

# SAPPHO.

[About 620 B. C.]

THIS "tenth Muse" was a native of Mitylene in the island of Lesbos. The name of her father is said to have been Scamandronomus, and that of her mother, Cléis. She was married to Cercolas, a wealthy inhabitant of the isle of Andros, by whom she was left early a widow, with an only child called Cléis. Out of nine books of lyric verse, besides numerous epigrams, epithalamia, and other kinds of poetry, very little remains to us except the Hymn to Venus, and her Ode to the Beloved; but these alone suffice to justify the high praises so universally awarded to her by all Greece, and to place her in the very first rank of lyric poets. Her unaffected grace

and sweetness, her concentrated force, passion, and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed in the Greek tongue, and can be transfused into no other. There seems to be but little doubt of the tender reverence and admiration wherein she was held by the poet Alcæus, who, in a sweet, though unconnected line, (found in one of his few remaining fragments,) addresses her as his *Ἰοθάλας ἀγαθὴ μελοχόμου Σαπφῶς*—his violet-wreathed, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho.—As to the tales about her loves and death,—about Phaon and the Leucadian rock,—they seem to have been utterly destitute of all foundation.—See Welcker's "*Sappho von einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreyt.*"

## HYMN TO VENUS.

O VENUS, beauty of the skies!  
To whom a thousand altars rise,  
Gaily false in gentle smiles,  
Full of love-perplexing wiles,  
O goddess, from my heart remove  
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft distress prefer'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
O gentle goddess, hear me now.  
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,  
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once did leave almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above:  
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;  
Hovering in air they lightly flew;  
As to my bower they winged their way,  
I saw their quivering pinions play,  
The birds dismiss'd (while you remain,)  
Bore back the empty car again:  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In every heavenly feature smil'd,  
And ask'd what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom raged,  
And by what care to be assuag'd?  
What gentle youth I would allure,  
Whom in my artful toils secure?  
Who does thy tender heart subdue?  
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,  
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;  
Though now thy offerings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more  
Thy needful presence I implore!  
In pity come and ease my grief,  
Bring my distempered soul relief:  
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,  
And give me all my heart desires.

### *Another translation of the Same.*

IMMORTAL Venus, throned above,  
In radiant beauty! Child of Jove!  
O skilled in every art of love  
And playful snare;  
Dread power, to whom I bend the knee,  
Release my soul, and set it free  
From bonds of piercing agony,  
And gloomy care.

Yea, come thyself!—If e'er, benign,  
Thy listening ear thou didst incline,  
To my rude lay, the starry shine  
Of Jove's court leaving,  
In chariot yoked with coursers fair,  
Thine own immortal birds, that bear  
Thee swift to earth, the middle air  
With bright wings cleaving.

Soon were they sped—and thou, most blest,  
In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,  
Didst ask what griefs my mind oppress—  
What meant my song—  
What end my frenzied thoughts pursue—  
For what loved youth I spread anew  
My amorous nets—"Who, Sappho, who  
Hath done thee wrong?"

What though he fly, he'll soon return—  
Himself shall give, though now he spurn;  
Heed not his coldness—soon he'll burn,  
E'en though thou chide."

And said'st thou this, dread goddess!—O,  
Come thou once more to ease my woe!  
Grant all!—and thy great self bestow,  
My shield and guide!

✓ TO THE BELOVED.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth, who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast;  
For, while I gazed in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; a subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and died away.\*

THE DESERTED WIFE.

The moon has set, and o'er the seas  
Throw their last glance the Pleiades;  
The weary night is waning fast,  
The promised hour is come and past;—  
Yet sleepless and alone I lie,  
Alone—ah, false one, tell me why.

ON A BELOVED COMPANION.

DEEP in the dreary chambers of the dead,  
Asteria's ghost hath made her bridal bed.  
Still to this stone her fond compeers may turn,  
And shed their cherish'd tresses on her urn.

ON AN ILLITERATE WOMAN.

UNKNOWN, unheeded, shalt thou die,  
And no memorial shall proclaim,  
That once, beneath the upper sky,  
Thou hadst a being and a name.

For never to the Muses' bowers  
Didst thou, with glowing heart repair,  
Nor ever intertwine the flowers,  
That Fancy strews unnumbered there.

Doomed o'er that dreary realm, alone  
And shunned by gentler shades, to go,  
Nor friend shall soothe nor parent own  
The child of sloth, the Muses' foe.†

\* Longinus, to whom posterity is indebted for the preservation of this ode, attributes much of its beauty to the judicious choice which she has made of the various feelings attendant on jealous love, and the skillful manner in which she has brought and connected them together.

Long. s. x.

† The fire and enthusiasm of Sappho's character (says Mr. Bland) appear in none of her works more unequivocally than in this little fragment. It is the burst of indignation at some home-spun, mighty-good sort of woman,

FRAGMENTS.

I.

I HAVE a child—a lovely one—  
In beauty like the golden sun,  
Or like sweet flowers, of earliest bloom,  
And Cléis is her name:—for whom  
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,  
Would glad resign.

II.

COME, gentle Youth, and in thy flowing locks  
With delicate fingers weave a fragrant crown  
Of aromatic anise; for the gods  
Delight in flowery wreaths, nor lend an ear  
Propitious to their suit, who supplicate  
With brows unbound with sweetly smelling  
flowers.

III.

CLING to the brave and good—the base disown—  
Whose best of fortunes is to live unknown.

IV.

THROUGH orchard plots, with fragrance crown'd,  
The clear, cold fountain murmuring flows:  
And forest leaves, with rustling sound,  
Invite to soft repose.

V.

WHAETE, without Virtue, is a dangerous guest;  
Who holds them mingled, is supremely blest.

VI.

HESPER! every gift is thine—  
Thou bring'st the kidling from the rock;  
Thou bring'st the damsel with the flock;  
Thou bring'st us rosy wine.

VII.

BEAUTY, fair flower, upon the surface lies;  
But Worth with Beauty soon in aspect vies.

VIII.

MAIDEN LOVE.

[THE following fragment, as Warton remarks, well represents "the languor and listlessness of one deeply in love!"]

OR, my sweet mother,—'tis in vain— ✓  
I cannot weave as once I wove;  
So wildered are my heart and brain  
With thinking of that youth I love.

who had neither a soul susceptible of poetry herself, nor the sense to admire, nor the candour to allow of it in others. This is a description of persons, which has been always severely handled by the poets, and the stigma of contempt with which they are branded by Sappho, is mercy to what they are sentenced to undergo by Dante—"Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi," &c.

"Those miserables, who never truly lived.

\* \* \* \* \*

No record of their names is left on high;

Mercy and Justice spurn them and refuse.

Take we no note of them—look, and pass by!"

From ceaseless sepulchres, where each with each

Vied in the duteous labour, they return'd  
Faint, sad, and weeping: and from grief alone  
Oft to their beds resistless were they driven.  
Nor liv'd the mortal then, who ne'er was tried  
With death, with sickness, or severest woe.  
Then the rude herdsman, shepherd, and the man  
Of sturdiest strength, who drove the plough  
a-field,

Languish'd remote; and in their wretched cots  
Sunk, the sad victims of disease and want:  
O'er breathless sires their breathless offspring lay,  
Or sires and mothers o'er the race they bore.

Nor small the misery through the city oft  
That pour'd from distant hamlets; for in throngs  
Full flock'd the sickening peasants for relief  
From every point diseas'd; and every space,  
And every building, crowded; heightening here  
The rage of death, the hillocks of the dead.

Some, parch'd with thirst, beneath the eternal  
spout

Dropp'd of the public conduits; in the stream  
Wallowing unwearied, and its dulcet draught  
Deep-drinking 'till they burst. Staggering,  
some

Threw o'er the highways, and the streets they trod,

Their languid limbs; already half-extinct,  
Horrid with fetor, stiff with blotches foul,  
With rage obscene scarce cover'd; o'er the bones  
Skin only, nought but skin; and drown'd alike  
Within and outwards, with putrescent grumè.

At length the temples of the gods themselves  
Chang'd into charnels, and their sacred shrines  
Throng'd with the dead: for Superstition now,  
And power of altars, half their sway had lost,  
Whelm'd in the pressure of the present woe.

Nor longer now the costly rites prevail'd  
Of ancient burial, erst punctilious kept;  
For all roved restless, with distracted mind,  
From scene to scene; and, worn with grief and  
toil,

Gave to their friends the interment chance al-  
low'd.

And direst exigence impell'd them, oft,  
Headlong, to deeds most impious; for the pyres  
Funereal seiz'd they, rear'd not by themselves,  
And with loud dirge, and wailing wild, o'er  
these

Plac'd their own dead; amid the unhallowed  
blaze

With blood contending, rather than resign  
The tomb thus gain'd, or quit the enkindling  
corse.

## CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.

[Born 87,—Died —, B. C.]

This elegant poet was born, of a respectable family, in or near Verona; but went early to Rome, on the invitation and, probably, under the patronage, of Manlius Torquatus. He afterwards visited Bithynia in company with Caius Memmius, the Prætor of that province, and the friend to whom Lucretius had inscribed his poem on The Nature of Things; but having quarrelled with his new patron, and feeling dejected at the loss of a beloved brother, who had died on the expedition, he returned to Italy, and, from that period until his decease, continued to divide his time between the dissipations of the capital and the solitudes of his beloved Sirmio.\* In the

\* Sirmio, the site of Catullus' favourite villa, is a peninsular promontory, projecting into the Benacus, (now Lago de Garda)—a lake celebrated by Virgil, as well as by subsequent poets, one of whom, Fracastoro, who dwelt in the vicinity, while lamenting the timely death of the poet Flaminius, represents the shade of Catullus as still nightly wandering amidst the scenes he loved.—

“Te ripe favère Athesis; te voce vocare  
Auditæ per noctem umbræ manesque Catullî,  
Et patrios mulcere novâ dulcedine lucos.”

Vestiges of the house, supposed to have belonged to Catullus, are yet shown on this peninsula, and were visited by Buonaparte in 1797. Two years afterwards, General St. Michel gave a brilliant fête there, which

latter a vault is still pointed out to the traveller, as having been the grotto of Catullus.

Catullus was a man of pleasure, or, in plainer English, an idler and debauchee. By his genius and accomplishments he had early won his way into the great world, and lived on terms of intimacy not only with many of the most dissipated, but with some also of the most distinguished literary and political, characters of the day. Amongst the latter may be enumerated Cornelius Nepos, Cicero, Asinius Pollio, and even Julius

was attended by the officers of the French army and many of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood,—particularly the dramatic poet Anelli, who joined with his host in singing and reciting verses in honour of the place and of its ancient owner. Amongst the toasts, on the occasion, were—“The memory of Catullus, the most elegant of Latin poets.”—“Buonaparte, who honours great men amidst the tumult of arms—who celebrated Virgil at Mantua, and paid homage to Catullus, by visiting the peninsula of Sirmio.”—“General Molin, the protector of the sciences, and the fine arts, in Italy.”—The enthusiasm of the party was so great, that, some inhabitants of the neighbourhood, happening luckily for themselves to arrive at that moment, with a petition for the removal of the troops then quartered on them, at once obtained their request.—See *Horn, Jour. Historique des Opérations du Siège de Peschiera*, and *Dunlop's Roman Literature*, &c.

Cæsar, notwithstanding his satires on that illustrious general, whose only revenge, according to Suetonius, was to invite his satirist to supper. His favourite mistress, whom he immortalises, in such exquisite verses, under the name of Lesbia, is supposed to have been Clodia, the daughter or wife of Q. Metellus Celer, a beautiful but

shameless woman,—who could weep for a sparrow, but poison her husband!

The period of his death has not been positively ascertained, but occurred most probably somewhere between the years 58 and 48 B. C., and at the early age of thirty or forty.—See *Clin-ton's Fasti Hellenici*, Vol. II. p. 185.

## ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

MOURN, all ye Loves and Graces! mourn,  
Ye wits, ye gallants, and ye gay!  
Death from my fair her bird has torn,  
Her much-lov'd sparrow's snatch'd away.

Her very eyes she priz'd not so,  
For he was fond and knew my fair  
Well as young girls their mothers know,  
And sought her breast and nestled there.

Once fluttering round, from place to place,  
He gaily chirp'd to her alone;  
But now that gloomy path must trace,  
Whence Fate permits return to none.

Accursed Shades, o'er hell that lower,  
Oh, be my curses on you heard!  
Ye, that all pretty things devour,  
Have torn from me my pretty bird.

Oh evil deed! Oh sparrow dead!  
Oh what a wretch, if thou canst see  
My fair-one's eyes with weeping red,  
And know how much she grieves for thee!

## UPON MAMURRA.\*

ADDRESSED TO CÆSAR.

Who can behold, or who endure,  
Save rakes devoid of truth and shame,  
Or gambling cheats, or gluttons tame,  
That base Mamurra should procure  
And squander free the spoil and products all  
Of farthest Britain's isle, and rich Transalpine  
Gaul.

Misceant Romulus! canst thou see  
And suffer this?—Then thine the shame,  
The rake's, the cheat's, the glutton's name.  
Some proud and all-abounding he  
Through all our marriage beds shall rove  
Gay as Adonis, soft as Venus' dove.

Canst thou still see and bear this thing,  
Misceant Romulus?—Thine the shame,  
The rake's, the cheat's, the glutton's name.  
And for this name, unrivall'd king,  
Proud didst thou bear afar thy conquering crest  
E'en to the farthest isle that gems the distant  
west.†

\* A profligate Roman knight, who, by the favour of Cæsar, amassed an immense fortune in the Gallic wars. This probably is the poem which (according to Suetonius) was read to Cæsar, while on a visit at Cicero's villa, and "at which," says the latter in a letter to Atticus, "he never changed countenance."

† Britain.

That he, thy lustful friend, should prey  
On all the spoil, thy valour's prize!  
"What matters it?" thy bounty cries,  
"A little wealth he throws away."  
And has he then but little wealth devour'd?  
First he his father's hoards on low companions  
shower'd;

Then by the spoil of Pontus fed,  
And then by all Iberia gave,  
And Tagus from its golden wave.  
Him justly Gaul and Britain dread;  
Justly his grasping away may cause alarms,  
More than his emperor's name and all-victorious  
arms.

Oh! why so base a favourite choose,  
Who has not wit, nor use, nor power,  
Save all thy riches to devour?  
Didst thou, Oh son-in-law! then lose,  
Didst thou, Oh conquering father! then obtain,  
The empire of the world to be this minion's  
gain.

## TO LESBIA.

LET us, my Lesbia, live and love,  
And, though sour Cynics disapprove,  
Let's heed them not a doit;  
Suns set, and suns again will rise,  
But we, when once our daylight dies,  
Must sleep in endless night.—  
Give me then a thousand kisses,  
Then a hundred of like blisses,  
Hundreds then to thousands add,  
And, when thousands more we've had,  
We'll blend, confuse them all, that so  
Nor you nor I their sum may know,—  
No; nor even Envy's self e'er guess  
Our half amount of happiness.

## A MESSAGE TO HIS MISTRESS.

COMRADES and friends! with whom, where'er  
The Fates had will'd, through life I rovd,  
Now speed ye home, and with you bear  
These bitter words to her I've lov'd.  
Tell her from fool to fool to run,  
Where'er her vain caprice may call;  
Of all her dupes not loving one,  
But ruining and maddening all.  
Bid her forget—what now is past—  
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies  
Like a fair flower, the meadow's last,  
Which feels the ploughshare's edge and dies.

\* Pompey, who married Cæsar's daughter, Julia.

## TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

SWEET Sirmio! Thou, the very eye  
Of all peninsulas and isles,  
That in our lakes of silver lie,  
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles.  
How gladly back to thee I fly!  
Still doubting, asking,—Can it be  
That I have left Bithynia's sky,  
And gaze in safety upon thee?  
Oh! what is happier than to find  
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;  
When anxious long, the lighten'd mind  
Lays down its load of care at last;  
When tired with toil, o'er land and deep,  
Again we tread the welcome floor  
Of our own home, and sink to sleep  
On the long wished-for bed once more.  
This, this it is, that pays alone  
The ills of all life's former track;  
Shine out, my beautiful, mine own  
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.  
And thou fair lake, whose water quaffs  
The light of heaven, like Lydia's sea,  
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs  
Abroad, at home, laugh out with me!

## HYMENEAL,

ON THE NUPTIALS OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

## A YOUTH.

Vesper ascends: Ye youths! together rise:  
Eve's long-expected star has gilt the skies:  
Rise, leave the feast; the bride will soon appear;  
The bridal song be sung: Oh Hymen, Hymen,  
hear!

## A VIRGIN.

Mark ye the youths? to face them, maidens, rise;  
Night-shedding Hesper lights the spangled skies:  
Look up: 'tis so; and saw ye how their throng  
Sprang forth? nor idly; soon to raise the song:  
Let us in rival strains surpass the lay:  
Oh Hymen, Hymen, bless the wedding-day.

## A YOUTH.

Arduous the palm of strife: Oh! friends be  
strong:  
For see, yon maidens muse some mutter'd song;  
Nor idly muse: some memorable lay;  
While we our ears and thoughts have turn'd  
away:  
We merit shame, since victory favours care:  
Yet now your parts with emulation bear:  
'Tis theirs to speak: let us responses frame:  
Oh Hymen, Hymen, bless the marriage flame!

## VIRGINS.

Hesper! knows heaven a star like thee severe,  
That tear'st the maiden from her mother dear?  
The lingering maiden from her mother's arms,  
And yield'st some fervid youth her spotless  
charms;  
What wrongs more fierce can cities storm'd dis-  
play?  
Come, Hymen, hither! Hymen, grace the day!

## YOUTHS.

Hesper! what star more joyous shines above?  
Thy flames confirm the plighted troth of love:  
By covenants of men, of parents, seal'd,  
Thy dawn alone the wish'd embrace can yield:  
What hour can gods bestow more wish'd than  
this?  
Come, Hymen, come; and crown the hour of  
bliss!

## VIRGINS.

As in fence'd gardens blows some floweret rare,  
Safe from the nibbling flock or griding share:  
Which gales refresh, suns strengthen, rain-drops  
rear,  
To many a youth and many a maiden dear:  
Clipt by the nail it bends the stem and fades,  
No more by youths admir'd, or wish'd by maids;  
So loved the unpolluted virgin blooms;  
But when the blighting touch her flower con-  
sumes,  
No more she charms the youth, or charms the  
maid:  
Come, Hymen, Hymen, give the nuptials aid.

## YOUTHS.

As on the naked field the lonely vine  
Yields no sweet grape, nor lifts its tendril twine:  
Droops with its weight and winds its tender  
shoots  
With earthward bend around their twisted roots:  
Nor herds nor peasants, in the noon-day heat,  
Beneath its chequer'd, bowery shade retreat:  
But, if it clasp some elm with married leaves,  
Its shade the peasant and the herd receives:  
Such is the virgin, who untouch'd remains,  
While still unwooded her useless beauty wanes,  
But wedded in her bloom, those charms delight  
Her husband's eyes, nor shame her parent's  
sight.

## YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Resist not fiercely, virgin;—but obey  
Thy mother, father; thy betrothers they:  
Not thine the virgin flower: a part is theirs:  
Thy sire a third, a third thy mother, shares:  
A third thine own: then struggle not, coy maid!  
For in thy bridegroom both are disobey'd:  
They, with thy dower, have yielded every right:  
Come, Hymen, Hymen, bless the marriage-night!

## TO M. T. CICERO,

WHO HAD PLEADED SUCCESSFULLY FOR CATULLUS.

TULLY, most eloquent, most sage,  
Of all the Roman race,  
That deck the past or present age,  
Or future days may grace.

Oh! may Catullus thus declare  
An overflowing heart;  
And, though the worst of poets, dare  
A grateful lay impart?

'Twill teach thee how thou hast surpass  
All others in thy line;  
Far, far as he in his is last,  
Art thou the first in thine.

## TO LESBIA.

No nymph, amid the much-lov'd few,  
Is lov'd as thou art lov'd by me:  
No love was e'er so fond, so true,  
As my fond love, sweet maid, for thee!  
Yes, e'en thy faults, bewitching dear!  
With such delights my soul possess;  
That whether faithless, or sincere,  
I cannot love thee more, nor less!

## TO HIMSELF,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Spring renews her gentle charms,  
And, lull'd in Zephyr's balmy arms,  
Soft grows the angry sky;  
Haste then, and, leaving Phrygia's plains,  
Leaving Nicæa's rich domains,  
To Asia's cities fly.  
My soul, all-trembling, pants to stray,  
My bounding feet the call obey,  
Friends of my youth, farewell!  
Lov'd friends, with whom I left my home,  
Now doom'd through various ways to roam,  
In distant lands to dwell.

## THE COMPARISON.

QUINTIA is beauteous in the million's eye;  
Yes,—beauteous in particulars, I own;  
Fair-skinn'd, straight-shap'd, tall-siz'd; yet I deny  
A beauteous whole; of *charmingsness* there's  
none:

In all her height of figure there is not  
A seasoning spice of that—I know not what—  
That *piquant* something, grace without a name.  
But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame.  
Yes,—Lesbia, beauteous in one graceful whole,  
From all her sex their single graces stole.

## TO CALVUS,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS QUINTILIA.

CALVUS, if any joy from mortal tears  
Can touch the feelings of the silent dead;  
When dwells regret on loves of former years,  
Or weeps o'er friendships that have long been  
fled:

Oh, then far less will be Quintilia's woe  
At early death and fate's severe decree,  
Than the pure pleasure she must feel to know  
How well, how truly, she was loved by thee.

*Another translation of the Same.*

It ere in human grief there breathe a spell  
To charm the silent tomb, and soothe the  
dead;  
When soft regrets on past affections dwell,  
And o'er fond friendships lost, our tears are  
shed;  
Sure, a less pang must touch Quintilia's shade,  
While hovering o'er her sad, untimely bier,  
Than keen-felt joy that spirit pure pervade,  
To witness that her Calvus held her dear.

## THE RITES AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

O'er many a distant land, o'er many a wave,  
Brother! I come a pilgrim, to thy grave  
To pay the rites which pious love ordains,  
And, though in vain, invoke thy mute remains.  
For thou art gone! Yes, thee I must resign,  
My more than brother—ah! no longer mine.  
Meanwhile these rites of ancestry be paid,  
A sacred debt to thy lamented shade;  
Take them—these tears their heartfelt homage  
tell—  
And now—for ever bless thee, and farewell!

## A PICTURE,

FROM THE NUPTIALS OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

AND soon, to make thee truly blest,  
Soon may a young Torquatus rise,  
Who, hanging on his mother's breast  
To his known sire shall turn his eyes.  
Outstretch his infant arms awhile,  
Half ope his little arms and smile.

## PERFIDY OF MAN.

FROM THE NUPTIALS OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

LET never woman trust  
The oath of man: let never woman hope  
Faith in his tender speeches. He, while aught  
Inflames his ardour to possess, will fear  
No oath, will spare no promise. But when once  
His lust is sat, fears not what he spoke,  
Heeds not his perjurd promise.\* . . . .

## ATYS.

Borne swiftly o'er the seas  
to Phrygia's woody strand,  
Atys with rapid haste  
infuriate leap'd to land;  
Where high-inwoven groves  
in solemn darkness meet,  
Rushed to the mighty Deity's  
remote and awful seat;  
And wildered in his brain,  
fierce inspiration's prey,  
There with a broken flint  
he struck his sex away.  
Soon as he then beheld  
his comely form unmann'd,  
While yet the purple blood  
flowed reeking on the land;  
Seized in his snowy grasp  
the drum, the timbrel light,  
That still is heard, dread Cybele,  
at thine initiate rite,

\* A passage in *Orcay's Orphan* is in the same strain:  
"Trust not a man; we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:  
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive you."  
Dryden also, in *Palamon and Arcite*, alluding to Lo-  
ver's vows, calls them

"A train of lies  
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries."

And struck the quivering skin,  
whence hollow echoes flew,  
And raised this panting song  
to his infuriate crew.

"Ye priests of Cybele,  
or rather let me say,  
For ye are men no longer,  
ye priestesses, away!  
Together pierce the forest,  
great Cybele's domains,  
Ye vagrant flocks of her  
on Dindymus who reigns.  
Ye, like devoted exiles,  
who, seeking foreign lands,  
Have follow'd me your leader,  
have bow'd to my commands;  
Have cross'd the salt-sea wave,  
have dar'd the raging storms,  
And, loathing woman's love,  
unmann'd your lusty forms;  
The sense of error past  
let laughing frenzy blind;  
Let doubt, let thought itself,  
be driven from the mind.  
Haste, haste, together haste  
to Cybele divine!  
Seek we her Phrygian grove  
and dark sequester'd shrine,  
Where cymbals clash, where drums  
resound their deepening tone,  
Where Phrygia's crooked pipe  
breathes out its solemn drone,  
Where votaresses toss  
their ivy-circled brows,  
And urge with piercing yells  
their consecrated vows,  
Where the delirious train  
disport as chance may lead:  
Thither our vows command  
in mystic dance to speed."

Thus Atys, female now,  
to female comrades sung.  
The frantic chorus rose  
from many a panting tongue;  
Re-echoed the deep timbrel,  
the hollow cymbals rang,  
And all to verdant Ida  
run madly at the clang.  
Though breathless, still impetuous  
with inspiration's force  
Raving and bewilder'd,  
scarce conscious of her course,  
As the unbroken heifer  
will fly the threaten'd yoke,  
Atys through gloomy woods,  
where never sunbeam broke,  
Loud striking the light timbrel,  
rush'd on with bounding stride,  
And all the frantic priestesses  
pursue their rapid guide.  
The fearful fane at length  
their panting ardour stops,  
Each, faint and unrefresh'd,  
in leaden slumber drops.

In languor most profound  
their eyelids are deprest,  
And all extatic rage  
is lull'd in torpid rest.

But when again the sun  
returning to the skies  
Put forth his golden brow;  
when now his radiant eyes  
Throughout wide heaven, and earth,  
and ocean pour'd their light;  
And with thunder-pacing steeds,  
he chas'd the shades of night;  
When slumber's reign serene  
had frenzy's flame subdued,  
When Atys her fell deed  
in clearer reason view'd,  
Beheld in what abode  
her future lot was placed,  
And, ah! how low she stood,  
in Nature's rank disgraced;  
Then, hurried to despair  
by passion's rising tide,  
Again she wildly sought  
the country's sea-girt side;  
And, casting her full eyes  
o'er boundless ocean's flow,  
Address'd her native land  
in these plaintive strains of woe.

"My country, oh my country,  
creatress, parent earth!  
My country, my dear country,  
that sustain'd me from my birth!  
Must I for dreary woods  
forsake thy smiling shore,  
And see my friends, my home,  
my parents never more?  
No more the Forum seek,  
or the gay Palestra's court,  
Or urge, as wont of old,  
each fam'd gymnastic sport?  
Oh wretched, wretched man!  
while years shall slowly roll,  
For ever, o'er and o'er again,  
for ever grieve, my soul!  
What grace, what beauty's there,  
that I did not enjoy?  
I, when in manhood's prime,  
a youth, or yet a boy,  
The flower of all who trod  
the firm gymnastic floor,  
The victor mid the crowd,  
who the wrestler's prizes bore.  
My gates were ever throng'd,  
and full my threshold swarm'd;  
With blooming garlands hung,  
that love-sick maidens form'd,  
My mansion gaily glitter'd,  
each morning, as I sped  
At earliest blush of sunrise,  
with lightness, from my bed.

And must I ever now  
a maniac votaress rave,  
Heaven's devoted handmaid,  
to Cybele a slave?

Her frantic orgies ply,  
 disgrac'd in Nature's plan,  
 A part of what I was,  
 a maim'd, a barren man;  
 And dwell in Ida's caves,  
 which snow for ever chills;  
 And pass my savage life  
 on Phrygia's rugged hills,  
 Placed with the sylvan stag,  
 the forest-ranging boar?  
 Oh! now how soon I rue the deed,  
 how bitterly deplore!"

As from her rosy lips  
 these wandering murmurs broke,  
 They rose to heaven, and bore  
 the unwonted words she spoke:  
 Indignantly unyoking  
 her lions on the plain,  
 And rousing the grim beast  
 that bore the left hand rein,  
 Great Cybele, enrag'd,  
 her dread injunction told,  
 And thus to fury waked  
 the tyrant of the fold.

"Haste, fierce one, haste away!  
 rush on with glaring ire,  
 With inspiration's rage,  
 with frenzy's goad of fire,  
 Drive the too daring youth,  
 who would my service fly,  
 Again to seek the gloom  
 of yonder forest high.  
 Haste: lash thyself to rage  
 till all thy flank be sore:  
 Let all around re-echo  
 to thine appalling roar:  
 Toss with thy sinewy neck  
 on high thy glossy mane."  
 So spake terrific Cybele  
 and loosed her lion's rein.  
 Gladly the beast awakes  
 his ruthlessness of mind,  
 Bounds, rages, reckless leaves  
 the thicket crush'd behind,  
 Then swiftly gained the beach,  
 wash'd by the foamy flood  
 Where Atys, in despair,  
 amid the breakers stood,  
 And springing fiercely forth—  
 the wretch, no longer brave,  
 Into the forest plung'd,  
 and in a living grave  
 There pass'd her long devoted life,  
 a priestess and a slave.

Oh great, oh fearful goddess!  
 oh Cybele divine!

Oh goddess, who has placed  
 on Dindymus a shrine!  
 Far be from my abode  
 thy sacred frenzy's fire,  
 Madden more willing votaries,  
 more daring minds inspire.\*

## LESBIA'S DISGRACE.

ADDRESSED TO CÆLIUS.

Oh Cælius! think, our Lesbia, once thy pride;  
 Lesbia, that Lesbia, whom Catullus priz'd  
 More than himself and all the world beside,  
 Now gives, for hire, to profligates despis'd,  
 In the dark alley, or the common lane,  
 The charms he lov'd, the love he sigh'd to gain.

## TO LESBLA.

Thou told'st me, in our days of love,  
 That I had all that heart of thine;  
 That, e'en to share the couch of Jove,  
 Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!  
 Not with the vague and vulgar fires  
 Which beauty wakes in soulless men,  
 But loved, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er;—  
 I know thee now—and, though these eyes  
 Doat on thee wildly as before,  
 Yet, e'en in doating, I despise.

Yes, sorceress,—mad as it may seem,—  
 With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,  
 That passion e'en outlives esteem,  
 And I, at once, adore—and scorn thee.

\* There are many contradictory stories about Atys. According to Catullus, he was a beautiful youth, who having landed with a few companions in Phrygia, hurried to the grove of the goddess Cybele, and there, struck with a superstitious frenzy, qualified himself for the service of that divinity. Then, snatching up the musical instruments used in her worship, and exhorting his companions to follow, he traverses the woods and mountains, till having, at length, reached the temple of Cybele, he drops down exhausted by fatigue and mental distraction. Being tranquillized, however, by a night's repose, he becomes sensible of his folly and wretchedness, returns to the sea-shore, and, casting his eyes over the ocean homeward, compares his former happiness with his present degraded condition.—It is lamentable that a poem of such energy and pathos (as this undoubtedly is,) should have so puerile a conclusion. Cybele, dreading the defection of her new votary, lets loose a lion from her car, which drives Atys back to her grove—

"There to find a living grave,  
 And pass her long-devoted life, a priestess and a slave."