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ARISTAENETUS

TITLE:

THE LOVE EPISTLES OF
ARISTAENETUS

PLACE:

LONDON

DATE:

1771

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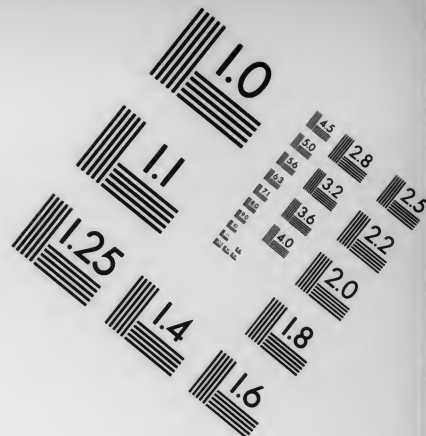
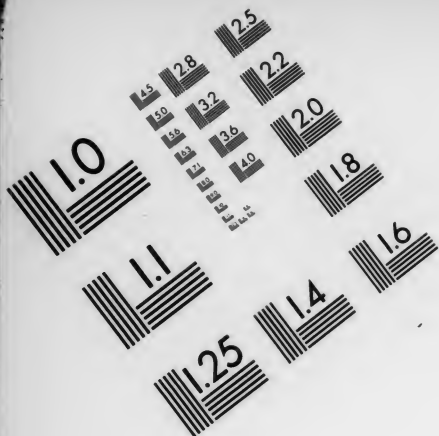


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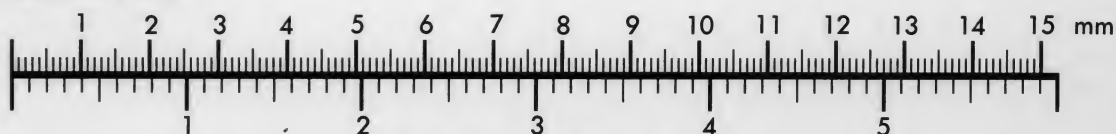
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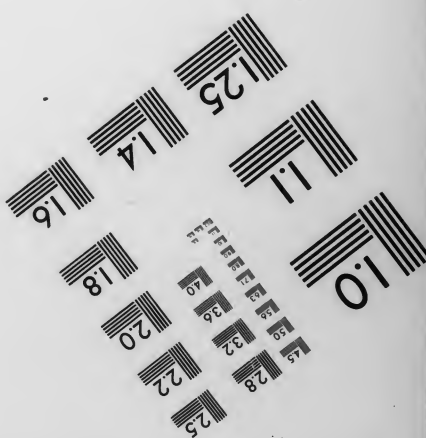
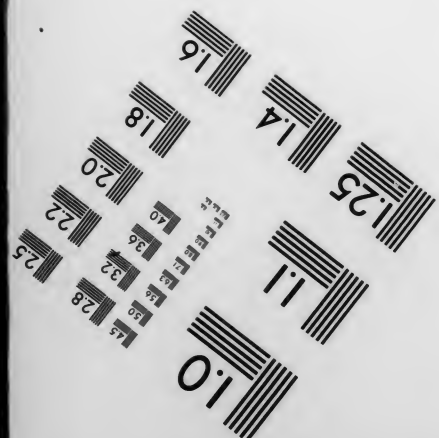
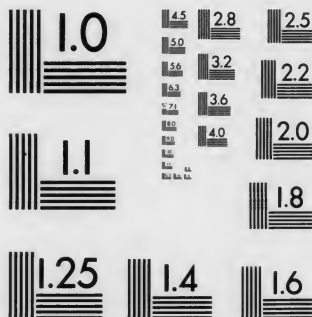
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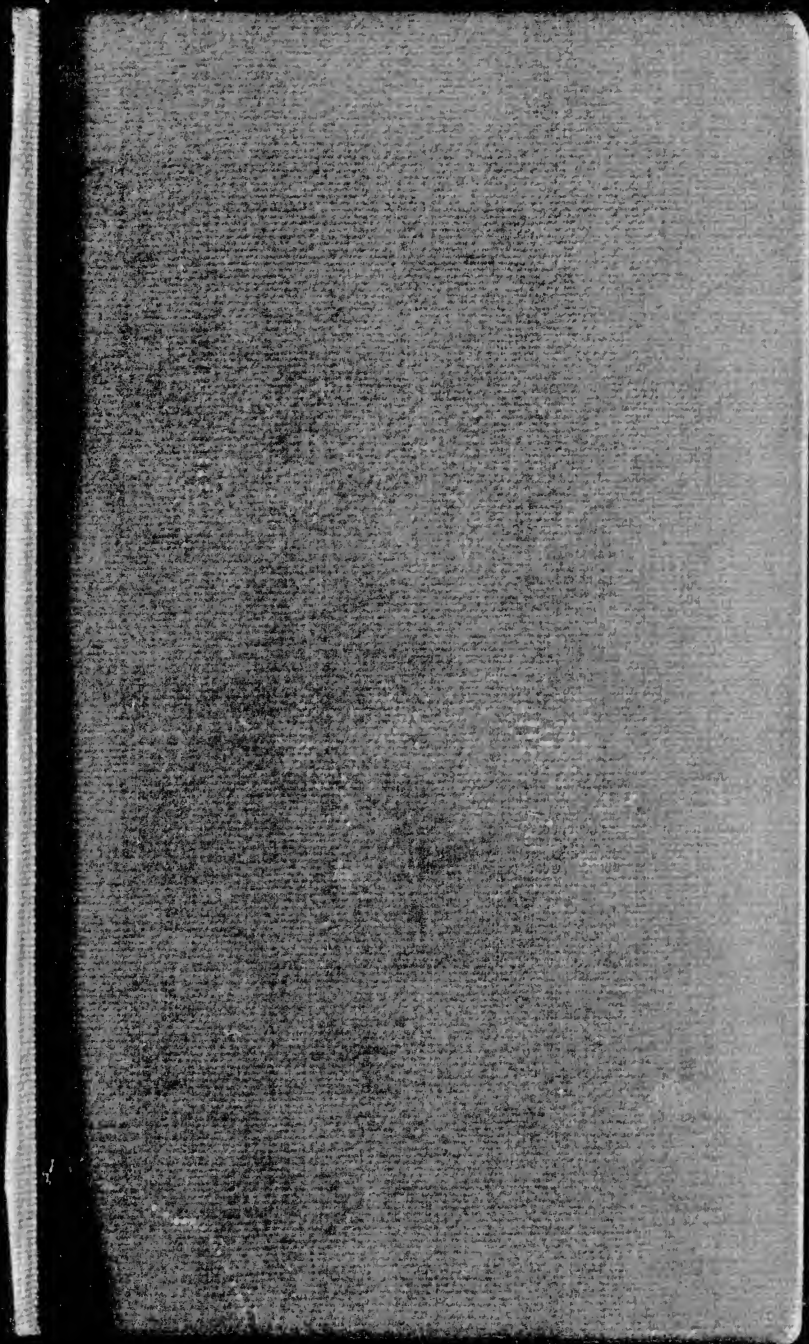
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THE
LOVE EPISTLES
OF
ARISTÆNETUS:

TRANSLATED FROM
THE GREEK
INTO
ENGLISH METRE.

—————Love refines
“The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
“In reason, and is judicious.”—

MILT. Par. Lost, B. 8.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILKIE, No. 71. St. Paul's Church-yard.

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June 7, 1913

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P R E F A C E.

THE Critics have not yet decided at what time *Aristænetus* appeared, or indeed whether or not he ever existed: for, as he is mentioned by no ancient author, it has been conjectured that there never was such a person; and that the name prefixed to the first Epistle was taken by the publisher for that of the writer. This work was never known nor heard of till *Sambucus* gave it to the world in the year 1566: since which time there have been several editions of it published at *Paris*; where the book seems to have been held in greater estimation than amongst us. As to the real date of its composition, we have nothing but conjecture to offer: By the twenty-sixth Epistle it

A 3

should

should seem that the Author lived in the time of the later emperors, when *Byzantium* was called *New Rome*: and therein mention is made of the pantomime actor *Caramallus*, who was cotemporary with *Sidonius Apollinaris*.

These Epistles are certainly terse, elegant, and very poetical, both in language and sentiment: yet, pleasing as they are, they have scarcely any thing original in them, being a cento from the writings of *Plato*, *Lucian*, *Philostratus*, and almost all the ancient Greek authors; whose sentences are most agreeably woven together, and applied to every passion incident to Love. This circumstance, though it may lessen our idea of the invention of the Author, should not in the least depreciate the performance; as it opens to us a new source of entertainment, in contemplating the taste of the Composer in the selection of his sentences, and his ingenuity in the application

application of them: whilst the authority and reputation of the works from whence these sweets are extracted, adds dignity to the subject on which they are bestowed.

Having said thus much of the Original, custom seems to demand some apology for the Translation. And, first, it may to some appear a whimsical undertaking, to give a metrical translation of a prosaic Author: but the *English* reader, it is to be presumed, will not find any deficiency of poetical thoughts *on that account*, however the diction may have suffered by passing through unworthy hands: and to such as are acquainted with that elegant luxuriance which characterises the Greek prose, this point will not need a solution. Nor can it be deemed derogatory from the merit of our own language to affirm, that the superiority of the Greek in this respect, is so forcible, that even the most

trifling of these Epistles must have suffered considerably both in spirit and simplicity, if committed to the languid formality of an English *prosaic* translation.

The ingenious *Tom Brown* has translated, or rather imitated, some select pieces from this collection, but he either totally misconceived the spirit of his Author, or was very unequal to the execution of it. He presents you, it is true, with a portrait of the Author, and a portrait that has some resemblance to him; but it is painted in a bad attitude, and placed in a disadvantageous light. In the Original, the language is neat, though energetic; it is elegant as well as witty. *Brown* has failed in both; and though a strict adherence to these points in a metrical translation may be esteemed difficult, yet it is hoped that the English dress in which *Aristænetus* is at present offered to the

Public,

Public, will appear to become him more than any he has ever worn in this country.

It were absurd to pretend that this Translation is perfectly literal: the very genius of prose and verse forbid it; and the learned Reader, who shall consult the Original, will find many reasons for the impropriety as well as difficulty of following the Author's expressions too closely. Some things there were, which it was scarce possible to handle in verse; and they are entirely omitted, or paraphrastically imitated: many passages have been softened as indelicate, some suppressed as indecent. But beside these allowable deviations, a still farther licence has been taken; for, where the subject would admit of it, many new ideas are associated with the original substance, yet so far affecting the Author's proper style, that its native simplicity might not be obscured by their introduction.

And

And two or three Epistles there are in this collection, which must shelter themselves under the name of Aristænetus, without any other title to his protection, than that of adhering to the subject of the several Epistles which they have supplanted. The only apology which can be offered for this, is an avowal that the object of this Translation was not so much to bring to light the merit of an undistinguished and almost unknown Ancient, as to endeavour to introduce into our language a species of poetry not frequently attempted, and but very seldom with success—that species which has been called the *simplex munditiis* in writing, where the thoughts are spirited and fanciful without quaintness, and the style simple, yet not inelegant. Though the merit of succeeding in this point should not be given to the present attempt, yet it may in some measure become serviceable to the cause, by inciting others of better

better taste and abilities to endeavour to redeem our language from the imputation of barbarity in this respect.

As to the many different measures which are here introduced, something beside the Translator's caprice may be urged in their favour. For by a variation of metre, the style almost necessarily undergoes an alteration: and in general, the particular strain of each Epistle suggested the particular measure in which it is written. Had they been all in one kind of verse they would have fatigued, they might have disgusted: at present, it is hoped, that some analogy will be found between the mode of passion in each Epistle, and the versification by which it is expressed: at the same time that a variety of metres, like a variety of prospects on a road, will conduct the Reader with greater satisfaction

satisfaction through the whole stage, though it be short.

There remains but one thing more to be said.
—The Original is divided into two parts; the present Essay contains only the First: By its success must the fate of the Second be determined.

H. S.



CON-

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THE LOVE EPISTLES

OF
ARISTÆNETUS.

EPISTLE I.

LAYS.

* ARISTÆNETUS TO PHILOCALUS.

† **B**LEST with a form of heav'nly frame,
Blest with a soul beyond that form;

With more than mortal *ought* to claim,

With all that *can* a mortal warm,

Laïs

NOTES.

* There is a studied propriety in the very *names* of the supposed correspondents in these Epistles; having in the original this peculiar beauty, that generally one, and often both of them, bear an agreeable allusion to the subject of the several letters to which they are prefixed.

† In this letter Aristænetus describes the beauties of his mistress to his friend. This description differs in one circumstance

B

Laïs was from her birth design'd
 To charm—yet triumph o'er mankind.
 There *Nature*, lavish of her store,
 Gave all she could—and wish'd for more;
 Whilst *Venus* gaz'd, her form was such!
 Wond'ring how *Nature* gave so much:
 Yet added she new charms; for she
 Could add—'A fourth bright *Grace*, she said,
 'A fourth, beyond the other three,
 ' Shall raise my power in this sweet maid.'
 Then Cupid, to enhance the prize,
 Gave all his little arts could reach:
 To dart Love's language from the eyes
 He taught—'twas all was left to teach.

O fairest of the virgin band!
 Thou master-piece of Nature's hand!

NOTES.

cumstance from the usual poetic analysis of beauty; which is this, that (if we except the epithets '*ruby*,' '*snowy*,' &c. which could not well have been avoided) the lady it paints would be *really* beautiful: whereas it is generally said, 'that a negroe would be handsome, compared to woman 'in poetical dress.'

So like the Cyprian Queen, I'd swear
 Her image fraught with life were there:
 But silent all: and silent be,
 That you may hear her praise from me:
 I'll paint my Laïs' form; nor aid
 I ask—for I have *seen* the maid.

Her cheek with native crimson glows,
 But crimson soft'ned by the rose:
 'Twas *Hebe*'s self bestow'd the hue;
 Yet *Health* has added something too:
 But if an over-tinge there be,
 Impute it to her modesty.
 Her lips of deeper red, how thin!
 How nicely white the teeth within!
 Her nose how taper to the tip!
 And slender as her ruby lip:
 Her brows in arches proudly rise,
 As conscious of her pow'ful eyes:
 Those eyes, majestic-black, display
 The lustre of the god of day;

And by the contrast of the white,
 The jetty pupil shines more bright.
 There the glad graces keep their court,
 And in the liquid mirror sport.
 Her tresses, when no fillets bind,
 Wanton luxurious in the wind :
 Like Dian's auburn locks they *shone*—
 But Venus *wreath'd* them like her own.
 Her neck, which well with snow might vie,
 Is form'd with nicest symmetry ;
 In native elegance secure
 The most obdurate heart to wound ;
 But she, to make her conquests sure,
 With sparkling gems bedecks it round :
 * With gems, that rang'd in order due,
 Present the fair one's name to view.

NOTES:

* ' *With gems, that rang'd in order due,*

' *Present the fair one's name to view.*']

This conceit was formerly reckoned a peculiar elegance
 in a lady's dress.

Her

Her light-spun robes in ev'ry part
 Are fashion'd with the nicest art,
 T'improve her stature, and to grace
 The polish'd limbs which they embrace.
 How beautiful she looks, when drest !

But view her freed from this disguise,
 Stript of th' unnecessary vest—
 'Tis Beauty's self before your eyes.

How stately doth my Laïs go !
 With studied step, compos'dly flow :
 Superb, as some tall mountain-fir,
 Whom Zephyr's wing doth slightly stir :
 (For surely Beauty is allied
 By Nature very near to Pride)
 The groves indeed mild breezes move,
 But her the gentler gales of Love.
 From her the pencil learns its die—
 The rosy lip, the sparkling eye ;
 And bids the pictur'd form assume
 Bright Helen's mien, and Hebe's bloom.

B 3

But

But how shall I describe her breast !
 That now first swells with panting throb
 To burst the fond embracing vest,
 And emulate her snow-white robe.
 So exquisitely soft her limbs !
 That not a bone but pliant seems ;
 As if th' embrace of love—so warm !
 Would quite dissolve her beauteous form.
 But when she speaks !—good heav'ns ! e'en now
 Methinks I hear my fav'rite song ;
 E'en yet with Lóve's respect I bow
 To all th' enchantment of her tongue.
 —Her voice most *clear*—yet 'tis not *strong* ;
 Her periods *full*—tho' seldom *long* ;
 With wit, *good-natur'd* wit, endow'd ;
Fluent her speech—but never *loud*.
 Witness, ye loves ! witness ; for well I know
 To her you've oft attention given ;
 Oft pensile flutter'd on your wings of snow
 To waft each dying sound to heaven.

Ah !

Ah ! sure this fair enchantress found
 The zone which all the graces bound :
 Not Momus could a blemish find
 Or in her person or her mind.—
 But why should Beauty's goddess spare
 To me this all-accomplish'd fair ?
 * I for her charms did ne'er decide,
 As Paris erst on lofty Ide ;
 I pleas'd her not in that dispute ;
 I gave her not the golden fruit :
 Then why the Paphian Queen so free ?
 Why grant the precious boon to me ?
 Venus ! what sacrifice, what pray'r
 Can show my thanks for such a prize !
 —To bless a mortal with a fair,
 Whose charms are worthy of the *skies*.

NOTES.

* ' I for her charms did ne'er decide.']—This alludes to the well-known contest between Juno, Venus, and Minerva, for the golden apple.

† She too, like Helen, can inspire
 Th' unfeeling heart of age with fire;
 Can teach their lazy blood to move,
 And light again the torch of love.
 ' O! cry the old, that erst such charms
 ' Had bloom'd to bless our youthful arms;
 ' Or that we now were young, to show
 ' How *we* could love—some years ago!

Have I not seen th' admiring throng
 For hours attending to her song!
 Whilst from her eyes such lustre shone
 It added brightness to their own:
 Sweet grateful beams of thanks they'd dart,
 That show'd the feelings of her heart.
 Silent we've sat, with rapt'rous gaze!
 Silent—but all our *thoughts* were praise:

NOTES.

† *She too, like Helen, &c.*]

Οὐ Νημεσις, Τρωας καὶ ἱουκνημίας Ἀχαιῶς
 Ταῦτ' ὁ ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἀλγέα πάσχει,
 Αἰνῶς ἀδαάτησι θεῶν εἰς ὅσα ἔοικεν.

HOM.

Each

Each turn'd with pleasure to the rest;
 And this the pray'r that warm'd each breast.

' Thus may that lovely bloom for ever glow,
 ' Thus may those eyes for ever shine!
 ' O may'st thou never feel the scourge of woe!
 ' O never be misfortune thine!
 ' Ne'er may the crazy hand of pining care
 ' Thy mirth and youthful spirits break!
 ' Never come sickness, or love-crofs'd despair
 ' To pluck the roses from thy cheek!—
 ' But blifs be thine--The cares which *love* supplies
 ' Be all the cares that you shall dread;
 ' The grateful drop, *now* glist'ning in your eyes,
 ' Be all the tears you ever shed.'

But hush'd be now thy am'rous song,
 And yield a theme, thy praises wrong:
 Just to her charms, thou can'st not raise
 Thy notes—but must I cease to praise?
 Yes—I *will* cease—for she'll inspire
 Again the lay, who strung my lyre.

Then

Then fresh I'll paint the charming maid,
 Content, if *she* my strain approves ;
 Again my lyre shall lend its aid,
 And dwell upon the theme it loves:



EPISTLE II.

* THE PLEASING CONSTRAINT.

IN a snug little court as I stood t'other day,
 And caroll'd the loitering minutes away ;
 Came a brace of fair nymphs, with such beautiful
 faces,

That they yielded in *number* alone to the graces :
 Disputing they were, and that earnestly too,
 When thus they address'd me as nearer they drew—
 ' So sweet is your voice, and your numbers so sweet,
 ' Such sentiment join'd with such harmony meet ;
 ' Each note that you raise finds its way to our
 ' hearts,
 ' Where Cupid engraves it wi' the point of his darts :
 ' But O ! by these strains, which so deeply can pierce,
 ' Inform us for whom you intended your verse :

NOTES.

* This sufficiently explains itself. It has no names prefixed to it in the original, and is very literally translated.

' 'Tis

- ‘ ’Tis for her she affirms—I maintain ’tis for me—
 ‘ † And we often pull caps in asserting our plea.’
 ‘ Why, ladies, cried I, you’re both handsome, ’tis true,
 ‘ But cease your dispute—I love neither of you :
 ‘ My life on another dear creature depends,
 ‘ Her I hasten to visit :—so kiss and be friends.’
 ‘ O ho !—said they, now you convince us quite clear,
 ‘ For no pretty woman lives anywhere here—
 ‘ That’s plainly a sham :—Now to humour us both,
 ‘ You shall *swear* you love neither ; so come take your
 ‘ oath.’

- ‘ I laughing replied, ’tis tyrannical dealing
 ‘ To make a man swear, when ’tis plain he’s not willing.’
 ‘ Why, friend, we’ve long fought thy fair person to
 ‘ seize ;
 ‘ And think you we’ll take such excuses as these ?

NOTES.

† ‘ *And we often pull caps*’] This is almost literally the Greek expression,—‘ Καὶ διὰ τὸ φιλονεικῶς καὶ μέχρι τριχῶν συμπλεκόμεθα πολλάκις ἀλλήλους.’

‘ No

- ‘ No—’twas chance brought you hither, and here you
 ‘ shall stay—
 ‘ Help, Phædra ! to hold—or he’ll sure get away.’
 Thus spoken, to keep me between ’em they tried—
 ‘Twas a *pleasing constraint* ; and I gladly complied.
 If I struggled—’twas to make ’em imprison me more,
 And strove—but for shackles more tight than before—
 But think not, I’ll tell how the minutes were spent—
 You may *think* what you please—but they both were
 content.



EPISTLE III.

* THE GARDEN OF PHYLLION.

PHILOPLATANUS TO ANTHOCOMÈ.

BLEST was my lot—ah! sure 'twas bliss, my friend,
 The day—by heav'ns! the *live-long* day to spend
 With Love, and my *Limona*!—Hence! in vain
 Would mimic Fancy bring those scenes again;
 In vain delighted Mem'ry tries to raise
 My doubtful song, and aid my will to praise!

NOTES.

* This is surely a most elegant descriptive pastoral; and hardly inferior to any of Theocritus. The images are all extremely natural and simple, though the expression is glowing and luxurious: they are selected from a variety of Greek authors, but chiefly from the Phædrus of Plato.—What interfections there may be, have been before apologized for: but their detection shall be left to the sagacity or inquisition of the reader. The case is the same with the first Epistle, and indeed with most of them.

In

—In vain ! Nor Fancy strikes, nor Mem'ry knows
 The little springs from whence those joys arose.
 Yet come, coy Fancy,—sympathetic maid !
 Yes—I *will* ask, I will implore thy aid :—
 For I would tell my *friend*, whate'er befel ;
 Whate'er I *saw*, whate'er I *did* I'll tell—
 But what I *felt*—sweet Venus ! *there* inspire
 My lay, or wrap *his* soul in all thy fire.
 Bright rose the morn, and bright remain'd the day ;
 The mead was spangled with the bloom of May :
 We on the bank of a sweet stream were laid,
 With blushing rose, and lowly vi'lets spread :
 Fast by our side a spreading plane-tree grew,
 And wav'd its head, that shone with morning dew.
 The bank acclivous rose, and swell'd above—
 The frizzled moss a pillow for my love.
 Trees with their ripen'd stores glow'd all around.
 The loaded branches bow'd upon the ground :
 Sure the fair virgins of Pomona's train
 In those glad orchards hold their fertile reign.
 The fruit nestareous, and the scented bloom
 Wasted on Zephyr's wing, their rich perfume :

A leaf

* A leaf I bruis'd—what grateful scents arose !
 Ye gods ! what odours did a *leaf* disclose.
 Aloft each elm slow wav'd its dusky top,
 The willing vine embrac'd the sturdy prop :
 And while we stray'd the ripen'd grape to find,
 Around our necks the clasping tendrils twin'd ;
 I with a smile would tell th' entangled fair,
 I envied e'en the vines a lodging there ;
 Then twist them off, and sooth with am'rous play
 Her breasts, and kiss each rosy mark away.
 Cautious *Limona* trod—her step was slow—
 For much she fear'd the sculking fruits below ;
 Cautious—lest haply she, with slip'ry tread,
 Might tinge her snowy feet with vinous red.
 Around with critic glance, we view'd the store,
 And oft rejected what we'd prais'd before ;

NOTES.

* *A leaf I bruis'd, &c.*] Nothing can be more rural,
 and at the same time more forcible than this image ; where
 the universal fragrance of the spot is not expatiated on ;
 but marked at once by this simple specimen.

C

This

This would my love accept, and *this* refuse—
For varied plenty puzzled us to chuse.—

‘ Here may the bunches tasteless, immature,
‘ Unheeded learn to blush, and swell secure:
‘ In richer garb *yon* turgid clusters stand,
‘ And glowing purple tempts the plund’ring hand.
‘ —Then reach ’em down, she said; for you *can* reach,
‘ And cull, with daintiest hand, the best of each.’
Pleas’d I obey’d, and gave my love—whilst she
Return’d sweet thanks, and pick’d the best for me—
‘Twas pleasing sure—yet I refus’d her suit,
But kiss’d the lib’ral hand that held the fruit.

Hard by the ever-jovial harvest train
Hail the glad season of Pomona’s reign;
With rustic song around her fane they stand,
And lisping children join the choral band:
They busily intent now strive to aid,
Now first they’re taught th’ hereditary trade:
’Tis their’s to class the fruits in order due,
For pliant rush, to search the meadow through;

To

To mark if chance unbruis’d a wind-fall drop;
Or teach the infant vine to know its prop.
And haply too some aged fire is there,
To check disputes, and give to each his share;—
With feeble voice their little work he cheers,
Smiles at their toil, and half forgets his years.—
‘ Here let the pippin, fretted o’er with gold,
‘ In soft’ring straw defy the winter’s cold;
‘ The hardier ruffet here will safely keep,
‘ And dusky rennet with it’s crimson cheek:
‘ But mind, my boys, the mellow pear to place
‘ In soft inclosure, with divided space;
‘ And mindful most, how lies the purple plumb,
‘ Nor soil, with headless touch, its native bloom.’

Intent they listen’d to th’ instructing lord—
But most intent—to glean their own reward.

Now turn, my lov’d Limona, turn and view
How chang’d the scene! how elegantly new!
Mark how *yon* vintager enjoys his toil;
Glows with flush red, and Bacchanalian smile:

C 2

His

His flipp'ry sandals burst the luscious vine,
 And splash alternate in the new-born wine.
 Not far the lab'ring train, whose care supplies
 The trodden press, and bids fresh plenty rise—
 The teaming boughs, that bend beneath their freight,
 One busy peasant eases of the weight ;
 One climbs to where th' aspiring summits shoot ;
 Beneath—a hoary fire receives the fruit.

Pleas'd we admir'd the jovial bustling throng—
 Blest e'en in toil !—but we admir'd not long.
 For calmer joys we left the busy scene,
 And sought the thicket, and the stream again :
 For sacred was the fount, and all the grove
 Was hallow'd kept, and dedicate to love.
 Soon gentle breezes, freshen'd from the wave,
 Our temples fann'd, and whisper'd us to lave.
 The stream itself seem'd murmur'ing at our feet
 Sweet invitation from the noon-day heat—
 We bathed—and while we swam, so clear it flow'd,
 That ev'ry limb the crystal mirror shew'd.

But my love's bosom oft deceiv'd my eye,
 Resembling those fair fruits that glided by ;
 * For when I thought her swelling breast to clasp,
 An apple met my disappointed grasp.
 Delightful was the stream itself—I swear,
 By those glad nymphs who make the founts their care,
 It *was* delightful :—but more pleasing still
 When sweet Limona sported in the rill :
 For her soft blush such sweet reflection gave,
 It ting'd with rosy hues the palid wave.
 Thus, thus delicious was the murmur'ing spring ;
 Nor less delicious the cool zephyr's wing ;
 Which mild allay'd the sun's meridian pow'r,
 And swept the fragrant scent from ev'ry flow'r :

NOTES.

* *For when I thought, &c.* This allusion seems forced :
 but the Ancients had an apple, which came from *Cydon*,
 a town of *Crete*, and was called *Cydonian*, that, from its
 size and beautiful colour, might be said to resemble a
 woman's breast : and the allusion is frequent in the old
 poets. In the eighteenth of these Epistles too, we meet
 with the *κυτόνιον μήλον*.

A scent, that feasted my transported sense,
 Like that, Limona's sweet perfumes dispense :
 But still, my love, superior thine I swear—
 At least thy partial *lover* thinks they are.

Near where we sat, full many a glad'ning sound,
 Beside the rustling breeze, was heard around :
 The little grasshopper essay'd its song,
 As if 'twould emulate the feather'd throng :
 Still lisp'd it uniform—yet now and then
 It something chirp'd, and skip'd upon the green.
 Aloft the sprightly warblers fill'd the grove ;
 Sweet native melody ! sweet notes of love !
 While nightingales their artless strains essay'd,
 The air, methought, felt cooler in the glade :
 A thousand feather'd throats the chorus join'd,
 And held harmonious converse with mankind.

Still in mine eye the sprightly songsters play ;
 Sport on the wing, or twitter on the spray :
 On foot alternate rest their little limbs ;
 Or cool their pinions in the gliding streams :

Surprise

Surprise the worm, or sip the brook aloof,
 Or watch the spider weave his subtle woof.—
 We the meantime discours'd in whispers low,
 Left haply speech disturb the rural show.

Listen.—Another pleasure I display,
 That help'd delightfully the time away.
 From distant vales, where bubbles from its source
 A chrystal rill, they dug a winding course :
 See ! thro' the grove a narrow lake extends,
 Crosses each plot, to each plantation bends ;
 And while the fount in new meanders glides,
 The forest brightens with refreshing tides.
 T'wards us they taught the new-born stream to flow,
 T'wards us it crept irresolute and slow :
 * Scarce had the infant current trickled by,
 When lo ! a wond'rous fleet attracts our eye :

Laden

NOTES.

* *Scarce had, &c.*] This is an excessively pretty image.
 The water-bailiff dug a small water-course, which came by the

Laden with draughts might greet a monarch's tongue,
The mimic navigation swam along.—

Hasten, ye ship-like goblets, down the vale,
† Your freight a flaggon, and a leaf your sail :
O may no envious rush thy course impede,
Or floating apple stop thy tide-borne speed.
His mildest breath a gentle zephyr gave ;
The little vessels trimly stemm'd the wave :
Their precious merchandise to land they bore,
And one by one resign'd the balmy store.
Stretch but a hand, we boarded them, and quaff
With native luxury the temper'd draught.

NOTES.

feet of these people in the garden ; and the stream had scarce passed by them when the servants sent down several drinking vessels in the shape of ships ; which held warm liquor so nicely tempered, that the coolness of the water which encompassed it in its passage, was just sufficient to render it palatable when it arrived at the *port of destination*.

† *Your freight a flaggon, and a leaf your sail.*] In the original, this luxurious image is pursued so far, that the very leaf, which is represented as the *sail* of the vessel, is particularised as of a medicinal nature, capable of preventing any ill effects the wine might produce,

For

For where they loaded the nectareous fleet,
The goblet glow'd with too intense a heat ;
Cool'd by degrees in these convivial ships,
With nicest taste it met our thirsty lips.

Thus in delight the flow'ry path we trod
To Venus sacred, and the rosy god :
Here might we kiss, here *Love* secure might reign,
And revel free, with all his am'rous train.—
And we *did* kiss, my friend, and *Love* was there,
And smooth'd the rustic couch that held my fair.
* Like a spring-mead with scented blossoms crown'd,
Her head with choicest wreaths *Limona* bound :
But Love, sweet Love ! his sacred torch so bright
Had fann'd, that, glowing from the rosy light,
A blush—(the print of a connubial kiss,
The conscious tatler of consummate bliss)—

NOTES.

* *Like a spring-mead, &c.*] The word *λειμων* signifies a meadow : and the Author takes occasion to play upon it, by saying, that *Limona* crowned herself with these flowers, to look like the *meadow* in which they grew.

Still

Still flush'd upon her cheek ; and well might show
 The choicest wreaths she'd made, how they should glow ;
 Might ev'ry flow'r with kindred bloom o'erspread,
 And tinge the vernal rose with deeper red.

But come, my friend, and share my happy lot ;—
 The bounteous Phyllion owns this blissful spot :
 Phyllion, whose gen'rous care to all extends,
 And most is blest while he can bless his friends.
 Then come, and quickly come ; but with thee bring
 The nymph, whose praises oft I've heard thee sing—
 The blooming Myrtala ; she'll not refuse
 To tread the solitude her swain shall chuse.
 Thy sight will all my busy schemes destroy,
 I'll dedicate another day to joy ;
 When social converse shall the scene improve,
 And sympathy bestow new charms on love.
 Then shall th' accustom'd bank a couch be made ;
 Once more the nodding plane shall lend its shade ;
 Once more I'll view Pomona's jovial throng ;
 Once more the birds shall raise the sprightly song ;

Again

Again the little stream be taught to flow ;
 Again the little fleet its balm bestow ;
 Again I'll gaze upon Limona's charms,
 And sink transported in her quiv'ring arms ;
 Again my cheek shall glow upon her breast ;
 Again she'll yield, and I again be blest.



EPISTLE IV.

THE EXPERIMENT.

* PHILOCHORUS TO POLYÆNUS.

I.

AS Hippias t'other day and I
Walk'd arm and arm, he said,
' That pretty creature dost thou spy
' Who leans upon her maid ?

II.

' She's tall, and has a comely shape,
' And treads well too, I swear :
' Come on—by this good light, we'll scrape
' Acquaintance with the fair.'

NOTES.

* In this letter a man describes the excellence of his friend in discovering the particular dispositions of the fair sex.

III.

III.

Good God ! cried I, she is not game
 I'm sure for you or me :
 Do nothing rashly—you're to blame ;
 She's modest, you may see.

IV.

But he, who knew all womankind,
 Thus answer'd with a sneer :
 ' You're quite a novice, friend, I find—
 ' There's nothing modest here:

V.

' A virtuous dame this hour, no doubt,
 ' Would chuse to walk the streets;
 ' Especially so dizen'd out,
 ' And smile on all she meets.

VI.

' Her rings, her bracelets, her perfumes,
 ' Her wanton actions prove
 ' The character which she assumes,
 ' And that her trade is love.

VII.

VII.

' See now, she fidgets with her vest—
 ' To settle it be sure;
 ' And not at all to shew her breast,
 ' Nor wishing to allure.

VIII.

' Her robe tuck'd up with nicest care—
 ' But that's to shew she's neat ;
 ' And though her legs are half-way bare
 ' She *means* to hide her feet.

IX.

' But see ! she turns to look behind,
 ' And laughs, I'll take my oath ;
 ' Come on—I warrant we shall find
 ' The damsel *nothing loth*.'

X.

So up he march'd, and made his bow—
 No sooner off his hat,
 But, lover-like, he 'gan to vow,
 And soon grew intimate.

XI.

XI.

But first premis'd the ways were rough—

‘ Madam, for fear of harm

‘ I beg’—so cleverly enough

He made her take his arm.

XII.

Then—‘ Fairest, for thy beauty’s sake,

‘ Which long has fir’d my breast,

‘ Permit me to your maid to make

‘ A single short request !

XIII.

‘ And yet *you* know what I’d require,

‘ And wherefore I apply :

‘ Nought unrequited I desire,

‘ But gold the boon shall buy.

XIV.

‘ I’ll give, my fairest, what you please;—

‘ You’ll not exact, I’m sure :

‘ Then deign, bright charmer, deign to ease

‘ The torments I endure.’

XV.

XV.

Affent sat smiling in her eyes ;

Her lily hand he seiz’d ;

Nor feign’d she *very* great surprise,

Nor look’d so *much* displeas’d.

XVI.

—She blush’d a *little* too, methought,

As tho’ she *should* refuse :—

But women, I’ve been told, are taught

To blush whene’er they chuse.

XVII.

Hippias was now quite hand in glove

With Miss, and firmly bent

To take her to the *bow’r of Love*,

He whisper’d as he went—

XVIII.

‘ Well, Phil, say *now*, whose judgment’s best ?

‘ Was I so very wrong ?

‘ You saw, not eagerly I press’d,

‘ Nor did I press her long.

D

XIX.

XIX.

- ‘ But you are ignorant, I see,
 ‘ So follow, and improve :
 ‘ For few, I ween, can teach like me
 ‘ The mysteries of Love.’



EPISTLE V.

THE EXPEDIENT.

* ALCIPHRON TO LUCIAN.

I.

T’OTHER day *Charidemus* a feast did prepare,
 And with all his acquaintances fill’d up the room:
 ‘Mong the rest (for you know his tendresse for the fair)
 Another man’s wife he perswaded to come.

II.

The guests were all seated, when in comes our spark
 Introducing to table a musty old dad :
 Whom as soon as the lady had time to remark,
 To another apartment she scuttled like mad.

NOTES.

* The writer here describes an ingenious device practised by a *lady* of *gallantry*, to deceive a suspicious husband.

III.

- ‘ Charidemus, said she, do you know what you’ve done?
 ‘ That old fellow’s my husband just now you
 ‘ brought in :
 ‘ I shall here be discover’d, as sure as a gun,
 ‘ By the cloke I pull’d off, and which hangs on a
 ‘ pin.

IV.

- ‘ But if you can assist me, and privately send
 ‘ That cloke to my house, with a dish of your meat;
 ‘ I’ve a trick that shall quickly his jealousy end;
 ‘ His suspicions I’ll ’scape, and his vigilance cheat.’

V.

Away then she slipt, and got quick to her house,
 Then sent for a gossip, her help to implore;
 And they’d scarce fix’d their plan the old cuckold to
 chouse,
 When blust’ring and swearing he came to the
 door.

VI.

VI.

He cried, while he fought for his poignard to stab
 her,
 ‘ No more shall you shame me;—your cloke
 ‘ show’d your pranks.’—
 But while he was forming thus, in pops her neighbour
 The cloke to return to its owner with thanks.

VII.

- ‘ I’m come to acknowledge your favour, she said,
 ‘ And some prog from the feast have I brought
 ‘ with me here:
 ‘ I knew that at home all the ev’ning you slaid,
 ‘ So was willing to give you a taste of our cheer.’

VIII.

The silly curmudgeon grew meek as a lamb,
 On hearing this story, and seeing the meat;
 For pardon he sued from his retrograde dame,
 And bow’d with contrition quite down to her
 feet.

D 3

IX.

IX.

He vow'd that he ne'er would suspect her again,
 If now she'd accept his most humble submission;
 And swore *Dian* herself sent the old woman in,
 To show him the folly of *groundless suspicion*.



* EPISTLE VI.

THE CONSOLATION.

† HERMOCRATES TO EUPHORION.

I.

SAYS a girl to her nurse, 'I've a tale to unfold,
 'Of utmost concern to us both;
 'But first you must swear not to blab when you're
 'told.'

—Nurse greedily swallow'd the oath.

NOTES.

* This epistle describes the distress of a girl who has been debauched, with the consolation of the *good old woman* her nurse.

† The subject of this epistle does not in the least regard the writer; who, as in the preceding one, only entertains his correspondent with a little tale, or amusing description. The case is the same with many of the subsequent ones.

II.

‘ I’ve lost, my dear mother,’ the innocent said,
 ‘ What should be a virgin’s chief pride.’
 —I wish you had seen what a face the dame
 made,
 And heard how she blubber’d and cried.

III.

‘ Hush, for God’s sake,’ says Miss, in a whispering
 tone,
 ‘ The people will hear you within ;
 ‘ You have sworn to discover my secret to none,
 ‘ Then why such a horrible din ?

IV.

‘ My Virtue long all opposition withstood,
 ‘ And scorn’d at Love’s efforts to flinch ;
 ‘ It retreated at last—but as slow as it could,
 ‘ Disputing the ground inch by inch.

V.

V.

‘ In vain to my aid did I Reason invoke ;
 ‘ Young Cupid no reason could quell :
 ‘ He’d got root in my heart, and there grew like an
 ‘ oak ;
 ‘ So I fell—but reluctantly fell.

VI.

‘ Yet surely young Lysias has charms to betray :
 ‘ Too charming alas to be true !
 ‘ But *you* never heard the soft things he can say—
 ‘ Ah ! would I had ne’er heard them too :

VII.

‘ For now that the spoiler has robb’d me of all
 ‘ My innocent heart us’d to prize,
 ‘ He cruelly mocks at my tears as they fall—
 ‘ The tears he has drawn from my eyes.’

VIII.

VIII.

" You've play'd a sad game," cries the matron
aghast ;

" Besides you disgrace my grey head :

" But since no reflections can alter what's past,

" Cheer up—there's no more to be said.

IX.

" Cheer up, child, I say; why there's no such great

" crime :

" Sure I too have met with false men ;

" I've known what it was to be trick'd, in my time—

" But I know too—to trick them again.

X.

" But do so no more : lest, should you be rash,

" Your apron-strings publish your tricks :

" Your father, I hope, has a round sum of cash,

" And soon on your husband will fix.

XI.

XI.

" —Some innocent swain (if such innocence be !)

" Unskill'd in the myst'ries of love ;

" Whose gallantry ne'er went 'yond Phyllis's knee,

" Or fast'ning the garter above.

XII.

" My humble petition may Jupiter hear,

" And grant that you quickly may wed."—

" So at present, dear mother, I've nothing to fear,

" No tale-telling urchin to dread ?"—

XIII.

" You're safe, my dear daughter, I fancy, as yet ;

" And when at the altar you're tied,

" I'll teach you a method your husband to cheat

" For a virgin, as well as a bride."

* EPISTLE VII.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

CYRTION TO DICTYS.

I.

LATE as upon the rocky strand
 Alone the death-barb'd bait I threw :
 Just as I tow'd a fish to land,
 Which almost broke my line in two—

II.

Comes a fair maid, whose native bloom
 The tinct of art excell'd as far,
 As the wild fruits of Nature's womb
 Beyond the hotbed's produce are.

NOTES.

* *Epistle vii.*]—A disagreeable end to a pleasing encounter.

III.

III.

This prize is better than my fish,
 Thought I—'tis sure a lucky day,
 '—I want to bathe, Sir, and I wish
 ' You'd watch my clothes while I'm away.'

IV.

' Yes, yes, I eagerly replied,
 ' In hopes her naked charms to spy,
 ' I'll watch your clothes, and by their side
 ' My faithful little dog shall lie.'

V.

She bow'd, and doff'd her mantle blue;
 Good heav'ns! what beauties struck my sight:
 Thus Morn's sweet ruddy skies I view,
 Fresh from the mist of lagging night.

VI.

Bright polish'd arms, a neck of snow,
 Through locks of lovely jet were seen;
 Which by their blackness seem'd to throw
 An added lustre on her skin.

VII.

VII.

Two rising globules at her breast,
 Whose swelling throb was such,
 They seem'd upheaving to be prest,
 And sued impatient for the touch.

VIII.

The wind was hush'd, the sea was calm;
 And in the leap'd, and plow'd the tide—
 The froth that bubbled as the swam,
 Lost all its whiteness by her side.

IX.

But soon the wave's impetuous gush
 Dash'd o'er her form a crimson hue;
 She blush'd—you've seen the rosebud blush
 Beneath its morning coat of dew.

X.

Askance she view'd the wat'ry space,
 Her neck averted from the tide,
 As if old Ocean's cold embrace
 Would shock her modest virgin-pride.

XI.

XI.

Each pressing wave, that seem'd to toy
 With am'rous haste her limbs to kiss,
 With coy rebuke she patted by ;
 Rebuk'd—but never could dismiss.

XII.

Still as she stem'd her liquid way,
 Thought I, a *Nereid* 'tis that laves :
 And when she tir'd, and left her play,
 'Twas *Venus* rising from the waves.

XIII.

Then from her oozy bed she sprung,
 And shiv'ring on the bank reclin'd,
 The while her dripping locks she wrung,
 And spread them to the fanning wind.

XIV.

Quick to present her clothes I rush,
 And tow'rs her stretch my longing arms.—
 But she repuls'd me with a blush—
 A blush that added to her charms.

XV.

XV.

Rage *would* have sparkled in her eyes ;—
 Yet still they twinkled lovely sweet :
 As suns in farthest distant skies,
 Emit their light without their heat.

XVI.

Her robe she snatch'd, and round her waist
 The azure mantle instant threw.—
 ' I'm sorry, Sir, I'm in such haste ;
 ' I thank you—but must bid adieu.'

XVII.

I gently press'd her hand ;—she frown'd ;
 Yet took she not her hand away :
 I *kiss'd* her hand—she turn'd around
 To hide what conscious smiles betray.

XVIII.

—At length she broke my rod and net ;
 Into the sea my capture toss'd :
 Then left me vainly to regret
 The fish I'd caught, and her I lost.

E

EPISTLE VIII.

* FROM THE GROOM OF A KNIGHT
IN LOVE.

ECHEPOLUS TO MELESIPPUS.

‘ O ! The grace, the art to rein
‘ Fiery courfers round the plain !
‘ See—yon valiant hero ride,
‘ Skill’d with either hand to guide :
‘ See how beautiful, and strong !
‘ See how swift he glides along !

NOTES.

* This is an odd subject.—While a gentleman was riding on horse back, his groom, struck with his beauty, was exclaiming that sure so glorious a form could never have been in love. This the master overhears, and informs his groom to the contrary ; who writes an account of the transaction to his friend.

' Sure fell Cupid's arrowy storm
 ' Ne'er assail'd that blooming form.—
 ' No—'tis sure Adonis fair,
 ' All the nymph's peculiar care.'
 Speaking thus, the cavalier
 Chanc'd my words to overhear.—
 ' Hush,' said he, ' thy words are vain :
 ' Love alone can guide the rein.
 ' Love impels thro' me the steed,
 ' Nerves my arm, and fires my speed :
 ' Quick as light'ning tho' we run,
 ' Still dread Cupid urges on.
 ' Mount yon car, begin thy strain :
 ' Songs best suit the lover's pain.'
 I submitted—and from him
 Took at once the sudden theme.
 ' Little reck'd I, hapless lord,
 ' Cupid's shaft thy heart had gor'd :
 ' If so fair a form as thine
 ' Can with hopeless passion pine,

' By

' By the Cyprian queen I swear,
 ' All the Loves fell tyrants are.
 ' Yet be't thine to brave the smart,
 ' Boldly bear the tingling dart :—
 ' Well might they disturb your rest,
 ' * Who could pierce their mother's breast.'

NOTES.

* *Who could pierce, &c.*] ' Et majores tuos irreverenter
 pulsasti toties, et ipsam matrem tuam, me inquam ipsam,
 parricida, denudas quotidie.'

APOL. MIL. v.



' Sure fell Cupid's arrowy storm
 ' Ne'er assail'd that blooming form.—
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 ' All the nymph's peculiar care.'
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 Chanc'd my words to overhear.—
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 ' Boldly bear the tingling dart :—
 ' Well might they disturb your rest,
 ' * Who could pierce their mother's breast.'

NOTES.

* *Who could pierce, &c.*] ' Et majores tuos irreverenter
 pulsasti toties, et ipsam matrem tuam, me inquam ipsam,
 parricida, denudas quotidie.'

APOL. MIL. V.



* EPISTLE IX.

THE SLIP.

STESICHORUS TO ERATOSTHENES.

A Lady walking in the street
Her lover lately chanc'd to meet:
But dar'd not speak when he came nigh,
Nor make a sign, nor wink her eye,
Left watchful spouse should see or hear:—
And servants too were in the rear.—
A plea she fought to stop his walk,
To touch his hand, to hear him talk:

NOTES.

* *Epistle ix.*] contains the stratagem of a lady who wanted to speak to her lover in the presence of her husband and servants.

A plea she sought, nor sought in vain :
 A lucky scheme inspir'd her brain.
 Just as they met, she feign'd to trip,
 And sprain her ancle in the slip.
 The lover ready at his cue,
 Suspected what she had in view ;
 And as he pass'd at little distance,
 Officious ran to her assistance.
 Contriv'd her slender waist to seize,
 And catch her snowy hand in his.
 With unexpected raptures fill'd,
 Thro' all their veins Love instant thrill'd :
 Their limbs were pass'd with delight,
 Which seem'd the trembling caus'd by fright,
 Feigning condolance, he drew near
 And spoke his passion in her ear :
 While she to act the real strain,
 Affects to writhe and twist with pain :
 A well-concerted plan to kiss
 The hand her lover touch'd with his :

Then,

Then, looking amorously fly,
 She put it to her jetty eye ;
 But rubb'd in vain to force a tear
 Might seem the genuine fruits of fear.



* EPISTLE X.

ACONTIUS AND CYDIPPE.

ERATOCLEA TO DIONYSIS.

LONG buffeted by adverse fate,
The victim of *Diana's* hate,
At last the blest *Acontius* led
Cydippe to the bridal bed.
Ne'er had been form'd by Nature's care
So lovely, so complete a pair.

NOTES.

* *Epistle* x.] This is an epistolary narration of the loves of *Acontius* and *Cydippe*.—*Acontius* was a youth of the isle of *Cea*, who going to *Delos* during the solemnities of *Diana*, fell in love with *Cydippe*; and being inferior to her in wealth and rank; he there practised the deceit which is the subject of this epistle. We find the story in *Ovid*.

And

* And truth to that belief gave rise,
 That similarities so nice,
 By destiny's impulsive act
 Each other mutually attract.
 On fair *Cydippe*, Beauty's queen
 Had lavish'd all her magazine :
 † From all her charms the magic cest
 Reserv'd, and freely gave the rest :
 That cest, not fit for mortal bodies,
 Her own prerogative as goddess ;
 And but for which distinction, no man
 Could know th' immortal from the woman.
 In three, like *Hesiod*, to comprise
 The graces sparkling in her eyes,

NOTES.

* *And truth, &c.*]

— ὁμοίον ἀγείν θεός ὡς τὸν ὁμοίον.

† *From all her charms, &c.*] *Homer* tells us of this magic girdle belonging to *Venus* : which made the person who wore it the object of universal love, and which *Juno* once borrowed to deceive *Jupiter*.

Were

Were idle : since to count them all,
 A thousand were a sum too small.
 Nor were his eyes devoid of light,
 Bold and yet modest, sweet tho' bright :
 Whilst health and glowing vigour spread
 His downy cheek with native red.
 Numbers from ev'ry quarter ran
 To see this master-piece of man :
 Crouds at the Forum might you meet :
 —And if he did but cross the street,
 Th' applauding train his steps pursu'd,
 And prais'd and wonder'd as they view'd.
 Such was th' accomplish'd youth, whose breast
 The fair *Cydippe* robb'd of rest.
 And 'twas but justice, that the swain
 For whom so many sigh'd in vain,
 Should feel how exquisite the smart
 That rankles in a lover's heart.—
 So Cupid, throwing to the ground
 His shafts that tickle while they wound,

Aim'd

Aim'd at the youth with all his strength
 An arrow of a wond'rous length :
 His aim, alas !j was all too true : -
 Quick to its goal the weapon flew.—
 But when *Acontius* felt the blow,
 What language can express his woe ?
 * The fair one's heart he vow'd to move,
 Or end at once his life and love.
 While he who shot so keen a dart,
 The god of stratagem and art,
 Aw'd haply by his graceful mien,
 Fraught him with wiles the fair to win.
 Thus while at *Dian*'s hallow'd fane,
Cydippe join'd the maiden train :
 Tow'rds her attendant's feet he roll'd
 (Inscrib'd with characters of gold)

NOTES.

* *The fair one's heart, &c.*]

Aut ego figæos repetam te conjuge portus,

Aut ego Tænariâ contegar exul humô.' OVID.

An

An apple of Cydonian stem :
 (Love's garden rais'd the budding gem.)
 The girl immediate seiz'd the prize,
 Admir'd its colour and its size :
 Much wond'ring from what virgin's zone
 So fair a pris'ner could have flown.
 ' 'Tis sure,' said she, ' a fruit divine ;
 ' But then, what means this mystic line ?
 ' *Cydippe*, see, just now I found
 ' This apple ; view how large, how round :
 ' See, how it shames the rose's bloom :
 ' And smell its exquisite perfume.
 ' And, dearest mistress, tell me, pray,
 ' The meaning which these words convey ?'
 The blushing fruit *Cydippe* ey'd,
 Then read th' inscription on its side.—
 ' By chaste *Diana*'s sacred head,
 ' I swear I will *Acontius* wed.'
 Thus vow'd she at the hallow'd shrine,
 Tho' rashly, tho' without design ;

And

And utter'd not for modest dread
 The last emphatic word, to wed.
 * Which but to hear, much more to speak,
 With blushes paints a virgin's cheek.
 Ah! cries the half-distracted fair,
 ' Diana sure has heard me swear :
 ' Yes, favour'd youth, without dispute
 ' She has assented to thy suit.'—

He the meanwhile from day to day
 In ceaseless anguish pin'd away.—
 His tears usurp'd the place of sleep ;
 For shame forbid all day to weep.
 Sickly and thin his body grew :
 His cheeks had lost their ruddy hue.
 Thousand pretences would he feign,
 To loiter on the lonely plain :

NOTES.

- * Which but to hear, &c.]
 Nomine conjugii dicto, confusa pudore
 Senti me totis erubuisse genis.

Striving most eagerly to fly
 The keenness of his father's eye.
 Oft with the morn's first beam he'd leave
 His tear-bath'd couch ; and to deceive
 His friend's concern, some untouch'd book,
 As studious bent, the lover took :
 Then to the grove, the peaceful grove,
 Where silence yields full scope to love.
 Thus from their hard attention freed,
 He wept unsought, yet *seem'd* to read.
 Thither if chance his father drew,
 And bared the wand'rer to his view,
 Knowledge he thought the stripling's aim,
 A laudable desire for fame ;
 And ev'ry sigh his sorrow brought,
 The old man construed into thought ;
 Or if he wept,—as tears *would* flow,—
 He only wept at others woe.

Still too, when pleasant evening came,
 And others fought the frolic game,
 Still was his wont to shun the feast,
 To feign that angling pleas'd him best ;—
 Then busy with his rod and hook,
 He sought some solitary brook.—
 But ye were safe, ye finny brood,
 And safely stemm'd your native flood ;
 Secure around his float to glide,
 And dash th' unbaited hook aside.

Yet still 'twas solitude ! and he
 Must give his solitude a plea :
 Besides, the posture pleas'd, for grief
 In humblest postures finds relief :
 True love the suppliant's bend will please,
 And sorrow unrestrain'd is ease.
 His friends, who found he fled the town,
 Concluded him a farmer grown ;

And

And call'd him, 'in derision pleasant,
Laertes, or the new made peasant.—
 But he, sad lover, little made
 The vines his care, or ply'd the spade ;
 Little he cared how sped the bower,
 And little mark'd the drooping flower,
 But wand'ring through the bushy brake,
 Thus in bewilder'd accents spake.
 ' O ! that each pine, and spreading beech
 ' Were blest with Reason and with Speech !
 ' So might they evermore declare
 ' *Cydippe* fairest of the fair.
 ' At least, ye thickets, will I mark
 ' Her lovely name upon your bark.
 ' O dear inspirer of my pain,
 ' Let not thy oath be sworn in vain :
 ' Let not the goddess find that thou
 ' Hast dar'd to falsify a vow.
 ' With vengeance ev'ry crime she threatens,
 ' But never perjury forgets.—

F 2

' Yet,

- ' Yet, not on thee the fatal meed.—
 ' 'Tis I, who caus'd thy crime, should bleed.—
 ' On me then, *Dian*, vent thine ire,
 ' And let her crime with me expire.
 ' But tell me, lofty groves, O tell
 ' Ye seats where feather'd warblers dwell,
 ' Can Love your knotty bosoms reach,
 ' And burns the cypress for the beech?
 ' Ah—no—ye never feel the smart;
 ' Ne'er Cupid pierc'd that stubborn heart.
 ' Think ye, your worthless leaves, ye trees,
 ' His mighty anger could appease?
 ' —No—filly woods! his ample fire,
 ' Above your branches could aspire;
 ' Upon the very trunk would prey,
 ' And burn your hardest root away.'

Meantime, a happier lover's arms
 Prepar'd to clasp *Cydippe's* charms.

Already had the virgin throng
 Attun'd their Hymeneal song—
 ' Strike ye now the golden lyre,
 ' Modulate the vocal choir'—
 But hark!—what horrid shrieks arise?
Cydippe faints—*Cydippe* dies.
 The bridal pomp, alas! is fled;
 Funeral sounds are heard instead.—
 Yet soft—she lives—she breathes again,
 ' Louder raise the nuptial strain.'
 A second time the fever burns:
 A second time her health returns.
 Again the marriage torches blaze—
 Again *Cydippe's* bloom decays.
 No longer will her fire await
 The fourth avenging stroke of fate;
 But of the *Pythian* shrine demands,
 What God oppos'd the nuptial bands?
 Phœbus at once reveal'd the truth,
 The vow, the apple, and the youth.—

Told him, her oath the maid must keep,
 Or ne'er would *Dian's* vengeance sleep.
 Then added thus the god, ' Whene'er
 ' *Acontius* gains the blooming fair :
 ' Not silver shall be join'd with lead—
 ' But gold the purest gold shall wed.'
 So spoke the shrine divinely skill'd—
Cydippe soon her vow fulfill'd ;
 No clouds of sickness intervene
 To darken the delightful scene.—
 While striking with directive hand,
 A virgin led the choral band ;
 Attentive to each warbling throat,
 She chided each discordant note.
 Others their hands applausive beat,
 Like cymbals sounding as they meet.

But ill *Acontius* brook'd their noise—
 He sigh'd for more substantial joys.

Ne'er

Ne'er had he seen so long a day :
 Night never pass'd so quick away.
 The sun had gain'd its summit, e'er
Acontius left the rifled fair :
 But first her cheek he kiss'd, whilst she
 Dissembled sleep thro' modesty ;—
 But well her tell-tale blushes spake
 The conscious nymph was still awake.
 Alone at length, she rais'd her head
 And blushing view'd the bridal bed ;
 Then with chaste rapture, hanging o'er
 The place *Acontius* press'd before,
 ' Protect, ye powers divine, she said,
 ' Protect the wife, who led the maid ;
 ' And O ! be doubly kind to him
 ' Who must be now *Cydippe's* theme.
 ' And thou, chaste *Hymen*, who dost guide
 ' The steps of each untainted bride,
 ' Teach me what fits I should be taught,
 ' Nor let me wander e'en in thought.

F 4

' So

' So may your altars ever burn,
 ' So may each day like this return ;
 ' And ev'ry night'—Speak, trifler, speak,—
 Whence virgin blushes on thy cheek ?
 ' And ev'ry night'—she hung her head—
 Be crown'd like this, she—*would* have said.



* EPISTLE XI.

THE ARTFUL MAID.

PHILOSTRATUS TO EUAGORAS.

I.

A Lady thus her maid address'd.—
 ' Like you the beauteous youth,
 ' On whom I doat, in whom I'm blest,
 ' I charge you, tell me truth.

II.

' Or is't my love that paints him fair,
 ' And all my fancy warms ?
 ' For lovers oft deceived are,
 ' And prize ideal charms.

NOTES.

* *Epistle xi.*] A Lady enquires whether the man she loved was really beautiful; her maid flatters, and assures her of it.

III.

III.

- ‘ But say, the swain whom I admire,
 ‘ Do other women praise?
 ‘ Do they behold him with desire,
 ‘ Or view with scornful gaze?’

IV.

- The girl replied, who saw her cue,
 Deep learn’d in flatt’ry’s lore,
 ‘ They all his beauty praise with you,
 ‘ With you they all adore.

V.

- “ Behold,” they cry, “ that form divine
 “ The sculptor’s art should trace,
 “ To bid the bust * of Hermes shine
 “ With ev’ry manly grace.”

VI.

NOTES.

* *To bid the bust, &c.*] The ancient sculptors used to copy the face of *Hermes* or *Mercury* from that of *Alcibiades*,

VI.

- ‘ I’ve heard them praise his arched nose,
 ‘ And praise his auburn hair;
 ‘ That spreading o’er his forehead grows
 ‘ To make his face more fair.

VII.

- ‘ I’ve heard them praise his stature high,
 ‘ And praise his manly sense;
 ‘ I’ve heard them praise!—and sure, thought I,
 ‘ ’Tis Love gives eloquence.

VIII.

- ‘ His very dress has merit too,
 ‘ Where taste with art agrees:
 ‘ For tho’ it is not always new,
 ‘ It never fails to please.—

NOTES.

who was reckoned the most beautiful model: ‘ but
 ‘ now,’ says the maid, ‘ women think your lover supe-
 ‘ rior to him.’

IX.

IX.

" * Blest," will they say, " thrice blest the fair
 " For whom his heart shall burn :
 " Who shall a mutual ardour share,
 " And all his love return.

X.

" On her the Graces sure have smil'd
 " With most propitious eye."
 " Thus the whole sex with passion wild
 " For the same object figh.'

XI.

But while the crafty maid arrang'd
 His charms in fairest light :
 Full oft the lady's colour chang'd
 With raptures exquisite.

NOTES.

* *Blest will, &c.*]

Ergo mecastor, pulcher est, inquit mihi,
 Et liberalis. Vide cæsaries quam decet :
 Næ illæ sunt fortunatæ quæ cum illo, &c.

PLAUTUS MILITE.

XII.

XII.

Convinc'd his grace was not ideal
 Which all her sex could fire,
 For women know that beauty real,
 When all who see, admire.



*EPISTLE XII.

THE ENRAPTURED LOVER.

EUHEMERUS TO LEUCIPPUS.

I.

HITHER, ye travellers who've known
 The beauties of the eastern zone,
 Or those who sparkle in the west:
 Hither—O tell, and truly tell,
 That few can equal, none excel
 The fair who captivates my breast.

II.

NOTES.

* *Epistle* xii.] A lover here summons all the judges of beauty to decide in favour of his mistress. The libertine digression with which it concludes must be morally interpreted,

II.

Survey her in whatever light—
 New beauties still engage your sight:
 Nor does a single fault appear.
 Momus might search, and search again,
 But all his searches would be vain,
 To find occasion for a sneer.

III.

Her height, her shape—'tis all complete;
 And e'en remarkable her feet
 For taper size, genteelly slim.—
 And little feet each lover knows
 Impart a striking charm to those
 Who boast no other graceful limb.

NOTES.

puted, as meant to show into what extravagance a man
 may be led by an attachment, whose foundation is in
 vice.

IV.

IV.

But not her beauties only strike—
 Her pleasing manners too I like:
 From these new strength my passion gains,
 For tho' her chastity be gone,
 She deals deceitfully by none;
 And still some modesty remains.

V.

And still may *Pythias* make pretence
 To something much like innocence,
 Which forges all my chains to last:
 Whate'er you give, she turns to praise:
 Unlike the harlot's odious ways,
 Who sneers at presents e'er so vast.

VI.

We like two thrushes on a spray,
 Together sit, together play;—

G

But

But telling would our pleasures wrong.

* —Suffice it, *Pythias* will oppose

My wanton passion, till it grows

By opposition doubly strong.

VII.

Her neck ambrosial sweets exhales;

Her kisses like Arabian gales

The scent of musky flowers impart:

And I reclining on her breast,

In slumbers, happy slumbers rest,

Rock'd by the beating of her heart!

VIII.

Oft have I heard the vulgar say,

That absence makes our love decay,

NOTES.

* *Suffice it, &c.*]

Quæ cum ita pugnaret tanquam quæ vincere nollet,

Victa est non ægre prodicione suâ. OVID.

And friends are friends but while in view:

But absence kindles my desire;

It adds fresh fuel to the fire

Which keeps my heart for ever true.

IX.

And O! may Fate my thanks receive,

In that it forc'd me not to leave

The fair in whom my soul is plac'd.

* With truth my case did *Homer* write;

For ev'ry time with new delight

My oft repeated joys I taste.

X.

Sure this *is* joy—true native joy!

Which malice never can destroy,

NOTES.

* *With truth, &c.*]

‘ Ἀσπασίην λίκτερος παλαιὸς Δαρμὸν ἔκοντο.’ HOM. IL. Ψ.

Nor holy shackled fools receive.
Free joys! which from ourselves must flow;
 Such as *free* souls alone can know
 And *unchain'd* Love alone can give.

XI.

But say, ye prudes! ye worthless tribe!
 Who swear no gifts could ever bribe
Your hearts sweet virtue to forsake—
 What *is* this treasure which ye boast?
 Ye vaunt because you have not lost
 —What none had charity to take.

XII.

Myrina carries on her back
 An antidote to Love's attack;
 Yet still at *Pythias* will she sneer.
 And as my love is passing by,
Chrysis distorts her single eye
 With looks of scorn, and virtuous fear.

XIII.

XIII.

Philinna scoffs at *Pythias* too,
 —Yet she is handsome it is true:—
 But then her heart's a heart of steel:
 Incapable of all desire,
 She ridicules Love's sacred fire,
 And mocks the joys she cannot feel.

XIV.

Yet this is *Virtue*! woman's pride!
 From which if once she step aside,
 Her peace, her fame's for ever gone!
 —Away! 'tis impious satyr says
 That woman's good, and woman's praise
 Consist in *chastity* alone.

XV.

Can one short hour of *native* joy
Nature's inherent good destroy?

And pluck all feeling from within ?
 Since man seems formed to deceive,
 Is to have passions,—and believe,
 So very, very great a sin ?

XVI.

Did gentle Pity never move
 The heart once led astray by Love ?
 Was Poverty ne'er made its care ?
 Did Gratitude ne'er warm the breast
 Where guilty joy was held a guest ?
 Was Charity ne'er harbour'd there ?

XVII.

Does coy Sincerity disclaim
 The neighb'rhood of a lawless flame ?
 Does Truth with fame and fortune fall ?
 Does ev'ry tim'rous virtue fly
 With that cold thing—call'd Chastity ?
 —And has my *Pythias* lost them all ?

XVIII.

XVIII.

No ! No !—In thee my life, my soul,
 I swear I can comprize the whole
 Of all that's good as well as fair ;
 And tho' thou'lt lost what fools call Fame,
 Tho' branded with a harlot's name,
 To *me* thou shalt be doubly dear.

XIX.

Then whence these fetters for desire ?
 Who made these laws for Cupid's fire ?
 Why is their rigour so uncommon ?
 Why is this honour-giving plan
 So much extoll'd by tyrant man,
 Yet binding only to poor woman ?

XX.

Search not in Nature for the cause :—
 Nature disclaims such *partial* laws.

'Tis all a creature of th' imagination;
 By frozen prudes invented first,
 Or hags with ugliness accurst—
 A phantom of our own creation!

XXI.

Two classes thus my *Pythias*, shew
 Their insolence to scoff at you:
 First—they who've passions giv'n by Nature;
 But as the task of same is hard,
 They've blest Deformity to guard
 Grim Virtue in each rugged feature.

XXII.

And second they, who neither know
 What Passion means, nor Love can do;
 Yet still for abstinence they preach;
 Whilst Envy, rankling in the breast,
 Inflames them, seeing others blest,
 To curse the joys they cannot reach.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Not but there are—tho' but a few!
 With charms, with love—and virtue too:—
 But Malice never comes from them!
 With charity they judge of all,
 They weep to see a woman fall,
 And pity where they most condemn.

XXIV.

If, *Pythias*, then thou'st done amiss,
 This is thy crime, and only this:—
 That Nature gave thee charms to move,
 Gave thee a heart to joy inclin'd,
 Gave thee a sympathetic mind,
 And gave a soul attun'd to love.

XXV.

When Malice scoffs, then, *Pythias*, why
 Glistens abash'd thy tearful eye?

Why

Why glows thy cheek that should be gay?
 For tho' from shame thy sorrows gush,
 Tho' conscious guilt imprints the blush,
 By heav'ns, thou'rt modefter than they:

XXVI.

But let them scoff, and let them sneer—
 I heed them not, my love, I swear:
 Nor shall they triumph in thy fall:—
 I'll kiss away each tear of woe,
 Hid by my breast thy cheek shall glow,
 And Love shall make amends for all.



* EPISTLE XIII.

THE SAGACIOUS DOCTOR.

EUTYCHOBULUS TO ACESTODORUS.

FORTUNE, my friend, I've often thought
 Is weak, if Art assist her not:
 So equally all Arts are vain,
 If Fortune help them not again:
 They've little lustre of their own
 If separate, and view'd alone—

But

NOTES.

* *Epistle xiii.*] This is the story of *Antiochus* and *Seleucus*; but related in *Aristanetus* under different names. *Seleucus* was one of *Alexander's* successors in *Asia*, having *Syria* for his kingdom: he married *Stratonice*, daughter to *Demetrius*, having had, by a former marriage, a son named *Antiochus*. *Stratonice* was the most beautiful and accomplished

But when together they unite,
 They lend each other mutual light.—
 —But since all symphony seems long
 To those impatient for the song,
 And lest my apothegms should fail
 I'll haste to enter on my tale.

Once on a time, (for time has been
 When men thought neither shame nor sin,
 To keep, besides their lawful spouses,
 A buxom filly in their houses)

NOTES.

accomplished princess of her time ; and unhappily inspired her son-in-law with the most ardent passion :—he fell sick ; and *Seleucus* was in the greatest despair, when *Erasistratus*, one of his physicians, discovered the cause of the prince's malady, and, by his address, prevailed on the king to save his son's life, by resigning to him his wife, though he passionately loved her.

Once

Once on a time then, as I said,
 A hopeful youth, well-born, well-bred,
 Seiz'd by a flame he could not hinder,
 Was scorch'd and roasted to a cinder.
 For why, the cause of all his pain
 Was, that he fear'd all hope was vain :
 —In short, the youth must needs adore
 The nymph his father lov'd before.
 ' His father's mistress ?'—even so,
 And sure 'twas cause enough for woe.
 In mere despair he kept his bed,
 But feign'd some illness in its stead.
 His father griev'd at his condition,
 Sends post for an expert physician.
 The doctor comes—consults his pulse—
 No feverish quickness—no convulse ;
 Observes his looks, his skin, his eye—
 No symptoms there of malady ;
 —At least of none within the knowledge
 Of all the Pharmaceutic college.

Long

Long did our *Galen* wond'ring stand,
 Reflecting on the case in hand.—
 Thus as he paus'd; came by the fair,
 The cause of all his patient's care.—
 Then his pulse beat quick and high:
 Glow'd his cheek, and roll'd his eye.
 Alike his face and arm confess
 The conflict lab'ring in his breast.
 Thus chance reveal'd the hidden smart,
 That baffled all the search of art.
 Still paus'd the doctor to proclaim
 The luckily-discover'd flame:
 But made a second inquisition
 To satisfy his new suspicion.
 From all the chambers, ev'ry woman,
 Wives, maids, and widows did he summon;
 And one by one he had them led
 In order by the patient's bed.
 He the meanwhile stood watchful nigh,
 And felt his pulse, and mark'd his eye;

(For

(For by the pulse physicians find
 The hidden motions of the mind;) While other girls walk'd by attractive,
 The lover's art'ry lay inactive:
 But when his charmer pass'd along,
 His pulse beat doubly quick and strong.
 Now all the malady appear'd:
 Now all the doctor's doubts were clear'd;
 Who feign'd occasion to depart
 To mix his drugs, consult his art:
 He bid the father hope the best,
 The lover set his heart at rest,
 Then took his fee, and went away,
 But promis'd to return next day.
 Day came—the family environ
 With anxious eagerness our *Chiron*.
 But he repuls'd them rough, and cried,
 'Ne'er can my remedy be tried.'
 The father humbly question'd, why
 They might not use the remedy?

Th'

Th' enrag'd physician nought would say,
 But earnest seem'd to haste away—
 Th' afflicted fire more humble yet is,
 Doubles his offers, pray'rs, intreaties—
 While he, as if at last compell'd
 To speak what better were with-held,
 In anger cried—' Your son must perish—
 ' My wife alone his life can cherish—
 ' On her th' adult'rer doats—and I
 ' My rival's hated sight would fly.'
 The fire was now alike distress'd,
 To save his boy, or hurt his guest :
 Long struggled he 'twixt love and shame ;
 At last parental love o'ercame.
 And now he begs without remorse
 His friend to grant this last resource ;
 Intreats him o'er and o'er t' apply
 This hard, but only remedy.
 ' What, prostitute my wife !' exclaims
 The doctor, ' pimp for lawless flames ?'—

Yet

Yet still the father teaz'd and prest ;—
 ' O grant a doating fire's request !
 ' The *necessary* cure permit,
 ' And make my happiness complete.'
 Thus did the doctor's art and care
 The anxious parent's heart prepare :
 And found him trying long and often
 The term *adultery* to soften.
 —He own'd, ' that custom sure enough,
 ' Had made it sound a little rough :
 ' But then, said he, we ought to trace
 ' The source and causes of the case.
 ' All prejudice let's lay aside,
 ' And taking Nature for our guide,
 ' We'll try with candour to examine
 ' On what pretence this fashion came in.'
 Then much he talk'd of man's first state,
 (A copious subject for debate !)
 Of choice and instinct then disputes,
 With many parallels to brutes ;

H

All

All tending notably to prove,
That instinct was the law of Love:—
In short, that Nature gave us woman,
Like earth and air, to hold in common.
Then learned authors would he quote,
Philosophers of special note,
Who only thought their dames worth feeding,
As long as they held out for breeding;
And when employ'd in studious courses,
Would let them out, as we do horses.
Last follow'd a facetious query,
To rank the *sex naturæ feræ*.

The doctor, when the speech was clos'd,
Confess'd he was a little pos'd.
Then looking impudently grave,
'And how would you,' said he, 'behave?
'Would you part freely with your wife,
'To save a friend's expiring life?'

'By

'By Jove, I'd act as I advise,'
The father eagerly replies.—
'Then,' cries the doctor, 'I have done—
'Intreat yourself to save your son.
'He loves your girl—can you endure
'To work the *necessary cure*?
'If it were just that I should give
'My wife to cause a friend to live;
'You surely may bestow with joy
'Your mistress, to preserve your boy.'



H 2

* EPISTLE XIV.

THE PROVIDENT SHEPHERDESS.

PHILEMATIUM TO EUMUSUS.

I.

HENCE! hence! ye songsters, hence! ye idle
train!

Vain is the song, the pipe's soft warbling vain:

In me nor joy thy strains inspire,

Nor passion can thy numbers move;

The thrills of the resounding lyre

To *me* are not the thrills of Love.—

For I know well to value gold aright;

I scorn a passion—while its gifts are light.

NOTES.

* *Epistle xiv.*] This letter is from a girl to her lovers,
who courted her with music instead of money.

II.

Puff not your cheeks, fond youths! dismiss the flute;
 Hush't be the harp, the soft guittar be mute:
 Or hie, where pensive Echo sits
 Moping the lonely rocks among;
 She'll listen to your chanting fits,
 Applaud, and pay you song for song.
 But I know well to value gold aright,
 And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

III.

Do, good *Charmides*, stop thy tuneful tongue;
 And friendly *Lycias* trust not to thy song.
 There is a sound—and well you know
 That sound I never heard from thee—
 The smallest clink of which, I vow,
 Is sweetest harmony to me.
 For I've been taught to value gold aright,
 And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

IV.

IV.

Why do your vows in tuneful numbers flow?
 Why urge the joys I do not wish to know?
 Say, youth, can thy poetic fire
 Make folly pleasant to the ear?
 Can thy soft notes, and soothing lyre,
 Make oaths, and *lover's* oaths sincere?
 Go! go! I know to value gold aright,
 And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

V.

Soft is thy note—I grant 'tis soft;
 Sweet is thy lay—but I have heard it oft:
 And will thy piping ne'er disgust,
 When all the novelty is past?
 Your stock will fail—you know it must:
 And sweetest sounds will tire at last.
 Then now's the time to value gold aright,
 To scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

H 4

VI.

VI.

When the cold hand of age has damp'd thy fire,
Unstrung thy harp, and hush'd th' unheeded lyre ;—

Say, will thy tuneless crazy voice

Keep chilling penury away ?

Will mem'ry lead us to rejoice

Because, poor bard, thou *once* could'st play ?

No ! No ! Then still I'll value gold aright,

And still the lover scorn whose gifts are light.

Then hence ! ye songsters, hence ! ye idle train !

Vain is the song, the pipe's soft warbling vain :

No idle triflings captivate this breast ;—

—Produce your money—I'll excuse the rest.

Puff not your cheeks, fond youths ! dismiss the flute,

Hush'd be the harp, the soft guittar be mute :

Such signs of passion in contempt I hold :—

But there's substantial proof of love—in gold.

I know

I know you fancy me an easy fool,

Raw, and undisciplin'd in Venus' school ;

A thoughtless victim, whom a song could move,

And each fond lay inspire with throbs of love :

Deluded swains ! but vain do ye opine—

Know, the whole science of Intrigue is mine.

A dame, experienc'd in the mystic art,

Taught me to play with ablest skill my part :

Taught me to laugh at songs, and empty strains ;

And taught how Cupid shone—in *golden* chains.

My sister too, and all her am'rous train

Tutor'd my youth,—nor were their lessons vain.

Full oft her suitors hath she frankly told,

'Your aim is beauty, mine is—gold :

'Each other's wants let's mutually supply.'—

'Twas thus my sister spoke,—and thus speak I.

With her, I laugh at Cupid's batter'd name,

With her, I mock what fools call *gen'rous flame* ;

With her, my theme's to value gold aright,

And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

*EPISTLE XV.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

APHRODISIUS TO LYSIMACHUS.

LOVE, or of force, or of persuasion,
 Avails him as best suits th' occasion :
 And all, who've felt his tingling dart,
 Will own its conquest o'er the heart.
 Love can the thirst of blood assuage,
 And bid the battle cease to rage :
 Quell the rude discord, and compose
 To peace the most determin'd foes.
 Vain is the lance, and vain the shield,
 And vain the wide embattled field ;

NOTES.

* *Epistle xv.* A narrative.

Vain

Vain the long military train,
 And Mars with all his terrors vain.
 Cupid his stubborn angry soul
 Can with a little shaft controul.—
 Each champion, who with fury brave
 Would stem war's most destructive wave,
 Without a stroke, to Love will yield,
 And quit at once his useless shield.—
 'T' ensure your credit to my text,
 A case in point is here annex.

Two cities of no mean estate,
Miletus this, and *Myus* that,
 Had long in mutual conflicts bled,
 While Commerce droop'd with languid head.
 And only while *Miletus* kept
Diana's feast, the contest slept :
 A solemn truce was then allow'd :—
 At *Dian's* shrine each city bow'd.—
 And, 'till the festive revels cease,
 'Twas nought but harmony and peace.

Then

Then gleams the hostile blade again,
 And reeking gore manures the plain.
 But Venus little could sustain
 That Discord should eternal reign ;
 So clos'd for ever their dispute :
 And thus she found the means to do't.

From *Myus* to *Miletus* came
 A girl (*Piëria* was her name,)
 Bright as the morn she was by nature,
 And Venus now retouch'd each feature.

Then, at what time the sacred train
 Attended at *Diana's* fane ;
 The prince of the *Miletians* came
 And saw the maid, and felt the flame.
 And soon the prince his love address'd,
 ' Speak, charmer, speak thy first request ?
 ' Whate'er thy wish, whate'er thy want,
 ' Be't mine to make a double grant.'

But

But thee, fair maid, supreme in mind
 As well as charms o'er womankind,
 No idle choice seduc'd aside,
 No giddy wish, no hurtful pride:
 Thee could no costly gem ensnare,
 No trinket to adorn thy hair:
 No Carian slave didst thou request,
 No precious chain, no *Tyrian* vest.—
 But long didst stand with downcast eye,
 As hesitating to reply;
 Effaying, but in vain, to speak,
 —While blushes dy'd thy modest cheek,
 At last thy fault'ring tongue with fear
 Thus utter'd faintly in his ear,
 ' Prince, to these walls give access free
 ' At all times for my friends and me.'
 Phrygius full well perceiv'd her drift,
 Yet nobly ratified his gift.
 A peace was soon proclaim'd around,
 And mighty Love the treaty bound:

A more

A more sufficient guarantee,
 Than any bonds or oaths could be.
 And this example well may prove
 That nought's so eloquent as Love:
 For oft had orators, whose style was
 Mellifluent as the seer's of *Pylos* *,
 Conven'd, debated, and return'd—
 While still the rage of battle burn'd.
 But Cupid's sweeter elocution
 Brought matters quick to a conclusion,
 And hence the Ionian maids deduce
 Th' expression now so much in use,
 ' May we such noble presents have,
 ' As erst the princely *Phrygius* gave!
 ' And may our Lords as faithful be,
 ' As thine, *Piëria*, was to thee.'

NOTES.

* *Seer of Pylos.*] *Nestor*, famous in *Homer* for his eloquence.

* EPISTLE XVI.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

LAMPRIAS TO PHILIPPIDES.

I N secret pining thus I sigh'd,
‘ *Love*, thou alone my flame dost know,
‘ Who didst the fatal arrow guide,
‘ And Venus, who prepar’d thy bow.

‘ Not to my friend, to her much less
‘ Dare I my hopeless flame disclose;
‘ And love conceal’d, burns to excess,
‘ And with redoubled ardour glows.

NOTES.

* *Epistle xvi.*] A lover, who long had feared to disclose his passion, at length describes to his friend the circumstances of success.

I

‘ Me,

‘ Me, Cupid, hast thou robb’d of rest ;
 ‘ Wound too the maid whose love I seek ;
 ‘ But pierce with lighter shaft her breast,
 ‘ Lest grief make wan that blooming cheek.’

Sweet did she speak, and sweetly smile,
 When lately I admittance had,
 Yet seem’d she so reserv’d the while,
 The inconsistency made me mad.

Her snowy hands, her lovely face
 I view’d, with admiration fill’d :
 Her easy negligence of dress,
 Her bosom, seat of bliss, reveal’d !

Still dar’d I not my love make known,
 But silently to Cupid pray’d,
 ‘ Grant that she first her passion own !’—
 The pow’rful archer lent his aid.

Sudden

Sudden she seiz’d my hand—her eyes
 With am’rous elocution speak—
 Instant her wonted rigour flies,
 And Love sits dimpling on her cheek.

Intoxicated with desire,
 Her panting neck she did incline :
 And kiss’d me with such life and fire
 I thought her soul would blend with mine.

—Description can no farther go,
 T’ express our happiness too weak—
 But well did half-form’d accents show,
 Our joys were more than we could speak.



* EPISTLE XVII.

THE HAUGHTY BEAUTY.

XENOPEITHES TO DEMARETUS.

YES, she is cold—Oh! how severely cold!—
That breast Love's gentle taper ne'er could
warm.—

Who could believe a heart of savage mould
Was e'er enshrin'd within so bright a form?

Yet not unnotic'd in the fields of Love
Have I sustain'd full many a brisk campaign:
For many a trophy strove,—nor vainly strove,—
While maids, and wives, and widows own'd my
reign.

NOTES.

* *Epistle xvii.*] From a lover complaining of the pride
and insensibility of his mistress.

But now, alas ! that idle boast expires ;

And *Daphnis* wears the laurels I had won.

Now *Xenopeithes* pines with new desires,

And all his fame in one defeat is flown.

Yes—she is ev'ry way replete with wiles——

Love's she?—'tis silence.--Is she lov'd?--'tis scorn,

Flatt'ry she hates ;—at proffer'd gifts she smiles.—

As law, must her imperious will be born.

Laughs she?—her lips alone that laughter own—

No smiling dimples on her cheeks are spread—

And once I ventur'd to reprove her frown,

And told her, ' Charms should love inspire, not
dread.'—

As well might I have spoken to the air,

Or to an ass have touch'd the melting lute.—

But still—* The falling drop the stone will wear,—

And still I'll ply my disappointed suit.

With

With more delusive baits my hook I'll gild—

Still on my line the slipp'ry prize shall play.

—And 'tis Love's grand distinction not to yield,

But toil and toil, altho' he lose the day.

Ten years could vanquish heav'n-defended Troy.—

And O ! do thou, my friend, assist my aim—

(For thou hast felt the all-destructive boy)

† The same our labours, as our skiff the same:

NOTES.

* *The falling drop, &c.* An ancient proverb.

“ Nonne vides etiam guttas in faxa cadentes,

“ Humoris longo spatio pertundere faxa.”

LUCRET. lib. iii.

‘ Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,

‘ In length of time will moulder and decay ;

‘ And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.’

† *The same our labours, &c.* Another Greek proverb.

“ In eadem es navi.—

CIC. Epist. ii.

* EPISTLE XVIII.

EXCUSES.

CALLICÆTA TO MEIRACIOPHILA.

UNNUMBER'D pleasures are your own,
 Who youth and beauty prize alone—
 Who seek not riches to excess,
 But place them after happiness:
 Who from the fighting am'rous crew
 Select alone the lovely few:
 And when a beauteous swain you meet,
 His flame with mutual ardour greet:
 But scorn the mean, the fottish hind,
 Whose wealth would bribe you to be kind.
 You can, like Spartan hounds, discover,
 With quickest scent, a worthy lover,

NOTES.

* *Epistle xviii.*] A panegyrick on a dainty courtesan.

Skilful

Skilful to beat, to wind, to double,
 For game that may reward your trouble,
 Then hoary dotards you despise—
 'Tis that which proves you truly wise.
 Were any wretch, deform'd, and old,
 To bring inestimable gold,
 His treasures vainly were employ'd,
 Tho' great as Tantalus enjoy'd:
 Not all his presents could atone
 For youth, and health, and vigour flown:
 Haggard with age, and with disease,
 You'd loath his person—scorn his fees.
 The mere description shocks one much—
 How then th' original to touch?—
 Hence many a cogent cause appears
 T' advise equality of years:
 For simularity of ages
 To similar pursuits engages.
 And you draw arguments from truth
 In praise of ev'ry diff'rent youth.

Say

Say—has your love a little nose?
 How neat, how delicate it shows!—
 If aquiline, it arches high—
 Oh—the grand type of majesty!—
 If neither large it be, nor small—
 'Tis due proportion—best of all!—
 A swarthy skin—is manly grace—
 The fairer youths—a heav'nly race—
 In short, you catch at each pretence,
 And torture words to ev'ry sense,
 For ev'ry *youthful* swain to find
 Excuses, why you should be kind:
 As drunkards ev'ry reason think
 May sanction a demand for drink.—

' Come—we are *young*—let's t'other pot'—

“ The tankard here, to cheer the *old*”—

Some drink because—'tis *parching hot*,

And some, because—'tis *bitter cold*.

5

T' ex-

T' exemplify the love of wine,
I cease to write—the case is mine.



* EPISTLE XIX.

MERIT RESCUED FROM SHAME.

EUPHRONIUM TO THELXINOË.

SURE Fortune has smil'd on *Melissa* benign,
From the theatre freed, in abundance to
shine :

While I, less in favour, am still doom'd to linger
My life on the stage, an unfortunate singer.

Melissa's beginning was poor past expression——

For when she first studied her scenic profession,

Her mother and she in a pitiful cot

Were starving together, and scarce worth a groat;

NOTES.

* *Epistle* xix.] From a girl on the stage to her friend, describing the good fortune of a young actress of their acquaintance.

But

But soon she eclips'd all the girls of her age,
 And her musical talents engag'd the whole stage.
 At first people sneer'd—to distinguish their taste;
 But they soon turn'd to praise—and they envy'd at
 last.

Her charms, and her dress, and her musical skill
 Soon gain'd her rich generous lovers at will.
 She was splendidly kept—but was highly afraid
 Lest breeding should spoil so important a trade.
 (And frequently breeding, to tell you the truth
 Is the worst of destroyers to beauty and youth.)
 Among the old gossips, she learn'd to divine
 Whene'er she conceiv'd, by infallible sign:
 So when the case happen'd, she told her old
 dame:
 And to me for advice, as more knowing, they
 came.
 I gave my opinion, and added a drug,
 Which demolish'd her fears, expeditious and
 snug.

But

But with *Charicles* when she commenc'd an affair,
 Whose wealth was immense, as his beauty was
 rare,

She chang'd her request to the rulers above,
 And with fervency pray'd for a pledge of their
 love.

The gods of Olympus consentingly smil'd:
 * And *Lucina*'s assistance deliver'd the child—
 A child with all kinds of perfection endu'd,
 And the father himself in a miniature view'd.
 The mother with rapture beheld the young boy,
 The little *Eutychides*, offspring of joy.
 For children the more they are beautiful, move
 With greater incitement their parents to love.
 While *Charicles*, blest in an infant so dear,
 Determin'd the fame of its mother to clear:

NOTES.

* And *Lucina*'s assistance, &c.] Both *Juno* and *Diana* were worshipped under this name, as goddesses presiding over child-birth.

From

From her scenic employment he rescu'd the fair,
 His hand, and his heart, and his riches to share :
 And the lady forgot, while she gaz'd on her son,
 Both the life she had led, and the risk she had run.
 A visit I lately to *Pythias* paid,
 (For she took a new name, when she left her old
 trade.)

She shew'd me her jewels, each ring, and each toy ;
 —And be sure I'd a sight of her *sweet little boy* :
 His cheek I kiss'd sweetly—but tenderly too ;
 For 'twas soft as the rose, it resembled in hue.—
 The lady's so chang'd,—'tis amazing to see't ;
 So modest her air, and her look so discreet :
 Her hair braided neat, without art or design :
 Her ornaments grave ; neither flaunty nor fine.
 When she walks, 'tis with caution and prudence
 they say,
 And you'd think by her steps, she had ne'er gone
 astray.

So one of these days, when the time you can spare,
 I advise you, *The'xinoë*, visit the fair :
 But be very exact not *Melissa* to name her,
 'Twould look like an insult intended to shame her :
 The word, when I saw her, was at my tongue's
 end,
 But they gave me a jog, and the hint sav'd *your*
 friend.



* EPISTLE XX.

THE JAILOR TRICKED.

PHYLACIDES TO PHRURION.

LATE an adult'rous youth I seiz'd;
And 'guard him closely,' was the charge.
But with his age and figure pleas'd,
I kept him prisoner at large.

Unfetter'd thro' my house he stray'd:
Thought I, he may reform his life.—
He my compassion well repaid,
And—gratefully seduc'd my wife.

NOTES.

• *Epistle xx.*] From a jailor, whose wife was seduced by a young man confined in his house for adultery.

* The thief, *Eurybates*, ne'er strain'd
 His wit to so complete a job :
 Who first his jailor's pity gain'd,
 Then shew'd him how he us'd to rob.

The brazen pens they wrote withal
 Sharper than needles did he grind :
 Then stuck them in the prison wall,
 And fled—but left their wives behind.

Soon as this villany was heard,
 Which robb'd my bosom of its rest ;
 It first incredible appear'd,
 And then became the public jest.

NOTES.

* *Eurybates*.] A famous robber of *Attica*, who escaped
 once from prison by means of some brazen pens, by which
 he descended the walls.

The

—The *public jest*— ah ! that wounds deep—
 That I—who live by bolts and chains,
 In my own prison could not keep
 The honour of my wife from stains.



K 3

* EPISTLE XXI.

CRUEL COMPASSION.

ARISTOMENES TO MYRONIDES.

THE god of the love-darting bow,
 Whose blifs is man's heart to destroy;
 Oft contrives to embitter our woe
 By a specious refemblance of joy.—

Long—long had *Architeles* sigh'd

The fair *Telefippe* to gain:

She coolly his paffion denied,

Yet feem'd fomewhat mov'd at his pain.

NOTES.

• *Epistle xxi.*] A whimsical account of a lover and his miftrefs, who admitted him to every favour but the laft.

At length she consented to hear ;
 But 'twas done with a view to beguile :
 For her terms were most harsh and severe,
 And a frown was as good as her smile.

' You may freely,' says she, ' touch my breast,
 ' And kiss, while a kiss has its charms ;
 ' And (provided I am not undrest)
 ' Encircle me round in your arms.

' In short, any favour you please,
 ' But expect not, nor think of the last :
 ' Left enrag'd I revoke my decrees,
 ' And your sentence of exile be cast.'—

' Be it so,' cried the youth with delight,
 ' Thy pleasure, my fair one, is mine :
 ' Since I'm blest as a prince at your sight,
 ' Sure to touch thee, will make me divine.

' But

' But why keep one favour alone,
 ' And grant such a number beside ?'—
 " Because the men value the boon
 " But only so long as denied.
 " They seek it with labour and pain :
 " When gain'd, throw it quickly away ;
 " For youth is unsettled and vain,
 " And its choice scarce persists for a day.

—Thus pines the poor victim away,
 Forc'd to nibble and starve on a kiss.—
 Serv'd worse than e'en eunuchs—for they
 Can never feel torture like this.



* EPISTLE XXII.

PRIDE DEJECTED.

LUCIAN TO ALCIPHRON.

LONG *Glycera* had lov'd, and still
 Charisus loves; but brooking ill
Those supercilious airs of his,
(For Pride, you know, his foible is)
Determin'd, if she could, at once
Her hopeless passion to renounce.
A wish to love him, caus'd her hate:
Hatred too strong did love create.

NOTES.

• *Epistle xxii.*] The address of a cunning maid-servant.

How'er

Howe'er to *Doris* she applied,
 Her maid, her oracle, her guide :
 To her all circumstances stated ;
 And long together they debated :
 At length their consultation done,
 The confident went out alone.
 She'd walk'd thro' half a street and better,
 When at a turn *Charisius* met her :
 Ask'd how she far'd, and how she sped.—
 ' So, so,' she cried, and shook her head.
 ' Is ought the matter ?' said the youth ;
 ' For God's sake, *Doris*, tell me truth.'
 Forcing a tear from either eye,
 The crafty jade thus answer'd fly :
 ' My mistress madly doats upon
 ' That dolt, that idiot, *Polemon*.
 ' What's worse, and you'll esteem it such,
 ' She hates your company as much.'—
 ' Is't true ?' th' astonish'd lover cries.
 ' Alas! too true,' the maid replies :

' I'm

' I'm sure she beats me black and blue,
 ' If once I dare but mention you.'—
 'Twas now *Charisius* plainly prov'd
 He lov'd her more than he was lov'd.—
 (For oft when men neglect the fair,
 Whose favours they might freely share,
 A rival cleverly thrown in,
 Their assiduities may win)
 His haughtiness was now no more.—
 He begg'd, protested, wept, and swore.—
 (For beyond bounds is Pride dejected,
 If once it find itself neglected)
 ' Wherein,' he cried, ' wherein have I
 ' Affronted her unknowingly ?
 ' For never purposely, I swear,
 ' Offended I in ought the fair.—
 ' But I'll go deprecate her ire,
 ' In person my offence enquire.—
 ' Then let my charmer bring her action ;
 ' I'll make her any satisfaction.

' Tho'

' Tho' I have err'd, will no repentance
 ' Induce her to revoke my sentence ?'
 But *Doris* hesitated yet,
 To make the triumph more complete.
 ' If on my knees I try to move her,'
 Exclaim'd the miserable lover,
 ' Still must I meet a harsh denial ?'—
 ' Far be't from me t' oppose the trial,'
 Said *Doris*—' go—intreat her pity ;
 ' And still, perhaps, she may admit ye.'—
Charisus now with hope inspir'd,
 (That beauteous youth, so long admir'd !)
 A kind reception flew to meet,
 And fell at his beloved's feet.
 But *Glycera* in raptures gaz'd,
 And from his knees the suppliant rais'd :
 Then sily turn'd about to kiss
 The hand which had been touch'd by his.
 And soon was his forgiveness past,
 For Love forbid her rage to last.

The

The crafty maid stood smiling by
 The while, and archly wink'd her eye,
 To shew, that she alone had wit
 To make the haughty swain submit.



* EPISTLE XXIII.

THE DOUBLE MISFORTUNE.

MONOCHORUS TO PHILOCUBUS.

HOW hard is my lot, and my fate how perverse!
Whom two dread misfortunes join forces to
curse:

When one is sufficient to plague one's life through,—
'Tis the devil indeed to be saddled with two:
And that each is an evil, will scarce be denied,
Tho' which the severest, is hard to decide.
First, a profligate jilt throws my money away—
Then my happier rivals all beat me at play:
For as soon as the dice and the tables are set;
Love pops in my head—spoils each cast and each bett.

NOTES.

* *Epistle* xxiii.] From a man unfortunate both in play
and love.

L

Thus

Thus all my antagonists win what they will,
 —Tho' much my inferiors in practice and skill :
 For disturb'd I forget how the chances have gone,
 And place to their side what I've gain'd on my own.
 Then leaving my play for my mistress, I meet
 A rebuff more severe than my former defeat :
 For my rivals outbid me, enrich'd at my cost,
 And give, what the moment before I have lost.
 Scorn'd and slighted am I, the while they are carest :
 And I lend them the weapon to stab my own breast.—
 Thus misfortunes, together when join'd, become
 worse,
 And gain from each other additional force.



* EPISTLE XXIV.

CONSTANCY.

MUSARIUM TO HER DEAREST LYSIAS.

MY lovers, a detested set,
 Last night at my apartments met.—
 Long did they sit, and stare, while each
 Seem'd to have lost the pow'rs of speech ;
 Expecting when his neighbour's jaws
 Should open in the common cause.
 At length the boldest of the gang
 Arose, and made a fine harangue.
 In which the wordy youth profess'd
 Only t' advise me for the best :

NOTES.

* *Epistle xxiv.*] From a girl to her favoured lover, for whose sake she had dismissed her other admirers.

But really meant (I guess'd his theme)
 To rival you in my esteem.
 ' No girl,' said he, ' who treads the stage,
 ' Like you can all our hearts engage :
 ' And since your charms surpass them all,
 ' Why should your profits be so small ?
 ' Whereas we gladly would supply you
 ' But are repuls'd and slighted by you,
 ' For *Lyfias* ; who, to say the truth,
 ' Is but a very awkward youth.
 ' Did he remarkably excel us,
 ' We had no reason to be jealous :
 ' And you might feebly maintain
 ' That beauty pleas'd you more than gain.
 ' But now you've not a single plea
 ' For praising him to this degree.—
 ' And yet you still remain the same,
 ' And stun us with his odious name :

' So

' So oft repeated, that we seem
 ' To hear it even when we dream.
 ' Can it be passion thus to doat ?
 ' No— 't must some phrenzy sure denote.
 ' But all we now desire to hear, is
 ' A faithful answer to our queries.
 ' Can *Lyfias* only touch your breast ?—
 ' Resolve you to dismiss the rest ?—
 ' Speak but the word,—and we desist.—
 ' But let us know your mind at least.'

Thus the whole evening did they preach
 In many a long and fruitless speech.
 But 'twould require a day and more
 To copy half their nonsense o'er—
 Suffice it, all their idle chat
 Went in at this ear, out at that.
 This, and this only I replied,
 ' 'Tis *Cupid* that my choice did guide :

L 3

' He

' He bade my heart its feelings own :
 ' For *Lyfias* live—for him alone.'
 ' Who,' cried they, ' would that wretch admire,
 ' That antidote to all desire ?
 ' What heart for such a clown can pine ?'
 ' Mine,' answer'd I with rapture, ' mine.'—
 Then rising, ' fare ye well,' I cried,
 ' But cease my lover to deride.
 ' Your proffer'd treasures I despise,
 ' In *Lyfias* all my transport lies.'—
 —Haste then, lov'd youth, O hither haste :
 The precious moments do not waste :
 O bring me but one tender kiss :
 With int'rest I'll repay the bliss.
 O ! grant me, Venus, this request,
 And send the idol of my breast.—
 Come, *Lyfias*, come : and soothe my pangs,
 On thee my very being hangs.

E'en

E'en while I write time slips away :
 Then why this torturing delay ?——
 Ne'er shall those brutes avail with me—
 —They're satyrs, when compar'd with thee.



L 4

* EPISTLE XXV.

THE SISTERS.

PHILANIS TO PETALA.

As yesterday I went to dine
With *Pamphilus*, a swain of mine:
I took my sister, little heeding
The net I for myself was spreading:
Tho' many circumstances led
To prove she'd mischief in her head.
For first her dress in ev'ry part
Was studied with the nicest art:
Deck'd out with necklaces and rings,
And twenty other foolish things:

NOTES.

* *Epistle xxv.*] From a girl, accusing her sister of seducing
her lover's affections.

And

And she had curl'd and bound her hair
 With more than ordinary care :
 And then to shew her youth the more—
 A light, transparent robe she wore—
 From head to heel she seem'd t' admire
 In raptures all her fine attire :
 And often turn'd aside to view
 If others gaz'd with raptures too.—
 At dinner, grown more bold and free,
 She parted *Pamphilus* and me ;
 For veering round unheard, unseen,
 She slyly drew her chair between.
 Then with alluring am'rous smiles,
 And nods, and other wanton wiles,
 The unsuspecting youth ensnar'd,
 And rival'd me in his regard.—
 Next she affectedly would sip
 The liquor that had touch'd his lip.
 He, whose whole thoughts to love incline,
 And heated with th' enliv'ning wine,

With

With interest repaid her glances,
 And answer'd all her kind advances.
 Thus sip they from the goblet's brink
 Each other's kisses while they drink :
 Which with the sparkling wine combin'd,
 Quick passage to the heart did find.
 Then *Pamphilus* an apple broke
 And at her bosom aim'd the stroke ;
 While she the fragment kiss'd and press'd,
 And hid it wanton in her breast.
 But I be sure was in amaze,
 To see my sister's artful ways :
 ' These are returns,' I said, ' quite fit,
 ' To me who nurs'd you when a chit.
 ' For shame lay by this envious art ;—
 ' Is this to act a sister's part ?'
 But vain were words, intreaties vain—
 The crafty witch secur'd my swain.—
 By heav'ns, my sister does me wrong—
 But Oh ! she shall not triumph long.

Well

Well Venus knows I'm not in fault—
 'Twas she who gave the first assault :
 And since our peace her treach'ry broke,
 Let me return her stroke for stroke.
 She'll quickly feel, and to her cost,
 Not all their fire my eyes have lost—
 And soon with grief shall she resign
 Six of her swains for one of mine.



* EPISTLE XXVI.

THE PANTOMIME ACTRESS.

SPEUSIPPUS TO PANARETE.

LONG had Fame thy praises sung,
 Sweetest theme of ev'ry tongue :
 Long mine ears those graces knew,
 Which till now ne'er blest my view.
 Now thy charms my bosom fire,
 More and more I now admire ;

NOTES.

* *Epistle xxvi.*] A panegyric Epistle to a pantomime actress (ΟΡΧΗΣΤΡΙΑΔΑ.) The celebrated *Casaubon*, who wrote some critiques upon this work, points out a peculiar elegance in this epistle; but it is to be feared much of it depended on the expressions of the original.—However, it throws some light on the art of the ancient times.

Finding

Finding them so far excel
 All that Fame had words to tell.
 On thy gestures who could gaze,
 Nor be lost in wild amaze?
 Who unhurt, with bosom cold,
 Could thy beauteous form behold?—
 'Mong th' immortal race divine,
Venus and * *Polymnia* shine.
 They presided at thy birth,
 And ordain'd, that thou on earth,
 Like the expressive muse shouldst move,
 And inspire, like *Venus*, love.
 Art thou orator or painter:
 Which allusion is the quainter?
 Words thou canst with skill express:
 Things in native colours dress:
 While thy animated arm,
 Limbs with elocution warm;

NOTES.

- * *Polymnia* particularly presided over Gesture.

Motions

Motions just, and nicely true,
 Are thy tongue and pencil too.
 Thou, thus eloquently mute,
 Canst each part, like Proteus, suit:
 As the strains, or light or slow,
 Bid successive passions flow.

Now with loud applauding hand
 See the wrapt spectators stand:
 Now you hear th' astonish'd throng
 Joining in alternate song:
 * Now they shake their robes in praise:
 Now in speechless wonder gaze:
 While in whispers each explains
 What thy mimic silence means:
 And to shew his approbation
 Labours at thy imitation.

NOTES.

- * *Now they shake their robes, &c.*] This was a sign of the highest approbation among the Ancients.

Thou

Thou with gestures nice, exact,
 Dost like *Caramallus* act :
 Him thy all-expressive grace
 Doth with true resemblance trace.
 Pleas'd may e'en the wife, the old,
 Thy dumb eloquence behold :
 Such amusements to attend,
 Gravity may well unbend. —
 I, on public bus'ness bound,
 Many cities have gone round :
 Either *Rome* I've travell'd through,
 Both the ancient and the new ;
 Yet in neither did I see
 Ought that might be match'd with thee —

Such thy charms, and such thy art ;
 Blest is he who wins thy heart !



* EPISTLE XXVII.

THE COXCOMB.

CLEARCHUS TO AMYNANDER.

AS just beneath a lady's eye
 A youth officiously pass'd by :
 Another lady standing near,
 Jogg'd her, and whisper'd in her ear,
 ' Yon swain, by Beauty's queen 'tis true,
 ' Walk'd by to be observ'd by you :
 ' And really, on examination,
 ' His figure merits observation.
 ' His dress is very neatly lac'd : —
 ' And fashion'd with a pretty taste.

NOTES.

* *Epistle xxvii.*] From a lady, ridiculing the addresses
 of a self-sufficient lover.

M

' And

‘ And then observe, his jetty hair
 ‘ Is buckled with the nicest care :
 (‘ For Cupid can transform, you know,
 ‘ The greatest sloven to a beau.’)
 ‘ * That man,’ said t’ other, ‘ I detest,
 ‘ However shap’d, however dress’d,
 ‘ Who flatters his own charms too much,
 ‘ And thinks we can’t resist the touch.
 ‘ This made him chuse, and this alone,
 ‘ The name of *Philo* for his own :
 ‘ This gave the self-sufficient airs
 ‘ Which in his haughty brow he bears.
 ‘ I hate the lover who can dare
 ‘ To be a rival to the fair :
 ‘ Who, if she deign to bless his arms,
 ‘ Thinks he repays her charms for charms.

NOTES.

* *That man, &c.*] This is a very lively description of an intriguing coxcomb ; and perhaps not inapplicable to some modern characters.

‘ The

‘ The man who courts a lady so,
 ‘ Courts only that the world may know.
 ‘ But hear me vex my stately swain;
 ‘ It cannot fail to entertain.—
 “ A youth there is who frequent tries
 “ With love my bosom to surprize :
 “ In vain my court he daily haunts,
 “ In vain his idle ditties chaunts ; —
 “ Yet fears not to repeat his song
 “ Both ev’ry day, and all day long :
 “ While I tormented hide my face,
 “ And blush myself for his disgrace.”

Thus with insulting words the fair
 Mock’d her desponding lover’s care :
 And then, to fasten his devotion,
 Contriv’d, with easy, careless motion,
 A leg of most enchanting shape
 Should from beneath her robe escape.

M 2

The

The poor *Adonis* heard, and view'd
 Just as the lady wish'd he shou'd:
 And 'O! insulting maid,' he cried,
 ' Continue still my flame to chide:
 ' Not me thy bitter taunts approach,
 ' The god of Love alone they touch:
 ' Nor he, I trust, will bear them long,
 ' But chuse an arrow sure and strong:
 ' The shaft thy stubborn heart shall gore,
 ' And thou in turn my love implore.'
 ' That dreadful lot far distant be,'
 She cried affectedly, ' from me!
 ' Go on, vain youth, persist to please
 ' Your pride with such conceits as these:
 ' And wait till your superior beauty
 ' Compels my love-sick heart to sue t' ye:
 ' And till avenging Cupid draws
 ' His bow, to vanquish in your cause.

' Meantime,

' Meantime, still haunt my court in vain,
 ' And chaunt, and watch, and chaunt again:
 ' On Love's tempestuous billows tost,
 ' Too weak to keep or quit your post:
 ' Forbidden ought to touch that's mine,
 ' And left with hopeless cares to pine,
 ' And not a kiss your toils repay—
 ' Yet have not strength to get away.'



* EPISTLE XXVIII.

THE RIVAL FRIENDS.

NICOSTRATUS TO TIMOCRATES.

TYRANT o' the heart! inconstant, faithless
boy!

Source of these tears—as once dear source of joy!—

Inhuman trisler! whose delusive smile

Charms to ensnare, and soothes but to beguile—

Hence! tyrant, I renounce thy sway.—And thou,

False goddess, who prepar'st the stripling's bow,

Whose skill marks out the soft, the yielding heart,

Guides the boy's arm, and bars the madning
dart,—

NOTES.

* *Epistle xxviii.*] From a lover, resigning his mistress
to his friend.

M 4

Thou

Thou shalt no more my midnight vows receive,
 To thee no more the votive fruits I'll give,
 No more for thee the festive altar raise,
 Nor ever tune another note of praise.

This I *have* done.—Witness, each sacred grove !
 Where wand'ring lovers sing the maid they love ;
 Ye awful fanes ! to this false goddess rais'd,
 Fanes that have oft with my free incense blaz'd ;
 And chiefly thou, sweet solitary bird
 Bear witness to my vows,—for thou hast heard ;
 And many a night hast braved the dewy wind
 To soothe, with thy soft notes, my pensive mind :
 But when the churlish blast has hush'd thy lays,
 Have I not fill'd the interval with praise—
 With praise still varied to the *Cyprian* queen,
 And sighs, the heart's best tribute, breath'd between ;
 Till slumb'ring Echo started from her cave,
 Admiring at the late response she gave ;

And

And thou, best warbler of the feather'd throng,
 With double sweetness did'st renew thy song.
 —Nor were ye slow, ye gentle gales of night,
 To catch such notes, and stop your silent flight,
 'Till on your dewy wings, with morrow's rays,
 To Cypria's queen ye waft the song of praise.
 —In vain ! officious gales ;—she heeds you not ;
 My vows are scorn'd, and all my gifts forgot :
 A happier rival must her power defend ;—
 And in that rival, I have lost a friend !

Thee then, my friend—if yet a wretch may claim
 A last attention by that once dear name—
 Thee I address:—The cause you must approve ;—
 I yield you—what I cannot cease to love.
 Be thine the blissful lot, the nymph be thine :—
 I yield my love—sure friendship may be mine.
 Yet must no thought of me torment thy breast ;—
 Forget me, if my griefs disturb thy rest,

Whilst still I'll pray that thou may'st never know
 The pangs of baffled Love, or feel my woe.
 But sure to thee, dear charming!—fatal maid!
 (For me thou'st charm'd, and me thou hast betray'd)
 This last request I need not recommend—
 Forget the lover thou, as he the friend.
 Bootless such charge! for ne'er did pity move
 A heart that mock'd the suit of humble Love.—
 Yet in some thoughtful hour, if such can be,
 Where Love, *Timocrates*, is join'd with thee,
 In some lone pause of joy, when pleasures pall,
 And fancy broods o'er joys it can't recal,
 Haply a thought of me (for thou, my friend,
 May'st then have taught that stubborn heart to
 bend)
 A thought of him, whose passion was not weak,
 May dash one transient blush upon her cheek;
 Haply a tear—(for I shall surely then
 Be past all power to raise her scorn again)

Haply, I say, one self-dried tear may fall:—
 One tear she'll give,—for whom I yielded all!
 Then wanton on thy neck for comfort hang,
 And soon forget the momentary pang;
 Whilst thy fond arms—Oh down my jealous soul!
 What racking thoughts within my bosom roll!
 How busy Fancy kindles ev'ry vein,
 Tears my burst heart, and fires my madning
 brain.—
 Hush'd be the ill-tim'd storm—for what hast thou,
 Poor outcast wretch, to do with passion now?
 I *will* be calm;—'tis Reason's voice commands,
 And injur'd Friendship shakes her recent bands.
 I *will* be *calm*;—but thou, sweet Peace of Mind,
 That rock'd my pillow to the whistling wind;
 Thou flatt'rer, Hope! thyself a cure for sorrow,
 Who never shew'd the wretch a sad to-morrow,
 Thou coz'ner, ever whisp'ring at my ear
 What vanity was ever pleas'd to hear—

Whither, ye faithless phantoms, whither flown !

—Alas ! these tears bears witness ye are gone.

Return !—in vain the call ! ye cannot find

One blissful seat within this sullen mind ;

Ye cannot mix with Pride, and surly Care,

Ye cannot brood with Envy and Despair.

My life has lost its aim ! that fatal fair
Was all its object, all its hope or care ;
She was the goal to which my course was bent,
Where ev'ry wish, where ev'ry thought was sent ;
A secret influence darted from her eyes,—
Each look, attraction ! and herself the prize.
Concenter'd there, I liv'd for her alone,—
To make her glad, and to be blest, was one.

—Her I have lost !—and can I blame this poor
Forfaken heart—sad heart that joys no more !

That

That faintly beats against my aching breast,

Conscious it wants the animating guest :

Then senseless droops, nor yields a sign of pain,

Save the sad sigh it breathes, to search in vain.

Adieu, my friend, ——— nor blame this *sad*
adieu,

Tho' sorrow guides my pen, it blames not you.
Forget me—'tis my pray'r ; nor seek to know
The fate of him whose portion must be woe.
Till the cold earth outstretch her friendly arms,
And Death convince me that he *can* have charms.

E'en where I write, with desert views around,
An emblem of my state has sorrow found :
I saw a little stream full briskly glide,
Whilst some near spring renew'd its infant tide ;
But when a churlish hand disturb'd its source,
How soon the panting rivulet hagg'd its course !

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174 LOVE EPISTLES. Ep. XXVIII.

A while it skulk'd sad murm'ring thro' the grafs,
Whilst whisp'ring rushes mock'd its lazy pace,
Then sunk its head, by the first hillock's side,
And sought the covert earth, it once supplied.

F I N I S.



ALBEMARLE
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