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KISSES:

BEING A

POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

BASIA

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS NICOLAIUS.

WITH THE ORIGINAL LATIN TEXT.

To which is prefixed,

AN

ESSAY

ON HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.


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AN
ESSAY
ON THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
SECUNDUS.



OF all the modern Latin poets, none perhaps has remained longer in obscurity than Joannes Secundus, owing to what cause we shall not pretend to determine; yet no author has been more esteemed by the few who have read him, as well for the purity and elegance of his language, as for the singular beauty of his thoughts. Considering, then, that obscurity in which he has so long continued, it is not very wonderful that so few circumstances can be collected with regard to his history. For the following anecdotes of his life we are chiefly indebted to a little treatise in the last edition of his works, published by Scriverius in the year 1631; and these anecdotes are not regularly drawn up into a complete life of our author: therefore, if

our account of Secundus be not entirely satisfactory to the reader, it must be attributed to a want of the existence of necessary materials.

That Joannes Secundus was descended from an antient and illustrious family in the Netherlands, is undoubted. His father, Nicolaus Everardus, was born in the neighbourhood of Middelburg, (hence he is often styled Middelburgensis) which is the chief town of the province of Zealand, and situated in the island of Walcheren, belonging to that province.

Everardus was accounted a man of great erudition, remarkably learned in the law, and had every qualification that might complete the gentleman as well as the scholar; in short, he was a shining character, and could not fail by such abilities and politeness as he possessed to distinguish himself as a courtier, in which sphere of life fortune had placed him: accordingly, we find him a great favourite with the then Emperor Charles the Fifth, and having employs of the utmost importance, (for he was a member of the grand parliament or council of Mechelen, and was also president of the States of Holland and Zealand, residing at the Hague, during his residence at which place our Joannes Secundus Nicolaius was born, Anno 1511): he was afterwards translated to the same honourable post at Mechelen, where he ended his days,

Aug. 5, 1532, aged seventy ; and at that place he was buried.

Whence our poet acquired the names of Secundus and Nicolaius may be a matter of much dispute, as we have nothing upon record which satisfactorily clears up this point. The name of Nicolai all the children of Nicolaus Everardus took, possibly, from their father's name, Nicolaus : but the name of Secundus, which distinguishes our author, most probably had its rise from some pun ; for to be sure he was, as a poet, *Nemini Secundus*.

But before we proceed any farther in our history of Secundus, let us take a view of the children of Nicolaus Everardus, which were five sons, and we believe three daughters : they were all of a scientific cast ; nay, such was the genius for literature which this family possessed, that it even descended to the female line, as we shall shew in mentioning Isabella Nicolaïa. To speak of the sons of Everardus, then, in the same order that they are spoken of in that treatise of the family preserved by Scriverius, we begin with Petrus Nicolaius. He was an ecclesiastic of the order of Premonstre, also a doctor of divinity and of civil law. Next to him was Everardus Nicolaius, who was a member of the grand council of Friezland, and of the grand council of Mechelen ; afterwards president of Friezland, and of Mechelen ; he was also

also a knight of the order of the Golden Fleece. Then comes Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaius, (so called because he was born at Lovain, the inhabitants of which country have supposed themselves to be originally the Grudii of Cæsar.—Vide Cæs. Comment. de Bel. Gal.) : he was treasurer of the province of Brabant, and one of the privy council ; he was also knight, and register of the order of the Golden Fleece. Hadrianus Marius Nicolaius is now to be spoken of : he was a knight, a member of the privy council, and high chancellor of Guelderland and Zutphen.

Thus we see that it was a family distinguished by princely favours ; nor were these four brothers deficient in point of learning : on the contrary, we find many encomiums paid to their literary merits, particularly as poets. That Nicolaus Grudius and Hadrianus Marius excelled in poetry, is evident, not only from the testimony of Secundus, but from their remaining compositions : the *Cymba Amoris*, of Marius, is a most elegant little piece.

According to Scriverius, our poet comes last in order, whose history we shall resume after having mentioned his sister Isabella Nicolaïa. This lady was an honour to her sex, having a remarkably fine taste for polite and even classical learning : she was capable of corresponding in Latin, as we are informed by an epistle of Secundus to her,

wherein he regrets the loss that society sustained from talents like her's being buried in a cloister ; for that she spent her days in a convent is a fact, but upon what account we are not informed. As to the other sisters of Secundus, nothing particular is related of them.

Such were the children of Nicolaus Everardus by his lady, Eliza Bladella, who was a native of Mechelen, and endowed with every female accomplishment.

To return to Secundus. He was put under the care of Jacobus Volcardus, who was every way qualified for the undertaking, and whose death Secundus mentions in one of his *Nænia* with no small concern. Rumoldus Stenemola succeeded him in the place of tutor, and his abilities equalled those of Volcardus.

The original works of Secundus in painting and sculpture are now extremely scarce, and the very few copies of them are become almost equally so. We learn that he carved all his own family, his mistresses, (of whom we shall make mention presently) the Emperor Charles the Fifth, several great personages of those times, and many of his intimate friends.

Secundus having nearly attained the age of twenty-one, it was thought necessary, that, under some excellent professor, he should regularly study the

civil law, in which it was hoped he might one day distinguish himself: for this purpose he quitted Mechelen, and went into France, where he acquired, under the celebrated Andreas Alciatus, at Bourges, (a city in the Orleanois) all that knowledge which was requisite to make him shine in his profession.

Our poet, who had now passed a year in the study of the law under this very able teacher, and taken his degrees, returned to Mechelen; but it must require a soul equally impassioned with his, to conceive his uneasiness when he found upon his return that his Julia was married; she, who had first fanned his youthful fires, and who had hitherto reigned sole mistress of his heart: for certain it is, that our first impressions of love are not very easily effaced, even by time; and it is not less certain, that memory traces these impressions with a peculiar pleasure, as in so doing it recalls to our minds those days of innocence when we enjoyed love in its purest and most disinterested state. The many tender things that Secundus wrote on being deprived of his Julia, may amply verify these remarks.

However, Venerilla soon supplied the loss of Julia as a mistress. She was passionately fond of Secundus; but there is reason to suspect that he was not so much enamoured with her as with his

former lady, or with his Neæra, who succeeded Venerilla in the empire of his affections. Neæra was the last mistress of Secundus, and, no doubt, had very sensibly touched his heart, since she inspired him with the most voluptuous part of all his writings; we mean his book of Kisses. The person of Neæra we cannot particularize, no carving or picture of her being extant; but her character is drawn up at large by her lover in his works more than once. In few words, she was a fair Inconstant, who could play with the passions of a fond youth so as to keep them perpetually inflamed; and, as we learn that she was a native of Spain, we may conclude her to have been of no cold disposition.

Let us now view Secundus at a time of life when the world opened more extensive prospects to him, and when he began to enter into public employ. Anno 1533, we find he went into Spain, well recommended to people of the highest rank, (particularly Count Nassau) where he became secretary to the Cardinal Joannes Travera, archbishop of Toledo, in a department of business which required a perfect knowledge of the Latin tongue: however, in the midst of his occupations he still found leisure to court the Muses, and wrote many pieces, among which were his Kisses; therefore we conclude it was while with the cardinal

that he first saw the beauteous subject of them, Neæra.

Secundus had not been a year in Spain before the heat of the climate proved too powerful for his constitution, being seized with a fever which had certainly carried him off, but that youth was on his side. This illness he mentions in a work of his, dated 1534.

The year following, 1535, he accompanied, by the advice of the Cardinal Travera, the Emperor Charles the Fifth to the much celebrated siege of Tunis, against that noted pirate Barbarossa. The emperor was attended in this expedition by numbers of gentlemen of rank and fortune, who went as volunteers; and many hardships they suffered—hardships but little suited to the soft disposition of Secundus, whose feats of military valour at this period are not upon record; but it is generally agreed that war was less his talent than poetry. It appears remarkable, that Secundus wrote nothing poetical of note upon the siege of Tunis, which might have furnished him with ample matter for an epic poem; but perhaps the subject was for some reasons disgusting to him.

Being returned from his martial expedition, the cardinal sent him upon a very honourable embassy to Rome, namely, to congratulate the Pope Paul the Third upon the success of the emperor's arms;

but extreme illness overtaking him upon the road, he was necessitated almost immediately to turn back, and seek the benefit of his native air, which recovered him.

Secundus, having now quitted the Archbishop of Toledo, was employed by the Bishop of Utrecht in the same office of secretary ; and so much had he hitherto distinguished himself by his abilities, that, in a short time after this, he was sent for (without any other recommendation than his well-known learning) by the first prothonotary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who was then in Italy, to take upon him the charge of those Latin letters signed by the emperor's own hand. But before he could enter upon this new and honourable post, death put a stop to his career of glory ; for, being arrived at St. Amand, in the district of Tournay, in order to meet upon business the Bishop of Utrecht, who is abbot or pro-abbot of the monastery of Benedictines there, he was cut off by a violent fever, within five days after his arrival, in the very flower of his age (not having yet completed his twenty-fifth year) October 8th, 1536. He was interred in the church of the abovesaid monastery ; and his near relations erected a marble tomb to his memory, whose inscription is thus preserved by Aubertus Miræus, in the first edition of his *Elogii Belgarum* :—

IOANNI HAGENSI,
SECRETARIO REVERENDISS. DO-
MINI TRAIECTENSIS, ET ABBATIÆ
HVIUS PRÆLATI, FRATRES ET SO-
RORES POSVERE.

OBIIT A. cto Io XXXVI.
VIII. KAL. OCTOB.

Scriverius gives us the following epitaph, which he found in Douza's hand-writing :

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGENSI BA-
TAVO, I. Cto ORATORI AC POETÆ
CLARISS. FINGENDI QVOQ. AC
SCVLPENDI LAVDATISS. ARTIFICI:
QVI PRIMVM IN HISPANISS, IOANNI
TAVERÆ TOLETANO CARDINALI;
DEINDE IN PATRIA, ILLVSTRI GEOR-
GIO AB EGMONDA, TRAIECTENSI
PRÆSVLI, ET HVIVS LOCI PRIMATI,
AB EPISTOLIS ET SECRETIS FVIT:
POSTREMO AB CAROLO V. IMP.
AUG. ACCERSITVS. VT EANDEM
DEINCEPS APVD SE FVCTIONEM
OBIRET, IMMATVRA NIMIVM
MORTE RAPTO, MATER, FRATRES,
AC SORORES TRISFISSIMI DESI-
DERII MONIMENTVM
POSVERVNT.

VIXIT AN. 1111 ET XX. MENS X. DIES X.
OBIIT ANNO AB RESTITVTA SALV-
TE M. D. XXXVI. VIII CA-
LEND, OCTOB.

This epitaph was effaced during the civil wars ; but Franciscus Sweertius, in his work De Selectis

Orbis Christiani Deliciis, among the Tornacensia, shews it to be thus restored in the nave of the monastery church of Saint Amand, by the Abbot Carolus de Par, at the desire of Dionysius Villerius and Hieronymus Winghius.

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGIENSI,
Pœtæ celeberrimo & nulli secundo: cujus tumulum hæreticorum furore anno c10 10 LXVI violatum, CAROLUS DE PAR Abbas, ob tanti viri memoriam restaurari C.

Obijt anno c10 10 XXXVI, Kalend. Octob. à Secretis Georgij Egmondani Trajectens. Episcopi, hujus loci Pro-Abbatis.

Having informed our readers of every circumstance that we are acquainted with, relative to the Life of Joannes Secundus, which seems to have been a life chiefly spent in improvement, yet by no means estranged to pleasure and the indulgence of the softer passions, let us now say something of his Works, which, for the satisfaction of those who may be any way solicitous in their enquiries after this author, we shall enumerate as they stand in the last edition of Scriverius, which is the most copious of any edition of Secundus that we have yet seen. They are as follow :

Series operum omnium quæ reperiri potuerunt.

JULIA, Elegiarum, Liber I.

AMORES, Elegiarum, Liber II.

AD DIVERSOS, Elegiarum, Liber III.

BASIA, incomparabilis & divinus prorsus liber.

EPIGRAMMATA.

ODARUM, Liber unus.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber unus Elegiaco.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber alter Heroico carmine scriptus.

FUNERUM, Liber unus.

SYLVÆ, & CARMINUM Fragmenta.

POEMATA nonnulla Fratrum.

ITINERARIA Secundi tria ; &

EPISTOLÆ totidem, soluta oratione.

To these is added, an epistle of Hadrianus Marius (Secundus's brother) to Servatius Zassenus, a bookseller at Louvain, which throws some light upon the earlier editions of Secundus. Also a very excellent treatise, entitled, *De Io : Secundo, Hagensi ; Deque Nicolao Patre, & Gente Nicolaïa ;* which contains, upon the whole, the most satisfactory account of Secundus and his family that we have yet met with : and to this is added, a little poem of Douza's. Lastly, are some pieces under the title of *Manes Io : Secundi ; Auctoribus, Hadriano Mario, et Nicolao Grudio, Fratribus.*

What character these works bear, is a question hardly necessary, when we see prefixed to them the testimonies of several excellent critics ; as

Lilius Greg: Gyraldus, Julius Cæsar, Scaliger, Theodorus Beza, and many others equally celebrated in the republic of letters; nor are the commendations of his brothers and his editors (Cripius and Scriverius in particular) to be disregarded; but, in short, every writer who mentions Secundus speaks of him with rapture. To give our readers a general idea of the great estimation in which his poems were held, we shall insert the following critique, translated from a certain French writer, which, upon the whole, is the most just and concise of any that we know upon the subject.

“ This young poet has left us three books of elegies, one of epigrams, two of epistles, one of *Sylvæ*, one of *Funera*, one of gallant pieces, which he has entituled *Basia*, and some other poetical productions, which no way relate to any of the above-mentioned kinds of poetry. These works altogether prove, that Secundus was possessed of a delicate, pleasing, and lively imagination; which is by so much the more remarkable, as he was born in a climate that does not appear the most favourable to polite taste, so necessary for all who would distinguish themselves in elegant poetry. His genius, though extremely fertile, never produced any thing but what was excellent, and that with the greatest ease, and almost instantaneously. He

is sweet, calm, and at the same time perspicuous, in his elegies ; delicately subtil in his epigrams ; pleasingly noble in his lyric compositions ; grave in his funera, without any thing pompous or bombastic. In short, throughout all his works we may pronounce his style to be full, elegant, and tender ; and we may be assured, that, had his leisure permitted him to have undertaken and improved himself in epic poetry, he would have excelled in it :—but his muse is somewhat too wanton.”

Though the works of Secundus have gone through many editions, yet all are at present become extremely scarce, the earlier ones in particular ; insomuch, that this poet is hardly known to have existed.

That none of the works of Joannes Secundus came out during his life, is certain ; but we are informed, that, a short time before he died, he had a design of publishing, and had already laid down the order in which his pieces should be printed.

But no edition of the works of Secundus complete come out till the year 1541, when an edition was printed by Hermannus Borculous, Batav. in small 8vo. which was supposed to have been put out by Marius.

THE
KISSES
OF
JOANNES SECUNDUS.



JOANNIS SECUNDI
BASIA.

KISSES.

B A S I A.

—◆—

B A S I U M I.

—◆—

CUM Venus Ascanium⁷ super alta Cythera tu-
lisset,

Sopitum teneris imposuit violis ;

Albarum nimbos circumfuditque rosarum,

Et totum liquido sparsit odore locum.

[*Cum Venus Ascanium, &c.*] This is an imitation of the following lines from Virgil :

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat : et fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbrâ.






Thomson ad.


Mackenzie sc

Her languid limbs upon a couch she laid,
A fragrant couch of new-blown rills made;
The blissful bower with shadowing roses crown'd,
And balmy-breathing airs diffus'd around.

KISSES.



KISS I.



WHEN young Ascanius, by the Queen of Love,
Was borne to sweet Cythera's lofty grove,
His languid limbs upon a couch she laid,
A fragrant couch ! of new-blown vi'lets made ;
The blissful bow'r with shadowing roses crown'd,
And balmy-breathing airs diffus'd around.

Mean time the Goddess on Ascanius throws
A balmy slumber, and a sweet repose ;
Lull'd in her lap to rest, the Queen of Love
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove :
There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade.

*Mox veteres animo revocavit Adonidis igneis,
Notus & irrepsit ima per ossa calor.*

*O, quoties voluit circundare colla nepotis !
O, quoties dixit, " Talis Adonis erat !"*

*Sed placidam pueri metuens turbare quietem,
Fixit vicinis basia mille rosis.*

*Ecce calent illæ, cupidæque per ora Diones
Aura, susurranti flamine, lenta subit.*

*Quotque rosas tetigit, tot basia nata repente
Gaudia reddebant multiplicata Deæ.*

[*" Talis Adonis erat !"* &c.] Adonis was the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus, by his own daughter Myrrha ; he was a youth of exquisite beauty, tenderly beloved by Venus : it is said he was slain, in hunting, by a wild boar ; which fable has given rise to one of the most beautiful compositions extant, well known to every classical reader ; I mean Bion's first Idyllium, wherein Venus laments, with sweetest language, the death of her lover, who was changed into an anemone, as Ovid tells us.

[*Ecce calent illæ, &c.*] This metamorphosis reminds me of one something like it, in Shakespeare :

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flow'r,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound .
And maidens call it love in idleness.

The sleeping Youth in silence she admir'd ;
And, with remembrance of Adonis fir'd,
Strong and more strong her wonted flames return'd,
Thrill'd in each vein, and in her bosom burn'd.
How oft she wish'd, as she survey'd his charms,
Around his neck to throw her eager arms !
Oft would she say, admiring ev'ry grace,
" Such was Adonis ! such his lovely face !"
But fearing lest this fond excess of joy
Might break the slumber of the beauteous boy,
On ev'ry rose-bud that around him blow'd
A thousand nectar'd Kisses she bestow'd ;
And strait each op'ning bud, which late was white,
Blush'd a warm crimson to the astonish'd sight :
Still in Dione's breast soft wishes rise,
Soft wishes ! vented with soft-whisper'd sighs !
Thus, by her lips unnumber'd roses press'd,
Kisses, unfolding in sweet bloom, confess'd ;
And, flush'd with rapture at each new-born kiss,
She felt her swelling soul o'erwhelm'd in bliss.

I would not insinuate, by this quotation, that Shakespeare was indebted to Secundus for his thought ; as it may be reasonably contended, whether the English poet was scholar sufficient to be acquainted with the Latin bard. That same luxuriance of fancy, which both equally possessed, might certainly inspire each other with similar ideas.

*At Cytherea, natans nivèis per nubila cygnis,
Ingentis terræ cœpit obire globum.*

*Triptolemique modo, fœcundis oscula glebis
Sparsit, & ignotos ter dedit ore sonos.*

*Inde seges felix nata est mortalibus agris ;
Inde medela meis unica nata malis.*

*Salvete æternùm, miseræ moderamina flammæ,
Humida de gelidis basia nata rosis.*

*En ego sum, vestri quo vate canentur honores,
Nota Medusæi dum juga montis erunt ;*

[Triptolemique modo, &c.] Triptolemus, according to Hyginus, was the son of Eleusius ; or, according to Pausanias, son of Celeus of Eleusis, a town of Athens. He was bred up from his infancy by Ceres, who fed him with milk in the day, and covered him with fire at night : she taught him agriculture, and sent him over the world in a chariot loaded with corn, to teach mankind that science ; when he first instructed Greece. Thus Ovid briefly mentions him :

*Iste quidem mortalis erit : sed primus arabit,
Et seret, et cultâ præmia tollet humo.*

OVID. FAST. LIB. IV.

'Tis true, the youth shall be a mortal born,
Nor shall his hands instructive labour scorn ;
He first shall plough, first sow the grateful soil,
And reap the blessings that await such toil.

[Nota Medusæi dum juga, &c.] Parnassus, the muses' hill, was said to have two summits, in the cleft between

Now round this orb, soft-floating on the air,
 The beauteous Goddess speeds her radiant car :
 As in gay pomp the harness'd cygnets fly,
 Their snow-white pinions glitter thro' the sky ;
 And like Triptolemus, whose bounteous hand
 Strew'd golden plenty o'er the fertile land,
 Fair Cytherea, as she flew along,
 O'er the vast lap of nature Kisses flung :
 Pleas'd from on high she view'd th' enchanted
 ground,
 And from her lips thrice fell a magic sound :
 He gave to mortals corn on ev'ry plain ;
 But She those sweets which mitigate my pain.

Hail, then, ye Kisses ! that can best assuage
 The pangs of love, and soften all its rage !
 Ye balmy Kisses ! that from roses sprung ;
 Roses ! on which the lips of Venus hung.

which if any one slept, he presently became a poet. Persius
 applies the epithet *biceps* to this mountain :

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino :
 Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
 Memini, ut repenti sic poëta prodirem,

PERS. PROLOG. AD SATYR.

These lips ne'er drank the Hippocrenian stream,
 Nor have I e'er indulg'd gay fancy's dream
 Within Parnassian cleft, that sudden song
 Should flow unbidden from my trembling tongue.

*Et memor Æneadûm stirpisque disertus amatæ,
Mollia Romulidûm verba loquetur Amor.*

[*Et memor Æneadûm, &c.*] This thought is truly beautiful : our poet declares that his kisses shall be sung in the Roman language, being of Roman birth ; that is, deriving their origin from the lips of Venus, who, as every one knows, was the mother of the Romans ; for her son Æneas, arriving in Italy, married Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus. Numinator was one of Æneas's descendants ; upon whose only child, Ilia or Rhea Sylvia, Mars begot Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome.

Lo ! I'm the Bard, while o'er Pierian shades
The tuneful mountain rears its sacred heads,
While whisp'ring verdures skirt the laurell'd spring,
Whose fond, impassion'd muse of You shall sing ;
And Love, enraptur'd with the Latian name,
With that dear race from which your lineage came,
In Latian strains shall celebrate your praise,
And tell your high descent to future days.

 BASIUM II.

VICINA quantum vitis lascivit in ulmo,
 Et tortiles per ilicem

Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corimbi ;
 Tantum, Neæra, si queas

In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis ;
 Tali, Neæra, si queam

Candida perpetuùm nexu tua colla ligare,
 Jungens perenne basium.

Tunc me nec Cæreris, nec amici cura Lyæi,
 Soporis aut amabilis,

[*Et tortiles per ilicem*, &c.] Horace has the same comparison, mentioning the embraces of his Neæra :

Arctiùs atque hedera procera astringitur ilex,
 Lentis adhærens brachiis.

KISS II.



AS round some neighbouring elm the vine
Its am'rous tendrils loves to twine ;
As round the oak, in many a maze,
The ivy flings its gadding sprays :
Thus ! let me to your snowy breast,
My dear Neæra ! thus be prest ;
While I as fondly in my arms,
Neæra ! clasp thy yielding charms ;
And, with one long, long kiss, improve
Our mutual ecstasies of love.

Should Ceres pour her plenteous hoard,
Should Bacchus crown the festive board,
Should balmy Sleep luxurious spread
His downy pinions o'er my head ;
Yet not for these my joys I'd break,
For these ! thy vermil lips forsake.
At length, when ruthless age denies
A longer bliss, and seals our eyes,

Not the tall oak could clasping ivy bind
So close, as round me thy fond arms were twin'd.

Vita, tuo de purpureo divelleret ore :

Sed mutuis in osculis

Defectos, ratis una duos portaret amanteis

Ad pallidam Ditis domum.

Mox per odoratos campos, & perpetuum ver

Produceremur in loca,

Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, heroinæ,

Heroas inter nobileis,

Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ,

In valle cantant myrteâ.

[*Mox per odoratos campos, &c.*] This description of Elyfium seems to be imitated from Tibullus :

Hic choreæ, cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes

Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves.

Fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros

Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis.

Hic juvenum series teneris immista puellis

Ludit, & assidue prælia miscet amor.

Illic est cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti,

Et gerit insigni myrtea sarta comâ.

TIBULL. LIB. I. ELEG. 3.

There joy and ceaseless revelry prevail ;

There soothing music floats on ev'ry gale ;

There painted warblers hop from spray to spray,

And, wildly-pleasing, swell the gen'ral lay :

There ev'ry hedge, untaught, with cassia blooms,

And scents the ambient air with rich perfumes :

One bark shall waft our spirit's o'er,
 United, to the Stygian shore :
 Then, passing thro' a transient night,
 We'll enter soon those fields of light,
 Where, breathing richest odours round,
 A spring eternal paints the ground ;
 Where heroes once in valour prov'd,
 And beauteous heroines once belov'd,
 Again with mutual passion burn,
 Feel all their wonted flames return ;
 And now in sportive measures tread
 The flow'ry carpet of the mead ;
 Now sing the jocund, tuneful tale
 Alternate in the myrtle vale :

There ev'ry mead a various plenty yields ;
 There lavish Flora paints the purple fields ;
 With ceaseless light a brighter Phœbus glows,
 No sickness tortures, and no ocean flows ;
 But youths associate with the gentle fair,
 And, stung with pleasure, to the shade repair :
 With them love wanders wheresoe'er they stray,
 Provokes to rapture, and inflames the play :
 But chief the constant few, by death betray'd,
 Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the shade.

GRAINGER.

The classical reader, who wishes to compare other descriptions of Elysium with this of Secundus may turn to Homer. *Odys.* 4. *Pindar.* *Olymp. Od.* 2. *Virgil.* *Æn.* 6. *Plutarch.* *Consol. ad Apollon.* 2.

*Quà violisque, rosisque, & flavi-comis narcissis,
Umbraculis trementibus*

*Illudit lauri nemus; & crepitante susurro
Tepidi suavè sibilant*

*Æternùm zephyri: nec vomere saucia tellus
Fœcunda solvit ubera.*

*Turba beatorum nobis assurgeret omnis,
Inque herbidis sedilibus,*

*Inter Mæonidas, primâ nos sede locarent:
Nec ulla amatricum Jovis*

*Præ-repto cedens indignaretur honore;
Nec nata Tyndaris Jove.*

[*Nec vomere, &c.*] Thus Virgil, in his description of the golden age:

—Omnis feret omnia tellus.

Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem;
Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator.

VIRG. ECLOG. IV.

Then with each harvest shall each soil be crown'd,
No harrow then shall vex the fruitful ground,
No hook shall lop the vine; and o'er the plains
Shall range the steers, unyok'd by sturdy swains.

[*Nec nata Tyndaris, &c.*] The beautiful Helen, wife to Menelaus, whom Paris stole away, causing the celebrated siege of Troy, sung by Homer, is too well known to be spoken of here; most of the ancient classics mention something of her history.

Where ceaseless Zephyrs fan the glade,
Soft-murm'ring thro' the laurel-shade ;
Beneath whose waving foliage grow
The vi'let sweet of purple glow,
The daffodil that breathes perfume,
And roses of immortal bloom ;
Where Earth her fruits spontaneous yields,
Nor plough-share cuts th' unfurrow'd fields.

Soon as we enter these abodes
Of happy souls, of demi-gods,
The Blest shall all respectful rise,
And view us with admiring eyes ;
Shall seat us 'mid th' immortal throng,
Where I, renown'd for tender song,
Shall gain with Homer equal praise,
And share with him poetic bays ;
While Thou, enthron'd above the rest,
Wilt shine in beauty's train confest :
Nor shall the Mistresses of Jove
Such partial honours disapprove ;
E'en Helen, tho' of race divine,
Will to thy charms her rank resign.

BASIAM III.

“*DA mihi suaviolum (dicebam), blanda puella!*”
Libâsti labris mox mea labra tuis.

Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repentè meo vellis ab ore procul.

Non hoc suaviolum dare, lux mea, sed dare tantùm
Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

[“*Da mihi suaviolum,*” &c.] Some of my readers may be pleased to see how this lovely little poem appears in a French dress. Mons. Dorat, in his Baisers, entitles it l’Étincelle.

Donne moi, ma belle Maîtresse,
 Donne moi, disois-je, un baiser
 Doux, amoureux, plein de tendresse—
 Tu n’osas me le refuser ;
 Mais que mon bonheur fut rapide !
 Ta bouche à peine, souviens-t-en,
 Eut effleuré ma bouche avide,
 Elle s’en détache à l’instant.
 Ainsi s’exhale une Étincelle.
 Oui, plus que Tantale agité,
 Je vois comme une onde infidelle,
 Fuir le bien qui m’est présenté.
 Ton baiser m’échappe, cruelle !
 Le desir seul m’en est resté.

K I S S I I I.

“ONE Kiss, enchanting Maid !” (I cry’d;)—
One little Kiss ! and then adieu !
Your lips, with luscious crimson dyed,
To mine with trembling rapture flew :

But quick those lips my lips forsake,
With wanton, tantalizing jest ;
So starts some rustic from the snake
Beneath his heedless footstep prest :

Is this to grant the wish’d-for Kiss ?—
Ah, no, my Love !—’tis but to fire
The bosom with a transient bliss,
Enflaming unallay’d desire.

BASIAM IV.

*NON dat basia, Neæra nectar,
 Dat rores animæ suāvè-olentes ;
 Dat nardumque, thymumque, cinnamumque ;
 Et mel, quale jugis legunt Hymetti,*

[*Non dat basia, dat Neæra nectar, &c.*] The following Greek epigram seems to have furnished Secundus with the thought :

Κυρη τις μ' ἐφίλησε ποθέσπερα χεῖλεσιν ὕγρασις.
 Νεκταρ ἔην το φιλημα' το γαρ σμα νεκταρος ἐπνει.
 Νυν μέθυω το φιγημα, πολυν τον ἐρωτα πεπωκως.

ANTHOLOG.

Phillis the gay, in robe of beauty drest,
 Late on my lips a humid kiss imprint ;
 The kiss was nectar which the fair bestow'd,
 For in her am'rous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
 What love, ye gods ! what raptures in her kiss !
 My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.

FAWKES.

K I S S I V.



'TIS not a Kiss you give, my Love !
 'Tis richest nectar from above !
 A fragrant show'r of balmy dews,
 Which thy sweet lips alone diffuse !
 'Tis ev'ry aromatic breeze
 That wafts from Afric's spicy trees !
 'Tis honey from the ozier hive,
 Which chymist bees with care derive

Buchanan, too, has prettily expressed this conceit :

Cum das Basia, nectaris, Neæra !
 Das mî pocula, das dapes Deorum.

BUCHAN. HEND. LIB.

All thy kisses, sweetest fair !
 Luscious draughts of nectar are ;
 Are the banquets heav'nly pow'rs
 Taste in their Olympian bow'rs.

Aut in Cecropiis apes rosetis,
Atque, hinc virgineis & inde ceris,
Septum vimineo tegunt quasillo.
Quæ, si multa mihi voranda dentur,
Immortalis in his repentè fiam,
Magnorumque epulis fruar deorum.
Sed tu munere, parce tali,
Aut mecum dea fac Neæra, fias.
Non mensas sine te volo deorum;

[*Aut in Cecropiis, &c.*] Cecropiis signifies Athenian, from Cecrops, king of Athens. Athens, or Attica, was a most lovely country, rich in flowering sweets, and celebrated for honey. Virgil speaks thus of Attic bees;

Cecropias innatus apes amor urget habendi.

VIRG. GEORG. IV.

Most prone are Attic bees to honied toils.

I may also remark, that Hymettus is a mountain covered with thyme, near Athens, more particularly famous for its honey. Thus Horace, by way of comparative excellency:

Ubi non Hymetto

Mella decedunt.

HOR. ODE VI. LIB. II.

Where not the labours of the bee

Yield to Hymettus' golden stores.

FRANCIS.

Strabo and Pliny affirm, that this mountain was also remarkable for its marble.—Vid. Strab. Lib. 9, and Plin. Lib. 17. Cap. 1.

[*Non mensas sine te, &c.*] Tibullus was equally averse with our Secundus to every felicity that his Neæra did not share with him:

From all the newly-open'd flow'rs
 That bloom in Cecrops' roseate bow'rs,
 Or from the breathing sweets that grow
 On fam'd Hymettus' thymy brow :
 But if such kisses you bestow,
 If from your lips such raptures flow,
 Thus blest ! supremely blest by thee !
 Ere long I must immortal be ;
 Must taste on earth those joys that wait
 The banquets of celestial state.
 Then cease thy bounty, dearest fair !
 Such precious gifts, then, spare ! oh spare !
 Or, if I must immortal prove,
 Be thou immortal, too, my love !
 For, should the heav'nly Pow'rs request
 My presence at th' ambrosial feast ;
 Nay, should they Jove himself dethrone,
 And yield to me his radiant crown ;
 I'd scorn it all, nor would I deign
 O'er golden realms of bliss to reign :

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neæra ;
 At sine te, regum munera nulla volo.

TIBULL. LIB. III. ELEG. III

Poor let me be ; for poverty can please
 With *you* ; without *you*, crowns could give no ease.

GRAINGER.

*Non, si me rutilus præesse regnis,
Excluso Jove, dii deæque cogant.*

Mr. Stanley's translation of this kiss is elegantly concise, and harmonious enough, considering the age in which it was written : I shall therefore give it my readers entire, as a specimen of Mr. Stanley's version of the kisses of Secundus.

'Tis no kiss my fair bestows ;
Nectar 'tis whence new life flows ;
All the sweets which nimble bees
In their ozier treasuries
With unequall'd art repose,
In one kiss her lips disclose.
These, if I should many take,
Soon would me immortal make,
Rais'd to the divine abodes,
And the banquets of the Gods.

Be not, then, too lavish, fair !
But this heav'nly treasure spare,
'Less thou'lt too immortal be :
For without thy companie,
What to me are the abodes,
Or the banquets of the gods ?

Jove's radiant crown I'd scorn to wear,
Unless thou mightst such honours share ;
Unless thou, too, with equal sway,
Mightst rule with me the realms of day.

BASIAM V.

*DUM me mollibus, hinc & hunc, lacertis
 Astrictum premis, imminensque toto
 Collo, pectore, lubricoque vultu,
 Dependes humeris, Næra, nostris :
 Componensque meis labella labris,
 Et morsu petis & gemis remorsa ;
 Et linguam tremulam, hinc & inde, vibras ;
 Et linguam querulam, hinc & inde, sugis ;*

[*Dependes humeris, &c.*] Mons. Dorat has thus prettily turned this part ;

Belle Thaïs, ô toi que j'idolâtre,
 Dans des bras amoureux quand je tombe éperdu,
 Et qu'à tes épaules d'albâtre
 Entrelaçant les miens, je reste suspendu.

DORAT. BAISER 6.

[*Et linguam tremulam, &c.*] A French writer seems to have paraphrased these thoughts with no small degree of merit :

Et qu'en ces jeux nos langues fretillardes
 S'étreignent mollement ; —
 Quand je te baise, un gracieux zéphire,
 Un petit vent moite et doux qui soupire,
 Va mon cœur éventant.

L. ABBE DESTORTES,

K I S S V.

W H I L E you, Neæra, close entwine
In frequent folds your frame with mine ;
And hanging o'er, to view confest,
Your neck, and gently-heaving breast ;
Down on my shoulders soft decline
Your beauties more than half divine ;
With wand'ring looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting soul with love :

While you, Neæra, fondly join
Your little pouting lips with mine,
And frolic bite your am'rous swain,
Complaining soft if bit again ;
And sweetly-murm'ring pour along
The trembling accents of your tongue,
Your tongue ! now here now there that strays,
Now here now there delighted plays ;

Our tongues in humid pleasures roll ;
And, mid the frolic, blend each soul.—

Whene'er thy lips a *kiss* impart ;
Moist breezes, with voluptuous sighing,
Exhale rich nectar as they're dying :
Breezes that cool my fever'd heart !

Aspirans animæ suavis auram
Mollem, dolci-sonam, humidam, meæque
Altricem miseræ, Neæra, vitæ :
Hauriens animam meam caducam,
Flagrantem, nimio vapore coctam,
Coctam ! pectoris impotentis æstu ;
Eludisque meas, Neæra, flammæ,
Flabro pectoris haurientis æstum,
 O, jucunda mei caloris aura !

[O, jucunda, &c.] An expression so beautifully, so delicately metaphorical, cannot sure be found in any writer. Petrarch very frequently applies the word *gale* to his mistress, for the sake of the *concetti*, so peculiar to Italian poetry ; *L'aura*, the *gale*, signifying also her name, *Laura*.

L'aura serena, che fra verdi fronde
 Mormorando, à ferir nel volto viemme.

PETRAR. SONETTO CLXIII.

Soft *gale* ! that murmurs thro' the verdant grove,
 Plays o'er my face, and playing whispers love.

That now my humid kisses sips,
 Now wanton darts between my lips ;
 And on my bosom raptur'd lie,
 Venting the gently-whisper'd sigh ;
 A sigh ! that kindles warm desires,
 And kindly fans life's drooping fires ;
 Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
 And balmy as the breath of spring :

While you, sweet Nymph ! with am'rous play,
 In kisses suck my breath away ;
 My breath ! with wasting warmth replete,
 Parch'd by my breast's contagious heat ;
 Till, breathing soft, you pour again
 Returning life thro' ev'ry vein ;
 And thus elude my passion's rage,
 Love's burning fever thus assuage :
 Sweet Nymph ! whose sweets can best allay
 Those fires that on my bosom prey ;
 Sweet as the cool refreshing gale
 That blows when scorching heats prevail !

L'aura mia sacra al mio stanco riposo

Spira sì spesso.

SONETTO CCCVII.

Oh my sweet *gale* ! *gale* dear to lost repose,

Breathing so frequent !

But such conceits cannot compare with this one exquisite line
 of Secundus.

Tunc, dico, " deus est Amor deorum !

" Et nullus deus est Amore major !

" Si quisquam tamen est Amore major,

" Tu, Tu, sola mihi es, Næra, major !"

[*Tunc, dico, &c.*] Thus beautifully again the French imitator :

Alors je renais, et m'écrie ;

L'Amour soumet la Terre, assujettit les Cieux,

Les Rois sont à ses pieds, il gouverne les Dieux,

Il mêle en se jouant des pleurs à l'ambrosie,

Il est maître absolu ; mais *Thais* aujourd'hui

L'emporte sur les Rois, sur les Dieux, et sur lui.

DORAT. BAISER VI.

Then, more than blest, I fondly swear,
“ No pow’r can with love’s pow’r compare !
“ None in the starry court of Jove
“ Is greater than the god of love !
“ If any can yet greater be,
“ Yes, my Neæra ! yes, ’tis Thee !”

BASIAM VI.



DE meliore notâ bis basia mille paciscens
 Basia mille dedi, basia mille tuli.

Explésti numerum, fateor, jucunda Neræa !
Expleri numero sed nequit ullus amor.

Quis laudet Cererem numeratis surgere aristis ?
Gramen in irriguâ quis numeravit humo ?

Quis tibi, Bacche, tulit pro centum vota racemis ?
Agricolumve Deum mille poposcit apeis ?

Cùm pius irrorat sitienteis Juppiter agros,
Deciduae guttas non numeramus aquæ.

Sic quoque, cùm ventis concussus inhorruit ær,
Sumpsit & iratâ Juppiter arma manu,

[Agricolumve Deum, &c.] Aristæus, one of the rural deities, who is said to have first discovered the use of honey; vide Pausanias, in Arcadicis. A pretty history of him may be found in Virgil, Georg. iv.

K I S S VI.

TWO Thousand Kisses of the sweetest kind,
'Twas once agreed, our mutual love should bind;
First from my lips a rapt'rous Thousand flow'd,
Then you a Thousand in your turn bestow'd;
The promis'd Numbers were fulfill'd, I own,
But Love suffic'd with Numbers ne'er was known!
What mortal strives to count each springing blade,
That spreads the surface of a grassy mead?
Who prays for number'd ears of rip'ning grain,
When lavish Ceres yellows o'er the plain?
Or to a scanty hundred wou'd confine
The clust'ring grapes, when Bacchus loads the vine?
Who asks the Guardian of the honied Store
To grant a thousand bees, and grant no more?
Or tells the drops, while o'er some thirsty field
The liquid stores are from above distill'd?
When Jove with fury hurls the moulded hail,
And earth and sea destructive storms assail,
Or when he bids, from his tempestuous sky,
The winds unchain'd with wasting horror fly,

*Grandine confusâ terras & cœrula pulsat,
 Securus sternat quot sata, quotve locis.
 Seu bona, seu mala sunt, veniunt uberrima coelo :
 Majestas domui convenit illa Jovis.
 Tu quoque cùm dea sis, diva formosior illâ,
 Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter ;
 Basia cur numero, cœlestia dona, cœrces ?
 Nec numeras gemitus, dura puella, meos ?
 Nec lachrymas numeras, quæ per faciemque, si-
 numque,
 Duxerunt rivos semper-euntis aquæ ?*

[*Concha per æquoreum, &c.*] The shell of Venus has been celebrated by classics, both ancient and modern :

Et faveas conchâ Cypria vecta tuâ.

TIBULL. LIB. III. EL. III.

And aid me, Venus! from thy pearly car.

GRAINGER.

And thus Hercules Strozza :

*Nabat Erythræâ materna per æquora conchâ,
 Qualis erat spumis edita, nuda Venus.*

HERC. STROZ. AMO. L. II. EL. 5.

In Erythrean shell the sea-born Queen
 Rode on her native waves, her native beauties seen.

[*Duxerunt rivos semper-euntis, &c.*] Sidronius Hosschius, a Latin poet, of Marke, in Germany, who flourished

The God ne'er heeds what harvests he may spoil,
 Nor yet regards each desolated soil :
 So, when its blessings bounteous Heav'n ordains,
 It ne'er with sparing hand the Good restrains ;
 Evils in like abundance, too, it show'rs ;
 Well suits profusion with immortal Pow'rs !
 Then since such gifts with heav'nly minds agree,
 Shed, Goddess-like, your blandishments on me ;
 And say, Neæra ! for that form divine
 Speaks thee descended of ætherial line ;
 Say, Goddess ! than that Goddess lovelier far
 Who roams o'er ocean in her pearly car ;
 Your kisses, boons celestial ! why withhold ?
 Or why by scanty numbers are they told ?
 Still you ne'er count, hard-hearted Maid ! those
 sighs
 Which in my lab'ring breast incessant rise ;

in the beginning of the 17th century, in like manner expresses Love's perpetual sorrow.

Utque per attritas rivum sibi ducit arenas,
 Quæ riguo manat fonte perennis aqua ;
 Sic exesa tibi sulcos duxere per ora
 Ex oculis imbres qui tibi semper eunt.

S. F. HOSSCH. LACRIM. ELEG. X.

As wears the furrow'd sands, with ceaseless wave,
 The stream, that some exhaustless fount supplies ;
 So show'rs thy tear-worn beauties ever lave,
 Sad show'rs, that stream incessant from thine eyes !

*Si numeras lachrymas, numeres licet oscula; sed si
Non numeras lachrymas, oscula ne numeres.*

*Et mihi da, miseri solatia vana doloris,
Innumera innumeris basia pro lachrymis.*

Nor yet those lucid drops of tender woe,
Which down my cheeks in quick succession flow.
Yes, 'dearest Life ! your kisses number all ;
And number, too, my sorrowing tears that fall :
Or, if you count not all the tears, my fair !
To count the kisses sure you must forbear.
But let thy lips now soothe a lover's pain ;
(Yet griefs like mine what soothings shall restrain !)
If tears unnumber'd pity can regard,
Unnumber'd kisses must each tear reward.

BASIAM VII.

CENTUM basia centies,
 Centum basia millies,
 Mille basia millies,
 Et tot millia millies,
 Quot guttæ Siculo mari,
 Quot sunt sidera coelo,

[*Quot guttæ Siculo, &c.*] This idea, though now common, was perhaps originally Catullus's.

Quæris, quot mihi basiationes
 Tuæ, Lesbia, sint satis, superque ?
 Quàm magnus numerus Libyssæ arenæ
 Laserpiciferis jacet Cyrenis,
 Oraculum Jovis inter æstuosi,
 Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulchrum ;
 Aut quàm sidera multa, cùm tacet nox,
 Furtivos hominum vident amores ;
 Tam te basia multa basiare
 Vesano satis, et super Catullo est ;
 Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
 Possint, nec malâ fascinare linguâ.

CATULL. CARM. VII.

How many sweet kisses (my Lesbia oft cries)
 Will suffice my fond Bard, nay, more than suffice ?—
 As many as sands that in Libya are found
 Near thirsty Cyrene, for Benzoin renown'd,

K I S S VII.

KISSES told by Hundreds o'er !
 Thousands told by Thousands more !
 Millions ! countless Millions ! then
 Told by Millions o'er again !
 Countless ! as the drops that glide
 In the Ocean's billowy tide,
 Countless ! as yon orbs of light
 Spangled o'er the vault of Night,

From where burning Jove's lofty fane is display'd
 To where sleeps old Battus's reverend shade ;
 As many as stars that illumine the gay night,
 And silently witness love's stolen delight ;
 So many (insatiate Catullus replies)
 Will suffice thy fond Bard, nay, more than suffice ;
 So many no spy vainly-curious can tell,
 Or ever with slander bewitching reveal.

Marshal, also, has the same thought, Epig. 34. Lib vi. which epigram is very happily paraphrased, by Sir Charles Han. Williams, in the well-known ballad of "Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses." The following is a stanza of it, applicable to our subject :

Go number the stars in the heaven,
 Count how many sands on the shore ;
 When so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be craving for more.

*Istis purpureis genis,
 Istis turgidulis labris,
 Ocellisque loquaculis,
 Ferrum continuo impetu ;
 O, formosa Neæra !*

*Sed dum totus inhæreo
 Conchatim roseis genis,
 Conchatim rutilis labris,
 Ocellisque loquaculis ;
 Non datur tua cernere
 Labra, non roseas genas,
 Ocellosque loquaculos,
 Molleis nec mihi risus :
 Qui, velut nigra discutit
 Coelo nubila Cynthus,*

[*Turgidulis labris, &c.*] These words might perhaps be best translated by applying Suckling's beautiful description of a lip, in the following stanza :

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
 Compar'd to that was next her chin ;
 Some bee had stung it newly ;
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

SUCKLING. *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

[*Ocellisque loquaculis, &c.*] How delicate is this expression ! It reminds me of the following I met with in some old Latin author.

I'll with ceaseless love bestow
On those Cheeks of crimson glow,
On those Lips of gentle swell,
On those Eyes where raptures dwell.

But when circled in thy arms,
As I'm panting o'er thy charms,
O'er thy Cheeks of rosy bloom,
O'er thy Lips that breathe perfume,
O'er thine eyes so sweetly-bright,
Shedding soft-expressive light ;
Then, nor Cheeks of rosy bloom,
Nor thy lips that breathe perfume,
Nor thine eyes' expressive light,
Bless thy lover's envious sight ;
Nor that soothing smile, which cheers
All his tender hopes and fears :
For, as radiant Phœbus streams
O'er the globe with placid beams,
Whirling thro' th' ætherial way
The fiery-axled car of day,
And from the tempestuous sky,
While the rapid coursers fly,
All the stormy clouds are driv'n,
Which deform'd the face of heav'n ;

O blandos oculos, & O facetos,

Et quadam propria nota loquaces !

POET. VET.

Oh delightful, pretty eyes !

Where a secret meaning lies.

*Pacæumque per æthera
Gemmatis in equis micat,
Flavo lucidus orbe ;*

*Sic nutu eminus aureo
Et meis lachrymas genis,
Et curas animo meo,*

Et suspiria pellunt :

*Heu ! quæ sunt oculis meis
Nata prælia cum labris !
Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem
Rivalem potero pati ?
Rivales oculi mei*

Non ferunt mea labra.

[*Sic Nutu eminus, &c.*] The amorous master of Italian poetry attributes the same power to the smile of his mistress.

*Vero è, che'l dolce mansueto riso
Pur acqueta gli ardenti miei desiri,
E mi sottrage al foco de' martiri,
Mentr 'io son' à mirarvi intento e fiso.*

PETRARCA. SON. XV.

'Tis true ; thy tender, thy heart-soothing smile
Appeases all my fierce, inflam'd desires ;
Allays the tortures of love's potent fires ;
As on thy charms I fondly gaze awhile.

[*Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem, &c.*] Propertius speaks to the same purpose, thus :

Rivalem possum non ego ferre Jovem.

PROPERT. ELEG. XXXII. LIB. II.

What though 'twere Jove, no rival cou'd I bear.

So, thy golden smile, my fair !
Chases ev'ry am'rous care ;
Dries the torrents of mine eyes,
Calms my fond, tumultuous sighs.

Oh ! how emulous the strife
'Twixt my Lips and Eyes, sweet Life !
Of thy charms are These possest,
Those are envious till they're blest :
Think not, then, that, in my love,
I'll be rivall'd e'en by Jove,
When such jealous conflicts rise
'Twixt my very Lips and Eyes.

BASIU M VIII.

QUIS te furor, Neæra,
Inepta, quis jubebat
Sic involare, nostram
Sic vellicare linguam,
Ferociente morsu ?

An, quas tot unus abs te
Pectus per omne gesto
Penetrabileis sagittas,
Parum videntur ? istis
Ni dentibus protervis
Exerceas nefandum
Membrum nefas in illud ?
Quo ! sæpè sole primo,
Quo ! sæpè sole sero,
Quo ! per diesque longas,
Nocteisque amarulentas,
Laudes tuas canebam ?

[*Istis ni dentibus, &c.*] Mons. Dorat has thus beautifully paraphrased this passage :

Tes dents, ces perles que j'adore,
 D'où s'échappe à mon œil trompé
 Ce sourire développé.
 Transfuge des lèvres de Flore ;

K I S S VIII.

AH! what ungovern'd rage, declare,
 Neæra, too capricious Fair!
 What unreveng'd, unguarded wrong,
 Could urge thee thus to wound my tongue?

Perhaps you deem th' afflictive pains
 Too trifling, which my heart sustains;
 Nor think enough my bosom smarts
 With all the sure, destructive darts
 Incessant sped from ev'ry charm;
 That thus your wanton teeth must harm,
 Must harm that little tuneful Thing,
 Which wont so oft thy praise to sing;
 What time the Morn has streak'd the skies,
 Or Ev'ning's faded radiance dies;
 Thro' painful Days consuming-slow,
 Thro' ling'ring Nights of am'rous woe.

Devroient-elles blesser, dis moi,
 Une organe tendre et fidelle,
 Qui t'assure ici de ma foi,
 Et nomma Thaïs la plus belle?

Hæc est, iniqua, (nescis ?)
Hæc, illa lingua nostra est,
Quæ, tortileis capillos,
Quæ, pætuolos ocellos,
Quæ, lacteas papillas,
Quæ, colla mollicella,
Venustulæ Neæræ,
Molli per astra versu,
Ultra Jovis calores,
Cælo invidente, vexit.

Quæ, te meam salutem,
Quæ, te meamque vitam,
Animæ meæque florem,
Et te meos amores,
Et te meos lepores,
Et te meam Dionen,
Et te meam columbam,
Albamque terturillam,
Venere invidente, dixit.

[*Quæ, te meam salutem, &c.*] Bonefonius thus distinguishes his mistress by a series of appellative contrarities :

Salve melque meum, atque amaritudo ;
 Otiumque meum, negotiumque ;
 Meus phosphorus, hesperusque salve ;
 Salve luxque mea, et meæ tenebræ ;
 Salve errorque meus, mensque portus ;
 Salve spesque mea, et mei pavores ;
 Salve nilque meum, meumque totum :
 Sed quid pluribus ? O ter, ampliusque,
 Salve tota *Acharisque Pancharisque.*

This tongue, thou know'st, has oft extoll'd
Thy hair in shining ringlets roll'd,
Thine eyes with tender passion bright,
Thy swelling breast of purest white,
Thy taper neck of polish'd grace,
And all the beauties of thy face,
Beyond the lucid orbs above,
Beyond the starry throne of Jove ;
Extoll'd them in such lofty lays !
That Gods with envy heard the praise.

Oft has it call'd thee ev'ry name
Which boundless rapture taught to frame ;
My life ! my joy ! my soul's desire !
All that my wish cou'd e'er require !
My pretty Venus ! and my love !
My gentle turtle ! and my dove !
Till Cypria's self with envy heard
Each partial, each endearing word.

All hail ! thou sweet-imbitter'd fair ;
My fondest ease, my tenderest care ;
My star of morn, my star of night ;
At once my darkness, and my light ;
My dreaded rock, my harbour dear ;
My only hope, my only fear ;
My nothing, yet my valued all :
But, oh ! what further shall I call
My homely love, my beauteous bliss ?
In one sweet word, hail, *Pancharis* !

An verò, an est id ipsum
Quod te juvat, superba,
Inferre vulnus illi,
Quam, læsione nullâ,
Formosa, posse nosti
Irâ tumere tantâ ;
Quin semper hos ocellos ;
Quin semper hæc labella ;
Et, qui sibi, salaceis,
Malum dedere, denteis,
Inter suos cruores
Ballutiens, recantet ?
O, vis superba formæ !

[*Inter suos cruores, &c.*] And again, how impassioned is the strain of the French poet :

Crois-tu le contraindre à se taire ?
 Non, non, il brave en ce moment
 Tous les maux que tu peux lui faire.
 Viens, renouvelle son tourment :
 Assailli des flèches brûlantes,
 De ces dards perçans du baiser,
 Il veut sur tes lèvres ardentes,
 Il veut encore les aiguïser ;
 Et, chargé d'heureuses blessures,
 Doux vestiges de volupté,
 Essayer même au-lieu d'injures,
 De nouveaux chants à ta beauté.

DORAT. BAISER XI.

[O, &c.] Muretus has a similar expression ;
 O vis eximiæ superba formæ!

MURETI EPIGRAM.

O tyrant pow'r of beauty's form !

Say, beauteous Tyrant ! dost delight
To wound this tongue in wanton spite ?
Because, alas ! too well aware
That ev'ry wrong it yet could bear
Ne'er urg'd it once in angry strain
Of thy unkindness to complain ;
But suff'ring patient all its harms,
Still wou'd it sing thy matchless charms !
Sing the soft lustre of thine eye !
Sing thy sweet lips of rosy dye !
Nay, still those guilty teeth 'twould sing !
Whence all its cruel mischiefs spring :
E'en now it lisps, in fault'ring lays,
While yet it bleeds, Nææra's praise :
Thus, beauteous Tyrant ! you controul,
Thus sway my fond, enamour'd soul !

BASIAM IX.

NON semper udum da mihi basium,
Nec juncta blandis sibila risibus,
Nec semper in meum recumbe
Implicitum, moribunda, collum.

Mensura rebus est sua dulcibus ;
Ut quodque menteis suaviùs afficit,
Fastidium sic triste secum
Limite proximioire ducit.

Quum te rogabo ter tria basia ;
Tu deme septem, nec nisi da duo,

[*Mensura rebus est, &c.*] Shakespeare expresses the same thought in the fatherly reproof of the old Friar to Romeo :

These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
 Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite.

K I S S IX.

CEASE thy sweet, thy balmy Kisses ;
Cease thy many-wreathed smiles ;
Cease thy melting, murm'ring blisses ;
Cease thy fond, bewitching wiles :

On my bosom soft-reclin'd,
Cease to pour thy tender joys :
Pleasure's limits are confin'd,
Pleasure oft-repeated cloy's.

Sparingly your bounty use ;
When I ask for Kisses Nine,
Sev'n at least you must refuse,
And let only Two be mine :

Yet let These be neither long,
Nor delicious sweets respire !
But like Those which Virgins young
Artless give their aged sire :

Utrumque nec longum, nec udum :

Qualia, teli-gero Diana

Dat casta fratri ! qualia, dat patri

Experta nullos nata cupidines !

Mox è meis, lasciva, ocellis

Curre procùl natitante plantâ :

[*Tu deme septem, &c.*] All polite voluptuaries have ever admired these little wanton cruelties in their mistresses ; thus Horace speaks with the greatest rapture of his Licymnia :

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula

Cervicem, aut facili sævitiâ negat,

Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi,

Interdum rapere occupet.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE XII.

While now her bending neck she plies

Backward to meet the burning kiss ;

Then with an easy cruelty denies,

And wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss.

FRANCIS.

Boileau's imitation of this passage of Horace is too beautiful to be denied a place here, where he speaks of a kiss snatched from the lips of Iris :

Qui mollement résiste, et par un doux caprice,

Quelquefois le refuse, afin qu'on le ravisse.

BOILEAU. *Art Poétique. Chant. 11.*

[*Natitante plantâ, &c.*] Milton has a very happy expression similar to this in the following passage :

Such ! as, with a sister's love,
 Beauteous Dian may bestow
On the radiant Son of Jove,
 Phœbus of the silver bow.

Tripping-light, with wanton grace,
 Now my lips disorder'd fly,
And in some retired place
 Hide thee from my searching eye :

Then in sportive, am'rous play,
 Victor-like, I'll seize my love ;
Seize thee ! as the bird of prey
 Pounces on a trembling dove.

Each recess I'll traverse o'er,
 Where I think thou liest conceal'd ;
Ev'ry covert I'll explore,
 Till my Wanton's all reveal'd.

So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain.

Et te remotis in penetralibus,
Et te latebris abdito in intimis :
Sequitur latebras usque in imas,
In penetrabile sequar repòstum ;

Prædamque, victor fervidus, in meam
Utrinque herileis injiciens manus,
Raptabo ; ut imbellem columbam
Unguibus accipiter re-curvis.

Tu de-precanteis victa dabis manus,
Hærensque totis pendula brachiis,
Placare me septem jocosis
Basiolis cupies, inepta !

Errabis ;—illud crimen ut eluam,
Septena jungam basia septies,
Atque hoc cætenatis lacertis
Impediam, fugitiva, collum.

[*Et te remotis, &c.*] Cornelius Gallus mentions the same amorous dalliance :

Erubuit vultus ipsa puella meos,
 Et nunc subridens latebras fugitiva petebat.

CORN. GALL.

At sight of me, deep-blush'd the lovely maid,
 Then side-long laugh'd, and flying sought the shade.

DUNKIN.

Now your arms submissive-raising,
 Round my neck those arms you'll throw ;
 Now Sev'n Kisses sweetly-pleasing
 For your freedom you'll bestow :

But those venal Sev'n are vain ;—
 Sev'n-times-sev'n's the price, sweet Maid !
 Thou my Pris'ner shalt remain,
 Till the balmy ransom's paid.

And such dalliance was equally grateful to Horace :

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
 Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo.

HOR. ODE IX. LIB. I.

The laugh, that from the corner flies,
 The sportive fair-one shall betray.

FRANCIS.

In like manner, too, frolicked the mistress of Virgil's
 shepherd :

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
 Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

VIRG. ECLOG. III.

Which Pope thus beautifully imitates :

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

POPE. PASTORAL I.

*Dum, per-solutis emnibus osculis,
 Jurabis omneis per veneres tuas,
 Te sæpiùs pœnas easdem
 Crimine velle pari subire.*

The beginning of this kiss, as translated by Mr. Stanley, possesses no small share of tender enthusiasm :

Not alwayes give a melting kiss,
 And smiles with pleasing whispers join'd ;
 Nor alwayes extasi'd with bliss
 About my neck thy fair arms wind.

The weary lover learns by measure
 To circumscribe his greatest joy ;
 Lest, what well-husbanded yields pleasure,
 Might by the repetition cloy.

When thrice three kisses I require,
 Give me but two, withhold the other ;
 Such as cold virgins to their sire,
 Or chaste Diana gives her brother.

STANLEY'S POEMS. KISSES.

Paying, then, the forfeit due,
By thy much-lov'd Beauties swear,
Faults like these you'll still pursue,
Faults ! which Kisses can repair.

BASIAM X.

NON sunt certa meam moveant quæ basia mentem ;
 Uda labris udis conseris, uda juvant.
Nec sua basiolis non est quoque gratia siccis ;
 Fluxit ab his tepidus sæpè sub ossa vapor.
Dulce quoque est oculis nutantibus oscula ferre,
 Autoresque sui demeruisse mali :
Sive genis totis, totive incumbere collo,
 Seu niveis humeris, seu sinui niveo :
Et totas livore genas, collumque notare,
 Candidulosque humeros, candidulumque sinum.

[*Collumque notare, &c.*] The tender Tibullus most probably gave Secundus the hint of these voluptuous ideas :

At Venus inveniet puero succumbere furtim,
 Dum tumet, et teneros conserit usque sinus ;
 Et dare anhelanti pignantibus uvida linguis
 Oscula, et in collo figere dente notas.

TIBULL. LIB. I. ÆG. IX.

But fav'ring Venus, watchful o'er thy joy,
 Shall lay thee secret near th' impassion'd boy ;

K I S S X.

I N various Kisses various charms I find,
For changeful fancy loves each changeful kind :
Whene'er with mine thy humid lips unite,
Then humid Kisses with their sweets delight ;
From ardent lips so ardent Kisses please,
For glowing transports often spring from these.
What joy ! to kiss those eyes that wanton rove,
Then catch the glances of returning love ;
Or clinging to the cheek of crimson glow,
The bosom, shoulder, or the neck of snow,
What pleasure ! tender passion to assuage,
And see the traces of our am'rous rage
On the soft neck or blooming cheek exprest,
'Twixt yielding lips, in ev'ry thrilling kiss,
To dart the trembling tongue—what matchless bliss !
Inhaling-sweet each other's mingling breath,
While Love lies gasping in the arms of death !

His panting bosom shall be prest to thine,
And his dear lips thy breathless lips shall join ;
With active tongue he'll dart the humid kiss,
And on thy neck indent the eager bliss.

*Seu labris querulis titubantem sugere linguam,
Et miscere duas juncta per ora animas,*

*Inque peregrinum diffundere corpus utranque ;
Languet in extremo cùm moribundus amor.*

*Me breve, me longum capiet, laxumque, tenaxque,
Seu mihi das, seu do, lux, tibi basiolum.*

*Qualia sed sumes, nunquam mihi talia redde :
Diversis varium ludat uterque modis.*

*At quem deficiet varianda figura priorem,
Legem submissis audiat hanc oculis.*

“ *Ut, quot utrinque priùs data sint, tot basia solus
“ Dulcia victori det, totidemque modis.”*

[*Et miscere duas, &c.*] Lernutius thus imitates this passage of Secundus in his book of Kisses.

*Dum sensim oppresso blanda inter suavia sensu,
Immittam exanimatam illius ori animam ;
Mox lingua avidula fugitivam et dente secutus,
Miscebo binas juncta per ora animas.*

While show'rs of kisses o'er each sense prevail,
My vagrant soul I'll through her mouth exhale ;
But poignant love-bites, and the nimble tongue,
Shall the dear wanderer recal ere long ;
Then our twin souls in rapture wild we'll blend,
As lips with lips sweet-kissing shall contend.

[*Legem submissis, &c.*] This kissing-match reminds me of one something similar to it in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, where the Megarensian nymphs agree to try among each other who can kiss best :

While soul with soul in ecstasy unites,
 Intranscend'd, impassion'd with the fond delights !
 From thee receiv'd, or giv'n to thee, my Love !
 Alike to me those kisses grateful prove ;
 The kiss that's rapid, or prolong'd with art,
 The fierce, the gentle, equal joys impart.
 But mark ;—be all my kisses, beauteous Maid !
 With different kisses from thy lips repaid ;
 Then varying raptures shall from either flow,
 As varying kisses either shall bestow :
 And let the first, who with an unchang'd kiss
 Shall cease to thus diversify the bliss,
 Observe, with looks in meek submission dress'd,
 That law by which this forfeiture's express'd :
 “ As many kisses as each lover gave,
 “ As each might in return again receive,
 “ So many kisses, from the vanquish'd side,
 “ The victor claims, so many ways applied.”

Bacianne, e si contenda
 Trà noi di baci, e quella, che d' ogni altra,
 Baciatrice più scaltra
 Gli saprà dar più saporiti e cari,
 N' avrà per sua vittoria
 Questa bella ghirlanda.

GUARIN. *Pastor Fido. Atto 11. Scen. 1.*

Let's kiss, and wage a kissing war :
 Then she, who with superior art
 The sweetest, fondest kisses can impart,
 We'll deem the conqueror ;
 And to her brow with one consent decree
 This beauteous wreath, the meed of victory.

BASIAM XI.

“ *BASIA* lauta nimis quidam me jungere dicunt,
 “ *Qualia rugosi non didicere patres.*

“ *Ergo, ego cum cupidis stringo tua colla lacertis,*
 “ *Lux mea, basiolis immoriorque tuis ;*

“ *Anxius exquiram quid de me quisque loquatur ?*
 “ *Ipse quis, aut ubi sim, vix meminisse vacat.*”

Audiit, & risit formosa Neæra, meumque
Hinc collum niveâ cinxit & inde manu ;

[“ *Ipse quis,*” &c.] Virgil makes Dido express the wanderings of her mind much in the same strain, though they proceeded from a very opposite cause ; hers arose from despair, our poet’s from rapture :

Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quæ mentem insania mutat ?

VIRG. ÆNEID. IV.

What do I say ?—where am I ?—whence is wrought
 This change that tortures my distracted thought ?

[*Hinc collum niveâ,* &c.] Thus, too, Venus caressed her husband Vulcan, who was somewhat uncomplying, when she entreated him to forge the armour for Æneas :

K I S S X I.

“SOME think my kisses too luxurious told,
 “Kisses ! they say, not known to sires of old :
 “But, while entranc’d on thy soft neck I lie,
 “And o’er thy lips in tender transport die,
 “Shall I then ask, dear Life ! perplex’d in vain,
 “Why rigid Cynics censure thus my strain ?
 “Ah, no ! thy blandishments so rapt’rous prove,
 “That every ravish’d sense is lost in love ;
 “Blest with those blandishments, divine I seem,
 “And all Elysium paints the blissful dream.”
 Neæra heard ;—then, smiling, instant threw
 Around my neck her arm of fairest hue ;

Dixerat, niveis hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
 Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet.

VIRG. *ENEID* VIII.

She spoke, and wantonly the queen of charms
 Circles the ling’ring god with snow-white arms.

From this, and the preceding note, as well indeed as from many others, it is pretty clear that Secundus had well studied Virgil ; every page of his works might furnish instances of his having borrowed expressions from that author.

Basiolumque dedit ; quo non lascivius unquam
 Inseruit Marti Cypria blanda suo :

“ Et, quid, (ait,) metuis turbæ decreta severæ ?
 “ Causa meo tantùm competit ista foro.”

[Basiolumque dedit ; &c.] This was certainly one of those kisses, mentioned by Horace,

Quæ Venus
 Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

HOR. LIB. I. OD. XIII.

Which the fair Cyprian pow'r
 Bathes in a fifth of all her nectar'd store.

M. Dorat's kiss on this subject is so beautiful, that I cannot deny it a place here ; he calls it, la Couronne de Fleurs :

Renversé doucement dans les bras de Thaïs,
 Le front ceint d'un léger nUAGE,
 Je lui disois ; lorsque tu me souris,
 Peut-être sur ma tête il s'élève un orage.
 Que pense-t-on de mes écrits ?
 Je dois aimer mes vers, puisqu'ils sont ton ouvrage.
 Occuperaï-je les cent voix
 De la vagabonde Déesse ?
 A ses faveurs pour obtenir des droits,
 Suffit-il, ô Thaïs, de sentir la tendresse ?
 Thaïs alors sur de récents gazons
 Cueille de fleurs, en tresse une couronne.
 Tiens, c'est ainsi que je répons ;
 Voilà le prix de tes chansons,
 Et c'est ma main qui te le donne ;
 Renonce, me dit-elle, à l'orgueil des lauriers ;
 Laisse ces froids honneurs qu'ici tu te proposes ;
 Il faut des couronnes de roses
 A qui peignit l'Amour, & chanta les baisers.

DOAT. BAISER XX.

And kiss'd me fonder, more voluptuous far,
'Than Beauty's Queen e'er kiss'd the God of War :
" What ! (cries the nymph) and shall my am'rous
" bard
" Pedantic wisdom's stern decree regard ?
" Thy cause must be at my tribunal tried,
" None but Neæra can the point decide."

BASIMUM XII.

*QUID vultus removetis hinc pudicos,
Matronæque, Puellulæque castæ?
Non hic furta Deûm jocosa canto,
Monstrosasve libidinum figuras:
Nulla hic carmina mentulata; nulla
Quæ non, discipulos ad integellôs,
Hirsutus legat in scholâ magister.
Inermeis cano basiationes,
Custus Aonii chori sacerdos:
Sed vultus adhibent modò huc protervos
Matronæque, Puellulæque cunctæ;
Ignari quia fortè mentulatum
Verbum diximus, evolante voce.
Ite hinc, ite procul, molesta turba,
Matronæque, Puellulæque turpes!
Quanto castior est Neæra nostra?*

K I S S XII.

MODEST Matrons, Maidens, say,
Why thus turn your looks away ?
Frolic feats of lawless love,
Of the lustful pow'rs above ;
Forms obscene, that shock the sight,
In my verse I ne'er recite ;
Verse ! where nought indecent reigns ;
Guiltless are my tender strains ;
Such as pedagogues austere
Might with strict decorum hear,
Might, with no licentious speech,
To their youth reproachless teach.
I, chaste vot'ry of the Nine !
Kisses sing of chaste design :
Maids and Matrons yet, with rage,
Frown upon my blameless page ;
Frown, because some wanton word
Here and there by chance occur'd,
Or the cheated fancy caught
Some obscure, tho' harmless thought.
Hence, ye prudish Matrons ! hence,
Squeamish Maids devoid of sense !

*Quæ certè, sine mentula, libellum
Mavult, quàm, sine mentula, poëtam !*

[*Quæ certè, sine, &c.*] Here our poet, or rather his mistress Næra, dissents in opinion from the amorous Catullus, who would inculcate the following opposite principle :

Nam castum esse decet pium poëtam
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est :
Qui tum denique habent salem, ac leporem,
Si sunt molliculi, ac parum pudici,
Et quod pruriat incitare possunt ;
Non dico pueris, sed his pilosis,
Qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.

CATULLUS. CARM. XVI.

In manners, let the learned bard
Severest chastity regard ;
In poetry, this rule were vain ;
For when luxurious phrases reign,
And modesty resigns her sway,
Then, only then, delights the lay ;
The lay ! that moves a Youth's desires,
And sluggish Age alike inspires.

Such, too, was the doctrine of Martial, after the example of the poet of Verona :

Versus scribere me parum severos,
Nec quos prælegat in scholâ magister,
Corneli, quereris : sed hi libelli,
Tanquam conjugibus suis mariti,
Non possunt sine mentulâ placere.

MART. EPIG. XXXVI. LIB. I.

And shall these in virtue dare
With my virtuous maid compare ?
She ! who in the bard will prize
What she'll in his lays despise ;
Wantonness with love agrees,
But reserve in verse must please.

To me Cornelius thus complains :
“ Too wanton are thy frolic strains,
“ With decency so little fraught,
“ They can't in public schools be taught.”
I answer : “ Numbers such as these,
“ Unless licentious, will not please ;
“ No more than he, who guides his life
“ By chastity, can please a wife.”

BASIAM XIII.

LANGUIDUS è dolci certamine, vita, jacebam
 Exanimis, fusâ per tua colla manu.
 Omnis in arenti consumptus spiritus ore,
 Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.
 Jam Styx antè oculos, & regna carentia sole,
 Luridaque annosi cymba Charontis erat.
 Cùm tu, suaviolum educens pulmonis ab imo,
 Afflâsti siccis irriguum labiis.
 Suaviolum! Stygia quod me de valle reduxit;
 Et jussit vacuâ curre nave senem.

[*Languidus è dolci, &c.*] Congreve, perhaps, had in view this line of *Secundus* when he wrote,

See, after the toils of an amorous fight,
 Where weary and pleas'd still panting she lies;
 While yet in her mind she repeats the delight,
 How sweet is the slumber that steals on her eyes!

CONGREVE'S SEMELE, ACT II. SCENE II.

[*Et jussit vacuâ currere, &c.*] *Secundus* here seems to have copied the following lines of *Propertius*;

Solus amans novit, quando periturus, et à quâ
 Morte; neque hic Boreæ flabra, neque arma timet.
 Jam licet et Stygia sedeat sub arundine remex,
 Cernat et infernæ tristia vela ratis:
 Si modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellæ,
 Concessum nulla lege redibit iter.

PROPER. LIB. II. ELEG. XXVI.

K I S S XIII.

WITH am'rous strife exanimate I lay,
Around your neck my languid arm I threw ;
My trembling heart had just forgot to play,
Its vital spirit from my bosom flew :
The Stygian lake ; the dreary realms below,
To which the sun a chearing beam denies ;
Old Charon's boat, slow-wand'ring to and fro,
Promiscuous pass'd before my swimming eyes :
When you, Neæra ! with your humid breath,
O'er my parch'd lips the deep-fetch'd kiss be-
stow'd ;
Sudden, my fleeting soul return'd from death,
And freightless hence th' infernal pilot row'd.

The youth, whom love instructs, may read his doom ;
What death he'll die, and when that death shall come :
Nor Boreas' rage, nor hostile steel he fears ;
In vain for him on Acheron appears
The ghastly mariner ;— in vain his sail
Swells proud, distended by th' infernal gale ;
If the dear nymph, whom most his soul adores,
With grateful breath his wish'd return implores :
Her pow'rful voice, with rapture, he'll obey ;
And, spite of fate, review life's cheerful day.

Erravi :—vacuá non remigat ille cariná,

Flebilis ad maneis jam natat umbra mea.

Pars animæ, mea vita, tuæ hoc in corpore vivit ;

Et dilapsuros sustinet articulos.

Quæ tamen, impatiens, in pristina jura reverti

Sæpè per arcanas nititur, ægra, vias.

Ac, nisi dilectâ per te foveatur ab aurâ,

Jam collabenteis deserit articulos.

Ergo, age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,

Assiduèque duos spiritus unus alat.

[*Pars animæ, &c.*] This transfusion of soul is a conceit which the elegant Voiture has very happily touched upon in the following stanzas :

Mon ame sur ma lévre estoit lors toute entiere,

Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vostre estoit :

Mais en me retirant, elle resta derriere,

Tant de ce doux plaisir l'annonce l'arrestoit.

S'esgarant de ma bouche, elle entra dans la vostre,

Yvre de ce nectar qui charmoit ma raison :

Et sans doute, elle prit une porte pour l'autre,

Et ne luy souvint plus quelle estoit sa maison.

Yet soft,—for, oh ! my crying senses stray ;—
 Not quite unfreighted to the Stygian shore
 Old Charon steer'd his lurid bark away,
 My plaintive shade he to the Manes bore.

Then since my soul can here no more remain,
 A part of thine, sweet life ! that loss supplies ;
 But what this feeble fabric must sustain,
 If of thy soul that part its aid denies ?

And much I fear :—for, struggling to be free,
 Oft from its new abode it fain would roam ;
 Oft seeks, impatient to return to thee,
 Some secret pass to gain its native home.

Unless thy fost'ring breath retards its flight,
 It now prepares to quit this falling frame ;
 Haste, then, to mine thy clingy lips unite,
 And let one spirit feed each vital flame !

Mes pleurs n'ont pù depuis flescher cette infidelle,
 A quittet un sejour qu'elle trouva si doux ;
 Et te suis en langueur, sans repos, et sans elle,
 Et sans moy-mesme aussi, lors que je suis sans vous.
 Elle ne peut laisser ce lieu tant desirable,
 Ce beau temple où l'amour est de nous adoré ;
 Pour entrer derechef en l'enfer miserable,
 Où le ciel a voulu qu'elle ait tant enduré.

*Donec, in expleti post tædia sera furoris,
Unica de gemino corpore vita fluet.*

There is a little epigram in Marullus which contains the same thought as this Basium; it is so neatly and delicately turned, that I am certain my readers will not be displeas'd to see it inserted here :

Suaviolum invitæ rapio dum casta Neæra,
Imprudens vestris liqui animam in labiis.
Exanimúsque diu, cùm nec per se ipsa rediret,
Et mora læthalis quantulacúmque foret,
Misi cor quæsitum animam, sed cor quoque blandis
Captum oculis nunquam deinde mihi rediit.
Quòd nisi suaviolo, flammam quoque casta Neæra
Hausissem, quæ me substinet exanimum,
Ille dies misero mihi crede supremus amanti
Luxisset, rapui cùm tibi suaviolum.

MARUL. EPIG. LIB. II.

A kiss from chaste Neæra's lips I stole,
But on those lips, in kissing, left my soul.
Incautious youth!—long time the loss I mourn'd,
And waited long, my soul still ne'er return'd :
At length, exanimate with slow delay,
I sent my heart to seek my soul astray ;
But my poor heart, by beauty's pow'r enchain'd,
With my lost soul, and with the nymph remain'd :
Then, oh ! unless, to foster this sad frame,
I from Neæra's lips draw vital flame,
That day I kiss'd thee must for ever prove
Wretched to me, the greatest wretch in love !

Till, after frequent ecstasies of bliss,
Mutual, unsating to th' impassion'd heart,
From bodies thus conjoin'd, in one long kiss,
That single life which nourish'd both shall part.

BASIAM XIV.

QUID profers mihi flammeum labellum ?
 Non te, non volo basiare, dura !
 Duro marmore durior, Næra !
 Tanti istas ego ut osculationes
 Imbelleis faciam, superba, vestras ;
 Ut, nervo toties rigens supino,
 Pertundam tunicas meas, tuasque ;
 Et desiderio furens inani,
 Tabescam, miser, æstuante venâ ?
 Quò fugis ?—remane ! nec hos ocellos,
 Nec nega mihi flammeum labellum :
 Te jam, te volo basiare mollis !
 Molli mollior anseris medullâ !

[*Quid profers mihi, &c.*] The reader must easily perceive, that the beginning of this kiss very much resembles, and is evidently written in the same spirit with, the beginning of the ninth kiss ;

Non semper udum da mihi basium, &c.

[*Molli mollior, &c.*] This singular expression is imitated from the licentious Catullus :

Cinæde Thalle, mollior cuniculi capillo,
 Vel anseris medullulâ.

CATULLI. CARM. XXV.

Voluptuous Thallus ! softer far
 Than softest down, than softest hair.

K I S S X I V .

THOSE tempting lips of scarlet glow,
Why pout with fond, bewitching art ?
For to those lips, Neæra ! know,
My lips shall not one kiss impart.
Perhaps you'd have me greatly prize,
Hard-hearted fair ! your precious kiss ;
But learn, proud mortal ! I despise
Such cold, such unimpassion'd bliss.
Think'st thou I calmly feel the flame
That all my rending bosom fires ?
And patient bear, thro' all my frame,
The pangs of unallay'd desires ?
Ah ! no ;—but turn not thus aside
Those tempting lips, of scarlet glow !
Nor yet avert, with angry pride,
Those eyes, from whence such raptures flow !
Forgive the past, sweet-natur'd maid !
My kisses, love ! are all thy own ;
Then let my lips o'er thine be laid,
O'er thine ! more soft than softest down !

BASIIUM XV.

ADDUCTO, Puer Idalius, *post tempora*, *nervo*,
Stabat in exitium, *pulchra Neæra*, *tuum*.
Cum frontem, *sparsosque videns in fronte capillos* ;
Luminaque argutis ir-requieta notis ;
Flammeolasque genas, & *dignas matre papillas* ;
Jecit ab ambiguâ tele remissa manu :

[*Cum frontem, sparsosque, &c.*] The turn of this line differs but little from the following of Propertius :

Seu vidi ad frontem sparsos errare capillos.

PROP. ELEG. I. LIB. II.

If o'er that brow your playful hair I view'd.

In short, traces of Propertius appear throughout all the writings of Secundus.

[*Jecit ab ambiguâ, &c.*] Of all the various instances of the force of female charms, I remember none so happy as this. Madame Dacier remarks, that the manner in which Helen's appearance wrought on the Grecian sages, as they sat at the Scæan gate to view the decisive combat between Menelaus and Paris, is the greatest panegyric on beauty she knows in any classical writer.

Οἳ δ' ἄς ἔν εἶδον Ἑλένην ἐπὶ πυργῶν ἴσαν,
 Ἡκα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἄγορευον.
 Οὐ νέμεσις, Τρῶας καὶ Ἑκνήμιδας Ἀχαιῶς
 Τοιῶδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν.

K I S S X V.

TH' Idalian boy, to pierce Neæra's heart,
 Had bent his bow, had chose the fatal dart ;
 But when the child, in wonder lost, survey'd
 That brow, o'er which your sunny tresses play'd !
 Those cheeks, that blush'd the rose's warmest dye !
 That streamy languish of your lucid eye !
 That bosom, too, with matchless beauty bright !
 Scarce Cypria's own could boast so pure a white !
 Tho' mischief urg'd him first to wound my fair,
 Yet partial fondness urg'd him now to spare ;
 But, doubting still, he linger'd to decide ;
 At length resolv'd, he flung the shaft aside :

These, when the Spartan Queen approach'd the tow'r,
 In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r ;
 They cry'd, no wonder such celestial charms
 For nine long years have set the world in arms.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK III.

Very wonderful indeed are the powers which Tibullus ascribes to the charms of his mistress :

Sæpe ego tentavi curas depellere vino :
At dolor in lacrimas verterat omne merum.
Sæpe aliam tenui ; sed jam quum gaudia adirem,
Admonuit dominæ, deseruitque Venus.

*Inque tuas cursu effusus, pueriliter, ulnas,
 Mille tibi fixit basia, mille modis ;
 Quæ succos tibi myrteolos, Cypriosque liquores,
 Pectoris afflarunt usque sub ima tui :
 Juravitque Deos omneis, Veneremque parentem,
 Nil tibi post unquam velle movere mali.
 Et miremur adhuc, cur tam tua basia fragrent ?
 Duraque cur miti semper amore vaces ?*

Tunc me devotum descendens femina dixit.
 Et, pudet heu, narrat scire nefanda mea.
 Non facit hoc verbis ; facie tenerisque lacertis
 Devovet, et flavis nostra puella comis.

TIBULL. ELEG. VI. LIB. I.

With wine I strove to soothe my love-sick soul,
 But vengeful Cupid dash'd with tears the bowl :
 All mad with rage, to kinder nymphs I flew ;
 But vigour fled me, when I thought on you.
 Balk'd of the rapture, from my arms they run,
 Swear I'm devoted, and my converse shun !
 By what dire witchcraft am I thus betray'd ?
 Your face and hair unnerve me, matchless maid !

GRAINGER.

For an explanation of the word *devovcre*, see the notes of Tibullus's commentator, Broekhusius, or those of this translator.—But, surely, no example of the effects of beauty can equal the delicate one Secundus gives us in this Kiss.

[*Et miremur adhuc, &c.*] What can be more delicately beautiful than this happy fiction, which at the same time accounts for the delicious sweetness of Neæra's kisses, and the extreme coldness of her heart ?

Then rush'd impetuous to thy circling arms,
And hung voluptuous o'er thy heav'nly charms :
There, as the boy in wanton folds was laid,
His lips on thine in various kisses play'd ;
With ev'ry kiss he tried a thousand wiles ;
A thousand gestures, and a thousand smiles ;
Your inmost breast with Cyprian odours fill'd,
And all the myrtle's luscious scent instill'd :
Lastly, he swore by ev'ry pow'r above !
By Venus' self, the potent queen of love !
That thou, blest nymph ! for ever shouldst remain
Exempt from am'rous care, from am'rous pain.
What wonder, then, such balmy sweets should flow
In ev'ry grateful kiss thy lips bestow !
What wonder, then, obdurate maid ! you prove
Averse to all the tenderness of love !

BASIAM XVI.

*L*ATONÆ niveo sidere blandior !

Et stellâ Veneris pulchrior aureâ !

Da mî basia centum,

Da tot basia, quot dedit

Vati multivolo Lesbia, quot tulit :

Quot blandæ Veneres, quotque Cupidines

Et labella per-errant,

Et genas roseas tuas ;

[*Vati multivolo, &c.*] Catullus is here meant, alluding most probably to the following lines :

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,

Rumorésque senum severiorum

Omnes unius æstimemus assis.

Soles occidere, et redire possunt :

Nobis, cùm semel occidit brevis lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Da mî basia mille, deinde centum,

Dein mille altera, da secunda centum,

Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum :

Dein cùm millia multa fecerimus,

Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,

Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,

Cùm tantum sciant esse basiorum.

K I S S X V I.

BRIGHT as Venus' golden star !
 And as silver Cynthia fair !
 Nymph, with ev'ry charm replete !
 Give an hundred kisses sweet ;

My dearest Lesbia ! let's employ
 Youth's transient date in am'rous joy ;
 Nor heed, tho' fretful age reprove
 The raptures of unbounded love :
 Each sun that sets again shall rise ;
 Not so, when death has seal'd our eyes ;
 Life's little gleam of sunshine o'er,
 We sleep, alas ! to 'wake no more !
 A thousand tender kisses give,
 Let me an hundred more receive,
 A second thousand grant me still,
 A second hundred now fulfil,
 Another thousand o'er again,
 Another rapt'rous hundred then :
 And, when the thousands num'rous grow,
 Let's cease to count, that none may know
 What endless sums of bliss I owe.

[*Quot blandæ Veneres, &c.*] The French versificator has imitated the beginning of this kiss with exquisite delicacy ;

Oui ; de ta bouche en'antine
 Donne moi dans ces vergers
 Autant de furtifs baisers
 Qu' Ovide en prit à Corine ;

*Quot vitas oculis, quotque neceis geris,
 Quot spes, quotque metus, quotque perennibus
 Mista gaudia curis,
 Et suspiria amantium.*

*Da, quàm multa meo spicula pectori
 Insevit volucris dira manus Dei :
 Et quàm multa pharetrâ
 Conservavit in aureâ.*

Autant (je n'en veux plus)
 Qu'il naît d' Amours sur tes traces,
 Qu'on voit jouer de Vénus
 Et de beautés et de graces,
 Sur ton sein, entre tes bras,
 Dans ton délicat sourire,
 Dans tout ce que tu sais dire, —
 Et ce que tu ne dis pas ;
 Autant que ton œil de flamme,
 Armé de séductions,
 Lance d'aimable rayons,
 Et de traits qui vont à l'ame,
 De voluptueux desirs,
 De rapides espérances,
 Et d'amoureuses vengeances,
 Signal de nouveaux plaisirs ;

Then as many kisses more
O'er my lips profusely pour,
As th' insatiate bard could want,
Or his bounteous Lesbia grant ;
As the vagrant loves, that stray
On thy lip's nectareous way ;
As the dimpling graces spread
On thy cheeks' carnation'd bed ;
As the deaths thy lovers die ;
As the conquests of thine eye ;
Or the cares, and fond delights,
Which its changeful beam incites ;
As the hopes and fears we prove,
Or th' impassion'd sighs, in love ;
As the shafts by Cupid sped,
Shafts ! by which my heart has bled ;
As the countless stores, that still
All his golden quiver fill.

Autant que nos tourterelles
Roucoulent de tendres feux,
Quand le printems de ses aîles
Semble caresser ces lieux.

*Adde & blanditias, verbaque publica,
Et cum suavi-crepis murmura sibilis,
Risum non sine grato,
Gratis non sine morsibus :*

*Quales Chaoniæ garrula motibus
Alternant tremulis rostra columbæ,
Cum se dura remittit
Primis Bruma Favoniis.*

[*Quales Chaoniæ, &c.*] Chaonia was a part of Epirus, consisting of wooded mountains, abounding in doves; hence doves are often called, by the Latin poets, *Chaoniæ Columbæ*.

Non me Chaoniæ vincunt in amore columbæ.

PROPER. ELEG. IX. LIB. I.

Chaonian doves are not more fond than me.

Tasso thus prettily mentions the caresses of two turtles :

Mira là quel colombo,
Con che dolce susurro lusingando,
Bacia la sua compagna.

TASSO. AMINTA, ATTO I.

See, as yon flatt'ring turtle woos,
His tender love how fond he coos ;
And frequent to his faithful mate
Gives many a billing kiss so sweet!

Whisper'd plaints, and wanton wiles ;
Speeches soft, and soothing smiles ;
Teeth-imprinted, tell-tale blisses ;
Intermix with all thy kisses :
So, when zephyr's breezy wing
Wafts the balmy breath of spring,
Turtles thus their loves repeat,
Fondly-billing, murm'ring-sweet ;
While their trembling pinions tell
What delights their bosoms swell.

Now, when joys o'erwhelm thy mind,
On my glowing cheek reclin'd,
All around, in am'rous trance,
Let thine eyes voluptuous glance ;
And, suffus'd with passion's flames,
Dart their sweetly-trembling gleams :
Then, soft-languishing, and sighing,
With delicious transport dying,
Say to thy officious swain,
“ Now thy fainting fair sustain.”
In my fond, encircling arms
I'll receive thy melting charms ;
While the long, life-teeming kiss
Shall recal thy soul to bliss :
And, as thus the vital store
From my humid lips I pour,

Incumbénsque meis mentis inops genis,

Huc, illuc, oculos volve natatilis,

Ex-anguemque, lacertis,

Dic, te sustineam meis.

Stringam nexilibus te, te ego brachiis,

Frigentem calido pectore comprimam,

Et vitam tibi longi

Reddam afflamine basii.

Donec suc-ciduum me quoque spiritus

Istis roscidulis linquet in osculis,

Labentémque, lacertis,

Dicam, collige me tuis.

Stringes nexilibus me, mea, brachiis,

Mulcebis tepido pectore frigidum :

Et vitam mihi longi af-

flabis rore suavii.

[*Incumbénsque meis mentis, &c.*] Mr. Stanley has translated this and the three following stanzas with great fidelity, if not with some degree of poetic harmony :

Till, exhausted with the play,
All my spirit wastes away ;
Sudden, in my turn, I'll cry,
" Oh ! support me, for I die."
To your fost'ring breast you'll hold me,
In your warm embrace enfold me ;
While thy breath, in nectar'd gales,
O'er my sinking soul prevails ;
While thy kisses sweet impart
Life and rapture to the heart.

Thus, when youth is in its prime,
Let's enjoy the golden time ;

Rest on my cheek in ecstasie,
Ready to close thy dying eye ;
 And as thou faintest away
 Me to uphold thee pray ;

My arms about thee I will twine ;
My warm to thy cold bosome joyn,
 And call thee back from death,
 With a long kiss's breath ;

'Till me like fate of life bereave,
Who in that kiss my spirit leave,
 And as I sink away
 Thee to uphold me pray ;

Thy arms about me thou shalt ty,
Thy warm to my cold breast apply,
 And summon me from death
 With a long kiss's breath.

*Sic ævi, mea lux, tempora floridi
Carpamus simul. En, jam miserabileis
Curas ægra senectus
Et morbos trahet, & necem.*

[*Sic ævi, &c.*] Horace gives much such advice to his fair friend Leuconoë :

Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quàm minimum credula postero.

HOR. OD. XI. LIB. I.

Even while we talk in careless ease,
Our envious minutes wing their flight!
Instant the fleeting pleasure seize,
Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.

FRANCIS.

Hear in how eloquent a strain an English bard warns his mistress of the short duration of youth and beauty; urging her to make present use of them :

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace ;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind :
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find :
The thousand love's that arm thy potent eye
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

* * * * *

Haste, Cælia, haste, while youth invites ;
Obey kind Cupid's present voice ;
Fill ev'rv sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys :
Let millions of repeated blisses prove
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

PRIOR. AN ODE.

For, when smiling youth is past,
Age these tender joys shall blast :
Sickness, which our bloom impairs ;
Slow-consuming, painful cares ;
Death, with dire remorseless rage ;
All attend the steps of age.

BASIMUM XVII.

QUALEM purpureo diffundit mane colorem

Quæ rosa nocturnis roribus im-maduit :

Matutina rubent dominæ sic oscula nostræ

Basiolis, longâ nocte, rigata meis.

Quæ circum facies niveo candore coronat ;

Virginis ut violam cum tenet alba manus.

Tale novum seris cerasum sub floribus ardet ;

Æstatemque, & ver cum simul arbor habet.

Me miserum ! quare, cum flagrantissima jungis

Oscula, de thalamo cogor abire tuo ?

[*Tale novum seris, &c.*] This simile bears no small resemblance to the following, which Ovid has in the story of Narcissus :

Dumque dolet, summâ vestem deduxit ab orâ,

Nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.

Pectora traxerunt tenuem percussa ruborem.

Non aliter, quam poma solent ; quæ candida parte,

Parte rubent. Aut ut variis solet uva racemis

Ducere purpureum, nondum matura, colorem.

K I S S X V I I .

ROSES, refresh'd with nightly dew, display,
New beauties blushing to the dawn of day ;
So, by the kisses of a rapt'rous night,
Thy vermil lips at morn blush doubly bright ;
And from thy face, that's exquisitely fair,
That vermil brightness seems more bright t' appear :
Deep purpled vi'lets thus a deeper glow,
Held in some virgin's snowy hand, will show ;
And early-rip'ning cherries thus assume,
'Mid the late blossoms, a superior bloom ;
When spring and summer boast united pow'r,
At once producing both the fruit and flow'r.
But why, when most thy kisses fire my heart,
Why, from th' endearing transport must I part ?

Then, as he wept, he tore away his vest,
And smote with marble hands his naked breast ;
His breast, where printed with each frantic blow,
In stains of deep'ning red began to glow ;
So apples shew, one white unripen'd side
Contrasting one with streaky crimson dy'd ;
So clust'ring grapes with partial purple shine,
Ere autumn well matures the loaded vine.

*O saltem, labris serva hunc, formosa, ruborem ;
Dum tibi me referet noctis opaca quies !*

*Si tamem interea cujusquam basia carpent,
Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.*

[*Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.*] i. e. paler than my cheeks shall become at seeing this evident testimony of infidelity, viz. your lips losing their rosy colour. The idea of infidelity's being punished by some failure of beauty is also Horace's :

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pæna, Barine, nocuisset unquam :
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui ;
Crederem ; &c.

HOR. LIB. II. OD. VIII.

If ever injur'd pow'r had shed
The slightest vengeance on thy head,
If but a nail or tooth of thee
Were blacken'd by thy perjury,
Again thy falshood might deceive,
And I the faithless vow believe.

FRANCIS.

And thus Ovid to the same purpose :

Esse Deos credamne ?—fidem jurata fefellit,
Et facies illi, quæ fuit ante, manet.
Quam longos habuit, nondum perjura, capillos,
Tam longos, postquam numina læsit, habet.

OVID. AMOR. LIB. III. ELEG. III.

Can there be Gods ?—the perjur'd fair-one swore,
Yet looks as lovely as she look'd before.
Long flow'd the careless tresses of her hair,
While yet she shone as innocent as fair ;
Long flow the tresses of the wanton now,
And sport as trophies of her broken vow.

DUNKIN.

Oh ! let that crimson on those lips remain
Till ev'ning brings me to thy arms again :
Yet should those lips ere then some rival bless,
Some youth whom thou in secret shalt caress ;
Then may they cease for ever to disclose
That beauteous blush, which emulates the rose !
Then paler turn, than my pale cheek shall prove,
Whene'er I view this mark of faithless love !

BASIAM XVIII

CUM labra nostræ cerneret puellæ,
 Inclusa circo candidæ figuræ ;
 (Ut si quis ornet, arte curiosâ,
 Corallinis eburna signa baccis ;)
 Flevisse fertur Cypris, & gemendo
 Lascivienteis convocasse amores ;
 Et, “ quid juvat (dixisse) purpuratis
 “ Vicisse in Ida Palladem labellis,

[*Ut si quis ornet, &c.*] Secundus here seems to have had an eye to the following lines of Virgil :

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
 Si quis ebur, aut mista rubent ubi lilia multâ
 Alba rosâ.

VIRG. ÆNEID. XII.

So looks the beauteous iv'ry, stain'd with red ;
 So roses, mix'd with lilies in the bed,
 Blend their rich hues.

PITT.

K I S S X V I I I .

WHEN Cytherea first beheld
Those lips with ruby lustre bright,
Those lips ! which, as they blushing swell'd,
Blush'd deeper from th' incircling white,
(So, when some artist's skill inlays
Coral mid iv'ry's paler hue,
That height'ning coral soon displays
A warmer crimson to the view ;)
Then, urg'd by envy and by hate,
Which rising sighs and tears betray'd,
She called her wanton loves ;—and strait
The wanton loves her call obey'd :
To whom the queen in plaintive strain ;—
“ Ah ! what, my boys, avails it now,
“ That to these lips the Phrygian swain
“ Decreed the prize on Ida's brow ?

“ *Et pronubam magni Jovis sororem*
 “ *Sub arbitro pastore? Cùm Neæra*
 “ *Hæc ante-cellat, arbitro poëta?*
 “ *At vos, furentes, ite in hunc poëtam,*
 “ *Et, dira plenis tela de pharetris,*
 “ *In illius medullulas tenellas,*
 “ *Pectusque per, jecurque per jocosum,*
 “ *Distringite acres perstrepenste cornu.*
 “ *At illa nullo pertepescat igne,*
 “ *Sed tacta pectus plumbeâ sagittâ*
 “ *Torpescat imas congelata venus.”*

[*Et pronubam magni, &c.*] Pronuba is a title given to Juno, from her being supposed to preside over marriages.

[*Sub arbitro pastore? &c.*] The story of the judgment of Paris is too well known to be related here; Paris gives a beautiful description of it, in the epistle which Ovid makes him writes to Helen.—Vide Ovid. Epist. xvi. Paris Helenæ.

[*Plumbeâ sagittâ, &c.*] The God of love was said to have two kinds of darts; one of gold, causing love; the other of lead, causing hate. Ovid, in the story of Apollo and Daphne, thus mentions them:

Eque sagittiferâ prompsit duo tela pharetrâ
 Diversorum operum. Fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
 Quod facit, auratum est, et cuspide fulget acutâ:
 Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.

-
- “ That prize ! for which, elate with pride,
“ The martial maid contentious strove ;
“ That prize ! to Juno’s self denied,
“ Tho’ sister, tho’ the wife of Jove :
- “ If, to pervert this swain’s decree,
“ A poet’s partial judgment dare
“ His mortal nymph prefer to me,
“ Her lips with lips divine compare !
- “ Swift, then, ye vengeful Cupids, fly
“ With loaded quivers to the bard ;
“ Let all the pangs ye can supply
“ His matchless insolence reward :
- “ Go, practise ev’ry cruel art
“ Revenge can frame, without delay ;
“ His bosom pierce with ev’ry dart
“ Which love’s soft poison may convey :
- “ But wound not with such darts the fair,
“ Her breast must ever cold remain ;
“ Your shafts of lead lodge deeply there,
“ To freeze the current of each vein.”
-

Two shafts he drew from the full quiver’s store ;
As one caus’d love, so one repell’d its pow’r ;
Sharp was the shaft which caus’d, and gold the head ;
That which repell’d was barb’d with blunted lead.

Evénit : imis uror in medullis,
Et torrido jecur liquescit igne ;
Tu fulta pectus asperis pruinis
Et caute, qualeis aut maris Sicani,
Aut Adriæ unda tundit æstuosa,
Secura ludis impotentem amantem ;
Ingrata ! propter ista labra rubra
Laudata plector. Heu ! misella, nescis,
Cur oderis : nec ira quid Deorum
Effrena possit, & furor Diones !

[*Qualeis aut maris Sicani, &c.*] The Sicilian sea, forming a part of the Ionian, is remarkable for those terrors to navigators, Scylla and Charybdis. See a beautiful description of them in Virgil, *Æneid* iii.—And the Adriatic sea, or Gulph of Venice, is celebrated for being tempestuous by many classics. Thus Horace, by way of comparison ;

Et improbo
 Iracundior Adriâ.

HOR. OD. IX. LIB. III.

More angry than the Adrian sea.

Again,

Fretis acrior Adriæ
 Curvantis Calabros sinus.

OD. XXXIII. LIB. I.

Fiercer than Adrian waves that roar,
 Winding the rough Calabrian shore.

She spoke :—now more than usual fire
Consumes apace my melting soul ;
And now, fierce torrents of desire
Tumultuous thro' my bosom roll :

While thou, whose icy heart betrays
No more concern than rocks that brave
The fury of Sicilian seas,
Or Adria's rudely-dashing wave,

Canst, in unfeeling scorn secure,
Mock all thy tortur'd lover's pain ;
Who for fond praise is doom'd t' endure,
Ungrateful maid ! thy cold disdain.

Yet why, proud wretch ! you thus despise
You know not ;—nor how fierce may prove
Th' ungovern'd anger of the skies,
The vengeance of the queen of love !

But, oh ! no more pursue that scorn,
Which ill becomes each outward grace ;
Sure, sweetest manners should adorn
The nymph who boasts so sweet a face !

Then let thy lips to mine be prest,
Those honied lips ! which cause my care :
Imbibing from my inmost breast
The latent poison rankling there :

Duros remitte, mollicella, fastus ;
Istoque dignos ore sume mores :
Et, quæ meorum caussa sunt dolorum,
Mellita labris necte labra nostris :
Haurire possis ut mei pusillum
Præcordiis ex intimis veneni,
Et mutuis languere victa flammis .
At nec Deos, nec tu time Dionen :
Formosa Divis imperat puella !

[*Istoque dignos ore, &c.*] When Secundus thus tenderly complains of the cruel behaviour of his Næra, ill-suited to such divine beauty as her's; I cannot help calling to mind a similar complaint, in Cowley, which is exquisitely delicate :

Love in her sunny eyes does hasking play ;
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair ;
 Love does on both her lips for ever stray ;
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there :
 In all her outward parts love's always seen ;
 But, oh ! he never went within !

COWLEY'S MISTRESS, THE CHANGE.

And as you thus partake the smart
Of all my torture,—in your turn
You'll catch the flame that warms my heart,
And soon with mutual passion burn.

But fear not thou the pow'rs divine,
Fear not the potent queen of love !
Beauty, well-guarded maid ! like thine,
Can sway th' imperial souls above.

 BASIUM XIX.

MELLI-LEGÆ volucres ! quid adhuc thyma
cana, rosasque,

Et rorem vernæ nectareum violæ,

Lingitis ? aut florem latè-spirantis anethi ?

Omnes, ad dominæ labra, venite, meæ.

Illa rosas spirant omneis, thymaque omnia sola,

Et succum vernæ nectareum violæ :

Inde procul dulces auræ funduntur anethi :

Narcissi veris illa madent lachrymis ;

[*Omnes, ad dominæ, &c.*] The thirtieth and last Basium of LERNUTIUS appears to be evidently a concise and not inelegant imitation of this last of SECUNDUS. I shall here transcribe it entire, for my readers to judge :

Extruite heic cellas, volucres florentis Hymetti,

Et dominæ in roseis mellificate labris :

Nam quæcunque meæ libaverit oscula Hyellæ,

Ultra Cecropias nectar habebit apes.

K I S S X I X .

W H Y wing your flight, ye bees ! from flow'r
to flow'r ?

Why, toiling thus, collect the luscious store
From blossom'd thyme empurpling all the ground ?
From the rich anise breathing odours round ?
Why sip the vernal vi'let's nectar'd dew ?
Or spoil the fragrant rose of blushing hue ?
Fly to the lips, ye wantons ! of my fair ;
And gather all your balmy treasures there ;

Ye, that o'er sweet Hymettus wont to rove
On busy wing, go seek my sweeter love ;
Build on her roseate lips your waxen cells ;
Those roseate lips, where genuine honey dwells !
For, know, Hyella's kiss such nectar yields
As bees ne'er gather'd in Cecropian fields.

Since the *Essay on the Life and Writings of Secundus*, where *Lernutius* is mentioned, went to the press, I have been lucky enough to meet with the following short account of this author, in the supplement to *Moreri's Dictionary* :
“ *Lernutius* (*Janus*) de *Bruges*, naquit en 1545, & mourut en 1619. Etoit Poëte ; mais il n'employa presque sa Muse qu'à chanter l'Amour. On trouve ses Pièces de Poésie dans le 3 Tome des *Délices Beligiques*, p. 114. Voyez *Sweetius*, p. 382. *Sanderus* in *Brugens*. p. 47.”

Oebaliique madent juvenis fragrante cruore ;
 Qualis uterque liquor, cùm cecidisset, erat ;
 Nectareque aetherio medicatus, & aère puro,
 Impleret foetu versi-colore solum.

[Foetu versi-colore, &c.] This is certainly a metamorphosis of Secundus's own invention : he must mean flowers variegated with red and white in general, and not any variegated flower in particular ; for we no where read, in the classics, of any such to have sprung from the tears of Narcissus, mixed with the blood of hyacinthus. Narcissus, according to Ovid, was turned into a daffodil ; and the blood of Hyacinthus produced the hyacinth. Vide Ovid. Metam. Lib. iii. Fab. 6. and Lib. x. Fab. 5. However this may be, Secundus, beyond a doubt, is indebted for the poetical imagery he makes use of, to the following lines of Ovid, in the story of Adonis being transformed to an anemomy, by Venus sprinkling his blood with nectar :

Sic fata, cruorem
 Nectare odorato spargit ; qui tactus ab illo
 Intumuit : sic ut pluvio perlucida cœlo
 Surgere bulla solet : nec plenâ longior horâ
 Facta mora est, cùm flos è sanguine concolor ortus.

OID. METAM. LIB. X.

Which Mr. Eusden thus prettily turns into English :

Then, on the blood sweet nectar she bestows ;
 The scented blood in little bubbles rose ;
 Little as rainy drops which flutt'ring fly,
 Borne by the winds along a low'ring sky.
 Short time ensu'd, till where the blood was shed
 A flow'r began to rear its purple head.

Thence catch the fragrance of the blushing rose ;
 Thence sip that dew which from the vi'let flows ;
 Thence the rich odours of the anise steal ;
 And thence the blossom'd thyme's perfume inhale :
 Lips ! where those tears in genuine moisture dwell,
 That from Narcissus self-enamour'd fell ;
 Lips ! deeply-ting'd with Hyacinthus' blood,
 Which, with the tears in one commingled flood,
 Impregnating the fertile womb of earth,
 First gave the variegated flow'r its birth :
 Soon, by the nectar'd show'rs that heav'n bestow'd,
 With fanning gales, the motley offspring blow'd :
 For drops of blood, lo ! crimson streaks appear ;
 And streaks uncolour'd for each lucid tear.

Nectar, according to the ancient poets, seemed a principal requisite for working any supernatural change in the vegetable world. Nectar produced the rose, as the Teian Bard sings :

Μακάρων θεῶν δ' ὄμιλος,
 Ρόδον ὡς γένοιτο, νεκταρ
 Επιτέγξας, ἀνίπειλεν
 Αἰγέρωχρον ἐξ ἀκάνθης
 Φυτὸν ἄμερστον Λυαίῃ

ANAC. OD. LIH.

But, first, th' assembled Gods debate
 The future wonder to create :
 Agreed at length, from heav'n they threw
 A drop of rich nectareous dew ;
 A bramble-stem the drop receives,
 And straight the rose adorns the leaves.
 The Gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
 To grace him in the genial hour.

FAWKES.

*Sed me, jure meo libantem mellea labra,
Ingratæ, socium ne prohibete favis.*

*Non etiam totas, avidæ, distendite cellas,
Arescant dominæ ne semel ora meæ ;*

*Basiaque im-pressans siccis sitientia labris,
Garrulus indicii triste feram pretium.*

*Heu ! non & stimulis com-pungite molle labellum :
Ex oculis stimulos vibrat & illa pareis.*

*Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus in-ultum :
Leniter in-nocua mella legatis apes.*

At the end of these Poems it may not be improper to remark, that, though Secundus seems to make an indiscriminate use of the three Latin words, signifying a kiss, Osculum, Basium, and Suavium, yet they had different significations among the ancient classics : Osculum was the kiss of duty, or of friendship ; Basium was the kiss of affection, and of love ; Suavium was the kiss of wantonness, the libidinous kiss ; though some will have it that Basium is used in this last sense, and that Suavium is the kiss of chaster love.—A celebrated grammarian of antiquity has the following words upon this subject : “ Oscula officiorum sunt, basia pudicorum affectuum, suavia libidinum vel amorum.” Ælius Donatus.

But still, ye bees well-favour'd ! grateful prove ;
Let no unkind refusals pay my love,
If e'er I claim (what's sure my rightful due)
To share those lips, those honied lips ! with you :
Nor suck insatiate all their balm away,
And to your bursting cells the sweets convey :
Lest, when to cool my fever'd lips I try,
Nææra's lips no cooling dew's supply ;
Then shall I justly reap the sad reward
Of what misguided confidence declar'd.

And, oh ! to wound her tender lips forbear ;
Or dread the fatal vengeance of the fair :
'Tho' sharp your stings, her eyes can scatter round
Darts that with more tormenting stings may wound !
Nor, as ye sip, inflict the slightest pain,
For unreveng'd the wrong will ne'er remain ;
But gently gather, from those precious rills,
'Th' ambrosial drops each humid lip distils.

EPITHALAMIUM.

EPITHALAMIUM.



HORA suavicula, & voluptuosa ;
Hora blanditiis, lepore, risu ;
Hora deliciis, jocis, susurris ;
Hora suaviols, parique magnis
Cum Diis & Jove transigenda sorte :
Hora quâ poterat beatiorem.

[*Hora quâ poterat, &c.*] Bonefonius thus imitates this passage :

Nox felicibus invidenda Divis,
 Quâ nec Juno mihi beatiorem,
 Nec possit Venus ipsa polliceri.

BONEFON. PANCHARIS.

Thus rendered by an anonymous imitator :

That night,
 Which Gods wou'd envv if they knew ;
 A night so pleasant Juno can't bestow,
 Nor could the Queen of love with Mars a better know.

ANONYM.

THE
EPITHALAMIUM.



HAIL, genial hour !
In myrtle bow'r
Of young-eyed pleasure born ;
Whom wanton wiles,
And jests, and smiles,
And roseate sports adorn ;

Sweet hour, all hail !
With envy pale
Which Jove himself might see ;
And own, at least,
His nectar'd feast
Equall'd, sweet hour ! by thee.

No happier hour
The Gnydian pow'r
Could on blest man bestow :
Nor he, who reigns
O'er farthest plains,
God of the fatal bow,

*Nec Gnydi Dea sancta polliceri ;
Nec qui cum pharetrâ pererrat orbem,*

[*Nec qui cum pharetrâ, &c.*] Elegantly descriptive of the little winged deity as these lines of Secundus may be, the classical reader may not be displeased to see, in this place, an admirable picture of Cupid completely equipped, drawn by one of the first poetic painters of amorous subjects, who likewise explains the meaning of his different accoutrements :

Quicumque ille fuit puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nónne putas miras hunc habuisse manus ?
Is primùm vidit sinè sensu vivere amantes,
Et levibus curis magna perire bona.
Idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,
Fecit et humano corde volare Deum.
Scilicet alternâ quoniam jactamur in unda,
Nostrâque non ullis permanet aura locis.
Et meritò hamatis manus est armata sagittis,
Et pharetra ex humero Cnosia utroque jacet :
Antè ferit quoniam, tuti quàm cernimus hostem,
Nec quisquam ex illo vulnere sanus abit.

PROPERT. ELEG. XII. LIB. II.

Whoe'er it was love's infant pow'r that drew,
Did not vast skill his wond'rous hands endue ?
He saw how small the judgment lovers share,
That solid good they'd yield to trivial care :
Flutt'ring o'er human hearts he feign'd the god,
Nor vainly were his wanton wings bestow'd ;
For they denote th' inconstancy of love,
Denote the tumults am'rous bosoms prove :

Young Cupid ! wild
As any child,
Who shakes his purple wings ;
And some rich joy,
Delicious boy !
On ev'ry sorrow flings :

Nor thou, great queen !
Unrivall'd seen
With wond'rous grace to move ;
At love's high feast
A bidden guest,
Sister, and wife of Jove :

His youthful hand with bearded shafts he grac'd,
Behind each shoulder the full quiver plac'd ;
These mark the latent mischiefs of the boy,
And that, if once he wounds, his wounds destroy.

Prior may have copied from the Latin Classic the following similar portrait of the God of love :

Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow :
A quiver by his side sustains a store
Of pointed darts ; sad emblems of his pow'r :
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone ; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.

Curis gaudia delicata miscens,
Pennâ splendidus aureâ Cupido ;
Magni pronuba nec Soror Tonantis ;
Nec qui floridulas Hymen puellas,
Raptas è gremio tenace matrum,
Involvit cupidis viri lacertis,
Rupis incola floriger canoræ ;

[*Curis gaudia, &c.*] Secundus, in mentioning this attribute of the God of love, seems rather to have improved upon the expression of Catullus :

Sancte Puer, curis hominum qui gaudia misces.

CATUL. *Epithal. Pelei & Thetid.*

Celestial youth ! 'tis thy delight to throw
 On human bliss some tinge of human woe.

Love, in like manner, is represented, by an English bard, blending joy and care ;

Come to my breast, thou rosy-smiling God!
 Come unconfin'd ! bring all thy joys along,
 All thy soft cares, and mix them copious here.

THOMSON. SOPHONISBA.

Guarini has a beautiful antithesis, expressive of this idea :

O, dolcezze amarissime d'amore !

GUARIN. PASTOR FIDO. ATTO III.

O, most imbitter'd sweets of love !

Nor, Hymen! thou,
 Upon the brow
 Of tuneful mountain born ;
 Who dwell'st in bow'rs
 Of am'rous flow'rs ;
 And, from her mother torn,
 Lead'st much afraid,
 Much pleas'd, the maid,
 (Midst doubts, and hopes, and sighs)
 To the dear youth,
 Who full of truth,
 In wild expectance lies.

[*Nec qui floridulas, &c.*] Muretus speaks in the very same words :

Sanctus Hymen, qui seductas a matre puellas
 Abripit, inque viri collocat ipse sinu.

MURET. ELEG. 1.

Blest Hymen! you to fonder youths convey
 Maids, whom from mothers fond you bear away.

But Catullus certainly furnished the thought to both our modern poets :

Uraniae genus,
 Qui rapis teneram ad virum
 Virginem.

CATUL. *Epithal. Manlii & Juniae.*

Urania's child! 'tis thine to bear
 To the fond youth his tender fair.

Advecta est, serie rotante cœli.

O, felix juvenis, puella felix !

Felix sponse ! *cui cupita flamma*
Jam nunc in geminis quiescet ulnis,
Puella ætheria beata forma !

[*Puella ætheria beata forma!*] This line, concisely elegant, expresses more than the most laboured accuracy could have done.

What images shall eloquence prepare
 To paint a form so perfect and divine ?

LANSDOWNE. HEROIC LOVE.

But of all the pens that ever yet attempted to delineate the several component parts of personal beauty, I know of none that has succeeded so happily as the pen of the descriptive author of the Seasons :

The faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And ev'ry nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud, moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd.

THOMSON. SUMMER.

O hour of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Hail, wedded boy !
Whose only joy
Soon in thy arms shall rest ;
And face to face,
In fond embrace,
Sink gently on thy breast :

She ! who all day
An infant lay
Prattling at beauty's feet ;
Who kiss'd the child,
And, as it smil'd,
Breath'd o'er it ev'ry sweet ;

Breath'd charms so bright,
That at the sight
Venus shrunk back with awe ;
And from her skies,
With envious eyes,
Indignant Juno saw.

Qualem magna Venus; velitque Juno;
Et quæ casside martia refulget
Sancto vertice procreata, Pallas;
Si junctæ statuant adire valleis
Umbrosas iterum virentis Idæ;
Quâ spectanda, vel hæc, vel hæc, vel illa,
(Quovis judicio) superba, malum,

[*Sancto vertice, &c.*] The extraordinary birth of Pallas is well known; thus Ovid,

— De capitis, fertur, sine matre paterni,
 Vertice cum clypeo prosiluisse suo.

OID. FAST. LIB. III.

From her great father's pregnant brain, 'tis said,
 Arm'd like some warrior, sprang the martial maid.

[*Virentis Idæ.*] The place where Paris decided the pre-eminence of beauty between the three contending goddesses in favour of Venus, according to the fiction of the ancient poets, was mount Ida, to which the epithet virens is extremely applicable, Homer frequently describing it as beautifully clothed with woods. Valerius Flaccus, in like manner, calls it frondosa Ida.—Vide Val. Flac. Lib. iv.

[*Quâ spectanda, &c.*] Propertius, too, was of opinion, that only a form such as his mistress possessed deserved the prize of beauty :

A nobler mien :
 E'en Wisdom's queen
 With female anger glow'd ;
 And ask'd what chance,
 At each proud glance,

 Such matchless gifts bestow'd ?
 Should they all three
 Once more agree
 To visit Ida's shade,
 And should again
 The shepherd swain
 Be of the contest made

Cedite jam, Divæ, quas Pastor viderat olim
 Idæis tunicam ponere verticibus.

PROPERT. LIB. XI. ELEG. II.

Yield, beauteous pow'rs ! whom once the swain beheld
 On Ida's brow, with ev'ry charm reveal'd.

An eminent English poet has the same thought ; but whether borrowed either from Propertius, or Secundus, I shall not pretend to determine :

A rural judge dispos'd of beauty's prize ;
 A simple shepherd was preferr'd to Jove :
 Down to the mountains from the partial skies,
 Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of love,
 To plead for that, which was so justly giv'n
 To the bright Carlisle of the court of heav'n.

WALLER. *The Country to my Lady of Carlisle.*

Victrix, aureolum reportet astris.

O, felix juvenis, puella felix !

Felix sponsa ! *cui cupitus ardor*

Affusus modò lectulo in beato,

Stringet colla tenacibus lacertis,

Insigni juvenis venustus ore !

Istis qui roseis tuis labellis,

Istis qui niveis tuis papillis,

Isto qui rutilante crine tactus,

Isto lumine qui loquace victus,

Jampridem tacito voratur igni :

[*Tacito voratur igni.*] This expression is exquisitely delicate, and reminds me of an elegant little copy of verses, in the Spectator, upon a gentleman's loving a lady of superior rank to himself; in which are the following lines, beautifully descriptive of respectful, silent love.

Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise

Drink the resistless glances of her eyes ; -

At awful distance entertain thy grief,

Be still in pain, but never ask relief.

Sole judge : no more
To Paphos' bow'r
Wou'd laughing Venus bear
The prize away ;
No longer say,
“ I'm fairest of the fair !”

But with one choice,
With one loud voice,
Hers would the apple be,
In features, sense,
And elegance,
Who most resembled thee.

O hour of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Hail, happy bride !
Thy husband's pride,
Who soon in eager fold,
The conscious bed,
With blushes red,
Thy virgin neck shall hold.

*Lentumque increpat, usque & usque solem ;
Tardamque invocat, usque & usque lunam.
O, felix juvenis, puella felix !*

*Votis, fervide sponse, parce votis ;
Et suspiria mitte, mitte questus :
Tempus accelerat suâve : Mitis
Exaudit gemitus Venus suorum :*

[*Lentumque increpat, &c.*] This, and the following line, admirably express the eager wishes of love ; and are not excelled even by the poetic strain, in which Shakespeare's Juliet vents her fond impatience :

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Tow'rds Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That th' run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.

SHAKESPEARE. ROMEO AND JULIET.

Long hath the fire
Of slow desire
His early prime consum'd ;
Marking, as blows
The opening rosc,
How thy young beauties bloom'd :

Thy breasts of snow ;
Thy lips that glow
In health divinely warm ;
And thy bright hair,
With artless care
Whose wanton ringlets charm.

“ Ne'er will the sun
“ His circuit run ?”
Impatient of delay,
He sighing cries :
“ O moon, arise !
“ O come, O come away !
“ Come, mildly bright,
“ Pure orb of light !
“ To thee such scenes belong :
“ Come, ev'ry star !
“ And from afar
“ Begin the bridal song.”

Condit Cynthus ora, condit ora ;

Seque gurgite perluens Ibero

Cedit nocti-vagæ locum Sorori :

[*Seque gurgite, &c.*] Virgil too describes night, by the sun immersing itself into the Iberian sea :

Continuo pugnæ inæant, & prælia tentent ;
 Ni roseus fessos jam gurgite Phœbus Ibero
 Tingat equos, noctemque die labente reducat ;
 Considunt castris ante urbem, & mœnia vallant.

VIRG. ÆNEID. LIB. XI.

Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight ;
 But now the sun roll'd down the rapid light ;
 And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian sea,
 The panting steeds that drew the burning day.
 Before the city camp th' impatient pow'rs ;
 These to defend, and those to storm the tow'rs.

PITT.

[*Cedit nocti-vagæ, &c.*] This passage is likewise a very evident imitation from Virgil :

Jamque dies cœlo concesserat, almaque curru
 Noctivago Phœbe medium pulsabat Olympum.

VIRG. ÆNEID. LIB. X.

Now day forsook the skies, and high in air
 Bland Phœbe sped her nightly-wand'ring car.

O hour of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Cease, cease thy fears,
Thy vows, thy tears,
O, fervent bridegroom ! cease ;
Soon shall thy heart,
No more to part,
Resume its long-lost peace.

Soon from her throne
Of cygnet's down,
With many a chaplet gay,
Love's constant friend !
Shall Venus bend,
And chide the ling'ring day.

She chides ;—and see !
The burning sea
Its radiant god receives :
Faintly he gleams,
And his shorn beams
In blushing billows laves.

*Et, quo gratior haud relucet ignis
 Coniunctis animis amore dulci,
 Producit caput, emicatque cœlo
 Ductor Hesperus aureæ catervæ.
 O, felix juvenis, puella felix!*

[*Et, quo gratior, &c.*] Catullus, in like manner, mentions the star of evening as grateful to love :

Hesperè, qui cœlo lucet jucundior ignis,
 Qui desponsa tuâ firmes connubia flamma?

CATULL. CARM. NUPT.

What light in heav'n than Hesper shines more sweet,
 Whose ray confirms the nuptial bliss complete?

[*Ductor Hesperus, &c.*] The imagery contained in this line seems to have been copied by an old English bard :

Did you not erst behold
 How Hesperus above yon clouds appear'd,
 Hesperus leading forth his beauteous heard?

RANDOLPH. *An Eclogue to Mr. Johnson.*

[Milton too has a similar expression, in these beautifully-descriptive lines :

Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON. PAR. LOST, BOOK IV.

See, in her hand
An ebon wand,
How his lov'd sister guides
Her silver car,
Sweet wanderer !
Climbing heav'n's crystal sides.

Mark, too, that star,
To virgins dear,
Hesper ! with glitt'ring head ;
Who loves his train
O'er the blue plain
In golden ranks to lead.

O hour of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Now shall the maid
At length be laid
A rich, unspotted prize ;
Now, youth, beware.
Be thine the care,
That she no maid arise.

Jam virgo thalamum subibit ; unde
Ne virgo redeat, marite, cura.
Jam virgo niveis locata fulcris
Adventum cupiet tuum, tremetque ;
Perfusa ingenuo rubore m̄las :
Forsan & lachrymis genæ madebunt,
Et suspiria fundet, & querelas :
At tu nil remoratus, & querelas,
Et suspiria, lachrymasque tolles ;

[*Perfusa ingenuo, &c.*] Thus Bonefonius expresses the blush of modesty :

Et mox virgineo pudore leves
 Interfusa genas, et ora casto
 Spargens molliter imbre lachrymarum,
 Tota, inquit, &c.

BONEFON.

Her looks grow quiet and serene,
 Her virgin modesty appears
 In her fair face ; hail, brightest scene !
 Hence fly my vain, deluding fears !
 Now pearly drops flow gently down her cheeks,
 From chastity they flow, and thus her silence breaks.

ANONYM.

Now, plac'd in bed,
 With unfeign'd red
 Her beauteous face shall glow ;
 Now shall she fear
 Thy tread to hear,
 And hope, and wish it now.

Perhaps a tear,
 As crystal clear,
 In trickling haste may flow ;
 Perhaps with sighs
 Your heart she tries,
 Or murm'ring vents her woe.

Prior, in a style not inferior to that of Secundus, has drawn a very happy picture of a beautiful young girl blushing in bed :

Her blushing face the lovely maid
 Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet ;
 A rose-tree in a lilly bed
 Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

PRIOR. THE DOVE.

[*At tu nil remoratus, &c.*] For, as Artaxerxes tells his Amestris, in the language of Rowe :

These are the fears which wait on every bride,
 And only serve for preludes to her joys ;
 Short sighs, and all those motions of thy heart,
 Are nature's call, and kindle warm desires.

ROWE. *Ambitious Step-mother.*

*Abstergens oculos tuo ore ; dulce
Murmur pro querimoniis reponens.
O, felix juvenis, puella felix !*

*Ergo, membra ubi virginis decoræ
Felix candida lectulus fovebit,
(Membra languidulo parata somno !)
Et molli quoque te toro lacatum,
Supra purpureos, beata, reges,
Supra constituet Jovem, Dione :*

[*Supra constituet, &c.*] Bonefonius here again imitates
Secundus :

Superi, tenete cœlum,
Vestram numina possidete sortem ;
Dum te teneam, alma Pancharilla,
Dum te possideam ; nec ipse cœlum,
Nec vestram, superi, invidebo sortem.

BONEFON.

Now, ye superior powers blest,
From envy free enjoy your state ;
Jove! of thy thunder live possess ;
Since I'm as happy, and as great ;
Let me this little empire long retain ;
Ye Gods! your heavens keep, monarchs unenvied reign.

ANONYM.

But mind not thou
The tears that flow,
Mind not the piteous sigh ;
Soft-soothing speak,
And her wet cheek
Wipe with thy kisses dry.

O hour of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Thus when supine
With limbs divine
She prints the nuptial bed ;
And, like a flow'r
With hasty show'r
O'ercome, her virgin head

Hangs down in shame ;
When o'er her frame
Soft languors gently creep ;
And the clos'd eye,
Unknowing why,
Attempts in vain to sleep ;

Mox te blandidicis parare rixis,
Mox te mollicuæ parare pugnæ,
Motus occipies calore justo :
Belli prospera signa non cruenti
Figens mille protervus hic et illic,
Collo basia multa, multa malis ;
Labris basia plura, plura ocellis :
Repugnabit ; & “improbum” vocabit ;

[*Repugnabit ; & “improbum” vocabit.*] It is evident, from this passage, that Secundus had Ovid for his amorous instructor :

Pugnabit primo fortassis, et “improbe” diceat ;
 Pugnando vinci sed tamen illa volet.

OID. ART. AMAT. LIB. I.

Struggling, perhaps she'll cry, “nay, don't be rude ;”
 Yet, in her struggles, hopes to be subdued.

Tibullus too, who was perhaps equally well versed in love, advances the same doctrine :

Tunc tibi mitis erit : rapias tunc cara licebit
 Oscula ; pugnabit, sed tamen apta dabit.
 Rapta dabit primo : mox adferet ipse roganti.
 Post etiam collo se implicuisse volet.

TIBULL. ELEG. IV. LIB. I.

When at the side
Of thy dear bride
Thou liest, Dione's care !
Happier in love
Than am'rous Jove,
Than monarch's happier far !

Then, in full tides
Whilst vigour glides
Trembling thro' ev'ry vein,
Begin the fight
Of fierce delight,
Of pleasure mixt with pain.

Then, let the kiss
Of humid bliss
O'er her sweet body fly ;
O'er her warm cheek,
Her eyes, her neck,
And lips of luscious dye.

Occasion smiles, then snatch an ardent kiss ;
The coy may struggle, but will grant the bliss :
The bliss obtained, the fictitious struggle past ;
Unbid, they'll clasp you in their arms at last.

*Et dicet, "satis est," tremente voce ;
 Arcibitque manu proterva labra ;
 Propelletque manu manum protervam.
 O noctem ter, et amplius, beatam !*

*Pugnet, strenua ; pugnet, illa : pasci
 Pugnando teneri volunt Amores :
 Pugnando tibi duplicatus ardor
 Vireis sufficiet novas in arma.*

[*Pasci pugnando teneri, &c.*] Muretus has expressed this idea nearly in the same words :

Sic age, pugnando teneri pascuntur Amores.

MURET. EPIG.

Then let sweet conflicts feed the tender loves.

But the thought, perhaps, originally belonged to a more ancient author than Secundus, or Muretus :

Unguibus, et morsu teneri pascuntur amores.

CORN. GALL. ELEG. III.

Each painless scratch, each am'rous bite improves
 The poignant bliss, and fosters the young loves.

Oft shall she cry,
“ O cruel, fy !”
Oft weeping, say, “ Forbear !”
Oft shall her hand
Your lips withstand ;
Oft meet you, you know where.

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair,
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Much, in defence
Of innocence,
Of virtue’s nicest laws,
Will the dear maid
Affrighted plead,
And urge a moment’s pause.

In vain she strives ;
Enjoyment lives
On such endear’d delays ;
And the wild fire
Of fierce desire,
Oppos’d, the wilder plays.

*Tunc per candida colla, tunc per illud
 Quod certat ebori nitore pectus,
 Nunc per crura tenella, perque ventrem,
 Et quæ proxima sunt & huic & illis,
 Saltu volve agili manum salacem :
 Et tot millia junge basiorum
 Quot cœlum rutilos tenebit igneis.
 O, noctem, quater et quater, beatam !*

[*Saltu volve, &c.*] Thus Bonefonius :

Nunc saltu volucris insilire collo,
 Nunc candente genas notare dente,
 Nunc errare manu licentiore
 Illa per femora, illa perpolita,
 Illa marmoreo superba luxu,
 Quibus janitor excubat Cupido,
 Et sacram Veneris tuetur arcem.

BONEFON.

Sometimes I kiss her snowy neck,
 In raptures rove from grace to grace ;
 Then gently mark her rosy cheek ;
 At last her thighs I freely trace ;
 Thighs smooth as marble, white as snows that fall !
 Where Cupid centry stands, to guard his mother's all.

ANONYM.

Hence, proud in arms,
O'er her rich charms
With nimblest strength you move ;
Hence, bolder grown,
To the great throne
Of love insatiate rove.

What vast excess
Of happiness,
In show'rs of kisses veil'd,
When her soft cries
In softer sighs
You drown, and win the field !

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Not but he'll speak
In accents meek,
Pleading his tale of love ;
Soft ! as when plays
The silken breeze,
That wakes the whisp'ring grove ;

*Nec desint tibi blandulæque voces ;
 Et quæcunque juvant perita verba ;
 Nec cum murmure sibili suaves,
 Qualeis dant zephyro sonante blandùm
 Frondes, quale columba, quale cygnus
 Annosus moriente spirat ore :
 Donec victa potentibus sagittis,*

[*Quale cygnus, &c.*] The swan is fabled to sing very harmoniously as it approaches towards its end; Martial has the following epigram upon it :

Dulcia defectâ modulatur carmina linguâ
 Cantator Cygnus funeris ipse sui.

MART. EPIG. LXXVII. LIB. XIII.

The swan, melodious with its latest breath,
 Sings its own dirge ; and singing welcomes death.

Thus too Shakespeare :

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
 Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death.

SHAKS. KING JOHN.

But it is not altogether clear whence this fiction had its origin ; most probably from the story of Cynus, who, as Ovid tells us in the second book of his *Metamorphoses*, was converted into a swan, while he mourned the loss of his friend Phaeton. Virgil makes elegant mention of this transformation :

Soft! as when coos
 The dove, that woos
 His mate in vernal bow'rs ;
 Or, with sweet throat,
 When her last note
 The swan expiring pours.

Till, vanquish'd quite
 In the fond fight,
 O'ercome by Cupid's dart ;
 She lends her ear
 In blushing fear,
 And yields her virgin heart :

Namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaëtontis amati,
 Populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum
 Dum canit et mæstum musa solatur amorem ;
 Canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam,
 Linquentem terras, et sidera voce sequentem.

VIRG. ÆNEID. LIB. X.

'Tis said, as Cynus, in the poplar grove,
 Wept fallen Phaeton, with friendly love,
 Beneath his sisters' shade ; and with those strains
 The muse inspir'd reliev'd his heart-felt pains ;
 He found a sudden age his limbs surprise,
 O'er all his frame a snowy plumage rise,
 Till to a swan transform'd, singing, he soar'd the skies.

Umbramque sororum alludes to the sisters of Phaeton, who were changed into poplars.—Vide Ovid. Metam. lib. ii.

*Et cæco Pueri volantis igne,
 Paulatim, minùs & minùs severa,
 Ponet purpureum toro pudorem ;
 Collum in brachia nexuosa dedens,
 Collo brachia nexuosa stringens.
 O, nectem quater, O, quater beatam !*

*Tunc, tunc oscula delicata sumes,
 Nullis contemerata quæ rapinis
 Hærebunt vario morata nexu.*

[*Paulatim, minus, &c.*] Armstrong in like manner represents the yielding maid :

Perhaps when you attempt
 The sweet admission, toyful she resists
 With shy reluctance ; nathless you pursue
 The soft attack, and warmly push the war,
 Till, quite o'erpower'd with love, the melting maid
 Faintly opposes.

ARMSTRONG. *Oeconomy of Love.*

[*Vario morata nexu.*] Imitated from Propertius :

Quantum
 Oscula sunt labris nostra morata tuis !

PROPERT. ELEG. XV. LIE. II.

Oh, how my kisses linger on thy lips !

Till, that she lies
All bare, and cries
“ Sweet, lovely murd’rer, come !”
Expands her arms,
Unfolds her charms,
And panting waits her doom.

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Then shall thy lip,
Delighted, sip
The dew of nectar’d bliss ;
Then shall thy soul,
Without controul,
Enjoy the ling’ring kiss.

Then thy rich smiles,
And wanton wiles,
As wanton she’ll return ;
With raptures sweet
Thy raptures meet ;
And, as thou burnest, burn.

Tunc lusus simileis; pareisque virgo
Reddet delicias; & os hiulcum,
Jam pridem patulo licenter ori
Committens, animæ libidinoso
Fragrantis cupidum beabit haustu.
Mox lusu quoque molliore ludens,
Dicet blanditias suâviores;
Emittet digitos licentiores;
Finget nequitiam salaciorem.
 O, noctem, nimis et nimis, beatam!

[*Dicet blanditias, &c.*] Bonefonius copies this passage almost verbatim:

Uterque
 Fingit blanditias proterviores,
 Facit nequitias salaciores,
 Omnes Cypridis induit figuras,
 Donec corpora miscuo furore
 In unum coëunt amica corpus.

Then close to thine
Her mouth shall join,
Sucking voluptuous breath ;
Till, in one sigh
Of ecstasy,
Both touch the verge of death :

Till that, more gay
In am'rous play,
The genial couch she shakes ;
Warm, livelier sports
Inventive courts ;
And what she wishes speaks.

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy, fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Our souls their former joys renew,
We raise new sport and wanton jesting,
Our eyes each other's charms review,
In ev'ry form of love contesting :
At last our bodies, warm'd with mutual fire,
To prove each other's aid, to join in onc.conspire.

Tunc arma expedienda ; tunc “ ad arma”

Et Venus vocat, et vocat Cupido :

Tunc in vulnera grata proruendum.

Huc, illuc agilis feratur hasta ;

Quam crebro furibunda verset ictu

Non Martis Soror, ast Amica Martis,

[*Et vocat Cupido.*] Secundus is not the only author who has made a warrior of the God Cupid ; for thus Mr. Charles Hopkins, in his poem entitled the History of Love :

Believe me, Delia, lovers have their wars ;
And Cupid has his camp, as well as Mars.

HOPKINS.

[*Non Martis Soror.*] Bellona, the goddess of war, is here alluded to ; though some writers affirm that she was not the sister, but the wife of Mars ; others, that she was only his companion and attendant. Be this as it may, she is frequently described as his charioteer, and the poets in general represent her with a bloody whip in her hand ; thus Virgil mentions her figure, as embossed on the shield of Æneas ;

Et scissâ gaudens vadit Discordia pallâ,
Quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.

VIRG. ÆNEID. LIB. VIII.

There Discord stalk'd, all rent the garb she wore ;
Bellona next, with scourge deep-dyed in gore.

Then, then, "To arms!"
 The queen of charms;
 "To arms!" young Cupid cries:
 They hear, obey,
 And urge the fray
 Of sweet, contentious joys.

She pants, she bleeds;
 The youth succeeds;
 More close they now engage:
 While, here and there,
 Love's nimble spear,
 Quick-darting, fires their rage.

That won'drous spear,
 Great god of war!
 Which not thy sister guides;
 But one more dear,
 Thy mistress fair!
 Who at these sports presides;

Lucan too gives a similar picture of her:

Sanguineum veluti quatiens Bellona flagellum.

LUCAN. PHARSAL. LIB. VII.

As when her blood-stain'd lash Bellona shakes.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that Venus is understood by *Amica Martis*.

Semper læta novo cruore, Cypris.

Nec quies lateri laborioso

Detur, mobilibus nec ulla coxis :

Donec deficiente voce anhelâ,

Donec defieientibus medullis,

Membris languidulis, madens uterque

Sudabit varii liquoris undas.

O, noctem nimis, O, nimis, beatam !

[*Sudabit varii, &c.*] Thus again Bonefonius :

Hæc nos prælia militamus inter
 Sudores varios anhelitusque,
 Dum fessa Venere artubusque tritis ;
 Et jam deficientibus meduilis,
 Et jam deficiente corde anhelò,
 Cogor languidulos inire somnos.

BONEFON.

Tir'd with war,
 A gentle sweat our limbs bedews :
 Panting, we long engag'd ; but at the last
 Love flags, our spirits droop, the happy moment's past.

ANONYM.

Who, in such fights
Well-pleas'd, delights
The rending wound to spy ;
Who loves to see
Coy Chastity
A bleeding victim lie.

Mark, with what heat
They struggling meet !
How ev'ry limbs employ'd !
Till at the last,
Consuming fast,
Enjoying, and enjoy'd,

They gasp for breath :
A moment's death
Th' enervate body knows ;
While, on each side,
Love's various tide
In streams of pleasure flows.

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

*Sudate ut libet ; & diésque longas,
Nocteisque exigite impotente lusu :
Et brevi date liberosque dulcèis,
Et longo ordine blandulos nepotes ;*

[*Sudate ut libet ; &c.*] Such is the wish with which Catullus concludes his Epithalamium :

Ludite ut libet, et brevi
Liberos date.

CATUL. *Epithal. Manlii & Junia.*

Oh, still pursue your sports of love ;
And may those sports soon fruitful prove !

Which passage seems to have been copied also by the old English Poet, Randolph :

Thence may there spring many a pa'ir
Of sons and daughters strong and fair ;
How soon the gods have heard my prair !

RANDOLPH. *An Epithalamium.*

But no bard ever concluded a bridal poem with so elegant a complimentary wish as Martial, in his little epigram on the marriage of Pudens and Claudia :

Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam : sed et ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

Rest, take your ease :
May sports like these,
With many a conscious moon,
Be oft renew'd ;
As oft be view'd
By many a blushing sun !

And, O blest pair !
May offsprings dear
Soon crown your found embrace ;
Soon may there rise,
To glad your eyes,
A long, and beauteous race !

Whose converse gay
Will chase away
Each heart-consuming care ;
Whose infant smile
Those pains beguile,
Those pains you're doom'd to bear !

O, may bland Concord ever guard their bed,
Long on the pair her gifts may Venus shed !
O'er his white head when age has shower'd its snow,
Still may her breast with wonted passion glow ;
And may she seem, when blooming beauty flies,
Still young and lovely in her husband's eyes !

Quæ vobis senii minuta turba
Olim sollicitos levabit annos,
Arcebit querulos toro dolores,
Languentum tremulos fovebit artus,
Componet tumulo pios parentes.
 O, felix juvenis, puella felix !

[*Olim sollicitos levabit, &c.*] These last sad offices, due from children to their aged parents, are beautifully expressed by those lines, which the author of a celebrated modern tragedy puts into the mouth of the affectionate Euphrasia :

The task be mine
 To tend a father with delighted care,
 To smooth the pillow of declining age,
 See him sink gradual into mere decay,
 On the last verge of life watch ev'ry look,
 Explore each fond unutterable wish,
 Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

MURPHY'S GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

And, when old age
Life's whitest page
Shall from your sight remove,
Who on your bier
Will drop a tear,
The tear of filial love !

Rest, take your ease ;
For sports like these
New strength, new ardour gain :
Rest, happy pair !
Rest, happy fair !
Rest, happy, happy swain !

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTA & POEMATATA

QUÆDAM,

IN

BASIUM.

FRAGMENTUM.*

Ad LYDIAM.

LYDIA, bella puella, candida ;

Quæ benè superas lac et lilium,

Albamque simul rosam rubidam,

Aut expolitum ebur indicum.

Pande, puella, pande capillulos

Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum :

* This little fragment is found among those pieces of Cornelius Gallus, which are perhaps more justly attributed to a different poet, Maximianus Gallus.

SOME
FRAGMENTS AND POETICAL PIECES
ON THE
K I S S.

A F R A G M E N T.

To LYDIA.

LOVELY Lydia, lovely maid !
Either rose in thee's display'd ;
Roses of a blushing red
O'er thy lips, and cheeks are shed ;
Roses of a paly hue
In thy fairer charms we view.
Now thy braided hair unbind ;
Now, luxuriant, unconfin'd,
Let thy wavy tresses flow ;
Tresses bright, of burnish'd glow !
Bare thy iv'ry neck, my fair !
Now thy snowy shoulders bare :

*Pande, puella, collum candidum,
 Productum benè candidis humeris :*
*Pande, puella, stellatos oculos ;
 Flexaque super nigra cilia :*
*Pande puella, geneas roseas,
 Perfusas rubro purpureæ Tyriæ.*
*Porrige labra, corallina ;
 Da columbatim mitia basia :*
Sugis amentis partem animi :
Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua basia.
*Quid mihi sugis vivum sanguinem ?
 Conde papillas, conde gemi-pomas,
 Compresso lacte quæ modò pullulant :*

[*Conde papillas, &c.*] I know not whether these Latin lines might furnish the hint of the following little sonnet, which certainly breathes the same soft spirit of amorous satiety :

Take, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn ;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain !

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears ;
 On whose tops the pinks, that grow,
 Are of those that April wears ;
 But my poor heart first set free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Bloody Brother*.

Bid the vivid lustre rise
In thy passion-streaming eyes ;
See, the lucent meteors gleam !
See, they speak the watchful flame !
And how gracefully above,
Modell'd from the bow of love,
Are thy arching brows display'd,
Soft'ning in a sable shade !
Let a warmer crimson streak
The velvet of thy downy cheek :
Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now assume :
Give me little billing kisses,
Intermixt with murmur'd blisses.
Soft, my love !—my angel, stay !—
Soft !—you suck my breath away,
Drink the life-drops of my heart,
Draw my soul from ev'ry part ;
Scarce my senses can sustain
So much pleasure, so much pain !
Hide thy broad, voluptuous breast !
Hide that balmy heav'n of rest !
See, to feast th' enamour'd eyes,
How the snowy hillocks rise !
Parted by the luscious vale,
Whence luxurious sweets exhale :
Nature fram'd thee but t' inspire
Never-ending, fond desire !

*Sinus expansa profert cinnama ;
Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.
Conde papillas, quæ me sauciant
Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.
Sæva, non cernis quod ego languo ?
Sic me destituis jam semi-mortuum ?*

Again, above its envious vest,
See, thy bosom heaves confest !
Hide the rapt'rous, dear delight !
Hide it from my ravish'd sight !
Hide it !—for thro' all my soul
Tides of madd'ning transport roll :
Venting now th' impassion'd sigh,
See me languish, see me die !
Tear not from me then thy charms !
Snatch, oh, snatch me to thy arms !
With a life-inspiring kiss,
Wake my sinking soul to bliss !

In LESBIAM.

DUM me basiolo fovet salaci,
Et crebro petit excitatque morsu
Illa Lesbia, quæ tenelli Amoris
Bellè surripuit faces et arcum ;
Imis ardeo totis in medullis,
Et secreta calor per ossa currit.
Non tot astra polo nitent sereno,
Non tot vinea fulgurat racemis,
Quot me delicicæ cupidinesque
Accensum exacuunt beatulumque.
Sed mi, Lesbia, fare, amica, quid me
Tantum basiolo foves salaci ;
Et crebro petis excitasque morsu ?
Te dulci liceat tenere lecto,
Te strictis liceat tenere in ulnis,
Blando deficientem amoris æstu ;
Quin si deficias amoris æstu,
Mors tibi hoc pretio placebit herclè !

ON LESBIA.

WHEN beauteous Lesbia fires my melting soul,
(She, who the torch and bow from Cupid stole,)
By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss ;
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss :
Thro' all my frame the madding transport glows,
Thro' ev'ry vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many stars as o'er heav'n's concave shine,
Or clusters as adorn the fruitful vine ;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,
T' inflame my breast, the wily maid employs.
But, dearest Lesbia ! gentle mistress ! say,
Why thus d'ye wound my lips in am'rous play ?
With kisses, smiles, and ev'ry wanton art,
Why raise the burning fever of my heart ?
Let us, my love ! on yon soft couch reclin'd,
Each other's arms around each other twin'd,
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire ;
And, panting, struggling, both at once expire !
For, oh, my Lesbia ! sure that death is sweet,
Which lovers in the fond contention meet !

BONEFONII BASIUM XVI.


DONEC pressiùs incubo labellis,
Et diduco avidus tuæ, puella,
Flosculos animæ suavè-olentes ;
Unus tum videor mihi deorum,
Seu quid altiùs est beatiùsve.]

Mox ut te eripis, ecce, ego repenté ;
Unus qui superùm mihi videbar,
Seu quid altiùs est beatiùsve ;
Orci mi videor relatus umbris,
Seu quid inferiùsve tristiùsve.

KISS XVI. OF BONEFONIUS.

CLASP'D, sweet maid ! in thy embrace ;
While I view thy smiling face,
And the sweets with rapture sip,
Flowing from thy honied lip ;
Then I taste, in heav'nly state,
All that's happy, all that's great :

But, when you forsake my arms,
And displeasure clouds your charms ;
Sudden I, who prov'd so late
All that's happy, all that's great,
Prove the tortures of a ghost,
Wand'ring on the Stygian coast.

 VENERIS LUSUS.

EFFINXIT quondam, blandum meditata laborem,
 Basia lascivâ Cypria diva manu :

Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat arte,
Fragransque infuso nectare tingit opus ;

Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolus olim
*Non impunè favis surripuisset Amor ;**

Decussos violæ foliis admiscet odores,
Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta rosis ;


Addit et illecebras, et mille et mille lepores,
Et quot Acidaliæ gaudia cestus habet :

Ex his composuit Dea basia ; et omnia libans,
Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora Chloes.

* See the nineteenth Idyllium of Theocritus, to which this alludes.

THE
PASTIME OF VENUS.

INTENT to frame some new design of bliss,
The wanton Cyprian queen compos'd a kiss :
An ample portion of ambrosial juice
With mystic skill she temper'd first for use ;
This done, her infant work was well bedew'd
With choicest nectar ; and o'er all she strew'd
Part of the honey which sly Cupid stole,
Much to his cost, and blended with the whole ;
Then, that soft scent which from the vi'let flows
She mixt, with spoils of many a vernal rose ;
Each gentle blandishment in love we find,
Each graceful winning gesture next she join'd ;
And all those joys that in her zone abound
Made up the kiss, and the rich labour crown'd.
Consid'ring now what beauteous nymph might prove
Worthy the gift, and worthy of her love ;
She fixt on Chloe, as her fav'rite maid ;
To whom the goddess, sweetly-smiling, said :
“ Take this, my fair ! to perfect ev'ry grave ;
“ And on thy lips the fragrant blessing place.”

BACIAMENTO RECIPROCO.


BEN è soave cosa
Quel bacio, che si prende
Da una vermiglia, e delicata rosa
Di bella guancia. e pur chi 'l vero intende,
Com' intendete voi
Aventurosi amanti, che 'l provate ;
Dirà, che quello è morto bacio, à cui
La baciata beltà bacio non rende.
Ma i colpi di due labbra innamorate,
Quando à ferir si v'è bocca con bocca,
E che in un punto scocca
Amor con soavissima vendetta
L'una, e l' altra saetta ;
Son veri baci : ove con giuste voglie
Tanto si dona altrui, quanto si toglie.

MUTUAL KISSING.

WHEN o'er the virgin cheek we meet
Health's tender-blooming roses spread ;
To kiss those roses may be sweet,
To kiss them on their native bed !

Full well experienc'd lovers know,
And chief the few who blissful burn,
That kiss is lifeless we bestow
On charms that yield no kind return :

But sure those kisses breathe delight,
Where love the sweetly-vengeful dart
Exchanges, while fond lips unite,
Lips echoing-soft as kisses part.

When one warm wish enflames the pair,
Not less endearing kisses prove ;
Each gives, each takes an equal share ;
Sweet interchange of sweetest love !

Baci pur bocca curiosa, e scaltra
O seno, ò fronte, ò mano ; unqua non fia
Che parte alcuna in bella donna baci,
Che baciatrice sia
Se non la bocca, ove l' uni' alma, e l' altra
Corre, e si bacia anch' ella, e con vivaci
Spiriti pellegrini
Dà vita al bel tesoro
De' bacianti rubini :
Sì che parlan trà loro
Quegli animati, & spiritosi baci,
Gran cose in picciol suono,
E segreti dolcissimi, che sono
A lor solo palesi, altrui celati.
Tal gioja amando prova ; anzi tal vita,
Alma con alma unita :
E son come d' amor baci baciati
Gli incontri di duo cori amanti amati.

GUARINI. *Pastor Fido. Atto II.*

Kiss the dear lip, the swelling breast,
The snow-white hand, the forehead kiss ;
'Tis by the lip the joy's exprest,
'Tis the kind lip repays the bliss.

When lovers' lips in transport join,
Their souls to share that transport fly ;
And, as their mingling breaths combine,
The purple gems with life supply :

Then each inspired kiss imparts,
In sounds half-utter'd, half-supprest,
The tender secrets of their hearts,
Secrets to lips alone confest !

Where soul is thus with soul entwinn'd,
The living rapture is improv'd ;
'Tis rapture of the sweetest kind,
To kiss when kiss'd, to love when lov'd !

D' un BACIO.

UN bacio solo à tante pene, cruda?
 Un bacio à tanta fede?
 La promessa mercede
 Non si paga, baciando: il bacio è segno
 Di futuro diletto;
 E par, che dica anch' egli, i' ti prometto
 Con sì soave pegno:
 In tanto hor godi, e taci.
 Che son d' amor mute promesse i baci.

These Italian lines, which, as well as the foregoing, are from Guarini, seem to have been imitated rather happily by Randolph:

Are kisses all? they but fore-run
 Another duty to be done.
 What would you of that minstrel say
 That tunes his pipes and will not play?
 Say what are blossoms in their prime,
 That ripen not in harvest-time?
 Or what are buds that ne'er disclose
 The long'd-for sweetness of the rose?
 So kisses to a lover's guest
 Are invitations, not the feast.

RANDOLPH. *A Pastoral Courtship.*

ON A KISS.



AH! canst thou, cruel nymph! suppose
One kiss rewards thy am'rous youth;
Enough rewards his tender woes;
His long, long constancy, and truth?

Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
By simple kissing; for the kiss
Is but an earnest, beauteous maid!
Of more substantial, future bliss:

Sweet kisses only were design'd
Our warmer raptures to improve;
Kisses were meant soft vows to bind,
Were silent pledges meant of love.

AMORE FUGGITIVO.*


U DIT'O hò, Citerea,
Che del tuo grembo fore,
Fuggitivo il tuo figlio à te si cela,
E promesso hai bacciar chi te 'l rivela :
Non languir, bella Dea,
Se vai cercando Amore ;
No 'l cercar, dammi il bacio, io l' hò nel core.

MARINI.

* See the first Idyllium of Moschus on this subject.

CUPID STRAYED.

YES, beauteous queen ;—thy son, they say,
Thy wanton son ! is gone astray :—
Nay, Venus, more ;—'tis said, from thee
A kiss the sweet reward shall be
To any swain, who truly tells
Where 'tis the little wand'rer dwells :
Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear ;
For know the little urchin's here ;
He, from the search of vulgar eyes,
Conceal'd within my bosom lies :
Now, goddess, as I've told thee this ;
Give me, oh, give the promis'd kiss !

HYMNE *au* BAISER,*Par Monsieur DORAT.*

I.

* *DON* céleste, volupté pure,
 De l' univers moteur secret,
 Doux aiguillon de la nature,
 Et son plus invincible attrait,
 Eclair, qui, brûlant ce qu'il touche,
 Par l' heureux signal de la bouche,
 Avertit tous les autres sens ;
 Viens jouer autour de ma lyre ;
 Qu'on reconnoisse ton délire
 A la chaleur de mes accens.

* Monsieur Dorat seems, in these verses, metaphorically to apply the word kiss to that universal attraction which prevails through all matter.

HYMN TO THE KISS,

TRANSLATED.

I.

O, Choicest gift of heav'nly kind !
O, sacred source of joy refin'd !
Thou latent spring, whose vast controul
Extends throughout the boundless whole !
Attraction strong ! all-pow'rful cause,
Enforcing nature's hidden laws !
Thou magic lightning, that canst burn
Whate'er you touch, wheree'r you turn !
Touch but the lips, and you dispense
The brisk alarm thro' ev'ry sense :
Come, hover round my tuneful lyre,
And ev'ry swelling note inspire ;
So shall the warmth my strains express
Thy rapture-giving pow'r confess.

II.

*Tu vas sur tes sujets fideles
Dispersant des flèches de feu :
Tu nourris de tes étincelles
Le flambeau de l'aveugle dieu.
Sans toi que seroit le bel âge ?
Il t'offre son premier hommage,
Il s'éclaire de tes rayons :
Et, des desirs hâtant l'ivresse,
Sur les lèvres de la jeunesse
Tu fais tes plus douces moissons.*

III.

*Loin de l'œil éclatant du monde,
Combien d'êtres infortunés,
Dans une obscurité profonde,
A gémir semblent condamnés !
Pour eux zéphir est sans haleine,
Les épis qui dorent la plaine,
Rarement mûrissent pour eux ;
Toi seul les retiens à la terre,
Et, même au sein de leur misère,
Tu leur apprens l'art d'être heureux.*

II.

To those, who own your gentle sway,
You darts of pleasing flame convey ;
Your kindling sparks, that ne'er can die,
Blind Cupid's burning torch supply :
How dull the spring of life wou'd prove,
Without the kiss that waits on love !
Youth first to thee its homage pays,
Becomes enlighten'd from thy rays ;
And, hast'ning by your fost'ring fires
The birth of all the gay desires,
From youthful lips you soon receive
The richest harvests lips can give.

III.

Far from the world's more glaring eye,
What crowds of wretched beings lie ;
Who seem in dull oblivion doom'd
For ever to remain entomb'd !
To them no zephyr's balmy wing
Refreshing gales, or sweets can bring ;
No rip'ning crops of golden grain
For them adorn the waving plain :
Yet, thy persuasive magic binds
To this terrestrial orb their minds ;
And bids them, in their gloomy state,
Smile, nor regret their piteous fate.

IV.

*La fleur qui pare nos prairies,
Te doit son lustre et son odeur.
Ces arbrisseaux que tu maries,
Sont tous éclos de ta chaleur.
Ces ruisseaux fuyant sous l'ombrage,
Ces flots caressant leur rivage,
Par ton souffle vont s'embrâser ;
Pourquoi des lèvres demi-closes
Ont-elles la couleur des roses ?
C' est là que siège le baiser.*

V.

*Le froid scrupule en vain s'offense
De tes bienfaits consolateurs ;
Tu tiens sous ton obéissance
Sages, héros, législateurs.
César quitte le capitole,
Il menace, il s'élançe, il vole,
Tout cède à ses travaux guerriers :
Mais il revient, briguant des chaînes,
Caresser les dames romaines
A l' ombre même des lauriers.*

IV.

The flow'rs, that in yon meadow grow,
To thee their bloom, their fragrance owe ;
The blossom'd shrubs, in gaudy dress,
Thy genial warmth, thy pow'r confess ;
The stream, that winds along the grove,
And courts the shore with waves of love,
Is taught by thee the fond embrace,
By thee is taught each rural grace :
On gently-parted lips, say, why
Is plac'd the rose's beauteous dye ?
Because, on that soft seat of bliss
Abides the rosy-breathing kiss.

V.

Let rigid scruple furl her brow,
And blame the comforts you bestow :
The sage, the hero, thee obey ;
Nay, legislators own thy sway.
See threat'ning Cæsar mounts his car,
To join th' embattled sons of war ;
Swift from the capitol he flies,
And ev'ry hostile warrior dies :
But soon he quits the bleeding plain,
With transport hugs fair beauty's chain,
And, e'en beneath his laurel's shade,
Caresses many a Roman maid.

VI.

*Ce Mahomet, ce fou sublime,
Contre tous les périls armé,
Qui pour l'erreur et pour le crime
Avoit cru ce globe formé,
Auroit-il, conquérant austère,
Supporté l'ennui de la guerre,
Sans les baisers de ses houris,
Qui charmoient son ame inquiète,
Et, dans le serrail du prophète,
Réalisoient son paradis ?*

VII.

*Mais des demeures fastueuses
Tu crains l'appareil imposant ;
Les passions trop orageuses
En bannissent le sentiment.
Ah ! sur des livres altérées,
Et par l'ennui décolorées,
Voudrois-tu donc te reposer ?
Ces lambris dorés, cette estrade,
Ces carreaux, ces lits de parade,
Sont l'épouvantail du baiser.*

VI.

Could Mahomet, whose dauntless soul
Superior rose to all controul,
Whose breast was fir'd with hope sublime,
Who thought that ignorance and crime
Were destin'd o'er this globe t' have reign'd;
Could that stern victor have sustain'd
The harsh, fatiguing toil of arms;
Had not his Houris' soothing charms,
And tender kisses, lull'd to rest
The martial tumults of his breast;
If the seraglio of this earth
Had not to those sweet joys giv'n birth,
Which, in the paradise of love,
The prophet hop'd to taste above?

VII.

But tow'ring domes, that strike the eyes
With outward grandeur, you despise;
There stormy passions govern sense,
And banish tender feelings thence.
Say, couldst thou well-contented lie
On lips with shrivell'd coldness dry,
On lips, that no bright purple wear!
But pal'd by sickness or by care?
The gilded ceilings, beds of state,
The gaudy chambers of the great,
Th' embroider'd cushions they display,
Must fright the gentle kiss away.

VIII.

*Fuis sous les feuillages champêtres :
C' est là que réside la paix,
Et qu' à l' ombre des jeunes hêtres
On pratique tes doux secrets.
Sur des gerbes, sur une tonne,
Le baiser s'y prend ou s'y donne ;
Le plaisir n'y sait pas compter ;
Et l' impitoyable étiquette
Sur les lèvres d' une coquette
Ne t'y fait jamais avorter.*

IX.

*Mais, en quelques lieux qu' on t' appelle,
Ne déserte point mon réduit ;
Si j' ai pu te rester fidele,
Que tes faveurs en soient le fruit !
Seme des fleurs surma jeunesse ;
Jusques dans la froide viellesse
Renouvle encor mes desirs,
Et puisses-tu, pour récompense,
Rencontrer souvent l' innocence,
Et la soumettre à tes plaisirs !*

VIII.

Fly to the rural, shadowy dells ;
There peace in calm retirement dwells ;
And, underneath the beech's shade,
Thy am'rous secrets are display'd ;
There, on the hay-mow, or the grass,
Sport the fond youth, and fonder lass ;
There, unconstrain'd in frolic play,
A kiss they lend, a kiss repay ;
Pleasures so num'rous round them flow,
Envy can ne'er the number know ;
Nor are the lips' sweet joys deny'd
By prudes, affecting virtuous pride.

IX.

'Tho' tempted hence your flight to take,
My humble mansion ne'er forsake ;
To you if constant I remain,
Let kindness recompense my pain !
Around my youth fresh flow'rets shed,
Till age shall silver o'er my head ;
Then softly fan my drooping fires,
And wake the half-extinct desires :
So mayst thou, in thy wand'rings, meet
Young innocence, who smiles so sweet !
And may she all-submissive prove,
To thee, the guiltless guest of love !

X.

*Puisse à ce prix, trompant sa mere,
La jeune fille de quinze ans,
Dans son alcove solitaire
Méditer ton art dans mes chants,
Interroger son ame oisive,
Dévorer l' image expressive
De l' amoureuse volupté,
Ne voir que baisers dans ses songes,
Et soupçonner dans ces mensonges
Les douceurs de la vérité !*

X.

So may the nymph of gay fifteen,
By strict maternal eyes unseen,
To some sequester'd grove retire ;
There, reading, nurse her infant fire ;
Free from a parent's stern controul,
Explore her newly-op'ning soul ;
And riot o'er my am'rous page,
Soft-yielding to voluptuous rage !
So may sweet dreams of rapt'rous joy
Her pleasing slumbers oft employ ;
Till many a fond, illusive kiss
Shall almost realize the bliss !

A

K I S S,

AFTER THE MANNER OF SECUNDUS.

To *CYNTHIA*.

THE transient season let's improve,
That human life allots to love :
Youth soon, my Cynthia ! flies away,
And age assumes its frozen sway ;
With elegance and neatness drest,
Come, then, in beauty's bloom confest,
And in my fond embrace be blest !

Faint strugglings but inflame desire,
And serve to fan the lover's fire :
Then yield not all at once your charms,
But with reluctance fill my arms ;

My arms ! that shall with eager haste
Encircle now your slender waist,
Now round your neck be careless hung,
And now o'er all your frame be flung :
About your limbs my limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing cheek to mine :
Close to my broader, manlier chest
I'll press thy firm, proud-swelling breast ;
Now rising high, now falling low ;
As passion's tide shall ebb, or flow :
My murm'ring tongue shall speak my bliss,
Shall court your yielding lips to kiss ;
Each kiss with thousands I'll repay,
And almost suck your breath away ;
A thousand more you then shall give,
And then a thousand more receive :
In transport half-dissolv'd we'll lie,
Venting our wishes in a sigh !

Quick-starting from me, now display
Your loose, and discompos'd array :
Your hair shall o'er your polish'd brow
In sweetly-wild disorder flow ;
And those long tresses from behind,
You us'd in artful braids to bind,
Shall down your snowy bosom spread
Redundant, in a soften'd shade ;

And from your wishful eyes shall stream
The dewy light of passion's flame :
While now and then a look shall glance ;
Your senses lost in am'rous trance ;
That fain my rudeness wou'd reprove,
Yet plainly tells how strong your love :
The roses, height'ning on your cheek,
Shall the fierce tide of rapture speak ;
And on your lips a warmer glow
The deepen'd ruby then shall show :
Your breast, replete with youthful fire ;
Shall heave with tumults of desire ;
Shall heave at thoughts of wish'd-for bliss,
Springing as tho' 'twould meet my kiss :
Down on that heav'n I'll sink quite spent,
And lie in tender languishment ;
But soon your charms' reviving pow'r
Shall to my frame new life restore :
With love I'll then my pains assuage ;
With kisses cool my wanton rage ;
Hang o'er thy beauties till I cloy ;
Then cease, and then renew my joy !

FINIS.







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