

HECCAR AND GAIRA

AN

AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

JAN. 3, 1770.

WHERE the rough Caigra rolls the furgy

wave,

Urging his thunders thro the ^{echoing} ~~distant~~ cave;

Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,

Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;

Where the loud Tyger, pawing in his rage,

Bids the black Archers of the wilds engage;

Stretch'd

E 3

* *Echoing* and *distant*, copied from the Boy's own hand;
both uncanceled,

Stretch'd on the sand, two panting Warriors lay,
 In all the burning torments of the day;
 Their bloody jav'lins reek'd on living steem,
 Their bows were broken at the roaring stream;
 Heccar the Chief of Jarra's fruitful Hill,
 Where the dark vapours nightly dews distill,
 Saw Gaira the companion of his soul,
 Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll;
 Gaira, the King of warring Archers found,
 Where daily lightnings plow the sandy ground,
 Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
 Where rising defarts whirl'd in circles fly.

THE C C A R.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chace,
 Swifter than hunted Wolves they urge the race;
 Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
 Upon the plumage of Macaws they fly.
 Let us return, and strip the reeking slain
 Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

GAIRA.

Heccar, n
 'Twould drin
 This jav'lin,
 Put the loud
 Fast as the str
 Hurling a wh
 But now my li
 Q could I thro

When Gaira
 Death wing'd
 stroke,
 See, pil'd in mo
 The blasted of
 Search the brow
 There are the tr

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,
 'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood,
 This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels try'd,
 Put the loud thunder of their arms aside!
 Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,
 Hurling a whirlwind thro' the trembling heart;
 But now my lingring feet revenge denies,
 Q could I throw my javlin from my eyes!

H E C C A R,

When Gaira the united armies broke,
 Death wing'd the arrow; Death impell'd the
 stroke,
 See, pil'd in mountains, on the sanguine sand,
 The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand,
 Search the brown desert, and the glossy green;
 There are the trophies of thy valour seen,

Tho

The scatter'd bones mantled in silver white,
 Once animated, dared the force* in fight.
 The Children of the Wave, whose palid race
 Views the faint sun, display a languid face,
 From the red fury of thy justice fled,
 Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
 Fear with a sicken'd silver ting'd their hue:
 The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due,

G A I R A.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shad'wy cell,
 Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
 Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in fable charms,
 What distant region holds thee from my arms?
 Cawna, the pride of Afric's fultry vales,
 Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
 Majestic as the many colour'd Snake,
 Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake;
 Black as the glossy rocks, where Easfal roars,
 Foaming thro' fandy wastes to Jaghirs shores;

Swift

* Query, whether not intended for foes?

Swift as the
 Was Cawna

The sun
 The swell
 Upon my
 Catching
 Swift from
 Dreadful hi
 I bent the b
 Pierc'd his
 He fled, th
 I urg'd the
 He fell, he
 I strip'd his
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 On this, I c
 The dusky n
 Impell'd by
 In the deep
 I fought my

Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna the companion of my rest.

The fun fat low'ring in the Western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclind,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind;
Swift from the wood a prowling Tiger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierc'd his rough armour, but escap'd his heart;
He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he dy'd—spent in the fiery toil,
I strip'd his carcase of the furry spoil
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my lov'd Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by Love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I fought my Cawna, but I fought in vain.

The

The pallid shadows of the azure waves
 Had made my Cawna and my children slaves,
 Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
 The Gods had giv'n me to the Dæmon's power,
 The dusk flow vanish'd from the hated lawn,
 I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
 There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
 Struck horror and distraction in my mind,
 There Cawna mingled with a worthless train,
 In common flav'ry drags the hated chain.
 Now judge my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
 Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
 In ever-reeking blood this jav'lin dy'd
 With vengeance shall be never satisfied:
 I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead
 And tinge the lily of their features red,

H E C C A R.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
 Roughly salute my ear, enrag'd I'll fly;

Send

Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart
 Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;
 Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
 Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

ALL this more between 11 and 2 o'clock

Estimated in the most different manner. April 19.

XXV

M. B. is a dispute concerning the character of

David, M. ——— suggest that he must be a

holy man, from the desire of purity and peace

through his whole works — I being of a contrary

opinion; and knowing that a great genius can

effect any thing, endeavouring in the foregoing

to be impartial and epigrammatic. Mephistopheles re-

sented to send it to Rousseau, and indeed it was

the intended work as a result; but perhaps

to Burigny's generosity, I am now employed in

articles of more importance.

Geneva April 20, 1776.

BURIGNY

TACHO

end