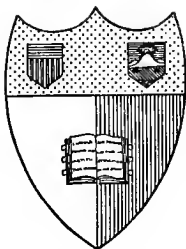




HORATIAN ECHOES
TRANSLATIONS OF THE
ODES OF HORACE BY
JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT



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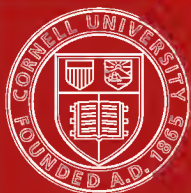
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TRANSLATIONS BY

John Osborne Sargent.

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HORATIAN ECHOES

*TRANSLATIONS OF THE ODES
OF HORACE*

BY

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT



*WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES*



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

IT gives me peculiar pleasure to write a few lines of introduction to the translation made by my dear and almost lifelong friend, John Osborne Sargent.

We began our literary life together. Hand in hand, like the Babes in the Wood, we ventured into the untried realm of letters: he, a college senior of twenty; I, a half-trained graduate of about the same age. Side by side our early productions appeared in the same periodicals; and from that day to the year of his death we have kept in friendly relations with each other.

Mr. Sargent was by no means *homo unius libri*, a man of a single book, but few scholars have shown more devotion to a chosen author than he has manifested to his beloved Horace. That classic writer was

always a favorite of the learned. The perfection of his style, the admirable truth and discrimination of his critical judgment, the charming companionable familiarity of his Odes, the thoroughly human feeling which pervades them, qualified by the sensitive fastidiousness inseparable from the highest cultivation, — fit him for the scholar's intimate and the student's guide. Few could appreciate these excellences so fully as Mr. Sargent. He assimilated all that was most characteristic and captivating in this delicious writer, whose fascination surpasses that of poets of far loftier pretensions. Virgil has been the object of an admiration amounting almost to worship, but he will often be found on the shelf, while Horace lies on the student's table, next his hand. It is a privilege to be introduced to the great Augustan lyrical poet and critic by one so thoroughly conversant with his author, and so deeply imbued with all the distinguishing qualities of this refined, genial, clear-sighted, thoroughbred Roman gentleman.

All Mr. Sargent's translations bear the same mark of fidelity to the original, and a happy transfusion of ancient thought, which can never grow old, into the modern phrases of another language.

It is not as a critic that I stand for a moment between Mr. Sargent and his reader, but rather as a friend who thoroughly recognizes the translator's fitness for the work he had undertaken. It is deeply to be regretted that he was called away before he had completed the whole task which he had contemplated, but we are thankful for the valuable literary legacy he has left us.

January, 1893.

The repetition of one of the Odes of Horace to himself, was to him such music, as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it to themselves or friends. — *Izaak Walton's Life of Bishop Sanderson.*



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

JOHNSON OSBORNE SARGENT was born in Gloucester, Mass., September 20, 1811. His father was Epes Sargent, a Boston sea-captain and merchant; his mother was Hannah Dane Coffin, of Gloucester. He entered the Boston Latin School in 1821. In a collection of articles written by the Latin School boys of his time, entitled the "Prize Book," appeared a Latin ode by him, and a translation of the first elegy of Tyrtæus. "Juvenilia," a similar volume, contains his first printed translation of an ode of Horace. He graduated from Harvard College in 1830, at the age of nineteen, the valedictorian of his class. During the last year of his college life he was the leader of the club that edited the "Collegian," a brilliant college monthly.

In reminiscences written for his class book in 1880, he says: —

“On leaving college I entered the law office of William Sullivan, of Boston, the distinguished advocate. My fellow-students were my class-mate Thomas C. Amory and John T. S. Sullivan. We studied very fairly, and varied our amusements and studies by an occasional excursion into politics. Those were stirring times. I blush to relate that now and then I stole an hour, that might have been better spent in Blackstone and Chitty, to write verses printed under pseudonyms in the ‘Atlantic Souvenir’ and the ‘Token,’ illustrated annuals that were then fashionable, and that may still be referred to as examples of the art and light literature of that period. In those fledgling days, in connection with my friends Wendell Holmes and Park Benjamin, I took a minor part in the production of a brochure entitled ‘Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery,’ and also in the ‘Harbinger,’ a collection of poems that we made at the suggestion of our friend, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, for sale at the great ‘Fair for the Blind,’ in 1833.”

He was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1833, and from 1836 to 1840 he was active as a journalist in Boston. Of this period he writes: “The country was then in a state of chronic agitation, politically,

and a letter of mine on some irritating topic, addressed to the 'Boston Atlas,' then under the charge of Richard Haughton, led to an arrangement under which, for two or three years, I furnished that paper with its political leaders."

In Governor Everett's time, Mr. Sargent was elected to the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature, being its youngest member. In 1838 he was invited by Colonel Webb, of New York, who was perhaps the most effective partisan writer of his day, to join the "Courier and Enquirer." In that office he remained till after the election of President Harrison, in 1840, "playing the useful man," he says, "when an address, or a string of resolutions, or a speech, was wanted in a hurry."

In 1841 he resumed the practice of the law, and was admitted to the Bar of New York and the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. Drawn into Washington life, he became one of the managers of a new paper, "The Republic," which was the organ of President Taylor's administration. He continued his connection with the paper until a difference arose regarding the President's retention of the Secretary of War, who, as the public were informed, had been

busy working up what was known as the Galphin claim, in which he was personally interested. Mr. Sargent not only declined to say a word in his defence, but made such comments on the transaction as rendered the editors' relations with the cabinet rather equivocal, and subsequently he and another of the editors withdrew from the paper. But on President Fillmore's entrance into office Mr. Sargent was asked to resume his connection with "The Republic," and continued to conduct it till the close of the administration.

The account he gives of the political situation at this period is not without interest. "During the Whig Convention of 1852 I saw Mr. Webster daily, breakfasted with him, and dined with him ; and spent the entire forenoon with him on the day when it was announced on a Wall Street bulletin that he would certainly be nominated on the next ballot. Mr. Fillmore I also saw often ; and if I can judge from what both said, there was no time during the session of that convention when either of those gentlemen would not gladly have transferred his votes to the other to secure his nomination, if such a transfer had been possible."

He accompanied Mr. Fillmore on his Southern and Northern tours, and was tendered by him the commissionership to China, but he declined it.

Some of his correspondence with the distinguished men of that day still survives, and a letter from Henry Clay to his youthful friend contains the following passage: "I shall always be happy to hear from you, from whom I know I shall receive only counsels of truth, honor, and patriotism."

Mr. Sargent edited at intervals volumes of the English poets, writing the biographies, — but they were published in the name of his brother, Epes Sargent. He also wrote between 1870 and 1874 three pamphlets in review of "The Rule in Minot's Case," that attracted attention in legal circles. These were published anonymously.

In January, 1854, he was married to Georgiana Welles, daughter of Benjamin Welles, Esq., of Boston, and at about the same time he retired from politics and journalism, and resumed the practice of the law in Washington and New York. In 1861 his wife's ill health decided him to go abroad, and of this period of his life he writes: —

"We passed the next twelve years, with inconsider-

able intervals, in Europe, and one season at Torquay. I began a translation of Anastasius Grün's 'Der Letzte Ritter,' which was published in 1872, and dedicated to my old-time and all-time friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes. In that year we returned from our foreign wanderings, and soon after a mere accident made me a summer resident of Lenox, in Berkshire. Till that time I had taken no interest in rural life or agricultural pursuits. But all that has changed. I cannot say with Horace, '*Hoc erat in votis,*' for it was the last thing I should have thought of; but after several summers' experience, I can cordially say with him, in the same connection, '*Bene est; nihil amplius oro.*'" Here it was he resumed his active interest in public affairs, and when Mr. Blaine was nominated for President in 1884, he wrote very vigorously against his candidacy in "Chapters for the Times," signing himself "A Berkshire Farmer." In "Tracts for the Times," and other political articles written by him at this time, were first published a number of his Horatian translations and paraphrases, sometimes adapted directly and explicitly to the political issues of the day.

To the study of Horace, begun, as we have seen,

when he was a schoolboy, he had given more and more thought with advancing years, and the translations contained in this volume were made, at odd times and as a recreation, during the last decade of his life. At one time he contemplated publishing a collection of the best translations of the Odes. He collected a large number of books for this purpose, and left notes and criticisms on the versions of the various English translators, from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Theodore Martin. To encourage in his college the love of the poet, he offered, in 1886, a prize for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace, which he continued annually during his life, and which has since been endowed by his daughter. It was the first prize opened to the competition of the Annex students.

Always interested in the welfare of his Alma Mater, he was instrumental in starting the movement that resulted in the broadening of the ranks of the Overseers by allowing them to be chosen from any State in the Union, and, in 1880, he followed Dr. Bellows as the second Overseer elected outside of Massachusetts. He was for several years President of the Harvard Club of New York, in which city he resided after his return from Europe.

A friend writes: "Mr. Sargent's manner of life seems to have been in many respects what Horace himself regarded most pleasant. He had his house in town, and he had a charming country-seat; he saw much of the world, and he loved it; he loved his friends, and he loved to have them about him; his intellectual life extended to his death, — his studies were pursued to the very last, and in his beloved Horace he found delight, solace, peace, refreshment at all times. In one of the last letters he wrote, he referred to a book of translations which I had mentioned, saying that law business had prevented him for six months from keeping run of the new publications. 'Hence,' he wrote, 'within sight of port, having only three odes' distance before me, I have been obliged to abandon Horace for the present.'"

He did not live to resume the work; and, in all, six odes appear to have been untouched by him, while of the others more than that number were left incomplete, and have therefore been omitted from this volume.

He died of bronchial pneumonia, after an illness of two weeks, on December 28, 1891, in New York. He was buried from St. Paul's Church, Boston, and was laid beside his wife in Mount Auburn.



HORACE

HE who would echo Horace' lays
Aspires to an Icarian fame ;
And borne on waxen wings essays
A flight — may give some sea a name.

My fate perchance ! But as I write
I see through Time's reverted glass,
In fleckered mists of shade and light,
The phantoms of the ages pass.

I see an infant, tired with play,
Sleep sweetly in Apulia's wild,
And doves bring myrtle leaves and bay
To cover the courageous child.

A stripling walks the streets of Rome,
With slate and satchel on his arm ;
His life abroad, his ways at home,
A loving father's care and charm.

Fulfilment of his boyhood's dream,
Greece welcomes now the freedman's son ;
He haunts the groves of Academe,
And quaffs the springs of Helicon.

Light of the World ! the central seat
Of wit and wisdom, art and lore, —
In Athens patriot exiles meet
Where bards and sages met before.

No athlete, and no warrior he,
With Brutus on Philippi's field,
The darling of Melpomene,
Not bravely, throws away his shield.

Her fleets dispersed and tempest-tost,
Her armies crushed, their leaders slain, —
Now is the great Republic lost,
Lost never to revive again.

The Julian star ascends the sky,
It shines on groups of learned men,
Law clips the wings of Liberty,
And Horace wields the Empire's pen.

Names, only names ! — the brilliant throng
That crowd the poet's pictured page :
Still lives in his imperial song
The soul of the Augustan age.

No longer through the Sacred Way
The pontiffs lead the vestal train ;
Thrones crumble, dynasties decay,
Of Alaric born, or Charlemagne —

Saints, Soldiers, Presbyters, and Popes
In legions rise and disappear,
And Bards with glowing horoscopes
Oblivion garners year by year :

But on strong wing, through upper air, —
Two worlds beneath, the Old and New, —
The Roman Swan is wafted where
The Roman eagles never flew.

J. O. S.



THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

I. TO MÆCENAS

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus

LIKE my guardian and my grace,
Mæcenas, born of Tuscan Kings,
Men live to whom the Olympian race
With clouds of dust its rapture brings ;
And when the glowing axles graze
But clear the goal, and win the prize,
The ennobling palm will even raise
Earth's greatest Masters to the skies ;
Him who by Rome's capricious choice
Her triple powers and honors wields,
And him whose granaries rejoice
In all the wealth of Libya's fields.
The man who lives contented now
To hoe and delve ancestral acres

No gold will tempt on Cyprian prow
To face Myrtoan storms and breakers.
The merchant, fearing winds and waves,
Praises farm-life and quits the sea,
But soon again its shipwrecks braves,
Untaught to bear with poverty.
This man disdains not to recline
Beneath an arbuté half the day,
And quaff his cups of Massic wine,
And doze where sacred fountains play.
Live many men for whom the camp
And trumpet-blast that calls to arms,
The horn's sharp shriek, and war's stern tramp,
Hated by mothers, have their charms.
Unmindful of his tender spouse,
The huntsman fronts the frosty air,
If faithful hounds the deer arouse,
Or wild boar break the well-wrought snare.
Thee, ivies, crown of learned men,
Mix with celestial gods ; with me,
Apart from crowds, in grove and glen
Satyrs and Nymphs find company —
If sweet Euterpe plays her flute,
Nor Polyhymnia denies
Her echoes of the Lesbian lute :
But I shall touch the starry skies
If thou vouchsafe to write my name
Among the bards of lyric fame.

II. TO AUGUSTUS

Fam satis terris nivis atque diræ

ENOUGH of snow and hail has vexed the land
In tempests sent by the Eternal Sire ;
Temples have fallen beneath his red right hand,
While all Rome trembled at the portents dire ;

The nations trembled, with a panic fear
Lest the times Pyrrha wailed should come again,
And all their many marvels reappear ;
Lest Proteus find the mountain-tops the main,

Herding his seals there, and the finny race
Cling to the topmost branches of the trees,
And panting deer the crested waves displace,
Where the wood-pigeons reared their colonies.

We have seen yellow Tiber hurling back
Impetuous billows from the Tuscan shore,
To sweep away in his relentless track
Temple and tower that Numa built of yore.

On his left bank the surges overflow —
The uxorious river would avenge the wrongs
Of Ilia wailing with excess of woe
For deeds whose chastisement to Jove belongs.

The Roman youth, thinned by their fathers' guilt,
Shall hear that civic strife made sharp the blade
By which the Persian blood were better spilt
Than blood of friends in hostile ranks arrayed.

When ruin threatens the empire — in despair,
What Deity shall the people supplicate ?
How shall the sacred virgins press their prayer
On Vesta, angry at the pontiff's fate ?

Romans beneath their crime inexpiate quail ;
Who, mighty Jove, shall their deliverer be ?
Thine image radiant through its misty veil,
Augur Apollo, shall we turn to thee ?

Or wilt thou, Erycine, assume the task,
Smiling with Mirth and Cupid in thy train?
Or thee, great Founder, shall we humbly ask
To care for thy neglected sons again, —

Thee who enjoy'st the battle's din and show,
Whom clashing arms and shining helms delight,
And the fierce aspect, glaring on his foe,
Of Marsian soldier in the bloody fight?

Or wilt thou, leaving thy celestial sphere,
Of mortal youth the figure imitate,
Thou, gentle Maia's winged son, appear, —
Cæsar's avenger, saviour of the State?

Late mayst thou seek again thy native skies,
Long with the people of Quirinus stay;
And never may untimely blast arise
To bear thee, wearied with our crimes, away.

Accept the names of Prince and Father here,
Here the proud triumph and the glad ovation:
No Parthian inroads unavenged we fear,
While thou, great Cæsar, guide and guard the
nation.

III. TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO ATHENS

Sic te diva potens Cypri

SO may thy course the queen of Cyprus guide,
So Helena's twin brethren light thy sails,
And Æolus restrain all winds beside
The North-west sweeping in propitious gales ;

That thou, O ship, I earnestly implore,
Mayst guard the precious freightage in thy care,
And through the billows to the Attic shore,
Virgil, my soul's own half, in safety bear.

For surely mail of oak and triple brass
Encased the breast of him who dared the first
In a frail bark the savage sea to pass,
And dauntless faced the Afric winds that burst

In sudden blast — contending with the North —
Nor feared the rain-foreboding Hyades,
Nor the South wind that rushes madly forth,
The master of the Adriatic seas.

What form of death feared he who with dry eyes
Looked on the swimming monsters of the deep,
Who saw in rage the ocean billows rise,
And the ill-famed Acroceraunian steep !

The several nations of the earth to part
Hath a wise Providence essayed in vain,
If by contrivances of human art
We leap the barriers of the unsocial main.

But the forbidden, mortals most desire ;
By man are all things dared and all things wrought ;
Stolen by audacious craft, celestial fire
Was by Prometheus to the nations brought.

With fire came new diseases upon man ;
Now, first, consumption — wasting fevers came ;
Of human years grim Death curtailed the span,
Hastening his step and taking surer aim.

Dædalus, wafted through the vacant air
On wings not given to man, pursued his course,
Nor vainly did Herculean labor dare
Its way through Acherontian bounds to force.

Nought seems too high for mortals to attain ;
We scale heaven's summits in our foolish pride ;
So sinful are we, Jove desires in vain
To lay his wrathful thunderbolts aside.

IV. TO LUCIUS SESTIUS

Solvitur acris hiems

HARD Winter melts ; the welcome Spring again
Comes back, and in her train
The West wind, and the laid-up keels once more
Are launched from the dry shore.
No longer do the herds the stalls desire
Nor husbandman his fire ;
The meadows that but now were white with frost
Their pallid hues have lost.
In dance, by Cytherean Venus led,
With the moon overhead,
Joined with the Nymphs the sister Graces beat
The earth with rhythmic feet,
While at the Cyclops' ponderous forge the light
Makes swarthy Vulcan bright.
Now round the tresses that with unguents shine
Green myrtles we may twine,
Or flowers with which from icy fetters freed
Earth garnishes the mead.

Now is the time to make in shady groves
The offerings Pan loves,
Whether he may demand a lamb or bid
Oblation of a kid.
Pale Death before them stalks impartially,
Whether the portals be
Of peasant or of prince — hovel or tower —
Alike all feel his power.
O happy Sestius ! Life's little span
Forbids long hope to man ;
Thy sunny day impending night invades,
Thee wait the fabled Shades,
And Pluto's narrow house ; where, once thou go,
No more by lucky throw
Of dice wilt thou in banquet hall recline
King of the realms of wine ;
No tender Lycidas will love inspire,
Whose charms thou dost admire, —
Whom rival youths regard with jealous eye,
And maids will by and by.

V. TO PYRRHA

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosâ

WHAT slender youth with roses crowned,
With liquid odors perfumed well,
My charming Pyrrha, hast thou found
To woo thee in his pleasant cell, —
For whom dost braid thy yellow hair
And don thy simple robe with care ?

Alas ! how often shall he weep
For broken vows and gods estranged,
Who, dreaming by the glassy deep,
Beholds amazed its aspect changed, —
Black winds and surging waves arise
For gentle airs and summer skies, —

Who now enjoys thy golden prime
And hopes thou 'lt always be his own,

Loving and lovely all the time
As if false winds had never blown.
Ah, wretched they who win thy smiles
And have not proved thy artful wiles.

With me it is a thing gone by ;
In Neptune's temple, on the wall,
A votive tablet tells that I
Have met with storms and baffled all,
And hung my vestments dripping wet —
A sign, — where they are hanging yet.

VI. TO AGRIPPA

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium

THE glorious history shall Varius write,
Borne on Mæonian wing, in epic strain,
Of what brave soldiers did by land and main,
With you their leader in victorious fight.

We cannot treat, Agrippa, themes like these,
Nor Pelops' tragic house, nor the grave wrath
Of stern Pelides, nor the devious path
Of double-faced Ulysses through the seas :

Such are not in our vein. Humility
And the brave mistress of the sportive lyre
Bid us not bate through lack of native fire
Praises of matchless Cæsar and of thee.

Who shall write worthily of Mars arrayed
In mail of steel ? Or of Meriones
Black with Troy's dust ? or, peer of deities,
Tydides, victor by Minerva's aid ?

Banquets we sing of and the fierce affrays
Of youths beset by maidens with clipped nails, —
Whether we conquer love, or love prevails,
In heart and spirit buoyant all our days.

VII. TO PLANCUS

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon

SUN-LIGHTED Rhodes, or Mitylene's towers,
Or Corinth's walls washed by the double sea,
Ephesus, or Thessalian Tempe's bowers,
Or Thebes, the birthplace of the god of wine,
Or Delphi, famous for Apollo's shrine, —
May win their praise from others, not from me.

Men live who have no work in life beside
Extolling in their never-ending lays
The Athenian city, chaste Minerva's pride, —
While, from all quarters plucked, it is their wont
With olive branches to entwine their front.
Many would honor Juno with the praise

Of rich Mycenæ, — Argos fit for steeds :
Others may love Larissa's fertile field,

Or Lacedæmon with her patient deeds ;
To me Albunea's resounding cave,
The groves, the orchards Tibur's rivers lave,
And Anio's falls, a keener pleasure yield.

As the white South wind often clears the skies
From cloud and mist, nor brings perpetual show-
ers, —

Thus you, my Plancus, by experience wise,
Neither at sorrows nor at toils repine,
But soothe their bitterness with mellow wine,
Abridge life's cares, prolong its joyous hours, —

Whether the camp with its superb array
Of standards keep you still — or to the shade
Of your own Tibur you are on the way.
When from his sire and Salamis Teucer fled,
With poplar wreaths they say he crowned his head,
And his friends' fears with cheering words allayed :

“ Where fortune leads us, than my sire more kind,
Thither, my friends and comrades, let us go, —
In other lands a better home to find.
Despair of nought with Teucer as your guide ;
Hopes under Teucer's auspices abide
While the waves float us and the breezes blow.

“We have Apollo’s promise to assure
Our voyage a prosperous issue shall attain,
And a new Salamis the old obscure.
Brave men, whose sorrows and whose joys are
mine,
We ’ve seen worse times ; now banish care with wine ;
To-morrow the great sea we ’ll try again.”

VIII. TO LYDIA

Lydia, dic, per omnes

SAY, Lydia, how is this —
That by your love you ruin Sybaris ?
If any prayer can reach you,
By all the Gods in Heaven I beseech you.
You've taught him to detest
The manly sports he always loved the best.
Patient of dust and sun,
Why does he now the open Campus shun ?
Why cease to take a pride
In martial contests, — with his peers to ride ?
With jagged bit and rein
Why cease his Gallic coursers to restrain ?
Even to take a swim
In yellow Tiber is too much for him.
Why does he more
Avoid the wrestlers' oil than serpent's gore ?
The ponderous quoit he threw
That with the strain his arms were black and blue ;

And never did he fail
 To cast the javelin beyond the pale.
In a girl's costume hid
 Why play the part the son of Thetis did,
When the sea-goddess thought
 To snatch him from the battles to be fought
Round Ilion's leaguered walls, —
 Marauding bands and Lycian funerals ?

IX. TO THALIARCHUS

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum

LO! looming through the frosty air,
Soracte's summit crowned with snow!
Woods labor with the load they bear,
And rivers, ice bound, cease to flow.

Come now, my genial host, with fire
And Sabine wine dispel this cold;
Pile fagots in the chimney higher,
And tap a cask of four-year-old.

Leave to the Gods the rest, whose will
Subdues the tumult of the seas:
The waves subside, the winds are still,
Nor shake old ash and cypress trees.

The future never seek to learn ;
 Count every sort of day a gain,
Nor dulcet loves nor dances spurn
 While youth and youth's desires remain.

And never, till your hair is white,
 Fly from the favors of the fair —
The gentle whispers heard at night,
 The trysting-place of park or square,

When, by her merry laugh betrayed,
 She half consents and half resists,
While you enfold the hiding maid,
 And rob her finger and her wrists.

XI. TO LEUCONOË

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas

O H, do not seek to learn, Leuconoë,
What fate the Gods reserve for you or me ;
'T is wrong. Nor call in Babylonian seers
By mystic numbers to forecast your years.
Better endure what Jupiter ordains,
And not inquire how much of life remains ;
Perhaps more winters — this our last may be,
Grinding the rocks that curb the Tyrrhene sea.
Filter your wine, be wise, there 's little scope
In a short life to cherish distant hope.
Even while we speak, 'Time envious slips away ;
Incredulous of the morrow, — pluck to-day !

XII. AUGUSTUS

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri

WHAT man or hero wilt thou choose,
On the sharp pipe to sound his fame,
Or on the lyre—what god, my Muse?
So Echo shall repeat his name

In notes that Orpheus sang of old,
When trees to listen hurried on
From Pindus, or from Hæmus cold,
Or shady lands of Helicon :

Gifted with all his mother's skill,
The river's rapid flight he stayed ;
To hear his strains swift winds were still,
The oaks his tuneful strings obeyed.

What shall I sing before the praise
Due to the Father of our race ;
Who men and gods with justice sways,
Earth in its seasons, time, and space ?

From whom nought greater springs than He,
The world no like or second bears ;
Yet next and near to Deity,
The highest honors Pallas shares.

Nor will I pass thee by unnamed,
Brave Bacchus, nor the virgin foe
Of savage beasts, nor Phœbus famed
And feared for his unerring bow.

Alcides too and Leda's twins
I 'll sing — the one by chivalry
And one his fame as athlete wins :
When mariners their white star see, —

Drips from the rocks the refluent spray,
The clouds disperse, the winds subside,
While threatening waves their will obey,
And slumber on the tranquil tide.

Next Romulus, or Numa's reign
Of peace, shall I commemorate ?
Shall haughty Tarquin prompt the strain,
Or the last Cato's noble fate ?

Regulus and the Scauri, men
Of the old stamp, next fire my lay ;
Braves such as Carthage slaughtered when
Great Paullus threw his life away.

Fabricius, Curius unshorn,
Camillus, expert all in arms
For the state's service, humbly born
To toil on their ancestral farms.

Marcellus' glory, like a tree,
Grows in the silent lapse of years ;
The Julian star resplendently,
A moon mid lesser fires, appears.

Father and Keeper of mankind,
From Saturn sprung, — the Fates to thee
Care of great Cæsar have assigned ;
Thou, King, — and thy vice-gerent, he.

Whether he bends on Eastern coasts
Seres and Indians to his sway,
Or, threatening Latium, Parthian hosts
Defeated tread the Sacred Way :

He reigns below and Thou above,
With justice both : Olympus shakes
Beneath thy car ; thy rule is love,
But guilt beneath thy thunder quakes.

XIII. TO LYDIA

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi

NOW it is Telephus' rosy neck,
Then it is Telephus' waxen arms ;
While you, my Lydia, little reck
How my heart swells as you praise his charms.

My wavering mind from its centre flies,
Quick is my color to come and go,
The tear-drops furtively dim my eyes,
And with inward fires how thin I grow !

I burn when I see on your shoulders white
That the reveller's wine has left a stain,
Or behold the kiss of the frenzied wight
In the print of his tooth which your lips retain.

Listen to me, and I 'm sure you 'll think
There 's little to hope from a lover so rude
As to mar your charms in his greed to drink
The kisses with Venus' own nectar imbued.

Thrice happy and more than thrice happy are they
Who live unmoved by this passionate strife,
United more closely as years wear away, —
The end of their love is the end of their life.

XIV. TO THE STATE

O navis, referent in mare te novi

BARQUE, where do the new billows bear thee ?
About ! and into harbor sail.
Sides stripped of oars but ill prepare thee
To face the terrors of the gale.

By Afric winds thy mast is broken ;
Thy main-yards groan ; and, lacking ropes,
In vain thy keel, all signs betoken,
With too imperious surges copes.

No Gods to hear thy supplication,
No sails without a rent are thine ;
An empty boast thy name and nation,
Though fashioned of the Pontic pine,

Noble among the forest's daughters.
In painted sterns no crews confide ;
And thou, take heed, lest winds and waters
Should make a mocking of thy pride.

Of late, the cause of sad repining ;
Now, of fond hope and weighty care :
But where the Cyclades are shining,
Of storms and hidden rocks beware !

XV. THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus

WHEN with Helen his hostess the treacherous
swain

On a vessel of Ida was scouring the main,
Nereus quelling the winds to an unwelcome rest
Thus sung their wild fates, with his vision opprest :

“With ill omens, you bear to the home of your shame
The bride whom all Greece shall in battle reclaim,
Your infamous nuptials with ruin o'erwhelm,
And bring desolation on Priam's old realm.

“Alas for the riders ! Alas for the steeds !
I see Dardan graves, and a nation in weeds !
Now Pallas, infuriate, drives to the field,
In her swift rolling chariot, with helmet and shield.

“ You in vain for safe keeping on Venus rely,
And bold in her favor all danger defy ;
 Comb your locks, play the lute, and your measures
 divide,
 To please the fair women who loll by your side.

“ In your chamber you vainly will seek a retreat
From the terrible spears and the arrows of Crete,
 The swift-footed Ajax, the din of the strife ;
 Though late, you will pay for your lust with your
 life.

“ There is Nestor of Pylos — dare look in his face,
And there Laertiades, scourge of your race ;
 Salaminius Teucer is urging your flight,
 And Sthenelus, knowing and strong in the fight,

“ Nor in guiding the steeds of a chariot slow ;
And there is Meriones whom you will know ;
 And, raging to meet you — through blood and
 through fire —
 The son of Tydeus, more brave than his sire.

“ And you, — as the deer for no pastures will stay
When he catches a glimpse of the wolf far away, —
At the sight of him run, till you gasp, out of
breath, —
Though you’ve promised your mistress you’ll
fight to the death.

“ For a while will the wrath of Achilles delay
The coming of Ilion’s funeral day ;
But with fire Achæan I see it in flames,
And I hear the loud wail of the Phrygian dames.”

XVI. A PALINODE

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior

OF a beautiful mother more beautiful daughter,
Forgive me for having made light of her name ;
My sharp verses consign to the fire or the water ;
So they perish — I care not by flood or by flame.

It was anger that urged me to censure so freely,
And it goads to such madness as nothing else can ;
Not the Pythian or Bacchus or sceptred Cybele
With their wild rites so shatter the reason of man.

Not flames of the fire, not storms of the ocean,
Nor Noric swords e'er turn aside from his path, —
Nor the thunders of Jove, with their deafening com-
motion, —
The mortal who burns with the frenzy of wrath.

When Prometheus a man of a statue was making,
And compelled from all creatures to borrow a
part, —
Last of all, when to life the cold marble awaking,
The rage of the lion he lodged in his heart.

By anger Thyestes was doomed to perdition ;
Proud cities by anger have come to their fall ;
Walls and towers been razed with a fell demolition,
And the plough with its furrows has covered them
all.

Curb your temper ; the passion my warm heart in-
vited
Was laden with sweets in the flower of my days,
But the anger that glows in a love unrequited
Drove me wildly to pen my impetuous lays.

But I now would exchange the severe for the tender,
And for all former sins make the amplest amends ;
So I pray you accept the atonement I render,
And count me once more on the list of your friends.

XVII. TO TYNDARIS

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem

HIS Arcadian hills nimble Faunus exchanges
For a trip now and then to my Sabine retreat,
And good-naturedly shelters my flocks where he
 ranges,
From the winds that bring rain, and the fiery heat.

Here safe in his charge roam my she-goat com-
 munity,
 Seeking thyme and wild strawberries hid in the
 brakes ;
They stray as they please through my grove with im-
 punity,
And harbor no fear of the wolves and the snakes

In the thickets of savage Hædilia abounding :
 While the sweetest of airs from his shepherd pipe
 floats,

Through the valleys of sloping Ustica resounding, —
And the polished rocks, Tyndaris, echo the notes.

The Gods are my guardians, the Gods like my piety,
And are pleased with my Muse ; from their bounty
shall flow

For your use all the fruits of the earth to satiety,
All the pleasures that Nature alone can bestow.

In this valley sequestered the too ardent kisses
Of Sirius at noontide you always may shun,
While you sing Teian songs of the wife of Ulysses,
And of slippery Circe, — two striving for one !

And here you shall quaff, 'neath the vine-leaves that
screen us,
The mild wines from Lesbian clusters exprest ;
And never shall Mars and the ward of Silenus
With their petulant outbreaks our quiet molest.

You 'll be free from all danger of Cyrus' appearing,
With jealous suspicion your secrets to probe, —
To snatch at the wreaths to your tresses adhering
Or tear into tatters your innocent robe.

XIX. GLYCERA

Mater scæva Cupidinum

C RUEL mother of Cupids, why make this attack, —
With the plump son of Semele close at your
back?

Why come again thus, with Desire in your train,
And kindle love's sparks in its ashes again?

Pure as Parian marble is, chiselled by art,
The strange beauty of Glycera fires my heart,
With the mock on her lips and the flash of her een
And the face never still long enough to be seen.

Venus rushing with all her force madly at me,
The temples deserts in her isle of the sea ;
And forbids me of Scythian invaders to sing,
Or of Parthian riders who shoot on the wing,

Or of aught but myself. New turf, boys, bring here,
With vervain and incense, her altar to rear ;
Crown them all with a goblet of two-year-old wine :
She may favor me more for the gifts on her shrine.

XXI. TO DIANA AND APOLLO

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines

SING, tender maidens, in Diana's praise ;
Ye boys, to unshorn Cynthius tune your lays ;
Sing of Latona too, above
All others dear to Jove.

Sing ye of her who in the leafy heights
And the cold stream of Algidus delights,
Or Erymanthus' sylvan shades
Or Cragus' grassy glades.

Hail, boys, Apollo, with applausive airs,
Who with the quiver on his shoulder bears
His brother's lyre : with Tempe's vale,
His natal Delos hail !

From Prince and people he will drive far hence
Famine and tearful war and pestilence, —
 Moved by your prayer to strike
 Britons and Parthians alike.

XXII. TO FUSCUS

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus

THE pure of hand and whole of heart,
My Fuscus, needs no other arm,
No practice in the bowman's art,
No venom'd shafts, no Moorish dart,
To keep him safe from harm, —

Whether through Syrtes' glowing sands
His journey lies, through boiling waves,
Or Caucasus' bleak table-lands
Inhospitable, or the golden strands
Fabled Hydaspes laves.

In Sabine woods, without a care,
And singing lays to Lalage,
I strayed beyond my bounds, and there
A wolf was startled in his lair
And ran away from me.

Portentous monster ! Daunia
The warlike never bred a worse ;
None such in her oak-forests prey,
And none in Mauritania,
The lions' arid nurse.

Place me in regions where no tree
Is ever fanned by summer air,
The side of earth that nebulæ
And fogs infest perpetually,
And make a desert there :

Or in the torrid atmosphere
Where human dwelling may not be,
The sun impels his car so near, —
I'll dote on my sweet-smiling dear,
Sweet-prattling Lalage.

XXIII. TO CHLOE

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë

YOU shun me, Chloë, like a doe
That through the mountains, far and wide,
In dread of winds and wood, will go
To seek her timid mother's side.

For whether Spring's first zephyrs shake
The quivering foliage of the trees,
Or the green lizards stir the brake,
She trembles in her heart and knees.

No lion and no tiger I,
Pursuing you to rend your charms ;
No longer to your mother fly,
But nestle in a husband's arms.

XXIV. TO VIRGIL

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus

WHAT measure in our mourning can there be
For one so dear — what shame? Sad chants
 inspire,
Thou of the liquid voice, Melpomene,
 To whom thy father gave it with the lyre.

In his last sleep, then, doth Quintilius lie?
 Endowed with virtues more than words can tell, —
Good Faith and Justice, sisters, — Modesty,
 And Truth, — when will they find his parallel?

Quintilius fell, by many good men wept,
 By none than Virgil wept more bitterly.
Thy friend entrusted them, the Gods have kept, —
 And will not for thy tears restore to thee.

Even didst thou touch the lyre more cunningly
Than Thracian Orpheus, and by magic song
Compel the trees to hear, — if Mercury
Has once impaled him in the dusky throng

By his dire wand, he will not heed thy prayer
And animate again the bloodless shape ;
Hard fate ! but Nature teaches us to bear
The ills we cannot conquer or escape.

XXVI. TO LAMIA

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus

A FRIEND to the Muses, all tremors and tears
I fling to the winds of the Cretan sea ;
What peril the king of the frozen North fears, —
Who scares Tiridates, — is nothing to me.

And thou, gentle maid of the Pimplean spring,
Who in virgin and crystalline fountains rejoicest,
Come, and with thee be sure sunny flowers to bring,
And twine for my Lamia a wreath of the choicest.

To pay him due honors I cannot aspire,
But thou and thy sisters must blazon his fame,
And adding new chords to the Lesbian lyre
Awaken a symphony worthy his name.

XXVIII. ARCHYTAS

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ

THREE, measurer of the earth and of the main,
And reckoner of the sands that know no
score,

Archytas ! scanty heaps of sand restrain

In hopeless bondage by Matinum's shore.

Nought it avails thee that thy restless mind

Explored the starry chambers of the sky,

And roamed the earth from pole to pole, — to find,

At last, life's chief commission is to die.

Host of the gods, the sire of Pelops falls ;

Into thin air Aurora's bridegroom fades ;

Minos, admitted to Jove's secret halls,

His trusted counsellor, mingles with the shades ;

Euphorbus twice ; — on Trojan battlefield

He rendered up the ghost ; in after days

The sage Pythagoras, as attests the shield

Displayed in Argos to men's wondering gaze.

Save skin and sinews, nothing else forsooth
Was prey to gloomy Death ; of this judge thou !
Who know'st him versed in Nature and the Truth,
No mean expounder of their mysteries now.
Children of men, one night awaits us all,
And once all tread the pathway to their graves ;
Doomed by the Furies to grim Mars some fall,
Some perish victims to the devouring waves.
Youth and old age fill full the funeral cars,
No one escapes Proserpine's cruel realms.

Me too — beneath Orion's stormy stars,
The South wind in Illyrian billows whelms.
But thee, O passing mariner, I implore,
Some drifting sand to sprinkle on these bones, —
This head that lies unburied on the shore,
Heedful of nothing but the surges' moans.
Some drifting sand ! So may the Eastern gales,
That threat Hesperian seas, exhaust their force
On the Venusian woods, and fill thy sails
With gentle airs, propitious to thy course.
So may thy voyage meet deserved success,
And all thy ventures win abundant gains,
With Jove the just thy pious care to bless,
And Neptune, guardian of Tarentine fanes.
And wilt thou recklessly commit a crime
To harm thine innocent children ? It may be,

With the revenges and the turns of time,
A fate like mine shall also follow thee.
From prayers unheeded shall my curses flow,
No expiation shall absolve thy wrong ;
Thrice on my corpse a little sand to throw —
Though time may press — will not detain thee long.

XXIX. TO ICCIUS

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides

SO, Iccius, you now look with covetous eye
On the treasures of Araby ; leaving your letters
To compel her invincible monarchs to fly,
And to send home the terrible Parthian in fetters.

Of the barbarous virgins whose lovers you 'll slay,
To find one as a handmaiden will you be able ?
Or a boy skilled in archery hope to display,
With locks perfumed and trim, serving wine at your
table ?

After this no one need to feel any surprise
In beholding the rivers ascend to the mountains,
Or one moment refuse to believe his own eyes
If they see yellow Tiber run back to his fountains ;

When you for Iberian corselets and blades
Would barter the works of the sages collected
Far and wide in your bibliographical raids, —
You, Iccius! from whom better things were expected!

XXX. TO VENUS

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique

O VENUS, of Cnidos and Paphos the queen,
In your well beloved Cyprus no longer be seen ;
But listen, I pray, to my Glycera's call,
And breathe the frankincense that burns in her
hall.

Let Cupid come with you, impetuous boy,
And the Graces with girdles loosed add to your joy ;
Let the Nymphs come, and silver-tongued Mercury
too,
And Youth — void of beauty or charm without you.

XXXI. TO APOLLO

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem

TO Apollo, what prayer, on his shrine's dedication,
Shall the bard offer up as he pours his libation?
Not for harvests that fertile Sardinia yields,
Nor the sleek herds of sunny Calabrian fields,
Not for ivory brought from the Indian lands,
Nor for gold that is filtered through African sands,
Not for farms which the beautiful Liris laves, —
Silent river ! that runs with the softest waves ;—
For grapevines of Cales he 'll not importune,
Which they on whom fortune bestows them may prune :
Let the merchant delight in his goblets of gold,
And drain at a draught all the liquor they hold ;
For well of his wealth and his wine he may boast, —
The gains of his trade on the Syrian coast ;
He 's a pet of the Gods, — three or four times a year
The Atlantic he tempts with no perils to fear.
Mallows, olives, and endives suffice for my diet ;

Let me, son of Latona, enjoy them in quiet ;
Let me live on my income and reckon it wealth,
With a mind unimpaired and a body in health,
An old age of honor — not lacking my lyre, —
Grant me this — and you grant all your bard can desire.

XXXII. TO MY LYRE

Poscimus. Si quid vacui sub umbra

WE are called on : if ever, reclined in the shade,
Joy touching thy strings, some light carol I 've
played,
Which for one or more seasons its life may prolong,
Come, sing me, my Lyre, a good Latin song.

Alcæus of Lesbos attuned thee of old,
The loyal in love, and in battle the bold,
But the poet at all times, — though wielding the
brand,
Or mooring his surf-beaten boat to the strand.

Thy silver-toned chords with his symphonies rang ;
Of the Muses and Bacchus and Venus he sang,
Of the boy by her side — he is clinging there yet, —
And of Lycus with eyes and hair black as the jet.

O pride of Apollo ! Thy magical spell
Charms the banquets of Jupiter, resonant shell !
Thou solace of labor, thou killer of care,
If I rightly invoke thee, oh, list to my prayer !

XXXIII. TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio memor

MY Albius, don't pose as a martyr to grief,
Tho' Glycera turn on your suit a cold shoul- —
der ;

Nor in piteous elegies seek for relief,
When you find she prefers a young beau to an older.

While all Rome her pretty low forehead admires,
Lycoris with passion for Cyrus is burning ;
Cyrus fancies in Pholoë all he desires,
While she the old sinner is cruelly spurning.

Thus the kids from the wolves in Apulia run ;
And this pleases Venus, who seeks to entangle
Her dupes in such meshes, enjoying the fun
When an ill-mated pair in a brazen yoke wrangle.

The freedwoman Myrtale caught even me
And kept me bound body and soul in her fetters,
Though I knew her as false as the waves of the sea,
And my love (though I say it) was sought by her
betters.

XXXIV. TO HIMSELF

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens

DISCIPLE of a mad philosophy,
I am a rare, neglectful worshipper
In the Gods' temples ; conscious that I err,
I must shift sails, my course retraced shall be :

For Jupiter, — whose wont it is to sunder
With his forked fire the sky that tempests shroud, —
Through the pure air serene, without a cloud,
Has driven his chariot swift, and steeds of thunder, —

By which the inert earth and running rivers, —
By which the Styx and Tænarus' horrid seat, —
The gate of hell, — with strange pulsations beat,
And the far Atlantean summit shivers.

Yes ! God is strong to change low things for high,
Exalt the obscure and throw the haughty down ;
Fortune delights to take and give the crown, —
Rapacious, on shrill pinions rushing by.

XXXV. TO FORTUNE

O diva, gratum quæ regis Antium

O GODDESS, queen of Antium's fair domains,
A present power in mortal destinies,
Bidding to lofty heights the lowly rise,
And changing triumphs to funereal trains :

The humble tiller of the soil to thee,
Solicitous, his earnest prayer prefers ;
Thine aid invoking, suppliant mariners
Cleave with Bithynian keel the Cretan sea.

Homage to thee cities and nations pay ;
Nomadic Scythians and Dacians rude,
Mothers of savage kings, fierce Latium's brood,
And purple-vested tyrants fear thy sway :

Fear, lest with ruin thou shouldst overwhelm
And crush the standing pillar of the State ;
Lest foes to arms, by fervor of debate,
Be roused to arms, and break the imperial realm.

Before thee, prompt to do thy stern command,
Stalks dire Necessity in thy service bred,
With grappling-hooks and store of molten lead,
And spikes and wedges in her brazen hand.

Thee Hope attends : thee, clad in garb of white,
Her fellow, rarely-met Fidelity ;—
And if, thy garments changed, in hate thou flee
From powerful houses, — follows in thy flight.

The faithless vulgar and the courtesan
Forsworn retire ; and when the casks are dry —
Drained to the dregs — fair-weather comrades fly,
Eager to shun the unprosperous while they can.

To Cæsar, bound for Britain's savage Isles —
Earth's Western limit, — give protecting care ;
On levied hosts who terror Eastward bear
To the Red Sea, bestow thy favoring smiles.

Alas, of brothers' blood we bear the stains !
Shame be upon us for our scars and crimes !
Ah, cruel race ! in these, our hardened times,
What form of wickedness untried remains !

Fear of the Gods checks not Youth's impious hands.
What altars spare they?—Forge our blunted
swords
On a new anvil. Turn them on the hordes
Of Massagetan and Arabian lands !

XXXVI. TO NUMIDA

Et thure et fidibus juvat

COME, strike the lyre, and incense burn,
And be the votive heifer slain,
To thank for Numida's return
The Gods who bring him home again, —

Who from Hesperia's farthest shore
Meets friends not met for many a year,
To all some kisses gives, but more
To Lamia, dearest of the dear, —

Mindful that they in school-boy days
Watched the same master's smile or frown,
Together shared their tasks and plays,
Together donned the manly gown.

Nor suffer this propitious day
 Its mark of Cretan white to lack,
Nor whirl of Salian dances stay,
 Nor spare the flagons on the rack,

Nor in his bout with Damalis
 Let Bassus at her bumpers quail,
Nor let our banquet roses lack,
 Nor parsley green, nor lily frail.

On Damalis they all shall gaze
 With melting eyes ; but like a vine
Shall Damalis in wanton ways
 About her new-found lover twine.

XXXVII. CLEOPATRA

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero

NOW is the time to drink your wine,
To merrily dance in the open air,
Now for the Salian priests to dine
At banquets fit for the gods to share.

The Cæcuban that your fathers stored, —
To have broken its seals a shame had been,
While your city was doomed by a savage horde,
And the Empire pledged to a frenzied Queen.

With her countless host of miscalled men,
Crippled by lust and foul with disease,
She was drunk with prosperous fortune, when
Her galleys swept the Hesperian seas.

But her rage by Roman fires was tamed,
That left of her fleets but a single sail,
And the cheek which the Mareot grape inflamed,
When Cæsar followed her flight, grew pale.

Through the waters swiftly his mariners row,
As the hawk sweeps down on the doves in the air,
Or through fields of Hæmonia white with snow
The hunter chases the timorous hare.

He brought for the deadly monster chains, —
She will not stoop to a fate abhorred ;
No coward blood in her woman's veins,
She seeks no haven and fears no sword.

Her falling palace she treads a Queen,
And bravely her crumbling sceptre grasps ;
With a soul unmoved and a face serene
She bares her breast to the fatal asps.

The hunt of the savage Illyrians is vain ;
A conqueror's triumph she scorns to grace —
But fronts her fate with a fierce disdain,
And dies, the last of a royal race.

XXXVIII. TO HIS SERVANT

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus

I HATE, boy, the pomp and parade of the Persian, —
These linden-bound wreaths are my special aversion ;
Cut-flowers in their season will do for my posies, —
So omit any search for the last of the roses.

On your zeal for these gauds I make no requisition,
A few sprigs of myrtle will need no addition ;
Myrtle suits me in vine-mantled arbor reclining,
And suits you, the servant who waits on my dining.



BOOK II

I. TO POLLIO

Motum ex Metello consule civicum

THE civil movement in Metellus' days,
The causes of our war, its foremost men
In fatal friendships bound, their vicious ways,
The tricks that fickle Fortune played us then,

Arms smeared with blood unexpiated still —
When themes like these the historic pen inspire,
You tread a pathway countless perils fill,
Where treacherous ashes crust the latent fire.

The austere Muse of tragedy may wait :
So leave the stage awhile, and by and by,
When you have finished with affairs of State,
For the Cecropian buskin's honors try.

Your sage advice the Senate leans upon,
Sad clients on your powerful aid rely,
And triumphs, Pollio, in Dalmatia won,
Crowned you with laurel that shall never die.

Even now the brazen trumpets' menacing crash
And the shrill clarion thrill my listening ear ;
The riders' faces and the armor's flash
Inspire even now the flying steeds with fear.

In fancy, as you read, I hear the shout
Of mighty leaders soiled with battle's stains,
Not without honor : in the general rout
Cato's fierce soul alone unbowed remains.

Juno and every friendly deity
Who sought in vain the Africans to aid,
In vengeance, sent the victors' sons to die,
Unpitied victims to Jugurtha's shade.

Where is the land but blood of Latins spilt
In impious wars its fertile acres feeds ?
Unnumbered sepulchres attest our guilt,
Sounds of Hesperia's downfall reach the Medes.

Where is the gulf not crimsoned with our gore ?
What rivers flow with unpolluted tide ?
Within earth's limits is there sea or shore
That has not been with Daunian slaughter dyed ?

Lest thou, my sportive Muse, become too grave,
And for light lays a Cean dirge inspire, —
With me beneath the Dionæan cave
To livelier measures seek to tune the lyre.

II. TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS

Nullus argento color est avaris

THE silver has no brightness which the mines
Hide in the greedy bosom of the earth ;
And with thee, Sallust, ore has little worth,
Unless with wise and temperate use it shines.

So Proculeius, for a father's care
Bestowed upon his brethren, gained a name ;
Him and his story shall surviving Fame
On tireless pinion through the ages bear.

A covetous spirit tame, and make thine own
A wider realm than if all Libya
And far Hesperian climes confessed thy sway,
And either Carthage served but thee alone.

Greed, self-indulgent, like the dropsy, grows,
Its thirst unslaked ; and while the cause remains
Of dire disease, nor flies the poisoned veins,
Through the pale frame the watery languor flows.

Phraätes to the throne of Persian kings
Restored — dissenting Virtue strikes his name
From those deemed happy by the world's acclaim,
Unteaching the false names men give to things.

The diadem and a sure empire bring,
And deathless bays — to him who passes by
Huge heaps of gold, and with no longing eye
Looks back upon them ; — he alone is king.

III. TO DELLIUS

Æquam memento rebus in arduis

WHEN the outlook is dark and your star on the
wane,
Take care that your mind never loses its poise ;
And when Fortune, my Delli^us, smiles brightly again,
With the same equanimity temper your joys.

For your goal is the grave, run your race as you may, —
Whether always dejected you toil and repine,
Or on feast-days in grassy nook moisten your clay ~
With a bottle of choice old Falernian wine.

Where the silver-leaved poplar and towering pine,
With boughs interlaced, to their shadows invite ;
Where the brook cuts the turf in a tortuous line,
And flashes and frets in its tremulous flight ;

Bring hither wines, perfumes, and, sweetest of flowers,
The rose, — though so fleeting it blooms but to
wither ;
While the Fates spare your life, make the most of its
hours ;
With youth, health, and riches, O haste to come
hither.

Your seat on the Tiber, your pleasant domains,
The home and the garden, your joy and your care,
You must leave them and lose them, in spite of your
pains ;
You have only been heaping a pile for your heir.

Whether scion of Inachus, oldest of kings,
Or the child of a pauper, he draws his first breath, —
It matters to none whence his lineage springs,
All, all are the victims of pitiless death.

To the same place are bound all the children of men,
Our lots are all shaken in one common urn ;
All are drawn from it, sooner or later, and then
We embark on the voyage whence we never return.

IV. TO XANTHIAS

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori

NAY, Xanthias, deem it not a shame
The love you to a handmaid gave,
For great Achilles did the same, —
The blonde Briseïs was a slave.

Ajax, the son of Telamon,
Captive Tecmessa's charms inspired ;
A virgin, spoil in battle won,
The heart of Agamemnon fired

When the Thessalian felled in fight
Fierce hordes, and Hector snatched away
Made for the wearied Greeks more light
The task of taking Pergama.

The gods are cruel ; it may be
Fair Phyllis' lineage shows no flaw, —
Of royal blood a princess she, —
And you a royal son-in-law.

From no plebeian rubbish came,
Believe me, one to you so dear,
No mother of ignoble fame
Bore one so liberal and sincere.

Her arms and face and rounded leg,
Heart-whole I praise ; dismiss your fears,
Nor harbor idle doubts, I beg,
Of one hard on to forty years.

V. LALAGE

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet

SHE is like a young heifer — it never will do
To couple this delicate creature with you ;
The yoke does not suit her — she never will pull
Her part in the load with a fiery bull.

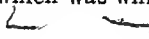
For your heifer now little or nothing heeds
But to splash in the waters and graze on the meads,
And to frisk with the calves on the river's bank
Where the shade of the willows is cool and dank.

Then why will you follow this bootless suit
And the fancy you have for an immature fruit ?
To pluck the blue clusters be never in haste, —
Rich Autumn will purple the grape to your taste.

She may fly from you now but she soon will pursue ;
Cruel Time gives her years that he pilfers from you ;
And soon will your Lalage join in the chase
For a husband, with never a blush on her face.

More beloved than Chloris of shoulder so white
That she shines like the moon on the water by night,
Or than Pholoë ever coquettish and coy,
Or than beautiful Gyges the Cnidian boy —

Whom if you should mix in a bevy of girls,
With his delicate face and his loose flowing curls,
It would bother a stranger, when trying his best,
To tell which was which, and pick him from the rest.



VI. TO SEPTIMIUS

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum

I 'M sure, Septimius, thou wouldst go
To Cadiz with me or explore
The haunts of our unconquered foe
That dwell on the Cantabrian shore, —
And journey on to Afric lands
Through boiling waves and burning sands.

Worn as I am with war's alarms,
Hard perils, and the billows' rage, —
Let me in Tibur's rural charms
Find a calm haven for my age :
Some colonists of Grecian race
Were the first settlers of the place.

But should the Fates this boon deny,
Tarentum is my second choice ;

On sweet Galæsus' banks would I
Amid the pastured flocks rejoice,
Whose fleeces show the shepherds' care
In the protecting skins they wear.

No spot on earth, where'er it lies,
For me has such a power to please :
It beams with smiles, its honey vies
With that of the Hymettian bees,
And green Venafrum cannot show
A field where finer olives grow.

The Springs are long, we breathe an air
Moistened with warm and genial rains ;
Flowers and fruits will flourish there,
And vineyards pay the peasant's pains :
On hills hard by a wine is prest
That's equal to Falernum's best.

In that serene and happy seat,
Remote from worldly toil and strife,
Wilt thou with me in calm retreat
Tread the descending path of life, —
Till thou, bereaved, with tears regard
The ashes of thy friend the bard.

VII. TO POMPEIUS VARUS

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum

DEAREST companion of my prime,
Who under Brutus shared with me
The dangers of that troubled time —
Who, Pompey, has restored to thee
The civil rights that Romans prize,
Thy fathers' gods, Italian skies ?

But not in feats of arms alone
Were all our hours of youth consumed ;
For, crowned with flowers, my ringlets shone,
By Syrian essences perfumed,
When thou and I on many a day
With wine drove loitering Time away.

I saw with thee Philippi's field,
The onset and the headlong flight :

Ignobly left behind my shield,
When Valor faltered in the fight —
And in the sordid dust the brave,
Who looked for victory, found a grave.

Fate sheltered me — my guardian then
Was the swift-footed Mercury ;
Veiled in dense clouds, through hostile men,
He bore me safe ; but as for thee,
Thy wreck upon a stormy main
Engulfed thee in the wars again.

Let then thy vows to Jove be paid,
And thou, at peace with all thy foes,
Beneath my laurel's tranquil shade
Awhile thy war-worn limbs repose ;
And never scruple to make free
With casks long since reserved for thee.

Pour perfumes from capacious shells,
Fill up the polished bowls with wine ;
Oblivion of all sorrow dwells
In clusters of the Massic vine :
Parsley and myrtle twigs, who now
Shall weave in garlands for thy brow ?

And whom with Venus' aid shall we
As master of our revels call?
A truce to sanity — I'll be
Less sane than Thracian bacchanal;
When bosom friends long parted meet
A brief delirium is sweet.

VIII. TO BARINE

Ulla si juris tibi perjerati

BARINE, if a lapse in truth
Had ever worked thee any harm,
Darkened a nail, or stained a tooth,
Or robbed thee of a single charm —

I might believe ! But, perjured, thou
Dost with a brighter lustre shine,
Youth's cynosure, — each broken vow
Adds graces to that form of thine.

Swear by the deathless deities,
The ashes of thy mother's urn,
Night's silent signs that stud the skies, —
All thy false oaths to profit turn.

This Venus laughs at, not alone, —
Her simple nymphs laugh all the same, —
While Cupid on a blood-dyed stone
Sharpens his arrows tipped with flame.

And while the Roman youth increase,
New slaves grow up to wear thy chain,
And never will old lovers cease
To quit thee and come back again.

Frugal old men and mothers dread
The wiles that lure their boys astray,
And brides are fearful, newly wed,
Thou 'lt steal their husbands' hearts away.

IX. TO VALGIUS

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos

NOT always from the clouds are showers descend-
ing,

From hail and sleet the fields are sometimes free ;
Not always are the angry winds contending
To swell the surges of the Caspian sea ;

Not at all seasons, Valgius, are the fountains
Of bleak Armenia clogged with ice and snow,
Nor oaks and ash-trees on the Apulian mountains
Widowed of foliage when the north winds blow.

In sighs and tears thou wastest days — and morrows —
For Mystes lost, — no respite to thy grief !
The evening star looks down upon thy sorrows,
And morning's sunshine brings thee no relief.

Nestor who lived three ages was not weeping
For slain Antilochus through all those years ;
Nor were his parents and his sisters keeping
Their grief for Troilus ever fresh with tears.

Cease then these querulous and doleful measures, —
And pæans to Augustus Cæsar sing,
Who from the Orient returns with treasures
And the new trophies that his armies bring.

Rigid Niphates adds to his ovations,
Its course in lesser waves the Danube rounds,
The Medes are counted with the conquered nations,
And Scythia's horsemen keep within her bounds.

XI. TO QUINTIUS

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes

WHY inquire what next the Cantabrian intends,
Or whether the Scythians continue our
friends?

Little need, my dear Quintius, of bulwarks to screen
us,

While the broad Adriatic is rolling between us.

All the wants of your age frugal means will supply ;
Youth and beauty are always too ready to fly ;
Easy sleep and sweet loves, added years drive
away, —

Though your nap after dinner is coming to stay.

The same splendor not always invests the spring
flowers ;

The moon does not shine with one face at all hours ;

Why do you in your mind without respite revolve
The riddles eternity only can solve ?

Why not, under the plane-tree or under this pine,
With no thought in the world but of pleasure, recline, —
With roses crown locks that are verging to gray,
And, well perfumed, indulge in good wine while we
may ?

Gay Bacchus is potent to drive away troubles, —
Our sorrows he halves, and our transports he doubles ;
What boy at my beck will come hither the quicker
To cool in the stream this Falernian liquor ?

What boy bring the singing-girl forth from her home,
Shy Lyde who little is given to roam ?
Bid her come with her lyre, and let her take care
In the true Spartan fashion to knot up her hair.

XII. TO MÆCENAS

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ

USED to soft strains, do not command my lyre
To tell of brave Numantians' savage slaughters ;
Nor exploits bold of Hannibal the dire,
Nor Punic blood purpling Sicilian waters ;

Nor of Hylæus flushed with too much wine ;
Nor how Herculean valor tamed the giant
Sons of the earth, threatening to undermine
Saturn's refulgent house ; nor the defiant

And cruel Lapithæ. In unmeasured lay
You, my Mæcenas, shall record the story
Of kings led captive through the Roman Way,
And battles fought and won for Cæsar's glory.

But me the Muse commands, in dulcet lays
To sing your Queen Licymnia's bright eyes shining
Into your own with intermingled rays,
And mutual fondness heart with heart entwining.

Quick at retort and jest, — she no less charms
When in the dance with graceful movement swaying,
Than when on Dian's festal days her arms
Twine with the arms of brilliant maidens playing.

You would not give Licymnia's slightest tress
For all the gold that fertile Phrygia offers,
Nor all that Achæmenes' heirs possess,
Nor all the treasures in Arabian coffers.

When she with joy to hail your coming flies,
Turning her neck to meet your fiery kisses,
Eager to give, she cruelly denies, —
That you may seize, not she bestow, their blisses.

XIII. TO A TREE

Ille et nefasto te posuit die

WHOEVER first planted thee, stump of a tree,
And with hand sacrilegious attended thy
tillage,
Chose an ill-omened day and well knew thou wouldst
be
Posterity's curse and the shame of the village.

There's nothing of such a man might not be said ;
He has mixed Colchic poisons, — and, by the same —
token,
I am sure he has murdered a guest in his bed,
And his own parent's neck has remorselessly
broken, —

And been guilty of every conceivable crime, —
Who transplanted thee — *thee*, ugly root of disaster,

To my fields, — with the evil intent at the time
That thou some day shouldst fall on thy innocent
master.

As to what we should shun we are all in the dark, —
Every hour that passes is fraught with its danger ;
But the mariner sailing in Tyrian bark
Dreads the sea, — and to all other dread is a
stranger ;

The soldier fears war and the cloud in the air
Of arrows the Parthian shoots in his flying ;
The Parthian fears dungeons : but none are aware
How the summons will come that admits no denying.

How near have I come to the Kingdom of Night
Where Æacus is judge and Proserpina reigning,
With the separate seats of the happy in sight,
Where flits Sappho's ghost, with her lyre, complain-
ing

Of the Lesbian girls ; and where wanders the bard,
Alcæus, whose harp wakes a deeper emotion,
As he strikes it with golden bow, — singing how hard
Are the evils of exile, of war, and the ocean !

They both sing in strains that are worth being heard,
While listen in silence the crowd of beholders ;
But by battles and upsets of tyrants are stirred
More deeply the Shades, pressing shoulder on
shoulders.

What wonder ! entranced by those marvellous airs,
The attention of Cerberus' self is enlisted,
While he droops his black ears and his ravishment
shares
With the snakes in the locks of the Furies entwisted ;

Prometheus the peck of the vulture ignores,
And the sire of Pelops his thirst ; and Orion
To the stars on the pinions of harmony soars,
Forgetting the chase of the lynx and the lion.

XIV. TO POSTUMUS

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume

MY Postumus, the fleeting years
Pass swiftly. Neither prayers nor tears
Can smooth the lines by age imprest
Or Death's advancing step arrest, —

Not if three hundred bulls a day
You should to tearless Pluto slay,
Whose Stygian waters' circling chain
The Giants strive to break in vain, —

Waters that all of mortal birth
Must cross who eat the fruits of Earth,
Whether they bask in wealth, or toil
To win scant fare from stubborn soil.

In vain from bloody Mars we're free,
Or hoarse surge of the Hadrian sea ;
 In vain from noxious vapors fly
 That South winds breed in Autumn's sky ;

To the sad shades we all must go,
See black Cocytus winding slow,
 See Sisyphus his long toil ply,
 And Danaus' hateful family.

Lands you must leave, and home, and wife ;
And of the trees you nurse in life
 None, save the cypresses we hate,
 Shall mourn their short-lived master's fate.

A worthier heir shall drain the lees
Of casks you guard with countless keys,
 And stain the floor with choicer wine
 Than crowns the board where pontiffs dine.

XV. OLD TIMES AND NEW

Fam pauca aratro jugera regiae

SOON will our regal structures leave small space
Of acres for the ploughshare ; while we make
Our fish-ponds broader than the Lucrine lake,
And the unmarried plane-tree takes the place

Of vine-wed elms : soon shrubs and flowers will blow,
And with a copious fragrance fill the air
From beds of violets and myrtles where
The former master's gainful olives grow ;

Soon will the laurel-trees exclude the rays
Of the too fervid sun. It was not thus
Under the auspices of Romulus,
Or unshorn Cato, in our fathers' days.

Of small account the means of private men ;
Then public wealth was great. No wide arcade
To private houses lent a grateful shade,
And caught the northern summer breezes then.

Despising not the turf that grows at large, —
It was enjoined the buildings of the State
And temples of the Gods to decorate
With quarried marble at the public charge.

XVI. TO GROSPHUS

Otium divos rogat in patenti

REST! prays the mariner, by storm
Caught in the wide Ægæan sea —
When blackening clouds the skies deform
And lone stars glimmer fitfully.

For rest the furious Thracians cry,
The quivered Parthians pray for rest ;
Rest, Grosphus, neither gold can buy
Nor precious stones nor purple vest.

In vain your treasures you display
Or lictor's summonses to quit —
The cares and tumults still will stay
That round the gilded ceilings flit.

On little he lives well, indeed,
Whose father's modest salts are bright
On his scant board ; nor care nor greed
Deprives him of his sleep at night.

Why boast of aims unlimited,
Doomed to so brief a life ? And why
Change for warm clime ? His country fled,
What exile from himself can fly ?

Vile care ascends the brass-beaked ships,
Nor lags the mounted knights behind,
The swiftness of the stag outstrips,
And cloud-compelling Eastern wind.

The mind rejoicing in to-day
No morrow's troubles need molest :
With gentle smiles drive ills away ;
For nothing is completely blest.

Age wastes Tithonus lingeringly ;
Achilles, glorious, swiftly dies ;
The hour perchance may give to me
A boon that it to you denies.

A hundred flocks your meadows graze ;
Sicilian heifers round you low ;
For chariots fit, your filly neighs ;
Your vats with Tyrian purples glow.

Fate never false vouchsafes to me
Contentment with a small domain,
The lyric power, — the faculty
To conquer malice with disdain.

XVII. TO MÆCENAS

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?

WHY wilt thou worry me with thy complaining?
Why fear, Mæcenas, ills that may betide —
That thou shouldst go before, and I remaining
Lament for thee, my pillar and my pride.

If our united lot the Fates should sever,
And snatch my spirit's better part away, —
Thou lost !` of life's delights bereft forever,
Why should my other half its flight delay?

One hour the common doom shall find us sharing ;
Believe me that I take no faithless oath, —
In our complete companionship preparing
For the last journey that awaits us both.

We will not part, — of hell's worst brood defiant,
Despite Chimæra with her tongue of fire,
And Gyges too, the hundred-headed giant ;
I go where Justice and the Fates require.

Whether the Scales or Scorpion is ascendant,
Or Capricornus rules the Hesperian brine,
On the same horoscope our lives dependent,
My fortunes always have been linked with thine.

In strange accord our natal stars united ;
For when malignant Saturn menaced thee,
Refulgent Jupiter thy pathway lighted
And saved thy life for honors yet to be, —

When at the theatre thy restoration
Was greeted by the crowd with three times three : —
Mine was no less a cause of gratulation
That Faunus turned aside the falling tree —

Of witty men and wise the guardian, Faunus !
Bring forth thy victims, build thy votive shrine —
To keep our vows, ills thus averted warn us ;
A lamb will answer well enough for mine.

XVIII. VANITY OF RICHES

Non ebur neque aureum

NO ivory or gold
In my abode on fretted ceilings gleams ;
Numidian marbles hold
On lofty columns no Hymettian beams.

Not as an unknown heir
Do I the wealth of Attalus assume ;
Nor splendid purples wear
That noble clients weave in Spartan loom.

But plain integrity
Is mine, and talent of a liberal vein ;
And humble though I be
The wealthy seek me and my friends remain.

And now for nothing more
Do I the Gods entreat, nor powerful friend
Beg to increase my store ;
With one small Sabine farm my wishes end.

Day chases after day,
And the new moons go on to wane and die ;
But as life slips away,
You, at death's door, carved blocks of marble buy ; —

For you the shore lacks room,
You push the banks at Baiæ on the wave ;
Regardless of your doom,
You build a palace, and forget your grave.

Nay more, incessantly
You raze the landmarks of your neighbors' grounds ;
Though they your clients be,
With greed insatiate you o'erleap their bounds.

In foreign climes to roam,
Their gods and children to their bosoms held,
From the ancestral home
The wretched wife and husband are expelled.

Be sure, no gilded hall
More certainly its affluent lord awaits
Than one reserved for all,
Bounded by grasping Pluto's prison gates.

Why more? Impartially
Doth Earth the dust of prince and pauper hold,
Nor could Prometheus buy
Release from Charon with his wit and gold.

Proud Tantalus and all
His race in strictest durance he restrains ;
Called, or without a call,
He speeds the poor, absolved from all their pains.

XIX. TO BACCHUS

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus

MID the far rocks sat Bacchus, teaching songs :
I saw him — trust me, men of future years !
A group of listening Nymphs about him throngs,
And Satyrs with goats' feet and pointed ears.

The cry of Evoe ! Evoe ! fills the air —
My heart is trembling with a panic fear
And Bacchic rapture. Spare me, Liber, spare,
Thy frightful thyrsus turn aside and hear !

Forgive ! It is my province now to sing
The revels of the frenzied Thyiades —
The copious streams of milk, — and earth's wine-
spring,
And honey dropped from hollow trunks of trees.

And I may sing too of the happy spouse,
By thee an added honor to the skies,
The heavy fall of Pentheus' ruined house,
And the fell stroke by which Lycurgus dies.

Thou swayest the rivers, thou the barbarous sea,
And in the distant mountains, moist with wine,
With wreathèd vipers thou dost harmlessly
The tresses of thy Bacchanals entwine.

When the fell Giants scaled the upward track
Thy father's realm in impious rage to storm,
Thy claws and dreadful fangs hurled Rhoetus back —
Thy godhead hidden in a lion's form.

Though called more fit for game and roundelay
And jests — and even held of small account
In war — thou wast as potent in the fray, —
Alike in peace and battle paramount.

Even Cerberus to thee could wish no harm
Bright with thy golden horn, adornment meet ;
The triple-headed monster felt thy charm,
And wagged his tail, and fawned, and licked thy
feet.

XX. TO MÆCENAS

Non usitata nec tenui ferar

ON strong, unwonted wing shall I,
Bi-formed, half bard and half a bird,
Be wafted through the liquid sky,
Where Envy's voice is never heard ;
On earth no longer shall I stay,
But from the cities soar away.

I shall not perish, though I be,
They say, of pauper parents born ;
While called, Mæcenas, dear by thee,
I well may brave the vulgar scorn ;
I shall not fill an earthly grave,
Nor prison by the Stygian wave.

Even now with folds of rugged skin
I see my nether limbs arrayed,

Even now the downy plumes begin
Fingers and shoulders to invade ;
To a white bird transfigured I
Am ready to essay the sky.

On swifter than Icarian wing
I hover where the Bosphorus roars,
And my canorous note shall ring
Along Gætulia's burning shores,
And pierce the Hyperborean plains
Where an eternal winter reigns.

Me — shall remote Gelonians know,
And Parthians, who disguise the fear
With which they face their Roman foe, —
My song the Colchians shall hear —
Some time to learned Spaniards known,
And to the men who drink the Rhone.

Away — all notes of hireling woe !
All trappings of funereal gloom —
The clamorous dirge, the ghastly show —
There is no tenant of my tomb :
Superfluous are the honors spent
Above an empty monument.



BOOK III

I. A CHORUS OF VIRGINS AND YOUTHS

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo

I HATE and banish hence the crowd profane ;
Keep silence ; maids and boys, to you I sing.
The Muses' priest, I to their altar bring
Songs of a sacred and unwonted strain.

Monarchs their subject flocks in fear obey ;
Jove, who on Titan foes in triumph trod,
Illustrious, moves all Nature with his nod,
And governs monarchs with imperial sway.

One man plants larger vineyards than his brother ;
Striving for votes, this in the Campus stands
And boasts a better fame and purer hands —
And this a nobler lineage — than another ;

Of clients this may have a greater crowd :
It matters not, — all bow to equal laws ;
By lot from her capacious urn Fate draws
Names of the lowliest now, and now the proud.

Sicilian banquets yield him no delight
Who at the table sees above his head
A drawn sword hanging by a single thread ;
Him — harps and birds in vain to sleep invite.

The humble homestead of the husbandman
Disdaining not, sleep visits with sweet dreams ;
Nor shuns the shaded banks of running streams,
Nor Tempe's vale that gentle zephyrs fan.

The man who curbs his wishes by his needs,
And can enjoy enough, contentedly,
Looks with no fear on the tumultuous sea,
Nor rise of stormy stars nor setting heeds ;

Unruffled, though the vines are lashed with hail,
Or winter-killed ; and sterile fields complain
Of torrid stars ; and trees, of drought or rain ;
And all the false hopes of the harvest fail.

The affluent lord, fastidious of dry land,
Aids the contractors' workmen with his slaves,
And, crowding fishes in their native waves,
Sinks rock and rubble where his house may stand.

But fears and sad forebodings of the mind
Scale where the master mounts ; Care never quits
The brazen galley ; where the rider sits,
On the same saddle black Care rides behind.

If Phrygian marbles cannot soothe our grief,
Nor garments that with purple lustre shine,
Nor the rich juice of the Falernian vine,
Nor Achæmenian perfumes bring relief ;

Say why a modern palace should I raise,
With pillars envied of the passers-by,
Or change my Sabine Valley — tell me, why ?
For wealth that only brings more anxious days.

II. EDUCATION

Angustam amice pauperiem pati

THE hardy youth, whose work in life should be
Sharp warfare ; who would manage steed and
spear,
To strike the savage Parthians with fear,
Must gladly bear with narrow poverty,

And pass his days beneath the open skies
In perilous deeds. The warring tyrant's wife
And betrothed daughter mark him in the strife,
From hostile walls, and breathe in blended sighs :

Alas ! unused to armies, who can shield
The princely suitor, should he cross the path
Of this fierce lion, and provoke the wrath,
That, red with carnage, scorns the bloody field ?

Sweet honor, for one's native land to die !
Death follows on the adult coward's track,
Nor spares the trembling limbs and crouching back
Of youth unwarlike that from battle fly.

Virtue — that base repulse can never know,
Fulgent with honors incontaminate,
Lifts or lays down the fasces of the State,
And recks not how the winds of favor blow.

To men who merit immortality,
Virtue the gates celestial opens wide,
Points out the way to vulgar crowds denied, —
From the dull earth she spurns, alert to fly.

To faithful silence, too, its guerdon pay !
I will not suffer him to share with me
House on the shore or pinnacle on the sea,
Who could Love's sacred mysteries betray.

His laws neglected, Jove has oftentimes,
When with the sinful found, chastised the pure ;
And Vengeance, lame of foot, is slow, but sure
To catch the wicked running from his crimes.

III. THE HONEST MAN

Fustum et tenacem propositi virum

THE just man whom fixed purposes control,
No base commands of the mad populace,
No terrors frowning in a tyrant's face,
Affright, or shake his ever-constant soul —

Nor raging winds that rule the Hadrian Sea,
Nor bolts by Jove's red hand in lightning hurled —
Amid the crash of a collapsing world
Unterrified, in his integrity.

Thus Pollux and wide-wandering Hercules
With patient striving reached the starry skies ;
Augustus with them at the banquet lies,
His lips with nectar purpled — at his ease.

The meed deserving, father Bacchus, thus
The untamed tigers bore thee to the stars,
Wearing the yoke ; and thus the steeds of Mars
From Acherontine realms bore Romulus :

What time the gods, in council met, applaud
The words of Juno heard so gratefully ;
“ Troy ! Troy ! to chaste Minerva and to me
Doomed — from the time Laomedon by fraud

“ Kept from the builder, Gods their just reward ;
Her towers have fallen and crumbled in the dust ;
By a strange woman and false empire’s lust
Doomed — with her faithless race and faithless lord.

“ Superb, the treacherous guest no longer shines
For the Laccœnian adulteress,
Nor does the perjured house of Priam press,
With Hector’s might, the gallant Argive lines.

“ The war has ceased our discords made so long, —
My anger with it ; I will now restore
My grandson, whom our Trojan priestess bore,
To Mars, unmindful of my hate and wrong.

- “ Him will I welcome to these bright retreats,
To our serene, celestial fellowship ;
With us shall he nectarean juices sip,
Enrolled among the ranks that fill these seats.
- “ While between Ilion and Rome the waves
Shall rage athwart the wide dividing main,
Where it may please them let the exiles reign ;
And while on Paris’ and on Priam’s graves
- “ Herds leap and graze at will, and wild beasts breed
Their cubs unharmed, the Capitol shall stand
Refulgent, — Rome, proud queen of every land,
Impose her edicts on the vanquished Mede.
- “ Her name shall be a terror far and wide
To earth’s remotest bounds — from Calpe’s Strait
To fields Nile’s swelling waters irrigate,
Through continents estranging seas divide :
- “ Stronger when leaving gold within the mine,
There better placed, — despised and so unsought,
Than gathering gold for human uses wrought,
With right hand plundering everything divine.

“ Whither the limits of the world attain,
Her arms shall reach, and Rome exult to see
Lands where the solar fires hold revelry,
And lands where clouds prevail, and mists and rain.

“ All earth shall own the Roman’s warlike powers,
This law unbroke — that no ancestral pride,
No filial love, whatever may betide,
Shall reconstruct Troy’s tenements and towers.

“ Renascent Troy shall see the deadly strife
Renewed, and with a mournful augury ;
While the victorious bands against her I
Myself will lead, Jove’s sister and his wife.

“ If thrice her barren walls should rise again
By Phœbus’ aid, thrice shall they be o’erthrown
By my brave Argives ; thrice the wife bemoan, —
A weeping captive, — son and husband slain.’”

But strain like this no sportive lyre beseems ;
Whither dost tend, rash Muse? Prithee, cut short
The attempt Olympian speeches to report,
Nor by light measures lessen mighty themes.

IV. TO CALLIOPE

Descende cælo et dic age tibia

DESCEND from heaven and a long lay inspire,
My queen, Calliope — whether thy choice
Be for the pipe with a clear ringing voice,
Or thou prefer the chords of Phœbus' lyre.

Hear you? or does a charming phantasy
Delude me? for I seem to hear — and stray
Through sacred groves where genial breezes play,
And running waters murmur pleasantly.

When lost on Vultur, the Apulian steep,
Wandering beyond my own Apulia,
The doves brought leaves to screen me where I lay —
Thus ran the legend — wearied and asleep.

It was a marvel all the country round ;
In Bantine meadows, in the little nest
Among the rocks on Acherontia's crest,
And in Forentum's fertile lower ground :

That I should slumber sweetly in the wild,
'Mid bears and vipers, and escape unharmed,
My life by laurels and by myrtles charmed —
The fearless boy a God-protected child.

Yours, Muses, yours ! now and forevermore ;
Whether I dwell on cool Præneste's peak,
Or Sabine hills, or Tibur's valley seek,
Or the bright atmosphere of Baiæ's shore.

Friend to your founts and choirs, and you to me !
For me was stemmed Philippi's adverse tide,
The accursed tree's fell blow was turned aside,
And my bark saved on the Sicilian sea.

While you are with me, as a mariner
I will defy the stormy Bosphorus' wrath,
Nor shall the many perils of the path
My steps from Syria's burning sands deter :

Inviolatè, I will see the Scythian river ;
Britons, with strangers famed for savage deeds ;
Concanians revelling in the blood of steeds ;
And the Gelonian with his well-filled quiver.

What pleasures you to lofty Cæsar yield,
When, his tired cohorts cantoned in the towns,
Repose in your Pierian grotto crowns
His toils and triumphs in the battlefield !

You gentle counsels give, and in the gift
Rejoice. We know the impious revolt
Of the huge Titans, and the thunderbolt
That on the embattled host fell sure and swift ;

Hurled by the hand of Him whom all obey —
Who o'er the stable earth and stormy sea,
And cities, and the realms of misery,
Rules gods and mortals with impartial sway.

When the young giants in rebellion strove,
In brute force trusting, and with fury wild,
On Pelion's height, leaf-clad Olympus piled,
Great was the horror it inspired in Jove.

But what could threats and violence avail,
When Rhætus, Mimas, all the savage crew,
Enceladus, who trees uprooted threw,
Frightful Porphyrion and Typhoëus quail —

Rushing against Minerva's sounding shield ;
Here Vulcan stood, impatient for the fray,
The matron Juno here, while Patara
And Delos sent Apollo to the field :

Whose bow is on his shoulders ever laid,
Who bathes his flowing locks in crystal dew
Of Castaly, who Lycia's thickets haunts, — and who
Finds home and altar in his native glade.

Force lacking wisdom falls by its own weight ;
Force tempered by refinement Gods approve,
And lift to lofty heights ; forces that move
Men's minds to deeds of wickedness they hate.

How true this precept is let Gyas tell,
The hundred-handed ; and Orion too,
Who dared the maiden huntress to pursue,
And pierced by Dian's virgin arrow fell.

Earth mourns the monsters prisoned in her caves,
And grieves for offspring to wan Orcus sent
By lightning ; nor is flaming Ætna rent
By the swift fire that underneath them raves.

The heart of Tityos still the vulture tears,
His lust chastising, warden of his pains ;
And the dire burden of three hundred chains
The libertine Pirithöus ever bears.

V. REGULUS

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem

WE hear Jove thundering and believe he reigns
In heaven ; on earth a present deity
Shall our imperial Augustus be —
Britain and Parthia widening his domains.

Have Crassus' soldiers truckled to their fate ?
Can Marsians and Apulians lead base lives,
Slaves to the sires of their Barbarian wives —
(Alas, the inverted morals of the State !)

And under Parthian tyrants make a home,
Their name, their robe, the sacred shields forget
And Vesta's shrine, whose fires are burning yet,
Jove's temple still the Capitol of Rome ?

Wisely the mind of Regulus foresaw,
 Rejecting base conditions, that the State
 Would only rear a race degenerate,
And ruin on the coming ages draw —

Unless our captive youth unpitied die.
 “I saw,” he said, “the Roman ensign hung
 In Punic temples ; saw the weapons wrung
In bloodless battle from our soldiery,

“ And Roman citizens with elbows bound
 Behind their backs ; while so secure our foes,
 Wide-open city gates they scorn to close,
The fields our arms laid waste with harvests crowned !

“ Ransomed by gold, forsooth, he will come back
 A braver soldier ! You but add a cost
 To shame. The fleece that has its color lost
Dyed red, its pristine white will ever lack :

“ In hearts of men degraded, to restore
 Her former state true Valor does not care.
 If the hind fights when rescued from the snare
That man will be more daring than before

“ Who trusts to a perfidious enemy ;
Will crush in other conflicts Punic bands
Who once has felt their shackles on his hands,
And with a craven’s instinct feared to die !

“ This man, not knowing where true safety lies,
Has mingled peace with war, and ours the shame !
O mighty Carthage, loftier in thy fame
On Italy’s dishonor thus to rise.”

Shrinking, they say, from his chaste wife’s embrace,
And from his little children, — like a slave,
Stripped of all civil rights, with aspect grave,
He fastened on the ground his manly face ;

Until the wavering Fathers of the State
Yield to advice man never gave before ;
When, girt by friends who their great loss deplore,
The illustrious exile hastens to his fate.

Of the sad sequel he had nought to learn,
The awaiting torture and the savage doom, —
Yet gently and with steady step made room,
Through the dense throng obstructing his return, —

Not otherwise than he would wend his way,
 Seeing some client's tedious business close,
 On his Campanian farm to seek repose,
Or in his villa on Tarentum's bay.

VI. TO THE ROMANS

Delicta majorum immeritus lues

SINS of the fathers thou must expiate —
Till, Roman, thou restore the crumbling fanes
And images begrimed with smoke and stains,
And all the sacred places of the State.

The Gods all things originate and end ;
To reverence of them thou owest thy sway ;
Thou rulest through the Gods thou dost obey ;
The Gods neglected countless evils send.

The bands of Pacorus and Monæses twice
Have bravely our ill-omened onsets crushed,
And added, with their gainful victories flushed,
Rich booty to their collars of small price.

Of Rome how imminent the overthrow !
By feud and faction torn, and doomed to meet
The double terrors of the Æthiop fleet,
And arrows hurtling from the Dacian bow.

Fertile in crime, the age dishonored first
The vows of marriage, homes, and families, —
Exhaustless spring of all calamities
Which on the people and the country burst.

To wanton measures in the Ionian dance
The ripened virgin dearly loves to whirl,
Expert in amorous arts ; the budding girl
On stripling sweethearts casts no furtive glance.

Ere long she flirts with many a younger spark
At her lord's table, while he quaffs his wine, —
And recks not whether choice or chance assign
To whom she gives her kisses in the dark ;

But with her conscious husband's eye upon her,
Rises obedient to the broker's beck
Or the rich captain of some Spanish deck,
Who brings the costly wage of their dishonor.

Not from such parents sprung, mother or sire,
The youth that great Antiochus withstood,
Smote Pyrrhus, stained the sea with Punic blood,
And sealed the fate of Hannibal the dire.

But a brave race and virtuous filled the land,
Husbandmen-soldiers, taught to till the soil
With Sabine plough, and used to manly toil ;
Obedient to a mother's stern command

They bring their fagots home, their work not done,
When mountain shadows lengthen toward the East,
And wearied oxen from the yoke released
Browse in the quiet of the setting sun.

Its course the world from base to baser runs,
Our fathers' worse than their ancestral times ;
Our own polluted by still greater crimes —
To be eclipsed in baseness by our sons'.

VII. TO ASTERIE

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi

WHY weep, Asterie, for the youth
Whom the white Zephyrs will restore
In spring — thy Gyges — fast in truth,
With riches from the Pontic shore ?

Wind-driven, when the starry lights
Of Capra, storm-invoking, shone ;
In Oricum, the frigid nights
He passes, sleepless and alone.

All arts his teasing hostess tries ;
A cunning messenger is sent,
To say how wretched Chloë sighs,
And capture him by blandishment.

He tells what came in older times
From slight of a perfidious wife ;
How Prætus' faith in fabled crimes
Cost cold Bellerophon his life.

He tells how nearly blood was spilt,
When Peleus shunned Hippolyte ;
With lessons of historic guilt,
That teach such things again may be.

In vain. To voices such as these,
He 's deaf as Icarus' rocks. But thou! —
Beware — lest Enipæus please
More than behoves a neighbor now :

Though none with equal mastery
His courser through the Campus guides ;
Nor any swimmer swift as he
May wrestle with the Tuscan tides.

Thine house at evening twilight close ;
Nor stir abroad ; nor heed the strain,
With music mixed, that sings his woes ;
He calls thee prude, — a prude remain !

VIII. TO MÆCENAS

Martiis cælebs quid agam Kalendis

YOU wonder what it means, a bachelor
Should keep the Matron's feast day, — and
inquire

What all these censers and these flowers are for, —
This incense, this turf altar, and its fire, —

You, with all lore of either language filled !
I vowed the day to Bacchus to devote,
(When by the falling tree so nearly killed)
And spread a feast for him and slay a goat.

In each recurring year, this festal day
The pitch from the astricted cork shall strip,
And pierce a cask, in garret stowed away
To drink the smoke, in Tullus' consulship.

A hundred cups, Mæcenas, for your friend,
 Drink to his safety. With the morning light,
The lamps still burning, shall our session end ;
 Far hence all anger and all noise to-night.

Touching the State dismiss all anxious care ;
 Slain are the troops of Dacian Cotiso ;
In civil broils the Parthians prepare
 To bring upon themselves a weight of woe ;

Now the Cantabrian of the Spanish coast,
 Our ancient foe, the first time wears our chains ;
And now with bow unstrung the Scythian host
 Retreating lingers on the harried plains.

You for the public weal need have no fear,
 So do not worry with your own affairs ;
Enjoy the pleasures that await you here
 And for the present hour take leave of cares.

IX. AN AMŒBEAN ODE

Donec gratus eram tibi

HORACE

IN old times when thou gav'st me thy heart with
thy charms,
And none other encircled thy waist with his arms,
When the whitest of necks on my bosom reclined,
There never was kingdom so much to my mind.

LYDIA

When thy heart was on fire with no other she,
And Chloë the charmer was nowhere to me,
Then Lydia was happy, and Lydia's fame
In its lustre eclipsed Roman Ilia's name.

HORACE

It is true, Thracian Chloë I fondly admire,
She is versed in sweet measures and skilled on the lyre,
My life any moment I gladly would give,
Might the fates only suffer her spirit to live.

LYDIA

Son of Ornytus, Calais, worthy his sire,
And his Lydia burn with a mutual fire ;
 Oh, had I two lives I would give them with joy,
 So the fates spare the life of my Thurian boy.

HORACE

But what if our old love should kindle again,
And our lives should be linked in a solider chain ?
 If my golden-haired Chloë were shown to the door,
 And the cast-away Lydia queen as before ?

LYDIA

Though he were more beauteous and bright than a
 star,
Thou light as a cork, even lighter by far,
 Wert thou stormy and false as the waves of the sea,
 With thee I would live, I would perish with thee.

X. TO LYCE

Extremum Tanain si biberes, Lyce

WERE you born of the Danube's cold waters to
drink,
As the barbarous wife of a Scythian boor,
In this Norther you 'd not be so cruel, I think,
As to leave me stretched out on the sill of your door.

How the gate creaks and slams as it swings to and
fro ;
You hear the winds whistle and roar through the
trees ;
They shake the fine houses, and even the snow
In the crisp air of night is beginning to freeze.

Pride, hateful to Venus, you 'd better suppress ;
When the rope breaks, the wheel will its circuit re-
trace ;
A Tuscan will never her suitor distress, —
No Penelope ever was born of your race.

But if neither gifts nor entreaties prevail,
And in spite of them all you will cruel remain,
If the cheeks of your lovers grow lividly pale,
And the singing girl meshes your husband in vain,

Spare your suppliants, Lyce ; come down in your pride,
Be less hard than the oak and less cold than the
snake ;
Time will come, I 'll not patiently lie on my side
On the sill in the hail and the rain for your sake.

XI. TO MERCURY

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro

O MERCURY, who taught so well
Amphion to move stones with song, —
And thou, O seven-stringèd shell,
The echoes of whose strains so long

Were mute and joyless, but which now
At fanes and rich men's feasts we hear ; —
In aptest measures tell me how
To reach obdurate Lyde's ear.

She, like a filly young and free
Frisking and leaping in the fields,
Fearing a touch — her liberty
Neither to spouse nor lover yields.

Tigers and trees thy voice obey,
And rapid rivers, at thy call
Entranced and calmed, their course delay ;
Fierce Cerberus, guardian of the Hall, —

Tho' on his three-tongued head are wreaths
Of hissing snakes, and from his throat
Foul venom issues as he breathes, —
Was quelled by thy melodious note.

Even Tityos and Ixion smiled
Against their will ; dry stands the urn
Of Danaus' daughters, while beguiled
By song, from their hard toil they turn.

Let Lyde hear their crime, — their fate
A sieve-like water-jar to fill ;
Day after day they work and wait —
In vain — the jar is empty still.

Thus sinners meet their doom in hell.
Could any deed be more abhorred !
More impious than words can tell, —
They gave their husbands to the sword !

One only, famed in every age,
Worthy the nuptial torch and vows,
Braving a perjured father's rage,
Was nobly false and saved her spouse.

“ Rise up ! ” she to her husband said,
“ Rise up, lest the long sleep befall, —
From those thou hadst no cause to dread —
Our father and our sisters all,

“ Who, as a lioness her prey,
Each would a victim rend ; but I
Will prove more merciful than they,
Nor shalt thou captured be or die.

“ Me shall a father load with chains,
For mercy to a husband shown ;
An exile to Numidian plains,
His fleet shall carry me alone.

“ Fly while thou canst by land or wave,
While night and Venus favor thee ;
And on my sepulchre engrave
Some tribute to my memory.”

XIII. TO THE FOUNTAIN OF
BANDUSIA

O fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro

○ CRYSTAL Bandusia, fountain of ours,
Worthy of sweet wine and not without flowers,
On thine altar to-morrow
A kid comes to sorrow.

Buds of young horns on his forehead are swelling,
Proudly of love and love's battles foretelling,
But his hopes are all vain,
Thee his red blood shall stain.

No rage of the dogstar thy freshness invades,
Steers tired of the plough seek repose in thy shades,
Straying flocks at thy brink
Of the cold waters drink.

Famed among fountains thou ever shalt be,
While with oaks overhanging ennobled by me
 Thou shalt prattle and leap
 Down the rocks to the deep.

XIV. TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE

Herculis ritu modo dictus, O plebs

PEOPLE of Rome — it is not many days
Since you were saying “Cæsar buys in Spain
Glory with death.” Now he comes home again
Like Hercules, a conqueror crowned with bays.

Let his wife joyous in her peerless spouse,
His sister proud of the illustrious chief,
And matrons grateful for their sons' relief,
With supplicants' fillets decorate their brows,

And thanks and homage in the temples pay
To the just Gods ; and new-wed maids and boys
Follow with reverence, hushed all idle noise,
As in their train you tread the Sacred Way.

This day — indeed a festal day to me —
Shall banish cares : I have no fear for life
From foreign warfare or domestic strife,
While Cæsar reigns supreme by land and sea.

Go, boy, and wreaths and perfumes bring to us
And wine, that recollects the Marsian war, —
If it so happen that a single jar
Escaped the raid of roving Spartacus :

And bid sweet-voiced Neæra not delay
Her perfumed tresses in a knot to tie, —
And if the surly janitor deny
His mistress, wrangle not but come away.

This might have angered me in my hot years
When Plancus was our consul, not to-day ;
For passions slacken as our locks grow gray,
And in love's tiffs and frays no fire appears.

XVI. TO MÆCENAS

Inclusam Danaën turris æenea

IMPRISONED Danaë the brazen tower,
Its massive oaken doors, the watch-dog's bark,
Might have protected from the roving spark
Who scales Love's ramparts at the midnight hour,

If Jove and Venus had not laughed at old
Acrisius, of his maiden charge in fear ;
Full well they knew the way was safe and clear
For any god transmuted into gold.

Gold glides through pliant files of sentinels,
Gold loves to cleave and crush the solid rock ;
More potent than the riving thunder shock,
The Argive Augur's hapless house it fells.

Philip, the subtle man of Macedon,
Opened by bribes strong cities' hostile gates,
And undermined the kings of rival States ;
By bribes rough captains of the sea are won.

Increasing heaps of gold Care sits beside,
Hungering for greater. I, with reason, dread
Above the crowd to lift my modest head,
Like thee, Mæcenas ! of our knights the pride.

The more we mortals to ourselves deny,
The more the Gods bestow. The little band
Who covet naught, I join with empty hand,
And from the rich a glad deserter fly.

Nobler by far my mean estate I hold,
Than had I hoarded from her fertile fields
In my own granaries all Apulia yields,
And lived a pauper with uncounted gold.

The brook that skirts my meadow, and my few
Acres of wood, the crops my farm affords,
Give me more sweet contentment than the lords
Of Libya's richest province ever knew.

Happier my lot ! though no Calabrian bees
Their honey hive for me ; no fleeces fine
Grow thick in Gallic pastures ; and no wine
Mellows in well-sealed jars on Formian lees.

My home knows naught of sordid poverty,
And had I need of more, more you would give ;
By narrowing my desires, I better live
On my revenues, scanty though they be,

Than if o'er one continuous stretch of land
Lydian and Phrygian kingdoms owned my sway.
They who crave much, much lack ; the blest are
they
To whom God gives enough with sparing hand.

XVII. TO LAMIA

Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo

ÆLIUS of ancient Lamus' noble race, —
(Root of the famous genealogic tree
Whose branches spread so in our history,
To which all Lamias their lineage trace ;

From that original no doubt you spring, —
Lamus who built the walls of Formia,
And, where the waves of Liris wash away
Marica's banks, reigned far and wide the king :)

To-morrow's Eastern storm, of many leaves
Shall strip the grove, and worthless sea-weed strow
On barren shores — unless the long-lived crow
With augury of coming rain deceives :

Get the dry wood together while you may ;
Your guardian Genius care for with good wine
To-morrow, and a tender two-month swine, —
And with the servants make a holiday.

XVIII. TO FAUNUS

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator

FAUNUS ! of whom the nymphs are shy,
And from thy rude caresses fly,
Tread lightly thou my sunny fields,
And spare the nurslings nature yields.

As every year its round fills up
I slay a kid, and fill the cup
To VENUS and her friend with wine,
While incense smokes thy ancient shrine.

When comes thine own December day
The flocks in grassy meadows play ;
And oxen from the yoke released
Share with the villagers thy feast.

The vagrant wolf lambs fearless see,
The wood its foliage sheds for thee ;
And dancing peasants love to beat
The earth they hate with rhythmic feet.

XIX. TO TELEPHUS

Quantum distet ab Inacho

FROM Inachus how many years have rolled by,
To Codrus who dared for his country to die,
Of Æacus' race, and the heroes who fell
In the battles they fought about Ilium, — you tell :

But as to the price of a prime Chian wine,
Or who will afford us a house where to dine,
Who will temper our bath, and at what time of day,
And how to keep warm, — you have nothing to say.

To the new Moon, and quickly to Midnight a cup,
And a bumper to Augur Murena fill up ;
Mix, each to his liking, the water and wine,
And pour in the goblets three measures or nine.

Thrice three for the uneven tale of the Muses
The bard who is fond of them never refuses,
 But the Grace and her sisters, undraped though
 they be,
For fear of a quarrel forbid more than three.

We are in for a frolic shall last the whole night,
Now and then to be mad is to me a delight ;
 The pipe of Cybele, O, why is it mute ?
 And why hang in silence the lyre and flute ?

Niggard hearts I detest, — scatter roses, my boys,
Sing and shout till old Lycus shall envy our noise ;
 And the neighbor he covets for better or worse ;—
 It is not a sweetheart he needs, but a nurse.

Thee, Telephus, bright with thy thick flowing hair,
Who well may with Vesper in beauty compare, —
 Thee, Rhode, a maid ripe and rosy, admires, —
 While I am consumed by my Glycera's fires.

XXIII. TO PHIDYLE

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus

THY palms to heaven in prayer and praise,
Lift up, my rustic Phidyle,
With every new moon's earliest rays ;
And, humble though thine offering be
Of first fruits or a greedy swine
Or incense on thy Lares' shrine,

No pestilential Afric gust
Shall blight the harvest of thy fields ;
No mistral blast, no mildew rust
The clusters that thy vineyard yields ;
Nor need thy tender nurslings fear
The deadly Autumn of the year.

On Algidus, 'mid oaks and holms,
Or browsing Alba's grassy plain,

The peaceful herd unconscious roams,
Whose blood the pontiff's axe shall stain ;
For due oblations of the State
A people's crimes must expiate.

The sacred temple's public shrine
Demands a slaughtered hecatomb,
But such is not for thee or thine ;
The little gods that guard thy home
Desire no costlier gifts from thee
Than myrtle wreaths and rosemary.

No ! let thy hand the altar touch,
Empty of gifts, unstained by guilt, —
A grateful heart avails as much
As if a victim's blood were spilt ;
Thou with the Gods thy peace shalt make
With crackling salt and pious cake.

XXIV. CUPIDITY

Intactis opulentior

WITH larger wealth endowed
Than virgin India or rich Araby,
Though thy foundations crowd
Alike the Tuscan and Apulian sea ;

If in thy roof-tree Fate,
Ruthless, has driven her adamantine nails,
Thy head to extricate
From fears or snares of Death no gold avails.

The Scythians live better,
Who carry round their homesteads in their carts ;
No formal customs fetter
The hardy Getæ, no corrupting arts.

But for a single summer
They till their acres, without metes or bounds,
 Permitting the new-comer
To crop his corn and fruits on the same grounds ;

The blameless matron cares
For her step-children with a mother's love ;
 The dowered wife forbears
To trust a lover, or her lord reprove.

That dower, her sole estate,
Is the ancestral virtue, Chastity,
 Ever inviolate ;
A fault is sin ; sin's wages is to die.

Oh ! who will make his aim,
By quelling impious feuds and civic rage,
 To carve the deathless name
Of Father of his Country on the age ?

Wild license dare to tame,
Dear to posterity ! Alas, our crime !
 To envy living fame,
And praise the virtues of an elder time,

What boots it to complain
If cunning crime escapes its due requital ?
And human laws, how vain !
Without the morals that must make them vital, —

If men for gainful trade
Pursue its quest where tropic fervors glow,
Or Borean realms invade,
And regions stiff with ice and white with snow, —

Or stormy seas cut through,
To shun the great disgrace of poverty, —
And all things bear and do —
Deserting Virtue's path that leads on high.

If we our sins deplore, —
Or let us hurry to the Capitol
With all our precious store
(While clamoring crowds the sacrifice extol)

Gems, stones, and useless gold ;
Or let us throw them in the nearest sea, —
For justly do we hold
Our rankest evil base cupidity.

Youth's tender minds have need
Of sterner studies ; our enervate race
 No longer sit the steed
Or love the manly pleasures of the chase.

But, more expertly, they
Troll the Greek hoop, and with unlawful dice
 At games of hazard play ;
The sire, meanwhile, by fraudulent device

Robs co-heir, partner, friend,
For an unworthy son to swell his store ;
 But avarice in the end
Can only find enough — in something more.

XXVI. TO VENUS

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus

I LIVED for the girls and was true to their charms,
And I battled it not without glory ;
But discharged from the war with my lute and my
arms,
This wall here shall rubric my story :

It guards the left side of the Venus who rose
From the sea, so enchantingly gracious :
Here hang up your torches and crowbars and bows
To the doors shut against them minacious.

Holding Memphis the snowless and Cyprus thine isle,
Venus, goddess, accept the oblation ;
The most leal of thy subjects, queen, give me thy
smile, —
And proud Chloë — a slight flagellation.

XXVII. TO GALATEA

Impios parræ recinentis omen

ILL-OMENED, let a tawny fox,
A bitch with whelps, a screeching jay,
Or gray wolf from Lanuvian rocks,
Lead wicked travellers on their way.

And if they make a lucky start
With happy omens, — may a snake
Athwart the road like arrow dart,
And frightened nags the journey break.

A watchful augur, I, at least
When my friend's safety wakes my fears;
Invoke the raven from the East
Ere the storm-boding bird appears.

May neither woodpecker nor crow
Bode, Galatea, harm to thee ;
Be happy, wheresoe'er thou go,
And while thou live, remember me.

Behold in what a boisterous blow
Orion sinks. The Hadrian bay
When black with clouds too well I know,
And how the white West winds betray.

Let wives and sons of enemies
Thrill with the rising South-wind's roar,
When seas reflect the darkened skies
And surges lash the trembling shore.

Europa brave, her snow-white form
Entrusted to the faithless bull,
Grew pale at the impending storm
And the deep sea of monsters full.

She who in meadows found delight
And wove for Nymphs the votive wreath,
Saw nought, when fell the dusky night,
But stars above and waves beneath.

But when she reached the Cretan shore
Whose hundred towns its power proclaim,
“Father,” she cried, “O mine no more !
Lost is the daughter’s pious fame !

“ Whence, where come I ? For virgins’ shame
One death is light. Do I lament
A real crime ? or, free from blame,
Am I the dupe of visions sent

“ Through dreamland’s gate of ivory ? —
And better wer’t to pass long hours
In tedious traverse of the sea
Than in the meadows culling flowers ?

“ Let me but once behold again
That monster, late to me so dear,
No mercy shall my hand restrain, —
I’ll smite him with the sword and spear.

“ Shameless my father’s roof I fly,
Shameless I still my death delay ; —
O that some God would grant that I
Might naked among lions stray !

“ Before the blood deserts my cheek
And flesh and color fall away,
With all my beauty left, I seek
To be the tigers’ dainty prey.

“ I hear my absent father’s voice : —
‘ Why, vile Europa, shrink from death ?
Hang from yon ash if that ’s thy choice,
Thy girdle soon will stop thy breath.

“ ‘ Or if thou fancy death at sea,
Sharp reefs and rocks the billows stud ;
To the swift storm abandon thee
Unless, though born of royal blood,

“ ‘ Thou choose for some barbaric dame
To toil and spin.’ ” — With jesting tongue
And artful smile then Venus came
And Cupid with his bow unstrung.

When she had jeered enough, “ Abstain,”
She said, “ from all this ire and hate.
The odious bull will come again, —
If thou his horns wouldst lacerate !

“ Know that of Jove Supreme thou 'rt wife : —
Cease then thy sobs ; a splendid fame,
If well thou bear it, crowns thy life :
One half the world shall bear thy name.”

XXIX. TO MÆCENAS

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi

OF Tuscan kings the progeny,
An unbroached cask of mellow wine,
Mæcenas, I've reserved for thee,
With roses round thy brow to twine,
And from the balsam pressed with care
The choicest perfumes for thy hair —

All ready. Come without delay,
Nor always muse in waking dreams
Over the slopes of Æsula,
And Tibur with its many streams,
And cliffs where memories still abide
Of Telegon the parricide.

Fly from the affluence that palls
With its fastidious luxury ;

Thy palace with the lofty walls
That cleave the clouds and near the sky, —
Escaping in my humble home
The smoke and wealth and noise of Rome.

Changes are grateful to the rich,
And oftentimes a neat repast
Is spread at poor men's tables which
By lavish wealth is unsurpassed.
Feasts without purple hangings there
Have smoothed the ruffled brow of care.

The father of Andromeda
Reveals his lately hidden fire ;
Now Procyon sheds a fiercer ray,
Precursor of the dog-star's ire —
And with the rampant Lion's blaze
The summer sun brings scorching days.

Now, watchful of his drooping flock,
The wearied shepherd seeks the shades,
The running stream and sheltering rock
In rough Silvanus' briery glades,
But on the river-bank no air
Invades the silence slumbering there.

But THEE, immersed in state affairs,
Our city's perils overwhelm —
Thy fears the furthest Orient shares,
With Bactra, Cyrus' ancient realm —
And the wild race that bivouacs on
The raided borders of the Don.

The time to come God wisely shrouds
From mortal eyes in darkest night,
And smiles when man would pierce the clouds
And bring His hidden ways to light :
Seek not the future — study how
To make the most and best of Now.

For Life is like the river's tide,
Whose waters now mid-channel keep,
And on a glassy surface glide
Serenely to the Tuscan deep —
But when a raging deluge fills
And overflows the quiet rills —

Houses, uprooted trees, and flocks
Are swept together from the shores, —
Through piles of water-eaten rocks
With clamorous din the torrent roars, —

And echo, from the mountains round
And neighboring woods, repeats the sound.

A happy life that mortal leads
Who, master of himself, can say,
As rolling year to year succeeds,
— Come what come will I've lived to-day :
To-morrow God may fill the sky
With cloud or sunshine — what care I ?

The past He cannot render vain,
Nor aught that once is done undo ;
Nor things imperfect reordain,
Nor things concluded shape anew ;
Nor for a fleeting moment stay
What once the hour has swept away.

Fortune her cruel business plies,
And insolently plays her play ;
Nor caring who may fall or rise, —
Delights to flatter and betray ;
Benignant though at times she be,
To others now, and now to me.

While she remains I praise her ; when
She shakes her wings — no longer mine —
I wrap me in my virtue then,
And all her many gifts resign —
And cast, though dowerless she be,
My lot with honest Poverty.

'T is not my fashion in the sea
Encountering an Afric gale,
With creaking masts, — on bended knee
In abject fear to cower and quail,
And beg, with craven vows and prayers,
My Tyrian and Cyprian wares

May not enrich the greedy brine.
In keeping of my two-oared boat,
On me the Twins serenely shine,
The waves their burden kindly float,
And though the *Ægean* surges roar
Carry me safely to the shore.

XXX. TO MELPOMENE

Exegi monumentum ære perennius

A MONUMENT more durable than brass —
Of height no regal pyramids surpass,
I have achieved a work that will outlast
The waste of waters or the northern blast.
I shall not wholly die, but much of me,
My better part, shall reach posterity.
No flight of seasons shall obscure my name,
But serial ages shall increase my fame.
While to the Capitol, to Time's last day,
Pontiff and vestal tread the sacred way,
It shall be told of one of humble birth,
Now potent with the magnates of the earth, —
Bred where he heard Ofanto's torrent roar,
When Daunus' subjects ploughed its arid shore, —
That he first wed — to him that praise belongs —
Æolian measures to Italian songs.
With guerdon crown desert, Melpomene,
And give the Delphic laurel wreath to me.



BOOK IV

I. TO VENUS

Intermissa, Venus, diu

WARS long suspended why renew?
O spare me, Venus, spare, I pray!
Indeed I 'm not the man that knew
The gentle Cinara's queenly sway.

Mother severe of sweet desires!
Verging on fifty years, I 'm slow
And hard to melt with amorous fires:
Where youth's bland prayers recall thee, — Go!

And if thou seek a fitting heart,
A timely one to kindle thus, —
Hence with thy shining swans depart
And dwell with Paulus Maximus.

For he, a man of noble parts,
His voice in clients' causes tried,
Equipped with countless clever arts,
Shall bear thy standard far and wide.

When, with a victor's scorn, at gold
By a rich rival showered, he smiles, —
A fane with citron roof shall hold
Thy marble form in Alban isles.

There clouds of incense shall ascend, —
And Berecynthian pipe and lute,
That with the songs their music blend,
Shall charm thee, not without the flute.

There to thy honor twice a day
Shall boys and maidens dance a round ;
Their white feet in the Salian way
With triple beat shall shake the ground.

Nor woman's love, nor youth's is mine,
Nor hope a mutual heart to find ;
I joy no more in bouts of wine,
Nor with fresh flowers my temples bind.

But why, alas, my Ligurine,
Steals the rare tear-drop down my cheeks?
Why rise, my broken words between,
 The thoughts that only silence speaks?

I hold you in my midnight dreams ;
Unkind you fly from my embrace
Over the Campus, through the streams,
Swift as a bird, — and still I chase.

II. TO JULIUS ANTONIUS

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari

HE who would walk in Pindar's ways
Strives for a Dædalean fame ;
And on his wings of wax essays
To give some glassy sea a name.

Like mountain stream that swollen by showers
From bank and barrier bursts away,
Sublime and deep, — so Pindar pours
The torrent of his fervid lay.

To him, audacious bard, assign
Apollo's laurel, — whether he
Dashes in dithyrambic line,
Rolling new words in numbers free ;

Or sings of gods and monarchs who
The blood of gods as heroes claim,
Who in just rage the Centaurs slew
And quenched the fell Chimæra's flame ;

Or them the Elean palm uplifts
To feel like gods — the men who vie
In ring or race, and win the gifts
A hundred statues would not buy ;

Or to the stars exalts some youth,
Snatched from a weeping bride away,
Whose strength and sense and golden truth
Shall live forever in his lay.

The Theban swan affects the sky,
And, wafted on the swelling breeze,
Soars through the clouds — but, Antony,
Like one of Mount Matina's bees

That roams in patient quest of flowers
Tibur's moist banks and groves along,
So I consume laborious hours
In fashioning my little song.

But you shall strike with larger quill
The lyre that sounds with Cæsar's praise,
When he ascends the sacred hill,
Sygambria's victor, crowned with bays :

No better, greater gift, have Fate
And the good Gods bestowed on earth
Nor will, though they should re-create
The times that saw its golden birth.

And you shall sing, in lofty strain,
Of festive days and public sports
For brave Augustus come again —
Of crowded streets and empty Courts.

With you I then will lift my voice —
Should words worth hearing come from me ;
In Cæsar's welcome all rejoice ;
O radiant Sun ! All praise to thee !

And as we follow in your train,
Io Triumphe ! we will sing ;
Again we 'll sing it and again,
And to kind Gods our incense bring.

Ten bullocks and as many cows
For you must on the altar bleed ;
A little calf will pay my vows,
That frisks new-weaned upon the mead ;

The crescent that adorns his head
Like the moon's third-day fires is bright ;
His color is a tawny red,
But where he's marked the spots are white.

III. TO MELPOMENE

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel

WHEN once Melpomene has smiled
Upon the cradle of a child,
He never will aspire to fame
As victor in an Isthmian game,
Nor look for glory in the lists
With the illustrious pugilists,
Nor to the goal his coursers steer, —
A bold and skilful charioteer ;
For him no martial exploit weaves
A crown of Delian laurel leaves,
Nor to his arms a triumph brings
For having quelled the rage of kings ;
But streams that fertile Tibur lave,
And groves that verdant tresses wave,
Shall with their scenic charms inspire
A master of the Æolian lyre.
For Rome, the queen of cities, deigns
To read and praise my lyric strains,

And none with jealous eye regards
 My place of honor with the bards.
And thou, O Muse, who rulest well
 The sweet sounds of the golden shell,
And to mute fishes of the sea
 Canst give the cygnet's melody,
To thee alone is due that I
 Am marked of all the passers-by
As minstrel of the Roman lyre, —
 Thy gifts alone my song inspire ;
And if I please, the praise is thine,
 Sweet lyrist of the sacred Nine.

IV. DRUSUS

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem

LIKE a young eagle on the wing,
Armed with the thunderbolt of Jove,
Made by the King of Gods the king
Of all the feathered tribes that rove
The air, — his guerdon, as we read,
For capturing fair Ganymede, —

First, youth and native energy
To untried labors fire his breast, —
We see the tender fledgling try
A flight from the maternal nest ;
Next, vernal winds and cloudless days
Invite him to more bold essays ;

And yet a while, and grown more bold,
Abroad by hostile impulse sent,

He swoops upon the shepherd fold ;
But now, on feast and fight intent,
He seizes serpents in their lair,
And wrestles with them in the air :

Thus Drusus waging war, they saw, —
The mountaineer Vindelici, —
In Rhætian Alps (but whence they draw
The custom immemorially
Of carrying in their attacks
The Amazonian battle-axe

On their right arms, I 'll not enquire, —
For all things one ought not to know):
But when by youth's address and fire
The conquerors of long ago
Are beaten in their turn, and feel
The force of his victorious steel, —

Thus bravely overthrown they find
What nurture adds to nature's gifts ;
That discipline, of heart and mind
Alike, to nobler manhood lifts ;
And heights to which the Neros grow
The training of Augustus show.

Brave men to gallant sires succeed ;
From good men are created good ;
Lives in the steer and in the steed
The virtue of ancestral blood ;
Nor do ferocious eagles mate,
Unwarlike doves to generate.

Instruction a new force imparts
To faculties inherited,
And, well directed, strengthens hearts
In virtue's ways and valor's bred ;
But when bad morals bring bad fame,
Good birth but aggravates the shame.

What thou, Rome, dost the Neros owe,
The banks of the Metaurus tell, —
Where they first quelled the invading foe,
And Hasdrubal defeated fell ;
The sunlight of that brilliant day
Drove our Italian clouds away.

That smiling dawn of glory ! when
We first were victors, since in wrath
The African with mounted men
Through Latium ploughed his bloody path,

As flame flies thro' pine forest trees
And east winds sweep Sicilian seas.

Thenceforth in deeds of high emprise
The Roman youth have wrought and grown
In strength; restored, the temples rise,
In Punic tumults overthrown, —
And statues of the Gods again
Adorn the desecrated fane.

Then Hannibal, the faithless, said:
“Deer, of rapacious wolves the prey,
We follow when we should have fled, —
For do the best that do we may,
The greatest triumph we can know
Is to elude — escape our foe.

“Brave nation, that when Troy was burned,
And in the ashes all seemed lost,
To other lands their faces turned,
And, on the Tuscan billows tost,
Sons, aged sires, and Lares bore
To cities of the Ausonian shore.

“ A race that, — like the black-leaved oak,
The growth of fertile Algidus,
Shorn by the two-edged axe’s stroke, —
With a new strength repairs its loss ;
In slaughter and defeat they feel
New courage bounding from the steel.

“ A prodigy ! and none so great
Since Hercules the Hydra slew
When, as he lopped the monster’s head,
Straight from the wound another grew ;
Or Jason’s feat, or Cadmus’ when
From dragon’s teeth sprang armèd men.

“ Plunge it in depths profound, — it will
Again with greater beauty rise ;
Fight it, — and gloriously still
The unscathed victor it defies,
And hostile legions puts to rout —
In battles wives will talk about.

“ Couriers to Carthage, proud to spread
News of my triumphs, I again
Shall never send, — for Fortune fled
Our camp when Hasdrubal was slain ;

Perished ! the glories of our name, —
Perished ! all hope of future fame.”

There 's nothing mortal that withstands
The prowess of the Claudian race,
For Jove himself upholds their hands
And clothes them with benignant grace,
While they, by care and counsel wise,
Above war's pangs and perils rise.

VI. TO APOLLO

Dive, quem proles Niobea magnæ

GOD! whose stern might to avenge a scornful
boast
Slew Niobe's children, giant Tityus felled,
And Troy's assailant, almost conqueror, quelled —
Phthian Achilles — of the Grecian host

Greatest of all — yet not of thee the peer, —
Although, the son of ocean Thetis, he,
Expert in arms alike by land and sea,
Shook Dardan walls with his terrific spear.

As cypress torn up by an Eastern storm,
Or pine-tree by the biting steel laid low,
Falls, far and wide its branches, even so
Fell prone in Teucric dust his mighty form.

He would not by an impious stratagem,
When Trojans took an ill-starred holiday
And Priam's halls with song and dance were gay,
Enter the walls of Troy to capture them :

But for the captives ;— oh ! the cruel shame ! —
Without one pang of pity he would wreak
Vengeance on boys unable yet to speak,
And burn the babe unborn in Grecian flame, —

Had not, by genial Venus' prayer and thine,
Jove vowed Æneas' fortune to restore,
That he might build upon another shore
Walls on which more auspicious stars should shine.

To guard the honor of the Daunian Muse,
O great Apollo, ever young and fair !
Phœbus who bath'st in Xanthus' stream thy hair,
Thalia's teacher, do not thou refuse !

Phœbus in me the art of song inspires,
Phœbus bestows on me the poet's name ! —
Maidens who from the purest lineage came,
And boys the offspring of Patrician sires,

Wards of Diana, goddess of the bow
Wherewith the stags and lynxes she pursues ;—
Preserve the measures of the Lesbian Muse
And of my verse the cadence and the flow, —

Due songs according to Latona's son,
Due songs to her whose crescent splendors light
A fruitful harvest and denote the flight
Of months that in a swift succession run.

Thou, when a wife, shalt say, "I led the choir
Which at the banquet on Centennial Day,
Versed in his measures, sang the sacred lay
The poet Horace wedded to the lyre."

VII. TO TORQUATUS

Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis

THE snows have fled ; new foliage clothes the
woods ;

Again the grasses make the meadows green ;
The seasons change ; and with subsiding floods
The tranquil rivers flow their banks between :

In merry dances dares, unclad, the Grace,
With her twin sisters and the Nymphs, to play.
With no immortal hope beguiles our race
The year, the hour, that steals the genial day.

The Zephyrs melt the cold ; the Summer treads —
Herself too soon to perish — on the Spring ;
His fruits the apple-bearing Autumn sheds ;
And inert Winter shortly rounds the ring.

The seasons' losses the swift moons repair ;
But when we die and go where go we must, —
Æneas, Ancus, powerful Tullus, there,
Shall welcome us : — alas, but shades and dust !

Who knows if Heaven that tenders us To-day
Will to our sum of life To-morrow spare ?
All that with liberal mind you give away
Escapes the greedy clutches of your heir.

When once you join the legions gone before,
And Minos utters his supreme decree,
Nothing, Torquatus, can your life restore, —
Nor birth, nor eloquence, nor piety.

In durance, chaste Hippolytus remains, —
Diana could not free him from the shades ;
To burst asunder dear Pirithous' chains,
Theseus in vain Lethean realms invades.

VIII. TO CENSORINUS

Donarem pateras grataque commodus

VASES and bowls of bronze I would bestow
On friends beloved and cherished, one and all,
And, Censorinus, you must surely know
That not to you my poorest gifts would fall.

I would give freely Grecian tripods, such
As stalwarts won in Pythian games well fought, —
Pictures with hues that show Parrhasius' touch,
Statues of men and gods by Scopas wrought :

Such is my will, and such my way would be
If I were rich in works of art like these ;
You do not lack them, and your mind is free
To find in other arts the power to please.

Songs you delight in. I can give you songs,
And fix the value of the thing I give :
To storied marble no such worth belongs,
In which the spirits of dead leaders live ;

For not the swift retreats of Hannibal, —
His threats flung back, — nor the avenging flame
That wasted Carthage, nor the exploits all
That gained victorious Scipio his name, —

Not these emblazoned such enduring praise,
The meed of worth and valor, as he found
When the Calabrian Muses tuned their lays
And uttered strains of no uncertain sound.

The laurel wreath would wither on your brow
Were deeds unwrit in story ; what to us
Would be the son of Mars and Ilia now
If envious Silence obscured Romulus !

Æacus, rescued from the Stygian wave,
Of virtue and the world's esteem possess,
The tongues of powerful bards avail to save
And place him in the islands of the blest.

The Muse bids live the man deserving praise,
And him in Heaven the muse beatifies ;
Thus Hercules, renowned for toilsome days,
At Jupiter's much-envied banquets lies ;

Thus the twin stars, the sons of Tyndarus,
From the sea's depths snatch vessels tempest-
wrecked ;
The vows of men to good conclusions thus
Bacchus conducts, — his brows with vine-leaves
decked.

IX. TO LOLLIUS

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ

THINK not the words will perish that I sing,
Born where the waters of Ofanto roar ;
Words which, by poet's art unknown before,
Set to the lyre are echoed from its string.

Mæonian Homer holds the upper seat,
But palms to Pindar we do not refuse ;
Nor to the Cean or Alcæic muse,
Nor grave Stesichorus laudation meet.

Nor gay Anacreon's songs of olden days
Has age destroyed ; the words that love inspires
Outlive their utterance ; and still live the fires
Æolian Sappho kindled in her lays.

Helen of Lacedæmon not alone
Has lusted for a paramour's smooth tresses,
Enamored of the gold-inwoven dresses,
The retinue and splendor of a throne.

Troy more than once was vexed ; from bow of Crete
Teucer was not the first his shafts to aim,
Nor Sthenelus the first to conquer fame,
Nor grand Idomeneus by martial feat ;

But the Muse told their story. Not the brave
Deiphobus, and not the fiery Hector,
Of modest wives and children the protector,
Was first with thousand wounds to find a grave.

Of valiant men a countless multitude
Lived before Agamemnon — yet none weep
Their fate ; no sacred bard disturbs their sleep,
And night's long, silent shadows o'er them brood.

Valor unsung, unknown, from obscure sloth
Differs but little ; should I silent be,
Nor on my page the tribute render thee
Due thy deserts, 't were grievous wrong to both.

Thy many labors, Lollivs, for the State
Oblivion must not hide ; thou hast a mind
Wise in affairs, to no excess inclined,
Firm in bad fortune, nor in good elate ;

Stern foe of fraud and avarice, abstaining
With care from that solicitude for pelf
Which seeks to centre all things in itself, —
Not consul one year only, but remaining

At all times consul, while the proffered bribes,
Loyal and true, the magistrate rejects, —
The honest, not the gainful way elects,
And routs, victorious, sin's opposing tribes.

The man of wealth we do not rightly call
A happy man ; much happier he who knows
How to enjoy the good that Heaven bestows,
Accepts its gifts and wisely uses all ;

Endures in patience cruel poverty,
And deems dishonor worse by far than death ;
For friends and country yields his latest breath, —
Living for them, he dares for them to die.

XI. TO PHYLLIS

(WITH VARIATIONS)

Est mihi norum superantis annum

I 'VE a cask in my garret of Alban wine
And the years it has mellowed are more than
 nine ;
With you, my dear Phyllis, this grape-juice I 'd share,
There is plenty for both and a little to spare.

In the same garden plot where my roses are blowing,
Curled parsley and ivy for garlands are growing ;
For nothing can heighten the charms of my fair
When she beams with a simple green wreath in her
 hair.

The house smiles with silver ; a tankard and tray,
With two polished goblets, make quite a display ;
With sprigs of verbena the altar is crowned
And covets the lamb for the sacrifice bound.

All hands are in motion — no end to the noise !
Here and there run the girls and get mixed with the
 boys ;
 From the fire in the kitchen, the sparks how they
 fly !
 While the quivering flames roll the smoke to the
 sky.

The delights of your visit I ask for the Ides,
That midway our sweet-budding April divides ;
 Venus rose on this day from the foam of the sea,
 To make earth Elysium for you, love, and me.

With me this is always a day of festivity,
For the light of it dawned on Mæcenas' nativity ;
 A day that is sacred, all others above,
 To the pleasure and duties of friendship and
 love.

While you run after Telephus, don't you forget
The young dude is, decidedly, not of your set ;
 A girl rich and saucy the darling detains,
 And, believe me, he loves to be hugging his chains.

Singed Phaëton's fate is a sad admonition
To all who indulge a high-flying ambition ;
 And Bellerophon's too — he was scaling the skies,
 When the Pegasus somerset opened his eyes.

Of these ancient fables the moral is plain, —
Never strive for a good you can never attain ;
 Then profit, I pray, by the lesson they teach, —
 That the grapes are all sour when out of your reach.

Come, queen of my sweethearts ! the last of your sex
My heart with the cyclone of passion to vex ;
 Come — come, — to my lyre you shall carol sweet
 airs,
 And with music and song we will drive away cares.

XII. TO VIRGIL

Fam veris comites, quæ mare temperant

SPRING comes with her companions, the gentle
western gales,
And smooths the waves of ocean and swells the idle
sails ;
The meadows now are frostless, and the streams no
longer flow
With the roar and with the burden of the winter's
melting snow.

The nightingale now builds her nest, the melancholy
bird,
And now, lamenting Itys, her plaintive notes are heard ;
Perpetual shame to Cecrops' house — the story that
she sings
Because she cruelly avenged the barbarous lust of
kings.

To fatten on the tender grass, his sheep the shepherd
leads,

And treads his rural measures to the music of his
reeds :

The heart of Pan who loves the flocks, with tran-
quil pleasure fills

When he hears the dulcet music on Arcadia's
shaded hills.

The season makes us thirsty, and, Virgil, if you think
It would not be amiss pure Calenian to drink, —

The client you of noble youths will surely not de-
cline

To picnic with the perfumes if I put up the wine.

A little pearl-like box of nard a buxom cask secures
Which in Sulpician garrets now its precious grace
matures, —

Potent to dress expanding hopes in colors fresh and
fair,

And efficacious to dilute the bitter cup of care !

If such delights you fancy, then answer to my call ;
Come, bring along your merchandise, come quickly if
at all, —

I don't intend to stain my cups unless you pay your
share, —
My house is not the palace of a double millionaire.

Forget awhile pursuit of gain, and lay aside delay,
And, mindful of the funeral fires, be happy while you
may :
'T is sweet at proper time and place to get a little
jolly, —
The very wisest thing in life is wisdom mixed with
folly.

XIV. TO AUGUSTUS

Quæ cura patrum quæve Quiritium

WHAT popular or what patrician care,
By carved inscriptions and memorial pages,
Shall to the nations, through perpetual ages,
Thy name, Augustus, and thy virtues bear ?

Greatest of princes thou, where'er the sun
On habitable regions sheds a ray,
Whom tribes that never knew the Latin sway
Know by late deeds of war so bravely done :

For gallant Drusus, with thy soldiery,
Razed castles on tremendous Alpine heights,
And routed more than once in bloody fights
The Breuni swift and fierce Vindelici ;

While presently the elder Nero wages
War with the savage Rhætian mountaineers,
And with imperial auspices appears
Conspicuous where the hottest battle rages ;

Showing in mortal combats how to quell
Men that would die rather than not be free ;
Victims to their wild love of liberty,
With wounds in front and face to heaven they fell.

And as the south wind tames the unbridled waves,
And clouds are severed in the Pleiads' dances,
Through paths of fire his uncurbed courser prances,
Where harried legions find their countless graves ;

Or like the Aufidus that roaring flows,
Bull-headed, through Apulian Daunus' realms,
And in resistless fury overwhelms
The crop which on its well-tilled border grows :

Thus Claudius in impetuous onset rushed,
The embattled legions cleft, nor lost a man ;
He strewed the field with corpses, rear and van,
And hordes of iron-clad barbarians crushed.

But thou the plans and forces didst provide,
 And thine the favoring gods, for on the day
 Abandoned Alexandria suppliant lay,
 And ports and empty palace opened wide,

Propitious Fortune once more crowned thy arms
 In the third lustrum ; and to thy commands,
 For victories achieved in other lands,
 Awards renewing honors and fresh palms.

Till now untamed Cantabrians honor thee —
 Indians and nomad Scythians and the Medes —
 Whither our standards fly thy fame precedes,
 Guard of Imperial Rome and Italy.

Thee doth the Danube, and mysterious Nile
 That hides its springs, obey ; swift Tigris, thee ; ;
 Thine appanage the monster-bearing sea
 That rages round the Briton's distant isle !

Gallia, that faces death without a fear,
 Iberia, that our arms so long withstood,
 And the Sygambri who delight in blood —
 Their weapons cast aside — thy name revere !

XV. THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui

ON siege and battlefield I mused,
Of martial themes I wished to sing,
But Phœbus chid — my lyre refused
To speak, and mute was every string ;
He bade me furl my little sails,
Nor rashly tempt Tyrrhenian gales.

'T is thine, O Cæsar, to restore
To wasted fields their wealth of corn ;
And standards that we lost of yore, —
From haughty Parthia's columns torn, —
Bring back in triumph to our shrine —
Of Jupiter Capitoline.

Beneath thy sway we live in peace,
The double gates of Janus close,

Outbursts of vagrant license cease,
And all is order and repose ;
Thy hand that stays the people's crimes
Restores the arts of olden times ;

Arts which have spread the Latin name,
Increased the might of Italy,
Founded the empire's matchless fame
And all embracing majesty,
Till they have spanned the earth's extent
From sunset to the Orient.

While we have Cæsar at our head,
Serene custodian of the state,
No civil fury shall we dread,
Nor feuds that cities desolate ;
The rage that fires barbarian hordes
Shall never sharpen Roman swords.

Not they who dwell upon its banks
And the deep Danube's waters drink,
No faithless Parthian's quivered ranks,
No natives of the Tanais' brink,
No tribes about the Larian lake,
The Julian edicts dare to break.

These themes I leave ; the lot be mine
On common and on festal days,
With Bacchus' gifts of flowers and wine
To mingle my congenial lays, —
And while our wives and children share
In offerings of praise and prayer,

We 'll, like our fathers, celebrate, —
In songs that blend with Lydian pipes, —
The men in simple virtues great,
Our captains of the ancient types ;
Anchises, Troy — our themes shall be,
And genial Venus' progeny.



APPENDIX

BOOK I. THE FIRST ODE

THIS is received as the dedication of the first published collection of Horace's Odes; but whether that collection embraced two or three books is undetermined. That this Ode is obviously a prologue, and the last Ode of the second book well adapted for an epilogue, would seem to warrant the conclusion of the scholiasts, that the first two books of Odes were published together before the third. But it is the opinion of modern students that the three first books were published together. And the last Ode of the third book seems, even more than the final Ode of the second book, to form the close of a collection. Bentley's hypothesis that each book was published separately meets with little favor.

[NOTE. — The following article begun by Mr. Sargent, on the reading adopted in line 29 of this Ode, was left incomplete. Notes found among his papers have been arranged and appended to it.]

In translating this first Ode I have adopted the conjecture of 'te' instead of 'me' in the 29th line:—

Te doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis.

All the early manuscripts and all the early editions have 'me.' The 'te' is purely conjectural, without any written authority, resting entirely on the taste and judgment that are used in looking out the true lection. In undertaking to determine the true reading, we inquire first what is the purpose of the Ode. It is a dedication. In the following analysis, using the proposed emendation, there seems to be sequence and congruity:—

Men have divers tastes, and some win the prizes that make of great masters gods, — one in racing, others in politics, speculating, agriculture, commerce, war, hunting. Your taste is for letters in which you have won ivies that entitle you to mix with the celestial gods. I am a poet, and while the muses aid me I am removed from the common crowd and haunt the cool groves with the satyrs and nymphs, the semi-deities. But if you, my patron, who are a competent judge, rank me among the lyric poets, I shall be so proud as to hit the stars with my head.

Here there is no difficulty or confusion. But, in the first place, the old reading makes, as the commentators admit, a repetition of the same idea with variations. And then it makes the dedication a glorification of the writer himself. He loses sight of his patron altogether and bursts out into a rhapsody of self-praise. Is it reasonable to suppose that a devoted friend and a man of sense would be guilty of such *gaucherie*? We have 'me' — 'me' — 'me' — all in the last eight lines. Is it possible that in the conclusion and climax of such an Ode it should be all egotism, — 'me' in the beginning, 'me' in the middle, and 'me' and 'I' in the end? It reminds one of a more pardonable egotism in the line of the *Æneid* —

Me, me, adsum, qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.¹

¹ ix. 427.

But it may be said, perhaps it has been said, that there is a complimentary reference to Mæcenas in the last two lines, where the poet attributes such virtue and value to his verdict on the lyric merits of Horace. But such reference without something in the Ode to indicate on what it was founded amounts to nothing. Why was the opinion of Mæcenas of so much weight? Because he was a scion of old kings, or because he was the patron of the poet? Mæcenas did not care a straw for his descent, and if any compliment is contained in the second line it was as much a compliment to the merits of the author as to the discernment of the critic. In this complimentary Ode, then, there is no compliment to Mæcenas, unless he is the person alluded to as the wearer of the ivies.

This difficulty has always been felt by the commentators, who have in vain endeavored to explain it away. Bonfini, who printed his commentaries in Rome as early as 1519, says that different people may make of this passage what they please: 'I think, indeed,' he adds, 'that nothing was farther from Horace's thoughts than to claim for himself divine honors, and to mix himself with the gods, and especially in his very first Ode to subject himself to the charge of arrogance, not to say foolhardiness and insolence. It is usual for persons who have an excessive desire for anything to indulge in that manner of speech, — as if a young man who was immoderately fond of his mistress should say, "If I should possess my mistress I am blessed," — not because he would be blessed in reality, but because he might seem blessed to himself.' This is certainly not a satisfactory rebuttal of the charge the commentators would formulate in the absence of this explanation. Now what is the distinct averment in the passage?

It is that some one by virtue of the ivies which are the reward of learned men mixes with the gods. We have seen why the some one should not be Horace, but Horace it was held to be, — with mitigation and apology and explanation, — from the first inception of the blunder down to the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

I have no great fondness for the discussion of various readings. I fully concur with Hallam in the opinion that ‘those who annex an exaggerated value to correcting an unimportant passage in an ancient author, or, which is much the same, interpreting some worthless inscription, can hardly escape the imputation of pedantry.’ But this is not an unimportant passage. It is by far the most important correction that has ever been made in the text of Horace. All the early MSS. without exception repeat the blunder of the copyist who first made it. All the printed copies, without exception, from the first without date down to the year 1721, confirm the error. The latest and most esteemed English editors, — Valpy, Wickham, Page, Milman, Maclean, Yonge, Long, Munro, and the rest of them, — have pinned their faith on Orelli, and readopted the text of the old manuscripts. ‘Me’ seems to be reinstated by Horatian commentators, and yet it is capable of demonstration that the reading is erroneous, and so clearly erroneous as to be incapable of intelligent vindication.

The correction is purely conjectural, and we are just on the threshold of our study, with the inquiry whether or not a merely conjectural emendation is ever justifiable. The answer to this is that all the commentators frequently accept readings purely conjectural. Of the emendations of Horace proposed by Bentley, no less than one hundred and fifty-two were conjectural, and Bentley is lauded to

this day as the most learned of British critics and commentators. Alexander Cunningham, the critic of Bentley, suggests fifteen conjectures, and other editors have taken their turn at guessing what Horace might have said — if he had been of their way of thinking — from the scholiasts down to Macleane and Wickham. True it is that Macleane says, in somewhat slovenly English, ‘I have in no single instance adopted a conjecture of Bentley’s or anybody else’s, nor have I proposed any myself.’ This, however, is not an accurate statement, for he not only accepts conjectural readings, but distinctly points them out as conjectural. I think the weight of authority is that a conjectural reading is clearly admissible, even against all the texts, if it is so fortified that there is no reasonable doubt of its accuracy.

Now let us dissect the original and ascertain the absolute meaning of the Latin words. ‘*Hederæ*’ means ‘the ivies’ — plain ivies or garlands of ivy, such as wreathed the thyrsus of Bacchus, or were worn by the followers of the god in their dances and processions. The ivy was sacred to Bacchus, and it seems to have been employed in making victorious wreaths for all manner of men and women distinguished for any accomplishment. It was never specially the reward of poets, for whom the laurel was the specific crown. When Horace invites his friend Pompeius Varus¹ to visit him he invites him to repose under the poet’s laurel. When he speaks of Pindar,² he associates him with the laurel of Apollo, and in his appeal to Melpomene, in the closing Ode of the third book, he begs her to crown him with the Delphic laurel. The laurel was the meed of the patriot, bought by his blood on the field of

¹ Book II. 7.

² Book IV. 2.

battle, — the honor of the triumph was represented by the laurel. The horns of Bacchus were crowned with grapevines, his locks with ivy. Green youth and beauty were garlanded with ivy. Horace tells Phyllis¹ that there is plenty of ivy in the garden, and that youth rejoices in the green ivy. He tells Julius Florus² that in eloquence, law, or poetry, he will win the victorious ivy. I think we may safely say, then, that there is no ground whatever for the assumption that the ivy was the peculiar crown of poetry, any more than that Bacchus was the peculiar patron of the poets. When Virgil awards the ivy as a poetical reward,³ it is to the immature and rising, — the nascent poets that he awards it, — not a 'poet,' but growing to be one. There is no instance in which the ivy is recognized as distinctively a poetic crown. No reason can be assigned why Horace should not have assigned that crown to Mæcenas as a man of learning, without reference to his merits as a poet. Compare Pope's couplet —

Immortal Vida, on whose honored brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow.

The ivy crowns of Bacchus were the meed of all learned brows, and when Augustus formed the library in the temple of Apollo on Mt. Palatine, the statues of the famed poets were crowned with ivy wreaths. Hence Persius, —

Quorum imagines lambunt hederæ sequaces,⁴

and Juvenal —

Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macra.⁵

And now as to 'doctarum.' To defend the ancient reading the commentators have been compelled to assume

¹ Book IV. 11.

³ Ecl. VII. 25; VIII. 13.

² Ep. I. 3. 25.

⁴ Prol. 5.

⁵ Sat. 7. 29.

that 'doctus' is an epithet so universally connected with poets as to be peculiarly applicable and exclusively applicable. In his very excellent dictionary of the Latin tongue, which I have consulted in very numerous instances with satisfaction, Professor Lewis falls into this familiar mistake. In defining 'doctus' he gives as the meanings by metonymy, — 'Of things — *learned, sage, skilful* : frontes i. e. a *poet's*, Horace, Book I. 1, 29.' This is simply begging the question. 'Id est' suggests 'est id?' Why specially a poet's? Where in Latin authors is the authority for making 'doctus' a synonym for 'poet'? We know the epithet has been applied to Catullus (Tibullus, III. 6, 41; also by Martial), as it was applied to other Romans who were familiar with the Greek language and literature. So it was applied to Hesiod, who was a man of extensive and varied learning. Catullus in repeated instances applies the word 'docta' to some 'puella' of whom he was enamored. The Greek 'sophos' was sometimes applied to poets, in the sense of 'skilful.' So σοφὸς ἀοιδός and Homer's ἐδίδαξε Μοῦσα.¹

It has been objected that the expression 'doctarum frontium' could not properly be applied to Mæcenas. But the epithet 'docte' is applied to Mæcenas in the eighth Ode of the third book (line 5), and in the nineteenth Epistle of the first book (line 1). That in the same collection of poems to which the first Ode is introductory, Horace styles his patron 'doctus — utriusque linguæ,' abundantly justifies the application of the epithet to Mæcenas in that introduction itself. Even Mitscherlich, who confines the application of the epithet to poets, says, 'Adhæsit hoc sequiori tempore poetis epitheton ob variam doctrinam,

¹ Odyssey, 8. 481.

antiquitatis, mythologiæ, quæ ab iis requirebatur: etiam propter sermonis exquisitiorem cultum ac metri artem; et Romanis in primis propter literarum græcarum interiorem notitiam.’

‘Dis miscent superis’ the editor just cited compares with an expression of Pindar,¹ who uses it not of any degree of deification, but of gaining prizes in the games. Dacier, 1689, and also Duncombe, 1757, say that Horace intended by ‘Dis miscent’ simply ‘render me happy,’ for otherwise there is a manifest contradiction in the sequel when he says that the suffrage of Mæcenas raises him above the skies. Duncombe allows that the conjecture is ingenious, and the opposition not inelegant, ‘or perhaps Horace was jocularly expressing his high opinion of Poesy — “rallies himself.” If we suppose it means that Mæcenas values himself as an equal of the gods for his poetry, — it is an odd compliment; while if we suppose Horace is speaking his own sentiment, — he departs from the scheme of the Ode merely to introduce a compliment to his patron.’ But what is the scope and object of a dedication if not to compliment?

Vanderbourg says that all the interpreters agree in regarding Ode 1 as the prologue or dedication to Mæcenas of the first book Horace published. The scope of the poem he thus expresses: ‘Chacun a son penchant qui le domine. Moi, je mets ma gloire et mon bonheur à réusser dans la poésie lyrique: si tu m’accorde ton suffrage, Mæcenas, je croirai m’élèver aux cieux.’ Vanderbourg feels

¹ Isthmian Odes, 2: 29. Ἴν’ ἀθανάτοισι Αἰθησιδάμου παῖδες ἐν τιμαῖς ἔμιχθεν. The reference is to Theron and Xenocrates gaining Olympic prizes; — lit. ‘were mingled with immortals.’ Compare Horace’s Ode 2 of Book IV. verse 5. — ED.

obliged to diminish the claim of the poet. 'Horace n'intend jouir du commerce des dieux que sur la terre, ce qui s'explique par les vers suivants, — c'est dans les forêts qu'il assiste aux danses des nymphes et des satyres, etc., — mais pour monter lui-même aux demeures célestes, il a besoin que le suffrage de Mæcenus confirme les succès qu'il se promet.'

Page, 1883, after saying 'Notice the pronoun *me* put first to indicate the transition from the pursuits of other men to that which Horace makes the object of his ambition,' admits that 'the triple recurrence of the same idea in verses 6, 30, and 36 is somewhat awkward.' He does not appreciate Orelli's attempt to distinguish them.

Coming now to the authority for the emendation, we find the conjecture ascribed to Dr. Francis Hare, a critic of great learning and penetration, — successively Bishop of St. Asaph (1727), and Chichester (1731). In his verse translation of the Odes, he gives the passage thus: —

The wreath on learned brows bestowed,
Left thee, great patron, to a God.

He says, 'Without *Te* there is no notice of Mæcenus. There is extravagant exaltation of self and no compliment to his patron. There is an absurd fall from heaven to earth. These are faults Horace would not be guilty of. The reading is fully agreeable to the whole design and meaning of the Ode. There is in it an imitation of an ode of Pindar in which the same antitheses are observed all through. Pindar concludes with an antithesis between himself and Hieron, king of Syracuse: —

Thine be the glory and the grace
To shine and conquer in the race!

To conquer in thy praise and shine
The glory and the grace be mine!¹

Dr. P. Francis, father of the celebrated Sir Philip Francis, writes in 1753: 'We are obliged for this correction of Rutgersius. It seems necessary, even in the Conduct of the Ode, that Horace, after having marked the prevailing Inclinations of mankind in general, should particularly mention the peculiar Passion of Mæcenas, before he speaks of his own. In the common reading, "me," the Poet says, the crown of ivy raises him to converse with Gods, Dis miscent superis, yet in the last Lines, he wishes for the Judgment and Approbation of Mæcenas to raise him to Heaven. The Correction is not less probable, than it is necessary, since the first letter of the line does not appear in some Manuscripts. The Copyists probably wrote many Lines without the first Letters, intending afterwards to blazon them, and sometimes, as perhaps in this Instance, they forgot them entirely.'

Francis renders, —

An Ivy wreath fair Learning's Prize,
Raises Mæcenas to the Skies.²

J. Valart, 1770, says, 'Sic primus edidit doctissimus Hare. Nemo enim quod jam habet, is aliorum poscit.'

A marginal note in a copy of Horace says, 'Facilis est lapsus in veteribus libris exscribendis a T in M.'

Dr. Samuel Shaw in 1724, in his 'Syntax for Children,' adopted the reading. In 1724 Williams, in the second edi-

¹ Olympia, I. 115.

² Of Francis's translations Dr. Johnson said, 'The lyrical part of Horace can never be perfectly translated. Francis has done it the best. I'll take his five out of six against them all.'

tion of Baxter's Horace, inserted 'te' in eight copies. In 1727 Welsted adopted it.

In Bower's '*Historia Literaria*,' 1731, mention is made of a new discovery 'lately communicated to us abroad by a very learned critic,' but at page 235 concludes, 'This emendation is not quite new—the reader will find some hints of it in Janus Rutgersius.'

An extended discussion of the whole passage is to be found in the '*Jahrbücher für Philologie und Pädagogik*,' II. 3, pp. 282–294 (1827), by J. C. Jahn, in a review of the works of T. Kiessling and A. F. W. Leiste. Jahn gives the following account of the origin and reception of the conjecture. 'Rarely has a conjecture produced such a sensation as the substitution of that Te for Me. Rutgersius, Hare, Des Fontaines, and whoever else had a share in the suggestion, hardly dreamed that they would stir up so much strife. And after what Cunningham, Dacier, Gesner, Klotz, and others had adduced to the contrary, it would all have been forgotten, if Wakefield and Fea, following Broukhusius, Jones, and Markland, had not called it to life again, and Fr. Aug. Wolf, especially, established it on intelligent grounds. Such a leader must indeed find followers, and who can wonder that Eichstädt, Gröbel, Wagner, and others, and at last even Stadelmann, sought to further establish it? That also Jäck and the Tauchnitz edition took it into the text happened not from their own conviction, but because they followed Fea.'

In 1736 Signor Palavicini admits it in an Italian translation. Rev. John Jones, 1736, inserts it. He says 'me' destroys the sense, or weakens it very much. Dr. Wm. Broome, employed by Pope in his translating of the *Iliad*, adopted it in 1739:—

For you the blooming ivy grows
 Proud to adorn your learned brows.
 Patron of letters you arise,
 Grow to a God and mount the skies.
 Humbly in breezy shades I stray, etc.

Also Dr. Watson's edition, 1741.

The edition of Sanadon published at Amsterdam and Leipsic, 1756, has 'te.' It says, 'Rutgers a proposé cette leçon, qui est excellente'—'Cette correction est nécessaire'—'Mæcenas tenoit un rang distingué sur le Parnasse, non-seulement par les Poésies, mais aussi parce qu'il étoit comme le juge du mérite Poétique et la dispensation des récompenses.'

Daru (1816), and Louis Duchemin, French translators (the latter 1846), adopt 'te.' 'If Me has the authority of the MSS. the Te accords infinitely better with the sequence of ideas and with the delicacy of Horace. After ranking himself with the gods, it is not natural that he should claim a mere separation from the vulgar and pretend to no more glory than he derived from the suffrage of his benefactor. Mæcenas was himself a man of letters, had composed works in prose and verse, and on those grounds alone could claim the ivy crown. Horace could not do less than pay him the compliment. It is perfectly in the spirit of a dedication. We do not correct Horace; we only restore him.' [R. Binet (1783), quoted by Duchemin.]

Tomaso Gargallo, who published an Italian translation at Naples in 1820, in four volumes, since several times reprinted in smaller form, uses 'te.' See the Polyglott Horace.

F. A. Wolf (1817), 'Analecta Literaria,' vol. i. pp. 261-276, and ii. pp. 282, 283, 566-571, favors the emendation. See also, 'Quæstiones Venusinæ,' No. VI., 'Gentleman's

Magazine,' September and December, 1835, and January, 1836. There is also in the British Museum a dissertation by Dr. James Douglas.

The Abbé Fea (1811) says: 'Horace writes, "You are devoted to crowning poets and attaching them to you. They gratefully in their songs enroll you among the beneficent gods." Unless we adopt *Te* there is nothing complimentary to Mæcenas but the fact of his being descended from kings, and that *on that account* his friendship was an honor and aid to Horace.'

A London edition, 1822, based upon Zeune's, placed 'me' in brackets, and was followed in this by the 'Corpus Poetarum Latinorum,' edited at Cambridge, England, in 1827.

In 1837 James Tate¹ wrote, '*Te* — the true reading — after the assent of scholars generally given, may now take its place as it were by acclamation.'

Lord Lytton in 1872, though he does not adopt the reading in his translation, has an extended note on the subject. After saying that there is much force in the arguments for the reading, he concludes, — 'If the ivy crown may be won by pleading causes or giving advice to clients, it can be no inappropriate reward to the brows of a statesman so accomplished as Mæcenas.'

To sum up the argument from the internal evidence for this conjectural reading:— It appears that Horace could hardly have avoided an allusion to his patron's favorite pursuits, and also that the ivy wreath was not regarded as the reward of poets exclusively. The epithet 'doctus,'

¹ *Horatius Restitutus*, p. 118. London.

also, — not ‘learned,’ nor ‘possessed of a poet’s wisdom,’ but ‘accomplished,’ ‘a man of letters,’¹ — seems especially applicable to Mæcenas, and is in fact used by Horace of his patron more than once, and is the only epithet of the kind applied to him in Horace’s extant works. A compliment to Mæcenas, expressed in such terms, would have been peculiarly graceful and acceptable; and it is put in the terse form so characteristic of Horace, — one of his

. . . jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.

BOOK II. SECOND ODE

UNDER the title of ‘Avarice Insatiate,’ this ode was introduced in ‘Tracts for the Times’ as follows: —

‘Moderation in all things and the enjoyment of what one has, without a greedy grasping for more, are among the lessons inculcated by the “sweet moralist” (as Dr. Young named him), whose vices were those of his age and whose virtues are the virtues of all time. Sallust, to whom this ode was addressed, was next to Mæcenas the confidential friend of the emperor. The “brethren” with whom Proculeius shared his patrimony are supposed to have been Licinius Murena and Fannius Cæpio, who lost their fortunes in the civil wars. They were afterwards put to death for a conspiracy to take the life of the emperor. A late very learned and subtle expositor of the Odes, — Mr. A. W. Verrall, Trinity College, Cambridge, — is of the opinion that the personality depicted in the eighteenth Ode of the second book as the antithesis or contrast to that

¹ Sat. i, 9, 7.

of the poet was Licinius Murena, and that his career and fate give their tone and color to several of the Odes in that division of Horace's works.

'There is a vast amount of research and ingenuity displayed in the book of Mr. Verrall, which is modestly styled "Studies Literary and Historical in the Odes of Horace." However one may hesitate about adopting his conclusions, no one can fail to be struck by his intimate knowledge of the Horatian era, and the power of combination and analysis with which he sustains his theories.'

BOOK III.

THE translations of the first Odes of this book were published, each with a column or so of comments, in the 'Boston Transcript' in 1888 and 1889, under the title of 'Six Heathen Homilies.' Only five, however, were completed and printed. The introduction to the first of these Odes states that what led to their translation was the application by James Russell Lowell at the celebration of the anniversary at Harvard College of a part of one of these Odes, the sixth, 'with obvious felicity,' to the type of character of the earlier generations of New England. Mr. Sargent writes, 'It occurred to me to look into these Odes to see how far other passages in them might furnish texts for the times, and illustrations of prevailing topics, political and social. These six Odes are supposed to have been suggested by Augustus, or composed with his knowledge, to influence opinion, or inform the people of the reforms he had in contemplation, called for by the vices and abuses that grew out of the civil wars and prevailed after their close. They are all referred to the period between A. U.

c. 725 and 728, and are in aid of the efforts of the emperor and of Mæcenas to moderate the excesses of the wealthy, promote contentment among the less affluent and the laboring classes, revive the military and patriotic spirit, exhibit the triumphs of intellect over brute force, and discountenance the immoralities of the times.

‘The six Odes are all written in the same kind of verse. By some commentators they have been supposed to form a single continuous poem. This was the view taken by Diomedes in his account of the Horatian metres, and, as Vanderbourg tells us, by the German commentator Prädikow. Wickham concedes that there is a general unity of purpose in the six Odes, as embracing the ends which a good government would desire to compass in Rome, and the promise that under Cæsar’s régime they might be obtained. But he thinks that the scholiasts carried their notion of the connection of the several Odes too far, and that they were separate poems, written at different periods, that cannot be fixed with precision.

‘It is worth mentioning, perhaps, that the Christian scholiasts of the Middle Ages were inclined to regard Horace as a veritable priest, a sort of saint, who, after the apotheosis announced by the seventeenth Ode of the second book, exhorted the Roman youth in a series of sermons to renounce mundane desires and lead a pious and regular life.

‘The first stanza of the first Ode is generally accepted as an introduction to the great six.’

BOOK III. TWENTY-FOURTH ODE

THIS Ode, under the title of 'Cupidity our Bane,' is introduced in 'Tracts for the Times' as follows:—

'The following Ode was called to mind by my reading in the papers of the day a number of paragraphs that suggested some of the self-repetitions of history. It is the same with us as it was in Horace's day, and our rich men are only aping the extravagances that were the subjects of his censure in the times of the Augustan empire. One of the paragraphs referred to was a commentary on the luxurious living and prodigal expenditure that have of late brought grief to so many households. The love of lucre and the licentious extravagance of his time are dealt with by Horace in a masterly way in this ode.'

Mr. Sargent concludes: 'It was after committing the above to paper that in calling on a friend ¹ I found him with a Horace in his hand. It was a copy of the beautiful edition of the Didots of Paris, with its exquisite photographs, the text interpreted by the admirable annotation of John Bond. His remark, as he laid down the volume, was, "Here is what your people want," and my previous conviction that substantial doses of it would do good even to our clergymen was strengthened by this concurring opinion.'

¹ Matthew Arnold.

PARAPHRASE OF
THE SECOND EPODE

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis

[Mr. Sargent made humorous paraphrases of various odes, adapted to special occasions. One only is here inserted, which was written for a dinner of the Harvard Club in New York.]

OH, what a happy fellow he
Who lets no cares of business bore him,
But from bills, banks, and brokers free,
Lives as his father lived before him ;
Contented, in his rural box,
To trim his trees, and fleece his flocks !

He neither dreads the angry sea,
Nor fears the fireman-trumpet's call ;
He fags not at the mayor's levee,
Nor haunts the Courts of City Hall ;
Scouting, as round his farm he trudges,
Injunctions from the Tammany judges.

Ere cherry blossoms deck the spray,
He sows his rye and ploughs for corn ;
Superfluous branches lops away,
And grafts the Duchess on the thorn ;

Or marries to the stately pine
Virginia's green but grapeless vine.

His jars the lucid honey fills,
The maple's luscious juice his pails ;
He sees his cattle range the hills,
Or hears them lowing in the vales ;
His Southdown lambkins, as they play,
Are making mutton every day.

When Autumn lifts his temples crowned
With clustered grapes and tasselled maize,
When buckwheat patches flush the ground,
And woods with gold and scarlet blaze,
Oh, then with what delight he sends
His pears and peaches to his friends !

One basket, Doctor, goes to you,
Who give his casual aches relief ;
One to the preacher's wife ; and two
Requite the local journal's chief,
Who lustily his trumpet blows
For premiums at the cattle shows.

Sometimes, the silver brook beside,
He lies upon the clovered sod ;
The willows drip, the waters glide,
Birds sing, and he begins to nod.
His hours in Bachelor's Reveries pass,
Or in the dreams of Sparrowgrass.

Winter comes lowering from the North,
And clouds are white with snow and hail.

Then with much dog he sallies forth
To hunt the woodcock and the quail,
Or capture, in unlawful snare,
Rabbit and squirrel unaware.

Amid such joys of rural life,
What if his mistress fret and tease !
If children bless him, and a wife,
Whose greatest pleasure is to please
(A wife stepped down from Plymouth Rock,
Or scion of the old Dutch stock),

With big dry logs she builds the fire ;
Expectant of her lord's return,
She heaps the hickory high and higher,
And waits the hissing of the urn,
While from the meadows where they browse
PAT drives the solid-colored cows.

And now the evening meal is spread,
The unbought banquet of the farm, —
Fruit marmalades, and sweet brown bread ;
While the good housewife thinks no harm
To give her home's toil-worn provider
A copious horn of this year's cider.

The oyster on the Eastern Shore
With Epicurean flavors smacks ;
I 've supped at GUY'S in Baltimore
On devilled crabs and canvas-backs,
And relished more than tongue can tell
Pheasant and Spanish mackerel.

Away with dainties like to these !
He loves the simples of the fields,
Cresses and parsley, corn and peas,
And all the stores the garden yields,
To garnish cutlets of his lambs,
And slices of his Berkshire hams.

Here, dragging the inverted plough
On drooping necks, his oxen come ;
Down from the mountain's sloping brow
His pastured sheep are hurrying home ;
While men and maids of Celtic race
Crowd round his shining fire-place.

Thus JACOB spoke, and left the street,
Shaking the gold-dust from his feet,
Called in his loans, sold out his stocks,
And bargained for a rural box ;
But ere a month had passed away,
He found that farming would not pay.



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