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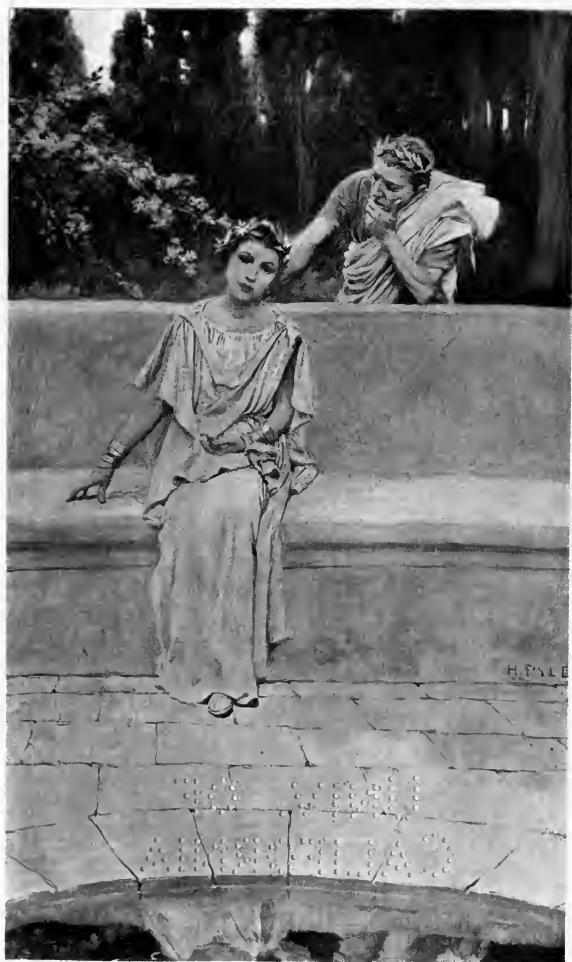
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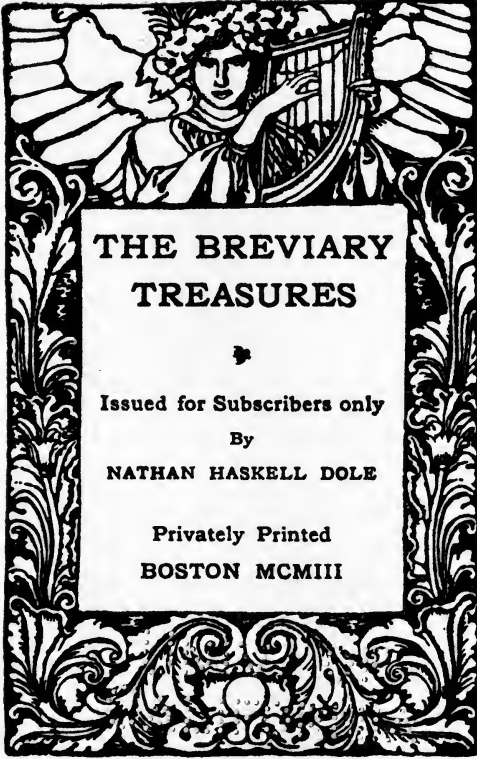
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**THE BREVIARY  
TREASURES**



**Issued for Subscribers only**

**By**

**NATHAN HASKELL DOLE**

**Privately Printed**

**BOSTON MCMIII**

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BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS,

TO THE  
ASSOCIATION



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## INTRODUCTION

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO was a farmer's son. He was born at Andes, near Mantua, in Cisalpine Gaul, in October, 70 B. C. His education seems to have been unusually thorough. He studied at Cremona, at Mediolanum (Milan), at Naples, where Parthenius, a native of Bithynia, taught him Greek, and at Rome, where he is believed to have learned the Epicurean philosophy under Syron. His health was feeble, and that may have caused him to return to his father's small estate, where he cultivated the Muses at his leisure. After the battle of Philippi in 42 B. C., he was dispossessed of his farm, which came into the hands of a veteran named Claudius. Vergil, at the recommendation of Asinius Pollio, applied to Octavianus for its restitution. The first eclogue seems to prove that his request was granted. The ten eclogues, or Bucolics, as they are sometimes

called, were published when Vergil was thirty-five, and probably were regarded as a tribute to the great Emperor. They are not remarkable for their originality. Indeed, Vergil was more of an imitator than a creator, but he used his Greek models to great advantage, and the polish which he succeeded in communicating to his hexameters was never excelled by any Roman versifier. It is a rather interesting circumstance that he ends the last book of his agricultural poems with a repetition of the first line of the thanksgiving eclogue, thus definitely proving, if other proof were needed, that the *Bucolics* preceded the *Georgics*:

*“ Illo Vergilium me tempore dulcis alebat  
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti,  
Carmina qui lusi pastroum, audaxque  
iuuenta,  
Tityre, te patulæ cecini sub tegmine fagi.”*

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

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

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

Other things being equal, a translation which preserves the metre of the original, as far as possible, will be the most

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

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

“ Hundreds of Vergil’s lines are for

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

“English hexameters, meanwhile, — the vehicle of Longfellow’s ‘Evangeline,’ of Clough’s ‘Bothie,’ and, first in metrical value of the three, of Kingsley’s ‘Andromeda,’ — have never become popular. The late Lord Derby condemns them as a ‘pestilent heresy.’ Less impet-

uous critics will probably prefer to abstain from despairing of a metre which has been so little the subject of experiment and labour.

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

“In the present volume an effort has been made to accommodate the genuine

hexameter to English purposes by shortening the final dissyllabic foot into a foot of a single syllable. The pure classical hexameter may be illustrated by a verse which the poet Coleridge has left behind for an English specimen :

“ *In the hexameter rises the fountain’s sil-  
very column.*’

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

“ *In the hexameter rises the fountain’s sil-  
very spray.*

The alteration gives us a verse capable, amongst other advantages, of being easily dealt with in rhyme. Although a translation in rhyme involves embarrassing necessities, it cannot be denied that habit has taught an English ear to extract a pleasure from rhyme which is appreciable and valuable. Rhyme adds to our sense of adjustment and of nicety, and awakens

in the reader an interest in the fortunes and success of each single line which reacts usefully on the industry and care of the translator.

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

“Latin is Latin, and not English. Pure hexameters, moreover, as Mr. Calverly points out, are beyond the reach of our more rugged language, and the ‘quantity’ of words cannot by any



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

This is not the place for controversy, but it may not be out of place to remark that both in Greek and in Latin—and this is true in a large degree of the languages derived therefrom—the versification being called quantitative allows an unnatural pronunciation. The beauty of English versification which makes it a thousand times superior to the artificial perfection of the classic verse is that the sense must coincide with the sound. A

Frenchman reading French verse and neglecting the scansion makes prose of it, and the metrical reading of Vergil or Homer is nothing but meaningless sing-song.

Charles Synge Christopher, Baron Bowen, was born at Woolaston, January 1, 1835. He was the oldest son of the Rev. Christopher Bowen, a member of a County Mayo family. His mother was daughter of Captain Sir Richard Steele. He was educated principally at Rugby, where he was a leader both in athletics and in scholarship. Both in cricket and in football he had no equal. He was a remarkable jumper, often leaping over a cow as it stood. He carried off nearly all prizes, winning one scholarship after another. He was made D. C. L. in 1883, and two years later Balliol College appointed him visitor — the highest honour in its gift. For several years he contributed regularly to the *Saturday Review*, but differences arose between him and the editor, and he declined to accept a similar position on a rival journal. In 1861 he was

called to the bar and almost immediately secured a lucrative practice. In 1865 his health failed, and during the rest of his life was always precarious. In 1879 he was appointed as judge on the Queen's Bench. In 1888 was promoted to be judge of the Court of Appeal, and was knighted. In 1893 was made Lord of Appeal and granted a life peerage. He did not live long to enjoy the honours that were heaped upon him. His health entirely failed, and he died April 10, 1894.

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

N. H. D.





## ECLOGUE I.

### TITYRUS

TITYRUS. MELIBŒUS

*Melibœus*

THOU, my Tityrus, under a beech-tree's  
broadening shade  
Tunest a slender reed to a song of the  
wild wood glade —  
We from our own dear land and her  
cornfields sweet must away,

Flying from home. In the shadow re-  
clined thou passest the day,  
Teaching the forest echoes the fair  
Amaryllis to praise.

*Tityrus*

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

*Melibæus*

Envy I bear thee none, though I marvel  
much; for unrest  
Reaches as far as the meadows around  
us. Feebly at best  
These she-goats I am driving, and lead  
one laggard behind.  
Here in the thick-grown hazels she  
dropped — last hope of a flock —

Two young kidlings lately, alas, on the  
  scaur of the rock !  
This was the sorrow that often, had I  
  been wiser inclined,  
Oaks by the lightning rent, I remember,  
  warned me to mind.  
Oft from the holm-oak's hole on the left  
  did a raven portend.  
Yet, my Tityrus, tell us the god thou  
  callest a friend.

*Tityrus*

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

*Melibæus*

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

*Tityrus*

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



*Melibæus*

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

*Tityrus*

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

*Melibœus*

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

Cease from a plaintive cooing in high  
elm branches above.

*Tityrus*

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

*Melibæus*

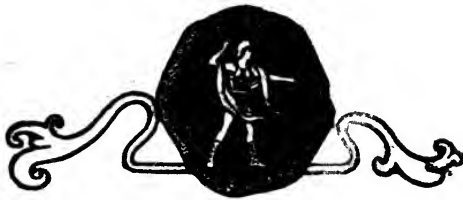
Wanderers we! some fated to see  
parched Africa's waste,  
Scythia's wilds, and the Cretan Oaxes in  
torrents whirled;  
Some, far Britain's people, remote from  
the habited world.  
Ah! shall I ever again, as the years roll  
onward, behold  
Home's dear fields, this cot with its turf-  
thatched roof as of old?

See what is left of my kingdom — a few  
poor oats in the grain?  
Over the sods I have turned shall a law-  
less soldiery reign,  
Barbarous legions reap? Is it hither  
that long Discord  
Leads our land! Have we sown these  
fields for an alien horde!  
Go, Melibœus, engraft thy pears, thy  
vineyard array;  
Hence, my goats — poor flock that was  
once so happy — away!  
Never again, in the hollow of some green  
cavern at rest,  
Shall I behold ye, clinging to yon cliff's  
briary breast;  
Songs no more shall I sing ye; with me  
no more shall ye rove,  
Browsing the cytisus blossoms, and bitter  
willows ye love.

*Tityrus*

Yet thou mightest at least for the night  
in my cottage rest,  
Couched upon branches green. We  
have apples ripe of the best,

Chestnuts mealy, and plentiful cheese  
from the new milk pressed.  
See in the distance already the roof-  
stacks smoke to the sky,  
Lengthening shadows fall from the  
mountain ranges on high.





## ECLOGUE II.

### CORYDON

CORYDON, humble shepherd, the lovely  
Alexis adored ;  
Could not look to be honoured of one  
so dear to his lord ;  
Still to the beeches thick, and the tree-  
tops heavy with shade,  
Daily he came, and alone to the moun-  
tain and listening glade  
Poured in a fruitless longing the simple  
songs he had made :

Cruel Alexis! are all of my songs  
passed heedlessly by?  
Wilt thou never have pity, but drive thy  
lover to die?  
Even the cattle now of the shade and  
the cool are in quest;  
Emerald lizards hide in the thornwood  
thicket at rest.  
Thestylis now for the reapers, who flag  
in the furious sun,  
Bruises the thyme and the garlic, her  
fragrant grasses, in one.  
Only the husky cicadas and I, still track-  
ing thy feet,  
Waken the vineyard echoes from sleep,  
in the noonday heat.  
Better to suffer, methinks, Amaryllis in  
angriest air,  
Better her humours proud to endure, or  
Menalcas to bear,  
Dark though he be of complexion, and  
thou all snowily fair!  
Trust not, beautiful one, fair cheeks too  
blindly, for — mark!  
White hedge flowers we abandon, to  
gather the hyacinth dark.

Thou dost scorn me, Alexis, nor carest  
about me to know,  
How I am wealthy in sheep, and in milk  
that is white as the snow ;  
Ewe-lambs mine by the thousand the  
mountains of Sicily roam ;  
Neither in summer nor winter does new  
milk fail me at home.  
Ditties I sing, that he sang when he  
folded nightly his sheep,  
Dirce's great Amphion, on Aracynth's  
Actian steep.  
Nor am I all ill-shaped : I beheld me of  
late in the sea  
When wind-lulled its waters were laid,  
and if only there be  
Truth in the mirror, and thou our judge,  
no Daphnis I fear.  
Would that it pleased thee in these poor  
haunts and in lowliness here  
Under my cottage roof to abide, now  
hunting the deer,  
Driving now with a mallow of green  
our kids to the lea !  
Thou shalt rival at song great Pan, in  
the forest with me.



Pan was the first musician with wax  
who taught us to bind  
Reed upon reed ; great Pan to the flock  
and the shepherd is kind.  
Nor if the reeds have wounded thy lip,  
stay thou to repine ;  
What did Amyntas pay, to possess these  
secrets of mine ?

I have a pipe that of old Damœtas gave  
me, a prize  
Fashioned of hemlock stalks ; they are  
seven, of varying size.  
Dying he said : " It is thine, since thou  
to thy master art next."  
So Damœtas spake ; and the foolish  
Amyntas was vexed.  
Two young roes of the mountain besides  
— I found them remote  
Hid in a perilous glen, with white still  
dappled their coat ;  
Twice each day each feeds from a ewe  
— I have kept them for thee ;  
Long has Thestylis asked to possess  
them, and hers shall they be,  
Since thou thinkest but little of all gifts  
offered by me.

Beautiful one, come hither! For thee,  
look, nymphs of the glade  
Bring full baskets of lilies; and one fair  
Naiad has made, —  
Gathering violets pale, and the poppies  
tall, by the way, —  
Posies of scented anethus in flower, and  
daffodils gay;  
Then with casia twining the grasses  
sweet of the dells,  
Brightens with marigold yellow the bend-  
ing hyacinth bells.  
Quinces myself will bring with a down  
of delicate white,  
Chestnuts in which my love Amaryllis  
used to delight;  
Waxen plums shall be honoured — the  
fruit thou lovest — as well.  
Ye too, bays, will I pluck, and the  
myrtles near ye that dwell  
Planted together, for sweetly beside each  
other ye smell.

Corydon, thou art poor! and to gifts in-  
different he!  
Still were Iolla the winner, in gifts if  
challenged of thee.

Misery! what am I after! As lost in  
sorrow I sing,  
Winds break loose on my flowers, and  
the wild boar into the spring!  
Why dost foolishly fly me? The gods  
too dwelt in the glade  
Once, with the Trojan Paris. Let Pal-  
las, cities that made,  
Live herself in her cities. Be ours in  
the woods to delight!  
Lioness chases the wolf, wolf follows  
the goat in her flight;  
Frolicking she-goat roves to the cytisis  
flower to be fed;  
Corydon follows Alexis; so each by his  
liking is led.  
Homeward, behold, inverted the share  
comes drawn by the steer;  
Double the lengthening shadows become,  
for sunset is near;  
Love still burns in my bosom; can love  
know measure or rest?  
Corydon, ah! what madness thy simple  
soul has possessed!  
Half unpruned thy vine! On an elm  
too leafy it lies;

Better finish betimes, for the use of the  
hour as it flies,  
One of thy baskets of reeds and of lis-  
som withies entwined ;  
If one lover be cruel, another is easy to  
find.





### ECLOGUE III.

#### PALÆMON

MENALCAS. DAMCÆTAS. PALÆMON

*Menalcas*

WHOSE is the flock, Damcætas? Are  
yon Melibœus's sheep?

*Damcætas*

Nay, they are Ægon's, and Ægon en-  
trusts them now to my keep.

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

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

*Menalcas*

'T was, I suppose, when they saw me  
through Micon's vineries go  
Hacking with knife of a villain his vine  
shoots tender and green.

*Damœtas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

Shall we essay what in music between  
us each can achieve  
Singing in turn? This heifer I lay thee  
lest thou decline —  
Twice each day she is milked; though  
still at her udders we leave



Two young calves : what stake for the  
coming battle is thine ?

*Menalcas*

Nothing from yonder flock can I venture  
safely to find :  
I have a father at home and a stepdame  
harshly inclined —  
Twice in the day both reckon the sheep,  
one ever doth see  
Counted the kids. What is grander, as  
thou thyself wilt agree,  
Since upon folly thy spirit is bent, two  
cups I will stake,  
Beechen, embossed all round — the in-  
spired Alcimedon's make.  
Wrought thereon by the skill of the  
graver, a flexible vine  
Droops o'er clusters of berry from ivies  
pale that entwine :  
Figures twain in the midst : one Conon,  
and, — how was he hight ? —  
He, who has mapped out heaven to  
inform earth's nations aright,  
Which be the seasons for reapers and  
those who stoop at the plough.

No lip ever has touched them : I keep  
them hoarded till now.

*Damœtas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damœtas*

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

*Palæmon*

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

*Damœtas*

Muses! from Jove the beginning; the  
worlds are full of his power.

He makes earth to be fruitful ; he hears  
my songs with delight.

*Menalcas*

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

*Damœtas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damœtas*

Gifts I have found for my beauty —  
myself I marked from below

Where wood-pigeons have built in the  
tallest trees of the glen.

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

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

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

Pollio loves my verse, though of rustic  
measure. A calf,

Muses, fatten in honour of one who  
reads and approves.

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

Boys, who are gathering flowers and the  
berries that grow on the ground,

Run, for a cold snake lurks in the grasses  
yonder unseen !

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Damætas*

Lean my bull, though he feeds on the  
richest tares that are grown !



One and the same love wasting the  
flock and the master as well.

*Menalcas*

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

*Damœtas*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Palæmon*

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

Equally merit the heifer and each fond  
lover who still  
Trusts love's sweetness, or finds by ex-  
perience bitter its pain.  
Close, my children, the sluices; the  
meadows have drunk their fill.





## ECLOGUE IV.

### POLLIO

MUSES of Sicily's fountain, a grander  
song let us sing.  
Pleasure to some nor vines nor the  
humble tamarisks bring.  
Worthy a Consul's ear be the woods  
whose praises we ring!  
Come is the last of the Ages, in song  
Cumæan foretold.

Now is the world's grand cycle begun  
once more from of old.  
Justice the Virgin comes, and the Saturn  
kingdom again ;  
Now from the skies is descending a new  
generation of men.  
Thou to the boy in his birth, — upon  
whose first opening eyes  
The iron age shall close, and a race that  
is golden arise, —  
Chaste Lucina, be kindly ! He reigns —  
thy Phœbus — to-day !  
Thine to be Consul, thine, at a bright  
world's ushering in,  
Pollio, when the procession of nobler  
months shall begin ;  
Under thy rule all lingering traces of  
Italy's sin,  
Fading to nought, shall free us from  
fear's perpetual sway.

Life of the gods shall be his, to behold  
with gods in their might  
Heroes immortal mingled, appear him-  
self in their sight,  
Rule with his Father's virtues a world at  
peace from the sword.

Boy, for thine infant presents the earth  
unlaboured shall bring  
Ivies wild with foxglove around thee  
wreathing, and fling  
Mixed with the laughing acanthus the  
lotus leaf on the sward;  
Homeward at eve untended the goat  
shall come from the mead  
Swelling with milk; flocks fearless of  
monster lions shall feed;  
Even thy cradle blossom with tender  
flowers, and be gay.  
Every snake shall perish; the treacher-  
ous poison weed  
Die, and Assyrian spices arise unsown  
by the way.

When thou art able to read of the heroes'  
glories, the bright  
Deeds of thy sire, and to know what is  
manhood's valour and might,  
Plains will be turning golden, and wave  
with ripening corn;  
Purple grapes shall blush on the tangled  
wilderness thorn;  
Honey from hard-grained oaks be dis-  
tilling pure as the dew;

Though of our ancient folly as yet shall  
linger a few  
Traces, to bid us venture the deep, with  
walls to surround  
Cities, and, restless ever, to cleave with  
furrows the ground.  
Then shall another Tiphys, a later Argo  
to sea  
Sail, with her heroes chosen; again great  
battles shall be;  
Once more mighty Achilles be sent to a  
second Troy.

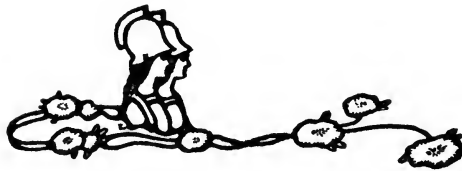
Soon when strengthening years shall have  
made thee man from a boy,  
Trader himself shall abandon the deep;  
no trafficking hull  
Barter her wares; all regions of all  
things fair shall be full.  
Glebe shall be free from the harrow, the  
vine no pruner fear;  
Soon will the stalwart ploughman release  
unneded the steer.  
Varied hues no longer the wool shall  
falsely assume.  
Now to a blushing purple and now to  
the saffron's bloom,

Cropping the meadow, the ram shall  
change his fleece at his need ;  
Crimsoning grasses colour the lambs  
themselves as they feed.

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

Ah, may the closing years of my life en-  
during be found, —  
Breath sufficient be mine thy deeds of  
valour to sound, —  
Orpheus neither nor Linus shall ever  
surpass my lay ;

One with mother immortal, and one  
with sire, at his side,  
To Orpheus Calliopeia, to Linus Apollo  
allied.  
Pan, were he here competing, did all  
Arcadia see,  
Pan, by Arcadia's voice, should allow  
him vanquished of me !  
Baby, begin thy mother to know, and to  
meet with a smile ;  
Ten long moons she has waited, and  
borne her burthen the while.  
Smile, my babe ; to his feast no god has  
admitted the child,  
Goddess none to her kisses, on whom no  
parent has smiled.







## ECLOGUE V.

### DAPHNIS

MENALCAS. MOPSUS

*Menalcas*

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

*Mopsus*

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

*Menalcas*

Only Amyntas on these our mountains  
is rival of thine.

*Mopsus*

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

*Menalcas*

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

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

*Mopsus*

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

*Menalcas*

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

*Mopsus*

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

(Sings)

All of the nymphs went weeping for  
Daphnis cruelly slain :  
Ye were witnesses, hazels and river  
waves, of the pain  
When to her son's sad body the mother  
clave with a cry,  
Calling the great gods cruel, and cruel  
the stars of the sky.  
None upon those dark days their pastured  
oxen did lead,  
Daphnis, to drink of the cold clear rivu-  
let ; never a steed  
Tasted the flowing waters, or cropped  
one blade in the mead.  
Over thy grave how the lions of Car-  
thage groaned in despair,  
Daphnis, the echoes of mountain wild  
and of forest declare.  
Daphnis was first who taught us to guide,  
with a chariot rein,  
Far Armenia's tigers, the choirs of  
Iacchus to train,  
Led us with foliage waving the pliant  
spear to entwine.

As to the tree her vine is a glory, her  
grapes to the vine,  
Bull to the horned herd, and the corn to  
a fruitful plain,  
Thou to thine own wert beauty; and  
since fate robbed us of thee,  
Pales herself, and Apollo are gone from  
meadow and lea.  
Where in the furrow we sowed great  
pearls of glistening grain,  
Lo! the unfruitful darnel, the oatstalks  
barren appear.  
Tender violets once, and the bright nar-  
cissus were here;  
Thistles now, and the spikes of the  
Christ thorn, sharp as a spear.  
Scatter the turf with leaves, and the  
fountains border with shade,  
Shepherds, for Daphnis wills to his ghost  
these offerings made;  
Build him a tomb, and upon it be this  
the memorial laid:  
Daphnis was I, of the forest, renowned  
from the earth to the sky;  
Fair was the flock I tended, but, ah!  
still fairer was I.

*Menalcas*

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

*Mopsus*

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

Know from Stimichon's praises how  
sweet thy melodies be!

*Menalcas (sings)*

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

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



Carry his prayer each year, and acknowl-  
edge duly his vow.

*Mopsus*

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

*Menalcas*

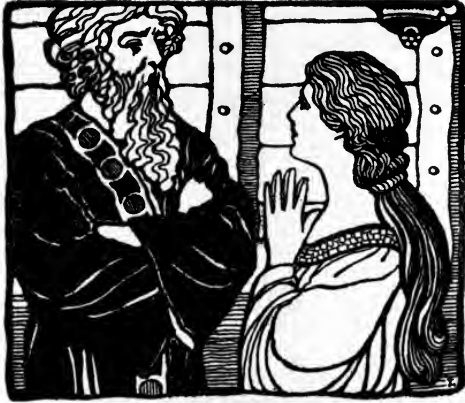
Take thou first in requital a frail reed.  
From it I learned:  
“How for the lovely Alexis the shepherd  
Corydon yearned” —  
Learned, as I blew it, the measure, “Are  
yon Melibæus's sheep?”

*Mopsus*

Take in return this crook, that Antige-  
nes, oft as he sued,

Never obtained : though worthy in those  
old days to be wooed —  
Knotted with brass all round it, a  
beauty to have and to keep.





## ECLOGUE VI.

VARUS

WHILE she was young, my Muse in  
Sicilian measure was well  
Pleased to disport her, nor blushed in the  
greenwood cover to dwell.  
When I was fain to be telling of kings  
and battles, mine ear  
Phœbus plucked with a warning:—  
“The shepherd’s duty is clear,

Tityrus — ever to fatten his sheep, keep  
slender his song.”  
So — since poets enough and to spare  
hereafter will long,  
Varus, to sing thy praises, and war’s sad  
glories to chant —  
I with a meadow reed upon sylvan themes  
will descant.  
Songs unbidden I sing not. If any who  
love me there be  
This poor verse to peruse, each tam-  
arisk, Varus, of thee,  
Every forest of thee will re-echo, and  
Phœbus has none  
Dearer at heart than a page with the  
name of Varus begun.

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

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

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

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

Shouted for Hylas, and every shore rang  
Hylas again ;  
Then of the snow-white bull, and the  
sad Pasiphaë's teen,  
Happy in this sad world if a horned one  
never had been.  
Maiden forlorn ! what madness is thine !  
Like heifers that low,  
Over the meadows the daughters of  
Prætus roamed in their woe ;  
None was dishonoured ever by frenzied  
passion as thou ;  
Often as each would shrink from the  
fancied fear of the plough,  
Feel for a budding horn on her smooth  
and womanly brow.  
Maiden forlorn, thou rangest the moun-  
tain slopes in the quest !  
He, with his snow-white side upon soft-  
est hyacinths pressed,  
Under a holm-oak dark chews grasses  
bright, or is gone  
Seeking another bride in the herds.  
Close speedily, maids,  
Maids of the Dirce fountain, the forest  
covers and glades,

So that our eyes may haply behold, ere  
evening fades,  
Track of the truant bull. And per-  
chance this wandering one,  
Tempted by some green meadow, or  
fain with the others to roam,  
May to Gortyna's stalls by the heifers  
be piloted home.

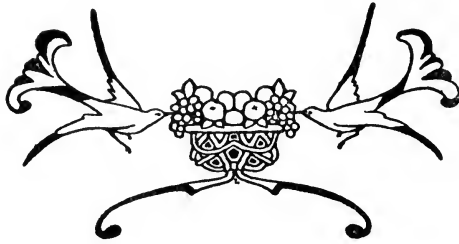
Next, how a Hesperid apple the maiden  
charmed, was his strain : —  
Moss of the bitter bark round Phaeton's  
sisters again  
Grew in his song, and to alders immense  
they rose on the plain ; —  
Then, how as Gallus wandered beside  
Permessian rills,  
One of the Nine had led him to sweet  
Aonia's hills ;  
How all Phœbus's choir uprose to salute  
him, and how —  
Flowerets and bitter parsley adorning  
his heavenly brow —  
These words Linus had spoken, the  
shepherd and poet divine :  
“ Take these reeds of the meadow, the  
Muses send thee for thine,



Once on the singer of Ascrea bestowed ;  
wherewith as he blew  
Down from the mountains often the  
stubborn ashes he drew.  
With them sweetly recount how the  
Grynian wood was begun,  
Till among all his forests Apollo be  
prouder of none."

Need I relate how of Scylla, the daugh-  
ter of Nisus, he told,  
Who — with her white waist girdled by  
howling monsters — of old  
Harried, chroniclers tell us, the Ithacan  
vessels, and gave  
Trembling crews to be rent of her  
hounds in swirl of the wave ?  
Or how he sang of the change on the  
body of Tereus wrought,  
What was the feast Philomela prepared,  
what dainties she brought,  
How, swift-winged, for the desert she  
made, yet first had been fain —  
Sad one — over her palace to flutter  
again and again ?  
All of the songs, that of old from Apollo  
the listening burn,

Blest Eurotas, heard and had bidden his  
bay trees learn,  
There did he sing. To the stars the re-  
echoing valleys in turn  
Told it; till Hesper signalled to fold  
and to number the sheep,  
Rising with light unwelcome above the  
Olympian steep.





## ECLOGUE VII

### MELIBŒUS

MELIBŒUS. CORYDON. THYRSIS

*Melibœus*

UNDER the whispering boughs of a holm-  
oak Daphnis had lain,  
Thyrsis and Corydon met, for it so had  
chanced, on the plain,  
One with his goats in milk, and the one  
with sheep in his care,

Both in the blossom of manhood bright —  
    an Arcadian pair —  
Equal in song, and ready for strain and  
    for answering strain.  
I, while fencing the myrtles young from  
    the alpine cold,  
Miss our sultan goat, who has towards  
    them strayed; and behold  
Daphnis before me yonder. In turn  
    when he sees me again:  
“Hasten,” he cries, “Melibœus, the  
    goat and the kids are to hand;  
Rest with us here in the shadow, if thou  
    canst leisure command.  
Hither will come thy kine unsought  
    through the meadows to drink;  
Here sweet Mincius fringes with young  
    spring rushes a brink  
Grassy and green; and from Jupiter’s  
    oak bees cluster and hum.”  
Had I a choice? Nor Phyllis nor my  
    Alcippe had come  
Homeward to drive to the folding the  
    motherless lambkins yet;  
While ’twas a battle of giants — with  
    Thyrsis, Corydon met —

Thus my business to their sweet sport  
gave finally way,  
So in alternate changes began their  
musical play.  
As was the Muses' pleasure, in turn  
their melodies rang —  
First came Corydon singing, and after  
him Thyrsis sang.

*Corydon*

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

*Thyrsis*

Fair Arcadian shepherds, a poet is born  
in the dale;  
Crown him with ivy, till envy the bosom  
of Codrus has wrung.

If overmuch he applaud me, my forehead  
with foxglove veil,  
Lest your bard of the future be hurt by  
an enemy's tongue.

*Corydon*

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

*Thyrsis*

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

*Corydon*

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

*Thyrsis*

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

*Corydon*

Fountains bordered with mosses, and  
grass more soft than repose.

Arbutus green, whose flickering shade  
    roofs both from the day,  
Shelter the cattle from noontide heat !  
    Soon summer that glows  
Comes, and the swelling buds on the vine  
    already are gay.

*Thyrsis*

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

*Corydon*

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



Lovely Alexis, the rivers themselves will  
waterless be.

*Thyrsis*

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

*Corydon*

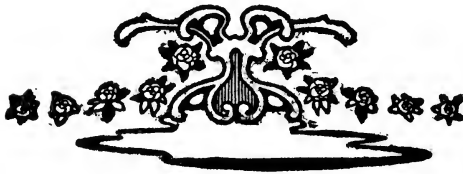
Poplars are dear to Alcides ; the vine to  
Iacchus the bright,  
Myrtle to beautiful Venus, to Phœbus  
his favourite bay,  
Phyllis delights in the hazels, and while  
they are still her delight,  
Neither shall myrtle be fairer nor bays  
of Phœbus than they.

*Thyrsis*

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

*Melibœus*

Thus much well I remember, and idle  
were Thyrsis's pains.  
Since that day on the mountain alone  
our Corydon reigns.





## ECLOGUE VIII.

### PHARMACEUTRIA

DAMON. ALPHESIBÆUS

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

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

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

Hardly as yet from the ſkies had the  
night's chill ſhadow diſperſed,

Dew lay sweet on the spring-tide grass  
for the cattle athirst ;  
Propped on an olive staff thus sang  
young Damon, the first :

*(Damon sings)*

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

Mænalus ever has forests that sing to  
him ; ever a sigh  
Speaks in his pines ; to the loves of the  
shepherds he listens for aye ;  
Hears Pan piping, who brooked not that  
reeds should idle remain.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with  
me my Mænalus strain.

Nysa with Mopsus weds ; what next is  
a lover to see ?  
Soon will the griffin be matched with the  
mare, and in summers to be  
Timid fawns with the hounds come  
down to the pools on the plain.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with  
me my Mænalus strain.

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

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

Begin, my flute of the mountains, with  
me my Mænalus strain.

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

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

Fell love taught one mother her sinful  
hands to imbrue

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

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

Nay, let the sea drown all. Farewell to  
the woods. I will leap  
Here from this mountain crest that for  
ever watches the deep;



This death-song of the dying for last  
sad gift let her keep.  
Cease, my flute, it is ended, the Mæna-  
lus mountain refrain.

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

*(Alphesibœus sings)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

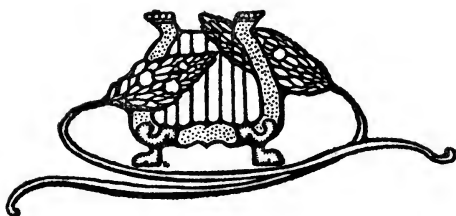
These green herbs, these poisons from  
Pontus gathered in bloom,

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

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

Look! As I linger to take it, the  
cinder itself from the grate  
Catches the altar with flickering flames.  
Good luck on us wait!  
Ay, there is something surely, and  
Hylax barks at the gate!

Ought I to hope? Or do lovers their  
own dreams fashion in vain?  
Cease, my chants. From the city he  
comes, my Daphnis, again.





ECLOGUE IX.

MÆRIS

LYCIDAS. MÆRIS

*Lycidas*

WHITHER, Mæris, away? — to the city,  
as travels the road?

*Mæris*

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

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

*Lycidas*

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

*Mæris*

So ye were told; so rumour was rife;  
    yet verses of ours  
Are of as little avail, old friend, when  
    the battle bolt lowers,

As the Chaonian doves when an eagle  
swoops to the stroke.  
Had not a raven, perched on the left,  
from a hole in her oak  
Warned me as best I might to prevent  
the renewal of strife,  
Neither had I — thy Mœris — escaped,  
nor Menalcas, with life.

*Lycidas*

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



When they are fed ; and the while, have,  
Tityrus, ever a care  
How thou come to the he-goat's horns  
— he is wicked — beware !”

*Mæris*

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

*Lycidas*

So past Corsica's yews thy bees un-  
lingering sail ;  
Fed upon cytissus flowers thy kine grow  
rich for the pail,  
As thy song thou afford us. For I,  
through grace of the Nine,  
Poet am also, and singer as thou. By  
swains in the dale

Bard am yclept ; yet little I trust them.  
Nothing of mine  
Worthy of Varius yet, or of noble Cinna  
I deem ;  
Am but a cackling gander among sweet  
swans of the stream.

*Mæris*

Yea, O friend, I endeavour — am think-  
ing once and again —  
How to recall its burden, for not un-  
worthy the strain.  
“Come, Galatea, where in the waves  
can a merriment be ?  
Here are the golden blooms of spring ;  
earth bountiful, see,  
Here by the river scatters her bright-  
hued flowers evermore.  
Over the cavern hangs one poplar of  
silvery white,  
Lissom vines have woven a roof that  
shades it from light ;  
Come ! Let the madcap billows in  
thunder break on the shore.”

*Lycidas*

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

*Mæris*

“ Why still watching the rise of the con-  
stellations of old,  
Daphnis, with eyes uplifted? The star  
of Cæsar — behold —  
Star of the Venus-born, has begun its  
march on the sky!  
Star whose dawn should gladden the  
fields with harvest, and dye  
Grapes on the sunlit slopes of the hill to  
a purple and gold.  
Graft thy pears, O Daphnis, the fruit  
thy sons shall enjoy.”  
Age from us all things takes, e’en mem-  
ory: oft as a boy  
Can I remember singing the summer  
sun to its rest;  
Now forgotten are all my verses. Gone  
at the last

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

*Lycidas*

All thy many excuses increase my pas-  
sion the more.  
Come, for the waters silent and listen-  
ing lie. On the shore  
See, each breath of the murmuring wind  
has sunk to repose.  
Here we are just half-way on the journey.  
Visible grows  
Distant Bianor's tomb. So here, where  
the labourer goes  
Lopping the leafage thick, let us waken,  
Mœris, the strain.  
Lay on the ground thy kids, and the city  
betimes we shall gain.  
Or, if we fear lest night overtake us with  
gathering rain,  
On let us journey singing — a song  
makes lighter the road —  
I, to assist in the music, will ease thy  
back of its load.

*Mæris*

Ask me no more ; let us hasten to finish  
the tasks that are near ;  
Better will be our singing, when once  
our Master is here.





## ECLOGUE X.

### GALLUS

ONE last labour in song, of thy grace,  
Arethusa, concede.  
Strains, though few, for my Gallus —  
that even Lycoris may read —  
Yet must I sing, ere parting. Who  
gives not Gallus a song?  
So, when beneath the Sicilian seas thou  
glidest along,

Doris from thine keep ever her brackish  
waters apart.  
Come; let us tell of the passion con-  
suming Gallus's heart,  
While each flat-nosed goat on the young  
bush browses at call.  
No deaf ears shall we sing to; the  
woods make answer to all.

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

Flocks himself by the river the lovely  
Adonis did keep.

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

Pan of Arcadia next — ourselves we  
beheld him — he came —  
Blood-red berries of elder, and all ver-  
milion flame, —  
“ Grieving forever ! ” he saith. “ Wild  
grief Love little esteems ;  
Neither is fierce Love sated with tears,  
nor the meadow with streams,



Nor with the cytissus blossom the bee,  
nor the goat with the leaf."

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

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

“ Now by insensate passion of savage  
war I am here  
Stayed — my face to the foeman, en-  
compassed around by the spear.  
Thou — yet far be the fancy — remote  
from the land that is thine,  
Lookest on Alpine snows — cold heart  
— and the winters of Rhine,  
Lonely, without my love. May frosts  
thy feebleness spare !  
Ah, may the splinters icy thy delicate  
feet forbear !  
I will away ; and the verses I wrought  
in the Chalcis mould  
Set to the pipe and the music of Sicily’s  
shepherd of old.  
Rather had I in the forest, the wild  
beasts’ caverns among,  
Bear what awaits me, carving my love  
on the trees that are young,  
So, as the trees grow upward, my love  
shall grow with them too.

There meanwhile with the nymphs I will  
    roam great Mænalus through  
Hunting the savage boar. No frosts of  
    the winter shall make  
Me and my hounds cease ranging the  
    high Parthenian brake.  
Over the rocks, methinks, and the ring-  
    ing covers I go,  
Sweeping already in chase; with joy  
    from the Parthian bow  
Winging the Cretan arrow; as though  
    this medicine healed  
Love like mine! or the Love-god to  
    human sorrow would yield!  
Vain is the dream — Hamadryads no  
    more, nor pastoral strain  
Bring me delight. Farewell, farewell to  
    the forests again!  
Love is a god no toils can appease, no  
    misery melt.  
No, not in iciest frosts by the Hebrus's  
    waves if we dwelt,  
Nor if Sithonian snows we endured, and  
    winters of sleet;  
Or, when the dying bark on the tall elm  
    withered with heat,

Sheep for an Æthiop master beneath  
fierce Cancer we drove. —  
All things else Love conquers; let us  
too yield unto Love.”

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



ÆNEAS' VISIT TO  
AVERNUS  
*(From the Æneid)*





## ÆNEAS' VISIT TO AVERNUS

### THE ARRIVAL IN ITALY

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

Fastens the ships, and the sterns in a long  
line border the strand.  
Troy's young warriors leap with exultant  
hearts from the bark  
Forth upon Italy's soil. Some look for  
the fiery spark  
Hid in the secret veins of the flint ; some  
scour the profound  
Forest, and wild beasts' cover, and show  
where waters abound.  
While the devout Æneas a temple seeks  
on the height,  
Phœbus's mountain throne, and a cavern  
vast as the night,  
Where in mysterious darkness the terrible  
Sibyl lies,  
Maiden upon whose spirit the Delian seer  
of the skies  
Breathes his immortal thought, and the  
knowledge of doom untold.  
Soon they arrive at Diana's grove and  
her palace of gold.

Flying, as legends tell, from the thraldom  
of Minos the king,  
Dædalus, trusting the heavens, set forth  
on adventurous wing,



Sailed for the ice-bound north by a way  
unimagined and strange ;  
Airily poising at last upon this Chalcidian  
range,  
Here first touching the land, to Apollo  
hallowed his light  
Oarage of wings ; and a temple colossal  
built on the site.  
Graved on the doors is the death of  
Androgeos ; yonder in turn  
Attica's land, condemned each year in  
atonement to yield  
Seven of her children ; the lots are drawn,  
still standing the urn ;  
Rising from midmost ocean, to match  
them, Crete is revealed.  
Here is the gloomy romance of the bull,  
Pasiphae's blind  
Passion ; and twiformed Minotaur, two  
bodies combined,  
Record of lawless love ; there, marvellous  
labour, were shaped  
Palace and winding mazes, from whence  
no feet had escaped,  
Had not Dædalus pitied the lorn princess  
and her love,

And of himself unentangled the woven  
trick of the grove,  
Guiding her saviour's steps with a thread.  
Thee, too, he had wrought,  
Icarus, into the picture, had grief not  
baffled the thought.  
Twice he essayed upon gold to engrave  
thine agony, twice  
Faltered the hands of the father, and fell.  
Each noble device  
Long their eyes had perused, but Achates  
now is in sight ;  
With him the priestess comes, dread  
servant of Phœbus and Night,  
Daughter of Glaucus the seer. To the  
Trojan monarch she cries :  
“ 'T is not an hour, Æneas, for feasting  
yonder thine eyes.  
Better to slaughter from herds unyoked  
seven oxen and seven  
Ewes of the yester year, as a choice  
oblation to Heaven.”  
Then, as the ministers hasten the rites  
ordained to prepare,  
Into the depth of the temple she bids  
Troy's children repair.

There is a cavern hewn in the mountain's  
enormous side,  
Reached by a hundred gates, and a hundred  
passages wide.  
Thence roll voices a hundred, the seer's  
revelations divine.  
When by the doors they stood: "'T is  
the hour to inquire of the shrine,"  
Cried the illumined maiden: "The God!  
lo, here is the God!"  
Even as she spake, while still on the  
threshold only she trod,  
Sudden her countenance altered, her  
cheek grew pale as in death,  
Loose and disordered her fair hair flew,  
heart panted for breath,  
Bosom with madness heaved. More lofty  
than woman's her frame,  
More than mortal her voice, as the  
presence of Deity came  
Nearer upon her. "And art thou slow  
to petition the shrine,  
Troy's Æneas a laggard at prayer? —  
nought else will incline  
This charmed temple," she cries, "its  
colossal doors to unclose."

Then stands silent. The veteran bones  
of the Teucrians froze,  
Chilled with terror, and prayer from the  
heart of the monarch arose :  
“ Phœbus! compassionate ever to Troy  
in the hour of her woe,  
Who against haughty Achilles of old  
didst prosper the bow  
Bent by the Dardan Paris, beneath thine  
auspices led  
Many a sea I have travelled around great  
continents spread,  
Far as Massylian tribes and the quick-  
sands lining their plain.  
Italy’s vanishing regions, behold, thy  
people attain !  
Here may the evil fate of the Trojans  
leave us at last !  
Spare, for ’t is mercy’s hour, this remnant  
of Pergama’s race,  
Gods and goddesses all, whose jealous  
eyes in the past  
Looked upon Ilion’s glories ! From thee  
I implore one grace,  
Prophet of Heaven, dark seer of the  
future. Grant us the debt,

Long by the destinies owed us — a king-  
dom promised of yore —  
Foot upon Latium's borders at length  
may Teucrians set,  
Bearing their household gods by the  
tempests tossed evermore !  
I, their votary grateful, in Phœbus' and  
Trivia's praise  
Hewn from the solid marble a glorious  
fane will raise,  
Call by Apollo's name his festival. Also  
for thee  
Shall in our future kingdom a shrine  
imperial be.  
There shall thine own dark sayings, the  
mystic fates of our line,  
Gracious seer, be installed, and a priest-  
hood chosen be thine.  
Only entrust not to leaves thy prophecy,  
maiden divine,  
Lest in disorder, the light winds' sport,  
they be driven on the air ;  
Chant thyself the prediction." His lips  
here ended from prayer.

Still untamed of Apollo, to stature terrible  
grown,

TO THE  
MUSE

Raves the prophetic maid in her cavern,  
fain to dethrone  
This great God who inspires her — the  
more with bit doth he school  
Fiery mouth and rebellious bosom and  
mould her to rule.  
Wide on a sudden the hundred enor-  
mous mouths of her lair  
Fly, of themselves unclosing, and an-  
swer floats on the air :  
“ Thou who hast ended at last with the  
dangers dread of the sea,  
Greater on land still wait thee. Lavin-  
ium’s kingdom afar  
Teucria’s children shall find — of that  
ancient terror be free —  
Yet shall repent to have found it. I see  
grim visions of war,  
Tiber foaming with blood. Once more  
shall a Simois flow,  
Xanthus be there once more, and the  
tents of a Dorian foe.  
Yonder in Latium rises a second Achilles,  
and born,  
Even as the first, of a goddess; and  
neither at night nor at morn

Ever shall Juno leave thee, the Trojans'  
    enemy sworn,  
While thou pleadest for succour, besieg-  
    ing in misery sore  
Each far people and city around Ausonia's  
    shore!  
So shall a bride from the stranger again  
    thy nation destroy,  
Once more foreign espousals a great woe  
    bring upon Troy.  
Yield not thou to disasters, confront  
    them boldly, and more  
Boldly — as fortune suffers — and first  
    from a town of the Greek,  
Marvel to say, shall be shown thee the  
    way salvation to seek."

So from her awful shrine the Cumæan  
    Sibyl intones  
Fate's revelation dread, till the cavern  
    echoes her groans,  
Robing her truths in gloom. So shakes,  
    as she fumes in unrest,  
Phœbus his bridle reins, while plunging  
    the spur in her breast.  
After her madness ceased and her lips of  
    frenzy were still,

Thus Æneas replied : “ No vision, lady,  
of ill  
Comes unimagined now to the exile  
here at thy door ;  
Each has he counted and traverst already  
in spirit before.  
One sole grace I entreat — since these  
be the gates, it is said,  
Sacred to Death and the twilight lake by  
the Acheron fed —  
Leave to revisit the face of the sire I  
have loved so well ;  
Teach me the way thyself, and unlock  
yon portals of hell.  
This was the sire I bore on my shoulders  
forth from the flame,  
Brought thro’ a thousand arrows, that vext  
our flight as we came  
Safe from the ranks of the foemen. He  
shared my journey with me ;  
Weak as he was, braved ocean, the  
threats of sky and of sea ;  
More than the common strength or the  
common fate of the old.  
'T is at his bidding, his earnest prayer  
long since, I am fain



Thus in petition to seek thy gate. With  
compassion behold  
Father and son, blest maid, for untold  
thy power, nor in vain  
Over the groves of Avernus hath Hecate  
set thee to reign.  
Grace was to Orpheus granted, his bride  
from the shadows to bring,  
Strong in the power of his lyre and its  
sounding Thracian string.  
Still in his turn dies Pollux, a brother's  
life to redeem,  
Travels and ever retravels the journey.  
Why of the great  
Theseus tell thee, or why of Alcides  
mighty relate?  
My race, even as theirs, is descended  
from Jove the supreme."  
So evermore he repeated, and still to the  
altar he clung.  
She in reply: "Great Hero, of heaven's  
high lineage sprung,  
Son of Anchises of Troy, the descent to  
Avernus is light;  
Death's dark gates stand open, alike  
thro' the day and the night.

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

Reacht by the mortal who gathers the  
golden growth of the tree.  
This for her tribute chosen the lovely  
Proserpina needs  
Aye to be brought her. The one  
bough broken, another succeeds,  
Also of gold, and the spray bears leaf of  
a metal as bright.  
Deep in the forest explore, and if once  
thou find it aright,  
Pluck it; the branch will follow, of its  
own grace and design,  
Should thy destiny call thee; or else no  
labour of thine  
Ever will move it, nor ever thy hatchet  
conquer its might.  
Yea, and the corpse of a friend, although  
thou know'st not," she saith,  
"Lies upon shore unburied, and taints  
thy vessels with death,  
While thou tarriest here at the gate thy  
future to know.  
Carry him home to his rest, in the grave  
his body bestow;  
Death's black cattle provide for the altar;  
give to the shades

This first lustral oblation, and so on the  
Stygian glades,  
Even on realms where never the feet of  
the living come,  
Thou shalt finally look." Then, closing  
her lips, she was dumb.

Sadly, with downcast eyes, Æneas turns  
to depart,  
Leaving the cave; on the issues dark  
foretold by her words  
Pondering much in his bosom. Achates,  
trusty of heart,  
Paces beside him, plunged in a musing  
deep as his lord's.  
Many the troubled thoughts that in ranging  
talk they pursue —  
Who is the dead companion the priestess  
spake of, and who  
Yonder unburied lies? And advancing  
thither, they find  
High on the beach Misenus, to death  
untimely consigned,  
Æolus-born Misenus, than whom no  
trumpeter bright  
Blew more bravely for battle, or fired  
with music the fight;

Comrade of Hector great, who at  
Hector's side to the war  
Marched, by his soldier's spear and his  
trumpet known from afar.  
After triumphant Achilles his master  
slew with the sword,  
Troy's Æneas he followed, a no less  
glorious lord.  
Now while over the deep he was sound-  
ing his clarion sweet,  
In wild folly defying the Ocean Gods  
to compete,  
Envious Triton, lo! — if the legend  
merit belief —  
Drowned him, before he was ware, in  
the foaming waves of a reef.  
All now, gathered around him, uplift  
their voices in grief,  
Foremost the faithful chieftain. Anon  
to their tasks they hie ;  
Speed, though weeping sorely, the Sibyl's  
mission, and vie,  
Building the funeral altar with giant  
trees to the sky.

Into the forest primæval, the beasts'  
dark cover, they go ;

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

“ Guide us, if ever a way be, and cleav-  
ing swiftly the skies,  
Wing for the grove where in shadow a  
golden branch overlies  
One all-favoured spot. Nor do thou in  
an hour that is dark,  
Mother, desert thy son ! ” So saying,  
he pauses to mark  
What be the omens, and whither the  
birds go. They in their flight,  
Soaring, and lighting to feed, keep still  
in the Teucrians’ sight.  
When they have come to the valley of  
baleful Avernus, the pair,  
Shooting aloft, float up through a bright  
and radiant air ;  
Both on a tree they have chosen at  
length their pinions fold  
Through whose branches of green is a  
wavering glimmer of gold.  
As in the winter forest a mistletoe often  
ye see  
Bearing a foliage young, no growth of  
its own oak-tree,  
Circling the rounded boles with a leafage  
of yellowing bloom ;

Such was the branching gold, as it shone  
through the holm-oak's gloom,  
So in the light wind rustled the foil.  
Æneas with bold  
Ardour assails it, breaks from the tree  
the reluctant gold ;  
Then to the Sibyl's palace in triumph  
carries it home.

Weeping for dead Misenus the Trojan  
host on the shore  
Now to his thankless ashes the funeral  
offerings bore.  
Rich with the resinous pine and in oak-  
hewn timbers cased  
Rises a giant pyre, in its sides dark foliage  
laced ;  
Planted in front stand branches of cypress,  
gifts to the grave ;  
Over it hang for adornment the gleaming  
arms of the brave.  
Some heat fountain water, the bubbling  
caldron prepare ;  
Clay-cold limbs then wash and anoint.  
Wail sounds on the air.  
Dirge at an end, the departed is placed  
on the funeral bed ;



O'er him they fling bright raiment, the  
wonted attire of the dead.  
Others shoulder the ponderous bier, sad  
service of death;  
Some in ancestral fashion the lighted  
torches beneath  
Hold with averted eyes. High blaze on  
the burning pyre  
Incense, funeral viands, and oil outpoured  
on the fire.  
After the ashes have fallen and flames  
are leaping no more,  
Wine on the smouldering relics and  
cinders thirsty they pour.  
Next in a vessel of brass Corynæus gath-  
ers the bones,  
Thrice bears pure spring water around  
Troy's sorrowing sons,  
Sprinkles it o'er them in dew, from the  
bough of an olive in bloom,  
Gives lustration to all, then bids farewell  
to the tomb.  
But the devout Æneas a vast grave  
builds on the shore,  
Places upon it the warrior's arms, his  
trumpet and oar,

Close to the sky-capped hill that from  
hence Misenus is hight.  
Keeping through endless ages his glorious  
memory bright.





### THE DESCENT TO AVERNUS

FINISHED the task, to accomplish the  
Sibyl's behest they sped.  
There was a cavern deep, — with a  
yawning throat and a dread, —  
Shingly and rough, by a sombre lake and  
a forest of night  
Sheltered from all approach. No bird  
wings safely her flight  
Over its face, — from the gorges exhales  
such poisonous breath,

Rising aloft to the skies in a vapour laden  
with death.  
Here four sable oxen the priestess ranges  
in line ;  
Empties on every forehead a brimming  
beaker of wine ;  
Casts on the altar-fire, as the first-fruits  
due to the dead,  
Hair from between both horns of the  
victim, plucked from its head ;  
Loudly on Hecate calls, o'er heaven and  
the shadows supreme.  
Others handle the knife, and receive, as  
it trickles, the stream  
Warm from the throat in a bowl.  
Æneas with falchion bright  
Slays himself one lamb of a sable fleece  
to the fell  
Mother and queen of the Furies, and  
great Earth, sister of Night,  
Killing a barren heifer to thee, thou  
mistress of Hell.  
Next for the Stygian monarch a twilight  
altar he lays ;  
Flings on the flames whole bodies of  
bulls unquartered to blaze,

Pours rich oil from above upon entrails  
burning and bright.  
When, at the earliest beam of the sun,  
and the dawn of the light,  
Under his feet earth mutters, the moun-  
tain forests around  
Seem to be trembling, and hell dogs bay  
from the shadow profound,  
Night's dark goddess approaching.  
"Avaunt, ye unhallowed, avaunt!"  
Thunders the priestess. "Away from a  
grove that is Hecate's haunt.  
Make for the pathway, thou, and un-  
sheath thy sword; thou hast need,  
Now, Æneas, of all thy spirit and valour  
indeed!"  
When she had spoken, she plunged in  
her madness into the cave;  
Not less swiftly he follows, with feet  
unswerving and brave.

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

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

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

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

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

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in  
the midst of the way  
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs:  
false Dreams, we are told,  
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle  
to every spray.  
Many and various monsters, withal, wild  
things to behold,  
Lie in the gateway stabled — the awful  
Centaur of old;  
Scyllas with forms half-human; and  
there with his hundred hands  
Dwells Briareus; and the shapeless Hy-  
dra of Lerna's lands,  
Horribly yelling; in flaming mail the  
Chimæra arrayed;  
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-  
bodied and terrible Shade.

Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden  
panic of fear  
Points its blade at the legion; and had  
not the Heaven-taught seer  
Warned him the phantoms are thin  
apparitions, clothed in a vain  
Semblance of form, but in substance a  
fluttering bodiless train,  
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing  
shadows in twain.







### THE RIVER OF ACHERON

HERE is the path to the river of Acheron,  
    ever by mud  
Clouded, for ever seething with wild,  
    insatiate flood  
Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging  
    its endless sands.  
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferry-  
    man stands,  
Charon, grisly and rugged ; a growth of  
    centuries lies

Hoary and rough on his chin ; as a flaming furnace his eyes.  
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties ;  
Now with his pole impelling the boat,  
    now trimming the sail,  
Urging his steel-gray bark with its burden of corpses pale,  
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,  
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were  
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maids unwed,  
Sons borne forth in the sight of their sires to the pile of the dead,  
Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost  
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in beavies flock to the coast  
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter, chilly and froze,  
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.

Yonder they stood, each praying for  
earliest passage, and each  
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of  
the opposite beach.  
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman  
gloomy receives,  
Far from the sands of the river the rest  
he chases and leaves.

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

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

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

Silent the hero gazed and his footstep  
halted, his mind  
Filled with his own sad thoughts and  
compassion of doom unkind.  
Yonder he notes, in affliction, deprived  
of the dues of the dead,  
Near Leucaspis, Orontes who Lycia's  
vessels had led.  
Over the wind-tost waters from Troy  
as together they drave,  
One wild storm overtook them, engulfing  
vessels and brave.  
Yonder, behold, Palinurus the pilot  
gloomily went,

Who, while sailing from Libya's shores,  
on the planets intent,  
Fell but of late from the stern, and was  
lost in a watery waste.  
Hardly he knows him at first, as in  
shadow sadly he paced;  
Then at the last breaks silence and  
cries: "What God can it be  
Robbed us of thee, Palinurus, and  
drowned thee deep in the sea?  
Answer me thou! For Apollo I ne'er  
found false till to-day;  
Only in this one thing hath his prophecy  
led us astray.  
Safe with life from the deep to Italian  
shores, we were told,  
Thou should'st come at the last! Is it  
thus that his promises hold?"

"Son of Anchises," he answers,  
"Apollo's tripod and shrine  
Have not lied; no god overwhelmed me  
thus in the brine.  
True to my trust I was holding the helm,  
stood ruling the course,  
When by sad misadventure I wrenched it  
loose, and perforce

Trailed it behind in my fall. By the  
cruel waters I swear  
Fear of mine own life truly I knew not,  
felt but a care  
Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and  
her helmsman lost,  
Might be unequal to combat the wild  
seas round her that tost.  
Three long nights of the winter, across  
great waters and wide,  
Violent south winds swept me ; at fourth  
day's dawn I descried  
Italy's coast, as I rose on the crest of a  
wave of the sea.  
Stroke by stroke I was swimming ashore,  
seemed nearly to be  
Safe from the billows ; and weighted by  
dripping garments I clave,  
Clutching my hands, to the face of a  
cliff that towered on the wave,  
When wild people assailed me, a treasure-  
trove to their mind.  
Now are the waves my masters ; I toss  
on the beach in the wind.  
O ! by the pleasant sun, by the joyous  
light of the skies,

By thy sire, and Iulus, the rising hope  
of thine eyes,  
Save me from these great sorrows, my  
hero! Over me pour  
Earth, as in truth thou canst, and return  
to the Velian shore.  
Else, if a heavenly mother hath shown  
thee yonder a way, —  
Since some god's own presence, me-  
thinks, doth guide thee, who here  
Seekest to cross these streams and the  
Stygian marshes drear, —  
Give thy hand to thy servant, and take  
him with thee to-day,  
So that in quiet places his wearied head  
he may lay!"

Thus, sad phantom, he cried; thus an-  
swered the seer of the shrine:  
"Whence, Palinurus, comes this ill-  
omened longing of thine?  
Thou cast eyes, unburied, on Stygian  
waves, the severe  
Stream of the Furies, approach unbidden  
the banks of the mere!  
Cease thy dream that the Fates by prayer  
may be ever appeased,

Yet keep this in remembrance, that so  
thy lot may be eased : —  
Many a neighbouring people from cities  
far and unknown,  
Taught by prodigies dire of the skies,  
thy bones shall atone,  
Building thy tomb, and remitting their  
gifts each year to thy ghost ;  
So Palinurus' name shall for ever cleave  
to the coast.”  
Thus his affliction she soothes. For a  
little season his sad  
Spirit has comfort ; he thinks on his  
namesake land and is glad.







## THE CROSSING OF THE STYX

THENCE they advance on the journey  
and now draw near to the flood.  
Soon as the boatman saw them, from  
where on the water he stood,  
Move through the silent forest and bend  
their steps to the beach,  
Ere they arrive he accosts them, and first  
breaks silence in speech.  
“ Stranger, approaching in arms our river,  
whoever thou art,

Speak on the spot thine errand, and hold  
thee farther apart.  
This is the kingdom of shadows, of sleep  
and the slumberous dark ;  
Bodies of living men are forbidden the  
Stygian bark.  
Not of mine own good will was Alcides  
over the wave  
Yonder, or Theseus taken, nor yet Piri-  
thous brave,  
Though from gods they descended, and  
matchless warriors were ;  
One from the monarch's presence to  
chains sought boldly to bear  
Hell's unslumbering warder, and trailed  
him trembling away.  
Two from her bridal chamber conspired  
Death's queen to convey."

Briefly again makes answer the great  
Amphrysian seer :  
" Here no cunning awaits thee as theirs  
was, far be the fear.  
Violence none our weapons prepare ;  
Hell's warder may still  
Bay in his cavern for ever, affrighting  
the phantoms chill ;

Hell's chaste mistress keep to her kins-  
man's halls if she will.  
Troy's Æneas, a son most loving, a  
warrior brave,  
Goes in the quest of his sire to the deep-  
est gloom of the grave.  
If thou art all unmoved at the sight of a  
love so true" —  
Here she displays him the bough in her  
garment hidden from view —  
"Know this branch." In his bosom  
the tempest of anger abates.  
Further he saith not. Feasting his eyes  
on the wand of the Fates,  
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered  
summers before,  
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and  
approaches the shore ;  
Summons the rest of the spirits in row  
on the benches who sate  
Place to resign for the comers, his gang-  
way clears, and on board  
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans  
under his weight.  
Water in streams from the marshes  
through every fissure is poured.

Priestess and hero safely across Death's  
river are past,  
Land upon mud unsightly, and pale  
marsh-sedges, at last.





### THE REALMS OF THE DEAD

HERE huge Cerberus bays with his triple  
jaws through the land,  
Croucht at enormous length in his cavern  
facing the strand.

Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now  
bristling with snakes,  
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of  
honeyed opiate cakes.

Maddened with fury of famine his three  
great throats unclose ;

Fiercely he snatches the viand, his mon-  
strous limbs in repose

Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls  
measureless over his den.

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

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

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

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

Yonder Pasiphae stood and Evadne ; close  
to them clung  
Laodamia, and Cænis, a man once,  
woman at last,

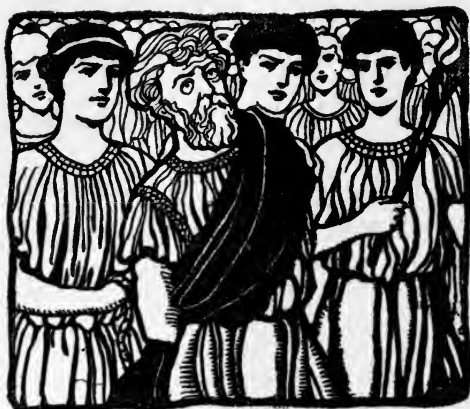
Now by the wheel of the Fates in her  
former figure recast.  
Fresh from her death-wound still, here  
Dido, the others among,  
Roamed in a spacious wood. Thro'  
shadow the chieftain soon  
Dimly discerned her face, as a man,  
when the month is but young,  
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloud-  
less shining, the moon.

Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with  
tender love as of old :  
“ True, then, sorrowful Dido, the mes-  
senger fires that told  
Thy sad death, and the doom thou  
soughtest of choice by thy hand !  
Was it, alas ! to a grave that I did thee ?  
Now by the bright  
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that  
abides in realms of the Night,  
'T was unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell  
to thy land.  
Yet, the behest of Immortals, — the  
same which bids me to go  
Thro' these shadows, the wilderness  
mire and the darkness below, —



Drove me imperious thence, nor possess  
I power to believe  
I at departing had left thee in grief thus  
bitter to grieve.  
Tarry, and turn not away from a face  
that on thine would dwell ;  
'T is thy lover thou fliest, and this is our  
last farewell !”

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



### THE HEROES OF TROY

THENCE on the path appointed they go,  
and the uttermost plain

Reach ere long, where rest in seclusion  
the glorious slain.

Tydeus here he discerns, here Partheno-  
pæus of old

Famous in arms, and the ghost of  
Adrastus, pallid and cold.

Wailed in the world of the sunlight long,  
laid low in the fray,

Here dwell Ilion's chiefs. As his eyes  
on the gallant array  
Lighted, he groaned. Three sons of  
Antenor yonder they see,  
Glaucus and Medon and young Thersi-  
lochus, brethren three ;  
Here Polyphætès, servant of Heaven  
from his earliest breath ;  
There Idæus, the shield and the reins  
still holding in death.  
Thickly about him gather the spectral  
children of Troy :  
'T is not enough to have seen him, to  
linger round him is joy,  
Pace at his side, and inquire why thus  
he descends to the dead.  
But the Achæan chiefs, Agamemnon's  
legions arrayed,  
When on the hero they looked, and his  
armour gleaming in shade,  
Shook with an infinite terror, and some  
turned from him and fled,  
As to the Danaan vessels in days gone  
by they had sped.  
Some on the air raise thinnest of voices ;  
the shout of the fray

Seems, upon lips wide-parted, begun,  
then passing away.

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

I there built thee, and thrice bade loud  
farewell to thy ghost.  
Hallowed the spot by thine armour and  
name. Ere crossing the wave  
Never, friend, could I find thee, nor  
give thee an Ilian grave."

"Nothing was left undone, O friend!"  
he replies; "thou hast paid  
All that Deiphobus claims, all debt that  
was due to his shade.  
'T was my destiny sad, and the crime  
accurst of the Greek  
Woman, in woe that plunged me, and  
wrote this tale on my cheek.  
Well thou knowest — for ah! too long  
will the memory last —  
How Troy's funeral night amid treach-  
erous pleasures we past;  
When Fate's terrible steed overcame  
our walls at a leap,  
Carrying mailclad men in its womb  
towards Pergama's steep;  
How, a procession feigning, the Phrygian  
mothers she led  
Round our city in orgy, with lighted  
torch at their head

Waving herself the Achæans to Ilion's  
citadel keep.  
I, that night, overburdened with troubles,  
buried in sleep,  
Lay in the fatal chamber, delicious  
slumber and deep  
Folding mine eyelids, like the unbroken  
rest of the slain.  
She, meanwhile, my glorious spouse,  
from the palace has ta'en  
Every weapon, and drawn from the  
pillow the falchion I bore,  
Then Menelaus summons, and straight-  
way loosens the door,  
Hoping in sooth that her lover with this  
great boon might be won,  
Deeming the fame of her guilt in the  
past might so be undone.  
Why on the memory linger? The foe  
streamed in at the gate  
Led by Ulysses, the plotter. May judg-  
ment, Immortals, wait  
Yet on the Greeks, if of vengeance a  
reverent heart may be fain!  
Tell me in turn what sorrow has brought  
thee alive and unslain

Hither?" he cries; "art come as a  
mariner lost on the main,  
Or by the counsel of Heaven? What  
fortune drives thee in quest,  
Hither, of sunless places and sad, the  
abodes of unrest?"  
Morn already with roseate steeds, while  
talk they exchange,  
Now in her journey has traversed the  
half of the heavenly range,  
And peradventure thus the allotted time  
had been past,  
Had not the faithful Sibyl rebuked him  
briefly at last.  
"Night draws nigh, Æneas. In tears  
we are spending the hours.  
Here is the place where the path is  
divided. This to the right,  
Under the walls of the terrible Dis — to  
Elysium — ours.  
Yonder, the left, brings doom to the  
guilty, and drives them in flight  
Down to the sinful region where awful  
Tartarus lowers."

"Terrible priestess, frown not," Deipho-  
bus cries; "I depart,

Join our shadowy legion, restore me to  
darkness anon.

Go, thou joy of the race; may the Fates  
vouchsafe thee a part  
Brighter than mine!" And behold, as  
he uttered the word, he was gone.

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



Rattle of iron bands, and the clanking  
of fetters that trail.

Silent the hero stands, and in terror  
rivets his eyes.

“What dire shapes of impiety these?  
Speak, priestess!” he cries.

“What dread torment racks them, and  
what shrieks yonder arise?”

She in return: “Great chief of the  
Teucrian hosts, as is meet

Over the threshold of sinners may pass  
no innocent feet.

Hecate’s self, who set me to rule the  
Avernian glade,

Taught me of Heaven’s great torments,  
and all their terrors displayed.

Here reigns dread Rhadamanthus, a king  
no mercy that knows,

Chastens and judges the guilty, compels  
each soul to disclose

Crimes of the upper air that he kept  
concealed from the eye,

Proud of his idle cunning, till Death  
brought punishment nigh.

Straightway then the Avenger Tisiphone  
over them stands,

Scourges the trembling sinners, her fierce  
lash arming her hands;  
Holds in her left uplifted her serpents  
grim, and from far  
Summons the awful troop of her sisters  
gathered for war!  
Then at the last with a grating of hide-  
ous hinges unclose  
Hell's infernal doors. Dost see what  
warders are those  
Crouched in the porch? What presence  
is yonder keeping the gate?  
Know that a Hydra beyond it, a foe still  
fiercer in hate,  
Lurks with a thousand ravening throats.  
See! Tartarus great  
Yawning to utter abysses, and deepening  
into the night,  
Twice as profound as the space of the  
starry Olympian height."





### THE HORRORS OF TARTARUS

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

Saw Salmoneus too, overtaken with  
    agony dire  
While the Olympian thunder he mim-  
    icked and Jove's own fire.  
Borne on his four-horsed chariot, and  
    waving torches that glowed,  
Over the Danaan land, thro' the city  
    of Elis, he rode,  
Marching in triumph, and claiming the  
    honours due to a god.  
Madman, thinking with trumpets and  
    trump of the steeds that he drove  
He might rival the storms, and the  
    matchless thunders of Jove!  
But the omnipotent Father a bolt from  
    his cloudy abyss  
Launched — no brand from the pine, no  
    smoke of the torchlight this —  
And with an awful whirlwind blast  
    hurled Pride to its fall.  
Tityos also, the nurseling of Earth, great  
    mother of all,  
Here was to see, whose body a long  
    league covers of plain;  
One huge vulture, standing with hookèd  
    beak at his side,

Shears his liver that dies not, his bowel  
fruitful of pain,  
Searches his heart for a banquet, beneath  
his breast doth abide,  
Grants no peace to the vitals that ever  
renew them again.

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

“All who have hated a brother in lifetime,  
all who have laid  
Violent hands on a parent, the faith of a  
client betrayed ;

Those who finding a treasure have o'er  
it brooded alone,  
Setting aside no portion for kinsmen, a  
numerous band;  
Those in adultery slain, all those who  
have raised in the land  
Treason's banner, or broken their oath  
to a master's hand,  
Prisoned within are awaiting an awful  
doom of their own.

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

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

Soon as the aged seer of Apollo her story  
had done,  
"Forward," she cries, "on the path, and  
complete thy mission begun.  
Hasten the march! I behold in the dis-  
tance battlements great,  
Built by the Cyclops' forge, and the  
vaulted dome at the gate  
Where the divine revelation ordains our  
gifts to be laid."  
Side by side at her bidding they traverse  
the region of shade,  
Over the distance hasten, and now draw  
nigh to the doors.

Fronting the gates Æneas stands, fresh  
water he pours  
Over his limbs, and the branch on the  
portal hangs as she bade.







### THE REALMS OF THE BLEST

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

Some are training their limbs on the  
wrestling-green, and compete  
Gaily in sport on the yellow arenas, some  
with their feet  
Treading their choral measures, or sing-  
ing the hymns of the god ;  
While their Thracian priest, in a sacred  
robe that trails,  
Chants them the air with the seven  
sweet notes of his musical scales,  
Now with his fingers striking, and now  
with his ivory rod.  
Here are the ancient children of Teucer,  
fair to behold,  
Generous heroes, born in the happier  
summers of old, —  
Ilus, Assaracus by him, and Dardan,  
founder of Troy.  
Far in the distance yonder are visible  
armour and car  
Unsubstantial, in earth their lances are  
planted, and far  
Over the meadows are ranging the  
charges freed from employ.  
All the delight they took when alive in  
the chariot and sword,

All of the loving care that to shining  
    coursers was paid,  
Follows them now that in quiet below  
    Earth's breast they are laid.  
Banqueting here he beholds them to  
    right and to left on the sward,  
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath  
    sweet forests of bay,  
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the  
    river Eridanus, poured,  
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth  
    and the day.  
Chiefs for the land of their sires in the  
    battle wounded of yore,  
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet  
    life was no more,  
Faithful prophets who spake as beseemed  
    their god and his shrine,  
All who by arts invented to life have  
    added a grace.  
All whose services earned the remem-  
    brance deep of the race,  
Round their shadowy foreheads the  
    snow-white garland entwine.  
Then, as about them the phantoms  
    stream, breaks silence the seer,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There Æneas beholds in a valley with-  
drawn from the rest  
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs  
that sing in the breeze;

Near them the Lethe river that glides  
by abodes of the blest.  
Round it numberless races and people  
floating he sees.  
So on the flowery meadows in calm,  
clear, summer, the bees  
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream  
in companies round  
Fair white lilies, till every plain seems  
ringing with sound.

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

So that our joy may be deeper on finding Italy's skies."

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

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

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



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

“ Nor when at last life leaves them, do  
all sad ills, that belong  
Unto the sinful body, depart ; still many  
survive  
Lingering within them, alas ! for it needs  
must be that the long  
Growth should in wondrous fashion at  
full completion arrive.  
So, due vengeance racks them, for deeds  
of an earlier day  
Suffering penance, and some to the winds  
hang viewless and thin  
Searcht by the breezes ; from others, the  
deep infection of sin

Swirling water washes, or bright fire  
purges, away.  
Each in his own sad ghost we endure ;  
then pass to the wide  
Realms of Elysium. Few in the fields  
of the happy abide,  
Till great Time, when the cycles have  
run their courses on high,  
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to  
us only the bright  
Sense of the heaven's own ether, and fire  
from the springs of the sky.  
When for a thousand years they have  
rolled their wheels thro' the night,  
God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad  
train,  
That with remembrance lost once more  
they may visit the light,  
And, at the last, have desire for a life in  
the body again."

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

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





### THE ROMAN HEROES

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

Granted the earliest place in the world  
of the day and the light,  
Half of Italian birth, from the shadows  
first shall ascend,  
Silvius, Alban of name, thy child tho'  
born at the end,  
Son of thy later years by Lavinia, consort  
of thine,  
Reared in the woods as a monarch and  
sire of a royal line.  
Next to him Procas, the pride of the  
race ; then Capys, and far  
Numitor ; after him one who again thy  
name shall revive,  
Silvius, hight Æneas, in pious service  
and war  
Noble alike, if to Alba's throne he shall  
ever arrive.  
Heroes fair ! how grandly, behold ! their  
manhood is shown,  
While their brows are shaded by leaves  
of the citizen-crown !  
These on the mountain ranges shall set  
Nomentum the steep,  
Gabii's towers, Fidenæ's town, Collatia's  
keep ;

Here plant Inuus' camp, there Cora and  
Bola enthroned,  
Glorious names ere long, now a nameless  
land and unknown.  
Romulus, scion of Mars, at the side of  
his grandsire see —  
Ilia fair his mother, the blood of Assa-  
racus he !  
See on his helmet the doubled crest,  
how his sire has begun  
Marking the boy with his own bright  
plumes for the world of the sun.  
Under his auspices Rome, our glorious  
Rome, shall arise,  
Earth with her empire ruling, her great  
soul touching the skies.  
Lo ! seven mountains enwalling, a single  
city, she lies,  
Blest in her warrior brood ! So crowned  
with towers ye have seen  
Ride thro' Phrygia's cities the great  
Berecynthian queen,  
Proud of the gods her children, a hundred  
sons at her knee,  
All of them mighty immortals, and lords  
of a heavenly fee !

Turn thy glance now hither, behold this  
glorious clan,  
Romans of thine. See Cæsar, and each  
generation of man  
Yet to be born of Iulus beneath heaven's  
infinite dome.  
Yonder behold thy hero, the promised  
prince, upon whom  
Often thy hopes have dwelt, Augustus  
Cæsar, by birth  
Kin to the godlike dead, who a golden  
age upon earth  
Comes to renew where once o'er Latium  
Saturn reigned,  
Holding remote Garamantes and India's  
tribes enchained.  
Far beyond all our planets the land lies,  
far beyond high  
Heaven, and the sun's own orbit, where  
Atlas, lifting the sky,  
Whirls on his shoulders the sphere,  
inwrought with its fiery suns!  
Ere his arrival, lo! thro' shivering Caspia  
runs  
Fear, at her oracle's answers. The  
vast Mæotian plain,

Sevenfold Nile and his mouths, are fluttered and tremble again ;  
Ranges of earth more wide than Alcides ever surveyed,  
Tho' he pursued deer brazen of limb, tamed Erymanth's glade,  
Lerna with arrows scared, or the Vine-god, when from the war  
Homeward with ivied reins he conducts his conquering car,  
Driving his team of tigers from Nysa's summits afar. —  
Art thou loth any longer with deeds our sway to expand?  
Can it be fear forbids thee to hold Ausonia's land ?

“ Who comes yonder the while with the olive branch on his brow,  
Bearing the sacred vessels ? I know yon tresses, I know  
Yon gray beard, Rome's monarch, the first with law to sustain  
Rome yet young ; from the lordship of Cures' little domain  
Sent to an empire's throne. At his side goes one who shall break



Slumberous peace, to the battle her ease-  
ful warriors wake,  
Rouse once more her battalions disused  
to the triumph so long,  
Tullus the king! Next, Ancus the  
boastful marches along,  
See, overjoyed already by praises breathed  
from a crowd!  
Yonder the royal Tarquins are visible;  
yonder the proud  
Soul of avenging Brutus, with Rome's  
great fasces again  
Made Rome's own; who first to her  
consul's throne shall attain,  
Hold her terrible axes; his sons, the  
rebellious pair,  
Doom to a rebel's death for the sake of  
Liberty fair.  
Ill-starred sire! let the ages relate as  
please them the tale,  
Yet shall his patriot passion and thirst  
of glory prevail.  
Look on the Decii there, and the Drusi;  
hatchet in hand  
See Torquatus the stern, and Camillus  
home to his land

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

“ See, who rides from a vanquish't Corinth  
in conqueror's car  
Home to the Capitol, deckt with Achæan  
spoils from the war

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

Thine, O Roman, remember, to reign  
over every race !  
These be thine arts, thy glories, the ways  
of peace to proclaim,  
Mercy to show to the fallen, the proud  
with battle to tame !”

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

Then Æneas,— for near him a youth  
seemed ever to pace,  
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armour  
of glittering grace,

Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast  
down as in grief —  
“ Who can it be, my father, that walks  
at the side of the chief?  
Is it his son, or perchance some child  
of his glorious race  
Born from remote generations? And  
hark, how ringing a cheer  
Breaks from his comrades round! What  
a noble presence is here!  
Tho’ dark night with her shadow of woe  
floats over his face!”

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

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

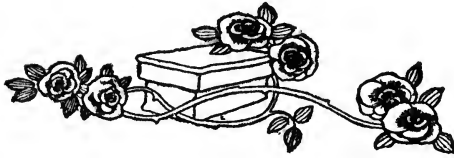
Heap on the shade of the boy unborn  
these gifts at the least,  
Doing the dead, tho' vainly, the last sad  
service." — He ceast.

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

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

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

THE END.







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