;
Neither can mortal might, nor the heavens' own warrior bands,
Rend it asunder. An iron tower rears over the door,
Where Tisiphone seated in garments dripping with gore
Watches the porch, unsleeping, by day and by night evermore.
Hence come groans on the breezes, the sound of a pitiless flail,
Rattle of iron bands, and the clanking of fetters that trail.

Silent the hero stands, and in terror rivets his eyes.
"What dire shapes of impiety these? Speak, priestess!" he cries.
"What dread torment racks them, and what shrieks yonder arise?"

She in return: "Great chief of the Teucrian hosts, as is meet
Over the threshold of sinners may pass no innocent feet.
Hecate's self, who set me to rule the Avernian glade,
Taught me of Heaven's great torments, and all their terrors displayed.
Here reigns dread Rhadamanthus, a king no mercy that knows,
Chastens and judges the guilty, compels each soul to disclose
Crimes of the upper air that he kept concealed from the eye,
Proud of his idle cunning, till Death brought punishment nigh.
Straightway then the Avenger Tisiphone over them stands,
Scourges the trembling sinners, her fierce 
lash arming her hands;
Holds in her left uplifted her serpents 
grim, and from far 
Summons the awful troop of her sisters 
gathered for war!
Then at the last with a grating of hide-
ous hinges unclose 
Hell's infernal doors. Dost see what 
warders are those 
Crouched in the porch? What presence 
is yonder keeping the gate?
Know that a Hydra beyond it, a foe still 
fiercer in hate, 
Lurks with a thousand ravening throats.
See! Tartarus great 
Yawning to utter abysses, and deepening 
into the night,
Twice as profound as the space of the 
starry Olympian height."
THE HORRORS OF TARTARUS

"Here the enormous Titans, the Earth's old progeny, hurled
Low by the lightning, are under the bottomless waters whirled.
Here I beheld thy children, Aloeus, giants of might,
Brethren bold who endeavoured to pluck down heaven from its height,
Fain to displace great Jove from his throne in the kingdom of light.

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Saw Salmoneus too, overtaken with agony dire
While the Olympian thunder he mimicked and Jove's own fire.
Borne on his four-horsed chariot, and waving torches that glowed,
Over the Danaan land, thro' the city of Elis, he rode,
Marching in triumph, and claiming the honours due to a god.
Madman, thinking with trumpets and tramp of the steeds that he drove
He might rival the storms, and the matchless thunders of Jove!
But the omnipotent Father a bolt from his cloudy abyss
Launched — no brand from the pine, no smoke of the torchlight this —
And with an awful whirlwind blast hurled Pride to its fall.
Tityos also, the nurseling of Earth, great mother of all,
Here was to see, whose body a long league covers of plain;
One huge vulture, standing with hooked beak at his side,
Shears his liver that dies not, his bowel
fruitful of pain,
Searches his heart for a banquet, beneath
his breast doth abide,
Grants no peace to the vitals that ever
renew them again.

"Why of Pirithous tell, and Ixion,
Lapithæ tall,
O'er whose brows is suspended a dark
crag, ready to fall,
Ever in act to descend? Proud couches
raised upon bright
Golden feet are shining, a festal table in
sight
Laden with royal splendour. The Furies'
Queen on her throne
Sits at the banquet by—forbids them to
taste it—has flown
Now to prevent them with torch uplifted,
and thundering tone.

"All who have hated a brother in lifetime,
all who have laid
Violent hands on a parent, the faith of a
client betrayed;
Those who finding a treasure have o'er it brooded alone,
Setting aside no portion for kinsmen, a numerous band;
Those in adultery slain, all those who have raised in the land
Treason's banner, or broken their oath to a master's hand,
Prisoned within are awaiting an awful doom of their own.

"Ask me not, what their doom,—what form of requital or ill
Whelms them below. Some roll huge stones to the crest of the hill,
Some on the spokes of a whirling wheel hang spread to the wind.
Theseus sits, the unblest, and will ever seated remain;
Phlegyas here in his torments a warning voice to mankind
Raises, loudly proclaiming throughout Hell's gloomy abodes:
'Learn hereby to be just, and to think no scorn of the Gods!'
This is the sinner his country who sold, forged tyranny's chain,

150
Made for a bribe her laws, for a bribe
unmade them again.
Yon wretch dared on a daughter with
eyes unholy to look.
All some infamy ventured, of infamy's
gains partook.
Had I a thousand tongues, and a thou-
sand lips, and a speech
Fashioned of steel, sin's varying types I
hardly could teach,
Could not read thee the roll of the
torments suffered of each!"

Soon as the aged seer of Apollo her story
had done,
"Forward," she cries, "on the path, and
complete thy mission begun.
Hasten the march! I behold in the dis-
tance battlements great,
Built by the Cyclops' forge, and the
vaulted dome at the gate
Where the divine revelation ordains our
gifts to be laid."
Side by side at her bidding they traverse
the region of shade,
Over the distance hasten, and now draw
nigh to the doors.
Fronting the gates Æneas stands, fresh water he pours
Over his limbs, and the branch on the portal hangs as she bade.
THE REALMS OF THE BLEST

After the rite is completed, the gift to the goddess addrest,
Now at the last they come to the realms where Joy has her throne;
Sweet green glades in the Fortunate Forests, abodes of the blest,
Fields in an ampler ether, a light more glorious drest,
Lit evermore with their own bright stars and a sun of their own.

153
Some are training their limbs on the wrestling-green, and compete
Gaily in sport on the yellow arenas, some with their feet
Treading their choral measures, or singing the hymns of the god;
While their Thracian priest, in a sacred robe that trails,
Chants them the air with the seven sweet notes of his musical scales,
Now with his fingers striking, and now with his ivory rod.
Here are the ancient children of Teucer, fair to behold,
Generous heroes, born in the happier summers of old,—
Ilus, Assaracus by him, and Dardan, founder of Troy.
Far in the distance yonder are visible armour and car
Unsubstantial, in earth their lances are planted, and far
Over the meadows are ranging the charges freed from employ.
All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid.
Banqueting here he beholds them to right and to left on the sward,
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath sweet forests of bay,
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the river Eridanus, poured,
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth and the day.
Chiefs for the land of their sires in the battle wounded of yore,
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet life was no more,
Faithful prophets who spake as beseeomed their god and his shrine,
All who by arts invented to life have added a grace.
All whose services earned the remembrance deep of the race,
Round their shadowy foreheads the snow-white garland entwine.

Then, as about them the phantoms stream, breaks silence the seer,
Turning first to Musæus,—for round
him the shadows appear
Thickest to crowd, as he towers with
his shoulders over the throng—
"Tell me, ye joyous spirits, and thou,
bright master of song,
Where is the home and the haunt of the
great Anchises, for whom
Hither we come, and have traverst the
awful rivers of gloom?"
Briefly in turn makes answer the hero:
"None has a home
In fixt haunts. We inhabit the dark
thick glades, on the brink
Ever of moss-banked rivers, and water
meadows that drink
Living streams. But if onward your
heart thus wills ye to go,
Climb this ridge. I will set you in
pathways easy to know."
Forward he marches, leading the way;
from the heights at the end
Shows them a shining plain, and the
mountain slopes they descend.

There withdrawn to a valley of green in
a fold of the plain

156
Stood Anchises the father, his eyes intent on a train—
Prisoned spirits, soon to ascend to the sunlight again;—
Numbering over his children dear, their myriad bands,
All their destinies bright, their ways, and the work of their hands.
When he beheld Æneas across these flowery lands
Moving to meet him, fondly he strained both arms to his boy,
Tears on his cheek fell fast, and his voice found slowly employ.

"Here thou comest at last, and the love
I counted upon
Over the rugged path has prevailed.
   Once more, O my son,
I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,
Reckoning the years and the seasons.
   Nor was my longing belied.
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,

157
Hast thou come to mine arms! What dangers have tost thee, my child!
Ah! how I feared lest harm should await thee in Libya wild!"

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade,
Visiting oft my chamber, has made me seek thee," he said.
"Safe upon Tuscan waters the fleet lies. Grant me to grasp
Thy right hand, sweet father, withdraw thee not from its clasp."

So he replied; and a river of tears flowed over his face.
Thrice with his arms he essayed the beloved one's neck to embrace;
Thrice claspt vainly, the phantom eluded his hands in flight,
Thin as the idle breezes, and like some dream of the night.

There Æneas beholds in a valley withdrawn from the rest
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs that sing in the breeze;
Near them the Lethe river that glides
by abodes of the blest.
Round it numberless races and people
floating he sees.
So on the flowery meadows in calm,
clear, summer, the bees
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream
in companies round
Fair white lilies, till every plain seems
ringing with sound.

Strange to the scene Æneas, with terror
suddenly pale,
Asks of its meaning, and what be the
streams in the distant vale,
Who those warrior crowds that about
yon river await.
Answer returns Anchises: "The spirits
promist by Fate
Life in the body again. Upon Lethe's
watery brink
These of the fountain of rest and of
long oblivion drink.
Ever I yearn to relate thee the tale,
display to thine eyes,
Count thee over the children that from
my loins shall arise,
So that our joy may be deeper on finding Italy's skies."

"O my father! and are there, and must we believe it," he said,
"Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?
Souls that anew to the body return and the fetters of clay?
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?"

"Listen, and I will resolve thee the doubt," Anchises replies.
Then unfolds him in order the tale of the earth and the skies.

"In the beginning, the earth, and the sky, and the spaces of night,
Also the shining moon, and the sun Titanic and bright
Feed on an inward life, and with all things mingled, a mind
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.
Thence man's race, and the beast, and the bird that on pinions flies,

160
All wild shapes that are hidden the gleaming waters beneath.
Each elemental seed has a fiery force from the skies,
Each, its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,
Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.
Hence, their fears and desires; their sorrows and joys; for their sight,
Blind with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

"Nor when at last life leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive
Lingering within them, alas! for it needs must be that the long
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.
So, due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day
Suffering penance, and some to the winds hang viewless and thin
Searcht by the breezes; from others, the deep infection of sin
Swirling water washes, or bright fire
purges, away.
Each in his own sad ghost we endure;
then pass to the wide
Realms of Elysium. Few in the fields
of the happy abide,
Till great Time, when the cycles have
run their courses on high,
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to
us only the bright
Sense of the heaven’s own ether, and fire
from the springs of the sky.
When for a thousand years they have
rolled their wheels thro’ the night,
God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad
train,
That with remembrance lost once more
they may visit the light,
And, at the last, have desire for a life in
the body again.”

When he had ended, his son and the
Sibyl maiden he drew
Into the vast assembly — the crowd with
its endless hum;

162
There on a hillock plants them, that hence they better may view
All the procession advancing, and learn their looks as they come.
THE ROMAN HEROES

"What bright fame hereafter the Trojan line shall adorn,
What far children be theirs, from the blood of Italians born,
Splendid souls, that inherit the name and the glory of Troy,
Now will I tell thee, and teach thee the fates thy race shall enjoy.
Yon fair hero who leans on a lance unpointed and bright,

164
Granted the earliest place in the world
of the day and the light,
Half of Italian birth, from the shadows
first shall ascend,
Silvius, Alban of name, thy child tho' born at the end,
Son of thy later years by Lavinia, consort
of thine,
Reared in the woods as a monarch and
sire of a royal line.
Next to him Procas, the pride of the
race; then Capys, and far
Numitor; after him one who again thy
name shall revive,
Silvius, hight Æneas, in pious service
and war
Noble alike, if to Alba's throne he shall
ever arrive.
Heroes fair! how grandly, behold! their
manhood is shown,
While their brows are shaded by leaves
of the citizen-crown!
These on the mountain ranges shall set
Nomentum the steep,
Gabi's towers, Fidenæ's town, Collatia's
keep;
Here plant Inuus' camp, there Cora and Bola enthrone,
Glorious names ere long, now a nameless land and unknown.
Romulus, scion of Mars, at the side of his grandsire see —
Ilia fair his mother, the blood of Assaracus he!
See on his helmet the doubled crest, how his sire has begun
Marking the boy with his own bright plumes for the world of the sun.
Under his auspices Rome, our glorious Rome, shall arise,
Earth with her empire ruling, her great soul touching the skies.
Lo! seven mountains enwalling, a single city, she lies,
Blest in her warrior brood! So crowned with towers ye have seen
Ride thro' Phrygia's cities the great Berecynthian queen,
Proud of the gods her children, a hundred sons at her knee,
All of them mighty immortals, and lords of a heavenly fee!

166
Turn thy glance now hither, behold this
glorious clan,
Romans of thine. See Cæsar, and each
generation of man
Yet to be born of Iulus beneath heaven’s
infinite dome.
Yonder behold thy hero, the promised
prince, upon whom
Often thy hopes have dwelt, Augustus
Cæsar, by birth
Kin to the godlike dead, who a golden
age upon earth
Comes to renew where once o’er Latium
Saturn reigned,
Holding remote Garamantes and India’s
tribes enchained.
Far beyond all our planets the land lies,
far beyond high
Heaven, and the sun’s own orbit, where
Atlas, lifting the sky,
Whirls on his shoulders the sphere,
inwrought with its fiery suns!
Ere his arrival, lo! thro’ shivering Caspia
runs
Fear, at her oracle’s answers. The
vast Mæotian plain,
Sevenfold Nile and his mouths, are fluttered and tremble again;
Ranges of earth more wide than Alcides ever surveyed,
Tho' he pursued deer brazen of limb, tamed Erymanth's glade,
Lerna with arrows scared, or the Vine-god, when from the war
Homeward with ivied reins he conducts his conquering car,
Driving his team of tigers from Nysa's summits afar.—
Art thou loth any longer with deeds our sway to expand?
Can it be fear forbids thee to hold Ausonia's land?

"Who comes yonder the while with the olive branch on his brow,
Bearing the sacred vessels? I know yon tresses, I know
Yon gray beard, Rome's monarch, the first with law to sustain
Rome yet young; from the lordship of Cures' little domain
Sent to an empire's throne. At his side goes one who shall break
Slumberous peace, to the battle her easeful warriors wake,
Rouse once more her battalions disused
to the triumph so long,
Tullus the king! Next, Ancus the boastful marches along,
See, overjoyed already by praises breathed from a crowd!
Yonder the royal Tarquins are visible; yonder the proud
Soul of avenging Brutus, with Rome's great fasces again
Made Rome's own; who first to her consul's throne shall attain,
Hold her terrible axes; his sons, the rebellious pair,
Doom to a rebel's death for the sake of Liberty fair.
Ill-starred sire! let the ages relate as please them the tale,
Yet shall his patriot passion and thirst of glory prevail.
Look on the Decii there, and the Drusi; hatchet in hand
See Torquatus the stern, and Camillus home to his land

169
Marching with rescued banners. But yonder spirits who stand
Drest in the shining armour alike, harmonious now
While in the world of shadows with dark night over their brow —
Ah! what battles the twain must wage, what legions array,
What fell carnage kindle, if e'er they reach to the day!
Father descending from Alpine snows and Monœcus's height,
Husband ranging against him an Eastern host for the fight!
Teach not your hearts, my children, to learn these lessons of strife;
Turn not a country's valour against her veriest life.
Thou be the first to forgive, great child of a heavenly birth,
Fling down, son of my loins, thy weapons and sword to the earth!

"See, who rides from a vanquisht Corinth in conqueror's car
Home to the Capitol, deckt with Achæan spoils from the war

170
Argos and proud Mycenæ a second
comes to dethrone,
Ay, and the Æacus-born, whose race of
Achilles is sown,
Venging his Trojan sires and Minerva's
outraged fane!
Who would leave thee, Cato, untold? 
thee, Cossus, unknown?
Gracchus's clan, or the Scipio pair, war's
thunderbolts twain,
Libya's ruin; — forget Fabricius, prince
in his need;
Pass unsung Serranus, his furrows sow-
ing with seed?
Give me but breath, ye Fabians, to
follow! Yonder the great
Fabius thou, whose timely delays gave
strength to the state.
Others will mould their bronzes to
breathe with a tenderer grace,
Draw, I doubt not, from marble a vivid
life to the face,
Plead at the bar more deftly, with sapi-
ent wands of the wise
Trace heaven's courses and changes,
predict us stars to arise.
Thine, O Roman, remember, to reign over every race!
These be thine arts, thy glories, the ways of peace to proclaim,
Mercy to show to the fallen, the proud with battle to tame!"

Thus Anchises, and then — as they marvelled — further anon:
"Lo, where deckt in a conqueror's spoils Marcellus, my son,
Strides from the war! How he towers o'er all of the warrior train!
When Rome reels with the shock of the wild invaders' alarm,
He shall sustain her state. From his war-steed's saddle, his arm
Carthage and rebel Gaul shall destroy, and the arms of the slain
Victor a third time hang in his father Quirinus' fane."

Then Æneas,— for near him a youth seemed ever to pace,
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armour of glittering grace,
Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast down as in grief—

"Who can it be, my father, that walks at the side of the chief?
Is it his son, or perchance some child of his glorious race
Born from remote generations? And hark, how ringing a cheer
Breaks from his comrades round! What a noble presence is here!
Tho' dark night with her shadow of woe floats over his face!"

Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear:

"Ask me not, O my son, of thy children's infinite pain!
Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again
Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high
Rome's great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky
Longer had been vouchsafed! What wailing of warriors bold
Shall from the funeral plain to the War-god's city be rolled!

173
What sad pomp thine eyes will discern,
what pageant of woe,
When by his new-made tomb thy waters,
Tiber, shall flow!
Never again such hopes shall a youth of
thy lineage, Troy!
Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium!
Never a boy
Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient
Romulus land!
Ah, for his filial love! for his old-world
faith! for his hand
Matchless in battle! Unharmed what
foeman had offered to stand
Forth in his path, when charging on foot
for the enemy’s ranks,
Or when plunging the spur in his foam-
flecked courser’s flanks!
Child of a nation’s sorrow! if thou
canst baffle the Fates’
Bitter decrees, and break for a while
their barrier gates,
Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers
may strew on my son,
Heap on the shade of the boy unborn
these gifts at the least,
Doing the dead, tho' vainly, the last sad
service.” — He ceast.

So from region to region they roam with
curious eyes,
Traverse the spacious plains where shad-
owy darkness lies.
One by one Anchises unfolds each scene
to his son,
Kindling his soul with a passion for
glories yet to be won;
Speaks of the wars that await him
beneath the Italian skies,
Rude Laurentian clans and the haughty
Latinus’s walls,
How to avoid each peril, or bear its
brunt, as befalls.

Sleep has his portals twain; one fashioned
of horn, it is said,
Whence come true apparitions by exit
smooth from the dead;
One with the polisht splendour of shining ivory bright.

175
False are the only visions that issue thence from the night.
Thither Anchises leads them, exchanging talk by the way,
There speeds Sibyl and son by the ivory gate to the day.
Straight to his vessels and mates Æneas journeyed, and bore
Thence for Caieta's harbour along the Italian shore.

THE END.