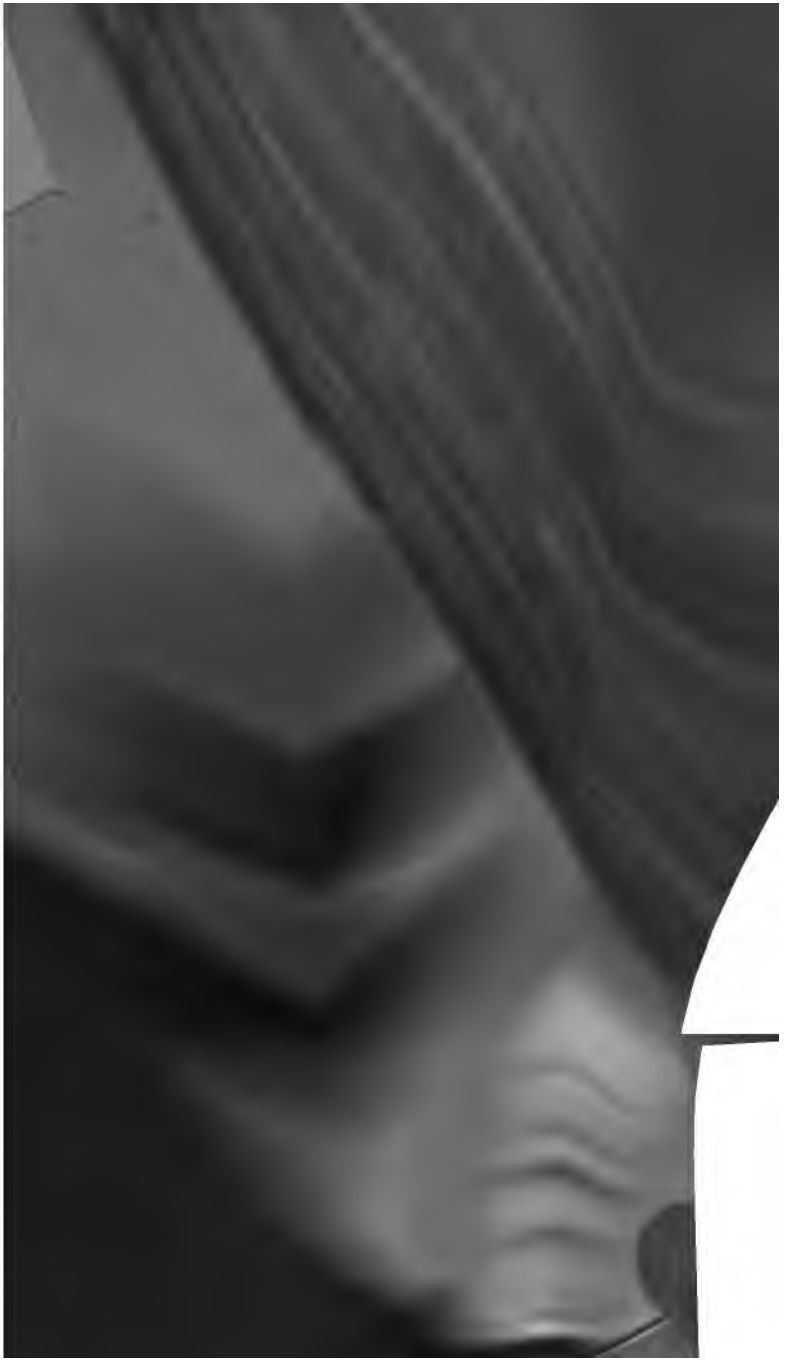

2

HORACE.

ODES, EPODES, AND SATIRES.

What practice, howsoe'er expert,
  In fitting aptest words to things;
  Or voice, the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

TENNYSON.

THE

ODES, EPODES AND SATIRES OF HORACE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

THEODORE MARTIN

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ERRATA.

Page 147, last line, *for* " bubbling" *read* " babbling."
Page 158, insert comma at end of line 8.
Page 193, line 16, *for* " rights" *read* " rites."
Page 201, insert ; at end of line 6.
Page 299, line 31, insert ? after " grace."

LIFE OF HORACE.

LIFE OF HORACE.

HORACE is his own biographer. All the material facts of his personal history are to be gathered from allusions scattered throughout his poems. A memoir, attributed to Suetonius, of somewhat doubtful authenticity, furnishes a few additional details, but none of moment, either as to his character or career.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born vi. Id. Dec. A.U.C. 689 (Dec. 8, B.C. 65), during the consulship of L. Aurelius Cotta and L. Manlius Torquatus. His father was a freedman, and it was long considered that he had been a slave to some member of the Horatii, whose name, in accordance with a common usage, he had assumed. But this theory has latterly given place to the suggestion, based upon inscriptions, that he was a freedman of the town of Venusia, the modern Venosa, the inhabitants of which be[illegible] o the Horatian tribe. The question is, hav[illegible] ance in its bearings on the poet's life. [illegible] d received his manumission [illegible] d a moderate inde- [illegible] borne indifferently [illegible] money at sales by [illegible] ses he belonged is

uncertain, but most probably to the latter. With the fruits of his industry he had purchased a small property near Venusia, upon the banks of the Aufidus, the modern Ofanto, in the midst of the Apennines, upon a debateable ground, which was claimed as coming within the boundaries both of Lucania and Apulia. Here the poet was born, and in this picturesque region of mountain, forest, and stream, the boy became imbued with the love of nature which distinguished him through life.

He describes himself (*Ode* IV. iii.) as having lost his way upon Mount Vultur when a child, and being there found asleep, under a covering of laurel and myrtle leaves, which the wood-pigeons had spread to shield this favourite of the gods from snakes and wild animals.* The augury of the future poet, said to have been drawn from the incident at the time, was probably an afterthought of Horace himself, who had not forgotten Pindar and the bees;† but, whatever may be

* In translating this passage I have adopted the reading "*Villulæ*," in preference to the obviously unsatisfactory "Apuliæ" of ordinary texts. This reading is rejected by Mr. Munro, on the ground, that Horace is averse to the use of diminutives. But he has "parmula," and in the passage in question the diminutive has its force. I cannot better express my own views than in the words of my friend the Rev. W. G. Clark, the Public Orator of Cambridge, who long ago conjectured that the line should be read—

"Altricis extra limina Villulæ."

"It would have been claiming for himself a luxurious bringing up to have said 'Villa.' 'Villula' is the little country cottage on the mountain side, where the boy was sent from the sultry Venusia, to pass his villeggiatura during the summer months. Does not this add to the picture and give force to the illustration? A child wanders from the cottage door, but he would scarcely be said to wander into a neighbouring province, nor does it matter whether he fell asleep in Apulia or Lucania."

† Ælian records, that Pindar, having while an infant been exposed in the highway, was nursed by a swarm of bees, whose honey served him in place of milk.—B. XII. C. XLV.

thought of the omen, the picture of the strayed child, asleep with his hands full of spring flowers, is pleasing. In his father's house, and in those of the Apulian peasantry around him, Horace had opportunities of becoming familiar with the simple virtues of the poor,—their industry and independence, their integrity, chastity, and homely worth,—which he loved to contrast with the luxury and vice of imperial Rome. Of his mother no mention occurs, directly or indirectly, throughout his poems. Remarkable as Horace is for the warmth of his affections, this could scarcely have happened, had she not died while he was very young. He appears also to have been an only child. No doubt he had at an early age given evidence of superior powers; and to this it may have been in some measure owing, that his father resolved to give him a higher education than could be obtained under a provincial schoolmaster, and, although ill able to afford the expense, took him, when about twelve years old, to Rome, and gave him the best education which the capital could supply. No money was spared to enable the boy to keep his position among his fellow-scholars of the higher ranks. He was waited on by numerous slaves, as though he were the heir to a considerable fortune. At the same time he was not allowed either to feel any shame for his own order, or to aspire to a position which he was unequal to maintain. His father taught him to look forward to filling some situation akin to that in which he had himself acquired a competency; and to feel that, in any sphere, culture, self-respect, and prudent self-control, must command influence, and afford the best guarantee for happiness. Under the stern tutorage of Orbilius Pupillus, a grammarian of high standing, richer in reputation than in gold, whose undue exercise of the rod the poet has condemned to a bad immortality, he learned grammar, and became familiar with the earlier Latin writers, and with Homer. He also acquired such other branches of

instruction as were usually learned by the sons of Romans of the higher ranks. But, what was of still more importance, during this critical period of his first introduction to the seductions of the capital, he enjoyed the advantage of his father's personal superintendence, and of a careful moral training. His father went with him to all his classes, and, being himself a man of shrewd observation and natural humour, he gave his son's studies a practical bearing, by directing his attention to the follies and vices of the luxurious and dissolute society around him, and showing at once their incompatibility with the dictates of reason and common sense, and the mischievous consequences which they entailed on the individuals who yielded to their seductions. From this admirable father, Horace appears to have gathered many of "the rugged maxims hewn from life," with which his works abound, and also to have inherited that manly independence for which he was remarkable, and which, while frankly according to every rank its due influence and respect, never either over-estimates or compromises its own. Under the homely exterior of the Apulian freedman we recognize the soul of the gentleman. His influence on his son was manifestly great. In the full maturity of his powers Horace penned a tribute to his worth (*Sat.* 6, *Book I.*), in terms which prove, how often and how deeply he had occasion in after-life to be grateful for the bias thus early communicated. His father's character had given a tone and strength to his own, which, in the midst of manifold temptations, had kept him true to himself and to his genius.

At what age Horace lost his father is uncertain. Most probably this event occurred, before he left Rome for Athens, to complete his education in the Greek literature and philosophy, under native teachers. This he did sometime between the age of seventeen and twenty. At Athens he found many young men of the leading Roman families—Bibulus, Messala,

the younger Cicero, and others—engaged in the same pursuits with himself. His works prove him to have been no careless student of the classics of Grecian literature, and, with a natural enthusiasm, he made his first poetical essays in their flexible and noble language. His usual good sense, however, soon caused him to abandon the hopeless task of emulating the Greek writers on their own ground (*Sat.* 10, *Book I.*), and he directed his efforts to transfusing into his own language some of the grace and melody of these masters of song. In the political lull between the battle of Pharsalia, A.U.C. 706 (B.C. 48), and the death of Julius Cæsar, A.U.C. 710 (B.C. 44), Horace was enabled to devote himself without interruption to the tranquil pursuits of the scholar. But when, after the latter event, Brutus came to Athens, and the patrician youth of Rome, fired with zeal for the cause of republican liberty, joined his standard, Horace, infected by the general enthusiasm, accepted a military command in the army, which was destined to encounter the legions of M. Antony and Octavius. His rank was that of tribune, a position of so much importance, that he must have been indebted for it either to the personal friendship of Brutus, or to an extraordinary dearth of officers, as he was not only without experience or birth to recommend him, but possessed no particular aptitude, physical or moral, for a military life. His appointment excited jealousy among his brother officers, who considered, that the command of a Roman legion should have been reserved for men of nobler blood (*Sat.* 6, *Book I.*); and here probably he first came into direct collision with the aristocratic prejudices, which the training of his father had taught him to defy, and which, at a subsequent period, grudged to the freedman's son the friendship of the emperor and of Mæcenas. At the same time he had manifestly a strong party of friends, who had learned to appreciate his genius and attractive qualities. It is certain, that he secured the esteem of

his commanders, and bore an active part in the perils and difficulties of the campaign, which terminated in the total defeat of the republican party at Philippi, A.U.C. 712 (B.C. 42). A playful allusion by himself to the events of that disastrous field (*Odes*, II. vii. 9 *et seq.*) has been turned by many of his commentators into an admission of his own cowardice. This is absurd. Such a confession is the very last, which any man, least of all a Roman, would make. Addressing his friend Pompeius Varius, Horace says,—

> "With thee I shared Philippi's headlong flight,
> My shield behind me left, which was not well,
> When all that brave array was broke, and fell
> In the vile dust full many a towering wight."

That Archilochus and Alcæus ran away on the field of battle, leaving their shields behind them, may or may not be true; but, however anxious to rank with them as poets, Horace was not likely to carry the parallel into details disgraceful to his manhood. An allusion, like the above, to the loss of his shield could only have been dropped by a man, who felt that he had done his duty, and that it was known he had done it. The lines may thus be safely regarded, according to the views of Lessing and others, as a not ungraceful compliment to his friend, who continued the struggle against the triumvirate with the party who threw themselves into the fleet of Sextus Pompeius. This interpretation is confirmed by the language of the next verse, where, in the same spirit, he applies the epithet "paventem" to himself.

> "But me, poor trembler, swift Mercurius bore,
> Wrapp'd in a cloud through all the hostile din,
> While war's tumultuous eddies, closing in,
> Swept thee away into the strife once more."

It was no discredit to Horace to have despaired of a cause which its leaders had given up. After the suicide of Brutus and Cassius, the continuance of the contest was hopeless;

and Horace may in his short military career have seen, in the jealousy and selfish ambition of many of his party, enough to make him suspicious of success, even if that had been attainable. Republicans, who sneered at the freedman's son, were not likely to found any system of liberty worthy of the name.

On his way back to Italy, Horace narrowly escaped shipwreck off Cape Palinurus, on the coast of Sicily, an incident to which several allusions will be found in his Odes;* and he reached home, only to find his paternal acres confiscated. His life was spared, but nothing was left him to sustain it, but his pen and his good spirits. He had to write for bread;—"*Paupertas impulit audax ut versus facerem*" (*Epist.* II. ii. 51)—and, in so doing, he appears to have acquired not only considerable repute, but also sufficient means to purchase the place of scribe in the Quæstor's office, a sort of sinecure Clerkship of the Treasury, which he continued to hold for many years, if not, indeed, to the close of his life. It was upon his return to Rome, that he made the acquaintance of Virgil and Varius, who were already famous, and to them he was indebted for his introduction to Mæcenas. The particulars of his first interview with his patron he has himself recorded (*Sat.* I. vi. 55 *et seq.*) It is a curious circumstance in the history of a friendship, among the closest and most affectionate on record, that nine months elapsed after their meeting, before Mæcenas again summoned the poet to his house, and enrolled him in the list of his intimate friends. This event took place in the third year after the battle of Philippi; and as the only claim of Horace, the man of humble

* It is quite possible, that this incident may have occurred when Horace was on his way to Greece, or, on some subsequent occasion, when he was going for health or pleasure to Velia or Tarentum. There is no conclusive evidence as to the date.

origin and the retainer of a defeated party, to the notice of the minister of Augustus, must have been his literary reputation, it is obvious, that even at this early period he had established his position among the wits and men of letters in the capital. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into mutual esteem. It secured the position of the poet in society, and the generosity of the statesman placed him above the anxieties of a literary life. Throughout the intimate intercourse of thirty years which ensued, there was no trace of condescension on the one hand, nor of servility on the other. Mæcenas gave the poet a place next his heart. He must have respected the man who never used his influence to obtain those favours which were within the disposal of the emperor's minister, who cherished an honest pride in his own station, and who could be grateful without being obsequious. Horace is never weary of acknowledging how much he owes to his friend. When he praises him, it is without flattery. When he soothes his anxieties, or calms his fears, the words glow with unmistakeable sincerity. When he resists his patron's wishes, he is firm without being ungracious. When he sports with his foibles, he is familiar without the slightest shade of impertinence.

By Mæcenas Horace was introduced to Octavius, most probably soon after the period just referred to. In A.U.C. 717, a year after Horace had been admitted into the circle of his friends, Mæcenas went to Brundusium, charged by Octavius to negociate a treaty with Marc Antony. On this journey he was accompanied by Horace, who has left a graphic record of its incidents (*Sat.* I. V.) It is probable, that upon this occasion, or about this time, the poet was brought to the notice of the future emperor. Between the time of his return from this journey and the year 722, Horace, who had in the meantime given to the world many of his poems, including the ten Satires of the first book, received from Mæcenas the

gift of the Sabine farm, which at once afforded him a competency and all the pleasures of a country life. The gift was a slight one for Mæcenas to bestow, but it had a value beyond price, as the fittest and most welcome which he could offer to his friend. It made Horace happy. It gave him leisure and amusement, and opportunities for that calm intercourse with nature, which he "needed for his spirit's health." Never was a gift better bestowed or better requited. To it we are indebted for much of that poetry, which has linked the name of Mæcenas with that of the poet in associations the most engaging, and has afforded, and will afford, ever new delight to successive generations. The Sabine farm was situated in the valley of Ustica, about twelve miles from Tibur (Tivoli), and, among its other charms, possessed the valuable attraction for Horace, that it was within an easy distance of Rome. When his spirits wanted the stimulus of society or the bustle of the capital, which they often did, his ambling mule could speedily convey him thither; and when jaded, on the other hand, by

> "The noise, and strife, and questions wearisome,
> And the vain splendours of imperial Rome,"

he could, by the same easy means of transport, in a few hours bury himself among the hills, and there, under the shadow of his favourite Lucretilis, or by the banks of the Digentia, either stretch himself to dream upon the grass, lulled by the murmurs of the stream, or look after the cultivation of his fields, and fancy himself a farmer. The site of this farm has been pretty accurately ascertained, and it is at the present day a favourite resort of travellers, especially of Englishmen, who visit it in such numbers, and trace its features with so much enthusiasm, that the resident peasantry, "who cannot conceive of any other source of interest in one so long dead and unsainted, than that of co-patriotism or consanguinity," believe

Horace to have been an Englishman.* The property was of moderate size, and produced corn, olives, and wine, but was not highly cultivated. Here Horace spent a considerable part of every year. The place was very retired, being about four miles from Varia (Vico Varo), the nearest town, well covered with timber, and traversed by a small but sparkling stream. It gave employment to five families of free *coloni*, who were under the superintendence of a bailiff; and, besides these, eight slaves were attached to the poet's establishment. With his inexpensive habits this little property was sufficient for all his wants. He describes himself as *Satis beatus unicis Sabinis*,

> "With what I have completely blest,
> My happy little Sabine nest."

(*Odes*, II. xviii.) Here he could entertain a stray friend from town,—his patron Mæcenas, upon occasion,—and the delights of this agreeable retreat, and the charm of the poet's society, were doubtless more than a compensation for the plain fare or the thin home-grown wine, *Vile Sabinum*, with which its resources alone enabled him to regale them.

The life of Horace, from the time of his intimacy with Mæcenas, appears to have been one of comparative ease, and of great social enjoyment. Augustus soon admitted him to his favour, and, according to the memoir by Suetonius, ultimately sought to attach him to his person in the capacity of secretary. This offer Horace was prudent and firm enough to decline. However cordial the footing on which he might have stood with Augustus, to have accepted would have been to sacrifice his independence. Both would have been losers by the change. For, not only would the genius of the poet have been from that hour in fetters, but his value to Augustus

* See *Letter by Mr. Dennis.* Milman's *Horace*, London, 1849, p. 109.

as a friend, who could speak out fearlessly what he thought, would have been diminished. But he managed his refusal with so much tact as not to offend the master of the world. To the close of his life his favour at court continued without a cloud. Augustus not only liked the man, but entertained a profound admiration for the poet. Believing in the immortality of his writings, it was natural the emperor should cultivate the good will and seek to secure the "deathless meed" of his favourite's song. That Horace had fought with Brutus against him did not operate to his prejudice. To have espoused the cause, and enjoyed the confidence of one, whose nobility of purpose his adversaries never scrupled to acknowledge, formed, indeed, in itself a claim upon his successful rival's esteem. Horace was no renegade; he was not ashamed of the past, and Mæcenas and Augustus were just the men to respect his independence, and to like him the better for it. They could appreciate his superiority to the herd of parasites and time-servers around them; and, like all the greatest actors on the political stage, they were above the petty rancours of party jealousy, or the desire to enforce a renunciation of convictions opposite to their own. Indeed, we may feel assured, it was by never stooping to them unduly, and by speaking frankly what he thought on all topics, political as well as literary and social, which came under discussion in his intercourse with them, that Horace won and kept their esteem. There is no reason to suspect Horace, in the praises which he has recorded of Augustus, either of insincerity or sycophancy. He was able to contrast the comparative security of life and property, the absence of political turmoil, and the development of social ease and happiness, which his country enjoyed under the masterly administration of Augustus, with the disquietude and strife, under which it had languished for so many years. The days of a republic had gone by, and an

enlightened despotism must have been welcomed by a country shaken by a long period of civil commotion, and sick of seeing itself played for as the stake of reckless and ambitious men. He was near enough to the councils of the world's master, to understand his motives and to appreciate his policy; and his intimate personal intercourse with both Augustus and Mæcenas must have enabled him to do fuller justice, as well to their intentions as to their ability, than was possible, perhaps, to any other man of his time.

The envy, which his intimacy with these two foremost men of all the world for a time excited in Roman society, by degrees gave way, as years advanced, and the causes of their esteem came to be better understood. Their favour did not spoil him. He was ever the same kindly, urbane, and simple man of letters he had originally been, never presuming upon his position, nor looking superciliously on others less favoured than himself. At the same time, there must have been that about him, which inspired respect. The author of the Satires was not a man to be trifled with. Like all men of fixed principles, though habitually gentle, he could strike, and sternly too, upon occasion. Essentially generous and genial, however, years only mellowed his wisdom, and gave a finer polish to his verse. The unaffected sincerity of his nature, and the rich vein of his genius, made him courted by the opulent and noble. (*Odes*, II. xviii. 9 *et seq.*) He mixed on easy terms with the choicest society of Rome; and what must that society have been, which included Virgil, Varius, Plotius, Tibullus, Pollio, and a host of others, who were not only ripe scholars, but had borne and were bearing a leading part in the great actions and events of that memorable epoch?

It is to this period that the composition of his principal odes is to be attributed. To these, of all his writings, Horace himself appears to have ascribed the greatest value, and, if we are

to read literally the language of the last odes of the Second and Third Books, to have rested upon them his claims to posthumous fame. They were the result of great labour, as he himself indicates: "*Operosa parvus Carmina fingo*" (*Odes*, IV. ii. 31); so thoroughly, however, was the art which produced them veiled in the result, that they bear pre-eminently the charm of simplicity and ease. He claims to have been the first to mould the Latin tongue to the Greek lyric measures—in this ignoring the admirable efforts of Catullus in a similar direction; and his success in this difficult task may be estimated from the fact, that, as he was virtually the first, so was he the greatest of the Roman lyrists. It has become the fashion with certain grammarians of late years to decry his versification as defective. It may be so; but we would rather follow the opinions of his contemporaries and countrymen on this point. Ovid expressed a different opinion in the well-known lines:—

> "*Et tenuit nostras numerosus Horatius aures,*
> *Dum ferit Ausonia carmina culta lyra.*"
> IV. Trist. xlix. Eleg. 10.

> "Oft on Horatius' tuneful strains I've hung,
> Whilst to his sweet Ausonian lyre he sung."

Quinctilian's criticism upon the Odes can scarcely be improved: "*Lyricorum Horatius fere solus legi dignus. Nam et insurgit aliquando, et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ, et variis figuris, et verbis felicissime audax.*" In this airy and playful grace, in happy epithets, in variety of imagery, and exquisite felicity of expression, the *Odes* are still unsurpassed among the writings of any period or language. It is no doubt true, that only in a few instances do they rise to grandeur of thought, or are marked by a high strain of emotion or of imaginative expression; but if they want, for the most part, the inspiration of a great motive, or the fervour and resonance of

the finest lyrics of Greece, they possess in perfection the power of painting an image or expressing a thought in the fewest and fittest words, combined with a melody of cadence always delightful. It is these qualities, and a prevailing vein of genial and sober wisdom, which imbue them with a charm quite peculiar, and have given them a hold upon the minds of educated men, which no change of taste has shaken. Their beauty of expression is indeed apt to blind the reader upon occasion to the meagreness in thought, and essentially prosaic turn of many of the Odes. The charm of all the best lyrical poetry is in a great degree dependent on subtle niceties of suggestion, or even of tone, which can never be thoroughly reflected in another language. But of the Odes of Horace this is especially true. In many of them the expression is all in all. Alter this, even in the slightest degree, and their beauty vanishes. That even the best are inferior to his Greek models is not to be wondered at. Even although Horace had possessed the genius of Pindar or Sappho, it is doubtful whether, writing as he did in an artificial language, which he was compelled to make more artificial by the adoption of Greek forms and idioms, he could have found an adequate utterance for his inspiration. But to neither of these was his genius akin; and that good sense, which is his great characteristic, withheld him from ever either soaring too high, or attempting to sustain his flight too long. His power of passion is limited, and his strokes of pathos, always genuine, however, when they do occur, are few and slight. His deepest tones are struck, when the decay of morals, and the selfish passions of faction, inspire him with indignation, or sadden him into despair. On these subjects he feels intensely, and writes with all the energy and force of strong conviction and passionate feeling. The individual man then becomes merged in the greatness of the theme; but in general he plays with his subject like the skilful artist, rather

than the poet, who seeks in lyrical verse the natural vent for his emotions. Rarely indeed do we lose sight of the poet himself in these Odes. This quality, while it is fatal to lyric poetry of the highest class, helps, however, to heighten the charm of the majority of them, especially those which are devoted to his friends, or which breathe the delight with which the contact with the ever-fresh beauties of natural scenery inspired him. Into these he throws his whole heart, and in them we feel the fascination, which made him beloved by those who came within the circle of his personal influence, and which makes him as it were the well-known and intimate friend of all to whom his writings are a familiar study.

Horace was not and could not have been a national poet. He wrote only for cultivated men, and under the shadow of a court. Beyond a very narrow circle his works could not have been read. The very language in which he wrote must have been unintelligible to the people, and he had none of those popular sympathies, which inspire the lyrics of Burns or Béranger. The Roman populace of his time was perhaps as little likely to command his respect as any which the world has ever seen; and there was no *people*, in the sense in which we understand the word, to appeal to. And yet Horace has many points in common with Burns. His sympathies were equally broad and comprehensive. Rank, wealth, fashion, power, neither dazzled his judgment, nor bore down his independence. It was the habit of his mind to look beyond the accidents of fortune, and to rate men by their worth. In a happier time, and amid a nobler people, who shall say what grandeur this instinct of his genius might not have given to his songs? The freedman's son had the soul of a free man, and Burns would have hailed him as a brother. "A man's a man for a' that," in the whole vein of its sentiment, is thoroughly Horatian. In their large and genial views of life

they are closely akin; but the fiery glow of the peasant poet is subdued to a temperate heat in the gentler and physically less energetic nature of Horace.

In his amatory verses the same distinction is visible. Horace writes much about love; but he is never thoroughly in love. None of his erotic poems are vivified by those gushes of emotion, which animate the love-poetry of the poets we have named, and of other modern song-writers. Never indeed was love less ideal or intense in a poet of unquestionable power. Horace is not insensible to feminine attractiveness. He had too much taste for that. Indeed, no writer hits off with greater neatness the portrait of a beauty, or conjures up more skilfully before his reader an image of seductive grace. But his tone is more that of a pleased spectator, than of one who has loved deeply. Even in what may be assumed to be his earliest poems, the fire of genuine passion is wanting. Horace's ardour seems never to have risen above the transient flush of desire. At no period of his life, so far as can be inferred from his writings, was he a man to suffer from

> "The cruel madness of love,
> The honey of poison flowers, and all the measureless ill."

He was as much a stranger to the headlong passion of the sensualist, as to the trembling reverence of the devotee. Of all that wide realm of deep emotion and imaginative tenderness, of which occasional traces are to be found in the literature of antiquity, and with which modern poetry from Dante to Tennyson is familiar, no hint is to be found in the Odes of Horace. *Parabilem amo Venerem facilemque*, is the Alpha and Omega of his personal creed. In his view the favouring smiles of the fairest face were not worth the pain its owner's caprices could inflict. Woman, as he knew her, was apt to be capricious. He had suffered from the fickleness of more

than one mistress; but he was too honest not to feel, that they had probably only forestalled him in inconstancy. Doubtless, he had "sighed and looked, sighed and looked" at many a pair of fine eyes in vain, and found himself recalling to his fancy, more often than philosopher should, a rosy underlip, or "the tresses of Neæra's hair;" but if they slipped from his grasp, the pang, we may be tolerably sure, was transient.

> "From these he escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen."

He seems to have known by experience just enough of the tender passion to write pretty verses about it, and to rally, not unsympathetically, such of his friends as had not escaped so lightly from its flame. In the words of Rosalind, it might be said of him, that "Cupid had clapp'd him on the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole." Men of temperate passions and strong sense, like his, do not give their hearts to women of the class, with whom alone, so far as can be inferred from his poems, he was on terms of intimacy. The attempt to make out the Lydias and Lalages, the Lyces and Phrynes of his Odes, as real objects of attachment, is one of the many follies, in which many of his commentators have wasted much dreary labour. Like Béranger, Horace might, no doubt, have sung of himself in his youth,—

> "J'avais à vingt ans une folle maitresse,
> De francs amis, et l'amour des chansons."

The *bona Cinara* of his Odes and Satires was no ideal personage;—she, if anyone, had touched his heart, and haunted his fancy: and it may fairly be assumed, that his many agreeable qualities had not been without their influence upon other beauties equally susceptible, if not equally generous. *Militavit non sine gloriâ.* And even when he could count eight lustres, despite his own protest (*Odes*, II. iv.), his senses were probably not dead to the attractions of a fine ancle, or a pretty

face, nor to the fascination of a sweet smile, a musical voice, a pleasant wit, an agreeable temper, or graceful habits. His affectionate and sensitive nature must always have inclined him to the society of women. But his passions were too well controlled, and his love of ease too strong, to admit of the countless flirtations implied in the supposition that Glycera, Myrtale, and a score of others, were actual favourites of the bard. The Horace of the *Satires* and *Epistles*, the man Horace as he there lives for us, must be forgotten, before we can adopt such a conclusion. To sing of beauty has always been the poet's privilege and delight; and to record the lover's pains, an easy and popular theme. Horace, the wit and friend of wits, fell naturally into this genial strain, and sang of love and beauty according to his fashion. Very airy, and playful, and pleasant is that fashion, and, for his time, in the main comparatively pure and chaste; but we seek in vain for the tenderness, the negation of self, and the pathos, which are the soul of all true love-poetry. "His love ditties," it has been well said, "are, as it were, like flowers, beautiful in form, and rich in hues, but without the scent that breathes to the heart." It is certain that many of them are merely imitations of Greek originals; pretty cameos cut after the antique.

Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles* are less read, yet, while infinitely inferior to his lyric poetry in point of artistic workmanship and in literary charm, they are perhaps intrinsically not less valuable. They are of very various merit, written at different periods of his life, and, although the order of their composition may be difficult to define with certainty, much may be inferred, even from the internal evidence of style and subject, as to the development of the poet's genius. As reflecting "the age and body of the time," they possess the highest historical value. Through them the modern scholar is in all probability able to form a clearer idea of the state of society in Rome in the

Augustan age, than of any other phase of social development in the history of nations. Mingling, as he did, freely with men of all ranks and passions, and himself untouched by the ambition of wealth or influence, which absorbed them in the struggle of society, he enjoyed the best opportunities for observation, and he used them diligently. Horace's observation of character is subtle and exact, his knowledge of the heart is profound, his power of graphic delineation great. A genial humour plays over his verses, and a kindly wisdom dignifies them. Never were the maxims of social prudence and practical good sense inculcated in so pleasing a form as in the *Epistles*. The vein of his satire is delicate yet racy; he keeps the intellect on the alert, and amuses the fancy, while he rarely offends by indelicacy, or outrages by coarseness. For fierceness of invective, or loftiness of moral tone, he is inferior to Juvenal; but the vices of his time were less calculated to provoke the "sæva indignatio" of the satirist of a more recent date. He deals rather with the weakness and follies, than with the vices or crimes of mankind, and his appeals are directed to their judgment and practical sense rather than to their conscience. As a living and brilliant commentary on life, as a storehouse of maxims of practical wisdom, couched in language the most apt and concise, as a picture of men and manners, which will be always fresh and always true, because it was true once, and because human nature will always reproduce itself under analogous circumstances, his *Satires*, and still more his *Epistles*, will have a permanent value for mankind. In these, as in his Odes, he inculcates what is fitting and decorous, and tends most to tranquillity of mind and body, rather than the severe virtues of a high standard of moral purity. To live at peace with the world, to shun the extremes of avarice, luxury, and ambition, to be upright, just, and true, to do nothing which can compromise self-

respect, or kindle the blush of inward shame, to outrage none of the laws of nature, to enjoy life wisely, and not to load it with cares which the lapse of a few brief years will demonstrate to be foolishness, is very nearly the sum of his philosophy. It is not, perhaps, a very exalted philosophy; but how few, even with our better lights, can rise to this height in daily practice? Of religion, as we understand it, he had little. Although himself little of a practical worshipper—*parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*—he respected the sincerity of others in their belief in the old gods. But in common with the more vigorous intellects of the time, he had outgrown the effete creed of his countrymen. He was content to use it for poetical purposes, but it was no more than natural, that he should not accept as matter of belief the mythology about which the forms of the contemporary worship still clustered. At the same time there are abundant traces in his writings, that he was no stranger to emotions of profound reverence for the mysteries of religion, that he regarded life, and its responsibilities, with deep seriousness, and had pondered with humility and devout awe those great questions, which have always occupied the thoughts and perplexed the hearts of the ablest men in all ages, of the relations of man to "the unseen God," and of his destinies in a future state.

"With all his melancholy conceptions of the shadow-land beyond the grave," Lord Lytton has well said,* "and the half-sportive, half-pathetic injunction, therefore, to make the most of the passing hours, there lies deep within his heart a consciousness of nobler truths, which, ever and anon, finds impressive utterance, suggesting precepts and hinting consolations, that elude the rod of Mercury, and do not accompany the dark flock to the shores of Styx.

* *Odes and Epodes of Horace.* By Lord Lytton, 1869, Introduction, p. xvii.

" 'Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negata tentat iter via.' "

It will be difficult to find in literature a more exquisite picture of simple piety than is presented in the *Rustica Phidyle* of the twenty-third Ode of the Third Book, and those who know Horace well will recognise the truth of Lord Lytton's remark, that he "touches at times upon chords more spiritual, than those who do not look below the surface would readily detect."

At no time very robust, Horace's health appears to have declined for some years before his death. He was doomed to see some of his most valued friends drop into the grave before him. This to him, who gave to friendship the ardour which other men give to love, was the severest wound that time could bring. "The shocks of Chance, the blows of Death" smote him heavily; and the failure of youth, and spirits, and health, in the inevitable decay of nature, saddened the thoughtful poet in his solitude, and tinged the gayest society with melancholy. The loss of friends, the brothers of his soul, of Virgil, Quinctilius, Tibullus, and others, and ultimately of Mæcenas, without that assurance of reunion, which springs from the cheering faith that was soon afterwards to be revealed to the world, must by degrees have stripped life of most of its charms. *Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes* (*Epist.* II. ii. 55) "Years, following years, steal something every day," is a cheerless reflection to all, but chiefly to him, who has no future to rest upon for compensation and comfort. Mæcenas' health was a source of deep anxiety to him; and one of the most exquisite Odes (II. xvii), addressed to that valued friend, in answer to some outburst of despondency, while it expresses the depth of the poet's regard, bears in it the tone of a man somewhat weary of the world:—

"Ah! if untimely fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deaden'd sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no! One day beholds thy death and mine!

"Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath!
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand link'd in hand, whene'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below!"

The prophecy seems to have been realized almost to the letter. The same year (A.U.C. 746, B.C. 8) witnessed the death of both Horace and Mæcenas. The latter died in the middle of the year, bequeathing his friend, in almost his last words, to the care of Augustus: "*Horatii Flacci, ut mei, esto memor.*" On the 27th of November, when he was on the eve of completing his fifty-seventh year, Horace himself died, of an illness so sharp and sudden, that he was unable to make his will in writing. He declared it orally before witnesses, leaving to Augustus the little which he possessed. He was buried on the Esquiline Hill, near his patron and friend Mæcenas.

The fame of Horace was at once established. Even in the days of Juvenal he shared with Virgil the doubtful honour of being a school-book (Juvenal, *Sat.* vii. 226). That honour he still enjoys; but it is only by minds matured by experience and reflection, that Horace can be thoroughly appreciated. To them the depth of his observation, and the reach of his good sense are made daily more apparent; and the verses, which charmed their fancy or delighted their ear in youth, become the practical counsellors of their manhood, or a mirror which reflects for their old age the gathered wisdom of a lifetime. No writer is so often quoted, and simply because the thoughts of none are more pertinent to men's "business and bosoms," to their hopes and sorrows, their pleasures and dis-

appointments, in the concerns of every-day life, amid the jostle of a crowded and artificial state of society, which, in so many of its principal features, bears the closest resemblance to that in which Horace moved and made his observations; and because the glimpses of nature, in which his writings abound, come with the freshness of truth, alike to the jaded dweller in cities, and to those who can test them, day by day, in the presence of Nature herself.

There are no authentic busts or medallions of Horace, and his descriptions of himself are vague. He was short in stature; his eyes and hair were dark, but the latter was early silvered with grey. He suffered at one time from an affection of the eyes, and seems to have been by no means robust in constitution. His habits were temperate and frugal, as a rule, although he was far from insensible to the charms of a good table and good wine, heightening and heightened by the zest of good company. But he seems to have had neither the stomach, nor the taste, for habitual indulgence in the pleasures of the table. In youth he was hasty and choleric, but placable; and to the last he probably shared in some degree the irritability which he ascribes to his class. At the same time, if his writings be any index to his mind, his temper was habitually sweet, and well under control. As with most playful men, a tinge of melancholy coloured his life, if that is to be called melancholy, which more properly is only that feeling of the incompleteness and insufficiency of life for the desires of the soul, which with all thoughtful men must be habitual. Latterly he became corpulent, and sensitive to the severity of the seasons, and sought at Baiæ and Tivoli the refreshment or shelter, which his mountain retreat had ceased to yield to his delicate frame.

The chronology of the poems of Horace has been the source of much critical controversy. The earlier labours of Bentley,

Masson, Dacier, and Sanadon have been followed up in modern times by those of Passow, Orelli, Walkenaer, Weber, Grotefend, and Stallbaum abroad, and of Tate and Milman at home. The subject is of importance in its bearings on the poet's biography; and the general result of their investigations may be stated as follows. The *Satires* and most of the *Epodes* were first in the order of composition, having been written between the years 713 and 725, after the return of Horace to Rome, and before the close of the civil wars consequent upon the defeat of Anthony and his party. The two first books of *Odes* appeared between this period and the year 730. Then followed the first book of *Epistles*. The third book of *Odes* appears to have been composed about the year 735, the *Carmen Seculare* in 737, and the fourth book of *Odes* between 737 and 741. The second book of *Epistles* may be assigned to the period between 741 and 746; and to the same period may be ascribed the composition of the *Epistle to the Pisos*.

In the following translations the Odes have been retained in the order in which they appear in the common editions, without any attempt at chronological arrangement. Any change might perplex the ordinary reader; and for historical or critical purposes no student will prosecute his researches in a translation.

The object of the translator has been to convey to the mind of an English reader the impression, as nearly as may be, which the originals produce upon his own. The difficulties of such a task are endless. "It is impossible," says Shelley, himself one of the most successful of translators, "to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a

caput mortuum." This is true in the case even of languages which bear an affinity to our own, but especially true where Greek or Latin poetry are concerned. The tone must be sufficiently modern to make the poems tolerable as English poems, and yet sufficiently classical to be characteristic, and such as the scholar will recognize as true. No competent translator will satisfy himself; still less can he expect to satisfy others. It will always be easy for the critic to demonstrate that Horace is untranslateable. In a strict sense, this is the case with all poetry, especially lyrical poetry; and no one is likely to be so thoroughly convinced of this, as he who has persevered to the end in an attempt to translate the Odes of Horace. Still, what has been will be. The attempt, often made, will be as often renewed. *Dulce periculum est.* The very difficulty of the task makes it attractive. Lovers of the Venusian bard will go on from time to time striving to transfuse the charm of his manner into English measures; and the many noticeable English versions, which have been published within the last few years, show that the production of a Horace, to meet the modern views of what a translation ought to be, is still a prevailing object of ambition amongst English scholars.

The present version of the Odes grew imperceptibly during many years, having been nearly finished before the idea of a complete version occurred to the translator as a thing to be accomplished. The form of verse, into which each Ode has been cast, has been generally selected with a view to reflecting, as closely as might be, what seemed to the translator to be its prevailing tone. It has not always been possible, however, to follow this indication, where, as frequently happens, either the names of persons or places, often most intractable, but always important, must have been sacrificed, or a measure selected into which these could be interwoven. To be as literal and close as the difference between the languages

would admit, has been the aim throughout, and in the present edition several translations have been either added or substituted, which seem more adequately to fulfil this condition than the versions formerly published. But there are occasions, as every scholar knows, where to be faithful to the letter is to be most unfaithful to the spirit of an author; and where to be close is to be hopelessly prosaic. Phrases, nay, single words, and names, rich in associations, and full of poetical suggestiveness in one language, are bald, if not absolutely without significance, in another. Besides, even under the most skilful hands, a thought or sentiment must at times be expanded or condensed to meet the necessity of the stanza. The triumph of the translator is, where this is effected without losing any of the significance, or clashing with the pervading sentiment of the original. In the translations of others, who have made it their aim to imitate the classical forms, the present translator does not find that, upon the whole, they escape the danger of either adding to or subtracting from the language of the original, which besets the translator who adopts the more familiar forms of English verse. Such translators are apt to forget, that it is English verse, and for English readers, they are writing. Thus they fall into the vices of a hybrid style, neither Latin nor English, in which, to use old George Chapman's words—

> "They lose
> The fragrance of their natural dialect,
> And shame their authors with a forcèd gloze."

A great success may here and there be achieved, which at once satisfies the scholar, and charms the English reader. But how much more frequently does it happen, that the result is displeasing to both? The subtle aroma of expression is not to be fixed by pseudo-classical turns of phrase, or by

artifices of rhythm, which are foreign to the structure and genius of our language. Unless a translation can commend itself to our admiration, as intrinsically interesting and good as a piece of harmonious English verse, it can never be admitted to represent what is in the original a masterpiece of Latin verse.

A point of great difficulty with all translators must be the treatment of the lighter odes—mere *vers de société*, invested by the language for us with a certain stateliness, but which were probably regarded with a very different feeling by the small contemporary circle to which they were addressed. To catch the tone of these, to be light without being flippant, to be playful without being vulgar, demands a delicacy of touch, which it is given to few to acquire even in original composition, and which in translation is all but unattainable. The translator has spared no pains to improve the present edition of his version of the Odes of this class, but no amount of labour or polish can ever produce an equivalent, which will be accepted as wholly satisfactory.

A version of the Satires has been added to this edition, in which the same principle of translation has been followed as in dealing with the Odes, close verbal rendering being less aimed at by the translator, than the reflection to the minds of others, as nearly as might be, of the impression produced by the original upon his own. In the treatment of poems, which Horace regarded as neither more nor less than rhymed prose, it is obvious, that a greater freedom of handling is not only permissible, but indispensable, than could be justified in the case of the Odes. Even here, however, the translator is bound to apply to himself the rigorous axiom which governed Horace's own practice—

> "Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
> And show no mercy to an empty line."

In a few instances where, for obvious reasons, a literal reproduction of the original was not desirable, as in the 25th Ode of the First, and the 10th Ode of the Fourth Books, and in occasional passages elsewhere, both in the Odes and Satires, the translator has not hesitated to make such deviations from the text, as are required by the purer morals of the present day. For the same reason the 8th and 12th Epodes, and the greater portion of the 2nd Satire of the First Book, have been altogether omitted. A translator of the nineteenth century must feel with tenfold force what Quinctilian long ago expressed—*et Horatium nolim in quibusdam interpretari.*

31, Onslow Square,
5th October, 1869.

BOOK I.

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

ÆCENAS, scion of a race
Of kings, my fortunes' crowning grace
And constant stay, some men there are,
Who joy to gather with the car
Olympic dust; and whom the goal
By hot wheels clear'd, that round it roll,
And noble palm, can elevate
To gods, the lords of earth's estate!

One feels his breast with rapture throb,
If the Quiritians' fickle mob
Raise him, 'mid brawl and civic roar,
To honours doubled o'er and o'er;
Another if he store, and fill
His private granaries, until
Their teeming area contains
The harvests of all Lybia's plains.

Him that delights afield to moil,
Tilling his old paternal soil,
You ne'er could tempt, by all the pelf
Of golden Attalus himself,
With strong-ribb'd Cyprian keel to creep,
Where Myrtos' island waters sleep.

The merchant, with affright aghast,
When Africus with furious blast
Lashes the Icarian waves to foam,
Extols his quiet inland home;
But, safe in harbour, straight equips
Anew his tempest-batter'd ships,
By no disasters to be taught
Contentment with a lowly lot.

And there be other-some are fain
Full cups of Massic old to drain,
Nor scorn from the unbroken day
To snatch an hour, their limbs to lay
'Neath leafy arbutus, or dream
Beside some lulling fountain's stream.

The camp makes many a heart beat high,
The trumpet's call, the clarion's cry,
And all the grim array of war,
Which mother's fearful hearts abhor.

Regardless of his gentle bride,
The huntsman tarries from her side,
Though winds blow keen 'neath skies austere,
If his staunch hounds have track'd the deer,
Or by the meshes rent is seen,
Where late a Marsian boar hath been.

Thee doth the ivy's wreathed bough,
Meet guerdon of the scholar's brow,
Make compeer of the gods supreme!
Me groves retired from noonday's beam,
And Nymphs that sport with Fauns along,
Dissever from the vulgar throng;
If nor Euterpe hush her strain,
Nor Polyhymnia disdain
To strike for me her Lesbian lyre,
And fill me with a poet's fire.
Give me but these, and rank me 'mong
The sacred bards of lyric song,
I'll soar beyond the lists of time,
And strike the stars with head sublime.*

* A kindred aspiration, but more nobly expressed, is that of Wordsworth:—

Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,
Who give us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight in heavenly lays!
Oh, might my name be number'd among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days!

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

ENOUGH of snow, enough of direful hail
Hath Jove in anger shower'd upon the land,
And launching havoc with his red right hand
On tower and temple, made the city quail,—

Made all the nations quail, lest Pyrrha's age
Should come again, with brood of monsters strange,
When Proteus drove his ocean-herd to range
The mountain tops in wondrous pilgrimage;

And fish were tangled in the branching elm,
The brooding stock-dove's haunt in days of yore,
And roe-deer swam affrighted 'mid the roar
Of seas that did their native glades o'erwhelm.

The yellow Tiber, with its waves hurl'd back
From the Etruscan coast, have we beheld,
Threaten the monuments of regal eld,
And Vesta's fane, with universal wrack.

Rising in ire, to avenge his Ilia's plaint,
He bursts his bounds, and, stirr'd through all his deeps,
O'er his left bank the uxorious river sweeps,
Though unapproved by Jove, and spurns restraint.

Thinn'd by their parents' crimes, our youth shall hear
  How Roman against Roman bared the blade,
  Which the fierce Persian fitlier low had laid,
Shall hear, how kin met kin in conflict drear.

What god shall we, to save the state from doom,
  Importune; by what pray'r shall virgins pure
  Their Vesta's ear so long regardless lure,
To listen to their quirèd hymns? To whom

Will Jove assign the office and the might
  To expiate our guilt? Oh, to our pray'r,
  Augur Apollo, here at length repair,
Veiling in clouds thy shoulders ivory-white!

Or, laughing Erycina, round whose head
  Boy Cupid flits and Mirth on airy wing;*
  Or, on thine outcast sons if thou dost fling
Some kindly glances, thou, our Founder dread,

Sated, alas! with war's too lengthen'd sport!
  Who joy'st in gleaming helms, and battle's roar,
  And, foot to foot with foemen dyed in gore,
The Marsian's flashing eye, and fateful port!

Or else do thou, sweet Maia's wingèd child,
  Doffing the God, descend to earth, and wear
  The form of youth, Cæsar's avenger, there
While thou abid'st, submitting to be styled!

* And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little Loves and Sports and Joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue.
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, IV. X. 42.

Long, long to heav'n be thy return delay'd,
  Long, long may'st thou well pleased beside us stay,
  And no fell air waft thee from earth away
At our dark crimes indignant and dismay'd!

Rather lead mighty triumphs here as now,
  Joy to be call'd our Prince and Father here,
  Nor let the Median unchastised career
Where Romans sway,—our leader, Cæsar, thou!

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL FOR GREECE.

MAY the great goddess-queen of Cyprus isle,
And Helen's brothers, those twin cressets fair,
And he that rules the winds, propitious smile,
All save Iäpyx chaining in their lair,
And govern so thy course, oh bark, that thou
Mayst waft in safety to Athenè's shore
My Virgil, to thy care entrusted now,
And to its love my soul's dear half restore!

In oak or triple brass his breast was mail'd,
Who first committed to the ruthless deep
His fragile skiff, nor inly shrank and quail'd,
To hear the headlong Afric fiercely sweep,
With northern blasts to wrestle and to rave,
Nor fear'd to face the tristful Hyades,
And Notus tyrant of the Adrian wave,
That lifts, or calms at will the restless seas.*

What form of death could daunt his soul, who view'd
Ocean's dread shapes, nor turn'd his eyes away,
Its surging waves, and with disaster strew'd
Thy fated rocks, Acroceraunia?

* First came great Neptune with his three-fork'd mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall.
Fairy Queen, IV. ii. 2.

Vainly hath Jove in wisdom land from land
  By seas dissever'd wild and tempest-toss'd,
If vessels bound, despite his high command,
  O'er waters purposed never to be cross'd.

Presumptuous man, in insolence of soul,
  Sweeps to his aim through sacrilege and crime;
Heaven's fire for us the bold Prometheus stole
  By fraud unhallow'd in the olden time;
Then wasting agues, hectic fevers smote
  The earth, and hosts of newborn terrors spread;
And Death, till then forgetful and remote,
  Quicken'd his slow, inevitable tread!

On wings that were forbid to mortals durst
  Vain Dædalus to cleave the void of air;
Through fateful Acheron Alcides burst:
  Nought is too arduous for man to dare.
In our unbounded folly we aspire
  To heaven itself; and such our guilty pride,
We will not let great Jove forget his ire,
  Nor lay his vengeful thunderbolts aside.

ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

AS biting Winter flies, lo! Spring with sunny skies,
And balmy airs; and barks long dry put out again from shore;
Now the ox forsakes his byre, and the husbandman his fire,
And daisy-dappled meadows bloom where winter frosts lay hoar.*

By Cytherea led, while the moon shines overhead,
The Nymphs and Graces, hand-in-hand, with alternating feet
Shake the ground, while swinking Vulcan strikes the sparkles fierce and red
From the forges of the Cyclops, with reiterated beat.

'Tis the time with myrtle green to bind our glistening locks,
Or with flowers, wherein the loosen'd earth herself hath newly dress'd,
And to sacrifice to Faunus in some glade amidst the rocks
A yearling lamb, or else a kid, if such delight him best.

* Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
THOMSON'S *Seasons. Spring.*

Death comes alike to all—to the monarch's lordly hall,
  Or the hovel of the beggar, and his summons none shall stay.
Oh, Sestius, happy Sestius! use the moments as they pass;
  Far-reaching hopes are not for us, the creatures of a day.

Thee soon shall night enshroud; and the Manes' phantom crowd,
  And the starveling house unbeautiful of Pluto shut thee in;
And thou shalt not banish care by the ruddy wine-cup there,
  Nor woo the gentle Lycidas, whom all are mad to win.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

PYRRHA, what slender boy, in perfume steep'd,
Doth in the shade of some delightful grot
Caress thee now on couch with roses heap'd?
For whom dost thou thine amber tresses knot

With all thy seeming-artless grace? Ah me,
How oft will he thy perfidy bewail,
And joys all flown, and shudder at the sea
Rough with the chafing of the blust'rous gale,

Who now, fond dreamer, revels in thy charms;
Who all unweeting how the breezes veer,
Hopes still to find a welcome in thine arms,
As warm as now, and thee as loving-dear!

Ah, woe for those, on whom thy spell is flung!
My votive tablet, in the temple set,
Proclaims that I to ocean's god have hung
The vestments in my shipwreck smirch'd and wet.*

* Then when I shall myself in safety see,
A table, for eternal moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great jeopardy,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee.
Fairy Queen, III. iv. 10.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

BY Varius shall thy prowess be
In strains Mæonic chaunted,
The victories by land and sea,
Our gallant troops, led on by thee,
Have won with swords undaunted.

Such themes, Agrippa, never hath
My lyre essay'd, nor bold
Pelides' unrelenting wrath,
Nor artfullest Ulysses' path
O'er oceans manifold;

Nor woes of Pelops' fated line;
Such flights too soaring are!
Nor doth my bashful Muse incline,
Great Cæsar's eulogies and thine
With its thin notes to mar.*

* Oh sovereign queen, whose praise I would indite,
Indite I would as duty doth excite;
But ah! my rhymes too rude and rugged are,
When in so high an object they do light,
And, striving fit to make, I fear do mar.
Fairy Queen, III. ii. 3.

Who, who shall sing, with accents just,
  Mars' adamantine mail,
Or Merion, grimed with Trojan dust,
Or him who, strong in Pallas' trust,
  Made even Immortals quail?

Heart-whole, or pierced by Cupid's sting,
  We in our airy way
Of banquets and of maidens sing,
With pared nails coyly skirmishing,
  To keep young men at bay.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

SOME will laud fair Mytilene,—
Rhodes, where many wonders be,—
Some great Ephesus, or Corinth
Water'd by its double sea;
Thebes renown'd for Bacchus, Delphi
Famous for Apollo's shrine,
Others praise Thessalian Tempe,
And its thousand charms divine;
Some the towers of spotless Pallas
Chaunt, nor ask another theme,
Thence to pluck an olive garland,
All their pride and all their dream.
Many a bard, in Juno's honour,
Makes the burden of his lyre
Rich Mycenæ, grassy Argos,
Famous for its steeds of fire.

Me nor patient Lacedemon,
Nor Larissa's fertile plain,
Like Albunea's echoing fountain
All my inmost heart hath ta'en.
Give me Anio's headlong torrent,
And Tiburnus' grove and hills,
And its orchards sparkling dewy
With a thousand wimpling rills!

As the sunny southwind often
Sweeps the louring clouds away,

Nor with showers unceasing ever
  Loads the long and dreary day,
Plancus, so do thou remember
  Still to cheer with balmy wine
All the care and grief and travail
  Of this toilworn life of thine;
Whether in the throng'd camp, gleaming
  With a thousand spears, or laid
On the turf beneath the umbrage
  Of thy loved Tiburtine glade.

Teucer, though an outcast hunted
  From his native Salamis,
Hunted by a father's anger,
  Natheless—as the legend is—
On his forehead wet with revel
  First a wreath of poplar bound,
Then his comrades thus accosted,
  As they sadly stood around:
"Wheresoever Fortune, kinder
  Than my sire, our voyage bends,
Thither shall we go together,
  Oh, my comrades, brothers, friends!
Teucer for your leader,—marshall'd
  Under Teucer's guiding star,
What shall stay, or what shall daunt us?
  Hence, then, craven fears, afar!
For I hold Apollo's promise,
  That in other climes a new
Salamis shall rise around us,
  Fairer, nobler to the view!
Now, ye brave hearts, that have weather'd
  Many a sorer strait with me,
Chase your cares with wine,—to-morrow
  We shall plough the mighty sea!"

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

WHY, Lydia, why,
I pray, by all the gods above,
Art so resolved that Sybaris should die,
And all for love?

Why doth he shun
The Campus Martius' sultry glare?
He that once reck'd of neither dust nor sun,
Why rides he there,

First of the brave,
Taming the Gallic steed no more?
Why doth he shrink from Tiber's yellow wave?
Why thus abhor

The wrestlers' oil,
As 'twere from viper's tongue distill'd?
Why do his arms no livid bruises soil,
He, once so skill'd,

The disc or dart
Far, far beyond the mark to hurl?
And tell me, tell me, in what nook apart,
Like baby-girl,

Lurks the poor boy,
Veiling his manhood, as did Thetis' son,
To 'scape war's bloody clang, while fated Troy
Was yet undone?

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

SEE, Thaliarch, see, across the plain
Soracte swathed in snow!
Scarce may the labouring woods sustain
Their load, and, lock'd in icy chain,
The streams have ceased to flow.

Logs on the fire, your biggest, fling,
To thaw the pinching cold,
And from the time to take its sting,
A pipkin forth of Sabine bring
Four mellowing summers old.

All else unto the Gods leave we;
When they have still'd the roar
Of winds that with the yeasty sea
Conflict and brawl, the cypress tree,
The old ash shake no more.

What with to-morrow comes, forbear
To ask,* and count as gain,
Each day fate grants; ere time and care
Have chill'd thy blood and thinn'd thy hair,
Love's sweets do not disdain;

* What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he should most avoid?
MILTON'S *Comus*, 362.

Nor, boy, disdain the dance! For, mark,
  Now is thy time to take
Joy in the play, the thronging park,
And those low whispers in the dark,
  Which trysting lovers make;

In the sweet laugh, that marks the spot,
  Where hid the dear one lies,*
The token from the wrist besought,
Or from the finger wrung, that not
  Too cruelly denies.†

* She feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing nymph is found.

POPE.

† Well-pleased I hear the whisper'd "No!"
The whisper'd "No!"—how little meant;
Sweet falsehood, that endears consent.

COLERIDGE.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

MERCURIUS, Atlas' grandchild eloquent,
Who didst to gentle ways man's primal race
By language mould, and their uncouth limbs lent
The gymnast's grace,

Herald of mighty Jove, and all the gods,
Lord of the curvèd lyre, who canst at will
Filch for thy sport, whate'er may be the odds,
I'll hymn thee still!

When with loud threats he charged thee to forego
The kine, thy impish craft from him had wiled,
Even while he spoke, of quiver reft and bow,
Apollo smiled.

Quitting his halls, by thee rich Priam led
Stole past the watchfires round Troy's leaguer'd wall,
And through the Grecian camp in safety sped,
Unseen of all.

Thou guid'st to bliss the spirits of the just,
Driving the phantoms with thy golden rod,
In heaven and hell beloved and held in trust
By every god!

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONÖE.

ASK not—such lore's forbidden—
What destined term may be
Within the future hidden,
For us, Leuconöe.
Both thou and I
Must quickly die!
Content thee, then, nor madly hope
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean horoscope.*

Far nobler, better were it,
Whate'er may be in store,
With soul serene to bear it;
If winters many more

* When all looks fair about, and thou seest not a cloud so big as a hand to threaten thee, forget not the wheel of things; think of sullen vicissitudes, but beat not thy brains to foreknow them. Be armed against such obscurities rather by submission, than foreknowledge. The knowledge of future evils mortifies present felicities, and there is more content in the uncertainty or ignorance of them. This favour our Saviour vouchsafed unto Peter, when he foretold not his death in plain terms, and so by an ambiguous and cloudy delivery damped not the spirit of his disciples. But in the assured foreknowledge of the deluge, Noah lived many years under the affliction of a flood; and Jerusalem was taken unto Jeremy, before it was besieged.—SIR T. BROWNE'S *Christian Morals*, part 3. § 16.

Jove spare for thee,
Or this shall be
The last, that now with sullen roar
Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon the rockbound shore.

Be wise, your spirit firing
With cups of temper'd wine,
And hopes afar aspiring
In compass brief confine.
Use all life's powers;
The envious hours
Fly as we talk;* then live to-day,
Nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than you must or may.

* For though we slepe or wake, or rome or ride,
Ay fleeth the time, it will no man abide.
CHAUCER, *The Clerk's Tale.*

Let's take the instant by the forward top!
. . . . . On our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. Sc. 3.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHAT man, what hero, Clio, wilt thou sing,
With lyre or fluting shrill?
What god, whose name shall sportive echo ring
On Pindus' crested hill,
In Heliconian woods, or Hæmus ever chill?

Whose groves reel'd after Orpheus, and his song,
Who by its spell could stay
The rushing sweep of streams and tempests strong,
And by his harpings sway
The listening oaks to move where'er he led the way.

What shall I sing before his praise, who reigns
The world's great sire, and guides
Of men and gods the pleasures and the pains,
Rules land and ocean's tides,
And change of seasons meet for the vast earth provides?

From whom springs none that mightier is than he,
Nor other can we trace,
Of equal might, or second in degree;
Yet Pallas holds the place
Next to her sire, upraised o'er all the Olympian race.

Nor, Bacchus, bold in battle, shall thy fame
My numbers fail to show,

And, virgin huntress of the woods, thy name
  In answering strains shall flow,
And thine, Apollo, thine, god of the unerring bow!

Alcides, too, and Leda's sons I'll sound,
  Illustrious twins, that are
For wrestling this, that for the race renown'd,
  Soon as whose kindly star
Upon the shipman gleams, amid the tempest's war

Down from the rocks the weltering surges fall,
  The winds in zephyrs creep,
Back from the sky is roll'd its cloudy pall,
  And far along the deep
The threat'ning waves—for so they will—are lull'd to sleep.

What next shall fill the burden of my strain,
  I wist not to decide;
Or Romulus, or Numa's tranquil reign,
  Or Tarquin in his pride,
Or him of Utica, the brave, that nobly died.

Next Regulus, and the Scauri, Paulus too,
  That flung his soul away,
His mighty soul, when Punic foes o'erthrew
  Our strength that fatal day,
With grateful pride I'll chant in my undying lay;

Fabricius too, and Curius of the locks
  Unkempt,—Camillus,—all
Nurtured to warfare by the daily shocks
  Of penury, in the small
Paternal farm and cot that made of wealth their all.*

* Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.
Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. 6.

With growth occult expands, like lusty tree,
  The young Marcellus' fame:*
The Julian star's serene resplendency
  All other stars doth shame,
As quells the lesser fires the Moon's triumphant flame.

Thou sire and guardian of all human kind,
  Saturnian Jove, to thee
The care of mighty Cæsar was assign'd
  By destiny, and he
Next to thyself in power our sovereign lord shall be.

Whether he quell the Parthian threatening spoil
  To Latium' sons, and lead
The foe, that would insult our natal soil,
  In triumph,—or the Mede
Subdue, and other foes, the distant Ind doth breed;

Next under thee, his righteous hand shall make
  The world his rule obey;
Olympus thou with thy dread car shalt shake,
  Thou shalt thy bolts array
Against the groves, wherein foul orgies shrink from day.

* So the Bishop of Ely, speaking of the development in King Henry the Fifth of the powers and virtues, which had never been surmised in Prince Hal, says:—

> The prince obscured his contemplation
> Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
> Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
> *Unseen, yet crescive in its faculty.*
>
> *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

LYDIA, when so oft the charms
Of Telephus you bid me note,
Taunt me with his snowy arms,
Rosy cheek, and shapely throat,
Within my breast I feel the fires,
Of wild and desperate desires.

Then reels my brain, then on my cheek
The shifting colour comes and goes,
And tears, that flow unbidden, speak
The torture of my inward throes,
The fierce unrest, the deathless flame,
That slowly macerates my frame.

Oh agony! to trace where he
Has smutch'd thy shoulders ivory-white
Amid his tipsy revelry;
Or where, in trance of fierce delight,
Upon thy lips the frenzied boy
Has left the records of his joy.*

* The allusions to this tigerlike ferocity of tenderness are frequent in both ancient and modern poets. Thus Plautus speaks of *Teneris labellis molles morsiunculæ*—the dainty nibbles of fond lips. Again, Tibullus, recounting the many proofs of his affection which he had given to the inconstant Delia, takes credit for having taught her how to obliterate the traces of wounds inflicted in such amorous encounters:—

Hope not such love can last for aye,
(But thou art deaf to words of mine!)
Such selfish love, as ruthlessly
Could wound those kisses all divine,
Which Venus steeps in sweets intense
Of her own nectar's quintessence.

Oh, trebly blest, and blest for ever,
Are they, whom true affection binds,
No cold distrusts nor janglings sever
The union of their constant minds,
But life in blended current flows,
Serene and sunny to the close!*

Tum succos herbasque dedi, queis livor abiret,
Quem facit impresso mutua dente Venus.
ELEG. I. vi. l. 15.

Then herbs and balms I gave thee, to dispel
Those livid marks, that do the skin distain,
When lovers bite, where kisses thickly fell,
Stamping their poignant ecstasy in pain.

So, too, Shakspeare with peculiar fitness puts into Cleopatra's mouth allusions to her experiences in this direction, in the first heyday of her passion for Antony, and again when signalizing her constancy to him by her death:—

Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. 5.

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
That hurts and is desired.
Ibid. Act V. Sc. 2.

* There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this. MOORE.

ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

OH bark, fresh waves shall hurry thee,
Yet once again, far out to sea;
Beware, beware; and boldly seize
The port, where thou may'st ride at ease!
Dost thou not see, thy side is shorn
Of all its oars, thy mainmast torn,
And hear thy lanyards moan and shriek,
And all thy straining timbers creak,
Too frail to meet the surge around,
Though plank to plank with cables bound?
Thy sails are rent; nor gods hast thou
When danger threats, to hear thy vow;
Although thou art a Pontic pine,
A woodland child of noble line,
Vain, vain amid the tempest's rage
Such vaunted name and lineage!
No trust hath fearful marinere
In gilded prow; so thou beware!
Unless it be thy doom to form
The sport and pastime of the storm.
  Oh thou, that erewhile wert to me
A heavy-sad anxiety,
And now my fond ambition art,
The care that chiefly fills my heart,
Oh, be advised, and shun the seas,
That wash the shining Cyclades!

ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

AS the treacherous shepherd bore over the deep
His hostess, fair Helena, Nereus arose,
Hush'd the war of the winds for a season to sleep,
And thus sang the doom of retributive woes.

"Thou bearest her home with an omen of dread,
Whom Greece shall reclaim, with her myriads vow'd
To tear by the sword thy false mate from thy bed,
And crush Priam's empire, the ancient, the proud.

"Horse and man, how they labour! What deaths shall o'er-
whelm,
And all for thy crime, the Dardanians in night!
See Pallas preparing her ægis and helm,
Her chariot, and all the fierce frenzy of fight!

"Go, trim as thou wilt, boy, thy loose-flowing curls,
Go, vaunt thee, that Venus will shield thee from wrong,
And, laid with thy lute 'midst a bevy of girls,
Troll thy measures effeminate all the day long.

"Ay, hide an' thou may'st in the couch of thy lust
From the death-dealing spear, and the arrows of Crete,
From the roar of the battle, its carnage, its dust,
And Ajax pursuing, remorseless and fleet!

"Yet in gore thy adulterous locks shall be roll'd,
  Full surely, though late. Lo, the scourge of thy race,
Laertiades! Dost thou not see him? Behold!
  And Pylian Nestor!—And see, on thy trace

"Rushes Teucer of Salamis, dauntless and fell,
  And Sthenelus, skilful in combat, nor less
In ruling the warsteed expert to excel,
  And close on thy track, too, shall Merion press.

"Lo, Tydides, surpassing his father in might,
  Athirst for thy lifeblood, with furious cheer
Is hunting thee out through the thick of the fight,
  While before him thou fly'st, like a timorous deer,

"Who, espying a wolf on the brow of the hill,
  Flies far from the pasture, with heart-heaving pants!
Is it thus that thy leman shall see thee fulfil
  The promise of all thy presumptuous vaunts?

"The wrath of Achilles shall stay for a while
  The downfall of Ilion, and Phrygia's dames,—
Yet a few winters more, and her funeral pile
  In ashes shall fall 'midst Achaian flames!"

ODE XVI.

TO TYNDARIS.

OH thou, than thy beautiful mother that still
More beautiful art, for all men to admire,
My scurrilous verses destroy how you will,
Deep drown them in ocean, or quench them in fire!

Dindymené herself, nor the Pythian, when
He convulses his priests with the fury prophetic,
Nor Bacchus, nor Corybants, clashing again
And again their wild cymbals, such fervour phrenetic

Can move as fell rage; which no terrors can tame,
Neither Norican glaive, nor the ocean bestrew'd
With wreck and disaster, nor merciless flame,
Nor the thunders of Jove in his vengefullest mood.

'Tis the curse of our birth; for Prometheus, they say,
Compell'd from all beasts some particular part
To select for his work, to our primitive clay
Imparted the lion's impetuous heart.

Rage drew on Thyestes the vengeance of heaven,
Through rage have been levell'd the loftiest halls
And cities high-famous, and ploughshares been driven
By insolent enemies over their walls.

But rest thee at ease! In the pleasant spring-time
  Of youth my heart also was fired by his flame,
And headlong I dash'd into petulant rhyme,
  Which now in my manhood I think on with shame.

But a kindlier mood hath my passion supplanted,
  And music more gentle shall flow from my lute,
Would'st thou make me thy friend,—my vile libels recanted,—
  And smile with reciprocal love on my suit!

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

MY own sweet Lucretilis ofttime can lure
From his native Lycæus kind Faunus the fleet,
To watch o'er my flocks, and to keep them secure
From summer's fierce winds, and its rains, and its heat.

Then the mates of a lord of too pungent a fragrance
Securely through brake and o'er precipice climb,
And crop, as they wander in happiest vagrance,
The arbutus green, and the sweet-scented thyme.

Nor murderous wolf, nor green snake may assail
My innocent kidlings, dear Tyndaris, when
His pipings resound through Ustica's low vale,
Till each moss'd rock in music makes answer again.

The muse is still dear to the gods, and they shield
Me their dutiful bard; with a bounty divine
They have bless'd me with all that the country can yield,
Then come, and whatever I have shall be thine!

Here screen'd from the dog-star, in valley retired,
Shalt thou sing that old song thou canst warble so well,
Which tells how one passion Penelope fired,
And charm'd fickle Circe herself by its spell.

Here cups shalt thou sip, 'neath the broad-spreading shade,
  Of the innocent vintage of Lesbos at ease,
No fumes of hot ire shall our banquet invade,
  Or mar that sweet festival under the trees.

And fear not, lest Cyrus, that jealous young bear,
  On thy poor little self his rude fingers should set,
Should pluck from thy bright locks the chaplet, and tear
  Thy dress, that ne'er harm'd him nor any one yet.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

SET the vine, dearest Varus, the vine be the first
Of all trees to be planted, of all to be nursed,
On thy well-shelter'd acres, round Catilus' walls,
Where the sun on the green slopes of Tivoli falls!
For to him who ne'er moistens his lip with the grape
Life's every demand wears a terrible shape,
And wine, and wine only has magic to scare
Despondency's gloom or the torments of care.
Who's he that, with wine's joyous fumes in his brain,
Of the travails of war, or of want will complain,
Nor rather, sire Bacchus, thy eulogies chant,
Or thine, Venus, thine, ever beautiful, vaunt?

Yet, that none may be tempted to slight the control,
That limits the boon to a temperate bowl,
A warning is set in the wine-kindled strife,
Where Centaurs and Lapithæ grappled for life;
In the madmen of Thrace, too, a warning is set,
Who, lost in their Bacchanal phrenzy, forget
The bounds that dissever the right from the wrong,
And sweep on the tide of their passions along.

Bright god of the vine, I never will share
In orgies so vile and unholy, nor tear

The clusters of various foliage away,
That keep thy blest mysteries veil'd from the day.
Then clash not the cymbals, and wind not the horn,
Dread sounds, of whose maddening accents are born
Blind Self-love, and Vanity lifting on high
Its feather-brain'd head, as 'twould strike at the sky,
And Frankness, transparent as crystal, that shows
In its babbling incontinence all that it knows.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

THE ruthless mother of wild desires,
And Theban Semele's fervent son,
And wanton idlesse have kindled fires
Within me, I dream'd I had long outrun.
I am madden'd by Glycera's beauty's blaze,—
The marble of Paros is dull beside it—
By her pretty, provoking, and petulant ways,
And face too dazzling for eye to 'bide it.

Into me rushing, hath Venus quite
Forsaken her Cyprus, nor lets me chant
The Scyths and the Parthians, dauntless in flight,
Nor aught that to Love is irrelevant.
Hither, boys, turf of the freshest bring,
Vervain, and incense, and wine unstinted!
The goddess less fiercely my heart shall sting,
When the victim's gore hath her altar tinted.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

OUR common Sabine wine shall be
The only drink I'll give to thee,
In modest goblets too;
'Twas stored in crock of Grecian delf,
Dear knight Mæcenas, by myself,
That very day, when through
The theatre thy plaudits rang,
And sportive echo caught the clang,
And answer'd from the banks
Of thine own dear paternal stream,
Whilst Vatican renew'd the theme
Of homage and of thanks!
Old Cæcuban, the very best,
And juice in vats Calenian press'd
You drink at home, I know:
My cups no choice Falernian fills,
Nor unto them do Formia's hills
Impart a temper'd glow.

ODE XXI.

IN HONOUR OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

YE tender virgins fair,
To great Diana sing,
Ye boys, to Cynthius of the unshorn hair,
Your dulcet anthems bring,
And let Latona mingle with your theme,
That dearer is than all to Jove, Heaven's lord supreme!

Her praises sing, ye maids,
Who doth in streams delight,
In whispering groves, and intertangled glades,
On Algidus' cool height,
Or Erymanthus with its dusky pines,
Or where with verdure bright the leafy Cragus shines.

Ye boys, in numbers meet,
Fair Tempe's praises chant,
Delos, that was Apollo's natal seat,
And loved peculiar haunt;
Sing, too, his quiver with its golden gleams,
And lyre, his brother's gift, that from his shoulder beams!

Moved by your prayers he will
Banish distressful war,
Famine, and pestilence, and their trains of ill
From our loved Rome afar,
And from great Cæsar, scattering their blight,
The Persian's pride to quell, or Britain's chainless might.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

FUSCUS, the man of life upright and pure
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipp'd with venom deadly-sure,
Loading his quiver;

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.*

For as I stray'd along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turn'd and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parch'd nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

* She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quivered Nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds.
Comus, 421.

Place me, where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
Where clouds oppress, and withering tempests freeze
From shore to shore.

Place me beneath the sunbeams' fiercest glare,
On arid sands, no dwelling anywhere,
Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice e'en there
I will adore.*

* Cowper has imitated this verse:—

Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

Table Talk.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

NAY, hear me, dearest Chloe, pray!
You shun me like a timid fawn,
That seeks its mother all the day
By forest brake and upland lawn,
Of every passing breeze afraid,
And leaf that twitters in the glade.

Let but the wind with sudden rush
The whispers of the wood awake,
Or lizard green disturb the hush,
Quick-darting through the grassy brake,
The foolish frighten'd thing will start,
With trembling knees and beating heart.*

* The same idea has been beautifully worked out by Spenser, in whom, and in Milton, the influence of Horace's poetry is perhaps more frequently traceable, than in any of our poets:—

Like as an hynde forth singled from the herde,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away, of her own feet afearde;
And every leaf, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
So fled fayre Florimel from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast;
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escaypt whileare.

Fairy Queen, III. vii. 1.

But I am neither lion fell,
  Nor tiger grim to work you woe;
I love you, sweet one, much too well,
  Then cling not to your mother so,
But to a lover's fonder arms
Confide your ripe and rosy charms.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

WHY should we stem the tears that needs must flow,
Why blush, that they should freely flow and long,
To think of that dear head in death laid low?
Do thou inspire my melancholy song,
Melpomene, in whom the Muses' sire
Join'd with a liquid voice the mastery of the lyre!

And hath the sleep, that knows no waking morn,
Closed o'er Quinctilius, our Quinctilius dear?
Where shall be found the man of woman born,
That in desert might be esteem'd his peer,—
Sincere as he, and resolutely just,
So high of heart, and all so absolute of trust?

He sinks into his rest, bewept of many,
And but the good and noble weep for him,
But dearer cause thou, Virgil, hast than any,
With friendship's tears thy friendless eyes to dim!
Alas, alas! Not to such woful end
Didst thou unto the gods thy pray'rs unceasing send!

What though thou modulate the tuneful shell
With defter skill than Orpheus of old Thrace,
When deftliest he play'd, and with its spell
Moved all the listening forest from its place?
Yet never, never can thy art avail
To bring life's glowing tide back to the phantom pale,

Whom with his black inexorable wand
  Hermes, austere and pitiless as fate,
Hath forced to join the dark and spectral band
  In their sad journey to the Stygian gate.
'Tis hard, great heav'ns, how hard! But to endure
Alleviates the pang we may nor crush nor cure!*

* Plautus had expressed this venerable truism in nearly the same language:—

Optimum est pati, quod emendare non possis.
Capt. 2. 1. 1.

'Tis best to bear with what you cannot mend.

Virgil with his usual skill lifted the idea above the level of commonplace, thus:—

Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.
Æn. v. 710.

Which Campbell has translated to perfection in the line,

To bear is to conquer our fate.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

SWAINS in numbers
Break your slumbers,
Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
Ay, though at your casement nightly,
Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
By the dozen once ye held them.

Ever turning,
Night and morning,
Swung your door upon its hinges;
Now, from dawn till evening's closing,
Lone and desolate reposing,
Not a soul its rest infringes.

Serenaders,
Sweet invaders,
Scanter grow, and daily scanter,
Singing, "Lydia, art thou sleeping?
Lonely watch thy love is keeping!
Wake, oh wake, thou dear enchanter!"

Lorn and faded,
You, as they did,
Woo, and in your turn are slighted;
Worn and torn by passion's fret,
You, the pitiless coquette,
Waste by fires yourself have lighted,

Late relenting,
Left lamenting—
" Wither'd leaves strew wintry brooks!
Ivy garlands greenly darkling,
Myrtles brown with dew-drops sparkling,
Best beseem youth's glowing looks!"

ODE XXVI.

TO HIS MUSE.

BELOVED by and loving the Muses,
I fling all my sorrow and care
To the wind, that wherever it chooses
The troublesome freight it may bear.
I care not—not I—not a stiver,
Who in Scythia frozen and drear
'Neath the scourge of a tyrant may shiver,
Or who keeps Tiridates in fear.

Oh thou in pure springs who delightest,
Twine flowers of the sunniest glow,
Twine, gentle Pimplea, the brightest
Of wreaths for my Lamia's brow.
Without thee unskill'd are my numbers;
Then thou and thy sisterly choir
For him wake the music that slumbers
Unknown in the Lesbian lyre!

ODE XXVII.

THE CAROUSAL.

HOLD! hold! 'Tis for Thracian madmen to fight
With wine-cups, that only were made for delight.
'Tis barbarous—brutal! I beg of you all,
Disgrace not our banquet with bloodshed and brawl!

Sure, Median scimitars strangely accord
With lamps and with wine at the festival board!
'Tis out of all rule! Friends, your places resume,
And let us have order once more in the room!

If I am to join you in pledging a beaker
Of this stout Falernian, choicest of liquor,
Megilla's fair brother must say, from what eyes
Flew the shaft, sweetly fatal, that causes his sighs.

How—dumb! Then I drink not a drop. Never blush,
Whoever the fair one may be, man! Tush, tush!
She'll do your taste credit, I'm certain—for yours
Was always select in its little amours.

Don't be frighten'd! We're all upon honour, you know,
So out with your tale! Gracious powers! Is it so?
Poor fellow! Your lot has gone sadly amiss,
When you fell into such a Charybdis as this!

What witch, what magician, with drinks and with charms,
What god can effect your release from her harms?
So fetter'd, scarce Pegasus' self, were he near you,
From the fangs of this triple Chimæra might clear you!

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

SAILOR.

THEE, oh Archytas, who hast scann'd
The wonders of the world by sea and land,
The lack of some few grains
Of scatter'd dust detains
A shivering phantom here upon Matinum's strand.
And it avails thee nothing, that thy soul,
Death's sure-devoted prey,
Soar'd to the regions of eternal day,
Where wheeling spheres in silvery brightness roll.

ARCHYTAS.

What then! E'en Pelops' sire, the guest
Of gods, to Orcus sank, by death oppress'd,
And old Tithonus, too,
Though heavenly air he drew,
And Minos stern, who shared the secrets of Jove's breast.
There, too, Panthoides, once more immured,
Roams, though his spirit's pride
All save this fading flesh to death denied,
By his old Trojan shield deceitfully assured.

And he, even thou wilt grant me, was
Not meanly versed in truth and nature's laws.
But for us all doth stay
One night, and death's dark way
Must needs be trodden once, howe'er we pause.

The Furies some to Mars' grim sport consign,
  The hungry waves devour
  The seaman, young and old drop hour by hour,
No single head is spared by ruthless Proserpine.

Me, too, the headlong gust,
  That dogs Orion, 'neath the billows thrust.
    But, prithee, seamen, shed
    On my unburied head
And limbs with gentle hand some grains of drifting dust!
So may the storm that threats the western deep
  Turn all its wrath away,
  To smite the forests of Venusia,
And thou thy course secure o'er the mild ocean keep!

So may from every hand
  Wealth rain on thee by righteous Jove's command!
    And Neptune, who doth bear
    Tarentum in his care
Bring thy rich-laden argosy to land!
Deny me this, the common tribute due,
  And races to be born
  Of thy sons' sons in after years forlorn,
Though guiltless of thy crime, thy heartless scorn shall rue!

Nor shall thyself go free,
  For Fate's vicissitudes shall follow thee,
    Its laws, that slight for slight,
    And good for good requite!
Not unavenged my bootless pray'r shall be;
Nor victim ever expiate thy guilt.
  Oh, then, though speed thou must—
  It asks brief tarrying—thrice with kindly dust
Bestrew my corpse, and then press onward as thou wilt!

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

SO, Iccius, thou hast hankerings
For swart Arabia's golden treasures,
And for her still unconquer'd kings
Art marshalling war's deadly measures,
And forging fetters meant to tame
The Mede, our curse and shame?

Say, what barbarian virgin fair
Shall wait on thee, that slew her lover,
What princely boy, with perfumed hair,
Thy cupbearer, shall round thee hover,
School'd by his sire, with fatal craft
To wing the Seric shaft?

Up mountains steep may glide the brooks,
And Tiber to its sources roam,
When thou canst change thy noble books
Cull'd far and near, and learnèd home,
For armour dipp'd in Ebro's wave,
Who once such promise gave!

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

H Venus, Cnidian queen, and Paphian, tear
Thyself from thy dear Cyprus* for a while,
And to that mansion beautiful repair,
Where Glycera with incense without spare
Invokes thy smile.

Come! and with thee let Cupid loving-warm,
The Graces also, with their zones unbraced,
And link'd with them the Nymphs in jocund swarm,
And Youth that, wanting thee, hath little charm,
And Mercury haste!

* It was to Cyprus that Venus proceeded, when she sprang from the foam of the sea near Cythera. The birth of beauty from the waves has given rise to many passages of fine descriptive painting by the poets both of ancient and modern times. Ovid touches the theme with his usual picturesque force:—

Sic madidos siccat digitis Venus uda capillos,
Et modo maternis tecta videtur aquis.
Tristia, II. 527.

So Cytherea, fresh from ocean's tide,
With rosy fingers dries her streaming hair,
And seems as she were robed in nought beside
Her own maternal waves, that veil their daughter fair.

But Mr. Tennyson has surpassed all rivals in the exquisite lines,—

Lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love;
And down the streaming crystal dropt; and she,
Far-fleeted by the purple island sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, when they deck'd her out
For worship without end.

The Princess, Book VII.

ODE XXXI.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

WHAT asks the poet, who adores
Apollo's virgin shrine,
What asks he, as he freely pours
The consecrating wine?

Not the rich grain, that waves along
Sardinia's fertile land,
Nor the unnumber'd herds, that throng
Calabria's sultry strand;

Not gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
The spoil of far Cathay,
Nor fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
Gnaws silently away.

Let fortune's favour'd sons the vine
Of fair Campania hold;
The merchant quaff the rarest wine
From cups of gleaming gold;

For to the gods the man is dear
Who scathelessly can brave,
Three times or more in every year,
The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endive, mallows light
  Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Latoïs, so I might
  Enjoy my present wealth!

Give me but these, I ask no more,
  These, and a mind entire—
An old age, not unhonour'd, nor
  Unsolaced by the lyre!

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

THEY ask for us. If 'neath green umbrage thou
And I, my lyre, e'er struck a note, that may
Outlive this year, and years beyond, sing now
A Roman lay;

Lyre, first by him of Lesbos tuned, the brave,
Who resting, when the din of fight was o'er,
Or when he ran, long toss'd on ocean's wave,
His bark ashore,

Sang Bacchus and the Muses, Venus too,
And the sweet boy that haunts her everywhere,
And Lycus, for his dark eyes fair to view,
And his dark hair.

Oh shell, Apollo's pride, that crown'st the cheer
Of Jove's high feasts, sweet balm of wearied mind,
To me, that duly call on thee, give ear,
To me be kind!

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

NAY, Albius, a truce to this sighing and grieving!
Is Glycera worth all this torture of brain?
Why flatter her, lachrymose elegies weaving,
Because she is false for a youthfuller swain?

There's Lycoris, the maid with the small rounded forehead,
For Cyrus is wasting by inches away,
Whilst for Pholöe he, with a passion as torrid,
Consumes, and to him she'll have nothing to say.

The she-goats, in fact, might be sooner expected
Apulia's wolves for their partners to take,
Than a girl so divine to be ever connected
With such an abandon'd and pitiful rake.

Such caprices hath Venus, who, rarely propitious,
Delights in her fetters of iron to bind
Those pairs whom she sees, with a pleasure malicious,
Unmatch'd both in fortune, and figure, and mind.

I myself, woo'd by one that was truly a jewel,
In thraldom was held, which I cheerfully bore,
By that vulgar thing, Myrtale, though she was cruel
As waves that indent the Calabrian shore.

ODE XXXIV.

THE POET'S CONFESSION.

UNTO the gods my vows were scant
And few, whilst I profess'd the cant
Of philosophic lore,
But now I back my sails perforce,
Fain to retrace the beaten course,
I had contemn'd before.

For Jove, who with his forkèd levin
Is wont to rend the louring heaven,
Of late with hurtlings loud
His thunder-pacing steeds did urge,
And wingèd car along the verge
Of skies without a cloud;

Whereat the huge earth reel'd with fear,
The rivers, Styx, the portal drear
Of Tænarus abhorr'd,
While distant Atlas caught the sound,
And quiver'd to its farthest bound.
The world's great god and lord

Can change the lofty to the low,
The mighty ones of earth o'erthrow,
Advancing the obscure;
Fate wrests the crown from lordly brow
On his to plant it, who but now
Was poorest of the poor.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

H pleasant Antium's goddess queen,
Whose presence hath avail
Mortals to lift from mean estate,
Or change triumphal hymns elate
To notes of funeral wail;

Thee with heart-anxious prayer invokes
The rustic at the plough,
Thee, mistress of the ocean-wave,
Whoe'er Carpathia's surges brave
With frail Bithynian prow;

Thee Scythia's ever roving hordes,
And Dacians rude revere,
Thee cities, tribes, Rome's dauntless band,
Barbaric monarchs' mothers, and
Empurpled tyrants fear;

Lest thou shouldst crush their pillar'd state
Beneath thy whelming foot,
Lest madding crowds with shrill alarms
Pealing the cry—"To arms! To arms!
Should seated thrones uproot.

Before thee evermore doth Fate
  Stalk phantomlike, and bear
In brazen hand huge nails dispread;
And wedges grim, and molten lead,
  And iron clamps are there.

Thee Hope attend, and Truth rare-seen,
  In vestments snowy-dyed,
Nor quit thee, though in changed array
Thou turn with angry frown away
  From halls of stately pride.

But the unfaithful harlot herd
  Slink back. Howe'er they cling,
Once to the lees the wine-vat drain,
And shrinking from the yoke of pain,
  These summer friends take wing!

Our Cæsar's way to Britain guard,
  Earth's farthest boundary,
And make our youthful hosts thy care,
Who terror to the East shall bear,
  And the far Indian sea!

By brothers' blows, by brothers' blood,
  Our souls are gash'd and stain'd.
Alas! What horror have we fled?
What crime not wrought? When hath the dread
  Of heav'n our youth restrain'd?

Where is the altar unprofaned
  By them? Oh may we see
Thy hand new-whet their blunted swords,
To smite Arabia's tented hordes,
  And the Massagetæ!

ODE XXXVI.

TO NUMIDA.

SING, comrades, sing, let incense burn,
And blood of votive heifer flow
Unto the gods, to whom we owe
Our Numida's return!

Warm greetings many wait him here,
From farthest Spain restored, but none
From him return so warm hath won,
As Lamia's, chiefly dear.

His boyhood's friend, in school and play,
Together manhood's gown they donn'd;
Then mark with white, all days beyond,
This most auspicious day.

Bid wine flow fast without control,
And let the dancers' merry feet
The ground in Salian manner beat,
And Bassus drain the bowl,

Unbreathed, or own the mastering power
Of Damalis; and roses fair,
And parsley's vivid green be there,
And lilies of an hour!

Fond looks on Damalis shall be bent,
But sooner shall the ivy be
Torn from its wedded oak, than she
Be from her new love rent.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

NOW, comrades, fill each goblet to the brim,
Now, now with bounding footstep strike the ground,
With costliest offerings every fane be crown'd,
Laud we the gods with thousand-voicèd hymn!

It had been impious, till this glad hour
To bid our grandsires' Cæcuban to flow,
While Egypt's queen was listed to o'erthrow
Rome's empire, Rome itself,—home, temple, tower!

Oh doting dream!—She, with her eunuch train,
Effeminate and vile, to conquer us!
Drunk with success, and madly venturous,
Swift ruin quell'd the fever of her brain.

Her fleet, save one poor bark, in flames and wrack,
The frenzied fumes, by Egypt's vintage bred,
Were turn'd to real terrors as she fled,
Fled from our shores with Cæsar on her track.

As hawk pursues the dove, as o'er the plains
Of snow-wrapt Scythia, like the driving wind,
The huntsman tracks the hare, he swept behind,
To fix that fair and fatal pest in chains.

But her's no spirit was to perish meanly;
  A woman, yet not womanishly weak,*
  She ran her galley to no sheltering creek,
Nor quail'd before the sword, but met it queenly.

So to her lonely palace-walls she came,
  With eye serene their desolation view'd,
  And the fell asps with fearless fingers woo'd
To dart their deadliest venom through her frame;

Embracing death with desperate calm, that she
  Might rob Rome's galleys of their royal prize,
  Queen to the last, and ne'er in humbled guise
To swell a triumph's haughty pageantry!†

* My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Sc. 2.

† I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever! lying robed and crowned,
Worthy a Roman spouse.

TENNYSON'S *Dream of fair Women.*

BOOK II.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

THE civil broils that date
Back from Metellus' luckless consulate,
The causes of the strife,
Its vices, with fresh seeds of turmoil rife,
The turns of fortune's tide,
The leagues of chiefs to direful ends allied,
The arms of Romans wet
With brother's blood, not expiated yet,
These are thy chosen theme,
An enterprize that doth with peril teem,
For everywhere thy tread
On ashes falls, o'er lull'd volcanoes thinly spread!

Mute for some little time
Must be the Muse of tragedy sublime
Within our theatres; anon,
The task of chronicling our story done,
Thy noble bent pursue,
And the Cecropian buskin don anew,
Pollio, thou shield unstain'd
Of woful souls, that are of guilt arraign'd,

On whose persuasive tongue
The senate oft in deep debate hath hung,
Whose fame for laurels won
In fields Dalmatian shall through farthest ages run!

Now, now our ears you pierce
With clarions shrill, and trumpets' threatenings fierce,
Now flashing arms affright
Horses and riders, scattering both in flight;
Now do I seem to hear
The shouting of the mighty leaders near,
And see them strike and thrust,
Begrimed with not unhonourable dust;
And all earth own control,
All, all save only Cato's unrelenting soul!

Juno, and whosoe'er
Among the gods made Afric's sons their care,
On that same soil, which they,
Of vengeance foil'd, had turn'd from in dismay,
Under Jugurtha's shade
His victor's grandsons as an offering paid.
Where is the plain, that by
Its mounds sepulchral doth not testify
To many an impious fray,
Where Latian blood made fat the yielding clay,
And to fell havoc's sound
Peal'd from the west to Media's farthest bound?
What bays, what rivers are
By ills unvisited of woful war?
What oceans by the tide
Of slaughter rolling red have not been dyed?
Where shall be found the shore,
Is not incarnadined by Roman gore?

But, froward Muse, refrain,
Affect not thou the elegiac strain!
With lighter touch essay
In Dionæan cave with me some sprightlier lay!

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

SILVER, whilst buried in the mine,
Is lustreless and dead of hue,
And, Sallust, save with temperate use it shine,
'Tis dross to you.

The name of Proculeius shall
Live on through distant ages, known
For loving-kindness fatherlike to all
His brothers shown.

A spirit covetous subdue,
And over ampler realms you reign,
Than if the far-off lands of Libya you
Annex'd to Spain.*

* "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."
Proverbs xvi. 32.

Ovid uses nearly the same language :—

Fortior est qui se quam qui fortissima vincit
Mœnia.

Braver is he who doth himself subdue,
Than he who overcomes a forted town.

Akin to this are the fine lines of Phineas Fletcher :—

Would'st thou live honour'd? Clip Ambition's wing,
To reason's yoke the furious passions bring,
Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king!

The same turn of thought, which is a favourite one with Horace, is to be

Dropsy, self-pamper'd, grows: its thirst
  Burns on, until what bred the flame
Forsakes the veins, and those thin humours burst
  That wan'd the frame.

The crowd may call Phraätes blest,
  Enthroned where Cyrus sat erewhile,
But Virtue never; she from words doth wrest
  Their gloss of guile,

To him alone the diadem
  Of empire giving, and the bays,
Who, passing treasure-heaps, not once on them
  Turns back his gaze.

found in the concluding lines of the First Epistle of the First Book, joined with one of those characteristic strokes of irony, which blend so pleasantly with his didactic vein.

Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est.

The sage, unsway'd by passion, power, or pelf,
Is only less than sovereign Jove himself;
Rich, honour'd, free, his worth around him flings
A hallow'd light,—a king, in short, of kings,—
Sound mind, and wind, and limb, except, in sooth,
When driven half frantic by a raging tooth.

ODE III.

TO DELLIUS.

LET not the frowns of fate
Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor, when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate
With vaunting thoughts, ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For, Dellius, thou must die, become a clod of earth ! *

Whether thy days go down
In gloom, and dull regrets,
Or, shunning life's vain struggle for renown,
Its fever and its frets,
Stretch'd on the grass, with old Falernian wine
Thou giv'st the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

Where the tall spreading pine,
And white leaved poplar grow,
And, mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine,
A grateful shadow throw,
Where down its broken bed the wimpling stream
Writhes on its sinuous way with many a quivering gleam.

* Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
The storm of Fortune's frown, or heaven's threat,
Than in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy, and carrie comely cheare.
Fairy Queen, v. 38.

There wine, there perfumes bring,
  Bring garlands of the rose,
Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring,
  While youth's bright current flows
Within thy veins,—ere yet hath come the hour,
When the dread sisters three shall clutch thee in their power.*

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
  Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
The lawns wash'd by the Tiber's yellow tide,
  Each favourite retreat,
Thou must leave all—aye, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.†

* *Collige, virgo, rosas, dum flos novus et nova pubes,*
Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum.

AUSONIUS.

Gather therefore the rose, whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes Age, that will her pride deflower;
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with equal crime.

SPENSER.

——*Festinat enim decurrere velox*
Flosculus augustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

JUVENAL, IX. 125.

For youth, too transient flower! of life's short day
The shortest part, but blossoms—to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To revelry and joy, in Pleasure's bower,
While now for rosy wreaths our brows to twine,
And now for nymphs we call, and now for wine,
The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
And ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh.

GIFFORD'S *Translation.*

† Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?

It recks not, whether thou
  Be opulent, and trace
Thy birth from kings, or bear upon thy brow
  Stamp of a beggar's race;
In rags or splendour, death at thee alike,
That no compassion hath for aught of earth, will strike.

One road, and to one bourne
  We all are goaded. Late
Or soon will issue from the urn
  Of unrelenting Fate
The lot, that in yon bark exiles us all
To undiscover'd shores, from which is no recall.

Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,
Oh man ordained to die?
Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou, who art underground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

COWLEY.

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.* Pt. III.
Act. v. sc. 2.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS.

NAY, Xanthias, my friend, never blush, man—no, no!
Why should you not love your own maid, if you please?
Briseis of old, with her bosom of snow,
Brought the haughty Achilles himself to his knees.

By his captive Tecmessa was Telamon's son,
Stout Ajax, to willing captivity tamed;
Atrides, in triumph, was wholly undone,
With love for the slave of his warspear inflamed,

In the hot hour of triumph, when, quell'd by the spear
Of Pelides, in heaps the barbarians lay;
And Troy, with her Hector no longer to fear,
To the war-wearied Greeks fell an easier prey.

For aught that you know, now, fair Phyllis may be
The shoot of some highly respectable stem;
Nay, she counts, at the least, a few kings in her tree,
And laments the lost acres once lorded by them.

Never think that a creature so exquisite grew
  In the haunts where but vice and dishonour are known,
Nor deem that a girl so unselfish, so true,
  Had a mother 'twould shame thee to take for thine own.*

I extol with free heart, and with fancy as free
  Her sweet face, fine ancles, and tapering arms,
How! Jealous? Nay, trust an old fellow like me,
  Who can feel, but not follow, where loveliness charms.

* One fancies the humble object of Phocian Xanthias' admiration to have been like her who is so exquisitely described by Sir Walter Scott's friend in the lines:—

> Lowly beauty, dear friend, beams with primitive grace,
> And 'tis innocence' self plays the rogue in her face.

LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 218.

ODE V.

TO A FRIEND.

HAVE patience! She's plainly too tender, you see,
The yoke on her delicate shoulders to bear,
So young as she is, fit she never could be
His task with the gentlest yoke-fellow to share,
Or brook the assault of the ponderous bull,
Rushing headlong the fire of his passion to cool.

At present your heifer finds all her delight
In wandering o'er the green meadows at will,
In cooling her sides, when the sun is at height,
In the iciest pools of some mountain-fed rill,
Or 'mid the dank osier-beds bounding in play
With the young calves, as sportive and skittish as they.

For unripe grapes to long is mere folly; soon, too,
Many-tinted Autumnus with purple will dye
Thy clusters that now wear so livid a hue;
And so after thee, soon, her glances will fly,
For merciless Time to her count will assign
The swift-speeding years, as she takes them from thine.

And then will thy Lalage long for a lord,
Nor shrink from the secrets of conjugal joy;
By thee she will be, too, more fondly adored,
Than Pholoë's self, or than Chloris the coy,
Her beautiful shoulders resplendently white
As the moon, when it silvers the ocean by night;

Or as Gnidian Gyges, whom were you to place
  In the midst of a bevy of sunny-brow'd girls,
So boyish, so girlish at once is his face,
  So silken the flow of his clustering curls,
'Twould puzzle the skilfullest judge to declare,
If Gyges or they were more maidenly fair.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, thou who wouldst, I know,
With me to distant Gades go,
And visit the Cantabrian fell,
Whom all our triumphs cannot quell,
And even the sands barbarian brave,
Where ceaseless seethes the Moorish wave;

May Tibur, that delightful haunt,
Rear'd by an Argive emigrant,
The tranquil haven be, I pray,
For my old age to wear away,
Oh, may it be the final bourne
To one with war and travel worn!

But should the cruel Fates decree,
That this, my friend, shall never be,
Then to Galæsus, river sweet
To skin-clad flocks, will I retreat,
And those rich meads, where sway of yore
Laconian Phalanthus bore.

In all the world no spot there is,
That wears for me a smile like this,
The honey of whose thymy fields
May vie with what Hymettus yields,
Where berries clustering every slope
May with Venafrum's greenest cope.

There Jove accords a lengthen'd spring,
And winters wanting winter's sting,
And sunny Aulon's broad incline
Such mettle puts into the vine,
Its clusters need not envy those,
Which fiery Falernum grows.

Thyself and me that spot invites,
Those pleasant fields, those sunny heights;
And there, to life's last moments true,
Wilt thou with some fond tears bedew—
The last sad tribute love can lend—
The ashes of thy poet friend.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

DEAR comrade in the days when thou and I
With Brutus took the field, his perils bore,
Who hath restored thee, freely as of yore,
To thy home gods, and loved Italian sky,

Pompey, who wert the first my heart to share;
With whom full oft I've sped the lingering day,
Quaffing bright wine, as in our tents we lay,
With Syrian spikenard on our glistening hair?

With thee I shared Philippi's headlong flight,
My shield behind me left, which was not well,
When all that brave array was broke, and fell
In the vile dust full many a towering wight.

But me, poor trembler, swift Mercurius bore,
Wrapp'd in a cloud, through all the hostile din,
Whilst war's tumultuous eddies, closing in,
Swept thee away into the strife once more.

Then pay to Jove the feasts, that are his fee,
And stretch at ease these warworn limbs of thine
Beneath my laurel's shade; nor spare the wine
Which I have treasured through long years for thee.

Pour till it touch the shining goblet's rim
  Care-drowning Massic: let rich ointments flow
  From amplest conchs! No measure we shall know!
What! shall we wreaths of oozy parsley trim,

Or simple myrtle? Whom will Venus send
  To rule our revel? Wild my draughts shall be
  As Thracian Bacchanals', for 'tis sweet to me,
To lose my wits, when I regain my friend.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINÉ.

IF e'er, in vengeance for thy faithlessness,
Heaven had but made thy charms one charm the less,
Blacken'd one tooth, or tarnish'd one bright nail,
Then I, Bariné, might believe thy tale.
But soon as thou hast laid all kinds of vows
And plighted oaths on those perfidious brows,
Thy beauty heightens into rarer dies,
And all our young men haunt thy steps with feverish eyes.

It profits thee, fair mischief, thus to spurn
The deep vows plighted by thy mother's urn,
By all the silent stars that gem the night,
And by the gods, whom death may never blight.
Venus herself doth smile to hear thee swear,
Smile the sweet nymphs beneath their sunny hair;
And Cupid, unrelenting boy, doth smile,
Pointing on gory stone his burning shafts the while.

To thee our youth's best flower in homage kneels,
New slaves bend daily at thy chariot-wheels;
And they, who oft have sworn to haunt no more
Thy fatal home, still linger as before.
Mothers all dread thee for their boys, and old
Fond fathers dread thy havoc with their gold;
The dread art thou of every new-made bride,
Lest thy allurements waft her husband from her side.

THE SAME.

RE-TRANSLATED.

IF for thy perjuries and broken truth,
Bariné, thou hadst ever come to harm,
Hadst lost, but in a nail, or blacken'd tooth,
One single charm,

I'd trust thee; but when thou art most forsworn,
Thou blazest forth with beauty most supreme,
And of our young men art, noon, night and morn,
The thought, the dream.

To thee 'tis gain thy mother's dust to mock,
To mock the silent watchfires of the night,
All heaven, the gods, on whom death's icy shock
Can never light.

Smiles Venus' self, I vow, to see thy arts,
The guileless Nymphs and cruel Cupid smile,
And, smiling, whets on bloody stone his darts
Of fire the while.

Nay more, our youth grow up to be thy prey,
New slaves throng round, and those who crouch'd at first,
Though oft they threaten, leave not for a day
Thy roof accurst.

Thee mothers for their unfledged younglings dread;
Thee niggard old men dread, and brides new-made,
In misery, lest their lords neglect their bed,
By thee delay'd.

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS.

NOT always from the clouds are rains
Descending on the oozy plains,
Not always o'er the Caspian deep
Do gusts of angry tempest sweep,
Nor month on month, the long year through,
Dear Valgius, valued friend and true,
Is frost's benumbing mantle round
The high lands of Armenia wound;
Not always groan Garganus' oaks
Before the northwind's furious strokes,
Nor is the ash-tree always seen,
Stript of its garniture of green;
Yet thou alway in strains forlorn
Thy Mystes dead dost fondly mourn,
Lamenting still at Hesper's rise,
And when the rapid sun he flies.

Remember, friend, that sage old man,
Whose years were thrice our common span,
Did not through all their lengthen'd tale
His loved Antilochus bewail:
Nor did his parents, lonely left,
Of their still budding darling reft,
Nor Phrygian sisters evermore
The slaughter'd Troilus deplore.

Forbear, then, longer to complain,
Renounce this enervating strain,
And rather let us, thou and I,
Combine to sing in measures high
The trophies newly won by great
Augustus Cæsar for the state;
Niphates' icy peak, the proud
Euphrates, added to the crowd
Of nations, that confess our power,
A humbler river from this hour,
And the Gelonians forced to rein
Their steeds within a bounded plain.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS.

IF thou wouldst live secure and free,
Thou wilt not keep far out at sea,
Licinius, evermore;
Nor, fearful of the gales that sweep
The ocean wide, too closely creep
Along the treacherous shore.

The man, who, with a soul serene,
Doth cultivate the golden mean,
Escapes alike from all
The squalor of a sordid cot,
And from the jealousies begot
By wealth in lordly hall.

The mighty pine is ever most
By wild winds sway'd about and toss'd,
With most disastrous crash
Fall high-topp'd towers, and ever, where
The mountains' summit points in air,
Do bolted lightnings flash.

When fortune frowns, a well-train'd mind
Will hope for change;* when she is kind,

* —— *Sed credula vitam*
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.
TIBULLUS, II. 6. 19.

By trustful hope our life is comforted,
For ever whispering of a joy to be.

A change no less will fear:
If haggard winters o'er the land
By Jove are spread, at his command
In time they disappear.*

Though now they may, be sure of this,
Things will not always go amiss;
Not always bends in ire
Apollo his dread bow, but takes
The lyre, and from her trance awakes
The Muse with touch of fire.

Though sorrows strike, and comrades shrink,
Yet never let your spirits sink,
But to yourself be true;
So wisely, when yourself you find
Scudding before too fair a wind,
Take in a reef or two.†

* ——The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.
COWPER.

† *Tu quoque formida nimium sublimia semper;*
Propositique memor, contrahe vela, tui.
OVID, *Tristia*, III. 4. 31.

But ever hold too soaring thoughts in fear,
And, mindful of your purpose, furl your sails.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

WHAT the warlike Cantabrian or Scyth may design,
Dear Quintius Hirpinus, ne'er stay to divine,
With the broad Adriatic 'twixt them and yourself,
You surely may lay all your fears on the shelf.

And fret not your soul with uneasy desires
For the wants of a life, which but little requires;
Youth, beauty fade fast, and age, sapless and hoar,
Tastes of love and the sleep that comes lightly no more.

Spring flowers bloom not always fresh, fragrant, and bright,
The moon beams not always full-orb'd on the night;
Then wherefore should you, who are mortal, outwear
Your soul with a profitless burden of care?

Say, why should we not, flung at ease 'neath this pine,
Or a planetree's broad umbrage, quaff gaily our wine,
While the odours of Syrian nard, and the rose
Breathe sweet from locks tipp'd, and just tipp'd with Time's
snows.

'Tis Bacchus, great Bacchus, alone has the art
To drive away cares, that are eating the heart.
What boy, then, shall best in the brook's deepest pool
Our cups of the fiery Falernian cool?

And who from her home shall fair Lydè seduce,
And bring to our revel that charming recluse?
Bid her haste with her ivory lyre to the spot,
Tying up her brown hair in a plain Spartan knot.

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

BID me not sing to my nerveless string
The wars of Numantia long and bloody,
Nor Hannibal dread, nor the ocean's bed
With the gore of our Punic foemen ruddy;

Nor the Lapithæ fierce, nor Hylæus flush'd
With wine, nor the earth-born brood Titanic,
Whom the death-dealing hand of Alcides crush'd,
Though they smote the Saturnian halls with panic.

And thou, my Mæcenas, shalt fitlier tell
The battles of Cæsar in stateliest story,
Tell of kings, who defied us with menaces fell,
Led on through our streets in the triumph's glory.

My Muse to Licymnia alone replies,
To her warbling voice, that divinely sways thee,
To the light that beams in her flashing eyes,
And her true heart that passion for passion repays thee.

How she graces the mazy dance! What charms
Of wit are hers! And with loveliest vestals
What joy to behold her enlace her arms
Treading a measure at Dian's festals.

Would you, friend, for Phrygia's hoarded gold,
  Or all that Achæmenes self possesses,
Or e'en for what Araby's coffers hold,
  Barter one lock of her clustering tresses,

While she stoops her throat to your burning kiss,
  Or, fondly cruel, the bliss denies you,
She would have you snatch, or will, snatching this
  Herself, with a sweeter thrill surprise you?

ODE XIII.

TO THE TREE BY WHOSE FALL HIS LIFE WAS ENDANGERED.

WHOE'ER he was, (his name be bann'd!)
In evil hour he planted thee,
And with a sacrilegious hand
He nursed, and train'd thee up to be
The bane of his succeeding race,
And of our hamlet the disgrace.

He strangled, ay, and with a zest,
His very father, and at dead
Of night stole in upon his guest,
And stabb'd him sleeping in his bed;
Brew'd Colchian poisons in his time,
And practised every sort of crime.

All this he must have done—or could—
I'm sure,—the wretch, that stuck thee down,
Thou miserable stump of wood,
To topple on thy master's crown,
Who ne'er design'd thee any harm,
Here on my own, my favourite farm.

No mortal due provision makes
'Gainst ills which any hour may fall;
The Carthaginian sailor quakes
To think of a Levantine squall,

But feels no terror for the fate,
That elsewhere may his bark await.

Our soldiers dread the arrows sped
  By Parthians shooting as they flee;
And in their turn the Parthians dread
  The chains and keeps of Italy;
But death will tear, as now it tears,
Whole nations down at unawares.

How nearly in her realms of gloom
  I dusky Proserpine had seen,
Seen Æacus dispensing doom,
  And the Elysian fields serene,
Heard Sappho to her lute complain
Of unrequited passion's pain;

Heard thee, too, oh Alcæus, tell,
  Striking the while thy golden lyre,
With fuller note and statelier swell,
  The sorrows and disasters dire
Of warfare and the ocean deep,
And those that far in exile weep.

While shades round either singer throng,
  And the deservèd tribute pay
Of sacred silence to their song,*
  Yet chiefly crowd to hear the lay
Of battles old to story known,
And haughty tyrants overthrown.

* Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.
Paradise Lost, v. 555.

What wonder they, their ears to feast,
  Should thickly throng, when by these lays
Entranced, the hundred-headed beast
  Drops his black ears in sweet amaze,
And even the snakes are charmed, as they
Among the Furies' tresses play.

Nay, even Prometheus, and the sire
  Of Pelops, cheated of their pains,
Forget awhile their doom of ire
  In listening to the wondrous strains;
Nor doth Orion longer care
To hunt the lynx or lion there.*

* Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less, when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience.

Paradise Lost, II. 552.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTHUMUS.

AH, Posthumus, the years, the fleeting years
Still onwards, onwards glide;
Nor mortal virtue may
Time's wrinkling fingers stay,
Nor Age's sure advance, nor Death's all-conquering stride.

Hope not by daily hecatombs of bulls
From Pluto to redeem
Thy life, who holds thrice vast
Geryon fetter'd fast,
And Tityus, by the waves of yonder rueful stream.

Sad stream, we all are doom'd one day to cross,
Ay, all that live by bread,
Whate'er our lot may be,
Great lords of high degree,
Alike with peasant churls, who scantily are fed.

In vain shall we war's bloody conflict shun,
And the hoarse scudding gale
Of Adriatic seas,
Or fly the southern breeze,
That through the Autumn hours wafts pestilence and bale.

For all must view Cocytus' pitchy tide
Meandering slow, and see
The accursèd Danaids moil,
And that dread stone recoil,
Sad Sisyphus is doom'd to upheave eternally.

Land, home, and winsome wife must all be left;
And cypresses abhorr'd,
Alone of all the trees
That now your fancy please,
Shall shade his dust, who was a little while their lord.

Then, too, your long-imprison'd Caecuban
A worthier heir shall drain,
And with a lordlier wine,
Than at the feasts divine
Of pontiffs flows, your floor in wassailry shall stain.

ODE XV.

ON THE PREVAILING LUXURY.

SOON regal piles each rood of land
Will from the farmer's ploughshare take,
Soon ponds be seen on every hand
More spacious than the Lucrine lake.

Soon the unwedded plane displace
The vine-wreath'd elm; and violet bed
And myrtle bush, and all the race
Of scented shrubs their fragrance shed,

Where fertile olive thickets made
Their owner rich in days of old;
And laurels with thick-woven shade
At bay the scorching sunbeams hold.

It was not so, when Romulus
Our greatness foster'd in its prime,
Nor did our great forefathers thus,
In unshorn Cato's simple time.

Man's private fortunes then were low,
The public income great; in these
Good times no long-drawn portico
Caught for its lord the northern breeze.

Nor did the laws our sires permit
  Sods dug at random to despise,
As for their daily homes unfit;
  And yet they bade our cities rise

More stately at the public charge,
  And did, to their religion true,
The temples of the gods enlarge,
  And with fair-sculptured stones renew.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

FOR ease he doth the gods implore,
Who, tossing on the wide
Ægean billows, sees the black clouds hide
The moon, and the sure stars appear no more,
The shipman's course to guide.

For ease the sons of Thracia cry,
In battle uncontroll'd,
For ease the graceful-quiver'd Median bold,
That ease which purple, Grosphus, cannot buy,
Nor wealth of gems or gold.

For hoarded treasure cannot keep
Disquietudes at bay,
Nor can the consul's lictor drive away
The brood of dark solicitudes, that sweep
Round gilded ceilings gay.

He lives on little, and is blest,
On whose plain board the bright
Salt-cellar shines, which was his sire's delight,
Nor coward fears, nor sordid greed's unrest
Disturb his slumbers light.

Why should we still project and plan,
  We creatures of an hour?
  Why fly from clime to clime, new regions scour?
Where is the exile, who, since time began,
  To fly from self had power?*

Fell Care climbs brazen galleys' sides;
  Nor troops of horse can fly
  Her foot, which than the stag's is swifter, ay,
Swifter than Eurus, when he madly rides
  The clouds along the sky.

Careless what lies beyond to know,
  And turning to the best
  The present, meets life's bitters with a jest,
And smile them down; since nothing here below
  Is altogether blest.†

* Our sorrows still pursue us; and when you
  The ruin'd Capitol shall view,
And statues, a disorder'd heap, you can
  Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish your own thoughts. Go, travel where
  Another sun and stars appear,
And land not touch'd by any covetous fleet,
  And yet even there yourself you'll meet.
HABINGTON'S *Castara.*

† ——— *Medio de fonte leporum*
Surgit amari aliquid, quod ipsis in floribus angit.
LUCRETIUS.
Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.
BYRON.
Usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas,
Sollicitumque aliquid lætis intervenit.
OVID, *Metam.* 7.
Where is the pleasure marr'd by no alloy?
Some apprehension ever haunts our joy.

In manhood's prime Achilles died,
  Tithonus by the slow
  Decay of age was wasted to a show,
And Time may what it hath to thee denied
  On me, perchance, bestow.

Round thee low countless herds and kine
  Of Sicily; the mare
  Apt for the chariot paws for thee the air,
And Afric's costliest dyes incarnadine
  The wools which thou dost wear.*

To me a farm of modest size,
  And slender vein of song,
  Such as in Greece flow'd vigorous and strong,
Kind fate hath given, and spirit to despise
  The base malignant throng.

Scilicet interdum miscentur tristia lætis
Nec populum toto pectore festa juvant.
OVID. *Fasti*, 2.

Grief mingles with our mirth, when at its best,
And robs our feasts of some part of their zest.

* Literally, "wools are thine, twice steeped in African dye." So Spenser, in his *Virgil's Gnat*, line 97:—

Ne cares he, if the fleece which him arrays
Be not twice steepèd in Assyrian dye.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHY wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears?
Why, oh Mæcenas, why?
Before thee lies a train of happy years;
Yes, nor the gods nor I
Could brook that thou shouldst first be laid in dust,
Who art my stay, my glory, and my trust!

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deaden'd sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine!

Think not, that I have sworn a bootless oath;
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand link'd in hand, whene'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below!
Me neither the Chimæra's fiery breath,
Nor Gyges, even could Gyges rise from death,

With all his hundred hands from thee shall sever;
For in such sort it hath
Pleased the dread Fates, and Justice potent ever,
To interweave our path.
Beneath whatever aspect thou wert born,
Libra, or Scorpion fierce, or Capricorn,

The blustering tyrant of the western deep,
  This well I know, my friend,
Our stars in wondrous wise one orbit keep,
  And in one radiance blend.
From thee were Saturn's baleful rays afar
Averted by great Jove's refulgent star,

And His hand stay'd Fate's downward-swooping wing,
  When thrice with glad acclaim
The teeming theatre was heard to ring,
  And thine the honour'd name:
So had the falling timber laid me low,
But Pan in mercy warded off the blow,

Pan who keeps watch o'er easy souls like mine.
  Remember, then, to rear
In gratitude to Jove a votive shrine,
  And slaughter many a steer,
Whilst I, as fits, an humbler tribute pay,
And a meek lamb upon his altar lay.

ODE XVIII.

TO A MISER.

WITHIN my dwelling you behold
Nor ivory, nor roof of gold;
There no Hymettian rafters weigh
On columns from far Africa;
Nor Attalus' imperial chair
Have I usurp'd, a spurious heir,
Nor client dames of high degree
Laconian purples spin for me;
But a true heart and genial vein
Of wit are mine, and rich men deign,
Poor as I am, to seek my door.
For nought beyond do I implore
The gods, nor crave my potent friend
A larger bounty to extend,
With what he gave completely blest,
My happy little Sabine nest.

Day treads down day, and sinks amain,
And new moons only wax to wane,
Yet you, upon death's very brink,
Of piling marbles only think,
That yet are in the quarry's womb,
And all unmindful of the tomb,
Rear gorgeous mansions everywhere;
Nay, as though earth too bounded were,
With bulwarks huge thrust back the sea,
That chafes and breaks on Baiæ.

What though you move the ancient bound,
That marks your humble neighbour's ground,
And avariciously o'erleap
The limits right should bid you keep?
Where lies your gain, that driven from home
Both wife and husband forth must roam,
Bearing their household gods close press'd
With squalid babes upon their breast?
Still for the man of wealth, 'mid all
His pomp and pride of place, the hall
Of sure-devouring Orcus waits
With its inevitable gates.

Then why this ceaseless vain unrest?
Earth opens her impartial breast
To prince and beggar both; nor might
Gold e'er tempt Hell's grim satellite
To waft astute Prometheus o'er
From yonder ghastly Stygian shore.
Proud Tantalus and all his race
He curbs within that rueful place;
The toilworn wretch, who cries for ease,
Invoked or not, he hears and frees.

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

BACCHUS I've seen, (no fable is my song!)
Where far among the rocks the hills are rooted,
His strains dictating to a listening throng,
Of nymphs, and prick-ear'd Satyrs cloven-footed!

Evöe! The dread is on my soul even now,
Fill'd with the god my breast is heaving wildly!
Evöe! Oh spare, Lyæus, spare me, thou,
And o'er me wield thine awful thyrsus mildly!

Now may I dare to sing of Bacchants bold,
To sing of wine in fountains redly rushing,
Of milky streams, and honey's liquid gold
From hollow trunks in woods primeval gushing.

Now may I chant her honours, too, thy bride,
Who high among the stars is throned in glory,
The halls of Pentheus shatter'd in their pride,
And of Lycurgus the disastrous story.

Thee own as lord great rivers, barbarous seas;
Thou, where afar the mountain peaks are shining,
Flush'd with the grape dost revel, there at ease
Thy Bacchant's locks unharm'd with vipers twining.

Thou, when the banded giants, impious crew!
By mountain piled on mountain top were scaling
Thy sire's domains, didst hurl back Rhœcus, through
Thy lion's claws, and jawbone fell prevailing.

Though fitter for the dance, and mirth, and jest,
Than for the battle's deadly shock reputed,
Thou didst approve thyself, o'er all the rest
Alike for peace or warfare aptly suited.

Thee, gloriously bedeck'd with horn of gold,
With gently wagging tail soothed Cerberus greeted,
And lick'd thy limbs and feet with tongue threefold,
As from his shady realm thy steps retreated.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

ON pinion newly plumed and strong
I'll cleave the liquid air
Predestinate, true child of song!
A double form to wear.
Earth shall not keep me from the skies,
I'll pierce the smoke of towns,
And, soaring far aloft, despise
Their envy and their frowns.

Though cradled at a poor man's hearth,
His offspring, I shall not
Go down to mix with common earth,
Forgetting and forgot.
No! I, whom thou, Mæcenas, dear,
Dost mark with thy esteem,
Shall never pine, a phantom drear,
By sad Cocytus' stream.

Even now I feel the change begin!
And see, along my thighs
It creeps and creeps, the wrinkling skin,
In sturdy swanlike guise;
My body all above assumes
The bird, and white as snow
Along my shoulders airy plumes
Down to my fingers grow.

Now swiftlier borne on pinions bold,
  Than Icarus of yore,
The Bosphorus shall I behold,
  And hear its billows roar:
Shall o'er Getulia's whirling sands,
  Canorous bird, career,
And view Hyperborean lands,
  From heaven's own azure clear.

My fame the Colchian, and forlorn
  Gelonian yet shall know,
The Dacian, too, who seems to scorn,
  But dreads his Marsic foe.
The Spaniard of an after time
  My minstrel power shall own,
And I be hail'd a bard sublime
  By him that drinks the Rhone.

Then sing no dirge above my bier,
  No grief be idly spent!
Dishonour lies in every tear,
  Disgrace in each lament.
All clamours loud of woe forbear!
  Respect my nobler doom,
And those superfluous honours spare,
  Which load a vulgar tomb!

BOOK III.

ODE I.

IN PRAISE OF CONTENTMENT.

E rabble rout, avaunt!
Your vulgar din give o'er,
Whilst I, the Muses' own hierophant,
To the pure ears of youths and virgins chant
In strains unheard before!

Great kings, whose frown doth make
Their crouching vassals quake,
Themselves must own
The mastering sway of Jove, imperial god,
Who, from the crash of giants overthrown,
Triumphant honours took, and by his nod
Shakes all creation's zone.

Whate'er our rank may be,
We all partake one common destiny!
In fair expanse of soil,
Teeming with rich returns of wine and oil,

His neighbour one outvies;
Another claims to rise
To civic dignities,
Because of ancestry, and noble birth,
Or fame, or proved pre-eminence of worth,
Or troops of clients, clamorous in his cause;
Still Fate doth grimly stand,
And with impartial hand
The lots of lofty and of lowly draws
From that capacious urn,
Whence every name that lives is shaken in its turn.

To him, above whose guilty head,
Suspended by a thread,
The naked sword is hung for evermore,
Not feasts Sicilian shall
With all their cates recall
That zest the simplest fare could once inspire;
Nor song of birds, nor music of the lyre
Shall his lost sleep restore:
But gentle sleep shuns not
The rustic's lowly cot,
Nor mossy bank, o'ercanopied with trees,
Nor Tempe's leafy vale stirr'd by the western breeze.

The man, who lives content with whatsoe'er
Sufficeth for his needs,
The storm-toss'd ocean vexeth not with care,
Nor the fierce tempest which Arcturus breeds,
When in the sky he sets,
Nor that which Hœdus, at his rise, begets:
Nor will he grieve, although

His vines be all laid low
Beneath the driving hail,
Nor though, by reason of the drenching rain,
Or heat, that shrivels up his fields like fire,
Or fierce extremities of winter's ire,
Blight shall o'erwhelm his fruit-trees and his grain,
And all his farm's delusive promise fail.

The fish are conscious that a narrower bound
Is drawn the seas around
By masses huge hurl'd down into the deep;
There, at the bidding of a lord, for whom
Not all the land he owns is ample room,
Do the contractor and his labourers heap
Vast piles of stone, the ocean back to sweep.
But let him climb in pride,
That lord of halls unblest,
Up to his lordly nest,
Yet ever by his side
Climb Terror and Unrest;
Within the brazen galley's sides
Care, ever wakeful, flits,
And at his back, when forth in state he rides,
Her withering shadow sits.*

If thus it fare with all
If neither marbles from the Phrygian mine,
Nor star-bright robes of purple and of pall,
Nor the Falernian vine,

* Can man by no means creep out of himself,
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?
JOHN MARSTON.

Nor costliest balsams, fetch'd from farthest Ind,
Can soothe the restless mind;
Why should I choose
To rear on high, as modern spendthrifts use,
A lofty hall, might be the home for kings,
With portals vast, for Malice to abuse,
Or Envy make her theme to point a tale;
Or why for wealth, which new-born trouble brings,
Exchange my Sabine vale?

ODE II.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

IN war's stern school our youth should be
Steel'd stoutly to endure
The ills which sharp necessity
Inflicts upon the poor;
To make the Parthians fly in fear
Before the terrors of their spear;

To live alert at danger's call,
Encamp'd on heath or down;
Then, as they view him from the wall
Of their beleaguer'd town,
With sighs the warring monarch's dame
And virgin daughter shall exclaim:

"Oh grant, ye gods, our royal lord,
Unskill'd in war's array,
Provoke not, by his bootless sword,
Yon lion to the fray,
Who rushes with infuriate roar
Through carnage, dropping gouts of gore!"

For our dear native land to die
Is glorious and sweet;
And death the coward slaves that fly
Pursues with steps as fleet,
Nor spares the loins and backs of those
Unwarlike youths who shun their foes.

Worth, all-indifferent to the spurns
  Of vulgar souls profane,
The honours wears, it proudly earns,
  Unclouded by a stain;
Nor grasps, nor lays the fasces down,
As fickle mobs applaud or frown.

Worth, which heaven's gate to those unbars,
  Who never should have died,
A pathway cleaves among the stars,
  To meaner souls denied,
Soaring in scorn far far away
From vulgar crowds and sordid clay.

For faithful silence, too, there is
  A guerdon sure: whoe'er
Has once divulged the mysteries
  Of Ceres' shrine, shall ne'er
Partake my roof, nor yet shall he
In the same vessel sail with me.

For oft has Jove, when slighted, swept
  Away with sons of shame
The souls which have their whiteness kept,
  And punishment, though lame
Of foot, has rarely fail'd to smite
The knave, how swift soe'er his flight.

ODE III.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ROMULUS.

HE that is just, and firm of will
Doth not before the fury quake
Of mobs that instigate to ill,
Nor hath the tyrant's menace skill
His fix'd resolve to shake;

Nor Auster, at whose wild command
The Adriatic billows dash,
Nor Jove's dread thunder-launching hand,
Yea, if the globe should fall, he'll stand
Serene amidst the crash.

By constancy like this sustain'd,
Pollux of yore, and Hercules
The starry eminences gain'd,
Where Cæsar, with lips purple-stain'd,
Quaffs nectar, stretch'd at ease.

Thou, by this power, Sire Bacchus, led,
To bear the yoke thy pards didst school,
Through this same power Quirinus fled,
By Mars' own horses charioted,
The Acherontine pool.

What time the gods to council came,
  And Juno spoke with gracious tone,
" That umpire lewd and doom'd to shame,
And his adulterous foreign dame
  Troy, Troy have overthrown ;

" Troy doom'd to perish in its pride
  By chaste Minerva and by me,
Her people, and their guileful guide,
Since false Laomedon denied
  The gods their promised fee.

" The Spartan wanton's shameless guest
  No longer flaunts in brave array,
Nor screen'd by Hector's valiant breast,
Doth Priam's perjured house arrest
  My Argives in the fray.

" Protracted by our feuds no more,
  The war is quell'd. So I abate
Mine anger, and to Mars restore
Him, whom the Trojan priestess bore,
  The grandchild of my hate.

" Him will I suffer to attain
  These realms of light, these blest abodes,
The juice of nectar pure to drain,
And be enroll'd amid the train
  Of the peace-breathing gods.

" As long as the broad rolling sea
  Shall roar 'twixt Ilion and Rome,
Where'er these wandering exiles be,
There let them rule, be happy, free ;
  Whilst Priam's, Paris' tomb

"Is trodden o'er by roving kine,
  And wild beasts there securely breed,
The Capitol afar may shine,
And Rome, proud Rome, her laws assign
  Unto the vanquish'd Mede.

"Yes, let her spread her name of fear,
  To farthest shores; where central waves
Part Africa from Europe, where
Nile's swelling current half the year
  The plains with plenty laves.

"Still let her scorn to search with pain
  For gold, the earth hath wisely hid,
Nor strive to wrest with hands profane
To mortal use and mortal gain
  What is to man forbid.*

"Let earth's remotest regions still
  Her conquering arms to glory call,
Where scorching suns the long day fill,
Where mists and snows and tempests chill
  Hold reckless bacchanal.

"But let Quirinus' sons beware,
  For they are doom'd to sure annoy,
Should they in foolish fondness e'er
Or vaunting pride the homes repair
  Of their ancestral Troy.

* ——— And with hands profane
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid.
Paradise Lost, I. 686.

"In evil hour should Troy once more
  Arise, it shall be crush'd anew,
By hosts that o'er it stride in gore,
By me conducted, as of yore,
  Jove's spouse and sister too.

"Thrice rear a brazen wall, and though
  Apollo's self his aidance lent,
Thrice shall my Argives lay it low,
Thrice shall the captive wife in woe
  Her lord and babes lament!"

But whither wouldst thou, Muse? Unmeet
  For jocund lyre are themes like these.
Shalt thou the talk of gods repeat,
Debasing by thy strains effete
  Such lofty mysteries?

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

 H queen Calliope, from heaven descend,
And on the fife prolong
Thy descant sweet and strong,
Or with the lyre, if more it like thee, blend
Thy thrilling voice in song!

Hark! Or is this but frenzy's pleasing dream?
Through groves I seem to stray
Of consecrated bay,
Where voices mingle with the babbling stream,
And whispering breezes play.

When from my nurse erewhile on Vultur's steep
I stray'd beyond the bound
Of our small homestead's ground,
Was I, fatigued with play, beneath a heap
Of fresh leaves sleeping found,

Strewn by the storied doves; and wonder fell
On all, their nest who keep
On Acherontia's steep,
Or in Forentum's low rich pastures dwell,
Or Bantine woodlands deep;

That safe from bears and adders in such place
I lay, and slumbering smiled,
O'erstrewn with myrtle wild
And laurel, by the gods' peculiar grace
No craven-hearted child.

Yours am I, O ye Muses, yours, whene'er
The Sabine peaks I scale;
Or cool Præneste's vale,
Or Tibur's slopes, or Baiæ's waters fair
With happy heart I hail.

Unto your dances and your fountains vow'd,
Philippi's rout, the tree
Of doom o'erwhelm'd not me,
Nor Palinurus 'mid the breakers loud
Of the Sicilian sea.

Unshrinkingly, so you be only near,
The Bosphorus I'll brave,
Nor quail, howe'er it rave,
Assyria's burning sands I'll dare, nor fear
In them to find a grave.

Shielded by you, I'll visit Britain's shore
To strangers ruthless ever,
Front the Gelonian quiver,
The Concan, too, who joys in horses' gore,
And Scythia's icy river.

Unto great Cæsar's self ye lend new life
In grot Pierian, when
He has disposed his men
Among the towns, to rest from battle-strife,
And yearns for peace again.

From you flow gentle counsels, and most dear
Such counsels are to you.
We know, how He o'erthrew
By His down-swooping bolts those monsters drear,
The impious Titan crew;

Who doth the dull and sluggish earth control,
The tempest-shaken main,
Throng'd towns, the realms of pain
And gloom, and doth with even justice sole
O'er gods and mortals reign.

When he beheld them first, these brothers stark,
Proud in their strength of arm,
Crowding in hideous swarm
To pile up Pelion on Olympus dark,
Jove shudder'd with alarm.

But what could stout Typhœus, Mimas do?
Or what, for all his might,
Porphyrion's threatening height,
What Prœtus, or Enceladus, that threw
Uprooted trees, in fight

Against great Pallas' ringing ægis dash'd,
What could they all essay?
Here, eager for the fray,
Stood Vulcan, there dame Juno unabash'd,
And he who ne'er doth lay

His bow aside, who laves his locks unshorn
In Castaly's pure dew,
Divine Apollo, who
Haunts Lycia's woodland glades, in Delos born,
In Patara worshipp'd too.

Unreasoning strength by its own weight must fall;*
To strength with wisdom blent
Force by the gods is lent,
Who hold in scorn that strength, which is on all
That's impious intent.

See hundred-handed Gyges helpless lie,
To make my maxim good,
Orion too, that would
Lay ruffian hands on chaste Diana, by
Her virgin shafts subdued.

Upheaved above the monsters she begot,
Earth wails her children whirl'd
To Orcus' lurid world,
By vengeful bolts, and the swift fire hath not
Pierced Ætna o'er it hurl'd.

Nor does the vulture e'er, sin's warder grim,
Lewd Tityus' liver quit,
But o'er him still doth sit;
Pirithous, too, lies fetter'd, limb to limb
By chains three hundred knit.

* But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall.
Samson Agonistes, 53.

ODE V.

THE PRAISE OF VALOUR.

WHEN through the heavens his thunders blare,
We think that Jove is monarch there,
So now Augustus, too, shall be
Esteem'd a present deity,
Since Britons he and Persians dread
Hath to his empire subjected.

Has any legionary, who
His falchion under Crassus drew,
A bride barbarian stoop'd to wed,
And life with her ignobly led?
And can there be the man so base
Of Marsian or Apulian race,
(Oh, on the Senate be the blame!
Oh, on our tainted morals shame!
As with his spouse's sire, his foe,
And in a foeman's camp, to grow
To age beneath some Median King,
The Shields no more remembering,
Nor yet the Roman dress or name,
Nor Vesta's never-dying flame,
Whilst still unscathed stands Jove, and Rome,
His city, and his only home?

Ah, well he fear'd such shame for us,
The brave, far-seeing Regulus,

When he the vile conditions spurn'd,
That might to precedent be turn'd,
With ruin and disaster fraught
To after times, should they be taught
Another creed than this—" They die
Unwept, who brook captivity!"

" I've seen," he cried, " our standards hung
In Punic fanes, our weapons wrung
From Roman hands without a blow;
Our citizens, I've seen them go,
With arms behind their free backs tied,
Gates I have seen flung open wide,
Ay, Roman troops I've seen, disgraced
To till the plains they had laid waste!

" Will he return more brave and bold,
The soldier you redeem with gold?
You add but loss unto disgrace.
Its native whiteness once efface
With curious dyes; you can no more
That whiteness to the wool restore:
Nor is true valour, once debased,
In souls corrupt to be replaced!

" If from the tangled meshes freed,
The stag will battle, then indeed
May he conspicuous valour show,
Who trusted the perfidious foe,—
He smite upon some future field
The Carthaginian, who could yield
In fear of death his arms to be
Bound up with thongs submissively!

Content to draw his caitiff breath,
Nor feel such life is worse than death!
Oh shame! Oh mighty Carthage, thou
On Rome's fallen glories towerest now!"

From his chaste wife's embrace, they say,
And babes, he tore himself away,
As he had forfeited the right
To clasp them as a freeman might;
Then sternly on the ground he bent
His manly brow; and so he lent
Decision to the senate's voice,
That paused and waver'd in its choice,
And forth the noble exile strode,
Whilst friends in anguish lined the road.

Noble indeed! for, though he knew
What tortures that barbarian crew
Had ripe for him, he waved aside
The kin that did his purpose chide,
The thronging crowds, that strove to stay
His passage, with an air as gay,
As though, at close of some decree
Upon a client's lawsuit, he
Its dreary coil were leaving there,
To green Venafrum to repair,
Or to Tarentum's breezy shore,
Where Spartans built their town of yore.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

YE Romans, ye though guiltless, shall
Dread expiation make for all
The laws your sires have broke,
Till ye repair with loving pains
The gods' dilapidated fanes,
Their statues grimed with smoke!

Ye rule the world, because that ye
Confess the gods' supremacy;
Hence all your grandeur grows!
The gods, in vengeance for neglect,
Hesperia's wretched land have wreck'd
Beneath unnumber'd woes.

Twice have Monæses, and the hordes
Of Pacorus, withstood the swords
Of our ill-omen'd host;
No more in meagre torques equipp'd,
But deck'd with spoils from Romans stripp'd,
They of our ruin boast.

Dacian and Ethiop have well nigh
Undone our Rome, distracted by
Intestine feud and fray;
This by his fleet inspiring fear,
That by his shafts, which, far and near,
Spread havoc and dismay.

Our times, in sin prolific, first
The marriage-bed with taint have cursed,
  And family and home;
This is the fountain-head of all
The sorrows and the ills that fall
  On Romans and on Rome.

The ripening virgin joys to learn
In the Ionic dance to turn
  And bend with plastic limb;
Still but a child, with evil gleams
Incestuous love's unhallow'd dreams
  Before her fancy swim.

Straight, in her husband's wassail hours,
She seeks more youthful paramours,
  And little recks, on whom
She may her lawless joys bestow
By stealth, when all the lamps burn low,
  And darkness shrouds the room.

Yea, she will on a summons fly,
Nor is her spouse unconscious why,
  To some rich broker's arms,
Or some sea-captain's, fresh from Spain,
With wealth to buy her shame, and gain
  Her mercenary charms.

They did not spring from sires like these,
The noble youth, who dyed the seas
  With Carthaginian gore,
Who great Antiochus o'ercame,
And Pyrrhus, and the dreaded name
  Of Hannibal of yore;

But they, of rustic warriors wight
The manly offspring, learn'd to smite
  The soil with Sabine spade,
And faggots they had cut to bear
Home from the forest, whensoe'er
  An austere mother bade;

What time the sun began to change
The shadows through the mountain range,
  And took the yoke away
From the o'er-wearied oxen, and
His parting car proclaim'd at hand
  The kindliest hour of day.

How Time doth in its flight debase
Whate'er it finds! Our fathers' race,
  More deeply versed in ill
Than were their sires, hath borne us yet
More wicked, duly to beget
  A race more vicious still.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIÈ.

WHY weep, Asteriè, for the youth,
That soul of constancy and truth,
Whom from Bithynia's shore,
Rich with its wares, with gentle wing
The west winds shall in early spring
To thy embrace restore?

Driven by the southern gales, when high
Mad Capra's star ascends the sky,
To Oricum, he keeps
Sad vigils through the freezing nights,
And, thinking of his lost delights
With thee, thy Gyges weeps.

Yet in a thousand artful ways
His hostess' messenger essays
To tempt him, urging how
Chlöe—for such her name—is doom'd
By fires like thine to be consumed,
And sigh as deep as thou;

Narrating, how by slanders vile
A woman's falsehood did beguile
The credulous Prœtus on,
To hurry, with untimely haste,
Into the toils of death the chaste,
Too chaste Bellerophon.

Of Peleus then he tells, who thus
Was nigh consign'd to Tartarus,
  Because his coldness shamed
Magnessia's queen Hippolytè,
And hints at stories craftily
  To sap his virtue framed.

In vain! For he, untouch'd as yet,
Is deafer than the rocks that fret
  The Icarian waves;—but thou,
Keep watch upon thy fancy too,
Nor to Enipeus there undue
  Attractiveness allow!

Though no one on the Martian Mead
Can turn and wind a mettled steed
  So skilfully as he,
Nor any breast the Tuscan tide,
And dash its tawny waves aside
  With such celerity.

At nightfall shut your doors, nor then
Look down into the street again,
  When quavering fifes complain;
And though he call thee, as he will,
Unjust, unkind, unfeeling, still
  Inflexible remain!

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHY a bachelor such as myself should disport
On the Kalends of March, what these garlands import,
What the censer with incense fill'd full, you enquire,
And the green turf, with charcoal laid ready to fire?
If the cause of all these preparations you seek,
You, versed in the lore both of Latin and Greek,
It is this! That I vow'd, when nigh kill'd by the blow
Of yon tree, unto Liber a goat white as snow,
With festival rites; and the circling year now
Has brought round the day, that I offer'd my vow.
'Tis a day, which the well-rosin'd cork shall unyoke
Of the jar, that was set to be fined in the smoke,
When Tullius was Consul. In cups without end
Then pledge me, Mæcenas, for safe is thy friend;
Let the dawn find our lamps still ablaze, and afar
From our revel be anger, and clamour and jar!
Your cares for the weal of the city dismiss,
And why should you not, at a season like this?
There is Dacian Cotiso's army is shent,
And the Median by discords intestine is rent;
The vanquish'd Cantabrian, yonder in Spain,
Submits, after long years of strife, to our chain,
And the Scythians, unbending their bows in despair,
To fly from the plains they have ravaged prepare.

Then a respite from public anxieties steal,
Feel the easy indifference private men feel,
Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall bring,
And away every care and perplexity fling.

ODE IX.

THE RECONCILIATION.

HORACE.

WHILST I was dear and thou wert kind,
And I, and I alone might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.

LYDIA.

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloë might with Lydia vie,
Renown'd in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

HORACE.

I now am Thracian Chloë's slave,
With hand and voice that charms the air,
For whom ev'n death itself I'd brave,
So fate the darling girl would spare!

LYDIA.

I dote on Calaïs—and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So fate the darling boy would spare!

HORACE.

What, if our ancient love return,
  And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-hair'd Chloë spurn,
  And as of old for Lydia sigh?

LYDIA.

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
  Thou fickle as an April sky,
More churlish, too, than Adria's sea,
  With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die!

ODE X.

TO LYCÈ.

THOUGH your drink were the Tanais, chillest of rivers,
And your lot with some conjugal savage were cast,
You would pity, sweet Lycè, the poor soul that shivers
Out here at your door in the merciless blast.

Only hark how the doorway goes straining and creaking,
And the piercing wind pipes through the trees that surround
The court of your villa, while black frost is streaking
With ice the crisp snow that lies thick on the ground!

In your pride—Venus hates it—no longer envelope ye,
Or haply you'll find yourself laid on the shelf;
You never were made for a prudish Penelope,
'Tis not in the blood of your sires or yourself.

Though nor gifts nor entreaties can win a soft answer,
Nor the violet pale of my love-ravaged cheek,
To your husband's intrigue with a Greek ballet-dancer,
Though you still are blind, and forgiving, and meek;

Yet be not as cruel—forgive my upbraiding—
As snakes, nor as hard as the toughest of oak;
Think, to stand out here, drench'd to the skin, serenading
All night may in time prove too much of a joke.

ODE XI.

TO LYDÊ.

H Hermes, taught by whom Amphion's throat
Charm'd into motion stones and senseless things,
And thou, sweet shell, that dost with dulcet note
Make music from thy seven melodious strings,

Thou once nor sweet, nor voluble, but now
In fane, or rich man's feast, a welcome guest,
Give to my song the charmer's might, to bow
Lydê's unyielding ear, and unrelenting breast!

Lydê, who, like a filly full of play,
That frisks and gambols o'er the meadows wide,
And fears e'en to be touch'd, will never stay
To list the burning tale that woos her for a bride.

Thou listening woods canst lead, and tigers fell,
And stay the rapid rivers in their course;
Yea, the grim janitor of ghastly hell
Crouch'd on his post, subdued by thy persuasive force;

Though countless serpents—sentinels full dread—
The ridges of his fateful brows empale,
And, loathly steaming, from his triple head
Swelters black gore, and poisonous blasts exhale.

Ev'n Tityus and Ixion grimly smiled
Through all their anguish, and awhile hung dry
The toiling urn, whilst the sweet strain beguiled
The Danaids, that stood in soothed oblivion by.

In Lydè's ear reverberate their guilt,
  And its dread punishment, to draw for ever
A jar of water that is ever spilt,
  Through the pierced bottom lost in the sad-flowing river.

Show her the vengeance sure, howe'er delay'd,
  Which even in Orcus crimes like theirs must feel,
Those impious girls, stain'd with guilt's blackest shade,
  Those impious girls, who slew their lords with savage steel!

One only, worthy of the bridal bed,
  Of all the train, was to her perjured sire
Magnificently false, and fame shall spread
  Her praise through endless time, link'd to the living lyre.

"Rise, rise!" Thus to her youthful mate she spoke,
  "Lest thou from hands, whose guilt is little fear'd,
Receive a sleep that never shall be broke!
  Fly from my father false and ruthless sisters weird!

"Who now, like lions ravening o'er their prey,
  Butcher their wedded lords, alas, alas!
I strike thee not—I, gentler-soul'd than they,
  Nor keep thee prison'd here, but bid thee freely pass.

"My sire may load my arms with cruel chains,
  Because in pity I my lord did spare,
Or o'er the seas to far Numidia's plains
  May banish me, yet all for thee I'll gladly bear!

"Go! speed thee hence, unfurl thy swelling sail,
  While Venus favours, and this midnight gloom!
The gods defend thy steps! And let the tale
  Of what I loved and lost be graven upon thy tomb!"

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

POOR maids to love's promptings
May never give play,
Nor wash in the wine-cup
Their troubles away;
More dead than alive,
They are haunted by fear
To be scourged by the tongue
Of a guardian austere.

Cytherea's wing'd urchin
From thee doth beguile
Thy work-box, and Hebrus
Of Lipara's isle
From thy broidery weans thee,
And all the hard lore,
Which thou, Neobule,
Didst toil at of yore.

A handsome young fellow
Is he, when he laves
His balm-dropping shoulders
In Tiber's dun waves;
Bellerophon's self
Not so well graced a steed,
He is peerless in boxing,
A racehorse in speed;

Expert, too, in striking
  The stag with his spear,
When the herd o'er the champaign
  Fly panting in fear;
Nor less ready handed
  The boar to surprise,
Where deep in the shade
  Of the covert it lies.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

H fountain of Bandusia,
Sparkling brighter in thy play
Far than crystal, thou of wine
Worthy art and fragrant twine
Of fairest flowers! To-morrow thou
A kid shalt have, whose swelling brow,
And horns just budding into life,
Give promise both of love and strife.
Vain promise all! For in the spring
And glory of his wantoning,
His blood shall stain thy waters cool
With many a deep-ensanguined pool.

Thee the fiery star, the hot
Breath of noonday toucheth not.
Thou a grateful cool dost yield
To the flocks that range afield,
And breathest freshness from thy stream
To the labour-wearied team.
Thou, too, shall be one ere long
Of the fountains famed in song,
When I sing the ilex bending
O'er thy mosses, whence descending
Thy delicious waters bound,
Prattling to the rocks around.

THE SAME

RE-TRANSLATED.

H fountain of Bandusia's dell,
Than crystal clearer, that of wine
Art worthy, and of flowers as well,
To-morrow shall be thine

A kid, whose horns, just budding, dream
Of love and battles both! In vain;
For the young rake thy gelid stream
With ruddy gore shall stain.

'Gainst flaming Sirius' fury thou
Art proof, and grateful cool dost yield
To oxen wearied with the plough,
And flocks that range afield.

Thou too shalt rank with springs renown'd,
I singing, how from umbrage deep
Of cavern'd rocks, with ilex crown'd,
Thy bubbling waters leap.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

CÆSAR, oh people, who of late,
Like Hercules defying fate,
Was said the laurel to have sought
Which only may by death be bought,
To his home-gods returns again
Victorious from the shores of Spain!

To the just gods to pay their rites,
Now let the matron, who delights
In him her peerless lord, repair,
And our great leader's sister fair;
And with them go the mothers chaste,
Their brows with suppliant fillets graced,
Of our fresh maids, and of the brave
Young men, who late have 'scaped the grave!
And oh, ye boys, and new-made brides,
Hush every word that ill betides!

From me this truly festal day
Shall drive each cloud of care away;
Nor shall I draw in fear my breath
For civil broil or bloody death,
While Cæsar sway o'er earth shall bear.
Away, then, boy, bring chaplets fair,
Bring unguents, and with these a jar,
That recollects the Marsian war,

If aught that held the juice of grape
Might roving Spartacus escape!

Neæra, too, that singer rare,
Go, bid her quickly bind her hair,
Her myrrhy hair, in simple knot,
And haste to join me on the spot!
But if her porter say thee nay,
The hateful churl! then come away.
Time-silver'd locks the passions school,
And make the testiest brawler cool;
I had not brook'd his saucy prate,
When young, in Plancus' consulate.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

QUIT, quit, 'tis more than time, thou wife
Of Ibycus the pauper,
Thy horribly abandon'd life
And courses most improper!

Ripe for the grave, 'mongst girls no more
Attempt to sport thy paces,
Nor fling thy hideous shadow o'er
Their pure and starry graces.

What charmingly on Pholoë sits
In Chloris must repel us:
Thy daughter better it befits
To hunt up the young fellows.

Like Mænad, by the timbrel made
Of all restraint oblivious,
She by her love for Nothus sway'd
Like she-goat frisks lascivious.

To spin Luceria's fleeces suits
A crone like thee; no patience
Can brook thy roses, and thy lutes,
And pottle-deep potations.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

WELL the tower of brass, the massive doors, the watch-dogs' dismal bay
Had from midnight wooers guarded Danaë, where immured she lay;
There she might have pined a virgin, prison'd by the timorous craft
Of her fated sire Acrisius, had not Jove and Venus laugh'd
At his terrors, for no sooner changed the god to gold, than he
Instantly unto the maiden access found secure and free.

Through close lines on lines of sentries gold to cleave its way delights,
Stronger than the crashing lightning through opposing rocks it smites;
'Twas through vile desire of lucre, as the storied legends tell,
That the house of Argos' augur whelm'd in death and ruin fell;
'Twas by bribes the Macedonian city's gates could open fling,
'Twas by bribes that he subverted many a dreaded rival king;
Nay, there lies such fascination in the gleam of gold to some,
That our bluffest navy-captains to its witchery succumb.

But as wealth into our coffers flows in still increasing store,
So, too, still our care increases, and the hunger still for more,*
Therefore, oh Mæcenas, glory of the knights, with righteous dread,
Have I ever shrunk from lifting too conspicuously my head.

* And store of cares doth follow riches' store.
Fairy Queen, VI. ix. 21.

Yes, the more a man, believe me, shall unto himself deny,
So to him shall the Immortals bounteously the more supply.
From the ranks of wealth deserting, I, of all their trappings
bare,
To the camp of those who covet nought that pelf can bring
repair,
More illustrious as the master of my poor despisèd hoard,
Than if I should be reputed in my garners to have stored
All the fruits of all the labours of the stout Apulian boor,
Lord belike of wealth unbounded, yet as veriest beggar poor.

In my crystal stream, my woodland, though its acres are
but few,
And the trust that I shall gather home my crops in season due,
Lies a joy, which he may never grasp, who rules in gorgeous
state
Fertile Africa's dominions. Happier, happier far my fate!
Though for me no bees Calabrian store their honey, nor doth
wine
Sickening in the Læstrygonian amphora for me refine;
Though for me no flocks unnumber'd, browsing Gallia's pas-
tures fair,
Pant beneath their swelling fleeces, I at least am free from care;
Haggard want with direful clamour ravins never at my door,
Nor wouldst thou, if more I wanted, oh my friend, deny me
more.
Appetites subdued will make me richer with my scanty gains,
Than the realms of Alyattes wedded to Mygdonia's plains.
Much will evermore be wanting unto those who much demand;
Blest, whom Jove with what sufficeth dowers, but dowers
with sparing hand.

ODE XVII.

TO AELIUS LAMIA.

AELIUS, sprung from Lamos old,
That mighty king, who first, we're told,
Ruled forted Formiæ,
And all the land on either hand,
Where Liris by Marica's strand
Goes rippling to the sea;

Unless yon old soothsaying crow
Deceive me, from the East shall blow
To-morrow such a blast,
As will with leaves the forests strew,
And heaps of useless algæ too
Upon the sea-beach cast.

Dry faggots, then, house while you may;
Give all your household holiday
To-morrow, and with wine
Your spirits cheer; be blithe and bold,
And on a pigling two moons old
Most delicately dine!

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, lover of the shy
Nymphs who at thy coming fly,
Lightly o'er my borders tread,
And my fields in sunshine spread,
And, departing, leave me none
Of my yeanling flock undone!
So each closing year shall see
A kidling sacrificed to thee;
So shall bounteous bowls of wine,
Venus' comrades boon, be thine;
So shall perfumes manifold
Smoke around thine altar old!

When December's Nones come round,
Then the cattle all do bound
O'er the grassy plains in play;
The village, too, makes holiday,
With the steer from labour freed
Sporting blithely through the mead.
'Mongst the lambs, who fear him not,
Roves the wolf; each sylvan spot
Showers its woodland leaves for thee,
And the delver, mad with glee,
Joys with quick-redoubling feet
The detested ground to beat.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

HOW long after Inachus Codrus bore sway there
In Greece, for whose sake he so gallantly fell,
Every scion of Æacus' race, every fray there
Beneath holy Troy's leaguer'd walls you can tell.

But the price one may purchase choice old Chian wine at,
Or who has good baths, that you never have told,
Nor where we shall find pleasant chambers to dine at,
And when be secure from Pelignian cold.

To the new moon a cup, boy, to midnight another,
And quickly,—to augur Muræna a third!
To each bowl give three measures, or nine,—one or t'other
Will do, less or more would be wrong and absurd!

The bard, who is vow'd to the odd-number'd Muses,
For bumpers thrice three in his transport will call;
But the Grace with her loose-kirtled sisters refuses
To grant more than three in her horror of brawl.

For me, I delight to go mad for a season!
Why ceases the shrill Berecynthian flute
To pour its bewailings? And what is the reason
The lyre and the flageolet yonder hang mute?

I hate niggard hands; then strew freely the roses!
  Let envious Lycus there hear the mad din,
And she, our fair neighbour, who with him reposes;
  That she with old Lycus should live is a sin.

Thee, Telephus, thee, with thy thick-flowing tresses
  All radiant as Hesper at fall of the day,
Sweet Rhodè is longing to load with caresses,
  Whilst I waste for Glycera slowly away!

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

WHAT man is he so mad, as dare
From Moorish lioness to tear
Her cubs? My Pyrrhus, dost not see
How perilous the task must be?
Soon, soon thy heart will fail, and thou
Wilt shun the strife awaits thee now;
When through the youths, that throng to stay
Her course, she fiercely makes her way,
To find Nearchus, peerless youth,
Oh rare the struggle, small the ruth,
Till one or other yields, and he
Her prize, or thine, at last shall be!

Meanwhile, as for the frenzied fair
Thou dost thy deadliest shafts prepare,
And she whets her appalling teeth,
The umpire of the fray beneath
His heel, so gossip says, will crush
The palm, and spread, to meet the rush
Of breezes cool, the odorous hair
That clusters round his shoulders fair,
Like Nireus he, or whom of yore
Jove's bird from watery Ida bore!

ODE XXI.

TO A JAR OF WINE.

OH precious crock, whose summers date,
Like mine, from Manlius' consulate,
I wot not whether in your breast
Lie maudlin wail or merry jest,
Or sudden choler, or the fire
Of tipsy Love's insane desire,
Or fumes of soft caressing sleep,
Or what more potent charms you keep;
But this I know, your ripen'd power
Befits some choicely festive hour!
A cup peculiarly mellow
Corvinus asks; so come, old fellow,
From your time-honour'd bin descend,
And let me gratify my friend!
No churl is he, your charms to slight,
Though most intensely erudite:
And even old Cato's worth, we know,
Took from good wine a nobler glow.

Your magic power of wit can spread
The halo round a dullard's head,
Can make the sage forget his care,
His bosom's inmost thoughts unbare,
And drown his solemn-faced pretence
Beneath your blithesome influence.

Bright hope you bring and vigour back
To minds outworn upon the rack,
And put such courage in the brain,
As makes the poor be men again,
Whom neither tyrants' wrath affrights,
Nor all their bristling satellites.

Bacchus, and Venus, so that she
Bring only frank festivity,
With sister Graces in her train,
Entwining close in lovely chain,
And gladsome tapers' living light,
Shall spread your treasures o'er the night,
Till Phœbus the red East unbars,
And puts to rout the trembling stars.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

HAIL, guardian maid
Of mount and forest glade,
Who, thrice invoked, dost bow
Thine ear, and sendest aid
To girls in labour with the womb,
And snatchest them from an untimely tomb,
Goddess three-formèd thou!

I consecrate as thine
This overhanging pine,
My villa's shade;
There, as my years decline,
The blood of boar so young, that he
Dreams only yet of sidelong strokes, by me
Shall joyfully be paid!

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

IF thou, at each new moon, thine upturn'd palms,
My rustic Phidyle, to heaven shalt lift,
The Lares soothe with steam of fragrant balms,
A sow, and fruits new-pluck'd, thy simple gift,

Nor venom'd blast shall nip thy fertile vine,
Nor mildew blight thy harvest in the ear,
Nor shall thy flocks, sweet nurslings, peak and pine,
When apple-bearing Autumn chills the year.

The victim mark'd for sacrifice, that feeds
On snow-capp'd Algidus, in leafy lane
Of oak and ilex, or on Alba's meads,
With its rich blood the pontiff's axe may stain;

Thy little gods for humbler tribute call,
Than blood of many victims; twine for them
Of rosemary a simple coronal,
And the lush myrtle's frail and fragrant stem.

The costliest sacrifice that wealth can make
From the incensed Penates less commands
A soft response, than doth the poorest cake,
If on the altar laid with spotless hands.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS.

THOUGH thou, of wealth possess'd
Beyond rich Ind's, or Araby's the blest,
Shouldst with thy palace keeps
Fill all the Tuscan and Apulian deeps,
If Fate, that spoiler dread,
Her adamantine bolts drive to the head,
Thou shalt not from despairs
Thy spirit free, nor loose thy head from death's dark snares.

The Scythians of the plains
More happy are, housed in their wandering wains,
More blest the Getan stout,
Who not from acres mark'd and meted out
Reaps his free fruits and grain:
A year, no more, he rests in his domain,
Then, pausing from his toil,
He quits it, and in turn another tills the soil.

The guileless stepdame there
The orphan tends with all a mother's care;
No dowried dame her spouse
O'erbears, or trusts the sleek seducer's vows;
Her dower a blameless life,
True to her lord, she shrinks, an unstain'd wife,
Even from another's breath;
To fall is there a crime, and there the guerdon death!

Oh for the man, would stay
Our gory hands, our civil broils allay!
If on his statues he
SIRE OF THE COMMON-WEAL proclaim'd would be,
Let him not fear to rein
Our wild licentiousness, content to gain
From after-times renown,
For ah! while Virtue lives, we hunt her down,
And only learn to prize
Her worth, when she has pass'd for ever from our eyes!

What boots it to lament,
If crime be not cut down by punishment?
What can vain laws avail,
If life in every moral virtue fail?
If nor the clime, that glows,
Environ'd round by fervid heats, nor snows
And biting Northern wind,
Which all the earth in icy cerements bind,
The merchant back can keep,
And skilful shipmen flout the horrors of the deep?

Yes! Rather than be poor,
What will not mortals do, what not endure?
Such dread disgrace to shun,
From virtue's toilsome path away we run.
Quick, let us, 'mid the roar
Of crowds applauding to the echo, pour
Into the Capitol,
Or down into the nearest ocean roll
Our jewels, gems, and gold,
Dire nutriment of ills and miseries untold!

If with sincere intent
We would of our iniquities repent,
Uprooted then must be
The very germs of base cupidity,
And our enervate souls
Be braced by manlier arts for nobler goals!
The boy of noble race
Can now not sit his steed, and dreads the chase,
But wields with mastery nice
The Grecian hoop, or even the law-forbidden dice!

What marvel, if the while
His father, versed in every perjured wile,
For vilest private ends
Defrauds his guests, his partners, and his friends,
His pride, his only care,
To scramble wealth for an unworthy heir!
They grow, his ill-got gains,
But something still he lacks, and something ne'er attains!

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

WHITHER, whither, full of thee,
Bacchus, dost thou hurry me?
Say, what groves are these I range,
Whirl'd along by impulse strange,
What the caves, through which I fly?
Tell me, in what grot shall I
Swell illustrious Cæsar's praise,
Striving to the stars to raise
Worth that worthy is to shine
In Jove's council-hall divine?

I a strain sublime shall pour,
Ne'er by mortal sung before.
As the Eviad, from some height,
Sleepless through the live-long night,
With a thrill of wild amaze
Hebrus at his feet surveys,
Thrace, enwrapp'd in snowy sheet,
Rhodope by barbarous feet
Trodden, so where'er I rove
Far from human haunts, the grove,
Rock, and crag, and woodland height
Charm me with a wild delight.

Oh thou, who dost the Naiads, and
The Bacchanalian maids command,

Whose hands uproot, such strength have they,
Ash-trees with storms of ages grey,
No mean, no mortal theme is mine,
Nor less my numbers than divine!
Though perilous, 'tis glorious too,
Oh great Lenæus, to pursue
The god, who round his forehead twines
Leaves gather'd freshly from the vines!

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I'VE had of late a host of loves afoot,
And triumphs too might brag of more than one,
But now I hang up here my arms and lute,
With the fatigues of the campaign fordone.

Quick, quick! Beside them pile here on the wall,
That to the left doth sea-born Venus guard,
Links, crowbars, hatchets, bows, the terrors all
Of doors, that were to my beseechings barr'd!

Thou, of fair Cyprus who queen goddess art,
And Memphis, which no Thracian snows enwrap,
Wave high thy scourge, appal proud Chloe's heart,
And give her—just one little tiny tap.*

* Landor had this last verse in view in the following poem.

So late removed from him she swore,
With clasping arms and vows and tears,
In life and death she would adore,
While memory, fondness, bliss endears.

Can she forswear, can she forget?
Strike, mighty Love! Strike, Vengeance! Soft!
Conscience must come, and bring regret:
These let her feel! . . Nor these too oft!

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA, GOING TO SEA.

LET omens dire the bad attend,
Who would upon a journey wend,—
The bitch in whelp, the screeching owl,
The dun she-wolf upon her prowl
Of hunger from Lanuvium's rocks,
And, worse than all, the pregnant fox!
At other times, their course to break,
With sudden spring a nimble snake
Will cross the road-way like a dart,
And make their carriage-horses start!
I, with my sage forecasting skill,
For her I love and fear for will,
By my strong pray'rs' resistless force,
Call from the East the raven hoarse,
Ere, scenting rain at hand, again
It seek its haunts amid the fen.

Go! and be happy, wheresoe'er
Thou go'st, and me in memory bear,
Fair Galatea! Boding jay
Nor vagrant crow doth bar thy way.
But see, with what a troubled glare
Orion's star is setting there!
Trust me! I've wrestled with the gales
Of Hadria's gulf; could tell thee tales

Would scare thee, of the mischief, too,
Which smooth-lipp'd western winds can do.
Let our foes' wives, and all their kind,
Feel rising Auster's fury blind,
And shudder at black ocean's roar,
What time it smites the trembling shore.
Like thee, Europa her fair side
Did to the treacherous bull confide,
But found her courage fail, when she
Beheld the monsters of the sea;
She who at morning's prime had stray'd,
Culling fair flowers from field and glade,
A votive coronal to twine
For the close-neighbouring wood-nymphs' shrine,
When night fell round saw nothing, save
The stars and weltering ocean-wave.

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan ground,
For five-score cities fair renown'd,
"How, oh my sire!" did she exclaim,
"Have I foregone a daughter's name?
Slave to mad passion, how have I
Broke every holy filial tie?
Whence have I come, and whither flown?
One death is worthless to atone
For guilt like mine, so base, so deep!
Wake I, and have I cause to weep?
Or is my soul yet free from stain,
And these but phantoms of the brain,
Mere incorporeal films of dream,
Which through Sleep's ivory portal stream?

"Oh madness, to have left my home,
To deem it happier, thus to roam

Yon weary waste of waters blue,
Than gather flowers that freshly grew!
If any to my rage should now
Yield that vile bull, this steel, I vow,
Should hew him down before me here,
And break his horns, though late so dear.
Shameless my father's hearth I fled!
Shameless I shrink from Orcus dread!
Place me, ye gods, in righteous wrath,
Naked upon the lions' path,
Or give me, ere grief's wasting might
The bloom upon my cheeks shall blight,
And sap my blood's warm tide away,
To be the hungry tigers' prey!

"Why, vile Europa, linger? Why?
I hear my absent father cry.
Quick, hang thee on yon ash! Thy zone
Will serve thee—*that* is still thine own;
Or if yon cliff delight thee more,
These death-edged rocks, that strew the shore,
Then to the driving tempest give
Thyself, unless thou'dst rather live
A bondslave, carding servile wool,
'Neath some barbarian princess' rule,
And brook, though sprung of royal race,
A vulgar concubine's disgrace!"

As thus she pour'd her wail on high,
Venus the while stood laughing by,
And to her side, with bow unstrung,
Her boy, the rosy Cupid, clung.
When she of mirth her fill had ta'en,
"This boiling rage," she cried, "restrain,

Since yon detested bull shall bend
His horns for thee at will to rend.
Know'st not, thou art Jove's honour'd bride?
Then dry thy tears, and own with pride
Thy mighty fortune, mightier fame,
For half the globe shall bear thy name!"

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDÈ.

WHAT goodlier or fitter plan
Have I for Neptune's festal day?
Then forth the hoarded Cæcuban,
My Lydè, bring without delay,
And for a season, if you can,
Fling wisdom's sober saws away!

You see the waning light decay,
And yet you pause and hesitate,—
As though the day its flight would stay,—
To pluck down from its cellar'd state
The amphora, was stored away
In Bibulus's consulate.

In alternating strains shall we
Sing Neptune, and the deep-green hair
Of Nereids sporting through the sea;
And thou on curvèd lyre with fair
Latona, and the shafts so free
Of Cynthia, shalt enchant the air.

And she, who Cnidos makes her care,
And dwells amidst the Cyclads bright,
And doth to Paphos oft repair
With team of swans for her delight,
Shall have our closing song; and rare
Shall be our hymn in praise of Night.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

SCION of Tuscan kings, in store
I've laid a cask of mellow wine,
That never has been broach'd before.
I've roses, too, for wreaths to twine,
And Nubian nut, that for thy hair
An oil shall yield of fragrance rare.

Then linger not, but hither wend!
Nor always from afar survey
Dank Tibur's leafy heights, my friend,
The sloping lawns of Æsula,
And mountain peaks of Circe's son,
The parricidal Telegon.

The plenty quit, that only palls,
And, turning from the cloud-capp'd pile,
That towers above thy palace halls,
Forget to worship for a while
The privileges Rome enjoys,
Her smoke, her splendour, and her noise.

It is the rich who relish best
To dwell at times from state aloof,
And simple suppers, neatly dress'd,
Beneath a poor man's humble roof,
With neither pall nor purple there,
Have smooth'd ere now the brow of care.

See, now Andromeda's bright sire
  Reveals his erewhile hidden rays,
Now Procyon flames with fiercest fire,
  Mad Leo's star is all ablaze,
For the revolving sun has brought
The season round of parching drought.

Now with his spent and languid flocks
  The wearied shepherd seeks the shade,
The river cool, the shaggy rocks,
  That overhang the tangled glade,
And by the stream no breeze's gush
Disturbs the universal hush.

Thou dost devise with sleepless zeal
  What course may best the state beseem,
And, fearful for the City's weal,
  Weigh'st anxiously each hostile scheme,
That may be hatching far away
In Scythia, India, or Cathay.

Most wisely Jove in thickest night
  The issues of the future veils,
And laughs at the self-torturing wight,
  Who with imagined terrors quails.
The present only is thine own,
Then use it well, ere it has flown.

All else which may by time be bred
  Is like a river of the plain,
Now gliding gently o'er its bed
  Along to the Etruscan main,
Now whirling onwards, fierce and fast,
Uprooted trees, and boulders vast,

And flocks, and houses, all in drear
  Confusion toss'd from shore to shore,
While mountains far, and forests near
  Reverberate the rising roar,
When lashing rains among the hills
To fury wake the quiet rills.

Lord of himself that man will be,
  And happy in his life alway,
Who still at eve can say with free
  Contented soul, "I've lived to-day!*
Let Jove to-morrow, if he will,
With blackest clouds the welkin fill,

"Or flood it all with sunlight pure,
  Yet from the past he cannot take
Its influence, for that is sure,
  Nor can he mar, or bootless make
Whate'er of rapture and delight
The hours have borne us in their flight."

* To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say;
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.
MARTIAL, B. V. 59.

Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Ibid. B. II. 50. *Translated by Cowley. Essay on Procrastination.*

Ah, fill the cup! What boots it to repeat,
How Time is slipping underneath our feet:
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them, if To-day be sweet?
OMAR KHAYYAM.

Fortune, who with malicious glee
  Her merciless vocation plies,
Benignly smiling now on me,
  Now on another, bids him rise,
And in mere wantonness of whim
Her favours shifts from me to him.

I laud her, whilst by me she holds,
  But if she spread her pinions swift,
I wrap me in my virtue's folds,*
  And yielding back her every gift,
Take refuge in the life so free
Of bare but honest poverty.

You will not find me, when the mast
  Groans 'neath the stress of southern gales,
To wretched pray'rs rush off, nor cast
  Vows to the great gods, lest my bales
From Tyre or Cyprus sink, to be
Fresh booty for the hungry sea.

When others then in wild despair
  To save their cumbrous wealth essay,
I to the vessel's skiff repair,
  And, whilst the Twin Stars light my way,
Safely the breeze my little craft
Shall o'er the Ægean billows waft.

* And evermore himself with comfort feeds
  Of his own virtues and praiseworthy deeds.
Fairy Queen, II. vii. 2.

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

I'VE rear'd a monument, my own,
More durable than brass,
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark Destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.

For long as with his Vestals mute
Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
Fresh buds through future time.

Where brawls loud Aufidus, and came
Parch'd Daunus erst, a horde
Of rustic boors to sway, my name
Shall be a household word;

As one who rose from mean estate,
  The first with poet fire
Æolic song to modulate
  To the Italian lyre.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
  Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels, duly won,
  Bind thou upon my hair!

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

THE PAINS OF LOVE.

ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON.

VENUS, dost thou renew a fray
Long intermitted? Spare me, spare, I pray!
I am not such as in the reign
Of the good Cinara I was. Refrain,
Sweet Love's sour mother, him to school,
Whom lustres ten have harden'd to thy rule,
And soft behests; and hie thee where
Youth calls to thee with many a fondling prayer!
More fitly—if thou seek to fire
A bosom apt for love and young desire—
Come, borne by bright-wing'd swans, and thus
Revel in the house of Paulus Maximus;
Since, noble, and of graces choice,
For troubled clients voluble of voice,
And lord of countless arts, afar
Will he advance the banners of thy war.
And when he shall with smiles behold
His native charms eclipse his rival's gold,

He will thyself in marble rear,
Beneath a cedarn roof near Alba's mere.
There shall thy dainty nostril take
In many a gum, and for thy soft ear's sake
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hautboy, not without the flute.
There twice a-day, in sacred lays,
Shall youths and tender maidens sing thy praise;
And thrice in Salian manner beat
The ground in cadence with their ivory feet.
Me neither damsel now, nor boy
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
Nor glads me now the deep carouse,
Nor with dew-dropping flowers to bind my brows.
But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down these poor cheeks of mine?
Or why, my well-graced words among,
With an uncomely silence fails my tongue?
I dream, thou cruel one, by night,
I hold thee fast; anon, fled with the light,
Whether in Field of Mars thou be,
Or Tiber's rolling streams, I follow thee.

ODE II.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS.

IULUS, he who'd rival Pindar's fame
On waxen wings doth sweep
The Empyréan steep,
To fall like Icarus, and with his name
Endue the glassy deep.

Like to a mountain stream, that roars
From bank to bank along,
When autumn rains are strong,
So deep-mouth'd Pindar lifts his voice, and pours
His fierce tumultuous song.

Worthy Apollo's laurel wreath,
Whether he strike the lyre
To love and young desire,
While bold and lawless numbers grow beneath
His mastering touch of fire;

Or sings of Gods, and monarchs sprung
Of gods, that overthrew
The Centaurs, hideous crew,
And, fearless of the monster's fiery tongue,
The dread Chimæra slew;

Or those the Eléan palm doth lift
  To heaven, for wingèd steed,
  Or sturdy arm decreed,
Giving, than hundred statues nobler gift,
  The poet's deathless meed;

Or mourns the youth snatch'd from his bride,
  Extols his manhood clear,
  And to the starry sphere
Exalts his golden virtues, scattering wide
  The gloom of Orcus drear.

When the Dircéan Swan doth climb
  Into the azure sky,
  There poised in ether high,
He courts each gale, and floats on wing sublime,
  Soaring with steadfast eye.

I, like the tiny bee, that sips
  The fragrant thyme, and strays
  Humming through leafy ways,
By Tibur's sedgy banks, with trembling lips
  Fashion my toilsome lays.

But thou, when up the sacred steep
  Cæsar, with garlands crown'd,
  Leads the Sicambrians bound,
With bolder hand the echoing strings shalt sweep,
  And bolder measures sound.

Cæsar, than whom a nobler son
  The Fates and Heaven's kind powers
  Ne'er gave this earth of ours,
Nor e'er will give, though backward time should run
  To its first golden hours.

Thou, too, shalt sing the joyful days,
  The city's festive throng,
  When Cæsar, absent long,
At length returns,—the Forum's silent ways,
  Serene from strife and wrong.

Then, though in statelier power it lack,
  My voice shall swell the lay,
  And sing, "Oh, glorious day,
Oh, day thrice blest, that gives great Cæsar back
  To Rome, from hostile fray!"

"Io Triumphe!" thrice the cry;
  "Io Triumphe!" loud
  Shall shout the echoing crowd
The city through, and to the gods on high
  Raise incense like a cloud.

Ten bulls shall pay thy sacrifice,
  With whom ten kine shall bleed:
  I to the fane will lead
A yearling of the herd, of modest size,
  From the luxuriant mead,

Horn'd like the moon, when her pale light,
  Which three brief days have fed,
  She trimmeth, and, dispread
On his broad brows a spot of snowy white,
  All else a tawny red.*

* ——— The glory of the herd, a bull
Snow-white, save 'twixt his horns one spot there grew;
Save that one stain, he was of milky hue.
SHAKESPEARE.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

THE man whom thou, oh Muse of song,
Didst at his birth regard with smiling calm,
Shall win no glory in the Isthmian throng,
From lusty wrestlers bearing off the palm,
Nor ever, reining steeds of fire, shall he
In swift Achaian car roll on victoriously.

Nor him shall warfare's stern renown,
Nor baffled menaces of mighty kings,
Bear to the Capitol with laurel crown;
But streams that kiss with gentle murmurings
Rich Tibur's vale,—thick wood, and mossy brake,
Him of the Æolian lyre shall worthy master make.

At Rome, of all earth's cities queen,
Men deign to rank me in the noble press
Of bards beloved of man; and now, I ween,
Doth envy's rancorous tooth assail me less.
Oh, thou loved Muse, who temperest the swell
And modulated noise of the sweet golden shell!

Oh, thou who canst at will endow
Mute fish with swanlike voices soft and sweet,
'Tis all thy gift, that, as they pass me now,
Men point me to their fellows on the street,
As lord and chief of Roman minstrelsy;
Yes, that I sing and please, if please, is due to thee.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

LIKE as the thunder-bearing bird,
(On whom o'er all the fowls of air
Dominion was by Jove conferr'd,
Because with loyal care
He bore away to heaven young Ganymede the fair,)

Whom native vigour and the rush
Of youth have spurr'd to quit the nest,
And skies of blue in springtide's flush
Entice aloft to breast
The gales he fear'd before his lordly plumes were drest,

Now swooping, eager for his prey,
Spreads havoc through the flutter'd fold,—
Straight, fired by love of food and fray,
In grapple fierce and bold
The struggling dragons rends ev'n in their rocky hold:

Or like the lion's whelp, but now
Wean'd from his tawny mother's side,
By tender kidling on the brow
Of some green slope espied,
Whose unflesh'd teeth she knows will in her blood be dyed;

So dread, so terrible in war
  Our noble Drusus shew'd, when through
The Rhætian Alpine glens afar
  His conquering eagles flew,
And swiftly the appall'd Vindelici o'erthrew.

Whence came their custom,—in the night
  Of farthest time it flourish'd there,—
With Amazonian axe to fight,
  To question I forbear;
Nor everything to know, may any mortal dare;

But this I know; their hosts, that still,
  Where'er they came, victorious fought,
In turn by that young hero's skill
  Revanquish'd, have been taught
To feel what marvels may of enterprise be wrought

By valiant heart and vigorous head,
  In home auspicious train'd to power,
What by the noble spirit fed
  In Nero's sons by our
Augustus, who on them a father's care did shower.

'Tis of the brave and good alone
  That good and brave men are the seed;*
The virtues, which their sires have shewn,
  Are found in steer and steed;
Nor do the eagles fierce the gentle ringdove breed.

* Oh worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things the base.
Cymbeline.

Yet training quickens power inborn,
And culture nerves the soul for fame;
But he must live a life of scorn,
Who bears a noble name,
Yet blurs it with the soil of infamy and shame.

What thou, Rome, dost the Neros owe,
Let dark Metaurus' river say,
And Asdrubal, thy vanquish'd foe,
And that auspicious day,
Which through the scatter'd gloom broke forth with smiling ray,

When joy again to Latium came,
Nor longer through her towns at ease
The fatal Lybian swept, like flame
Among the forest trees,
Or Eurus' headlong gust across Sicilian seas.

Thenceforth, for with success they toil'd,
Rome's youth in vigour wax'd amain,
And temples, ravaged and despoil'd
By Punic hordes profane,
Upraised within their shrines beheld their gods again.

Till spoke false Hannibal at length;
"Like stags, of ravening wolves the prey,
Why rush to grapple with their strength,
From whom to steal away
The loftiest triumph is, they leave for us to-day?

"That race, inflexible as brave,
From Ilium quench'd in flames, who bore
Across the wild Etruscan wave
Their babes, their grandsires hoar,
And all their sacred things, to the Ausonian shore;

"Like oak, by sturdy axes lopp'd
Of all its boughs, which once the brakes
Of shaggy Algidus o'ertopp'd,
Its loss its glory makes,
And from the very steel fresh strength and spirit takes.

"Not Hydra, cleft through all its trunk,
With fresher vigour wax'd and spread,
Till even Alcides' spirit shrunk;
Nor yet hath Colchis dread,
Or Echionean Thebes more fatal monster bred.

"In ocean plunge it, and more bright
It rises; scatter it, and lo!
Its unscathed victors it will smite
With direful overthrow,
And Rome's proud dames shall tell of many a routed foe.

"No messengers in boastful pride
Shall I to Carthage send again;
Our every hope, it died, it died,
When Asdrubal was slain,
And with his fall our name's all-conquering star did wane."

No peril, but the Claudian line
Will front and master it, for they
Are shielded by Jove's grace divine,
And counsels sage alway
Their hosts through war's rough paths successfully convey!

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

FROM gods benign descended, thou
Best guardian of the fates of Rome,
Too long already from thy home
Hast thou, dear chief, been absent now;

Oh, then return, the pledge redeem,
Thou gav'st the Senate, and once more
Its light to all the land restore;
For when thy face, like spring-tide's gleam,

Its brightness on the people sheds,
Then glides the day more sweetly by,
A brighter blue pervades the sky,
The sun a richer radiance spreads!

As on her boy the mother calls,
Her boy, whom envious tempests keep
Beyond the vex'd Carpathian deep,
From his dear home, till winter falls,

And still with vow and prayer she cries,
Still gazes on the winding shore,
So yearns the country evermore
For Cæsar, with fond, wistful eyes.

For safe the herds range field and fen,
  Full-headed stand the shocks of grain,
  Our sailors sweep the peaceful main,
And man can trust his fellow-men.

No more adulterers stain our beds,
  Laws, morals, both that taint efface,
  The husband in the child we trace,
And close on crime sure vengeance treads.

The Parthian, under Cæsar's reign,
  Or icy Scythian, who can dread,
  Or all the tribes barbarian bred
By Germany, or ruthless Spain?

Now each man, basking on his slopes,
  Weds to his widow'd trees the vine,
  Then, as he gaily quaffs his wine,
Salutes thee God of all his hopes;

And prayers to thee devoutly sends,
  With deep libations; and, as Greece
  Ranks Castor, and great Hercules,
Thy godship with his Lares blends.

Oh, may'st thou on Hesperia shine,
  Her chief, her joy, for many a day!
  Thus, dry-lipp'd, thus at morn we pray,
Thus pray at eve, when flush'd with wine.

ODE VI.

IN PRAISE OF APOLLO AND DIANA.

THOU god, who art potent that tongue to chastise,
Which e'er by its vaunts the Immortals defies,
As well the sad offspring of Niobe knew,
And Tityus, profanest of ravishers, too,
And Phthian Achilles, who well-nigh o'ercame
Proud Troy, of all warriors the foremost in fame,
Yet ne'er with thyself to be match'd; for though he
Was begotten of Thetis, fair nymph of the sea,
And shook the Dardanian turrets with fear,
As he crash'd through the fray with his terrible spear,
Like a pine, by the biting steel struck and down cast,
Or cypress o'erthrown by the hurricane blast,
Far prostrate he fell, and in Teucrian dust
His locks all dishevell'd ignobly were thrust.
He would not, shut up in the horse, that was feign'd
To be vow'd to the rights of Minerva, have deign'd
In their ill-timed carouse on the Trojans to fall,
When the festival dance gladden'd Priam's high hall;
No! He to the captives remorseless,—oh shame!
In the broad face of day to Greek faggot and flame
Their babes would have flung, yea, as ruthless a doom
Would have wreak'd upon those who still slept in the womb,
If won by sweet Venus' entreaties and thine,
The Sire of the Gods, with a bounty benign,
A City had not to Æneas allow'd,
To stand through the ages triumphant and proud!

Thou, who taught'st keen Thalia the plectrum to guide,
Thou, who lavest thy tresses in Xanthus's tide,
Oh beardless Agyieus, uphold, I implore,
The fame of the Daunian Muse evermore,
For 'twas thou didst inspire me with poesy's flame,
Thou gav'st me the art of the bard, and his name!

Ye virgins, the foremost in rank and in race,
Ye boys, who the fame of your ancestry grace,
Fair wards of the Delian goddess, whose bow
Lays the swift-footed lynx and the antelope low,
To the Lesbian measure keep time with your feet,
And sing in accord with my thumb in its beat;
Hymn the son of Latona in cadence aright,
Hymn duly the still-waxing lamp of the night,
That with plentiful fruitage the season doth cheer,
And speeds the swift months on to girdle the year!

And thou, who art chief of the chorus to-day,
Soon borne home a bride in thy beauty shalt say,
"When the cyclical year brought its festival days,
My voice led the hymn of thanksgiving and praise,
So sweet, the Immortals to hear it were fain,
And 'twas Horace the poet, who taught me the strain!"

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

THE snows have fled, and to the meadows now
Returns the grass, their foliage to the trees:
Earth dons another garb, and dwindling low
Between their wonted banks the rivers seek the seas.

The Graces with the Nymphs their dances twine,
Their beauties all unbosom'd to the air;
Read in the shifting year, my friend, a sign,
That change and death attend all human hope and care.

Winter dissolves beneath the breath of Spring,
Spring yields to Summer, which shall be no more,
When Autumn spreads her fruits thick-clustering,
And then comes Winter back,—bleak, icy-dead, and hoar.

But moons revolve, and all again is bright:*
We, when we fall, as fell the good and just
Æneas, wealthy Tullus, Ancus wight,
Are but a nameless shade, and some poor grains of dust.

* Mr. Yonge, in his edition of Horace, has called attention to the way in which Young, in his *Night Thoughts, Night* 6, uses the same thought in aid of his plea for man's immortality:—

Look Nature through, 'tis revolution all:
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set and rise.
Earth takes the example. See the Summer, gay

Who knows, if they, who all our Fates control,
  Will add a morrow to thy brief to-day?
Then think of this—What to a friendly soul
  Thy hand doth give shall 'scape thine heir's rapacious sway.

When thou, Torquatus, once hast vanish'd hence,
  And o'er thee Minos' great decree is writ,
Nor ancestry, nor fire-lipp'd eloquence,
  Nor all thy store of wealth to give thee back were fit.

For even Diana from the Stygian gloom
  Her chaste Hippolytus no more may gain,
And dear Pirithous must 'bide his doom,
  For Theseus' arm is frail to rend dark Lethe's chain.

With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: Soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades;
As in a wheel all sinks to reascend.
Emblems of man who passes, not expires.

ODE VIII.

TO MARCUS CENSORINUS.

CUPS on my friends I would freely bestow,
Dear Censorinus, and bronzes most rare,
Tripods carved richly, in Greece long ago
The guerdons of heroes, for them I would spare;

Nor should the worst of my gifts be thine own,
If in my household art's marvels were rife,
Hero or god, wrought by Scopas in stone,
Or by Parrhasius colour'd to life.

But unto me no such dainties belong,
Neither of them hast thou any dearth;
Song is thy joy, I can give thee a song,
Teach, too, the gift's all unmatchable worth.

Not marbles graven with glorious scrolls
Penn'd by a nation with gratitude due,
Records, in which our great warriors' souls
Tameless by death ever flourish anew!

Not flying enemies, no, nor with shame
Hannibal's menaces back on him hurl'd,
Not fraudful Carthage expiring in flame,
Blazon his glory more bright to the world,

His surname from Africa vanquish'd who drew,
  Than doth the Calabrian Muse by its lays:
And how, if your feats be unsung of, will you
  Reap the full guerdon of life-giving praise?

What were great Mavors, and Ilia's son,
  Had envious silence his merits suppress'd?
Styx's dark flood had o'er Æacus run,
  But song bore him on to the Isles of the Blest.

Dower'd by the Muse with a home in the sky,
  Ne'er can he perish, whom she doth approve:
Dauntless Alcides thus revels on high,
  Guest at the coveted banquets of Jove.

So the Twin Stars, as through tempests they glow,
  Save the spent seaman, when most he despairs;
Bacchus, with vine-leaves fresh garlanded, so
  Brings to fair issues his votary's pray'rs.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

NEVER deem they must perish, the verses, which I,
Who was born where the waters of Aufidus roar,
To the chords of the lyre with a cunning ally
Unknown to the bards of my country before!

Though Mæonian Homer unrivall'd may reign,
Yet are not the Muses Pindaric unknown,
The threats of Alcæus, the Ceian's sad strain,
And stately Stesichorus' lordlier tone.

Unforgot is the sportive Anacreon's lay,
Still, still sighs the passion, unquench'd is the fire,
Which the Lesbian maiden, in days far away,
From her love-laden bosom breathed into the lyre.

Not alone has Lacænian Helena's gaze
Been fix'd by the gloss of a paramour's hair,
By vestments with gold and with jewels ablaze,
By regal array, and a retinue rare;

Nor did Teucer first wield the Cydonian bow,
Nor was Troy by a foe but once harass'd and wrung;
Nor Idomeneus only, or Sthenelus show
Such prowess in war as deserved to be sung;

Nor yet was redoubtable Hector, nor brave
  Deiphobus first in the hard-stricken field
By the dint of the strokes, which they took and they gave,
  Their babes and the wives of their bosom to shield.

Many, many have lived, who were valiant in fight,
  Before Agamemnon; but all have gone down,
Unwept and unknown, in the darkness of night,
  For lack of a poet to hymn their renown.

Hidden worth differs little from sepulchred ease.*
  But, Lollius, thy fame in my pages shall shine;
I will not let pale-eyed Forgetfulness seize
  These manifold noble achievements of thine.

Thou, my friend, hast a soul, by whose keen-sighted range
  Events afar off in their issues are seen,
A soul, which maintains itself still through each change
  Of good or ill fortune erect and serene.

Of rapine and fraud the avenger austere,
  To wealth and its all-snaring blandishments proof,
The Consul art thou not of one single year,
  But as oft as a judge, from all baseness aloof,

Thou hast made the expedient give place to the right,
  And flung back the bribes of the guilty with scorn,
And on through crowds warring against thee with might
  Thy far-flashing arms hast triumphantly borne.

* For if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As though we had them not.
Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 2.

Not him, who of much that men prize is possess'd,
  May'st thou fitly call "blest;" he may claim to enjoy
More fitly, more truly, the title of "blest,"
  Who wisely the gifts of the gods can employ;—

Who want, and its hardships, and slights can withstand,
  And shrinks from disgrace as more bitter than death;
Not he for the friends whom he loves, or the land
  Of his fathers will dread to surrender his breath.

ODE X.

TO A CRUEL BEAUTY.

AH, cruel, cruel still,
And yet divinely fair,
When Time with fingers chill
Shall thin the wavy hair,
Which now in many a wanton freak
Around thy shoulders flows,
When fades the bloom, which on thy cheek
Now shames the blushing rose;

Ah, then as in thy glass
Thou gazest in dismay,
Thou'lt cry, "Alas! Alas!
Why feel I not to-day,
As in my maiden bloom, when I
Unmoved heard lovers moan,
Or, now that I would win them, why
Is all my beauty flown?"

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

I HAVE laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
Which nine mellow summers have ripen'd and more;
In my garden, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
Grows the brightest of parsley in plentiful store.

There is ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair;
My plate, newly burnish'd, enlivens my rooms;
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there,
Enwreath'd with chaste vervain, and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
And hither and thither boys bustle and girls;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.

Let the joys of the revel be parted between us!
'Tis the Ides of young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-sprung Venus,
A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning—
My own natal day not more hallow'd nor dear—
For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
The life which has swell'd to a lustrous career.

You sigh for young Telephus: better forget him!
  His rank is not yours, and the gaudier charms
Of a girl that's both wealthy and wanton benet him,
  And hold him the fondest of slaves in her arms.

Remember fond Phaëthon's fiery sequel,
  And heavenward-aspiring Bellerophon's fate;
And pine not for one who would ne'er be your equa
  But level your hopes to a lowlier mate.

So, come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasu
  Ah, ne'er for another this bosom shall long,—
And I'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the
  How to lighten fell care with the cadence of song

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

NOW the soft gales of Thrace, that sing peace to the ocean,
Spring's handmaids, are wafting the barks from the shore,
There is life in the meads, in the groves there is motion,
And snow-swollen torrents are raving no more.

Now buildeth her nest, whilst for Itys still sadly
She mourns, the poor bird, who was fated to shame
The line of old Cecrops for ever, by madly
Avenging the brutal barbarian's flame.

On the young grass reclined, near the murmur of fountains,
The shepherds are piping the songs of the plains,
And the god, who loves Arcady's purple-hued mountains,
The God of the Flocks, is entranced by their strains.

And thirst, oh my Virgil, comes in with the season ;
But if you'd have wine from the Calian press,
You must lure it from me by some nard,—and with reason,—
Thou favourite bard of our youthful noblesse.

Yes, a small box of nard from the stores of Sulpicius
A cask shall elicit, of potency rare
To endow with fresh hopes, dewy-bright and delicious,
And wash from our hearts every cobweb of care.

If you'd dip in such joys, come—the better, the quicker!—
  But remember the fee—for it suits not my ends,
To let you make havoc, scot-free, with my liquor,
  As though I were one of your heavy-pursed friends.

To the winds with base lucre and pale melancholy!—
  In the flames of the pyre these, alas! will be vain,
Mix your sage ruminations with glimpses of folly,—
  'Tis delightful at times to be somewhat insane!

ODE XIII.

TO LYCÈ.

LYCÈ, the gods have heard my prayer,
The gods have heard your ill-used lover,
You still would be thought both young and fair,
But you've lost your looks, and your hey-day's over:
You may tipsily wanton, and quaver, and trill,
But the love you would waken will slumber on still.

In the dimples of Chia's fair cheek he lies,
Chia that lilts to her lyre so sweetly;
From crab-trees insipid and old he flies,
And you, Lycè, you he forswears completely;
For your teeth don't keep, and your wrinkles are deep,
And your forehead is snow-capp'd, and rugged, and steep

Not purple of Cos, nor gems star-bright,
Can recall the days that are gone and going;
Oh, where is the bloom and the smile of light,
And the step of grace, self-poised and flowing?
What of her, in whose breath was love's flame, is left,
Of her, who my soul of itself bereft?

Thou to Cinara next for charm of face,
And love-luring wiles on my heart wert graven;
But Cinara died in her youth's fresh grace,
Whilst thou art like to outlive the raven,
Dying down, a spent torch, into ashes and smoke,
The butt of each roystering youngster's joke!

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

HOW shall the Fathers, how
Shall the Quiritians, oh Augustus, now,
Intent their honours in no niggard wise
Upon thee to amass,
By storied scroll, or monumental brass
Thy virtues eternise?

Oh thou who art, wherever shines the sun
On lands where man a dwelling-place hath won,
Of princes greatest far,
Thee the Vindelici, who ever spurn'd
Our Latian rule, of late have learn'd
To know supreme in war!

For 'twas with soldiers thou hadst form'd,
That Drusus, greatly resolute,
On many a hard-won field o'erthrew the wild
Genaunians, and the Brenni fleet of foot,
And all their towering strongholds storm'd,
On Alps tremendous piled.

Anon to deadliest fight
The elder Nero press'd,
And, by auspicious omens bless'd,
Scatter'd the giant Rhætian hordes in flight.
Himself, that glorious day,
The foremost in the fray,

With havoc dire did he
O'erwhelm that banded crowd
Of hearts in stern devotion vow'd
To die or to be free!
Like Auster, lashing into ire
The tameless ocean-waves, when through
The driving rack the Pleiad choir
Flash suddenly in view,
So furiously he dash'd
Upon his serried foes,
And where the balefires thickest rose,
With foaming war-steed crash'd.

As bull-shaped Aufidus, who laves
Apulian Daunus' realm,
Is whirl'd along, when o'er his banks
He eddies and he raves,
Designing to o'erwhelm
The cultured fields with deluge and dismay,
So Claudius swept the iron ranks
Of the barbarian host,
And where from van to rear he clove his way,
Along his track the mangled foemen lay,
Nor did one squadron lost
The lustre dim of that victorious fray.

But thine the legions were, and thine
The counsels, and the auspices divine,
For on the self-same day,
That suppliant Alexandria had flung
Her port and empty palace wide to thee,
Did Fortune, who since then through lustres three
Had to thy banners smiling clung,
Bring our long wars to a triumphant close,

And for thee proudly claim
The honour long desired, the glorious fame
Of countless vanquish'd foes,
And vanquish'd empires bow'd in homage to thy sway!

Thee the Cantabrian, unsubdued till now,
The Mede, the Indian,—thee
The Scythian roaming free,
Unwedded to a home,
With wondering awe obey,
Oh mighty Cæsar, thou
Of Italy and sovereign Rome
The present shield, the guardian, and the stay!
Thee Nile, who hides from mortal eyes
The springs where he doth rise,
Thee Ister, arrowy Tigris thee,
Thee, too, the monster-spawning sea,
Which round far Britain's islands breaks in foam,
Thee Gallia, whom no form of death alarms,
Iberia thee, through all her swarms
Of rugged warriors, hears;
Thee the Sicambrian, who
Delights in carnage, too,
Now laying down his arms,
Submissively reveres!

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

TO vanquish'd town and battle fray
I wish'd to dedicate my lay,
When Phœbus smote his lyre, and sang,
And in his strain this warning rang;
"Spread not your tiny sails to sweep
The surges of the Tyrrhene deep!"

Thy era, Cæsar, which doth bless
Our plains anew with fruitfulness,
Back to our native skies hath borne
Our standards from the temples torn
Of haughty Parthia, and once more,
The hurricane of warfare o'er,
Hath closed Quirinian Janus' fane,
On lawless license cast a rein,
And, purging all the land from crime,
Recall'd the arts of olden time;
Those arts, by which the name and power
Of Italy grew hour by hour,
And Rome's renown and grandeur spread
To sunrise from Sol's western bed.

While Cæsar rules, no civil jar,
Nor violence our ease shall mar,
Nor rage, which swords for carnage whets,
And feuds 'twixt hapless towns begets.

The Julian Edicts who shall break?
Not they, who in the Danube slake
Their thirst, nor Serican, nor Gete,
Nor Persian, practised in deceit,
Nor all the ruthless tribes, beside
The Danube's darkly-rolling tide.

And we, on working days and all
Our days of feast and festival,
Shall with our wives and children there,
Approaching first the Gods in pray'r,
Whilst jovial Bacchus' gifts we pour,
Sing, as our fathers sang of yore,
To Lybian flutes, which answer round,
Of chiefs for mighty worth renown'd,
Of Troy, Anchises, and the line
Of Venus evermore benign!

EPODES.

EPODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

F thou in thy Liburnians go
Amid the bulwark'd galleys of the foe,
Resolved, my friend Mæcenas, there
All Cæsar's dangers as thine own to share,
What shall we do, whose life is gay
Whilst thou art here, but sad with thee away?
Obedient to thy will, shall we
Seek ease, not sweet, unless 'tis shared by thee?
Or shall we with such spirit share
Thy toils, as men of gallant heart should bear?
Bear them we will; and Alpine peak
Scale by thy side, or Caucasus the bleak;
Or follow thee with dauntless breast
Into the farthest ocean of the West.
And shouldst thou ask, how I could aid
Thy task, unwarlike I, and feebly made?
Near thee my fears, I answer, would
Be less, than did I absent o'er them brood;
As of her young, if they were left,
The bird more dreads by snakes to be bereft,

Than if she brooded on her nest,
Although she could not thus their doom arrest.
Gladly, in hopes your grace to gain,
I'll share in this or any fresh campaign!
Not, trust me, that more oxen may,
Yoked in my ploughshares, turn the yielding clay,
Nor that, to 'scape midsummer's heat,
My herds may to Leucanian pastures sweet
From my Calabrian meadows change;
Nor I erect upon the sunny range
Of Tusculum, by Circe's walls,
A gorgeous villa's far-seen marble halls!
Enough and more thy bounty has
Bestow'd on me; I care not to amass
Wealth, either, like old Chremes in the play,
To hide in earth; or fool, like spendthrift heir, away!

EPODE II.

ALPHIUS.

HAPPY the man, in busy schemes unskill'd,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres, which his father till'd,
Vex'd by no thoughts of usury or gold;*

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum, with its wordy jars,
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
He with the stately poplar-tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

* Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco
Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus,
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.
Fracastorius.

Happy the man, and to the gods akin,
Whom dazzling glory with its treacherous glare,
And luxury's harmful joys disquiet never;
But who, in settled low humility,
Lets all his days glide noiselessly away,
And moves, with soul serene, amid the nooks
And silent byways of a blameless life.

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
  Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
  Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
  Lifts up his head with rosy apples crown'd,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
  Graff'd on the stem, they're weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
  A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
  Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
  Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
  On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
  And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
  And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
  Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
  Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
  In filmy net with bait delusive stored,
Entraps the travell'd crane, and timorous hare,
  Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
  The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
  And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
  The cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
  Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills,

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
  Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
  Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
  A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast,—oh then, not more
  Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
  If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
  Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
  Than olives newly gather'd from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
  Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
  Or lamb foredoom'd upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
  Or kidling which the wolf hath mark'd for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
  Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come,
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
  Dragging the upturn'd ploughshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
  To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
  And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
  Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent;
  But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

EPODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

IF his old father's throat any impious sinner
Has cut with unnatural hand to the bone,
Give him garlick, more noxious than hemlock, at dinner.
Ye gods! The strong stomachs that reapers must own!

With what poison is this, that my vitals are heated?
By viper's blood—certes, it cannot be less—
Stew'd into the potherbs, can I have been cheated?
Or Canidia, did she cook the damnable mess?

When Medea was smit by the handsome sea-rover,
Who in beauty outshone all his Argonaut band,
This mixture she took to lard Jason all over,
And so tamed the fire-breathing bulls to his hand.

With this her fell presents she died and infected,
On his innocent leman avenging the slight
Of her terrible beauty, forsaken, neglected,
And then on her car, dragon-wafted, took flight.

Never star on Apulia, the thirsty and arid,
Exhaled a more baleful or pestilent dew,
And the gift, which invincible Hercules carried,
Burn'd not to his bones more remorselessly through.

Should you e'er long again for such relish as this is,
Devoutly I'll pray, friend Mæcenas, I vow,
With her hand that your mistress arrest all your kisses,
And lie as far off as the couch will allow.

EPODE IV.

TO MENAS.

SUCH hate as nature meant to be
'Twixt lamb and wolf I feel for thee,
Whose hide by Spanish scourge is tann'd,
And legs still bear the fetter's brand!
Though of your gold you strut so vain,
Wealth cannot change the knave in grain.
How! See you not, when striding down
The Via Sacra in your gown
Good six ells wide, the passers there
Turn on you with indignant stare?
"This wretch," such jibes your ear invade,
"By the triumvir's scourges flay'd,
Till even the crier shirk'd his toil,
Some thousand acres ploughs of soil
Falernian, and with his nags
Wears out the Appian highway's flags;
Nay, on the foremost seats, despite
Of Otho, sits and apes the knight.
What boots it to despatch a fleet
So large, so heavy, so complete
Against a gang of rascal knaves,
Thieves, corsairs, buccaniers and slaves,
If villain of such vulgar breed
Is in the foremost rank to lead?"

EPODE V.

THE WITCHES' ORGY.

WHAT, oh ye gods, who from the sky
Rule earth and human destiny,
What means this coil? And wherefore be
These cruel looks all bent on me?
Thee by thy children I conjure,
If at their birth Lucina pure
Stood by; thee by this vain array
Of purple, thee by Jove I pray,
Who views with anger deeds so foul,
Why thus on me like stepdame scowl,
Or like some wild beast, that doth glare
Upon the hunter from its lair?"

As thus the boy in wild distress
Bewail'd, of bulla stripp'd and dress,—
So fair, that ruthless breasts of Thrace
Had melted to behold his face,—
Canidia, with dishevell'd hair,
And short crisp vipers coiling there,
Beside a fire of Colchos stands,
And her attendant hags commands,
To feed the flames with fig-trees torn
From dead men's sepulchres forlorn,
With dismal cypress, eggs rubb'd o'er
With filthy toads' envenom'd gore,

With screech-owls' plumes, and herbs of bane,
From far Iolchos fetch'd and Spain,
And fleshless bones, by beldam witch
Snatch'd from the jaws of famish'd bitch.
And Sagana, the while, with gown
Tuck'd to the knees, stalks up and down,
Sprinkling in room and hall and stair
Her magic hell-drops, with her hair
Bristling on end, like furious boar,
Or some sea-urchin wash'd on shore;
Whilst Veia, by remorse unstay'd,
Groans at her toil, as she with spade
That flags not digs a pit, wherein
The boy imbedded to the chin,
With nothing seen save head and throat,
Like those who in the water float,
Shall dainties see before him set,
A maddening appetite to whet,
Then snatch'd away before his eyes,
Till, famish'd, in despair he dies;
That when his glazing eye-balls should
Have closed on the untasted food,
His sapless marrow and dry spleen
May drug a philtre-draught obscene.
Nor were these all the hideous crew:
But Ariminian Folia, too,
Who with insatiate lewdness swells,
And drags, by her Thessalian spells,
The moon and stars down from the sky,*
Ease-loving Naples vows, was by;

* For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sun and moon, and make them him obey.
Fairy Queen, III. iii. 12.

And every hamlet round about
Declares she was, beyond a doubt.

Now forth the fierce Canidia sprang,
And still she gnaw'd with rotten fang
Her long sharp unpared thumb-nail. What
Then said she? Yea, what said she not?

"Oh Night and Dian, who with true
And friendly eyes my purpose view,
And guardian silence keep, whilst I
My secret orgies safely ply,
Assist me now, now on my foes
With all your wrath celestial close!
Whilst, stretch'd in soothing sleep, amid
Their forests grim the beasts lie hid,
May all Suburra's mongrels bark
At yon old wretch, who through the dark
Doth to his lewd encounters crawl,
And on him draw the jeers of all!
He's with an ointment smear'd, that is
My masterpiece. But what is this?
Why, why should poisons brew'd by me
Less potent than Medea's be,
By which, for love betray'd, beguiled,
On mighty Creon's haughty child
She wreak'd her vengeance sure and swift,
And vanish'd, when the robe, her gift,
In deadliest venom steep'd and dyed,
Swept off in flame the new-made bride?
No herb there is, nor root in spot
However wild, that I have not;
Yet every common harlot's bed
Seems with some rare Nepenthe spread,

For there he lies in swinish drowse,
Of me oblivious, and his vows !
He is, aha ! protected well
By some more skilful witch's spell !
But, Varus, thou, (doom'd soon to know
The rack of many a pain and woe !)
By potions never used before
Shalt to my feet be brought once more.
And 'tis no Marsian charm shall be
The spell that brings thee back to me !
A draught I'll brew more strong, more sure,
Thy wandering appetite to cure ;
And sooner 'neath the sea the sky
Shall sink, and earth upon them lie,
Than thou not burn with fierce desire
For me, like pitch in sooty fire !"

On this the boy by gentle tones
No more essay'd to move the crones,
But wildly forth with frenzied tongue
These curses Thyestéan flung.
" Your sorceries, and spells, and charms
To man may compass deadly harms,
But heaven's great law of Wrong and Right
Will never bend before their might.
My curse shall haunt you, and my hate
No victim's blood shall expiate.
But when at your behests I die,
Like Fury of the Night will I
From Hades come, a phantom sprite,—
Such is the Manes' awful might,—
With crookèd nails your cheeks I'll tear,
And squatting on your bosoms scare

With hideous fears your sleep away! *
Then shall the mob, some future day,
Pelt you from street to street with stones,
Till falling dead, ye filthy crones,
The dogs and wolves, and carrion fowl,
That make on Esquiline their prowl,
In banquet horrible and grim
Shall tear your bodies limb from limb.
Nor shall my parents fail to see
That sight,—alas, surviving me!"

* *Insequar et vultus ossea larva tuos:*
Me vigilans cernes, tacitis ego noctis in umbris
Excutiam somnos, visus adesse, tuos.
OVID, *In Ibin.* 157.

A bony phantom, I will haunt thine eyes;
Waking thou shalt behold me; in the night's
Still watches, through the shadows of the dark
Descried, I'll dash the slumber from thy lids.

EPODE VI.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

WILE cur, why will you late and soon
At honest people fly?
You, you, the veriest poltroon
Whene'er a wolf comes by!

Come on, and if your stomach be
So ravenous for fight,
I'm ready! Try your teeth on me,
You'll find that I can bite.

For like Molossian mastiff stout,
Or dun Laconian hound,
That keeps sure ward, and sharp look-out
For all the sheepfolds round,

Through drifted snows with ears thrown back,
I'm ready, night or day,
To follow fearless on the track
Of every beast of prey.

But you, when you have made the wood
With bark and bellowing shake,
If any thief shall fling you food,
The filthy bribe will take.

Beware, beware! For evermore
  I hold such knaves in scorn,
And bear, their wretched sides to gore,
  A sharp and ready horn;

Like him whose joys Lycambes dash'd,
  Defrauding of his bride,
Or him, who with his satire lash'd
  Old Bupalus till he died.

What! If a churl shall snap at me,
  And pester and annoy,
Shall I sit down contentedly,
  And blubber like a boy?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

AH, whither would ye, dyed in guilt, thus headlong rush? Or why
Grasp your right hands the battle-brands so recently laid by?
Say, can it be, upon the sea, or yet upon the shore,
That we have pour'd too sparingly our dearest Latian gore?
Not that yon envious Carthage her haughty towers should see
To flames devouring yielded up by the sons of Italy;
Nor that the Briton, who has ne'er confess'd our prowess, may
Descend, all gyved and manacled, along the Sacred Way,
But that our Rome, in answer to Parthia's prayer and moan,
Should by our hands, her children's hands, be crush'd and overthrown?
Alas! alas! More fell is ours than wolves' or lions' rage,
For they at least upon their kind no war unholy wage!
What power impels you? Fury blind, or demon that would wreak
Revenge for your blood-guiltiness and crimes? Make answer! Speak!
They're dumb, and with an ashy hue their cheeks and lips are dyed,
And stricken through with conscious guilt their souls are stupified!
Tis even so; relentless fates the sons of Rome pursue,
And his dread crime, in brother's blood who did his hands imbrue;
For still for vengeance from the ground calls guiltless Remus' gore,
By his descendants' blood to be atoned for evermore!

EPODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHEN, blest Mæcenas, shall we twain
Beneath your stately roof a bowl
Of Cæcuban long-hoarded drain,
In gladsomeness of soul,
For our great Cæsar's victories,
Whilst, as our cups are crown'd,
Lyres blend their Doric melodies
With flutes' Barbaric sound?

As when of late that braggart vain,
The self-styled "Son of Neptune" fled,
And far from the Sicilian main
With blazing ships he sped;
He, who on Rome had vow'd in scorn
The manacles to bind,
Which he from faithless serfs had torn,
To kindred baseness kind!

A Roman soldier, (ne'er, oh ne'er,
Posterity, the shame avow!)
A woman's slave, her arms doth bear,
And palisadoes now;
To wrinkled eunuchs crooks the knee,
And now the sun beholds
'Midst warriors' standards flaunting free
The vile pavilion's folds!

Madden'd to view this sight of shame,
  Two thousand Gauls their horses wheel'd,
And wildly shouting Cæsar's name,
  Deserted on the field;
Whilst, steering leftwise o'er the sea,
  The foemen's broken fleet
Into the sheltering haven flee
  In pitiful retreat.

Ho, Triumph! Wherefore stay ye here
  The unbroke steers, the golden cars?
Ho! Never brought ye back his peer
  From the Jugurthine wars!
Nor mightier was the chief revered
  Of that old famous time,
Who in the wreck of Carthage rear'd
  His cenotaph sublime!

Vanquish'd by land and sea, the foe
  His regal robes of purple shifts
For miserable weeds of woe,
  And o'er the wild waves drifts,
Where Crete amid the ocean stands
  With cities many a score,
Or where o'er Afric's whirling sands
  The Southern tempests roar.

Come, boy, and ampler goblets crown
  With Chian or with Lesbian wine,
Or else our qualmish sickness drown
  In Cæcuban divine!
Thus let us lull our cares and sighs,
  Our fears that will not sleep,
For Cæsar, and his great emprise,
  In goblets broad and deep!

EPODE X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

FOUL fall the day, when from the bay
The vessel puts to sea,
That carries Mævius away,
That wretch unsavoury!

Mind, Auster, with appalling roar
That you her timbers scourge;
Black Eurus, snap each rope and oar
With the o'ertoppling surge!

Rise, Aquilo, as when the far
High mountain-oaks ye rend;
When stern Orion sets, no star
Its friendly lustre lend!

Seethe, ocean, as when Pallas turn'd
Her wrath from blazing Troy
On impious Ajax's bark, and spurn'd
The victors in their joy!

I see them now, your wretched crew,
All toiling might and main,
And you, with blue and death-like hue,
Imploring Jove in vain!

"Mercy, oh, mercy! Spare me! Pray!"
With craven moan ye call,
When founders in the Ionian bay
Your bark before the squall:

But if your corpse a banquet forms
For sea-birds, I'll devote
Unto the Powers that rule the storms
A lamb and liquorish goat.

EPODE XI.

THE LOVERS' CONFESSION.

OH, Pettius! no pleasure have I, as of yore,
In scribbling of verse, for I'm smit to the core
By love, cruel love, who delights, false deceiver
In keeping this poor heart of mine in a fever.
Three winters the woods of their honours have stripp'd,
Since I for Inachia ceased to be hypp'd.
Good heavens! I can feel myself blush to the ears,
When I think how I drew on my folly the sneers
And talk of the town; how, at parties, my stare
Of asinine silence, and languishing air,
The tempest of sighs from the depths of my breast,
All the love-stricken swain to my comrades confess'd.
"No genius," I groan'd, whilst you kindly condoled,
"If poor, has the ghost of a chance against gold;
But if"—here I grew more confiding and plain,
As the fumes of the wine mounted up to my brain—
"If my manhood shall rally, and fling to the wind
These maudlin regrets which enervate the mind,
But soothe not the wound, then the shame of defeat
From a strife so unequal shall make me retreat."
Thus, stern as a judge, having valiantly said,
Being urged by yourself to go home to my bed,

I stagger'd with steps, not so steady as free,
To a door which, alas! shows no favour to me;*
And there, on that threshold of beauty and scorn,
Heigho! my poor bones lay and ached till the morn.
Now I'm all for Lycisca—more mincing than she
Can no little woman in daintiness be—
A love, neither counsel can cure, nor abuse,
Though I feel, that with me it is playing the deuce,
But which a new fancy for some pretty face,
Or tresses of loose-flowing amber, may chase.

* An old lover's weakness.

Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam?
Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipsa redit.
TIBULLUS, B. II. El. 6.

Ah me, how often have I sworn, that I
Would never cross her threshold, never more,
Sworn it by all the gods, but by-and-by
My feet would somehow wander to her door.

EPODE XIII.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

WITH storm and wrack the sky is black, and sleet
and dashing rain
With all the gather'd streams of heaven are
deluging the plain;
Now roars the sea, the forests roar with the shrill north-wind
of Thrace,
Then let us snatch the hour, my friends, the hour that flies
apace,
Whilst yet the bloom is on our cheeks, and rightfully we may
With song and jest and jollity keep wrinkled age at bay!
Bring forth a jar of lordly wine, whose years my own can mate,
Its ruby juices stain'd the vats in Torquatus' consulate!
No word of anything that's sad; whate'er may be amiss,
The Gods belike will change to some vicissitude of bliss!
With Achæmenian nard bedew our locks, and troubles dire
Subdue to rest in every breast with the Cyllenian lyre!
So to his peerless pupil once the noble Centaur sang;
"Invincible, yet mortal, who from goddess Thetis sprang,
Thee waits Assaracus's realm, where arrowy Simois glides,
That realm which chill Scamander's rill with scanty stream
divides,
Whence never more shalt thou return,—the Parcæ so decree,
Nor shall thy blue-eyed mother home again e'er carry thee.
Then chase with wine and song divine each grief and trouble
there,
The sweetest, surest antidotes of beauty-marring care!"

EPODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHY to the core of my inmost sense
Doth this soul-palsying torpor creep,
As though I had quaff'd to the lees a draught
Charged with the fumes of Lethean sleep?
O gentle Mæcenas! you kill me, when
For the poem I've promised so long you dun me;
I have tried to complete it again and again,
But in vain, for the ban of the god is on me.

So Bathyllus of Samos fired, they tell,
The breast of the Teian bard, who often
His passion bewail'd on the hollow shell,
In measures he stay'd not to mould and soften,
You, too, are on fire; but if fair thy flame
As she who caused Ilion its fateful leaguer,
Rejoice in thy lot; I am pining, oh shame!
For Phrynè, that profligate little intriguer.

EPODE XV.

TO NÆERA.

TWAS night!—let me recall to thee that night!
The silver moon, in the unclouded sky,
Amid the lesser stars was shining bright,
When in the words I did adjure thee by,
Thou with thy clinging arms, more tightly knit
Around me than the ivy clasps the oak,
Didst breathe a vow—mock the great gods with it—
A vow which, false one, thou hast foully broke;
That while the raven'd wolf should hunt the flocks,
The shipman's foe, Orion, vex the sea,
And Zephyrs lift the unshorn Apollo's locks,
So long wouldst thou be fond, be true to me!

Yet shall thy heart, Næera, bleed for this,
For if in Flaccus aught of man remain,
Give thou another joys that once were his,
Some other maid more true shall soothe his pain;
Nor think again to lure him to thy heart!
The pang once felt, his love is past recall;
And thou, more favour'd youth, whoe'er thou art,
Who revell'st now in triumph o'er his fall,
Though thou be rich in land and golden store,
In lore a sage, with shape framed to beguile,
Thy heart shall ache when, this brief fancy o'er,
She seeks a new love, and I calmly smile.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

ANOTHER age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wreck'd and overborne,
That Rome, the Marsians could not crush, who border on our lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivall'd ours, nor Spartacus the stern,
Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quell'd not with ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal by our great sires detested and abhorr'd,
We shall destroy with impious hands imbrued in brother's gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native land once more.
A foreign foe, alas! shall tread The City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places of renown,
And the bones of great Quirinus, now religiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask, how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives unworthily,
No better counsel can I urge, than that which erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doom'd city they retired,

Their fields, their household gods, their shrines surrendering
as a prey
To the wild boar and the ravening wolf; so we, in our dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us should
go,
Or wheresoe'er across the seas the fitful winds may blow.
How think ye then? If better course none offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea?
But let us swear this oath;—" Whene'er, if e'er shall come
the time,
Rocks upwards from the deep shall float, return shall not be
crime;
Nor we be loth to back our sails, the ports of home to seek,
When the waters of the Po shall lave Matinum's rifted peak,
Or skyey Apenninus down into the sea be roll'd,
Or wild unnatural desires such monstrous revel hold,
That in the stag's endearments the tigress shall delight,
And the turtle-dove adulterate with the falcon and the kite,
That unsuspicious herds no more shall tawny lions fear,
And the he-goat, smoothly sleek of skin, through the briny
deep career!"
This having sworn, and what beside may our returning stay,
Straight let us all, this City's doom'd inhabitants, away,
Or those that rise above the herd, the few of nobler soul;
The craven and the hopeless here on their ill-starr'd beds may
loll.
Ye who can feel and act like men, this woman's wail give o'er,
And fly to regions far away beyond the Etruscan shore!
The circling ocean waits us; then away, where nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy Isles!
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untill'd land with
sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her
leaves;

Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the tree, that graffshoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing
hills;
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly
herd;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the
snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star
With fury of remorseless heat the sweltering herds doth mar.
Nor this the only bliss that waits us there, where drenching
rains
By watery Eurus swept along ne'er devastate the plains,
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods,
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the Gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never gain'd,
Nor the wily she of Colchis with step unchaste profaned;
The sails of Sidon's gallies ne'er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses' toilworn band:
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloy'd,
That blissful region set apart by the good to be enjoy'd;
With brass and then with iron he the ages sear'd, but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise and follow me!

EPODE XVII.

HORACE'S RECANTATION TO CANIDIA.

HERE at thy feet behold me now
Thine all-subduing skill avow,
And beg of thee on suppliant knee,
By realms of dark Persephone,
By Dian's awful might, and by
Thy books of charms which from the sky
Can drag the stars, Canidia,
To put thy magic sleights away,
Reverse thy whirling wheel amain,
And loose the spell that binds my brain!
Even Telephus to pity won
The ocean-cradled Thetis' son,
'Gainst whom his Mysian hosts he led,
And his sharp-pointed arrow sped.
The man-destroying Hector, doom'd
By kites and dogs to be consumed,
Was natheless by the dames of Troy
Embalm'd, when, mourning for his boy,
King Priam left his city's wall,
At stern Achilles' feet to fall.
Ulysses' stalwart rowers, too,
Away their hide of bristles threw
At Circe's word, and donn'd again
The shape, the voice, the soul of men.

Enough of punishment, I'm sure,
Thou hast compell'd me to endure,
Enough and more, thou being dear
To pedlar and to marinere!
My youth has fled, my rosy hue
Turn'd to a wan and livid blue;
Blanch'd by thy mixtures is my hair;
No respite have I from despair.
The days and nights, they wax and wane,
But bring me no release from pain;
Nor can I ease, howe'er I gasp,
The spasm which holds me in its grasp.
So am I vanquish'd, so recant,
Unlucky wretch! my creed, and grant,
That Sabine spells can vex the wit,
And heads by Marsic charms be split.
What wouldst thou more? Oh earth! Oh sea!
Nor even Alcides burn'd like me,
With Nessus' venom'd gore imbued,
Nor Ætna in its fiercest mood;
For till my flesh, to dust calcined,
Be scatter'd by the scornful wind,
Thou glow'st a very furnace fire,
Distilling Colchian poisons dire!
When will this end? Or what may be
The ransom, that shall set me free?
Speak! Let the fine be what it may,
That fine most rigidly I'll pay.
Demand a hundred steers, with these
Thy wrath I'm ready to appease!
Or wouldst thou rather so desire
The praise of the inventive lyre,
Thou, chaste and good, shalt range afar
The spheres, thyself a golden star!

Castor, with wrath indignant stung,
And Castor's brother, by the tongue,
That slander'd Helena the fair,
Yet listen'd to the slanderer's pray'r,
Forgave the bard the savage slight,
Forgave him, and restored his sight.
Then drive, for so thou canst, this pain,
This 'wildering frenzy from my brain!
Oh thou, untainted by the guile
Of parentage depraved and vile,
Thou, who dost ne'er in haglike wont,
Among the tombs of paupers hunt
For ashes newly laid in ground,
Love-charms and philtres to compound,
Thy heart is gentle, pure thy hands;
And there thy Partumeius stands,
Reproof to all, who dare presume
With barrenness to charge thy womb;
For never dame more sprightly rose
Or lustier from child-bed throes!

CANIDIA'S REPLY.

WHY pour your prayers to heedless ears?
Not rocks, when Winter's blast careers,
Lash'd by the angry surf, are more
Deaf to the seaman dash'd on shore!
What! Think, unpunish'd, to deride,
And rudely rend the veil aside,
That shrouds Cotytto's murky rites,
And love's, unfetter'd love's, delights?
And, as though you high-priest might be
Of Esquilinian sorcery,
Branding my name with ill renown,
Make me the talk of all the town?
Where then my gain, that with my gold
I bribed Pelignian beldames old,
Or master'd, by their aid, the gift
To mingle poisons sure and swift?
You'd have a speedy doom? But no,
It shall be lingering, sharp, and slow.
Your life, ungrateful wretch! shall be
Spun out in pain and misery,
And still new tortures, woes, and pangs,
Shall gripe you with relentless fangs!
Yearns Pelops' perjured sire for rest,
Mock'd by the show of meats unblest,
For rest, for rest, Prometheus cries,
As to the vulture chain'd he lies,

And Sisyphus his rock essays
Up to the mountain's top to raise;
Still clings the curse, for Jove's decree
Forbids them ever to be free.
So you would from the turret leap,
So in your breast the dagger steep,
So, in disgust with life, would fain
Go hang yourself,—but all in vain!
Then comes my hour of triumph, then
I'll goad you till you writhe again;
Then shall you curse the evil hour,
You made a mockery of my power!
Think ye, that I who can at will
Move waxen images—my skill
You, curious fool! know all too well—
That I who can by mutter'd spell
The moon from out the welkin shake,
The dead ev'n from their ashes wake,
To mix the chalice to inspire
With fierce unquenchable desire,
Shall my so-potent art bemoan
As impotent 'gainst thee alone?

THE SECULAR HYMN.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

PHŒBUS, and Dian, forest queen,
Heaven's chiefest light sublime,
Ye, who high-worshipp'd evermore have been,
And shall high-worshipp'd be for evermore,
Fulfil the prayers which, at this sacred time,
To you we pour;
This time, when, prompted by the Sibyl's lays,
Virgins elect, and spotless youths unite
To the Immortal Gods a hymn to raise
Who in the seven-hill'd City take delight!

Benignant sun, who with thy car of flame
Bring'st on the day,
And takest it away,
And still art born anew,
Another, yet the same,
In all thy wanderings may'st thou nothing view,
That mightier is than Rome,
The empress of the world, our mother, and our home!
Oh Ilithyia, of our matrons be
The guardian and the stay,
And, as thine office is, unto the child,

Who in the womb hath reach'd maturity,
Gently unbar the way,
Whether Lucina thou wouldst rather be,
Or Genitalis styled!

Our children, goddess, rear in strength and health,
And with thy blessing crown
The Senate's late decree,
The nuptial law, that of our dearest wealth
The fruitful source shall be,—
A vigorous race, who to posterity
Shall hand our glory, and our honours down!
So, as the circling years, ten-times eleven,
Shall bring once more this season round,
Once more our hymns shall sound,
Once more our solemn festival be given,
Through three glad days, devoted to thy rites,
Three joyous days, and three not less delightsome nights!

And you, ye Sister Fates,
Who truly do fulfil
What doom soever, by your breath decreed,
In the long vista of the future waits,
As ye have ever made our fortunes speed,
Be gracious to us still!

And oh! may Earth, which plenteous increase bears
Of fruits, and corn, and wine,
A stately coronal for Ceres twine
Of the wheat's golden shocks,
And healthful waters and salubrious airs
Nourish the yeanling flocks!

Aside thy weapons laid, Apollo, hear
With gracious ear serene
The suppliant youths, who now entreat thy boon!
And thou, of all the constellations queen,
Two-hornèd Moon,
To the young maids give ear!

If Rome be all thy work, if Trojan bands
Upon the Etruscan shore have won renown,
That chosen remnant, who at thy commands
Forsook their hearths, and homes, and native town;
If all unscathed through Ilion's flames they sped
By sage Æneas led,
And o'er the ocean-waves in safety fled,
Destined from him, though of his home bereft,
A nobler dower to take, than all that they had left!

Ye powers divine,
Unto our docile youth give morals pure!
Ye powers divine,
To placid age give peace,
And to the stock of Romulus ensure
Dominion vast, a never-failing line,
And in all noble things still make them to increase!

And oh! may he who now
To you with milk-white steers uplifts his pray'r,
Within whose veins doth flow
Renown'd Anchises' blood, and Venus' ever fair,
Be still in war supreme, yet still the foe
His sword hath humbled spare!
Now, even now the Mede

Our hosts omnipotent by land and sea,
  And Alban axes fears; the Scythians, late
  So vaunting, and the hordes of Ind await,
    On low expectant knee,
What terms soe'er we may be minded to concede.
Now Faith, and Peace, and Honour, and the old
  Primeval Shame, and Worth long held in scorn,
    To reappear make bold,
  And blissful Plenty, with her teeming horn,
    Doth all her smiles unfold.

    And oh! may He, the Seer divine,
      God of the fulgent bow,
Phœbus, belovèd of the Muses nine,
  Who for the body rack'd and worn with wo
    By arts remedial finds an anodyne,
If he with no unloving eye doth view
  The crested heights and halls of Palatine,
    On to a lustre new
  Prolong the weal of Rome, the blest Estate
    Of Latium, and on them, long ages through,
Still growing honours, still new joys accumulate!

  And may She, too, who makes her haunt
    On Aventine and Algidus alway,
      May She, Diana, grant
  The pray'rs, which duly here
The Fifteen Men upon this festal day
    To her devoutly send,
And to the youth's pure adjurations lend
    No unpropitious ear!

Now homeward we repair,
Full of the blessèd hope, that will not fail,
That Jove and all the gods have heard our pray'r,
And with approving smiles our homage hail,—
We skill'd in choral harmonies to raise
The hymn to Phœbus and Diana's praise.

FIRST BOOK OF SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

TELL me, Mæcenas, if you can,
How comes it, that no mortal man
Is with his lot in life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim?
And why is there such charm for him
In the pursuit his neighbour plies?
"Oh happy, happy merchants!" cries
The soldier crippled with the banes
Of age, and many hard campaigns.
"A soldier's is the life for me!"
The merchant shouts, whilst on the sea
His argosies are tossing far;
"For, mark ye, comes the tug of war,
Host grapples host, and in a breath
'Tis glorious victory or death!'
The lawyer deems the farmer blest,
When roused at cock-crow from his rest
By clients—those prodigious bores—
Thundering *réveillé* on his doors;

Whilst he, by business dragged to town
From farmy field and breezy down,
Vows happiness is only theirs,
Who dwell in crowded streets and squares.
The cases of this kind we see,
So multitudinous they be,
Would tire e'en Fabius' self, that fount
Of endless babble, to recount.
But to my point at once I'll come,
Lest you should think me wearisome.
  Suppose some god to say, "For you
What you're so eager for I'll do.
Be you a merchant, man of war!
You, farmer, get ye to the bar!
Change places! To your clients you,
You to your fields! What's here to do?
Not stir? 'Tis yours, and yet you scorn
The bliss you pined for night and morn."
Heavens! Were it not most fitting, now,
That Jove at this should fume, and vow,
He never, never would again
Give credence to the prayers of men?
  But to proceed, and not to seem
To skim the surface of my theme,
Like one who has no higher views
Than with quaint fancies to amuse:—
Yet why should truth not be impress'd
Beneath the cover of a jest,
As teachers, gentlest of their tribe,
Their pupils now and then will bribe
With cakes and sugar-plums to look
With favour on their spelling-book?
Still, be this as it may, let us
Treat a grave subject gravely—thus:

The man who turns from day to day
With weary plough the stubborn clay,
Yon vintner—an exceeding knave,
The soldier, sailor rashly brave,
Who sweeps the seas from pole to pole,
All, to a man, protest their sole
Incentive thus to toil and sweat
Is a bare competence to get,
On which to some calm nook they may
Retire, and dream old age away.
Just as the tiny ant—for this
Their favourite illustration is—
Whate'er it can, away will sweep,
And add to its still growing heap,
Sagacious duly to foresee,
And cater for the time to be.
True sage, for when Aquarius drear
Enshrouds in gloom the inverted year,
She keeps her nest, and on the hoard
Subsists, her prudent care has stored;
Whilst you nor summer's fervent heat
From the pursuit of wealth can beat,
Nor fire, nor winter, sword, nor wrack;
Nothing can daunt, or hold you back,
As long as lives the creature, who
Can brag he's wealthier than you.
Where is the pleasure, pray unfold,
Of burying your heaps of gold
And silver in some darkling hole,
With trepidation in your soul?
Diminish them, you say, and down
They'll dwindle to a paltry crown.
But say you don't, what beauty lies
In heaps, however huge their size?

Suppose your granaries contain
Measures ten thousandfold of grain,
Your stomach will not, when you dine,
Hold one iota more than mine.
Like the poor slave, that bears the sack
Of loaves upon his aching back,
You'll get no more, no, not one jot,
Than does his mate, who carries nought.
Or say, what boots it to the man,
Who lives within boon Nature's plan,
Whether he drive his ploughshare o'er
A thousand acres or five score?
But then, you urge, the joy is deep
Of taking from a bulky heap.
Still, if we're free to pick out all
Our needs require from one that's small,
What better with your barns are you,
Than we with our poor sack or two?
Let us imagine, you desire
Some water, and no more require
Than might be in a jar ta'en up,
Or ev'n in, shall we say, a cup?
"I will not touch this trickling spring,
But from yon rolling river bring
What store I want," you proudly cry.
Well, be it so! But by-and-by
Those who still strive and strain, like you,
For something more than is their due,
By surly Aufidus will be
Swept with its banks into the sea;
Whilst he, who all-abundant thinks
What for his wants suffices, drinks
His water undefiled with mud,
Nor sinks unpitied in the flood.

But most men, blinded and controlled
By the delusive lust of gold,
Say that they never can obtain
Enough; because a man, they're fain
To think, is prized, and prized alone
For just so much as he may own.
What's to be done with fools like these?
Let them be wretched, if they please!
They have their comforts, it appears,
Like that rich knave, who met the jeers
Of the Athenian mob with this:
"The people hoot at me, and hiss,
But I at home applaud myself,
When in my chest I view my pelf."
See Tantalus, parch'd sinner, gasp
To catch the stream that slips his grasp!
Nay, smile not! change the name; of you
The story will be quite as true.
With panting breath and sleepless eye,
Upon your hoarded bags you lie,
And can no more their stores abridge,
Than if to touch were sacrilege,
But gaze and gloat on them, as though
They were mere pictures. Would you know,
What money can avail, and what
The uses may from it be got?
Buy bread, some herbs, a flask of wine,
To these add whatsoe'er, in fine,
Our human nature, if denied,
Feels pinch'd for and unsatisfied.
That's common sense. But, day and night,
To watch and ward, half dead with fright,
To live in dread of thieves and fire,
Nay, let your very servants tire

Your soul with panic, lest they strip
Your house, and give yourself the slip,
If these the joys that riches give,
Heaven keep me beggar'd while I live!
  But if, you say, you catch a cold,
Or any other illness hold
You fast in bed, you can provide
Some one to sit by your bedside,
To nurse and tend you, and beseech
The doctor with caressing speech,
To cure your ailments, and restore you
To kith and kindred, that adore you.
'Tis all delusion! Neither wife
Nor son pray heaven to spare your life:
Neighbours, acquaintance, boy and girl,
All, all detest you for a churl.
And can you wonder, you who deem
Mere wealth above all things supreme,
If none vouchsafe that loving thought,
For which your life has never wrought?
No! In the chariot-race to train
A jackass to obey the rein
Were just as hopeless, as to win
Or keep the fond regards of kin,
However near, or yet of friend,
Without some labour to that end.
  Then let this lust of hoarding cease;
And, if your riches shall increase,
Stand less in dread of being poor,
And, having managed to secure
All that was once your aim, begin
To round your term of toiling in;
Nor act like that Umidius, who
(Brief is the tale) was such a screw,—

Although so rich, he did not count
His wealth, but measured its amount,—
That any slave went better dress'd,
And to the last he was possess'd
By dread that he should die of sheer
Starvation. Well, the sequel hear!
His housekeeper, tried past all bearing,
With more than Clytemnestra's daring
Resolved to cure him of his pain,
So cleft him with an axe in twain.
"What is the counsel, then, you give?
That I like Mænius should live,
Or Nomentanus?" Are you mad?
Extremes in either way are bad.
When I dissuade you from the vice
Of grasping, sordid avarice,
I do not counsel you to be
A spendthrift and a debauchee.
A line there is, not hard to draw,
'Twixt Tanaïs and the sire-in-law
Of young Visellius. Yes, there is
A mean in all such things as this;
Certain fix'd bounds, which either way
O'erstep, and you must go astray.
And so this brings me round again
To what I started from, that men
Are like the miser, all, in this:
They ever think their state amiss,
And only those men happy, who
A different career pursue;
Pine, if their neighbour's she-goat bears
An ampler store of milk than theirs;
Ne'er think how many myriads are
Still poorer than themselves by far,

And with unceasing effort labour
To get a point beyond their neighbour.
So does some wight, more rich than they,
For ever bar their onward way;
Just as, when launch'd in full career,
On, onwards strains the charioteer
To outstrip the steeds that head the pace,
And scorns the laggards in the race.
And thus it happens, that we can
So rarely light upon a man,
Who may, with perfect truth confess,
His life was one of happiness;
And, when its destined term is spent,
Can from its way retire content,
And like a well-replenish'd guest.
But now I've prosed enough; and lest
You think I have purloined the olio,
That crams Crispinus's portfolio,
That pink of pedants most absurd,
I will not add one other word.

SATIRE II.

THE players on the flute, the quacks, the vendors of perfume,
Mimes, mountebanks, and dancers, all that set, have into gloom
And panic by Tigellius the singer's death been cast,
Because amongst their ranks he showered his money thick and fast;
While here's a man, so dreads to be called spendthrift of his gold,
Won't part with what would keep his friend from famishing or cold.
A third man wastes his ancestors' magnificent estates
In thankless gluttony,—borrowing at most usurious rates,
To pile his board with dainties; and if you ask him why,
"What! would you have me niggardly and shabby?" he'll reply.
And some men will his spirit praise, while other men will blame.
Fufidius, rich in lands and bonds, is fearful of the name
Of prodigal and rake,—so lends at sixty odd per cent.
And takes his interest at the time the capital is lent.
A fellow that with special haste is posting to the dogs,
However hard his pace may be, that fellow's pace he jogs;
And casts about to get the bonds, or, better, bills at sight,
Of youngsters just of age, who groan, their fathers keep them tight.

Who, told of this, would not exclaim, "Great Jove!" But then,
no doubt,
He screws out gain, you say, to meet his costly goings out?
Not he. In fact, you'd scarce believe the miserable way
He stints himself of all delights: the father in the play,
Whom, after driving out his son, in wretched plight we see,
Did not excruciate himself more ruthlessly than he.
And now should any ask—"The drift of this?" I then reply,
Fools shunning faults at one extreme, off to the other fly.
Malthinus shuffles down the street, his robe about his heels,
Another tucks his up, till what he should not he reveals.
Rufillus smells all pouncet box, Gargonius stinks all goat;
No medium's kept. * * * * *

SATIRE III.

ALL singers have this failing; ask'd to sing,
Their minds to do so they can never bring,
But, leave them to themselves, and all night long
They'll go on boring you to death with song.
Tigellius had this failing to excess:
Cæsar, who could have ordered him, might press
And coax by all the ties of friendship to
His father and himself, it would not do;
Whilst if his fancy did that way incline,
On from the eggs to the dessert and wine,
He'd carol "Bacchus, ho!" in every key
From C in alto down to double D.
That man was made of inconsistencies:
Oft would he scour along, like one that flees
A foe; as often with majestic stalk,
As though he carried Juno's symbols, walk;
One day he'd have two hundred servingmen,
The very next as probably have ten;
Of kings and tetrarchs now his talk would be,
And all things splendid, like some great grandee;
Anon he'd say, "Give me an oaken chair,
A three-legg'd table, and the homeliest fare,
A coat however coarse, so 'twill prevent
The cold from pinching me, and I'm content."
Give him ten thousand pounds, this frugal soul,
And in a week he would have spent the whole.

He waked the livelong night, and snored all day;
Such contrasts never did one man display.
"What of yourself?" should some one ask me now,
"Have you no vices, then?" I must allow,
I have; and, haply, graver to your mind,
Although, 'tis true, of quite a different kind.
As Mœnius once was urging an attack
On Novius' character behind his back,
"How," cried a friend, "do you so little know
Yourself, or think you can hoodwink us so
To what your vices are?" Said Mœnius, "Why,
On my own sins I look with lenient eye!"
A self-love this, at once absurd and wrong,
That should be crush'd with reprobation strong.
To your own faults when you thus seal your eyes,
Why should they be as keen to scrutinize
Those of your friends, as eagle's are or snake's
Of Epidaurus? Think, too, this but wakes
As close a scrutiny into your own.
Here is a man, to anger somewhat prone,
And little apt to understand a joke;
His beard of clownish cut might well provoke
A smile, as might his gown hung all askew,
And shoes a world too wide. Well! Grant this true.
But he is good, no better anywhere,
Your friend, withal; and there is genius there,
Great genius, 'neath a rugged husk. So, then,
On all sides view them, when you judge of men,
But probe yourself especially, to spy,
If faults have haply been engender'd by
Nature or evil ways; for fields unsown,
Untill'd, are soon by worthless ferns o'ergrown.
Here were it well for us to bear in mind,
That lovers to their ladies' faults are blind,

Or think them beauties; as Balbinus shows
A passion for the wen on Agna's nose.
Oh, that we blunder'd in our friendships thus,
And deem'd such blundering no shame in us!
For we are bound to treat a friend's defect
With touch most tender, and a fond respect;
Ev'n as a father treats a child's, who hints,
The urchin's eyes are roguish, if he squints;
Or if he be as stunted, short and thick,
As Sisyphus the dwarf, will call him "chick!"
If crook'd all ways, in back, in legs, and thighs,
With softening phrases will the flaw disguise.
So, if one friend too close a fist betrays,
Let us ascribe it to his frugal ways;
Or is another—such we often find—
To flippant jest and braggart talk inclined,
'Tis only from a kindly wish to try
To make the time 'mongst friends go lightly by.
Another's tongue is rough and over free,
Let's call it bluntness and sincerity;
Another's choleric; him we must screen,
As cursed with feelings for his peace too keen.
This is the course, methinks, that makes a friend,
And, having made, secures him to the end.
But we, all simple worth inclined to doubt,
Turn virtue's self the seamy side without,
And strive with damning varnish to incrust
Even characters that are all pure and just.
A man shall live a life devoid of blame:
"A poor weak creature, pitifully tame!"
Another, slow in thought, and slow in act,
We brand as "dull, a dunderhead in fact!"
Here shall be one, around whose way of life
The plots of malice and revenge are rife,

Through these he steers secure, nor lets his foe
One point unguarded find, to plant a blow;
Yet him, that is so wary and discreet,
We charge with tortuous cunning and deceit.
Is one too little circumspect, and apt
To break upon your privacy, when wrapt
In reading or in thought, (as oft I should
On thee, Mæcenas, if I might, intrude,)
With idle gossip boring you, we say,
Of common sense he lacks the faintest ray.
Alas! how rashly we our sanction lend
To laws, must wring our withers in the end!
For no man lives, but has his faults; and best
Is he, who by the smallest is oppress'd.
A good kind friend should, therefore, whensoe'er
My virtues with my faults he would compare,
Unto my many virtues more incline,
Especially if many such be mine.
So will he win my favour, so the same
Allowance for himself in turn will claim.
For, who would have his friend his wens o'erlook,
The casual freckles of that friend must brook,
And the same mercy should by us be shown
To others' sins we ask for to our own.
  Now to another point! Since it is plain,
That to uproot the vice of wrath were vain,
Or other kindred vices, which the schools
Assure us cling inherently to fools,
Why does not reason unto them apply
Her weights and measures, and each culprit try,
Appraise his crime, and punish or disgrace
According to the nature of the case?
If a man crucify his slave, because
He eats the scraps of fish and half chill'd sauce,

Which from the board he carries, will he not
By all sane men even more insane be thought
Than Labeo's self? Yet how much madder is
Your conduct, and more culpable than his?
A friend, we'll say, has done you some despite,
Which any but a churlish nature might
Frankly o'erlook; yet him you hate and shun,
As debtors Druso fly, that dreary dun,
Who, if they can't by the appointed day,
By hook or crook, get wherewithal to pay
His principal or interest, must sit
In double bondage to his suit and wit,
Hear him recite his histories long-drawn,
Nor dare the solace of one truthful yawn.
Or if my friend, somewhat o'erflush'd with wine,
Upon my couch his dirty soles recline,
Or from the table with his elbow throw
Some dish Evander used, long, long ago,
Is he for this, or yet because he may,
By hunger overcome, have swept away
The chicken from the dish before me placed,
In my regards to sink, and be disgraced?
Let this be so, and then what can I do,
Should he turn thief, or to his oath untrue,
Or prate of things committed to his trust?
Who hold as equal all offences, must
Be sorely puzzled, when they come to deal
With what the facts of real life reveal.
Their creed is contrary to common sense,
To usage, nay, to that experience
Of human wants, which may be said to be
Of justice mother, and of equity.
When human beings from primeval clay
Crawl'd forth at first, and struggled into day,

Dumb squalid brutes, for dens and acorn-mast
They fought with nails and fists, then clubs, at last
With such rude arms, as they by slow degrees
Were driven to frame by their necessities;
Till they invented language to express
Their thoughts and feelings: then grew less and less
The rage of war; wall'd towns began to rise,
And laws were framed to appal and to chastise
Thieves, robbers, and adulterers. For before
Fair Helen's days had woman drench'd in gore
Both men and nations. But the lusty wights,
Who, brutelike, wildly snatching love's delights,
Were slain by him, who topp'd them all in might,
Ev'n like the bull that lords the herd, from sight
Have vanish'd in the shade of death's engulphing
night.

Whoe'er explores and follows to their source
The annals of the past, must own, perforce,
That in the dread of wrong, laws had their rise.
For nature is not by mere instinct wise
To choose 'twixt wrong and right, 'twixt good and ill,
As she distinguishes with inborn skill
Betwixt what things are wholesome, what are not,
What should by all be shunn'd, and what be sought.
Nor will our reason e'er be brought to rate
His crime the same in essence, and as great,
Who from his neighbour's garden steals some pods,
As his, who robs the temples of the gods.
Then to devise some rule should be our care,
Which to the crime the punishment shall square,
Lest he, whose fault a stinging birch might purge,
Be flay'd alive by the infernal scourge.
For that you shall with a mere whipping chide
The rogue who should at least be crucified,

I have no fear, though you maintain, 'tis quite
As bad to steal, as break a house by night;
And vow you would, were you a monarch, strike
At great offenders and at small alike.
  Were you a king? Absurd! If it be true,
That whosoe'er is wise is wealthy too,
An excellent shoemaker, and that he
Alone of men is beautiful to see,
A king in fine, why do you wish for what
Is yours already? This, you say, is not
The true intent of Sire Chrysippus' views,
"A sage, though he ne'er made his boots and shoes,
Is still a sage at making shoe or boot."
But how? "Just as Hermogenes, though mute,
Is a fine singer and musician still;
Just as astute Alpinus kept the skill
To handle brad and lapstone since the day
He shut up shop, and threw his awl away,
So of all crafts the true wise man is free,
And of mankind the only king is he."
All very fine, most sage and most revered!
But yet the street boys tweak you by the beard,
And if you don't disperse them with your stick,
They'll mob you, hustle you, torment and trick,
Oh mightiest of kings, the live-long day,
Storm, swear, and bluster howsoe'er you may.
  And now an end! Whilst you your kingship steep
In farthing baths, as nasty as they're cheap,
And on your royal movements not one friend,
Except that fool Crispinus, shall attend,
Whilst my dear friends, should I their patience try,
Regard my follies with a kindly eye,
And I to them in spite of theirs shall cling,
More happy humble I than you the king!

SATIRE IV.

THE bards of ancient comedy, when it was at its best,
Aristophanes, and Eupolis, Cratinus, and the rest,
Whene'er they had a mind to paint some notable for us,
Rogue, cut-throat, thief, adulterer, or in some way infamous,
With fearless pencil dash'd him off; and this it is that makes
The merit of Lucilius, who follow'd in their wakes,
Their feet and measure only changed: bright was his wit, and shrewd
His views of men and life, yet were his verses harsh and crude.
For he was much to blame in this; that, as a mighty feat,
Two hundred verses to the hour he'd dictate at a heat;
Muddy his flow, and charged with much were better out of sight;
O'erborne with words, too indolent to take the pains to write,—
Write well, I mean; for writing much, that's what I most despise;
There even Crispinus knows his strength, and safely me defies.
"Your tablets, quick, your tablets take,—name umpires, time, and place,
And see, which can compose the most within the shortest space!"
Praised be the gods, that me they did with a spirit poor endue.
Retiring, little prone to talk, and then in words but few.
You, if you like, may imitate the blacksmith's bellows' blast,
That puffs and pants till in the fire the iron melts at last.

Ah happy Fannius, that his works and statue could instal,
To grace, all unsolicited, the Palatinian hall,
Whilst nobody my writings reads, and I dare not recite
In public, for how few are they who in such things delight,
Since satire's shafts, at random sent, their bosom sins may strike?
There lies the grudge. From any crowd pick whomsoe'er you like:
One's rack'd by avarice, or yearns for power's deceitful joys,
For married women one is mad, and one is mad for boys,
One's smit with silver's lustre, bronze strikes Albus with amaze,
And one his trading ventures plies, through ceaseless nights and days,
From the rising sun to that which warms the earth at eve, headlong
Through toils and perils swept, like dust, where whirlwinds eddy strong;
Still haunted by the dread to lose some of his hoarded store,
Or by a gnawing passion rack'd to swell his wealth with more.
All these of verses stand in awe; and a poet, him they hate:
"He's dangerous—steer clear of him—or dread a rueful fate!
So he can only raise a smile, he'll spare no friend, not he,
And any trash once jotted down, he's dying till it be
'Mongst all the boys and crones he meets shown off and scatter'd wide!"
Now listen to a word or two upon the other side.
First from the roll I strike myself of those I poets call,
For merely to compose in verse is not the all-in-all;
Nor if a man shall write, like me, things nigh to prose akin,
Shall he, however well he write, the name of poet win.
To genius, to the man whose soul is touch'd with fire divine,
Whose voice speaks like a trumpet-note, that honour'd name assign.

So some have ask'd, if Comedy be poetry or no,
Since neither in its diction nor its characters the glow,
The spirit, the concentred force, of poetry it shows,
And would, but for its rhythmic beat, be prose, and only prose.
But 'twill be said, a father raves and storms in fiery lines,
Because his son, infatuate by a courtezan, declines
A bride with a stupendous dower, and reels, blind drunk, by day,
With torches (oh most dire disgrace !) to light him on his way.
Now were Pomponius' sire alive, think you that youth would hear
Reproaches less tempestuous, less pungently severe?
And therefore is it not enough, that you compose your verse
In diction irreproachable, pure, scholarly, and terse,
Which, dislocate its cadence, by any body may
Be spoken like the language of the father in the play.
Divest these things which now I write, and Lucilius wrote of yore
Of certain measured cadences, by setting that before
Which was behind, and that before, which I had placed behind,
Yet by no alchemy will you in the residuum find
The members still apparent of the dislocated bard,
As if in like degree these lines of Ennius should be marr'd :

> "When direful Discord burst
> The iron-hafted posts and gates of war."

So much for this! Some other time I'll ask, if Satire be
As poetry to rank at all; but meanwhile let us see,
If you regard it with distrust, deservedly or no?
See yonder Sulcius, Caprius too, with their indictments go,
Hoarse foul-mouth'd rascals, common spies, of rogues the dread and bane,
But utterly despised by all, whose hands are pure of stain.
Like Cœlius or like Byrrhius, those robbers, though you be,
No Caprius nor Sulcius I,—then why this dread of me?
On pillar or on stall exposed no man my booklets sees,
By greasy fingers to be thumb'd, or by Hermogenes.

I ne'er recite except to friends; and ev'n from that forbear,
Unless compell'd; to every one I can't, nor everywhere.
In open forum some recite their works; and some for choice
Within the baths, whose vaulted space rings sweetly back the voice.
Their foolish self-complacency the fact will never face,
That conduct such as this is most absurd and out of place.
"But you delight to wound," you say, "and with malicious zest
Smite friend and foe!" On what do you this accusation rest?
Comes it from any man with whom I've lived as friend with friend?
He who an absent friend assails, nor does not him defend,
When others blame; who strives to catch men's idiot merriment
By repartees and reckless jokes; who can as fact present
What never was, or secrets blab, entrusted to his care;
That man is black of heart; of him, O son of Rome, beware!

On couches three at supper oft twelve people you may see,
Of whom one splashes all the rest with coarse scurrility,
Except the host; and even he must brook the ribald's vein,
Soon as outspoken Liber gives the heart unbounded rein.
To you, who hold us satirists in such disgust and dread,
This man seems spirited and frank, jocose and not ill-bred,
Whilst I, if I but dare to smile, because,—myself to quote—
Rufillus smells all pouncet box, Gargonius stinks all goat,
Am deem'd by you malignant and blackhearted. Now suppose,
That in your presence somebody should chance to talk of those
Huge larcenies of Petillius Capitolinus, you
Would thus speak out in his defence, as you are wont to do;
"Capitolinus from a boy I've known as chum and friend;
Prompt was he ever at my call a helping hand to lend,

And glad am I to see him walk the town at large; yet how
He 'scaped conviction is to me a mystery, I vow."
This is the deadly henbane, this the true corrosive style,
Which never writing shall of mine, no, nor my soul defile!
This much I truly vow, if aught I of myself may vow;
Then should my humorous vein run wild, some latitude allow.
I learn'd the habit from the best of fathers, who employ'd
Some living type to stamp the vice he wish'd me to avoid.
Thus temperate and frugal when exhorting me to be,
And with the competence content, which he had stored for me;
"Look, boy!" he'd say, "at Albius' son—observe his sorry plight!
And Barrus, that poor beggar there! say, are not these a sight,
To warn a man from squandering his patrimonial means?"
When counselling me to keep from vile amours with common queans;
"Sectanus, ape not him!" he'd say; or urging to forswear
Intrigue with matrons, when I might taste lawful joys elsewhere;
"Trebonius' fame is blurr'd, since he was in the manner caught.
The reasons why this should be shunn'd, and why that should be sought,
The sages will explain; enough for me, if I uphold
The faith and morals handed down from our good sires of old,
And, while you need a guardian, keep your life pure and your name.
When years have harden'd, as they will, your judgment and your frame,
You'll swim without a float!" and so with talk like this he won,
And moulded me, while yet a boy. Was something to be done,
Hard it might be, "For this," he'd say, "good warrant you can quote,"
And then as model pointed to some public man of note.

Or was there something to be shunn'd, then he would urge,
"Can you
One moment doubt that acts like these are base and futile too,
Which have to him and him such dire disgr aceand trouble bred?"
And as a neighbour's death appals the sick, and by the dread
Of dying forces them upon their lusts to put restraint,
So tender minds are oft deterr'd from vices by the taint,
They see them bring on others' names; 'tis thus that I from those
Am all exempt, which bring with them a train of shames and woes.
Of lesser faults, all venial, all, I am the slave; but these
Will years, reflection, a frank friend extirpate by degrees.
At least so let me hope! for still when on my couch I muse,
Or saunter in the porticoes, to tax myself I use.
"This is the better course to steer: I will, by doing this,
Be happier, dearer to my friends; that surely was amiss;
And shall I e'er so foolish be as do the like again?"
Thus do I mutter to myself; when I have leisure, then
I cheat the time with writing down my thoughts; and this, I own,
Is one of those small faults of mine, which, if you won't condone,
Straightway all those that scribble verse I'll summon to my aid,—
And little wot ye of the hosts pursue the tuneful trade,—
And like proselytising Jews, we'll make you out of hand
Enrol yourself a son of song in our poetic band!

SATIRE V.

FRESH from great Rome with all its din
Aricia with its little inn
Received me first: here let me say,
I had for comrade on the way
That Greek, who towers in learning o'er us,
The rhetorician Heliodorus.
At Forum Appii next we stopp'd,
And there upon a medley dropp'd
Of bluff bargees and landlords surly,
Who made the place one hurley burley.
Two days to gain this point we spent,
At such a lazy pace we went:
More active travellers had done
The distance easily in one.
But yet for those who travel slow
The Appian way's the best to go.
Well, here the water was so bad,
That I my wretched stomach had
To rob of its expected rations,
And wait, with anything but patience,
Whilst my companions, well employ'd,
Their supper leisurely enjoy'd.
  Now 'gan the night with gentle hand
To fold in shadows all the land,
And stars along the sky to scatter,
When there arose a hideous clatter,

Slaves slanging bargemen, bargemen slaves;
"Ho, haul up here! how now, ye knaves,
Inside three hundred people stuff!
Already there are quite enough!"
Collected were the fares at last,
The mule that drew our barge made fast,
But not till a good hour was gone.
Sleep was not to be thought upon,
The curséd gnats were so provoking,
The bull frogs set up such a croaking.
A bargeman too, a drunken lout,
And passenger, sang turn about,
In tones remarkable for strength,
Their absent sweethearts, till at length
The passenger began to doze,
When up the stalwart bargeman rose,
His fastenings from the stone unwound,
And left the mule to graze around;
Then down upon his back he lay,
And snored in a terrific way.
And now day broke, but still we note
No signs of motion in the boat,
Till out a hair-brain'd fellow sprang
And with a willow cudgel rang
Reveillé round the ribs and head
Of mule and bargeman. Then we sped,
But it was ten o'clock and more
Before our party got on shore.
First we our hands and faces wash,
Feronia, where thy waters plash;
Then after luncheon on we creep
Three miles, which bring us to the steep
Where Anxur from its rocks of white
Gleams many a mile upon the sight.

'Twas fixed that we should meet with dear
Mæcenas and Cocceius here,
Who were upon a mission bound
Of consequence the most profound,
For who so skill'd the feuds to close
Of those, once friends, who now were foes ?
Here my eyes teased me so, that I
Black wash was driven to apply.
Meanwhile beloved Mæcenas came,
Cocceius too, and brought with them
Fonteius Capito, a man
Endow'd with every grace that can
A perfect gentleman attend,
And Anthony's especial friend.
  We turn our backs with much delight
On Fundi, and its prætor, hight
Aufidius Luscus ;—many a gibe
And jest upon that crack-brain'd scribe
We broke, and his pretentious ways,
His grand pretexta, all ablaze
With a broad purple band, flung o'er him,
The pans of charcoal borne before him.
Tired with the journey of the day,
In the Mamurræ's town we stay,
Where to Murena's house we go,
But take our meals with Capito.
  Here having rested for the night,
With inexpressible delight
We hail the dawn,—for we that day
At Sinuessa on our way
With Plotius, Varius, Virgil too,
Have an appointed rendezvous ;
Souls all, than whom the earth ne'er saw
More noble, more exempt from flaw,

Nor are there any on its round,
To whom I am more fondly bound.
Oh what embracings, and what mirth!
Nothing, no, nothing on this earth,
Whilst I have reason, shall I e'er
With a true-hearted friend compare?
  The village, which adjacent lies
To the Campanian bridge, supplies
The quarters for our evening halt,
And the parochians wood and salt,
For legates the accustomed boon.
Next day at Capua by noon
Our mules are all unpacked. Away
Mæcenas hies at ball to play;
To sleep myself and Virgil go,
For tennis practice is, we know,
Injurious, beyond all question,
Both to weak eyes and weak digestion.
  Next day Cocceius' country seat,
Above the Caudian Inns, replete
With all good things, receives us. Now,
Oh Muse, relate, and briefly, how
The battle raged that afternoon
Betwixt Sarmentus the buffoon
And Messius Cicirrhus,—and
Their pedigree, these warriors grand.
Messius is of the famous race
Of Oscus, while, oh woful case!
Sarmentus' mistress still exists.
So ancestor'd into the lists
They came. Sarmentus first made play;
"You're like a wild horse, you, I say!"
We laugh. "I'm for you!" Messius said—
"Lay on!" and then he shakes his head.

" Oh !" cried Sarmentus, " if your horn
Had from your forehead not been torn,
What frightful lengths would you not go,
When, crippled, you can menace so ?"
(For on the left an ugly scar
His beetle brows doth sorely mar.)
Then after pelting him apace
With scurvy jests about his face,
And the Campanian disease,
" Dance us ' The Cyclop Shepherd,' please !"
Sarmentus cried. " You want no mask,
Nor tragic buskins for the task !"
Cicirrhus was not far behind
In paying off these gibes in kind ;
Begg'd him to answer, when and where his
Chain was offered to the Lares—
" A scribe you may be ; still, confess
Your mistress' rights are none the less !
And where, now, was the motive, pray,
Incited you to run away,
When good enough was gruel weak
For such a scarecrow, such a sneak ?"
And so these knaves with antics wild
Our supper pleasantly beguiled.
  Hence without halting on we post
To Beneventum, where our host
Escaped most narrowly from burning ;
For while he was intent on turning
Some starveling thrushes on the coals,
Out from the crazy brazier rolls
A blazing brand, which caught and spread
To roof and rafter overhead.
The hungry guests, oh how they ran !
And frightened servants, to a man,

The supper from the flames to snatch,
And then to quench the blazing thatch.
  Appulia here begins to show
The hills I knew well long ago,
Swept by Atabulus' sultry blast,
And over which we ne'er had pass'd,
But that within a farmhouse near
Trevicum we found hearty cheer,
Well mix'd with tearful smoke, 'tis true,
From faggots thick with leaves, that strew
The hearth, and sputter, spit, and steam.
Past midnight here, oh dolt supreme!
I waited for a lying jade,
Till sleep at length his finger laid
On me still panting with desire,
And then my fancy, all on fire,
With visions not the chastest teems,
And I possess her in my dreams.
  In chaises hence we travel post
Some four-and-twenty miles at most,
At a small hamlet halting, which
Into my verse declines to hitch,
But by its features may be guess'd;
For water, elsewhere commonest,
Of all things, here is sold like wine,
But then their bread's so sweet, so fine,
That prudent travellers purvey
A stock to last them all the day.
For the Canusian's full of grit,
And yet is water every whit
As scarce within that town, of old
Founded by Diomede the bold.
Here Varius left us, sad of heart,
And sadder we from him to part.

To Rubi next we came, and weary,
For the long road was made more dreary
And comfortless by lashing rain.
Next day the weather clear'd again,
But worse and worse the road up to
The walls of fishy Barum grew:
Thence to Egnatia, built, although
The water nymphs said plainly, no!
Which food for jest and laughter made us,
In the endeavour to persuade us,
That incense in its temple porch
Takes fire without the help of torch.
This may your circumcisèd Jew
Believe, but never I. For true
I hold it that the Deities
Enjoy themselves in careless ease,
Nor think, when Nature, spurning law,
Does something which inspires our awe,
'Tis sent by the offended gods
Direct from their august abodes.
Brundusium brings, oh blest repose!
My tale and journey to a close.

SATIRE VI.

THOUGH Lydian none, Mæcenas, may be found
Of higher blood within Etruria's bound,
Though thy progenitors on either hand
Long since o'er mighty armies bore command,
Yet thou dost not, as most are wont, contemn
The nameless shoots of an inglorious stem,
Men like myself, a freedman's son; for thou
Mak'st no account, who was his sire, or how
A man was born, so long as inward worth
And upright conduct dignify his birth.
Thy stedfast creed it is, that, long before
The slave-born Tullius kingly empire bore,
Lived many a man, who ancestry had none,
Yet by desert the amplest honours won,
Whilst vile Lævinus, of the Valerian race,
Who drove proud Tarquin from his pride of place,
Was rated worth not one poor doit, and this
Even by the populace, whose wont it is,
As well thou know'st, unwisely to endow
Unworthy men with honours, and to bow
In foolish homage to a name, and gaze
At rank and title with awe-struck amaze.
  If they could reason thus, then how much more
Should we, who far above the rabble soar,
Maintain our souls from vulgar judgments free?
For what were it to us, though we should see

The mob with state this same Lævinus crown,
And thrust the great though low-born Decius down,
Or from the senate though I must retire,
At Censor Appius' hint, because my sire
Was meanly born ;—and rightly, since 'tis clear
I would not rest within my proper sphere,—
Still, to her shining chariot lash'd, doth Fame
Drag peasant churl, and noble, all the same.
Say, Tillius, say, wherein thy profit, when
Thou didst assume the laticlave again,
And Tribune's office? Grew not envy rife,
Which else had spared thee in a private life?
For just as when some fool his leg hath braced
With sable buskins, and adown his waist
Bade flow the lordly laticlave, he hears
Question on question buzz about his ears;
"Who is the man? Who was his father, eh?"
Or as some awkward grinning popinjay,
That aims, like Barrus there, to shine, of beaus
The pink and paragon, where'er he goes
Provokes the girls to scan with curious care
His features, bust, limbs, feet, and teeth, and hair;
So he that to the care of Rome aspires,
Of Romans, Italy, her temples' fires,
Her boundless empiry, perforce constrains
All men to ask, and ask with anxious pains,
Who was his sire, or if a mother's name,
Noteless herself, mark him unknown to fame?
Say, son of Syrus, wouldst thou dare, or thou,
The son of Dionysius, from the brow
Of the Tarpeian hurl the sons of Rome,
Or hand them over to the headsman's doom?
"Well! but my colleague Novius," you reply,
"Is one degree still lower down than I.

For what my father was he is." Oh rare,
And therefore you with Paulus may compare,
Or great Messala! Novius, too, you see,
Though ten-score hulking wains, and funerals three,
Stun all the market-place with mingling roar,
Can roll his thunder tones triumphant o'er
Trumpet and horn, and bray of man and beast,
And there's some merit in that feat at least.
  Now to myself, the freedman's son, come I,
Whom all the mob of gaping fools decry,
Because, forsooth, I am a freedman's son;
My sin at present is, that I have won
Thy trust, Mæcenas; once in this it lay,
That o'er a Roman legion I bore sway
As Tribune,—surely faults most opposite;
For though, perchance, a man with justice might
Grudge me the tribune's honours, why should he
Be jealous of the favour shown by thee,—
Thee who, unsway'd by fawning wiles, art known
To choose thy friends for honest worth alone?
Lucky I will not call myself, as though
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards;
But Virgil first, that best of friends and bards,
And then kind Varius mention'd what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words, (for bashfulness
Robb'd me of utterance) I did not profess,
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate,
On Satureian barb, but what and who
I was as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then,
Some nine months after summoning me again,

You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place:
And proud I feel, that thus I won thy grace,
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.
  Yet if some trivial faults, and these but few,
My nature, else not much amiss, imbue,
Just as you wish away, yet scarcely blame,
A mole or two upon a comely frame;
If no man may arraign me of the vice
Of lewdness, meanness, nor of avarice;
If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love, (self-praise is venial here,)
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few lean acres, and no more,
Was loth to send me to the village school,
Whereto the sons of men of mark and rule,—
Centurions, and the like,—were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter day;
But boldly took me, when a boy, to Rome,
There to be taught all arts, that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought, no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnish'd forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And in a word he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss,
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he, that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,

Or, like himself, as tax-collector seek
With petty fees my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmur'd. Now I know,
More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own
With pride, that I have such a father known;
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself, with mine content,
I would not choose, whom men endow as great
With the insignia and the seats of state;
And, though I seem'd insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise,
In thus refusing to assume the care
Of irksome state I was unused to bear.
For then a larger income must be made,
Men's favour courted, and their whims obey'd,
Nor could I then indulge a lonely mood,
Away from town, in country solitude,
For the false retinue of pseudo friends,
That all my movements servilely attends.
More slaves must then be fed, more horses too,
And chariots bought. Now have I nought to do,
If I would even to Tarentum ride,
But mount my bob-tail'd mule, my wallets tied
Across his flanks, which, flapping as we go,
With my ungainly ankles to and fro,
Work his unhappy sides a world of weary woe.
Yet who shall call me mean, as men call thee,

Oh Tillius, when they off a prætor set
On the Tiburtine Way with five poor knaves,
Half-grown, half-starved, and overweighted slaves,
Bearing, to save your charges when you dine,
A travelling kitchen, and a jar of wine,
Illustrious senator, more happy far,
I live than you, and hosts of others are!
I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Enquire the price of pulse and of bread,
The circus cross to see its tricks and fun,
The forum, too, at times near set of sun:
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls, thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and peas:
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet, and two beakers: near at hand
A common ewer, patera, and bowl—
Campania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I, unharass'd by the fear
That I to-morrow must betimes appear
At Mæcenas' door, who vows he cannot brook
Without a pang the Younger Novius' look.
I keep my couch till ten, then walk a while,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after hour, anoint my limbs
With oil, not such as filthy Nama skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field, and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then having lightly dined, just to appease
The sense of emptiness, I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.

This is the life of bard unclogg'd like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight.
So placed, I own with gratitude, my state
Is sweeter, ay, than though a quæstor's power
From sire and grandsire's sires had been my dower.

SATIRE VII.

THERE'S not an idler, I suppose,
Or sharper about town, but knows,
How mongrel Persius, t'other day,
Took vengeance in a wondrous way
Upon proscribed Rupilius, hight
The King, for his envenom'd spite.
Persius was rich, his fortune made
At Clazomene in thriving trade,
And was besides—no pleasant thing—
Involved in lawsuits with the king.
A hard man he, a thorough hater,
The king was good, but he was greater,
Vain, headstrong, and for any brawl
Arm'd with a tongue so steep'd in gall,
No Barrus or Sisenna known
'Gainst him could ever hold his own.
But for The King!—All had in vain
Been tried to reconcile these twain;
But as a law, when men fall out,
Just in proportion as they're stout
In heart or sinews, neither will
Give in, till one be kill'd or kill.
The strife 'twixt Hector, Priam's son,
And fierce Achilles thus was one,

Which death alone could bring to pause;
And plainly for this simple cause,
That both were, and were known to be,
Courageous in supreme degree.
But let two, that cold-blooded are,
Or match'd unfairly, meet in war,
Like Diomed and Lycian Glaucus,
Then of hard blows they're sure to balk us:
The weaker somehow quits the field,
Some presents pass, and truce is seal'd.
Vain, then, all efforts to appease
The feud of combatants like these,
And so, what time our Brutus o'er
Rich Asia sway as Prætor bore,
Rupilius fought with Persius: ne'er
Were seen so aptly match'd a pair,—
No, not when Bacchius shook his fists
Against great Bithus in the lists,—
So down to court, with souls aflame,
A mighty spectacle, they came.
  First Persius states his case: a roar
Of laughter greets the orator.
He praises Brutus, praises all
His staff, and then begins to call
Brutus, great Brutus, Asia's sun,
His friends, the good stars, all but one,
That one The King;—he was that pest,
The dog whom husbandmen detest.
On like a winter-flood he raves,
That bears down all before its waves.
  To all this torrent of abuse
With sarcasms cutting and profuse,
Such as among the vineyards fly,
Did the Prænestine make reply.

A vintager he was, full sturdy,
Ne'er vanquish'd yet in conflict wordy,
Such as would make the passer by
Shout filthy names, but shouting fly.
  But Grecian Persius, after he
Had been besprinkled plenteously
With gall Italic, cries, " By all
The gods above, on thee I call,
Oh Brutus, thou of old renown,
For putting kings completely down,
To save us, wherefore you do not
Dispatch this King here on the spot?
One of the tasks is this, believe,
Which you were destined to achieve!"

SATIRE VIII.

FOREWHILE I was a fig-tree stock,
A senseless good-for-nothing block,
When, sorely puzzled which to shape,
A common joint-stool or Priape,
The carpenter his fiat pass'd,
Deciding for the god at last.
So god I am, to fowl and thief
A source of dread beyond belief.
Thieves at my right hand, and the stake
Which from my groin flames menace, quake,
Whilst the reeds waving from my crown
Scarce the intrusive birds of town
From these new gardens quite away,
Where, at no very distant day,
From vilest cribs were corpses brought
In miserable shells to rot.
For 'twas the common burial-ground
Of all the poor for miles around.
Buffoon Pantolabus lay here,
With spend-thrift Nomentanus near;
It stretch'd a thousand feet in span,
A hundred back in depth it ran,—
A pillar mark'd its bounds, and there
Might no man claim the soil as heir.

Now it is possible to dwell
On Esquiline, and yet be well,
To saunter there and take your ease
On trim and sunny terraces,
And this where late the ground was white
With dead men's bones, disgusting sight!
But not the thieves and beasts of prey,
Who prowl about the spot alway,
When darkness falls, have caused to me
Such trouble and anxiety,
As those vile hags, who vex the souls
Of men by spells, and poison-bowls.
Do what I will, they haunt the place,
And ever, when her buxom face
The wandering moon unveils, these crones
Come here to gather herbs and bones.
Here have I seen, with streaming hair,
Canidia stalk, her feet all bare,
Her inky cloak tuck'd up, and howl
With Sagana, that beldam foul.
The deadly pallor of their face
With fear and horror fill'd the place.
Up with their nails the earth they threw;
Then limb-meal tore a coal-black ewe,
And pour'd its blood into the hole,
So to evoke the shade and soul
Of dead men, and from these to wring
Responses to their questioning.
Two effigies they had,—of wool
Was one, and one of wax; to rule
The other and with pangs subdue,
The woollen larger of the two;
The waxen cower'd like one that stands
Beseeching in the hangman's hands

On Hecate one, Tisiphone
The other calls; and you might see
Serpents and hell-hounds thread the dark,
Whilst, these vile orgies not to mark,
The moon, all bloody-red of hue,
Behind the massive tombs withdrew.

* * * *

Why should I more? Why tell, how each
Pale ghost with wild and woful screech
To gibbering Sagana answer makes;
How grizzled wolves and mottled snakes
Slunk to their holes; and how the fire,
Fed by the way, flamed high and higher;
Or what my vengeance for the woe
I had been doom'd to undergo.
By these two Furies, with their shrieks,
Their spells, and other ghastly freaks?

* * * *

Back to the city scampered they:
Canidia's teeth dropp'd by the way,
And Sagana's high wig; and you
With laughter long and loud might view
Their herbs, and charmed adders, wound
In mystic coils, bestrew the ground.

SATIRE IX.

IT chanced that I, the other day,
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
That for the time absorb'd me quite,
When there comes running up a wight,
Whom only by his name I knew;
" Ha! my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. " Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I;
" And you, I trust, can say the same."
But after me as still he came,
" Sir, is there anything," I cried,
" You want of me?" " Oh," he replied,
" I'm just the man you ought to know;—
A scholar, author!" " Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!"
Then, writhing to evade the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words, and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
" Oh, for a touch," I moaned in pain,
" Bolanus, of thy madcap vein,

To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets,
The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
The city's growth, its splendour, size.
" You're dying to be off," he cries;
For all the while I'd been stock dumb.
" I've seen it this half-hour. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up, to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go, too."
" Don't put yourself," I answered, " pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend,
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."
" I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it so I'll follow you!"
Down dropped my ears on hearing this,
Just like a vicious jackass's,
That's loaded heavier than he likes;
But off anew my torment strikes,
" If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!" said he,
" Hermogenes might envy me!"
Here was an opening to break in.

" Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?" " None ;—
I've closed the eyes of every one."
Oh, happy they, I inly groan.
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick, despatch me where I stand,
Now is the direful doom at hand
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:
" Him shall no poisons fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of the time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred ;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun."
  Now we were close to Vesta's fane.
'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
Was bound to answer to his bail,
Or lose his cause if he should fail.
" Do, if you love me, step aside
One moment with me here!" he cried.
" Upon my life, indeed, I can't,
Of law I'm wholly ignorant;
And you know where I'm hurrying to."
" I'm fairly puzzled what to do.
Give you up, or my cause?" " Oh, me,
Me, by all means!" " I won't!" quoth he ;
And stalks on, holding by me tight.
As with your conqueror to fight
Is hard, I follow. " How,"—anon
He rambles off,—" how get you on,
You and Mæcenas? To so few

He keeps himself. So clever, too!
No man more dexterous to seize
And use his opportunities.
Just introduce me, and you'll see,
We'd pull together famously;
And, hang me then, if, with my backing,
You don't send all your rivals packing!"
"Things in that quarter, sir, proceed
In very different style, indeed.
No house more free from all that's base,
In none cabals more out of place.
It hurts me not if others be
More rich, or better read than me.
Each has his place!" "Amazing tact!
Scarce credible!" "But 'tis the fact."
"You quicken my desire to get
An introduction to his set."
"With merit such as yours, you need
But wish it, and you must succeed.
He's to be won, and that is why
Of strangers he's so very shy."
"I'll spare no pains, no arts, no shifts!
His servants I'll corrupt with gifts.
To-day though driven from his gate,
What matter? I will lie in wait,
To catch some lucky chance; I'll meet
Or overtake him in the street;
I'll haunt him like his shadow. Nought
In life without much toil is bought."
Just at this moment who but my
Dear friend Aristius should come by?
My rattlebrain right well he knew.
We stop. "Whence, friends, and whither to?"
He asks and answers. Whilst we ran

The usual courtesies, I began
To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
His arms, that feel but will not flinch,
By nods and winks most plain to see
Imploring him to rescue me.
He, wickedly obtuse the while,
Meets all my signals with a smile.
I, choked with rage, said, " Was there not
Some business, I've forgotten what,
You mentioned, that you wished with me
To talk about, and privately? "
" Oh, I remember! Never mind!
Some more convenient time I'll find.
The Thirtieth Sabbath this! Would you
Affront the circumcisèd Jew? "
" Religious scruples I have none."
" Ah, but I have. I am but one
Of the *canaille*—a feeble brother.
Your pardon. Some fine day or other
I'll tell you what it was." Oh, day
Of woful doom to me! Away
The rascal bolted like an arrow,
And left me underneath the harrow;
When, by the rarest luck, we ran
At the next turn against the man
Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
" Ha, knave!" he cried, with loud uproar,
" Where are you off to? Will you here
Stand witness?" I present my ear.
To court he hustles him along;
High words are bandied, high and strong,
A mob collects, the fray to see:
So did Apollo rescue me.

SATIRE X.

LUCILIUS' verses, 'tis most true, I've said,
Are rugged, rough, and painful to be read,
Who can to him so fondly partial be,
As not to own at least this much with me?
Yet in the selfsame paper is extoll'd
His vein of humour, racy, rich, and bold,
Which tickled all the town. But, this agreed,
Can I to him all other gifts concede?
No! Else must I admire Laberius' Mimes,
As the most charming poems of our times.
'Tis not enough, a poet's fame to make,
That you with bursts of mirth your audience shake;
And yet to this, as all experience shows,
No small amount of skill and talent goes.
Your style must be concise, that what you say
May flow on clear and smooth, nor lose its way,
Stumbling and halting through a chaos drear
Of cumbrous words that load the weary ear.
And you must pass from grave to gay,—now, like
The rhetorician, vehemently strike,
Now, like the poet, deal a lighter hit
With easy playfulness, and polished wit,—
Veil the stern vigour of a soul robust,
And flash your fancies, while like death you thrust.

For men are more impervious, as a rule,
To slashing censure, than to ridicule.
Here lay the merit of those writers, who
In the Old Comedy our fathers drew;
Here should we struggle in their steps to tread,
Whom fop Hermogenes has never read,
Nor that fantastic ape, who every note
Repeats, which Calvus and Catullus wrote.
  But, then, Lucilius' skill, you say, how great,
Greek words with Latin to incorporate!
Oh ye, whose wits have gone but late to school,
To think that either hard or wonderful,
Which even Pitholeon of Rhodes can reach!
Still, you contend, this fusion, speech with speech,
Like Chian mingled with Falernian wine,
Makes the style sweeter, and its grace more fine.
But you, my pseudo-poet, you I ask,
Were you entrusted with the uphill task
Of pleading for Pedilius, and must meet
Poplicola and Corvinus in their heat
And rush of fiery eloquence, would you,
Forgetful of your sire, your country, too,
Like a Canusian, mar your native force
By phrases borrowed from a foreign source?
When I, though born this side the sea, was weak
Enough to aim at writing verse in Greek,
Quirinus thus, when night to morning leant,
And dreams are true, forbade my vain intent;—
"To think of adding to the mighty throng
Of the great paragons of Grecian song,
Were no less mad an act, than his, who should
Into a forest carry logs of wood."
  Whilst swollen Alpinus murders Mammon, and
Cleaves the Rhine's oozy head with ruthless hand.

I toy with trifles, never meant to gain
Poetic honours in Apollo's fane,
On Tarpa's verdict; nor become the rage
Of thronging audiences upon the stage.
Fundanius, you alone of living men
Speak with the old dramatic vigour, when
You show us Chremes trick'd, old wretched man,
By Davus, and a specious courtezan.
In grave iambic measure Pollio sings
For our delight the deeds of mighty kings.
The stately epic Varius leads along,
And where is voice so resonant, so strong?
The muses of the woods and plains have shed
Their every grace and charm on Virgil's head.
Satire, where Varro fail'd, and other men,
I find is best adapted to my pen;
An humble follower of him, who first
Reveal'd its powers, I own myself, nor durst
From his broad forehead snatch the wreath, which fame
Has planted there, 'midst general acclaim.
  But I have said, he's muddy in his flow,
Oft sweeping on, with much that's fine, things low
And worthless. Well! Do you, who fire at this,
In mighty Homer's self find naught amiss?
Does not Lucilius use his courtly file,
To round and polish tragic Accius' style?
Nay, does he not of Ennius make a jest,
For lines whose poverty must be confess'd,
Whilst of himself he speaks, as not one whit
Above the men at whom he shoots his wit?
Why, in Lucilius, then, when oft we fall
On verses rugged and unmusical,
Should we not ask ourselves, if 'tis his fault,
Or his harsh theme's, that makes them jar and halt?

As if within six feet it were enough
To close up any skimble-skamble stuff,
Should a man boast of scribbling off, before
He sits to supper, verses some tenscore,
And, after supper-time, as many more?
Like Tuscan Cassius, whose great flux of song,
Swifter than rushing rivers, swept along,
And whose own countless manuscripts, 'tis said,
Served for his funeral pyre, when he was dead.
Playful and scholarly, I'll own to you,
Lucilius may have been, more polished too,
Than him, who first his uncouth ventures made,
In measures which the Greeks had ne'er essay'd.
But were he living now—had only such
Been Fate's decree,—he would have blotted much,
Cut everything away, which could be call'd
Crude or superfluous, or tame, or bald;
Oft scratch'd his head, the labouring poet's trick,
And bitten all his nails down to the quick.
  Cast and recast, would you things worthy write
Of being read with ever-new delight.
To catch the crowd be not your labour bent,
But with some few choice readers be content,
Say, would you have—such aim were sure a fool's—
Your verses mouthed in all the common schools?
Not so would I: for "'tis enough for me,
If to applaud me well the knights agree,"
As, when Arbuscula was hiss'd, she cried,
And with a look of scorn the mob defied.
Shall I be moved, though great Pantilius sting?
Or if, behind my back, Demetrius fling
Cold sneers at me? Or shall my spirit quail,
Though foolish Fannius at my verses rail,—
Buying a dinner of his patron thus,

That ass Hermogenes Tigellius?
Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas, then,
With Virgil, Valgius, and that best of men,
Octavius, smile upon these works of mine,
And both the Visci in their praise combine!
You, Pollio, without vanity, I might
Among that circle of admirers write,
And, dear Messala, with your brother you,
You also, Bibulus, and Servius too;
With them, you, candid Furnius, I class,
And many more, whom prudence bids me pass,
Friends, and ripe scholars both. Enough, so these
Poor things of mine such noble spirits please;
Which, if they did not to my hopes succeed
With them, I should be mortified indeed.
But you, Demetrius, and, Tigellius, you,
'Mid kindred fribbles your career pursue;
To puling girls, that listen and adore,
Your love-lorn chaunts and woful wailings pour!
Go now, my boy, and, swiftly as you may,
Add to my little book this further lay.

SECOND BOOK OF SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

HORACE.

OME people think, my satire hits
More home, and harder, than befits,
While others say, my lines lack nerve,
Nay, go so far as to observe,
That of a morning 'twere not much
To rattle off a thousand such.
Prescribe, Trebatius—and I'll try it—
The course I ought to take.

TREBATIUS.

Be quiet.
Write no more verse.

HORACE.

Oh, that's what *you* say?

TREBATIUS.

Precisely. That's just what I do say!

HORACE.

Hang me, if I don't think you're right!
But then I cannot sleep at night.

TREBATIUS.

Wants any man sound sleep, let him
Three times across the Tiber swim,
With limbs well oil'd, and soak his skin
With wine, ere he to bed turn in.
Or, if needs must, that you should write,
Why then essay a daring flight!
Great Cæsar sing, and his campaign,
Where praise and pudding wait your strain.

HORACE.

Most worthy sir, that's just the thing
I'd like especially to sing,
But at the task my spirits faint;
For 'tis not every one can paint
Battalions, with their bristling wall
Of pikes, or make you see the Gaul,
With shivered spear, in death-throe bleed,
Or Parthian stricken from his steed.

TREBATIUS.

But why not sing—this much you could—
His justice and his fortitude,
Like sage Lucilius, in his lays
To Scipio Africanus' praise?

HORACE.

When time and circumstance suggest,
I shall not fail to do my best;
But never words of mine shall touch

Great Cæsar's ear, but only such
As are to the occasion due,
And spring from my conviction, too.
For, stroke him with an awkward hand,
And he kicks out,—you understand?

TREBATIUS.

Far better this, friend, every way,
Than with sarcastic verse to flay
Pantolabus, that scurril boor,
Or Nomentanus,—since, be sure,
That, though themselves untouch'd by you,
People will fear and hate you, too.

HORACE.

What shall I take to, tell me, then?
Milonius falls a capering, when
Wine throws his brain into a stew,
And he for every lamp sees two.
Castor delights in horses—Well!
While he, that with him chipp'd the shell,
In boxing his enjoyment finds.
So many men, so many minds!
And my delight is to inclose
Words in such measured lines, as those
Lucilius wrote, who in that kind
Left you and me and all behind.
As unto loyal friends and tried,
He to his note-book did confide
His secrets, thither turning still,
Went fortune well with him or ill;
Whence all the old man's life is known,
As if 'twere in a picture shown.
Him follow I, Lucania's son,
Perhaps Apulia's. 'Tis all one;

For the Venusian dalesman now
O'er either border drives the plough,
Sent thither, says tradition eld,
What time the Sabines were expell'd,
To keep back foes from Roman ground,
Who through these wilds might else have found
An entrance, or, belike, to stand
Betwixt the Apulian people and
Lucania's headstrong sons, and mar
Their love of breaking into war.
But never shall this pen contrive
Assault on any man alive.
Like a good sword within its sheath,
'Twill prove that I can show my teeth,
But draw it why should I, so long
As thieves don't seek to do me wrong?
Grant, Jove, great sire and king, it may
Rust in its scabbard day by day,
Nor any one fall foul of me,
Who fain at peace with all would be!
But he, that shall my temper try—
'Twere best to touch me not, say I—
Shall rue it, and through all the town
My verse shall damn him with renown.
  Smite Cervius, and his indignation
Vows suits at law for defamation;
Canidia with her poisons strikes
The people down whom she dislikes.
And woe betide you, if your judge
Be Turius, and he bear you grudge!
Learn this with me, 'tis nature's law,
Through what we're strongest in to awe
Our adversaries. By this rule,
The wolf attacks with teeth, the bull

With horns. And why, but for the fact,
That instinct prompts them so to act?
You'd leave his long-lived mother's fate
To Scæva, that mere profligate?

TREBATIUS.

Why not? His hand he'll ne'er imbrue
In crime.

HORACE.

Oh, it were strange, did you
See wolves employ their heels in fighting,
Or steers attack their foes by biting!
But hemlock in her honey may
Take the old lady from his way.
In brief, if I shall draw my breath
Into a calm old age, or death
Hangs o'er me with his ebon wing,
Rich, poor, at Rome, or wandering
In lonely exile, whether bright
Or dark my life, I still shall write.

TREBATIUS.

My son, my son, I greatly fear
That yours will be a brief career,
And some of those great folks you took
For friends will freeze you with a look.

HORACE.

What! When Lucilius wrote like me,
And did so with impunity,
Tearing away the glistering skin,
That mask'd the rottenness within?
Did Lælius, say, or he, whose name
Was drawn from conquer'd Carthage, blame

His wit, or take Metellus' part,
Or Lupus', aching with the smart
Of his satiric lash? Not they.
But he held on his fearless way,
And with indifferent hand would strike
At peer and populace alike,
As one, whose purpose only bends
To virtue and to virtue's friends.
Nay, when from life and public view
Into retirement they withdrew,—
Scipio's great heart, and Lælius his
Wise spirit toned with gentleness,—
Unbending to the mood of whim,
They used to laugh and joke with him,
Whilst waiting till their homely food
Of potherbs and of pulse was stew'd.
  Such as I am I am; and though
In rank and genius far below
Lucilius, Envy's self must own,
That I familiarly have known
Men of great eminence; and where
She thinks to find me tenderest, there,
If she shall strike her fangs, she'll feel
I have a cuticle of steel.
Here, then, I take my stand. And so,
Unless, Trebatius, you can show
Strong reason on the other side,
In this resolve I shall abide.

TREBATIUS.

So be it! But lest you, perchance,
Should stumble through your ignorance
Of law into a scrape, I may
One warning hint before you lay:

If any man ill verses pen
Against a fellow citizen,
Justice and judgment shall ensue.

HORACE.

I grant you, if ill verses,—true.
But if they're good, then all men praise,
And Cæsar's self confers the bays.
If any man shall lash, and roundly,
Some fellow who deserves it soundly,
While none to his own door can bring
Such flaws as give his lines their sting,
The court with laughter cracks its sides,
And off the bard in triumph rides.

SATIRE II.

WHAT the virtue consists in, and why it is great,
To live on a little, whatever your state—
('Tis not I who discourse, but Ofellus the hind,
Though no scholar, a sage of exceptional kind)—
Come, learn, friends! But not among tables bedight
With gold and with silver, and sparkling with light,
Where the eye with mad splendour is dazed, and the breast
Recoils from the truth, by false shows prepossess'd,
Must the lesson be read, but this moment, and here,
Before you have dined, and away from good cheer.
Why so? you inquire. I will tell you. Who'd trust
A judge, who had taken a bribe, to be just?
Go, course down a hare, scamper league upon league
On a horse that's unbroke, till you're spent with fatigue;
Or, if these our Roman gymnastics are too
Severe for such Greek-aping foplings as you,
Take a stiff bout at tennis, where zest in the sport
Makes the labour seem light, and the long hours seem short;
Or if quoits should be more to your taste, smite away
At the thin air with them the best part of a day;
And when the hard work has your squeamishness routed,
When you're parch'd up with thirst, and your hunger's undoubted,
Then spurn simple food, if you can, or plain wine,
Which no honey'd gums from Hymettus refine!

When your butler's away, and the weather's so bad,
That there is not a morsel of fish to be had,
A crust with some salt will soothe not amiss
The ravening stomach. You ask, how is this?
Because for delight, at the best, you must look
To yourself, and not to your wealth or your cook.
Work till you perspire. Of all sauces 'tis best.
The man's that's with over-indulgence oppress'd,
White-liver'd and pursy, can relish no dish,
Be it ortolans, oysters, or finest of fish.
Still I scarcely can hope, if before you there were
A peacock and capon, you would not prefer,
With the peacock to tickle your palate, you're so
Completely the dupes of mere semblance and show.
For to buy the rare bird only gold will avail,
And he makes a grand show with his fine painted tail.
As if this had to do with the matter, the least!
Can you make of the feathers you prize so a feast?
And, when the bird's cook'd, what becomes of his splendour?
Is his flesh than the capon's more juicy or tender?
Mere appearance, not substance, then, clearly it is,
Which bamboozles your judgment. So much, then, for this.
You tell me of taste; will it give you a notion,
If this pike in the Tiber was caught, or the ocean?
If it used 'twixt the bridges to glide and to quiver,
Or was toss'd to and fro at the mouth of the river?
Let a mullet weigh three pounds, oh, then you're in fits.
What stuff, when it must be cut down into bits!
"'Tis big, and so plump!" Oh, that's what you like,
Why then should you loathe a great brute of a pike?
Can it be, that—reply, if you can, to the charge—
One by nature is small, and the other is large?
The stomach that's been on short commons, I'll swear,
Will hardly recoil from the plainest of fare.

" I like," cries the glutton, whose ravenous gullet
A harpy might envy, " to see a huge mullet,
On a huge dish set out." Come, waft, you south wind,
A taint on the meats of all men of this kind!
Even boar and fresh turbot taste flat, you'll confess,
When the stomach is weary and sick with excess.
An overcloy'd palate thinks nothing so nice is,
As sharp elicampane, or turnips in slices:
Nor have all simple things been quite driven away
From the boards of the great. For there, to this day,
Common eggs and black olives can still find a place,
And Gallonius not long since fell into disgrace
For extravagance such as none ought to afford—
A sturgeon presented entire at his board.
" Why, a sturgeon?" you ask; " did the sea, then, produce
Fewer turbot, than now it maintains for our use?"
No;—but then in its ooze safe the turbot might rest,
And safely the stork brooded on in its nest,
Till that prætor, for suffrages vainly entreating,
Discover'd and taught, both were excellent eating.
So were any one now to assure us a treat
In cormorants roasted, as tender and sweet,
The young men of Rome are so prone to what's wrong,
They'd eat cormorants all to a man before long.
  Even Ofellus will own, there's a wide gap between
A table that's frugal, and one that is mean.
One vicious extreme it is idle to shun,
If into its opposite straightway you run.
There is Avidienus, to whom like a burr
Sticks the name, he was righteously dubb'd by, of " Cur,"
Eats beechmast, and olives five years old at least,
And ev'n when he's robed all in white for a feast,
On his marriage or birthday, or some other very
High festival day, when one likes to be merry,

What wine from the chill of his cellar emerges—
'Tis a drop at the best—has the flavour of verjuice;
While from a huge cruet his own sparing hand
On his coleworts drops oil, which no mortal can stand,
So utterly rancid and loathsome in smell, it
Defies his stale vinegar even to quell it.
  What style, then, of life will a wise man pursue,
And his model, say, which shall it be of the two?
If, on this side, the wolf, as the adage runs, scare you,
The dog upon that side is waiting to tear you.
The proper thing is to be cleanly and nice,
And yet so as not to be over precise;
To neither be constantly scolding your slaves,
Like that old prig Albutus, as losels and knaves,
Nor, like Nævius, in such things who's rather too easy,
To the guests at your board present water that's greasy.
  Now learn, in what way and how greatly you'll gain,
By using a diet both sparing and plain.
First, your health will be good; for you readily can
Believe, how much mischief is done to a man
By a great mass of dishes,—remembering that
Plain fare of old times, and how lightly it sat.
But the moment you mingle up boiled with roast meat,
And shell fish with thrushes, what tasted so sweet
Will be turn'd into bile, and ferment, not digest, in
Your stomach exciting a tumult intestine.
Mark, from a bewildering dinner how pale
Every man rises up! Nor is that all they ail,
For the body, weigh'd down by its last night's excesses,
To its own wretched level the mind, too, depresses,
And to earth chains that spark of the essence divine;
While he, that's content on plain viands to dine,
Sleeps off his fatigues without effort, then gay
As a lark rises up to the tasks of the day.

Yet he on occasion will find himself able,
To enjoy without hurt a more liberal table,
Say, on festival days, that come round with the year,
Or when his strength's low, and cries out for good cheer,
Or when, as years gather, his age must be nursed
With more delicate care than he wanted at first.
But for you, when ill health or old age shall befall,
Where's the luxury left, the relief within call,
Which has not been forestall'd in the days of your prime,
When you scoff'd, in your strength, at the inroads of time?
"Keep your boar till it's rank!" said our sires; which arose,
I am confident, not from their having no nose,
But more from the notion, that some of their best
Should be kept in reserve for the chance of a guest;
And though, ere he came, it grew stale on the shelf,
This was better than eating all up by one's self.
Oh, would I had only on earth found a place
In the days of that noble heroic old race!
Do you set any store by good name, which we find
Is more welcome than song to the ears of mankind?
Magnificent turbot, plate richly emboss'd,
Will bring infinite shame with an infinite cost.
Add kinsmen and neighbours all furious, your own
Disgust with yourself, when you find yourself groan
For death, which has shut itself off from your hope,
With not even a sou left to buy you a rope.
"Most excellent doctrine!" you answer, "and would,
For people like Trausius, be all very good;
But I have great wealth, and an income, that brings
In enough to provide for the wants of three kings."
But is this any reason, you should not apply
Your superfluous wealth to ends nobler, more high?
You so rich, why should any good honest man lack?
Our temples, why should they be tumbling to wrack?

Wretch, of all this great heap have you nothing to spare,
For our dear native land? Or why should you dare
To think, that misfortune will never o'ertake you?
Oh, then what a butt would your enemies make you!
Who will best meet reverses? The man, who, you find,
Has by luxuries pamper'd both body and mind?
Or he, who, contented with little, and still
Looking on to the future, and fearful of ill,
Long, long ere a murmur is heard from afar,
In peace has laid up the munitions of war?
  To make these views carry more credit with you,
When myself a small boy, this Ofellus I knew,
Though wealthy, yet no whit less frugal in all,
Than now his large means are cut down into small.
And he's yet to be seen, on what's left of his farm,
Which to profit he works by his own sturdy arm;
And there, while his cattle are browsing, and near him
His children at work, any day you may hear him
Discourse to them thus—"I was not such a fool,
In those days, to eat anything else, as a rule,
Than pulse and a bit of smoked pig's foot. But then,
If a long-absent friend came to see me again,
Or a neighbour dropp'd in of a day, when the wet
Stopp'd all work out of doors, they were handsomely met,
Not with fish from the town, but with pullet and kid,
With a good bunch of grapes for dessert, laid amid
A handful of nuts, and some figs of the best.
Then we drank, each as much as he felt had a zest;
And Ceres, to whom our libations were pour'd,
That our crops might be good, and in safety be stored,
Relax'd with the mirth of our simple carouse
The wrinkles that care had dug into our brows.
  Should Fortune set madly fresh troubles abroach,
How much on what's left to us can she encroach?

In what, lads, have I or have you had worse cheer,
Since the new man, that now holds our acres, came here?
For Nature has given, nor to him, nor to me,
Nor to any one else, of these acres the fee.
He has driven us out. Well! Unscrupulous crime,
Or some quirk of the law, will drive him out in time;
Or, if not, be his hold of them ever so fast,
His heir will most certainly oust him at last.
The farm that now goes by Umbrenus's name,
And by mine went till recently, no one may claim,
As exclusively his. 'Tis mine now,—anon
To another the land with its fruits will pass on.
Wherefore keep a stout heart, while you live, boys, and meet
Mischance, if it come, with a courage discreet.

SATIRE III.

DAMASIPPUS.

YOU write so seldom, that I vow,
You scarcely call for parchment now
Four times a year—a touch or two
On old things being all you do—
Wroth with yourself, that you incline
To sleep so kindly, and to wine,
You cannot hammer verses out,
That merit to be talked about.
Where will this end? You've run down here,
At this the gayest time of year,*
So, being quiet, write what will
The promise of your past fulfil.
Begin at once! You've no excuse.
Your pens 'tis folly to abuse,
And the poor wall, 'tis not its fault,
If drowsily your verses halt.
You had the air, in these last days,
Of one who meant to challenge praise,
By writing much, and of the best,
When snug within your cottage-nest
Among the hills, away from care.
You've Plato and Menander there:

* *Ipsis Saturnalibus.* A time of general license and festivity. The Saturnalia were celebrated on the 17th of December.

Archilochus is with you, too,
And Eupolis! What was your view,
In bringing here friends so renown'd?
How can you hope to keep your ground
'Gainst those who're sure to run you down,
If you're untrue to your renown?
You'll be abused and jeer'd at both.
Shun, shun that wicked syren Sloth,
Or be content to lose the fame,
Was yours in days of nobler aim.

HORACE.

For thee, oh Damasippus, may
The gods and goddesses purvey
A barber, for advice so true!
But how am I so known to you?

DAMASIPPUS.

Since that great crash you've heard about,
Which left me thoroughly clean'd out,*
Having no business on my hands,
My neighbours' all my care commands.
There was a time my hours went by,
In testing, with a critic's eye,
If such or such a bronze had been
Foot-bath for Sisyphus the keen;†

* Damasippus, not unnaturally, considering the passion for vertù which possessed him, and his conceit in his own infallibility, had got into the hands of the money-lenders, with the usual result. This is clearly indicated by the words of the original, "Omnis res mea Janum ad medium fracta est." The principal money-lenders of Rome had their booths in the Forum, near the middle arch of the three, which were dedicated to Janus.

† Ancient Corinthian bronzes were as much sought after in Rome, and as rarely genuine, as the old Italian bronzes for which the connoisseurs of Paris and London pay fabulous prices in the present day.

What show'd the graver's master force,
What was in moulding rather coarse.
A word from me sent in a trice
A bust up to a rattling price.
Fine gardens, charming mansions, who
So well to buy at 'vantage knew?
So in all business haunts they set
This name upon me,—" Mercury's Pet."

HORACE.

I know, and marvel much, I'm sure,
Of that disease what wrought your cure?
But then some new complaint,—the case
Is common,—did the old displace;
As pains fly from the side or head,
And in the chest appear instead,
Or, quickening, some lethargic lout
Boxes his doctor's ears about.
Well, well, be what you like, provided
You're not by *that* example guided.

DAMASIPPUS.

Oh, friend, don't boast. You, too, are mad,
And most men crazed, or just as bad,
If there be any truth in what
Stertinius croaks, from whom I got
Those wondrous precepts, when he cheer'd,
And order'd me to grow the beard
Of wisdom, and, less sad of heart,
From the Fabrician bridge depart.
For, coming up, when at that place,—
As ruin stared me in the face,—
Covering my head, I was about
To take the river, he cried out:—

STERTINIUS.

The deed's ignoble. Pause! 'Twere best.
'Tis shame, false shame, impels you, lest
You be thought mad by people, who
Are certainly as mad as you.
What constitutes a man insane?
First ask with me; and, if that bane
You only have, why, go your way,
I've not another word to say;
Hang, poison, drown yourself for me,
And die, like hero, gallantly.
In every man, who runs sans heed,
Where'er his headstrong passions lead.
Yea, every man who stumbles, through
Mere ignorance of what is true,
Chrysippus' porch and all his sect
Downright insanity detect;—
A rule, within its sweep that brings
Both common folks and mighty kings,
All save the wise man. Learn, then, how
All men are crazed as well as thou,
Whom they have call'd insane! As in
A wood, when wayfarers begin
To lose their road, one goes this way,
Another that,—both quite astray,
Only by different tracks,—even so,
Crazy you are; but he, we know,
Who scoffs at you, is quite as frail,
And drags as ludicrous a tail.*
One kind of folly is, to fear,
When there is nothing dreadful near,

* The allusion here is to the old, and ever new, trick of mischievous boys, to fasten some appendage to the backs of half-witted people.

Like him, to whom a flat plain seems
Blocked up by fire, and rocks, and streams.
Another, different indeed, but quite
As idiotic, will forthright
Dash on pêle-mêle through flood and fire.
Though mother, sister, wife and sire,
With all his kith and kin, shall shout,
" That ditch is deep—Look out, look out!
That precipice immense!—Beware!"
He'll hear no more than did the player—
Old Fufius had carouse been keeping—
Who, acting Ilione sleeping,
Heard not twelve hundred voices bawl,
" Oh, mother, mother, hear me call!" *
Thus all the herd are mad, somehow
Or other, as I'll show you now.
That Damasippus' brains are weak,
He proves by buying busts antique.
But are his sound, who makes him free
Of cash on credit? Let us see!
" Take this," if I to you shall say,
" Take it—you never need repay!"
Which proves your wits most out of tune,—
To take, or to refuse the boon,

* The allusion here is apparently to a scene in the play of " Ilione " by Pacuvius, where the ghost of Deiphilus, appearing in his mother's bed-chamber, beseeches her to give his body burial in these words (reported in Cicero's " Tusc. Disp." i. 44):

" Mater, te adpello, quæ curam somno suspensam levas,
Neque te mei miseret; surge et sepeli natum."

Fufius was the Ilione, Catienus, another actor, the Deiphilus. The audience, finding Fufius immoveable, seem, like the gods of our own gallery, to have joined in the appeal; 1,200, or, according to another construction, 200,000 Catieni shouting, " Mater, te adpello!" Still Fufius, the Kynaston of his day, slept on.

Mercurius puts at your command?
You take your debtor's note of hand
For money had—one thousand pound—
Of Nerius; nay, you take him bound
In all the penalties and pains
Devised by hard Cicuta's brains,
Clap fetters on him great and small,—
Sly Proteus still evades them all.
Drag him to court, his face all grin
At taking you so finely in;
And to all shapes at will turns he,
Now boar, now bird, now rock, now tree.
If he's a fool, who makes a mess
Of his affairs, and he no less
Is wise, who handles them with tact,
Then is Perillius' brain, in fact,
For what you ne'er can reimburse
To take your note, unsound or worse.
  Hear, if ye prize your spirit's health,
All ye who pine for power or wealth,
Ye, who in luxury waste your bloom,
Or crouch in superstition's gloom,
All ye, whose wits are by disease
Infested, be it what you please,
Draw nigh and listen, while I teach,
That men are maniacs, all and each.
  Men rich in gold, who thirst for more,
Should most be drench'd with hellebore,—
Nay, reason seems to urge, that all
Anticyra to them should fall.
The sum Staberius had saved
His heirs upon his tomb engraved.
Failing in this, then must these heirs
Have given the mob a hundred pairs

Of gladiators, and a feast
By Arrius order'd,* and at least
Of corn as much as Afric will
Yield at a crop. " Or good or ill,
Such is my wish," Staberius said,
" You shan't ill-use me when I'm dead."
I am convinced, this was the kind
Of thing was working in his mind—

DAMASIPPUS.

What do you think, his motive was
For wishing, that his heirs should cause
To be upon a stone engraved
The total sum which he had saved?

STERTINIUS.

Through life the being poor had been
By him regarded as a sin,—
A heinous sin, from which he shrunk
With utter dread. So had he sunk,
One farthing poorer, to his grave,
He'd deem'd himself so much more knave;
For wealth can to its master bring
Fame, virtue, beauty, everything
Divine and human. Gain that prize,
You're noble, valiant, upright, wise,—
Shall we say, wise?—ay, king, or aught
You choose withal. So wealth, as fraught
With virtual worth, he hoped, would claim
Conspicuous honour for his name.

* And therefore on an extravagant scale, Arrius having most liberal notions on such matters.

Now Grecian Aristippus, see,
How very different was he,
Who in the Libyan desert told
His slaves to throw away his gold,
Because its weight their pace retarded?
Which of these two shall be regarded
As madder than the other?

DAMASIPPUS.

Why
Attempt to solve one puzzle by
Another?

STERTINIUS.

If a man shall fill
His house with lutes, who has no skill
In fingering the lute, and who's
Indifferent to every Muse;
If one, who makes not shoes, buys lasts
And paring knives,—another, masts
And sails, who never goes to sea,
And loathes all commerce,—these will be
By all the world most rightly thought
Stark staring madmen. Well, in what
Is his case different from theirs,
Who piles up wealth, but never dares
To spend, regarding it as much
Too sacred even for him to touch?
Again, if one lie stretch'd, from morn
Till night, upon a heap of corn,
With a huge cudgel arm'd, to scare
Marauders off, yet does not dare,
Though famishing, to take one small
Poor grain, although he owns it all,
Choosing with bitter herbs to stay
His stomach in a wretched way;

If, while his vaulted cellars hold
Of Chian and Falernian old
A thousand casks—that's nothing! three—
Sour vinegar his drink shall be;
If he shall couch, though nigh fourscore,
On straw, with coverlets in store
Of costliest brocade, the prey
Of moths and worms, some people may
Esteem him mad,—but few are these,
For most men have the same disease.
  Thou god-forsaken dotard, do
You starve yourself, and pinch, and screw,
To have your son, or freedman heir,
Waste all that you are hoarding there?
How little, now, would it curtail
Your sum of wealth, could you prevail
Upon yourself, with better oil
To dress your salad, or the soil
Of scurf that coats your unkempt hair?
If aught will do, why, why forswear
Yourself—why pillage, rack, and grind?
You, wretched fool, you sound in mind?
Should you to death attempt to stone
The passers by, or slaves, your own
Hard cash had bought, why, all you meet,
The very children in the street,
Would hoot you for a maniac. 'S life,
Poison your mother, choke your wife,
Yet say, your brain's undamaged? "How?"
'Tis not at Argos done, I trow,
Nor with cold steel, as by insane
Orestes was his mother slain.
Think you, 'twas only when he slew
His parent, that so mad he grew,

Nor was by demons crazed, before
He warmed his dagger in her gore?
Not so; for, from the time he went
Quite mad by general consent,
Can you one single action name,
Which one could reasonably blame?
Neither on Pylades he drew
His sword, nor at Electra flew.
He curses both, I grant you, well,
Her as a Fury, hot from hell,
And him by every name unblest,
His towering anger could suggest.
  Opimius, poor amidst untold
Amounts of silver and of gold,
Who'd drink from mug of common clay
Veientan* on a holiday,
But would at other times regale
On any wash, however stale,
Once sank into a lethargy
So grave, that in triumphant glee
His heir stood waiting by to seize
Upon his coffers and his keys,
When a quick-witted, honest leech
Awakes him thus to sense and speech.
A table's fetch'd; the bags of coin
Pour'd out, and some half dozen join
To count it. Straight up starts his man,
Whereon the doctor thus began:
"If you don't mind, your hungry heir
Will sweep off all, and leave you bare."
"What! while I'm living?" "If you want
To live, look out, or else you can't.

* A common red wine from the neighbourhood of Veii.

You must—" " What would you have me do?"
" 'Tis certain you'll collapse, if you
With food and some strong cordial don't
Your sinking stomach stay. You won't?—
Come, come, take off this rice ptisane!"
" What will it cost?" " A trifle, man."
" Ay, but how much?" " Eightpence." " Woe's me!
What can it matter, if I be
Of life by my disease bereft,
Or by mere plundering and theft?"

DAMASIPPUS.

Whose wits are sound, then, by your rule?

STERTINIUS.

Why, his, of course, who's not a fool?

DAMASIPPUS.

What of the miser, then?

STERTINIUS.

In troth,
I call him fool and madman both.

DAMASIPPUS.

But if a man no miser be,
Is he to count for sane?

STERTINIUS.

Not he.

DAMASIPPUS.

Why, Stoic?

STERTINIUS.

Thus. There's nothing weak—
Craterus* we'll suppose to speak—

About this patient's heart—" So, then,
He's well and may get up again?"
" Not so," Craterus will reply;
And where he's lying he must lie,
For in his side or kidneys he's
Affected by acute disease.
  You tell me, so and so has been
True to his word, and never mean.
Good! Then it will not be amiss,
He sacrifice a pig, for this,
To the kind gods that keep him thus.
But he is rash, unscrupulous,
Ambitious. Ship him off! For case
Like his Anticyra's the place.
For, sure, the difference is small
'Twixt making ducks and drakes of all
The means you have, and the abuse
Of never turning them to use.
  Servus Oppidius, of old
Good family, and rich, we're told,
'Twixt his two sons divided some
Old manors near Canusium—
Two farms they were—and ere he died,
Calling the boys to his bedside,
" Aulus," he said, " since first I saw
You thrust your playthings, dice or taw,
Loosely into your breast, and play,
Or give them, just as like, away,
While with grave looks, Tiberius, you
Counted and hid them out of view,

* A Roman physician of great eminence, the Abernethy of his day,—" De Attica doleo," Cicero writes to Atticus, whose daughter Craterus was attending, " credo autem Cratero" (" Ad. Att." xii. 14).

That you should both astray be led
To wrong extremes has been my dread;
You following Nomentanus, you
Cicuta, that usurious screw.
Wherefore I charge you both, by all
Gods and Penates, great and small,
Take heed;—you, that you lessen not,
You, that you do not add to, what
Your father thinks enough for you,
And nature wisely stints you to.
That you by pride, moreover, may
Be never tickled, thus I lay
My ban on you: Should either be
Ædile or Prætor, then may he
Stand aye accurst! What! Waste your means
On largesses of pulse and beans,
That you may through the circus pass
With statelier stalk, or stand in brass;
Bare, madman, of your money, bare
Of your paternal acres fair?
Or you, forsooth, the plaudits gain,
That daily on Agrippa rain,—
You, aping, with a foxlike art,
The lion of the noble heart?"
  To Ajax, oh Atrides, why
Do you the burial-rite deny?
"I'm king." (Oh, that, of course, should be
Answer enough for churls like me!)
"And order what is right, I trust.
Thinks any man, I am unjust,
Why, then, let him speak out his thought!
He has my pardon, ere 'tis sought."
Mightiest of kings, when Troy is ta'en,
May the gods grant you power, again

The fleet in safety back to lead!
May I, then, question you indeed,
And talk this matter out? "Proceed!"
Then, why rots Ajax on the ground,
He, next Achilles self renown'd,
Who ofttimes, foremost of the brave,
The Greeks did from destruction save?
That Priam's people, Priam, too,
May joy, unsepultured to view
The man, who did their youths' best bloom
Deprive of an ancestral tomb?
"Stark mad, he slew a thousand sheep,
And, as they fell, with curses deep
Kept shouting, he was bent to slay us,
Myself, Ulysses, Menelaus!"
And to the altar when you led
Your child at Aulis, on her head
Sprinkling the sacred salt and bran,
What were you, then, oh, impious man?—
Were you in your right senses? "How!"
Where was the mighty mischief, now,
If Ajax in his fury wild
Did slay these sheep? Nor wife nor child
Harm'd he one jot;—he merely cursed
The Atridæ, take it at the worst.
"Wisely I did. My vessels lie
Month on month windbound; then did I,
To set them free to cross the flood,
Propitiate the gods with blood."
Ay, with your own blood, madman! "Yes!
Mine:—but no madness I confess."
Mad shall the man be counted, who
Confounds, on passion's impulse, true

With false, and, doing what he thinks
Most just, to deeds of vileness sinks.
What can it matter, if he err'd,
By folly or by fury stirr'd?
If when the blameless sheep he slew,
Ajax was crazed in brain, are you
Less crazed, when for an empty name
You "wisely" do a deed of shame?
Your heart, is that, too, void of sin,
That swells with towering pride within?
  If any man his heart should set
On making a she-lamb his pet,
Took her out driving with him,* bought her
Fine clothes, as if she were his daughter,
Provided her with maids and money,
Call'd her his "darling," "poppet," "honey,"
And destin'd her for wife, poor lamb,
Of some selectly gallant ram,
The Prætor would pronounce him, straight,
Unfit to manage his estate;
And to his next kin, sound of mind,
Both he and it would be consign'd.
Well! If a man shall doom his daughter,
Instead of a dumb lamb, to slaughter,
Shall he for sane be reckon'd? Never!
In short, it comes to this—Wherever,
Whenever, sin and folly meet,
There madness is, supreme, complete.
Your villain's clearly frantic! Him,
Whose brains in dreams of glory swim,
Bellona, whom dire horrors glad,
Hath with her thunders blasted mad.

* Literally, took her out in his litter or palanquin.

Consider now—'twill not detain us—
Extravagance and Nomentanus;
For lunatic, by reason's rules,
We must pronounce all spendthrift fools.
No sooner did the youngster come
Into his property,—'twas some
Half million—forth his edict goes,
That fruiterer, fishmonger, groom,
Fowler, the man that vends perfume,
The Tuscan quarter's impious crew,
The poulterer, parasites no few,
With those who cheese and mutton vend,
Should at his house betimes attend.
They came in shoals; and for the rest
Thus spoke the pimp—"The very best
I have, or any of us, pray,
Consider as your own. To-day,
Or when you will, for it apply."
Now mark the youth's discreet reply.
"You camp out in Lucanian snow,
All night, and in your boots, that so
I may eat wild-boar; wintry seas
You sweep for fish. I, lapp'd in ease,
Am of this wealth unworthy. 'Zounds,
You, sir, you take nine thousand pounds;
You, sir, as much;—and you, sir,—come,
No squeamishness!—there's thrice that sum!
Your wife at any hour of night
Will come at call for my delight."
Æsopus' son dissolved a pearl
Of price, the ear-ring of his girl,
In vinegar,—to say, he'd quaff'd
A cool five thousand at a draught.
Surely to fling it down a drain,
Or rushing stream, had been as sane.

The sons of Quintus Arrius there,
Of brothers that illustrious pair,
In all frivolities and sins,
In love of all that's vicious, twins,
On nightingales would often dine,
Bought at a ransom. How define
Such precious youths? Does black or white,
Madman or sage, denote them right?
  Suppose some bearded man should play
At odd and even half the day,
Made cars for teams of mice to draw,—
Built mud-pie houses,—on a straw
Rode cock-a-horse, you'd call him crazy.
If reason prove, that lack-a-daisy
Pining for love is even than this
More childish, that all one it is,
Whether you take your pastime, roll'd
In dust, like brat of three years old,
Or lie in tears, at fever heat,
Imploring at a wanton's feet;
Say, will you act, like Polemo,
On his conversion, long ago?
The signs discard of your disease,—
Your mits, the swathings of your knees,
Your mufflers* too,—as he, 'tis said,
Slipp'd off the chaplets from his head,
Which, flush'd with revel, still he wore,
When he was stricken to the core
By the undinner'd sage's lore.†

* It is not easy to define what these articles of dress were, which seem to have distinguished "the curled darlings" of Rome. They seem to have been equivalent to ruffles, coloured stockings, and showy cravats.

† Polemon, a youth given to pleasure and loose company, returning with some of his companions from an orgy, entered the school of

Offer a sulky boy a pear.—
He thrusts it from him! "Take it, dear!"
"I won't." Don't press him further; soon
He'll pipe to quite another tune.
How like this case the banished lover's,
Who round the door that bans him hovers,
Asking himself—would he, or no,
Back to the fair enslaver go,
To whom, he'd only be delighted
To sneak, though he were uninvited?
"Now, when she calls me back, shall I
Consent? Had I not better die,
And end my pains, at once? Alack!
She shut me out, she calls me back.
Shall I?—No! On her knees although
She beg and pray, I will not go!"
Up comes his slave, who has pretence
To a more handsome share of sense;
"Things, sir, that own nor rule nor reason,
Gravely to treat were out of season.
Love is a chaos all perplex'd;—
'Tis war one hour, and peace the next;
And any man who racks his thought,
To give stability to what
Is all haphazard, changeful, blind,
Wild and unstable as the wind,
For just as much success may look,
As he who sets himself, by book,
Cold reason, argument, and rule,
To play the part of downright fool."

Xenophanes, and was so much struck by the lecture of the great Platonist, that he acted, as mentioned in the text, like him who, in our own poet's words, having "come to scoff, remained to pray." The story is told by Diogenes Laertius, IV. c. 16.

Well! At the ceiling when you shoot
The pips of apples,—Picene fruit,—
And if they chance to hit, are quite
In ecstacy, are you all right?*
Again! When you at ripe threescore
With baby-lisp some girl adore,
Are you more sane, than he, who play'd
At houses out of mudpies made?
Add to this folly bloodshed, and
So rake a fire, with sword in hand!
Marius was mad, as mad could be,
When, after killing Hellas, he
Sprang from a cliff the other day.
"Nay, nay, not mad," I know you'll say,
"But only criminal!"—a trick,
We're all familiar with, to stick,
Fools as we are, a different name
On things essentially the same.
A freedman, whose best years were past,
At day-dawn, ere he broke his fast,
With wash'd hands, used to run about
Among the cross streets,† crying out,
"Save me from death, me, only me!
('Twill no such mighty matter be—"
This to himself)—"with perfect ease,
Ye gods can do it, if ye please!"

* Lovers, the commentators tell us, used to shoot the pips of apples with their forefinger and thumb at the ceiling, and, if they struck it, took this success as an omen of the fulfilment of their wishes. The orchards of Picenum were celebrated for the fine quality of their fruit.

† Where the shrines of the Lares Compitales were, like those of the Virgin at the corners of the streets in Roman Catholic towns.

In eye and ear, in wind and limb,
This man was sound, but, selling him,
His master from that warrant would
His mind most certainly exclude,
Unless he loved a lawsuit. All
This class of people also fall,
So says Chrysippus, to be view'd,
As of the Menenian brotherhood.*
" Oh Jove, who send'st, as thou dost please,
And tak'st away, calamities!"—
A mother speaks, whose boy has lain
Five months upon a bed of pain,
" Remove this cruel ague, and
At earliest dawn my boy shall stand
In Tiber, naked, on that day
Thou orderest us to fast and pray."†
If chance, or the physician's skill
Restore the child, that mother will
Destroy him, set him on the black,
Bleak, bank, and bring the fever back.
And what the bane has turn'd her head
To madness thus?—Religious dread.
These are the arms, I have to thank
Stertinius for, the eighth in rank
Among the sages, which he gave me,
From insolent attacks to save me.
Who calls me mad henceforth, shall get
Well baited with that epithet,
And learn to look about, and find,
He also drags a tail behind.

* Who Menenius was is not known, whose name had this bad eminence in connection with folly. The phrases "Meneniæ stultitiæ vel ineptiæ" are spoken of by Porphyrion as proverbial.

† Most probably Horace here alludes to a Jewish fast-day.

HORACE.

Your losses to retrieve, I pray,
Oh Stoic most profound, you may
Sell all your purchases to more
Advantage than you did before!
But what's the special folly, (since,
It seems, they're legion,) I evince
My madness in? For I maintain
Myself particularly sane.

DAMASIPPUS.

Go to! Did crack-brain'd Agavè,
When in among the people she
Her son's head carried, which she had
Herself cut off, think she was mad?*

HORACE.

I own myself a fool, (in sooth,
'Tis vain to fight against the truth,)
A madman ev'n; still, tell me now,
In what my brain's diseased, and how?

DAMASIPPUS.

First, then, you build;—which means, that you,
Who at the most are two feet two,
Will cope with great tall fellows; but
Laugh, all the same, at Turbo's† strut,
When, arm'd, he shows a soul of flame,
And gait, much bigger than his frame.

* See Ovid, (Met. III. 701 *et seq.*) for the tale, how she and the other Mænads tore her son Pentheus to pieces for intruding on their orgies.

† A celebrated gladiator, for whose swelling soul his body was manifestly too small.

That he's ridiculous, you see,
But are you much less so than he?
Whate'er Mæcenas does, you try;
But is it meet, that you should vie
With one so all unlike, so great,
Beyond what you can emulate?
A bullock trod to death one day
A brood of frogs,—their dam away.
One frogling, who escaped the smother,
Telling the story to his mother,
How a huge beast came up—a crash—
Then kith and kin all squeezed to smash!
"How big was it?" she ask'd, and blew
Herself out. "Big as this, think you?"
"Oh, twice as big!" "As this, then?" So
Continuing to puff and blow,
"Blow, till you burst, ma'am!" frogling cries,
"You'll ne'er be match for him in size."
The fable, old, but ever new,
Comes pretty closely home to you.
Add now your poems—(oil to flame):
If any versemonger can claim
To be considered sane, why then,
You are as sane as other men.
Your frightful fits of rage,—of these
I will not speak.

HORACE.

Have done, now,—please!

DAMASIPPUS.

Your style of living, much beyond
Your means—

HORACE.

Sir, sir, you're much too fond
Of picking flaws in other men—
Look home, sir, to yourself!

DAMASIPPUS.

And then
Your wantonness—girls by the score—
Your paramours—

HORACE.

No more! No more!
I'm a poor puny idiot—you
Sublimely mad, so spare me, do!

SATIRE IV.

HORACE.

WHENCE and whither, Catius?

CATIUS.

Nay,
Indeed, indeed, I cannot stay,
For I am trying, might and main,
To print some doctrines on my brain,
That are quite novel, and surpass
The teachings of Pythagoras,
And his, whom Anytus indicted,*
Yea, ev'n Plato's the far-sighted.

HORACE.

At such a time to stop you so,
Is very, very wrong, I know;
But pray, forgive; for even should
Some points your memory elude,
Just for the moment, one and all
You'll very speedily recall.
For be it art or nature, who
Can cope, for memory, with you?

CATIUS.

Nay, I just then was full of dread,
I ne'er should keep them in my head,
So subtle as they are in kind,
And in expression so refined.

* Socrates.

HORACE.

His name, his name? Is he, good sir,
A Roman or a foreigner?

CATIUS.

That is a secret. Mum! But I
Will quote his maxims faithfully.
  To eggs remember, while you live,
For shape, a lengthened oval give
The preference; such are more nutritious,
In flavour also more delicious,
Than round ones, for within their shells
A yolk of virile gender dwells.
  Soil, water'd oft, its flavour loses,
So cauliflower has finer juices,
Sown on a dry and open down,
Than in the suburbs of a town.
  If, late and suddenly, a guest
Drop in upon you, it were best,
In order that the hen may not
Come tough and tasteless from the pot,
Alive in watered wine to steep it;
Tender that's sure to make and keep it.
  To meadow mushrooms give the prize,
And trust no others, if you're wise.
  Salubrious summers he shall spend,
Who doth his dinner daily end
With black ripe mulberries, gathered by
Himself, before the sun is high.
  Honey Aufidius mixed with strong
Falernian; he in this was wrong.
Since only soothing mixtures should
Be taken, previously to food,

You'll better sluice the man within
With diluent more mild and thin.
  Limpets and whelks the plague abate
Of bowels that are obstinate,
And leaves of sorrel, shredded fine,
But not without white Coan wine.
  Molluscs are at their choicest, still,
What time the moon her horn doth fill.
But shell fish, nutritive and sound,
Do not in every sea abound.
There is your Lucrine muscle, he
Excels the clam of Baiæ.
As oysters best at Circe, so
Crabs at Misenum finest grow,
And mild Tarentum, mild and calm,
For cockles bears away the palm.
  Let no man rashly deem, that his
The art of dinner-giving is,
Till he with subtlest skill can test,
How flavours differ, which are best.
  At a huge price to clear a stall
Of fish is not the all-in-all,
Unless you know precisely, which
Goes best with sauce, plain sauce or rich,
Which, fried, will make the sated guest
Start fresh with re-awakened zest.
  If flabby meat offend your taste,
Your orbèd platters will be graced
By Umbrian boar, on acorns fed;
For your Laurentine porker, bred
On reeds and suchlike watery food,
Is very, very far from good.
  The flesh of kid is rarely fine,
That has been chiefly fed on vine.

The fecund hare's forequarters will
By epicures be ask'd for still.
Till I had the example shown,
The art was utterly unknown
Of telling, when you taste a dish,
The age and kind of bird or fish.
There are, whose genius is confined
To finding out some novel kind
Of pastry-crust; but one should ne'er
On only one thing waste his care;
Which simply is, as though you should
Take pains to see the wine is good,
But never give a thought to test
The oil, in which the fish is dress'd.
Expose your Massic, when the sky
Is clear, and the bouquet will fly,
That hurts the nerves so; and the wine
Beneath the soft night air refine;
But, strain'd through linen, then is all
Its flavour ruin'd, past recall.
Wine of Surrentum if you would
Mix with Falernian lees, you should
Employ the yolks of pigeon's eggs,
Which best precipitate the dregs.
After a deep carousal, when
You're hypp'd, to set you up again,
To shrimps commend me, grill'd with toast,
And snails fetch'd from the Afric coast.
For lettuces on wine, take note,
In the fermenting stomach float,
Whose queasy motion to appease
Ham is the thing, and sausages,
Or any trash, high-spiced and hot,
Which can in cookshop foul be got,

Your labour amply 'twill requite,
Of sauces, which are composite,
The nature thoroughly to know.
A plain sort is compounded so;
Sweet oil, with syrup wine combined,
And tunny-pickle, of the kind,
Which has to due putrescence come
In pipkins of Byzantium.
Boil up with this, if you incline
To something richer, herbs cut fine,
Sprinkle with Coryc saffron, and,
Till it has settled, let it stand,
Then finish off with oil, the best,
From berry of Venafrum press'd.
Although in beauty they excel,
The apples do not taste so well,
Which come from Tibur, all must own,
As what are at Picenum grown.
Pots with Venuculan grapes agree;
The Alban dried in smoke should be.
I was the first, with the dessert,—
My claim let no one controvert—
To serve up these;—the first, to boot,
To serve caviare with the fruit,
And black salt, with white pepper dress'd,
On little plates for every guest.
'Tis monstrous upon fins to throw
Away two hundred pounds or so,
And huddle heaps of vagrant fish
Within the bounds of one small dish.
It makes one sick, a slave to see
With the same greasy hands, which he
Has from the dishes slobber'd up
Stolen snacks withal, present your cup;

Or have some ancient beaker set
Before you smear'd with dirt and wet.
What is the cost of common brooms,
Dusters, and sawdust for your rooms?
A bagatelle in any case!
To want them infinite disgrace.
Would you with filthy besoms sweep
A rich mosaic floor, or heap
With Tyrian stuffs a couch bedight
With grime, and filth,—forgetting quite
That carelessness, in what, at most,
Demands both little care and cost,
Is worse, and more to be deplored,
Than to have lacking at your board
What only rich men can afford.

HORACE.

Oh learned Catius, prithee, by
Our friendship, by the gods on high,
Take me along with you, to hear
Such wisdom, be it far or near!
For though you tell me all,—in fact,
Your memory is most exact—
Still there must be some grace of speech,
Which no interpreter can reach.
The look, too, of the man, the mien!
Which you, what fortune! having seen,
May for that very reason deem
Of no account; but to the stream,
Even at its very fountain head,
I fain would have my footsteps led,
That, stooping, I may drink my fill,
Where such life-giving saws distil.

SATIRE V.

ULYSSES.

ONE question more, Tiresias, let me put;
By what device, what arts, shall I recruit
My wasted substance? Wherefore do you smile?

TIRESIAS.

Is't not enough, that you, so versed in wile,
Now tread in Ithaca your native earth,
And see the gods of your paternal hearth?

ULYSSES.

Oh, great unerring prophet, you behold,
I come home destitute, as you foretold.
The suitors of my bins have made no spare,
My beeves and flocks, of these they've stripp'd me bare;
And well you know, unless with fortune weighted,
That birth and brains as merest dross are rated.

TIRESIAS.

Since you so candidly your dread avow
Of being poor, let me instruct you, how
You may grow rich. A gift, we'll say, is sent,
Of fieldfares, or some other dainty, meant
For your own private tooth; despatch it, straight,
Where some old dotard dwells in lordly state.

Fine apples, all your garden's choicest fruit,
Some rich man's palate should the first salute;
The Lares can come after, as they may,
For he is more to be revered than they.
Though he's a perjurer, fifty times forsworn,
Puddle in blood, and in the gutter born,
With brother's gore still reeking on his hand,
A runaway, that bears a felon's brand,
If he to walk with him on you shall call,
You go, of course, and yield him, too, the wall.

ULYSSES.

I hold his skirts up! I precedence waive
To a low mongrel, a flagitious slave!
Not thus I bore myself at Troy, where I
With my superiors still was wont to vie.

TIRESIAS.

Then you'll be poor.

ULYSSES.

Well, well, then; I shall steel
My soul to brook the shame, and not to feel.
Worse have I borne in other days, alas!
But say, great augur, how may I amass
Wealth for my wants, and heaps of minted brass?

TIRESIAS.

I've said, and say again; Old men ensnare,
To name you in their testaments as heir.
One here or there, upon his guard, may look
Or nibble at the bait, but shun the hook,
Still be not daunted, nor the trade forego.
A case is in the courts, of great or no

Importance; of the parties, find out which
Is without children, at the same time rich.
A rogue he may be, who has dared to draw
A better man into the toils of law;
Still take his cause up; his opponent slight,
Though he have law upon his side, and right,
And is of clear repute and blameless life,—
If he have sons, and a prolific wife.
"Quintus or Publius," say (a dainty ear
Delights in such distinctions), "your career
Of simple worth has rooted me your friend.
I'm versed in quirks of law, and can defend
A cause with any man. Sooner than you
Should be one jot defrauded of your due,
To part with mine own eyes I'd rather choose.
Be it my care to see, you neither lose
One farthing, nor are made a mark for jest."
Then tell him to go home, and be at rest.
Take absolute command, and stick to it,
Whether the dogstar, redly blazing, split
The voiceless statues, or stout Furius throw
On wintry Alps a coverlet of snow.
"Do you not see," some stander-by will say,
Nudging his neighbour's elbow by the way,
"What zeal he shows, what patience, for his friends?
How sharp he is, how keen, to serve their ends?"
More gudgeons will anon come swimming round,
And in your fish-ponds presently be found.
Again,—you see a son in feeble health;
An only son, rear'd in the lap of wealth.
It will be well, lest your attentions to
Old bachelors should draw surmise on you,
To manage things so dexterously there,
That you are named the next to him as heir.

And so, should any chance to Orcus chase
The sickly lad, you step into his place.
This ruse is all but certain to succeed.
  Should a man offer you his will to read,
Refuse of course, and push, with some display
Of wounded pride, the document away;
But, while you do so, by a glance divine
What names appear upon the second line,—
If you alone are named in it as heir,
Or with a score of others merely share.
For oft your scrivener, sly old fox, will show
No little skill to balk the gaping crow,
And in his sleeve Coranus laugh, that he
For all Nasica's schemes a match can be.

ULYSSES.

Is this prophetic fury, or are these
Dark mocking saws?

TIRESIAS.

Oh Laertiades,
Whatever I shall speak, no matter what,
Will either come to pass, or it will not.
For I by great Apollo am endow'd
With powers prophetic.

ULYSSES.

If it be allow'd,
What your allusion points to, pray explain!

TIRESIAS.

What time a youth, of Parthia's sons the bane,
And sprung from great Æneas' stock, shall be
Lord paramount of all, by land and sea,

Nasica's lanky child,—Nasica, who
Thinks by her charms to pay what he is due,
Which he would rather die than pay in gold,—
Shall with Coranus wed, the bright and bold.
Then to his sire-in-law the son shall show
His will, and beg of him to read it. "No!
No!" he replies. But after much ado
He takes the deed, in silence reads it through,
And there he finds,—conceive with pang how deep!—
Nought left to him or his, except to weep.
These further counsels let me add. If some
Designing wench, or freedman, 'neath their thumb
Have got a doting fool, with them ally;
Praise them, so they will, when you are not by,
Praise you in turn. This helps on greatly. Still,
Work on the man himself with all your skill.
That's best of all. He scribbles songs and lays,
The veriest doggrel; smother him with praise.
He has a liquorish tooth; ere he can state
His wish in words, that wish anticipate,
And frankly tender your Penelope.

ULYSSES.

Great Powers of Heaven! Do you suppose, that she
Will let herself at his command be placed,
She so discreetly wise, so purely chaste,
Not all the wiles of all the suitors could
Divert her from the paths of rectitude?

TIRESIAS.

Of gifts these youths were niggardly, I hear,
And less on love intent, than lusty cheer;
So your Penelope's discreet and chaste.
But let her only some rich dotard taste,

While she with you his bounties can divide,
No more at him will she be terrified,
Than mastiff-cur will be at greasy hide.
A tale there is, 'tis meet you should be told;
The thing occurr'd at Thebes, when I was old.
By her last will a sly old woman there
Enjoin'd, that on his naked back her heir
Should bear her corpse, well smear'd from head to hip
With oil; in hope, no doubt, that she would slip
Out of his fingers, after she was dead,
Who, while she lived, had hung on her like lead.
Be cautious, therefore, how you stalk your game;
Neither too forward be, nor yet too tame.
Your talk if you too freely volunteer,
It grates upon a sour and churlish ear.
Be not too silent either. Stand with head
Inclined, betokening respectful dread,
Like Davus in the play; with oily speech
Creep into favour; if it blows, beseech
He guard his head, a head so dear, from chill;
Push, from a crowd to clear him, with a will;
If he will prate, oblige him with your ear;
If gluttonous of praise, praise let him hear,
Till, throwing up his hands to heaven, he cry
"Hold, hold, enough!" Yet still his foible ply,
And blow him up with phrases full of wind.
So when his death your fetters shall unbind,
And terminate your years of feverish care,
And, wide awake, you hear, "Ulysses, heir
Of one fourth of my property, I name,"
"Oh, is he gone, my dear old chum?" exclaim.
"Where shall I find a man so good, so true?"
And, if you can, squeeze out a tear or two.

In common prudence it were well, no trace
Of inward joy should show upon your face.
His funeral left to your discretion, spare
No cost, to give it an imposing air.
'Twill pay you well, to let the neighbours see,
You do that dismal business handsomely.
Then, if, perchance, one named joint heir with you
Shall have an ugly cough, supposing, too,
He's older than yourself, you'll say to him,
" If you, now, for my portion have a whim,
House, grounds, or anything you like that's mine,
For an old song 'tis yours!"—But Proserpine
Drags me away by her imperious spell.
Success attend your efforts! Fare ye well!

SATIRE VI.

MY pray'rs with this I used to charge,—
A piece of land not very large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood.
All this, and more, the gods have sent,
And I am heartily content.
Oh son of Maia, that I may
These bounties keep is all I pray.
If ne'er by craft or base design
I've swell'd what little store is mine,
Nor mean, it ever shall be wreck'd
By profligacy or neglect;
If never from my lips a word
Shall drop of wishes so absurd
As, " Had I but that little nook,
Next to my land, that spoils its look!"
Or " Would some lucky chance unfold
A crock to me of hidden gold,
As to the man, whom Hercules
Enrich'd and settled at his ease,
Who, with the treasure he had found,
Bought for himself the very ground,

Which he before for hire had till'd!"
If I with gratitude am fill'd
For what I have—by this I dare
Adjure you to fulfil my prayer,
That you with fatness will endow
My little herd of cattle now,
And all things else their lord may own,
Except his sorry wits alone,
And be, as heretofore, my chief
Protector, guardian, and relief!
So, when from town and all its ills
I to my perch among the hills
Retreat, what better theme to choose,
Than satire for my homely Muse?
No fell ambition wastes me there,
No, nor the south wind's leaden air,
Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,
With victims feeding hungry Death.
  Sire of the morn, or, if more dear
The name of Janus to thine ear,
Through whom whate'er by man is done,
From life's first dawning, is begun,
(So will'd the gods for man's estate),
Do thou my verse initiate!
At Rome you hurry me away,
To bail my friend; "Quick, no delay,
Or some one—could worse luck befall you?—
Will in the kindly task forestall you."
So go I must, although the wind
Is north and killingly unkind,
Or snow, in thickly falling flakes,
The wintry day more wintry makes.
And when, articulate and clear,
I've spoken what may cost me dear,

Elbowing the crowd that round me close,
I'm sure to crush somebody's toes.
" I say, where are you pushing to?
What would you have, you madman, you?"
So flies he at poor me, 'tis odds,
And curses me by all his gods.
" You think, that you now, I dare say,
May push whatever stops your way,
When you are to Mæcenas bound!"
Sweet, sweet, as honey is the sound,
I won't deny, of that last speech,
But then no sooner do I reach
The dusky Esquiline, than straight
Buzz, buzz around me runs the prate
Of people pestering me with cares,
All about other men's affairs.
" To-morrow, Roscius bade me state,
He trusts you'll be in court by eight!"
" The scriveners, worthy Quintus, pray,
You'll not forget they meet to-day,
Upon a point both grave and new,
One touching the whole body, too."
" Do get Mæcenas, do, to sign
This application here of mine!"
" Well, well, I'll try." " You can with ease
Arrange it, if you only please."
  Close on eight years it now must be,
Since first Mæcenas numbered me
Among his friends, as one to take
Out driving with him, and to make
The confidant of trifles,—say,
Like this, " What is the time of day?"
" The Thracian gladiator, can
One match him with the Syrian?"

"These chilly mornings will do harm,
If one don't mind to wrap up warm;"
Such nothings, as without a fear
One drops into the chinkiest ear.
Yet all this time hath Envy's glance
On me look'd more and more askance.
From mouth to mouth such comments run:
"Our friend indeed is Fortune's son.
Why, there he was, the other day,
Beside Mæcenas at the play;
And at the Campus, just before,
They had a bout at battledore."
Some chilling news through lane and street
Spreads from the Forum. All I meet
Accost me thus—"Dear friend, you're so
Close to head-quarters, you must know:
About the Dacians, have you heard
Any fresh tidings? Not a word!"
"You're always jesting!" "Now may all
The gods confound me, great and small,
If I have heard one word!" "Well, well,
But you at any rate can tell,
If Cæsar means the lands, which he
Has promised to his troops, shall be
Selected from Italian ground,
Or in Trinacria be found?"
And when I swear, as well I can,
That I know nothing, for a man
Of silence rare and most discreet
They cry me up to all the street.
Thus do my wasted days slip by,
Not without many a wish and sigh,
When, when, shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green,—Oh, when be free,

With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
With all its struggles and its strife?
When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
And bacon, not too fat, embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
When, with the friends I love, I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl,
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! If not, he's free
To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
But not about our neighbours' houses,
Or if 'tis generally thought,
That Lepos dances well or not?
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand,
Whether by wealth or worth, 'tis plain,
That men to happiness attain?
By what we're led to choose our friends,—
Regard for them, or our own ends?
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that?
And then friend Cervius will strike in,
With some old grandam's tale, akin
To what we are discussing. Thus,
If some one have cried up to us

Arellius' wealth, forgetting, how
Much care it costs him, " Look you now,
Once on a time," he will begin,
" A country mouse received within
His rugged cave a city brother,
As one old comrade would another.
' A frugal mouse upon the whole,
But loved his friend, and had a soul,'
And could be free and open-handed,
When hospitality demanded.
In brief, he did not spare his hoard
Of corn and pease, long coyly stored;
Raisins he brought, and scraps, to boot,
Half-gnawed of bacon, which he put
With his own mouth before his guest,
In hopes, by offering his best
In such variety, he might
Persuade him to an appetite.
But still the cit, with languid eye,
Just pick'd a bit, then put it by;
Which with dismay the rustic saw,
As, stretch'd upon some stubbly straw,
He munch'd at bran and common grits,
Not venturing on the dainty bits.
At length the town mouse; ' What,' says he,
' My good friend, can the pleasure be,
Of grubbing here, on the backbone
Of a great crag with trees o'ergrown?
Who'd not to these wild woods prefer
The city, with its crowds and stir?
Then come with me to town; you'll ne'er
Regret the hour that took you there.
All earthly things draw mortal breath;
Nor great nor little can from death

Escape, and therefore, friend, be gay,
Enjoy life's good things while you may,
Remembering how brief the space
Allow'd to you in any case.'
His words strike home; and, light of heart,
Behold with him our rustic start,
Timing their journey so, they might
Reach town beneath the cloud of night,
Which was at its high noon, when they
To a rich mansion found their way,
Where shining ivory couches vied
With coverlets in purple dyed,
And where in baskets were amass'd
The wrecks of a superb repast,
Which some few hours before had closed.
There, having first his friend disposed
Upon a purple tissue, straight
The city mouse begins to wait
With scraps upon his country brother,
Each scrap more dainty than another,
And all a servant's duty proffers,
First tasting everything he offers.
The guest, reclining there in state,
Rejoices in his altered fate,
O'er each fresh tidbit smacks his lips,
And breaks into the merriest quips,
When suddenly a banging door
Shakes host and guest into the floor.
From room to room they rush aghast,
And almost drop down dead at last,
When loud through all the house resounds
The deep bay of Molossian hounds.
'Ho!' cries the country mouse, 'this kind
Of life is not for me, I find,

Give me my woods and cavern! There
At least I'm safe! And though both spare
And poor my food may be, rebel
I never will; so, fare ye well!'"

SATIRE VII.

DAVUS.

I'VE heard you scold this hour, and spare not,
And, but that I'm a slave, and dare not,
Some things there are, a very few,
Which I should like to say to you.

HORACE.

How now! this tone to me! Can this
Be Davus?

DAVUS.

Davus, sir, it is.
Davus, who has—you need not start—
His master's interest at heart,
And spares his means, too: not that I
Would rate my merit there too high;
For I the notion would not give,
That I am quite too good to live.

HORACE.

Well, 'tis December; and since our
Forefathers granted you the power,
To give your tongue a holiday,
About this season, say your say.

DAVUS.

With certain men vice is their food,
A passion steadily pursued,
Others are never wicked long,
But oscillate 'twixt right and wrong.
Three rings to-day would Priscus wear,
To-morrow his left hand goes bare.
Never two hours the same; one night
A fop, the next his rags a sight.
Then, taken with a sudden fit,
His princely mansion he would quit,
For some low den no slave would choose,
That had a character to lose;
Now bent at Rome on drabs and drinking,
He'd rush to Athens and hard thinking;
The gods, that rule all kinds of weather,
When he was born, had flock'd together.
Then that distinguished diner out,
Old Volanerius, when the gout—
It served him right—had knotted so
His finger joints, he could not throw
The dice himself, a man engages,
To throw for him on daily wages.
And this old sinner, never nice,
And steep'd consistently in vice,
Is much less wretched every way,
Than that poor Priscus, who to-day
Strives hard to curb his passions, then
Next morning gives them head again.

HORACE.

Rascal, will you ne'er come to what
These saws of yours are pointed at?

DAVUS.

They point at you, sir.

HORACE.

Scoundrel! me?

DAVUS.

You're praising up incessantly
The habits, manners, likings, ways,
Of people in the good old days;
Yet should some god this moment give
To you the power, like them to live,
You're just the man to say, "I won't!"
Because in them you either don't
Believe, or else the courage lack,
The truth through thick and thin to back,
And, rather than its heights aspire,
Will go on sticking in the mire.
At Rome you for the country sigh;
When in the country to the sky
You, flighty as the thistle's down,
Are always crying up the town.
If no one asks you out to dine,
Oh then the *pot-au-feu's* divine.
"You go out on compulsion only.
'Tis so delightful to be lonely;
And drinking bumpers is a bore,
You shrink from daily more and more."
But only let Mæcenas send
Command for you to meet a friend,
Although the message comes so late,
The lamps are being lighted, straight,
"Where's my pommade? Look sharp!" you sh
"Heavens! is there nobody about?

Are you all deaf?" and, storming high
At all the household, off you fly.
When Milvius, and that set, anon
Arrive to dine, and find you gone,
With vigorous curses they retreat,
Which I had rather not repeat.
  Although it may with truth be said,
That I am by my belly led,
That I've a nose, which scents good cheer
Of all sorts, far away or near,
That I'm a dolt and love my ease,
And, given to tippling, if you please,
Should you, who're quite as bad as I,—
It may be worse,—at me let fly,
As though you were a saint, and o'er
Your sins a dainty varnish pour?
How were it, should you, by all rule,
Be shown to be a bigger fool
Than me, a poor slave misbegot,
For some five hundred drachmas bought.
Away with that terrific frown!
Keep both your hand and temper down,
Whilst I repeat, what I by old
Crispinus' janitor was told.
  Well. For your neighbour's wife you burn.
Whilst any drab serves Davus' turn,
Which of us two is for his tricks
Most worthy of the crucifix?
Boldly I go, where I am sure,
To find a wench not too demure.
I pay my pleasure with my purse;
So is my character no worse,
Nor am I tortured, lest the jade
Should like some fellow better made,

Or with a longer purse than mine.
You, doffing each distinctive sign,
The knightly ring, the Roman dress,
Crawl forth a slave, as one might guess,
Shrouding within a mantle's gloom
Your head that's reeking with perfume.
And are you not what you dissemble?
You are admitted, all a-tremble,
For mingled lust and terror put
You in a quake from head to foot.
What matter, if you be or not
Well scourged, or slain upon the spot?
Her lord may your offence condone,
On terms you'd hardly like to own.
Perhaps you may his ire evade,
In a foul chest, in which the maid,
Her mistress' pimp, contrives to squeeze
Your wretched carcass, nose and knees.
Is not the power, the laws entrust
A frail dame's husband with, most just,—
Just as to both and each wrong doer,
But doubly just as to the wooer?
And all the while your paramour
Is no such mighty prize, I'm sure.
She doesn't change her dress, like you,
Or steal out to the rendezvous,
Nor, like my wench, devices frame
To charm you in the amorous game.
And why? Because she fears to trust
To vows, she knows are made in lust.
And yet for such a woman you,
And with your eyes wide open, too,
Will run your head against a wall,
Place fortune, life, good name, and all,

At mercy of the wrath you rouse
In her infuriated spouse!
You've come off safe? One might rely, sir,
Past fears would thenceforth make you wiser.
But no, not you. You'll risk your ears,
To make yourself fresh qualms and fears,
And o'er and o'er fresh ruin brave,
Oh, thrice, ay, thirty-fold a slave!
What beast, once free, would to the chain
He burst crawl basely back again?
  I'm no adulterer, you cry.
No more, by Hercules, am I
A thief, when I the silver plate
Most wisely don't appropriate.
Remove the risk, the bridle drop,
And see, where nature then will stop!
  Are you my master,—you, the thrall
Of hosts of passions great and small?
You, whom the prætor's rod, though laid
Times without number on your head,
Will never from your wretched state
Of mean alarms emancipate?
Let me add one thing more, which may
As much as any other weigh.
Though each of us slaves, who obeys
Another slave, be, in your phrase
An underling, can you ignore
The fact, that he's nor less nor more,
Than just his fellow slave? Go to!
How then do I, sir, stand to you?
You, over me who domineer,
Are slave to other men, a mere
Automaton, who at their will
Is set in motion, or stands still.

Who, then, is free? The wise man, who
Can at all times himself subdue,—
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains
Appal,—who manfully restrains
His appetites, nor cares to win
Titles or honours, and, within
Himself self centred and complete,
Life's chance and change can frankly meet,—
Yea, front the heaviest blows of fate
With courage constant and sedate.
To which can you—in very shame—
Of all these qualities lay claim?
Some wench, all smiles and phrases bland,
Of a cool thousand makes demand,
Pouts, teazes, toys, cajoles, implores;
You wont!—She kicks you out of doors,
And with cold water slops you. Then,
When she entreats you back again—
They all do that—from the vile yoke
Slip out,—cry, "No, the spell is broke,
I'm free, I'm free!" Not you. Your soul
Is in a tyrant lord's control,
Who digs his spurs into your sides,
And makes you go, where'er he guides.
Or take another case. When you
Stand gaping like a fool, to view
Some picture of old Pausias, why
Are you less culpable than I,
When I stand gazing with delight
Upon some drawing of a fight
'Twixt Flavius, Rutuba, or tall
Placideianus on the wall,
Drawn in red chalk, or charcoal, to
The very life so just, so true,

One thinks one sees the very men
Fight, thrust, and parry there and then.
But I'm a loitering rascal—you're
A judge of art, a connoisseur!
  I am a scoundrel, if I take
A fancy for a steaming cake;
For your great soul, and self denial,
Rich feasts are not too great a trial!
But at far heavier cost do I
My stomach's yearnings gratify.
You ask, how so? Because, alack,
They take the price out on my back.
Yet, after all, do you suppose,
You pay no penalty for those
Choice meats, that have such charms for you?
Paid for they must be, dearly too;
For banquet after banquet grows
In time the source of bitter woes,
And the enfeebled feet refuse,
To bear the trunk you so ill use.
Is the poor slave a culprit, who
At nightfall barters, for a few
Clusters of grapes, the brush he stole?
And is not he a slave in soul,
Who melts his acres down, and all
To gratify his stomach's call?
  Leave you an hour alone, and you
Are at your wits' end what to do.
Yourself the slip you try to give,
A listless lounging fugitive,
Still striving, care at bay to keep,
Now with the wine cup, now with sleep.
Vain hope! For fly, howe'er you will,
That gloomy comrade dogs you still.

HORACE.

A stone! Oh, for a stone!

DAVUS.

And what
Occasion have you, sir, for that?

HORACE.

Oh for a quiver!

DAVUS.

Here's a taking!
The man is mad, or else verse-making!

HORACE.

Be off, or at my farmstead, knave,
You with the other eight shall slave!

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE.

NASIDIENUS' dinner, eh,
How did you like it? Yesterday,
When I look'd in on you, to ask
You'd come with me, and drain a flask,
They told me, you'd been drinking there,
Since early noonday.

FUNDANIUS.

Like it? Ne'er
In all my life have I been more
Delighted.

HORACE.

Pray, if not a bore,
Tell me, what viand did the rage
Of your keen stomach first assuage?

FUNDANIUS.

'Twas a Lucanian wild boar, slain,
Our host was careful to explain,
When faintly blew the southern breeze;
With turnips, lettuce, radishes,
Around it as a garnish set,
And, jaded appetites to whet,

Sharp skerret, and anchovy brine,
And with them lees of Coan wine.
As soon as these were cleared away,
A serving boy, in spruce array,
Wiped with a cloth of purple grain
The table, which was maple plain.
The dropt and broken meats, whate'er
Was useless, or, left lying there,
Might to the diners give offence,
Another page-boy gather'd thence.
Like some Athenian virgin grand,
With Ceres' symbols in her hand,
Comes swart Hydaspes, bearing high
Plain Cæcuban, and followed by
Alcon, with Chian, which, I'm free
To own, had never crossed the sea.
On this our host, "Mæcenas, sir,
If you, to what they've brought, prefer,
Falern, or Alban, pray command!
Believe me, we have both at hand."

HORACE.

Perplexing plenty! But I yearn,
My dear Fundanius, to learn,
Who were the other fellows present,
That made the feast so very pleasant?

FUNDANIUS.

I was at top, and, next to me,
Viscus Thurinus; Varius, he,—
Yes, it was he,—came next below;
Then with Servilius Balatro
Vibidius,—one at either end—
Each came there as Mæcenas' friend:

Next Nomentanus, who was put
At top, our host, and at the foot
Porcius, who bolted, playful soul!
By way of joke, his bread cakes whole.
And, for a further relish, where
He scented something in the fare
Uncommon, Nomentanus, by
His finger mark'd it to the eye.
For we, I quote his very words,
Were "eating fish, molluscs, and birds,
In which lurk'd flavours, quite, you'll own,
Unlike what you have ever known."
A fact beyond all question placed,
When he had help'd me to a taste
Of sparrow's gall and turbot's liver,
At the bare thought of which I shiver.
This over, "Honey-apples, you
Will find, take on a ruddy hue,
If," he proceeded to explain,
"Plucked when the moon is on the wane."
How this should come about, and why,
He'll tell you better far than I.
"All unavenged we'll perish so,"
Vibidius cries to Balatro,
"Unless of wine we drink whole seas.
Let us have larger cups than these!"
Then grew the visage of our host
Pale, for hard drinkers are what most
He dreads, as they are apt to be
Of shafts sarcastic over free,
Or as, perhaps, full cups to pledge
Takes off the palate's subtle edge.
Soon were the wine-jars emptied dry
In their capacious goblets by

Vibidius and Balatro,
To follow whom we were not slow—
We others,—not the lowest bench,
Who did not on the flagons trench.
A lamprey, floating vast and free,
By shrimps surrounded, in a sea
Of sauce, is on a platter brought.
" 'Twas full of spawn, when it was caught;
Had that been shed, the flavour would
Have turned out nothing like so good;"
All this our host explain'd to us.
" The sauce there is compounded thus:
Venafrian oil, no finer grows,
Garum of Spanish mackerel roes,
Boil'd with a wine of five years' old,
Native, you scarcely need be told,
(For mixing, Chian yields to none,
But only when the boiling's done)
White pepper, vinegar, the flower
Of Methymnœan grapes gone sour."
Ere he had finished this harangue,
The canopy fell with a bang,
Scattering wide havoc in its fall
On platter, lamprey, shrimps and all,
With clouds of dust,—the northern breeze
Whirls up no denser clouds than these,
On the Campanian plains. At first
We sprang up, fearing for the worst;
But, finding danger there was none,
Resumed our places one by one.
Rufus flung back his head, and cried,
As if an infant son had died.
Who knows, where it would all have ended,
Had Nomentanus not befriended

Our lachrymose Amphytrion, by
Exclaiming " Cruel Fortune, why,
Of all the gods man's direst foe,
Why dost thou joy to overthrow
His best laid schemes with heartless scorn?"
Varius, with mirth convulsive torn,
His laughter in his napkin—no
Light matter—hid; while Balatro,
That universal jester, cried,
" Such fate doth all our life betide;
So, be your worth however great,
Your fame is ne'er commensurate.
Why, then, in order I may be
Received and feasted handsomely,
Should you with fears be tortured, lest
The bread be burnt, the viands dress'd
With sauces villainously blended,
And die, to have your guests attended
By boys, got up with perfect care,
Both in their garments and their hair?
Then other things go wrong as well,
Like that which even now befell;
Down comes a canopy,—a rash
Boy trips, and your best dish goes smash.
But then the genius of a host,
As of a general, is most
Brought out, when adverse fates assail it,
A course of luck serves but to veil it."
To this Nasidienus, " May
The gods grant all for which you pray!
Of good men you are quite the best,
And all that's courteous as a guest,"
And for his sandals calls. Then through
The guests a buzzing murmur flew,

And heads on every couch were bent
Together, wondering what he meant.
The whole was better sport, I ween,
Than any farce I've ever seen.

HORACE.

Prithee, go on; what followed after,
To further stimulate your laughter?

FUNDANIUS.

"Are all the winejars broke, ye louts?"
Vibidius to the pages shouts,
"My goblet's empty, and in vain
I cry to have it fill'd again!"
Of other quips there was no dearth,
And Balatro keeps up the mirth,
Hailing Nasidienus thus,
"Ha! Welcome! You come back to us,
With altered looks, like one that will
Repair his evil luck by skill."
In after him some pages pass'd,
Who bore, upon a platter vast,
A crane, cut limb-meal, with a shower,
Soused over it, of salt and flour,
The liver of a snow-white goose,
Fatted on rich figs for our use,
And leverets' shoulders, which, it seems,
Are sweeter than their hind extremes.
Then roasted blackbirds, doves without
Their rumps, were brought,—choice things, no doubt,
Had but the master of the feast,
E'en for the briefest respite, ceased
To prose on what their charm is founded,
How they were got, and how compounded.

On him and them a vengeance dread
We took—how think you? Simply fled,
Leaving untouch'd the whole repast,
As if a pestilential blast
Had swept it from Canidia's throat,
With venom laden, pray you note,
More deadly than was ever shed
From snake or asp in Afric bred.

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