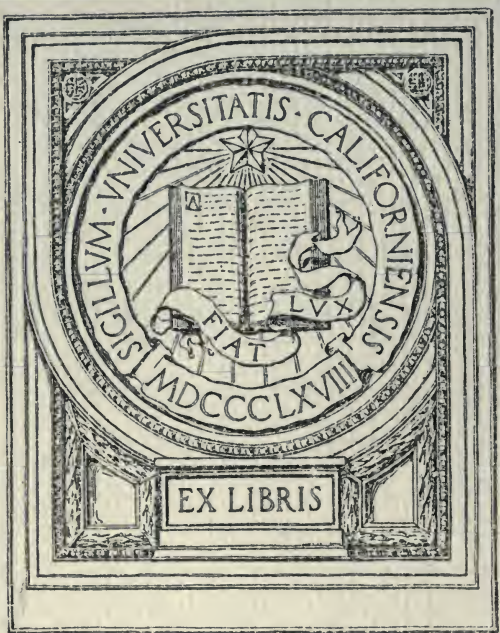


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MORE HAWARDEN HORACE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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THIRD EDITION, small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE HAWARDEN HORACE.

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LONDON :

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place.



MORE  
HAWARDEN HORACE

BY  
CHARLES L. GRAVES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
T. E. PAGE, M.A.



LONDON  
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE  
1896



## NOTE

FOR leave to reprint twelve of the pieces in this volume I am indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the *Spectator*. The rendering of the Epode, *Beatus ille*, is from the pen of my friend Mr. E. V. Lucas, to whom I desire to express my gratitude for many helpful suggestions.

C. L. G.

414926



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## INTRODUCTION

FIFTY years ago an apt quotation from the Odes was in English society almost a hall-mark of respectability, and after dinner, if the host produced a magnum of port cœval with himself, the omission of some reference to 'the consul Manlius' would have seemed positively indecorous. Now, however, even in Parliament, where the tradition of classical quotation had been handed down through a long succession of orators, a classical quotation is rarely heard, and since Mr. Gladstone retired perhaps Sir William Harcourt is the only speaker who, with innate conservatism, sometimes forgets that he is addressing a democratic house and amazes his hearers with a fragment of Virgil. As for Horace, since Lord Randolph Churchill pointed a jocular allusion to the magnificence of Mr. W. H. Smith's house in Grosvenor Place with the lines

Non ebur neque aureum

Mea renidet in domo lacunar—

it is said that he has not been heard at St. Stephen's, and the younger generation of speakers seem studiously to avoid a practice which might remind their audience that they had been flogged at Eton or passed 'smalls' at Oxford.

Yet, although respect for popular ignorance has thus banished him from political oratory, perhaps no classical poet is more in touch with life and affairs than Horace. He has nothing of the recluse about him ; he saw all that was best in Roman society ; he knew all the chief men of his day ; his great friend and patron was the first minister of the state ; he was on terms of close intimacy with the emperor, the poet-laureate of his triumphs abroad and the authorised defender of his policy at home. The panorama of Roman life passes daily under his eyes and is reflected in his writings. In its social, literary, and political aspects he notes it all. From the purity of Barine's finger-nails to Augustus establishing a world-wide empire nothing escapes him. He has a word to say about everything and everybody. His wise maxims and philosophic reflections are invariably pointed and driven home by being referred to the conduct of living men and women—to Asterie, whose conduct as 'a grass-widow' is not above suspicion, or Neobule, who chafes against old prejudices which still hamper 'the new woman ;' to the



philosophic Iccius, who leaves his books to join a gold-raid into Arabia, or the aged millionaire who 'forgetful of the tomb' is rearing a palace on the shore of Baiæ.

It is this wealth of personal and local allusions which has helped to make the literal translation of the Odes an impossibility. The proper names which occur so frequently in them have ceased, after twenty centuries, to produce any sense of vividness and reality, and serve rather as a perpetual reminder that we are dealing with a bygone world. For example, in *eight* lines of Mr. Gladstone's translation there occur the words 'Bosporus,' 'Icarian,' 'Syrtes,' 'Boreas,' 'Dacia,' 'Rome,' 'Colchian,' 'Gelonian,' 'Spain,' and 'Rhone,' and obviously it is beyond the power of any poetic skill to weave such materials into two lyric stanzas which shall present any attraction to an English reader. The consequence is that of those Odes which are, perhaps, especially Horatian because especially allusive, there is not a single rendering which is easy, natural, and attractive, while even in Odes of a more general character the occasional references to a forgotten past still jar upon the ear; and any one who turns to Dryden's brilliant paraphrase of iii. 29 and looks at such a stanza as

Thou what befits the new Lord Mayor,  
And what the city factions dare,

And what the Gallic arms will do,  
And what the quiver-bearing foe,  
Art anxiously inquisitive to know,

will see how strongly his poetic judgment presses him to evade them. No argument, however, will have any effect upon translators of Horace, nor does the failure of a long series of scholars, statesmen, and poets since the days of the Earl of Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney in any way deter them. *Felices errore suo* they dream of immortality, and within the last four years Wales, Ireland, and the United States have each sent forth a volume which bears equal testimony to the fascination of Horace's verse and to the peculiar difficulty of reproducing it.

None the less, although their perpetual references to men whose memory is cherished by few but schoolmasters must mar the effect of any exact rendering of the Odes, still the Odes themselves are in form and finish so unique, the sense is so lovingly wedded to the words, and the words to the rhythm, that they irresistibly adhere to the memory and attract imitation. They are the models which, should some lyric theme be suggested, naturally present themselves to the mind, and, as Horace does not hesitate himself to borrow the shape and substance of many Odes from the Greek lyrists, so he has in turn afforded material to a host of imitators who from the

time of Andrew Marvell have produced Horatian Odes, more or less resembling the original, in which they have endeavoured to illustrate with 'modern instances' those 'wise saws' which delighted antiquity. Of course in the case of some Odes, such as the great Roman-Odes in Book iii., which deal with large political questions, such an adaptation of them is undesirable, for where a poem deals seriously with matters of historic interest it does not admit of resetting. But when an Ode is addressed to some individual whose personal affairs give point to its reflections, then surely, when centuries afterwards some other individual is in like circumstances, there can be no objection to transferring its application from the unknown ancient to the familiar modern. Nay, rather the old poem does not lose but gain by being thus brought before us in a newer and more living shape, as any one will see at once if he will read what Macaulay calls the 'pleasing imitation' of *Otium Divos rogat* which was penned by Warren Hastings on his voyage from Bengal in 1785. The verses of Hastings are not on a par with the verses of Horace, and yet, somehow, after reading them the Latin seems to stand out with a clearer meaning, the old phrases live with a new life.

But it may, perhaps, be urged that while a modernised imitation of the Odes, such as that of Hastings, is

legitimate because it represents genuine and earnest feeling, yet to employ them as a vehicle for political satire is an unjust perversion of their spirit. Such an objection, however, rests on an estimate of their character which is very general but very imperfect. The large majority of the Odes—nearly all in fact which were not written ‘by command’—are certainly not serious, but exhibit that light, sportive, bantering tone which is characteristic of the writer, and it is the non-recognition of this fact which helps to make so many versions of them painfully insipid. The Epodes, indeed, which are Horace’s first effort in lyric verse, are professedly ‘lampoons’ (*iambi*), modelled in shape, but not in spirit, on the stinging invectives of Archilochus. Their publication was followed by the *Sermones*, in which the poet pursues the same line, lightly satirising the foibles and follies of his contemporaries with the wit but without the scurrilousness of Lucilius. Throughout the Odes, as might be expected, the same golden vein of humour runs, though for the most part less on the surface and at a deeper level. In them Horace takes as his chief models Sappho and Alcæus, but it is Sappho without the burning passion, and Alcæus without the political animosity. He addresses Pyrrha, Chloe, and a dozen others in verses as graceful as they are unsubstantial, and in

which there is an ounce of wit to a pennyweight of earnestness. When he writes to public men he positively refuses to be serious ; he deprecates the heroic mood, and in Odes such as those to Mæcenas (i. 1 ; i. 20 ; iii. 7), Lamia, Muræna, Corvinus, Iccius, Plancus, and the like, the tone is above all light, cheery, and genial. He does not claim inspiration, and is not a Pindar ; he is content to please and charm his fellow-countrymen by reproducing in 'Italian measures' and with Roman scenery the lighter lyrics of Greece. An imitator himself and a humorist, so far from resenting a kindly parody of his verses one may well imagine that—if there is any satisfaction in the Shades—he learns with pleasure how, even among the 'barbarous' and 'remote Britons,' he is still so well known that such a work can secure readers and even popularity.

If, however, it is a crime, as some hold it, to imitate or parody Horace for modern readers, Horace himself must largely bear the burden of guilt. The Odes are too tempting. They run so in the head ; they fit themselves so vivaciously to a hundred circumstances ; they epitomise so happily what we should wish ourselves to say, that to any one with a taste for verse-making they are irresistible. Herrick, Congreve, and Chatterton, Swift and Bentley, Porson, Cowper, Tom Hood and

Thackeray, have all yielded to the allurements. The pages of 'The Gentleman's Magazine' show that in the last century the practice was fashionable, while at the beginning of this, James and Horace Smith, the popular authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' issued a volume of imitations entitled 'Horace in London' which was warmly welcomed, even though Scotch impatience of a joke exposed the authors to the stern criticism of Edinburgh Reviewers.<sup>1</sup>

But, although it is for the light treatment of social topics that the Odes most readily suggest themselves, yet perhaps in reality it is to the observer of public life and public men that they best lend their aid. Horace's temper is exactly suited to the amiable criticism of political warfare. Had he lived to-day, the poverty which 'drove him to make verses' would have driven him into journalism, and he would have written an incomparable 'London Letter,' or possibly have been editor of 'Punch.' He would certainly have been more in touch with 'actuality' than the distinguished

<sup>1</sup> See the imitation of i. 16 beginning—

O rigorous sons of a clime more severe,  
 If Horace in London offend,  
 Unbought let him perish, unread disappear,  
 But, ah! do not hasten his end.

scholar who after reading 'The Hawarden Horace' wrote to ask Mr. Graves what was 'the meaning of the term "Tay Pay" and the point of its application to Lord Rosebery.' As it was, the liberality of a patron furnished him with the leisure to compose works which in their polished elegance afford a permanent pattern to all writers of contemporary criticism. He knew men and saw life during troubled and dangerous days; he read much and meditated much, and he had thus acquired the rarest of arts—the art of writing about living persons in a manner at once wise, witty, and without offence. There is not a grain of malice about him; for the cleverness which does not 'love to play' but 'wound' he has no tolerance. The satirist who means to sting is a blackguard and to be shunned;

*Hic niger est, hunc, tu, Romane, caveto.*

Nothing would tempt him into an ill-natured joke; he does not 'court the broad laughter of the world and the reputation of smartness,' but he writes to amuse men of taste, education, and good feeling. Of political satire written in his spirit the world will never have too much. Perhaps, indeed, a little more Horatian humour might moderate the acerbity and relieve the dulness which modern politics seem inclined to generate. The states-

man, in any case, who shrinks from being sketched with an Horatian pen must be sadly wanting in taste and scholarship. But happily these qualities have not yet disappeared from British parliaments. The new and the old are not yet wholly severed in life or in letters, and echoes from the Classics linger even to-day about the Front Benches. The past has still its kinship with the present, the Augustan age with the Victorian ; it is still permissible to suggest how 'with lighter quill' the wittiest critic of the one epoch might have sung the politics of the other—what Horace might have thought could he have exchanged the *Via Sacra* for Piccadilly, and instead of 'upheaving clods' among the Sabines had laid trees low at Hawarden.

T. E. P.





MORE HAWARDEN HORACE

*AD NAVEM*

Sic te diva potens Cypri,  
Sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,  
Ventorumque regat pater  
Obstrictis aliis praeter Iäpyga,  
Navis, quae tibi creditum  
Debes Vergilium, finibus Atticis  
Reddas incolumem, precor,  
Et serves animae dimidium meae.

Illi robur et aes triplex  
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum

TO THE 'TANTALLON CASTLE'

O CHICKENS of our kindly Mother Carey,  
 O cherub sweet that sittest up aloft,  
 Restrain, I pray, within their cavern airy  
 All winds but those that are serene and soft :  
 That so a mild melodious *obbligato*  
 Of murmuring Zephyrs swift upon its way  
 May speed the ship that bears the great Barnato  
 From Albion's shores to distant Table Bay.

The man who first on South Sea speculation  
 Embarked, O Barney, surely must have had  
 A nerve like his who saved the situation  
 When Kaffir stocks went slumping down like mad :

Decertantem Aquilonibus  
Nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,  
Quo non arbiter Hadriae  
Maior, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

Quem Mortis timuit gradum,  
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,  
Qui vidit mare turgidum et  
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?  
Nequicquam deus abscidit  
Prudens Oceano dissociabili  
Terras, si tamen impiae  
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

Audax omnia perpeti  
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

---

Who 'faced the music' with a simple tankard,  
Defied the captious questions of the crank,  
And quelled the storm of critics cross and cankered  
Who raged and raved and blustered round his Bank.

He who pursues his course with mien unflinching,  
'Mid all the 'deeps' and reefs within the Rand,  
Despises dynamite and laughs at lynching  
Though Sharks, Bulls, Bears, and Boers around  
him stand.

O vainly Heav'n, to save mankind from worry,  
Has severed shore from shore by perilous ways,  
If the unconscionable Donald Currie  
Can take you to the Cape in eighteen days !

Presumptuous man, unriddling ev'ry rebus,  
Rides roughshod to his goal with impious joy;

Audax Iäpeti genus  
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.  
Post ignem aetheria domo  
Subductum macies et nova febrium  
Terris incubuit cohors,  
Semotique prius tarda necessitas  
Leti corripuit gradum.

Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra  
Pennis non homini datis ;  
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.  
Nil mortalibus ardui est ;  
Caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque  
Per nostrum patimur scelus  
Iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

Purloins the special spectacles of Phœbus,  
And turns the lightning to an errand-boy.  
Yet ev'ry day, in fitting retribution,  
Some new bacillus rears its hideous head,  
And Death, by Maxims and electrocution,  
Hastens its slow inevitable tread.

Herr Lilienthal, dull earth on pinions spurning,  
Has flown four hundred yards, adventurous soul ;  
While Nansen, hardy Norseman, is returning  
In triumph from his conquest of the Pole.  
Forlornest hopes are now the most inviting ;  
Each cradle holds a future Captain Kidd ;  
Nor will balloonatics refrain from slighting  
The menace of the meteor of Madrid.

*AD LYDIAM*

LYDIA, dic, per omnes

Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando

Perdere, cur apricum

Oderit Campum, patiens pulveris atque solis,

Cur neque militaris

Inter aequales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis

Temperet ora frenis ?

Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere ? Cur olivum



*TO A DEGENERATE ATHLETE*

O JEALOUS Primrose Dames, why seek to sever  
 My nephew Alfred from his early loves,  
 The finest Cambridge cricketer who ever  
 Put on the gloves?

No more with brawny hands that once could beggar  
 The power of Paderewski's (when he thumps),  
 We see him, out-MacGregoring MacGregor,  
 Behind the stumps.

At tennis too, whose science was completer,  
 Whose 'force' was deadlier, whose 'cut' more  
 keen?

(He plays at tennis still, I'm told, but 'Peter'  
 Gives him fifteen.)

Sanguine viperino

Cautius vitat, neque iam livida gestat armis

Brachia, saepe disco,

Saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?

Quid latet, ut marinae

Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae

Funera, ne virilis

Cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

---

Little he recked of old—impavid swiper!—

Though sprains and bruises might his beauty  
spoil :

But now he loathes, like venom from a viper,  
Saint Jacob's Oil.

Now, worst of all, like Samson 'mid the aliens,

To Unionist Delilahs he affords

Delight, instead of aiding the Australians

To lose at Lord's.

*AD REMPUBLICAM*

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi  
Fluctus ! O quid agis ? Fortiter occupa  
Portum ! Nonne vides, ut  
Nudum remigio latus,

Et malus celeri saucius Africo,  
Antennaeque gemant, ac sine funibus  
Vix durare carinae  
Possint imperiosius

*TO THE SHIP OF STATE*

O SHIP of State, on perilous seas anew  
Forth faring with a filibustering crew,  
    Why distant danger court,  
When it were better policy to occupy the Porte?

Dost thou not see thy shattered spars, thy masts  
Bending beneath the furious Afric blasts?  
    Thy 'booms' all turned to 'slumps,'  
Thy stout Newcastle planks uncalked, and all hands at  
    the pumps?

Aequor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea ;  
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

Quamvis Pontica pinus,  
Silvae filia nobilis,

Iactes et genus et nomen inutile ;  
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus

Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis

Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum quae mihi tædium,  
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,

Interfusa nitentes

Vites aequora Cycladas.

In vain, with every sail to ribbons torn,  
Wouldst thou recall thy Pilot heaven-born ;  
    In vain thy captain tells  
Of Flying Squadrons and of threats to force the  
    Dardanelles.

What confidence can storm-tossed sailors feel  
In 'laths' though 'painted to resemble steel' ?  
    O ease her, stop her, Joe !  
—Those plaguy 'pushful' ways of his do aggravate me  
    so !

Of old to me thou wast a weary weight,  
A source of anguish and regret of late ;  
    O trust not Austin's odes,  
But shun the fatal gold reefs in the neighbourhood of  
    Rhodes.

*AD ICCIUM*

ICCI, beatis nunc Arabum invides  
Gazis, et acrem militiam paras  
Non ante devictis Sabaeae  
Regibus, horribilique Medo  
Nectis catenas? Quae tibi virginum  
Sponso necato barbara serviet?  
Puer quis ex aula capillis  
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,



*TO JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN*

O JOSEPH, since the treasures of Ashanti,  
 When Prempeh came to ignominious smash,  
 Have proved, I fear, too ludicrously scanty  
 To gratify your passion for a splash—  
 Think you the coffers of Khartoum are fuller,  
 The Dervishes more rich in golden gains,  
 That you approve of sending Redvers Buller  
 To hale the horrid Mahdi home in chains?

Will you engage at the Colonial Office,  
 To sweep the floors, some widow of Lo Ben,  
 Or plant a sable scion of King Coffee's  
 To guard the door of Jesse Collings' den?

Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas  
Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis  
Pronos relabi posse rivos  
Montibus et Tiberim reverti,  
Cum tu coëmptos undique nobilis  
Libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum  
Mutare loricis Hiberis,  
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

---

And will you fetch, from over the equator,  
Swart aboriginals, a brawny gang,  
Who, should Silomo brand you as a traitor,  
Will floor him with a well-aimed boomerang?

O say not miracles are past and over,  
When you, the budding tribune of the plebs,  
'Mid Dukes and Duchesses are quite in clover  
(Strange that the flowing tide so often ebbs!)—  
When you, once steeped in socialistic stingo,  
Now sinning wilfully against the light,  
Embrace the maxims of the jumping Jingo  
And scout the school of Manchester and Bright!

*AD APOLLINEM*

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem  
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum  
Fundens liquorem? Non opimae  
Sardiniae segetes feraces,

Non aestuosae grata Calabriae  
Armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,  
Non rura, quae Liris quieta  
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

*TO SAINT DEINIOL*

Good Deiniol, long ago

To keep your memory green I thought of forming  
This library, and lo !

Behold me drinking at your temple-warming.  
If then you wish to testify your gratitude,  
Let me define my wants in their extremest latitude.

I crave not Britain's beeves,

Nor yet New Zealand's admirable mutton :  
For rich Columbia's sheaves

I do not care one solitary button :  
Nor should I feel the very faintest pleasure  
In 'mopping up the Transvaal' and its golden  
treasure.

Premant Calena falce, quibus dedit  
Fortuna, vitem ; dives et aureis  
Mercator exsiccet culullis  
Vina Syra reparata merce,

Dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater  
Anno revisens aequor Atlanticum  
Impune. Me pascunt olivae,  
Me cichorea levesque malvae.

I covet not the land

Trellised by rich Oporto's purple clusters :

I would not 'jump the Rand,'

Backed by a troop of brawny filibusters :

Nor do I think it very greatly matters

Whether I dine off golden plate or simple wooden  
platters.

Let others scour the seas

In gorgeous pleasure yacht or swift Cunarder :

Content with bread and cheese

No costly tax I levy on my larder :

Preferring simple salads of tomato

To all the sumptuous banquets of the great Barnato.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,  
Latoë, dones, et precor integra  
Cum mente ; nec turpem senectam  
Degere, nec cithara carentem.



Give me but strength to chew

Each mouthful two and thirty times precisely—

Read Dante through and through,

And I shall hold that I am doing nicely,

Breathing a pure, bucolic, bland, Virgilian air

Untasted by your squalid, striving, scheming, modern  
millionaire.

*AD MINISTRUM*

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,  
Displicent nexae philyra coronae ;  
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum

*TO LORD WARKWORTH*

THOUGH the pomp and parade of the Percys I never could  
wholly abide,

Nor those strawberry leaves—rarely sported, alas ! on  
the Liberal side—

Still it pains me acutely to see you, a youth of such  
promise and power,

Given o'er to the cult of the primrose, an utterly obsolete  
flower.

Now, if you're in search of an emblem sufficiently simple  
and neat,

With the dear little delicate shamrock there's nothing on  
earth to compete :

Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta

Vite bibentem.

I've a clump of it growing at Hawarden, so come any day that you're free.

P.S. If it's fine, in the garden you'll find us at five o'clock tea.

*AD POLLIONEM*

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum  
Bellique causas et vitia et modos  
Ludumque Fortunae gravesque  
Principum amicitias et arma

Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,  
Periculosae plenum opus aleae,  
Tractas et incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso.

*TO JUSTIN McCARTHY*

'Tis no milk-and-water fable to beguile a small tea-table  
That you've lately undertaken to complete,  
But a tragedy arising from the fraud of Pitt's devising,  
Full of devilry and danger and deceit.

You must tell of Leagues and leaders, of Rotunda-room  
seceders,  
Of the buckshot and the bludgeons of the Crown :  
And the risk you run is greater than of dancing on a  
crater,  
If you're minded to 'Remember Mitchelstown !'

Paullum severae Musa tragoediae  
Desit theatris : mox ubi publicas  
Res ordinaris, grande munus  
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

Insigne maestis praesidium reis  
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,  
Cui laurus aeternos honores  
Delmatico peperit triumpho.

Iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum  
Perstringis aures, iam litui strepunt,  
Iam fulgor armorum fugaces  
Terret equos equitumque vultus.



---

For a while I fear to fiction you must bid a valediction,  
But once you've told the tale of 'Our Own Times,'—  
Told it fearlessly and bluntly, you'll embark with Justin  
Huntly  
On the merriest of modern pantomimes.

You'll be missed, my dear McCarthy, in the Councils of  
the Party ;  
They'll regret you when the wigs are on the green ;  
For you earned unfading laurels by composing endless  
quarrels  
As the Chairman of Committee Room Fifteen.

My prophetic soul can image your description of each  
scrimmage,  
Hear the pipers playing patriotic tunes ;  
Mark the stout shillelagh flatten the constabulary baton  
And the peasantry dispersing the dragoons !

---

Audire magnos iam videor duces  
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,  
Et cuncta terrarum subacta  
Praeter atrocem animum Catonis.

Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior  
Afris inulta cesserat impotens  
Tellure victorum nepotes  
Rettulit inferias Iugurthae.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior  
Campus sepulcris impia proelia  
Testatur auditumque Medis  
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?

---

I can hear the chiefs haranguing and the brutal carbines  
banging,  
See the hero all distrousered in his cell,  
And observe with admiration the majestic isolation,  
The indomitable spirit of Parnell.

O 'twas cruel the Coercion, cruel too the swift desertion  
Of her crownless chief by Erin, fickle fair,  
Doomed to expiate her error 'neath a reign of Tim and  
terror  
With a 'melancholy humbug' in the Chair.

Where's the spot in all Great Britain which no fierce  
Kilkenny kitten  
Has empurpled with its sanguinary trail?  
Where's the parish so sequestered that its peace was  
never pestered  
By the fratricidal faction of the Gael?

Qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris  
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae  
Non decoloravere caedes?  
Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis  
Caeae retractes munera neniae,  
Mecum Dionaeo sub antro  
Quaere modos levioere plectro.

In what borough or division did our cause escape de-  
rision

In the lamentable rout of yesteryear ?

Where, alas ! was soda-water not synonymous with  
slaughter

In the battle with the bigotry of beer ?

But a truce to themes so fearful, so disconsolate and  
tearful :

Bidding Butler a benevolent good-bye,

To the Halls of the Alsatians, where Cecilia's imitations

Move the gaiety of nations, let us hie.

*AD POMPEIUM*

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum  
Deducte Bruto militiae duce,  
Quis te redonavit Quiritem  
Dis patriis Italoque cælo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium ?  
Cum quo morantem saepe diem mero  
Fregi coronatus nitentes  
Malobathro Syrio capillos.

*TO JOHN MORLEY*

My excellent John Morley, full often at my side  
By foes belaboured sorely, by fickle fortune tried,  
I can't express the rapture it causes me to see  
Your efforts to recapture the title of M.P.

With you, the most consistent of all my trusty crew,  
In days now dim and distant, how swift the moments  
flew,  
What time we went pursuing the wild Hibernian goose,  
Or sat together stewing serenely in its juice !

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam  
Sensi relictâ non bene parmula,  
Cum fracta virtus et minaces  
Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer  
Denso paventem sustulit aëre ;  
Te rursus in bellum resorbens  
Unda fretis tulit aestuosis.

Ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem  
Longaque fessum militia latus  
Depone sub lauru mea nec  
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.



---

With you and mild Mundella I faced the dread cyclone  
When my superb umbrella clean inside out was blown,—  
When chiefs renowned in story betrayed their sacred  
    trust,  
Turned timorously Tory or vilely bit the dust.

But Fate's resistless firmans at length ordained that I  
Should edit Butler's Sermons and bid the House good-  
    bye :

For now the tide is shifting ; it flows, alas ! no more ;  
And you are seaward drifting, while I am safe on shore.

As soon as you are able, with me you'll come and dine,  
Refreshing at my table your war-worn frame with wine,  
Where, heedless of the censure of Lawson or of Caine,  
We'll toast your valiant venture in bumpers of cham-  
    pagne.

Oblivioso levia Massico

Ciboria exple ; funde capacibus

Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo

Deproperare apio coronas

Curatve myrto ? Quem Venus arbitrum

Dicet bibendi ? Non ego sanius

Bacchabor Edonis : recepto

Dulce mihi furere est amico.

---

Johannisberg, my jo, John, a tippie fit for kings,  
Shall in your honour flow, John, and lend our fancy  
wings :

Or if in Scottish whisky dull care you'd rather drown,  
Glenlivet, fine and frisky, our flowing cups shall crown.

Then, as we wet our whistle with draughts of 'comet'  
port,

You'll wreathe your brows with thistle, while I the sham-  
rock sport.

'Conspicuous moderation' for once I bid begone  
When Scotland, noble nation, 'returns' our Honest  
John.

*AD VALGIUM*

NON semper imbres nubibus hispidos  
Manant in agros aut mare Caspium  
Vexant inaequales procellae  
Usque, nec Armeniis in oris,

Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners  
Menses per omnes aut Aquilonibus  
Querceta Gargani laborant  
Et foliis viduantur orni :

*TO SILOMO*

NOT always, O Silomo, upon the Polish coast  
 Or on the Lake of Como, do Cossacks rule the roast ;  
 Nor, though your Sheffield bruisers would have it so, can  
     we  
 Be always sending cruisers to scour the Caspian Sea.

The fierce Armenian peasant, cowed by your burning  
     words,  
 Is not employed at present in butchering the Kurds :  
 Nor does the Russian blizzard unceasingly assail  
 The Turkey's gentle gizzard, the Lion's tender tail.

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis  
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero  
Surgente decedunt amores  
Nec rapidum fugiente solem.

At non ter aevo functus amabilem  
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex  
Annos, nec impubem parentes  
Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

Flevere semper. Desine mollium  
Tandem querelarum, et potius nova  
Cantemus Augusti tropaea  
Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten,

---

But you, in deep dejection nursing your sleepless grief,  
Bereft of the affection of your ungrateful chief,  
Nor when the West is flushing nor at the Daystar's wane  
Desist from dreams of crushing the House of Chamber-  
lain.

For sorrow so stupendous, for agony so fell,  
The works of Homer lend us no proper parallel :  
Why I, though tender-hearted, long since have wept my  
fill

Over my dear departed Disintegration Bill !

Come, drop these dismal dirges, and jubilantly raise  
Your voice, like Boanerges, in holy Abdul's praise ;  
Or with exultant gambols extol the precious boon  
Accruing from the shambles of Urfa and Sassoun.

Medumque flumen gentibus additum  
Victis minores volvere vertices,  
Intraque praescriptum Gelonos  
Exiguis equitare campis.



Euphrates, lo ! already abates his swollen tide,  
And owns in every eddy the Sultan for his guide ;  
While, 'neath benignant beavies of Mussulman police,  
The savage Christian levies are forced to keep the peace.

*AD INDOCTOS*

ODI profanum vulgus et arceo :  
Favete linguis : carmina non prius  
Audita Musarum sacerdos  
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,  
Reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis  
Clari Giganteo triumpho,  
Cuncta supercilio moventis.

*TO JOHN BURNS*

AVAUNT awhile, ye masses, for whom I've laboured  
 long,

Unto the upper classes I chant my latest song :  
 The lore of Mrs. Beeton may satisfy the churl ;  
 I sing for boys at Eton, and for the Girton girl.

Great Cavendish and Cecil rule o'er their lesser fry,  
 Yet fall, without a wrestle, before Joe's glittering eye—  
 Joe, whom the great Colossus himself could not with-  
 stand ;

Joe who intends to 'boss' us and regulate the Rand.

Est ut viro vir latius ordinet  
Arbusta sulcis, hic generosior  
Descendat in Campum petitor,  
Moribus hic meliorque fama

Contendat, illi turba clientium  
Sit maior : aequa lege Necessitas  
Sortitur insignes et imos,  
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Destructus ensis cui super impia  
Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes  
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,  
Non avium citharaeque cantus

---

Grant that in birth and acres A has the pull of B—  
Whose ancestors were bakers—and so becomes M.P. ;  
That C is in the peerage—at least appears in ‘ Dod ’—  
While D has travelled steerage, or borne the humble  
hod—

Yet after all what matters a mortal’s social sphere?  
Before the tramp in tatters, the detrimental peer,  
Though long or short their tether, one goal in common  
lies ;  
And we shall all together stand at the Last Assize.

No cookery Parisian can any peace afford  
To Abdul from the vision of Retribution’s sword :  
Vain are the songs of Houris, vain is the Bulbul’s  
note,  
When Hell’s avenging Furies have gripped him by the  
throat.

Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium  
Lenis virorum non humiles domos  
Fastidit umbrosamque ripam,  
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est neque  
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,  
Nec saevus Arcturi cadentis  
Impetus aut orientis Haedi,

Non verberatae grandine vineae  
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas  
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros  
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

---

Sleep that removes our burdens and 'knits up ravelled'  
care

May not frequent The Durdans or visit Berkeley Square :  
But many a starving yokel, stretched on his cabin floor,  
Will make the darkness vocal with his melodious snore.

He who is never craving, like Oliver, for more,  
Heeds not the tempest raving upon the rocky shore—  
Heeds not the fluctuations of stocks or mining shares,  
Nor yet the operations of either 'Bulls' or 'Bears.'

Though aerolites should ravage his orchids and his  
vines,

He never waxes savage, he neither storms nor whines ;  
Though crops for rain be thirsting, though fruit un-  
ripened fall,

Though water-pipes be bursting, like Job he bears  
it all.

Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt  
Iactis in altum molibus : huc frequens  
Caementa demittit redemptor  
Cum famulis dominusque terrae

Fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minae  
Scandunt eodem, quo dominus, neque  
Decedit aerata triremi et  
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis  
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior  
Delenit usus nec Falerna  
Vitis Achaemeniumque costum,



---

Some take a pride in building enormous piers that  
scare,

With bands and paint and gilding, the finny folk else-  
where ;

Turning, O vile vagary, each strip of sand and foam  
To London-super-Mare wherever we may roam !

No matter how notorious your lot in life may be,  
From cavillers censorious you never shall go free :  
They call the Kaiser crazy, deny Dunraven's right,  
And blacken like a Swazi good Ashmead-Bartlett,  
Knight.

The gems of Monte Cristo, the longest purse on earth,  
The winnings of 'Sir Visto,' the richest robes of Worth,  
The soap of Pears and Cleaver, the wines of all Cham-  
pagne,  
Can't mitigate the fever of one distempered brain.

Cur invidendis postibus et novo

Sublime ritu moliar atrium ?

Cur valle permutem Sabina

Divitias operosiores ?

Why should I build like 'Barney' a palace in Park  
Lane,

When Blarney and Killarney unvisited remain?

Ill were my leisure bartered, did I, in life's decline,

For millions in the Chartered my rural home resign.

*AD NEOBULEN*

MISERARUM est neque amori dare ludum neque  
dulci

Mala vino lavere, aut exanimari metuentes  
Patruae verbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas  
Operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,  
Liparaei nitor Hebri,

*TO THE NEW WOMEN*

O YE maids who carp at Cupid and indignantly complain  
Should a butler smug and stupid offer you a sweet  
champagne ;

Tell me honestly and truly, are you never shocked or  
stung

By the ridicule unruly of an aged uncle's tongue ?

I've a little friend at Girton, in Latinity immersed,  
Whom her coach considered certain of a very brilliant  
' first ;'

For the classics once she clamoured, on digamma doted  
—once ;

Now she's hopelessly enamoured of an athlete and a  
dunce.

Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,  
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno  
Neque segni pede victus ;

Catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato  
Grege cervos iaculari et celer alto latitantem  
Fruticeto excipere aprum.

He's a demon of a diver ; rides inexorably straight ;  
And manipulates his ' driver ' like a Taylor or a Tait.  
As a runner with the fleetest of professionals he copes,  
And his slogging is the sweetest ever seen within the  
ropes.

If there's any sort of slaughter to be dexterously done,  
On the moor or on the water, with the rod or with the  
gun,  
None can boast an aim so peerless, none a bag that's half  
as big,  
None displays a nerve so fearless at the sticking of the  
pig !

*AD MELPOMENEN*

EXEGI monumentum aere perennius,  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;  
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum.  
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei  
Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego postera



*A PROPHECY*

THOUGH my monument is builded not of marble nor of  
brass,

'Twill outshine good Albert's statue, Eïffel's pinnacle  
surpass.

Never may the rains assail it, blizzards round about it  
rage,

In imperishable splendour lasting on from age to age.

For so long as Mr. Speaker, ushered by the silent mace,  
Stalks with stately ceremonial to his high appointed  
place,

Though my venerable figure shall have vanished from  
the scene,

Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium  
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.  
Dicar qua violens obstrepit Aufidus  
Et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium  
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,  
Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos  
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam  
Quaesitam meritis, et mihi Delphica  
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

---

Part of me will never vanish : ever will my fame be  
green.

By the margin of the Mersey, in the distant isle of Skye,  
Where the Caledonian crofter drinks neat whisky when  
he's dry,

Men shall hail me as the Premier who, by intuition led,  
To the crownless harp of Erin English measures sought  
to wed.

Fear not then, O Muse of Tara, to exuberate with  
me,

Our unique collaboration justifies a jubilee :

Nor omit to crown your champion, in the evening of  
his days,

Lord of Dodonæan diction, with a wreath of Delphic  
bays.

*AD IULUM ANTONIUM*

PINDARUM quisquis studet aemulari,  
Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea  
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus  
Nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres  
Quem super notas aluere ripas,  
Fervet immensusque ruit profundo  
Pindarus ore,

*TO ALFRED AUSTIN*

IF the fatal fall that ended silly Icarus you'd shun,  
Who on waxen wings depended when he fluttered towards  
the sun ;

Let not vanity inveigle you to soar unduly high,  
Nor essay to ape the eagle on the pinions of the Pye.

Like a mountain torrent leaping high above its banks in  
spate,

Lo ! great Alfred grandly sweeping onward with resistless  
gait ;

In sonorous closes rounding many a swift trochaic line,  
Master of the 'long-resounding march, the energy  
divine.'

Laurea donandus Apollinari,  
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos  
Verba devolvit numerisque fertur  
Lege solutis ;

Seu deos regesque canit, deorum  
Sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta  
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae  
Flamma Chimaerae ;

Sive quos Elea domum reducit  
Palma caelestes, pugilemve equumve

---

Hard it is I ween to follow as the wearer of the bays  
Such a favourite of Apollo, maker of undying lays,  
Who in moments of expansion metric innovations tried,  
And the rigid rules of scansion irreproachably defied.

Heroes of the olden ages—' England's darlings ' shall we  
say ?—

Blazoned in his golden pages, hold destroying Time at  
bay :

Good Sir Richard, spent and shattered, grappling with  
the dogs of Spain,

And the Iron Duke who battered Boney on the Belgian  
plain.

Or in words that glow like lava hear him laud no reckless  
raid,

But the charge of Balaklava, glory of the Light  
Brigade—

Dicit et centum potiore signis

Munere donat ;

Flebili sponsae iuvenemve raptum

Plorat et vires animumque moresque

Aureos educit in astra nigroque

Invidet Orco.

Multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum,

Tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos

Nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinae

More modoque,



---

Words that our remotest scions shall triumphantly repeat,  
When the bronze of Landseer's lions lies in dust beneath  
their feet.

Sadder strains anon awaking, Arden's tragic tale he  
told—

Arden gloriously forsaking wife and child, and hearth  
grown cold—

Or, to heights majestic rising, on his friend's untimely  
bier

Laid the rich immortalising meed of his melodious tear.

Strong the breeze and stout the pinion that aloft great  
Alfred bare,

'Sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deep  
of air'—

I to lower levels keeping, by the margin of the Dee,  
Emulate the never-sleeping labours of the busy bee.

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem  
Plurimum circa nemus uvidique  
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus  
Carmina fingo.

Concines maiore poëta plectro  
Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroces  
Per sacrum clivum merita decorus  
Fronde Sygambros :

Quo nihil maius meliusve terris  
Fata donavere bonique divi

---

There I with impassioned relish woo the Theologic  
Muse,  
Penning theses to embellish North American Reviews,  
Heedless of the wild excursions planned by Jameson—or  
Rhodes,  
As I tivate my versions of the Sabine singer's Odes.

You, as wearer of the laurel, when the Kaiser comes to  
Cowes  
Or is bidden to Balmoral, will the music-halls arouse  
As you sing him onward ranging, quelling Socialistic  
storms,  
Indefatigably changing Chancellors and uniforms.—

Hohenzollern, most astounding product of this fevered  
age,  
Acrobatically bounding o'er the European stage ;

Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum  
Tempora priscum.

Concines laetosque dies et Urbis  
Publicum ludum super impetrato  
Fortis Augusti reditu forumque  
Litibus orbum.

Tum meae, si quid loquar audiendum,  
Vocis accedet bona pars, et, O Sol  
Pulcher ! O laudande ! canam, recepto  
Caesare felix.

---

Versatile mercurial hero, modelled in the very mould  
Of the royal Crichton Nero, in his first 'five years of  
gold.'

You will sing the lion-hunting of our autocratic guest—  
Street on street arrayed in bunting—Demos in his  
Sunday best—

Paint the operatic gala—Courts of Justice hushed and  
still—

Like the late Augustus Sala, monarch of the florid quill.

I too, if amid the cheering and hallooing of the crowd  
I can gain a partial hearing, may be possibly allowed  
To endorse the salutation of our sole official bard,  
And express my admiration on a post- (or postal-) card.

Teque, dum procedit, io Triumphe,  
Non semel dicemus, io Triumphe,  
Civitas omnis dabimusque divis  
Thura benignis.

Te decem tauri totidemque vaccae  
Me tener solvet vitulus, relictæ  
Matre, qui largis iuvenescit herbis  
In mea vota.

As along Pall Mall he passes, loudly from the loyal lips  
Of the clubmen and the classes shall proceed Hurrahs  
and Hips !

While the masses, southward roaming, to the Crystal  
Palace flock

And behold him, in the gloaming, limned in fire by  
Mister Brock.

Finally, that no hiatus in our welcome be espied,  
Each, according to his status, gifts must graciously  
provide :

You a score of volumes, stately prose and poems, half  
and half,

I a tiny tome sedately bound in unobtrusive calf.

*AD MELPOMENEN*

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel  
Nascentem placido lumine videris,  
Illum non labor Isthmius  
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger  
  
Curru ducet Achaico  
Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis  
Ornatum foliis ducem,  
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,  
  
Ostendet Capitolio :  
Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt  
Et spissae nemorum comae  
Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.



*TO MELPOMENE*

THE babe who, entering on this mortal scene,  
Wins from Melpomene a smile serene,  
Will never grow into a second Sayers,  
Or figure in the Gentlemen *v.* Players.

Nor will he notoriety command  
By tooling the superbest four-in-hand ;  
Nor rise to fame by snubbing Uncle Sam's  
Or Wilhelm's aggravating telegrams.

For him no Guildhall feast nor vote of thanks ;  
But he shall sing, by silver Isis' banks,  
In accents dulcet as a turtle dove's,  
The birds, the groves, the 'garden that he loves.'

Romae principis urbium

Dignatur suboles inter amabiles

Vatum ponere me choros,

Et iam dente minus mordeor invido.

O, testudinis aureae

Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,

O mutis quoque piscibus

Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,

Totum muneris hoc tui est,

Quod monstror digito praetereuntium

Romanae fidicen lyrae :

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

Even in London the 'reaction-ridden'  
Am I by Tory tongues no longer chidden,  
No more calumniated as a scuttler,  
Since I abandoned politics for Butler.

O Muse of Song, who Wagner bad'st unfold  
The magic legend of the Ring of Gold,  
Teaching his fishlike daughters of the Rhine  
To sing a swanlike melody divine—

To thee I owe it that in recent years  
Dissentient Liberals, freed from former fears,  
Forget the dangerous Disintegrator  
In Dante's friend and Horace's translator.

*FENERATOR ALFIUS VITAM RUSTICAM  
LAUDAT*

‘ BEATUS ille, qui procul negotiis,  
    Ut prisca gens mortalium,  
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,  
    Solutus omni fenore,  
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,  
    Neque horret iratum mare,  
Forumque vitat et superba civium  
    Potentiorum limina.

*THE  
EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER  
PRAISES THE COUNTRY LIFE*

‘ HAPPY the man, removed as far  
From business as the Centaurs are,  
Who, quit of tax and estimate,  
Retires to farm his own estate ;  
Who, though the bugles bid to war,  
Content, abides beside his door,  
And, safe in harbourage of home,  
Recks nought of the engulfing foam ;  
To whom St. Stephen’s calls in vain,  
And vainly, parvenu Park Lane.

Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine  
    Altas maritat populos,  
Aut in reducta valle mugientium  
    Prospectat errantes greges ;  
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans  
    Feliciores inserit ;  
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris ;  
    Aut tondet infirmas oves ;

Vel, cum decorum mitibus pomis caput  
    Auctumnus agris extulit,

Instead, a right bucolic soul,  
He trains the hop along its pole ;  
Or, snugly seated, joys to see  
The lowing kine wind o'er the lea ;  
Or checks with keen-edged pruning knife  
An apple's unproductive life,  
Scheming to win his meed of fruit  
By grafting there a lustier shoot ;  
Or, where the sweet-pea richliest thrives,  
Robs warily the murmurous hives,  
Straining bright honey from the wax ;  
Or clips his ewes' o'erladen backs.

Or, when triumphantly appears  
Brown Autumn, lifting o'er the ears  
Of golden corn a glowing head  
Crowned regally with Ribstons red,

Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,  
Certantem et uvam purpurae,  
Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater  
Silvane, tutor finium !

Libet iacere, modo sub antiqua ilice,  
Modo in tenaci gramine.  
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquae,  
Queruntur in silvis aves,  
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,  
Somnos quod invitet leves.



With what delight he plucks the pear,  
The outcome of his watchful care ;  
Or, high on ladder, cuts the fine  
Empurpled clusters from the vine—  
Meet presents for such deities  
As rural Squire may wish to please !

As Fancy bids, anon he'll take  
His ease among the tangled brake ;  
Or, stretched beneath a spreading oak,  
Will beatifically smoke ;  
While—plashing merrily along—  
The sylvan streamlet's jocund song,  
The thrush's flute-like, mellow call,  
The music of the waterfall—  
So soothingly caress his ear,  
That slumber, ere he knows, is near.

At cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis  
    Imbres nivesque comparat,  
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane  
    Apros in obstantes plagas ;  
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,  
    Turdis edacibus dolos ;  
Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem  
    Iucunda captat praemia.

Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,  
    Haec inter obliviscitur ?  
Quod si pudica mulier in partem iuвет  
    Domum atque dulces liberos,

---

But when Old Winter comes again,  
Tremendous Lord of snow and rain,  
Then, mounted on his straining horse,  
He joins the hunt's tumultuous course,  
Swelling the din of joyous sounds,  
And cheering on the eager hounds ;  
Or, gun in hand, and eagle-eyed,  
Ranges the teeming covert-side,  
Until his weary footsteps drag  
Beneath a " mixed " and bulging bag.

Amid these scenes, how well may one  
Lose sight of Aphrodite's son,  
And, busy in the field and grove,  
Forget the agonies of love !  
Yet should a tender partner share  
The daily round of mirth and care,

Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus  
Pernicis uxor Apuli,  
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum  
Lassi sub adventum viri,  
Claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus  
Distenta siccet ubera,  
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio  
Dapes inemptas apparet :  
Non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia,  
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,  
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus  
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare ;

Dividing griefs and doubling joys,  
Fond mother of his girls and boys ;  
A matron with as sweet a fame  
As Mrs. Poyser (glorious dame !) ;  
Or skilful in the " fireside " life  
As Hampshire farmer's sunburned wife,  
Piling the crackling logs to greet  
Her husband's home-returning feet ;  
Or deftly milking, in the shed,  
White Violet, and Pansy red,  
And Daisy of the swishing tail ;  
Or filling jugs of home-brewed ale  
To grace the board whereon is laid  
The snowy bread herself has made ;—  
Were such his helpmate, then no more  
He'd covet gastronomic lore :  
No piscine dainty sought afar,  
Or caviar, or potted char ;

Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,  
Non attagen Ionicus  
Iucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis  
Oliva ramis arborum,  
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi  
Malvae salubres corpori,  
Vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus,  
Vel haedus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut iuvat pastas oves  
Videre properantes domum,  
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves  
Collo trahentes languido,

No wondrous bird, designed to test  
The fowler at his wiliest,  
And leave, before so rare a plate,  
Bons vivants inarticulate ;—  
Would keenlier his palate please  
Than pippin from his orchard trees ;  
Or mushroom hiding out of view  
Among the grass-blades wet with dew ;  
Or onion—wit's restorative—  
The raciest root that earth can give ;  
Or lamb ; or chicken dropped in fright  
By stealthy fox at dead of night.

At such repasts, how good to note  
The fat sheep thronging to their cote,  
The weary horses dragging home  
The plough that erst has turned the loam,

Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,  
Circum renidentes Lares !'

Haec ubi locutus fenerator Alfius,  
Iam iam futurus rusticus,  
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,  
Quaerit Kalendis ponere.



The labourers, who love their lord,  
 Ranging like bees about the board,  
 Endowed with noble appetite,  
 While o'er them plays the ruddy light !'

Thus, careless of financial fret,  
 Spake Malwood's great Plantagenet,—  
 To rural Squire transmogrified,  
 The idol of the countryside.  
 He vowed no Budget more to frame . . .  
 Yet, when a sudden crisis came,  
 And Tories sank before their foes,  
 And Liberals again arose,—  
 In spite of all his fervid praise  
 Of rustic life and quiet days,  
 Behold Sir William on his feet,  
 Flaunting the Nation's balance sheet !

E. V. L.,  
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