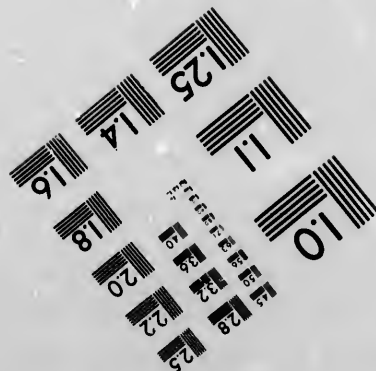
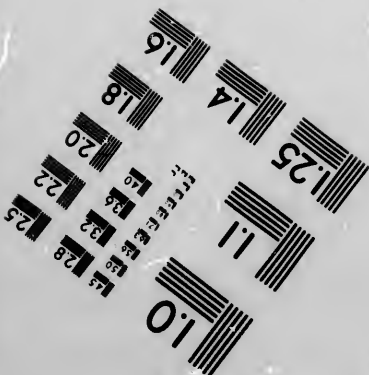
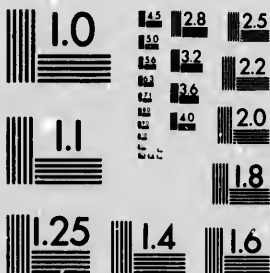


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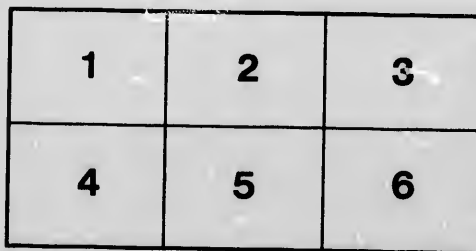
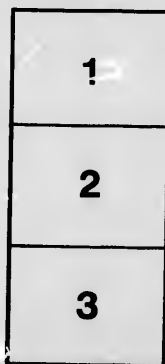
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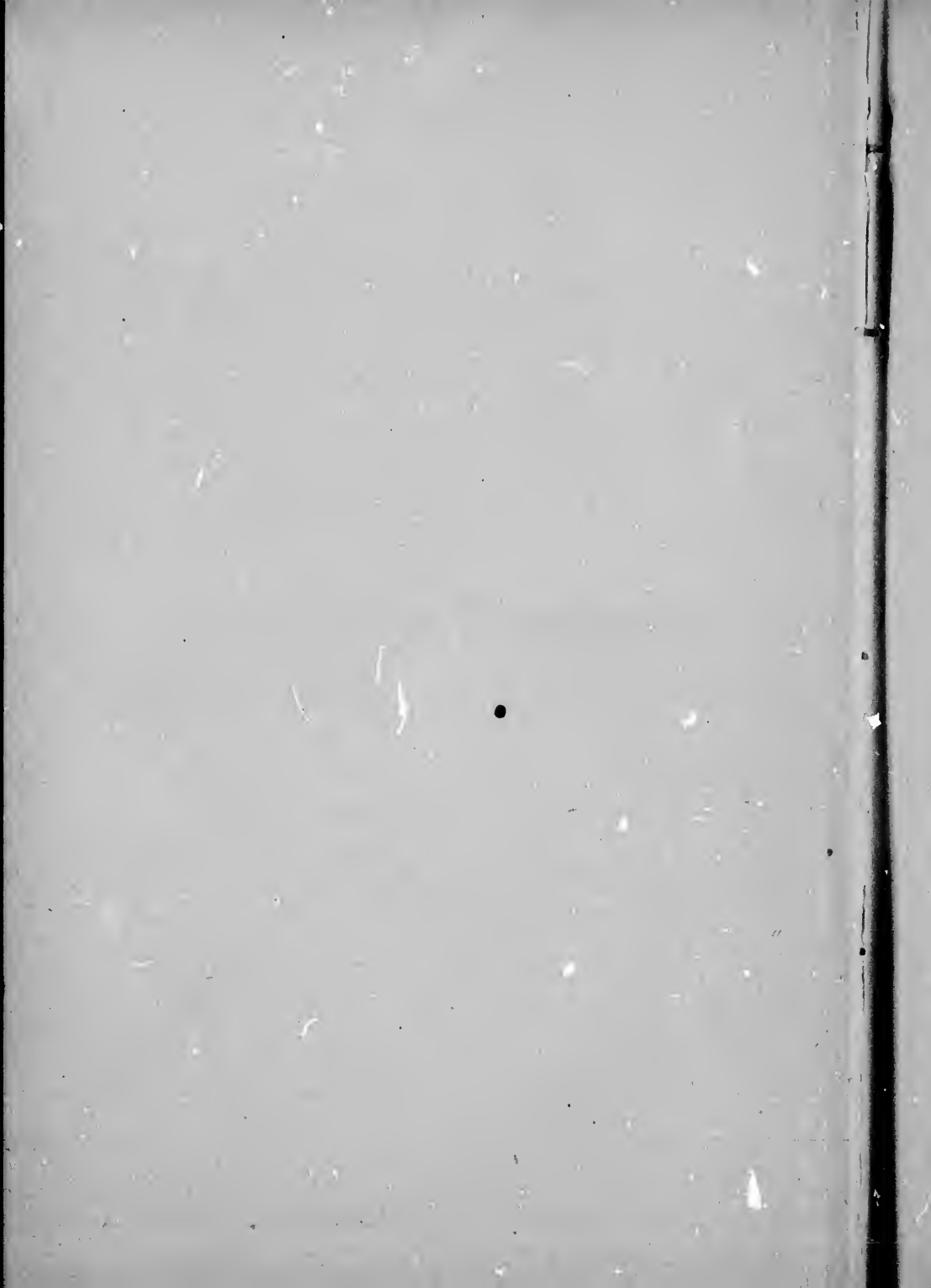
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Classical Translations.

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1

CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.

BY

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. & A. McMILLAN, 98 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

1889.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889,

By REV. H. A. S. HARTLEY, B.A.

In the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

DEDICATED TO

HIS HONOUR THE HONOURABLE

SIR S. LEONARD TILLEY, K.C.M.G., C.B., P.C.,

*Visitor on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen to the
University of New Brunswick;*

Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick;

*Past Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Grand Division,
S. of T., of New Brunswick.*



PREFACE.

From time to time, we have endeavored to pass away the winter nights long and drear of our northern clime, by recalling to memory some of the dulcet songs of bards, and enchanting rhetoric of orators, who live, and will continue to live, "while Tenedos and Ida shall stand." This task has been pleasant, affording mental recreation to a brain quite full of the anxieties and worries, at all times the *vade mecum* of an itinerant Methodist Clergyman, and has also vividly recalled to mind the happiness of scholastic life, and the reminiscence thrice tender and cherished of Alma Mater.

In putting together, therefore, the results of such leisure—for no other and more worthy epithet can be made use of when one bears in mind the idea attached by the sons of Attica and of Latium respectively, to study, and of the signification of the very word "school" as taken from its original—we bearing fully in mind the warm personal friendship and interest at all times manifested to us, the catholicity of sentiment standing forth in bold relief, the wise statesmanship, and virtues and excellencies so many and great, the distinguished properties of the illustrious Knight, and *cavalieri* of the Ancient and Honourable Order of the Bath, the philanthropic Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, happily dedicate this little volume as a token of esteem and tribute of tender regard to him.



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CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.

TRUE LIBERTY—Martial ii. 68.

That I now salute you by your name, whom before I used to call king and master. Do not say that I am insolent. I have bought the cap of freedom by the sale of all my moveables. He who has not control over himself, but longs for what kings and lords desire, ought to have kings and lords. If you can do without a slave, alas, you can do without a king.

IMAGE OF ANTONIUS—Martial x. 32.

O Cæcilianus, that which you see adorned by me with violets and roses, do you ask to whose countenance does it bear likeness? Such was Marcus Antonius Primus in prime of life. In this image he, though an old man, sees himself as a youth. Would that art could represent the manners and dispositions. No tablet on earth would be more beautiful.

FURIUS—Catull. xxvi.

O Furius, my villa is not exposed to the blast of the south wind, nor the west wind, nor the fierce north wind, nor the east wind, but to 15,200 winds. O horrible and pestilential winds.

TO MERCURY—Hor. Carm. i. 10.

O Mercury, eloquent grandson of Atlas, who cunningly hast formed the rude manners of the race of new born men by the institution of the graceful palaestra, I will sing of thee; messenger of Great Jove and the Gods, and the parent of the curved lyre; cunning to hide in sportive theft whatever pleased you. Apollo stripped of his quiver, laughed while he was terrifying you, when a boy, with threatening voice, unless you should restore his oxen taken away by theft. Moreover rich Priam having left Troy escaped the haughty Atride, and the Thessalian watch fires, and the camp hostile to Troy, you being his guide. You place pious souls in joyful resting places, and with your golden rod restrain the light crowd; pleasing to the Gods above, and to the Gods below.

TO LENCONOE—Hor. Carm. i. 11.

Do not ask, O Lenconoe; it is not right to know what end the gods have given to you and to me; nor try the Chaldean numbers. It is better to suffer whatever it may be, whether Jupiter has given you many winters, or this the last one, which is now wearing the Etruscan sea against the rocks opposed to it. Be wise, and rack off your wine, that you may cut off long hope from short span of life. Whilst we are speaking envious age will have fled; enjoy the day trusting as little to the next one.

DEDICATION OF A YACHT—Catull iv.

This yacht which you see, my friends, says "she has been the swiftest of ships," and "has not failed to pass the course of any wood that swam, whether she flew with sails or with the oars;" and she says that she does not refuse the threatening Adriatic, nor the Cyclades island, or noble Rhodes, or rough Thrace, or the Propontis, or the fierce bay of Pontus; where this, afterwards a yacht, was a leafy wood, for on the ridge Cytoreus she often gave forth a hiss. O Amas-trus by Pontus, and box-bearing Cyturus, the yacht says that these things were perfectly well

known to you in her first origin. She says that she stood on your peak, that she soaked her oars in your sea, and she said that she brought her master through so many narrow seas, powerless to harm her. Whether the wind called her on the right, or on the left, whether Jove being favourable fell at one time on the foot rope; and that no vows had been paid to the gods, who guard the shore; when it had come to the nearest point of sea, to this clear lake; but these things were before, now she is growing old, laid by for rest, and dedicates herself to you, O twin Castor, and you, O twin brother of Castor.

PLEASING PLACES—Hor. Carm. ii. 6.

O Septimius, about to go with me to Gades, and to the Cantabrians, untaught to bear our yoke, and to the foreign Syrtes; where the Moorish wave is always swelling; O would that Tibur founded by the Argive Colony might be the resting place of my old age, and a bourn for me when wearied of the sea, the ways, and of military life; from which, if unjust fates prevent me, I would seek the river, which is sweet to the long woolled sheep of Galæsus, and the district ruled over by

the Lacedemonian, Phalantus. That corner of the earth smiles for me above all others, where honey does not yield to Hymettus, and the berry vies with the green venafrus; where Jove grants a long spring and a warm winter, and Aulon, friendly to the fertile Bacchus, does not in the least envy the grape of Falernum. That spot, and the happy citadels are inviting you, along with me; there you will sprinkle the glowing ashes of your friend, the poet, with tears that are due to him.

SIRMIO—Catull. xxxi.

O Sirmio, apple of the eye of peninsulas and islands, whatever Neptune on either side bears in the clear pools of the vast sea, how freely, how joyfully I visit you, scarcely believing myself to have left the Thynian and Bithynian fields and to see you safe. O what is happier than cares dispersed: when the mind lays down its burden, and when, wearied with foreign toil, we come to our household gods, and lie on our beds longed for. This is the one thing needed for so great labours. Farewell, O beautiful Sirmio, and rejoice for your master; rejoice, O ye waters of the Lydian lake. Laugh for whatever laughs at home.

TO PLANCUS—Hor. Carm. i. 7.

Some will praise renowned Rhodes, or Mitylenæ, or Ephesus, or the fortifications of Corinth on two seas, or Thebes renowned for Bacchus, or Delphi for Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe. There are some whose only duty it is to celebrate in perpetual song the city of the virgin Pallas, and many a one in honor of Juno place on their forehead the olive plucked from every where; and Argos suited for horses, and Mycene, and the much-enduring Lacedom; nor does the field of the rich Larissa strike one, or the home of the resounding Albunea, and the headlong Anio and the grove of Tiburnus and the moist apple orchard along its shifting banks. As often as the south wind chases away the dark cloud from the heavens, nor does it bring forth continuous showers to you, O Plancus, wisely remembering to put an end to the sad labors of life with mellow wine. Whether the camp glittering with standards holds you; whether the dense shade of the Tiber will hold you. When Teucer was flying from Salamis and his father yet he is reported to have bound his temples with a poplar crown, and thus to have addressed his sad friends: "Wherever fortune, better than a parent, will carry us we will go, O friends and companions. Nothing

ought to be despaired of with Teucer as leader and Teucer as omen giver, for Apollo who cannot lie has promised that there will be a Salamis on a new island undistinguishable from the old, O Brave heroes, and you who have often suffered worse things with me, now let us dispel our cares with wine. To-morrow we shall again cross the mighty sea."

PRAISE OF AUGUSTUS—Hor. Carm. i. 12.

What man or what hero, O Clio, do you choose to celebrate on the lyre or on the shrill flute? What God whose name resounds in sportive echo either in the cool shades of Helicon, or in Pindus, or in cold Hæmus, whence the woods heedlessly followed the vocal Orpheus, delaying in his mother's arts the rapid gliding of the rivers and swift wind, and sweet to lead the oaks endued with ears? What shall I first say of the accustomed praises of the parent who tempers the affairs of men and of the Gods— who guides the sea and the land in various hours, whence nothing is produced greater than himself, nor does anything flourish like him or second to him? Pallas, however, has taken the nearest honors. Nor will I be silent about thee, O Liber, bold in battle and the virgin and enemy to

the fierce wild beasts; nor thee, O Phœbus, to be feared on account of thy never erring arrow; I will speak of Alcides and the boys of Leda—the one glorious for horses, the other conquering in his fists. When once the white constellation has shone forth to the sailors, the agitated water drips from the rocks, the winds fall and the clouds flee, and the threatening waves repose on the deep as they have willed it. What first shall I relate after these things of Romulus and the quiet reign of Pompilius, or of the fasces of proud Tarquin or Cato's noble death? Shall I willingly relate of Regulus and the Scauri, and Paullus ravaged of his mighty soul when the Carthaginian was conquering, and the glorious muse and Fabricius and the standards of Camena. This man and Curius, with his untrimmed hair, and Camillus useful in war. Stern poverty and a farm with a suitable house bore Camillus. The fame of Marcellus increases like a tree, whose age is unknown. The Julian constellation shines among them all like the moon among the lesser fires. Father of the human race, and their guardian sprung from Saturn, the care of great Cæsar is given to you by the fates. You may reign with Cæsar second to you, if he conquers and leads in a just triumph the Parthians, threaten-

ing Latium and the Chinese, and the Indians on the coast of the East, he, less than you, will justly rule the wide world. You will shake Olympus in your heavy chariot. You will likewise send your unfriendly thunderbolts on polluted groves.

THE IMMORTAL GLORY OF GENIUS — Propert iii. 1.

O spirit of Calimachus and the sacred spot of Philetas of Cos, I entreat you, permit me to go into your grove. I am first entering as a priest from the pure fountain to introduce Italian fashions into Greek choruses. Many, O Rome, will add thy praises to the annals who will sing that Bactria will be the boundary of the empire. But what you may read in peace, my page has brought down this work from the mountains of the sisters by an untrodden way. O Pegasides give a soft garland to your poet; a hard crown will not do for my head. But what the envious crowd have withheld from me when alive, after death honor will return with double interest. Antiquity makes all things greater after death; the name of a man comes greater into the mouths of others after a man's death, for who would know that the citadels were taken by the wooden horse. And the rivers went to meet the

man from the Hæmus and the Simois from Mount Ida was the cradle of Jupiter when young. That Hector dragged over the plain thrice stained the wheels. Their own country scarcely ever knew. Deiphobus and Helenus and Pulydamas, or any Paris in arms. And thou Ilium that art little spoken of, and thou Troy twice taken by the god from Mount Oeta. Moreover Homer the narrator of your misfortune perceived that his work was increasing amongst prosperity; and Rome will praise me late among her grand-children. I myself prophesy that day in my ashes, it is provided me that a stone shall not point out my ashes (bones) in a despised sepulchre, since the Lycian god approves of my prayers. Meanwhile let us return to the cycle of our song that my girl may rejoice with the accustomed note. They say that Orpheus detained wild beasts and kept back the rivers charmed with the Thracian lyre, and the rocks of Cithæron moved by art came of their own accord in the form of the walls of Thebes. Moreover O Polyphemus, Galatea turned her dripping horses under rugged Ætna to listen to your song. Can we wonder if Bacchus and Apollo are at our right hand if a crowd of girls worship my words, because I have not a house resting on marble from Tænarus

nor panelled with ivory amidst the gilded beams, nor does my apple orchard equal the woods of the Phœacians, the Marcian aqueduct does not irrigate my grottoes worked with care, but the muses are my friends and my songs are dear to the reader and Calliopea is weary of my chorus. A lucky girl if you are celebrated through my little book. My songs will be as so many monuments of your beauty, for neither the magnificence of the pyramids built up to the stars, nor the temple of Jupiter in Elis imitating the skies, nor the rich fortune of the sepulchre of Mausolus are free from the condition of death at last; either flame or storm will take away their honors or their weighty bulk will fall conquered by the stroke of years, but a name sought by honors will not fail through age. Talent has its own honor and never dies.

THE GODDESS MAJESTY—Ovid Fasti v. 45.

She sits by Jupiter. She is the most faithful guardian of Jupiter and without violence holds out the dreaded sceptre to Jove. She comes in the lands. Romulus and Numa worshipped her. Soon others, each in their time. She guards fathers and mothers in dutiful honor. She comes as a

companion to boys and maidens. She graces
fascas when given and the curule ivory. She
triumphs on high with adorned horses.

THE GOLDEN AGE—Tibull i. 3.

How well they used to live in the time when
Saturn was king, before that the earth was laid
open into long roads. The pine tree had not yet
braved the blue waves, nor offered the outspread
bosom of its sail to the winds, nor had the wander-
ing sailor, seeking profits in unknown lands, laden
his ship with foreign merchandise; at that time
the strong bull did not go under the yoke, the
horse did not bite the reins with tamed mouth,
no house had doors, no stone stood fixed in the
fields which should point out the cultivated land
with certain boundaries; the oak itself used to
give honey, the sheep used to offer their udders
filled with milk to their careless owners, there
was no line of battle, no war, no wrath; the cruel
smith had not yet forged the sword with savage
art; now, under Jupiter as Lord, there are
slaughters; now there are always wounds; now
there is the sea; now, suddenly, there is a thousand
ways of death.

A NORTHERN WINTER — Ovid Trist iii. x. 9,

When the icy winter has put forth his dismal month, and the earth has been made white with the hoar frost like marble, the snow lies, neither do sun or rain thaw it when strewed; Boreas hardens it and makes it lasting; therefore when the first snow has not melted, another comes, and in many places it is wont to remain two years, and so great is the violence of Aquilo when moved, that it levels to the ground high towers and roofs brought away, (the inhabitants) with difficulty they keep away the cold from their skin with patched trowsers, and of their whole body their face alone is exposed, and often when moving their hair sounds with the hanging ice, and their beard shines and is made white with the frost laid on it; the wine, once liquid, stands and takes the form of the jar; nor do they drink draughts of wine, but lumps given. What shall I say, how the frozen rivers become hard and the fragile waters are dug from the lake. The very stream, (or the Danube itself) which is not narrower than the river which bears the papyrus, mingles through many mouths with the vast ocean, freezes as the winds harden its azure streams and creeps into the sea by its (or with) covered waters: where vessels had gone they now go on

foot, and the hoof of the horse strikes the waters hardened by freezing; Sarmatia. Oxen drag rude waggons along new bridges, as the waters roll beneath. Indeed, I shall scarcely be believed, but, since there is no gain in untruths, an eye-witness ought to receive full confidence.

TO MELPOMENE—Hor. Carm. iv. 3.

The man whose birth you once looked upon with your placid light, O Melpomene, the Isthmean toil will not make him famous as a pugilist, or will the swift horse lead him as a conqueror in the Achean chariot; nor will warlike exploits shew him as a leader adorned with Delean leaves to the capitol, when she has crushed the swelling threats of Kings; but the waters which flow past fertile Tiber and the dense foliage of the grove will make him noble in Æolian song. The race of Rome, the principal of cities, descends to place me as a poet among the beloved choruses, and already I am less bitten by the teeth of envy. O Pierus, who guardest the sweet music of the golden lute, who would'st also give melody to the swan, to the silent fishes, if it pleased you: this is the whole of your gift, that I am pointed out by

the finger of those who pass by as the minstrel of the Roman lyre, that I breathe, and that I please if I give pleasure; this is thine.

DIES FESTUS — Hor. Carm. iii. 28.

What shall I better do on the feast day of Neptune. Quietly bring forth, O Lyde, the hidden Cæcuban wine and add strength to fortified wisdom. You see the mid-day is turning, and as if the fleeting day would stand, you spare to take out from the store-house the jar which has been lingering from the time of Bibulus, the consul. We shall sing in turn of Neptune and the green hair of the Nereides, you will sing on the curved lyre of Latona and the darts of swift Cynthia. She will be spoken of in continuous song who holds Cnidos and the shining Cyclades, and visits Paphos with swans yoked together.

THE WAR OF THE GIANTS — Ovid Fasti v. 35.

The earth brought forth fierce offspring — huge monsters. Giants who dared to enter the dwelling of Jupiter. She gave them a thousand hands and snakes for legs and says advance your

arms against the mighty gods. These were preparing to pile up mountains to the highest constellation and to harrass mighty Jupiter in war. He hurled on them thunderbolts from his citadel of heaven and turned the vast weight against the authors themselves. Defended by these arms, the majesty of the gods still remains and from that time abides in security.

PALLAS MINERVA — Ovid Fasti iii. 8, 15.

Now, O boys and tender girls, adorn ye Pallas, who shall have well appeased Pallas shall be learned. O girls, having appeased her, card out the wool for Pallas — learn now to unload the full distaff. She even teaches men to run over the standing looms with the shuttle, and thickens the thick work with the comb (reed). Worship her ye who remove stains from injured garments; worship her ye who prepare brazen caldrons for fleeces; you also who drive away diseases by the art of Phcebus, bring a few gifts from your gifts to the goddess. Now you, O schoolmasters, despise the crowd almost deprived of income. She attracts new disciples. Now you who use the graving tool, and burn the colours into tablets, and you

who make the stones plastic with learned hand, she is the goddess of a thousand works—certainly she is the goddess of a song. If I deserve it, may she be present, friendly to my works.

THE COUNTRY—Tibull ii. 137.

I sing of the country and of the country gods. With these as teachers life ceased to drive away hunger with an acorn from the oak. They first taught men to cover a little house with green thatket after arranging the rafters. They even are reported to have first taught bulls servitude, and to place waggons on wheels; then the wild food from the woods ceased; then apples were planted; then the fertile garden drank of the irrigating waters; then the golden grapes gave their juices, pressed by the feet, and the sober waters was mingled heedlessly with wine; the country districts bring forth harvests; the earth every year with the heat of the burning constellation lays aside its yellow hair; in the country the little bee brings in flowers into her hive in the spring, that being industrious she may fill up her honeycombs with sweet honey; the husbandman having had enough of the constant plough,

first sung his country song in regular measure, and being satisfied practised a tune on a pipe of dry oat straw that he might play before the adorned gods, the husbandman being painted with red vermillion to thee, O Bacchus, first led choruses with untried art, to him was given as a memorable gift the he goat, leader of the flock, from the full pen, the he goat had led the sheep.

DEATH COMMON TO ALL—Ovid,
Consol. Ad. Liv., 427.

Suppress now your tears: he is not to be recalled with those whom once the ferryman has borne in his ghost-conveying bark—so many brothers, so many sisters wept for Hector and his father, and his wife and the boy Astyanax and his aged parent; yet he was ransomed from the fires, and no shade has swam over the waters of the Styx. This even happened to Thetis. The ravager Achilles pressed the fields of Ilium with burned bones. There his aunt Panope loosed for him her dark blue hair, and increased the vast waters with weeping, and her hundred companion goddesses, and the aged wife of Oceanus, and father Oceanus, and Thetis above them all; but

neither Thetis herself nor they all could change the sad law of the greedy God.

OF THE IMMORTALITY OF POETS

—Ovid, *Amor.* i. 15).

Why do you taunt me, O greedy envy, with idle years? You call poetry the work of slothful talent; you taunt me for not following the custom of our fathers, while age keeps me strong; nor do I follow the dusty rewards of military life; nor do I learn the wordy laws; nor do I raise my voice in the ungrateful forum. The work which you seek is mortal—a lasting fame is sought by me, that I may be always sung throughout the world. Mæonides shall live while Tenedos and Ida shall stand; whilst the Simois shall roll its rapid waters to the sea, and Ascræus shall live while the grape shall swell with the musk; whilst the corn shall fall cut by the curled cycle. Battiades shall always be sung throughout the world; although he is wanting in talent, he is not in art. No harm shall come to the buskin of Sophocles. Aratus shall always exist as long as the sun and moon shall be, while the deceitful slave, the hard father, the naughty female dancer, the good-natured nurse

shall live, Menandros shall live. Ennius, wanting in art, and Accius of witty mouth have a name that shall perish through no age. What age knows not, Varro and the first ship and the golden fleece sought under the Ausonian leader. The sublime songs of Lucretius will then perish, when one day shall give all lands to destruction. Tityrus and the crops and the arms of Æneas will be read, and thou, O Rome, shall be the head of the world you have triumphed over, whilst fire and the bow shall be the arms of Cupid, thy numbers shall be read, O excellent Tibullus. Gallus is known in the East and Gallus is known in the West, and his Lycoris is known with Gallus. Though flint and the hard teeth of the patient plough perish through age, poems shall never die. Let kings yield to songs, and the triumphs of kings and the favoured banks of gold-bearing Tagus; let the common people admire cheap things; let golden-haired Apollo give me cups full of Castilian water; let me wear on my hair the myrtle which fears the cold, and may I be frequently read by an anxious lover. Envy feeds on the living: it remains quiet after death. True honour guards every one according to his merit, therefore I shall live even when fire shall have consumed me at last.

ONE LIVES WELL ON A LITTLE—Hor. Carm. ii. 16.

A man caught in the open Ægean asks the gods for rest. Once the black cloud has concealed the moon, and the stars do not shine distinctly for the sailors. Rough Thrace begs for rest from war. The Medes, decorated with their quivers, ask for rest. O, Grosphus! it is not purchasable for gems nor purple, nor gold; for neither wealth, nor the lictor of the consul, removes the wretched tumults of the mind and the cares which flutter around the panelled ceilings. That one lives well on a little if a salt-cellar inherited from his father shines on his small table; nor does fear or sordid desire withdraw light sleep. Why do we bravely aim at many things in one's short time? Why do we change our country for one glowing with another sun? What exile from his country flees also from himself? Cankering care climbs on the bronze beaked ships; nor does it leave the troops of horse soldiers swifter than deer—than the east wind driving the thunder clouds. A heart joyful in present circumstances hates to care for what is past, and tempers bitter things with a light laugh. There is nothing happy in every respect. A swift death carried off the renowned Achilles; long old age wore away Tithonus, and perhaps the hour will hold out to me

what it has denied to you. A hundred flocks and Sicilian cows are lowing around you. The mare for the four-horsed chariot sends up a neigh to you. Wool twice dyed in African purple clothes you. I have a small country house and a somewhat slight knowledge of the Grecian muse. The fate who does not lie has given to me; and to despise the malignant common herd.

DIVITI MORIENDUM — Hor. Carm. ii. 18.

Neither ivory nor gilded panels shines in my house, nor do the slabs from Hymettus press upon my columns carried from the farthest part of Africa; nor had I, as an unknown heir, seized upon the palace of Attalus; nor does my honest female servant wear Spartan purple; but I have faith and a kindly vein of talent. The rich man seeks me though I am poor. I do not harass the gods above for anything, nor do I seek for more things from a powerful friend. I am sufficiently happy with my single Sabine farm; day is pushed on by day, and the new moons wax only to wane. You place blocks of marble, put up to the time of your funeral, and unmindful of your sepulchre you are building houses; you remove the shores of the

sea that roars at Baii, not rich enough with the banks that bound it, what you continually tear up the nearest landmark, and go beyond the boundaries of your client, and both husband and wife are driven out with their children meanly dressed, carrying their household gods in their breast. No more certain hall awaits the rich master than the destined end of greedy Orcus. Why do you go beyond? the earth is equally laid open for the poor man and the sons of kings. Nor did the attendants of Orcus, tempted with gold, bring back the crafty Prometheus; he keeps the proud Tantalus and the race of Tantalus; he, whether called or not called, hears to relieve the poor man who has discharged his duty.

THE FABII — Ovid Fasti ii. 193.

On the Ides the altars are smoking to the country Faunus; here where the island divides the parted waters. This was the day on which on the fields of Veii 300 of the Fabii were slain. One house had undertaken the strength and burden of the city; the hands of a single clan take up the promised arms. Noble soldier goes out of the same camp, from which anyone was suited to become a leader.

There is a pathway of the *Porta Carmentalis*, next to *Janus*, on the right hand; do not go through there whoever you are — it has an omen. Fame reports that 300 of the *Fabii* had gone out there. The gate is free from blame; yet, nevertheless, it has an omen. As with swift foot they touch the greedy *Cremera*, turbid it was flowing with wintry waters; they place their camp in that spot; they themselves go through the *Etruscan* column with drawn swords, with valiant fighting; not otherwise than when lions on the *Libyan* rock attack the flocks scattered through the wide fields; the enemy flee in divers directions and receive dishonorable wounds in their back; the ground is red with *Tuscan* blood. So often they fall, since a way to conquer openly was not given. They prepare snares and secret arms. There was a plain; hills shut in the furthest end of the plain, and woods, fit to hide the wild beasts, on the mountains; in the middle they leave a few men and scattered herds; the rest of the crowd lay concealed in thickets. Behold! like a torrent increased by the rain waters or the snow which flows melted by the warm zephyrs is borne through sown fields and through the roads, nor as it was wont before does it bound the confined waters by the margin of its banks, thus the *Fabii*

fill the valley with excursions far and wide, and when they see that they lay low; nor is there any other fear in them. O, noble house, whither are you rushing? It is ill to trust the foe. Simple nobility! beware of the treacherous missiles; valour perishes by fraud; the enemy leap up in the open fields from everywhere and hold all sides. What can a few brave men do against so many thousands? What have they (remains to them) in wretched time; they have it like a boar driven far from the woods of Laurentum tears the swift dogs with his mouth like lightning; soon, however, the boar himself perishes. Nor do they die unrevenged. One day had sent all the Fabii to war — one day destroyed them when sent to war; yet however that seed of the race of Hercules might survive, we may suppose the gods themselves consulted, for a boy not yet grown and still useless in arms, alone was left of the Fabian clan, O Maximus, should forsooth be born by whom the state should be restored by delay.

CACUS—Ovid Fasti, i. 539.

The exile, having disembarked from the ship, stood on the Latin grass. O happy man to whom that place was an exile; nor were there long

He had blocked up the approach of the mountain delays: new roofs were standing, nor was there another greater. The Arcadian from the mountains of Ausonia: behold, the club-bearing hero drives thither the cattle of Erytheia, having measured out the road of the long world. While the Tegean house was a refuge for him, the unguarded cattle wander over the wide fields. It was morning, the Tirynthian guest having awoke from sleep, perceives two bulls to be absent from the number, and seeking, sees no trace of the secret theft. Cacus had drawn the bulls backwards into the cave. Cacus, the fear and disgrace of the Aventine wood,—no light evil to neighbours and guests—the man had a dreadful countenance; his strength was in proportion to his body; his body was big. Mulciber was the father of this monster, and instead of a house a concealed cave, with long recesses scarcely to be found among the wild beasts themselves; men's heads and arms fixed up hang above the door-posts. Part of the stolen oxen being badly preserved, the son of Jove was going away, gave forth a lowing harsh sound. "I receive the call," says he, and having followed the voice, the avenger came through the woods to the cave of the impious one.

with a broken block. Scarcely could twice five yoke of oxen move (or perform) that work. He strides with his shoulders, and the heavens, too, had rested on them, and the vast burden quakes with the motion which, (when) once it had been torn, the crash terrifies the air itself, and the soft earth, struck with the weight, sinks down. Cacus first begins the battle by bringing his right hand to bear, and confidently carries on the affair with stones and logs, by which, when nothing is gained, mischievously strong, he seeks refuge in his father's arts, and vomits out flames with his thundering mouth, and as often as he breathes them out you would think it was Typhœus who was breathing, and that rapid lightning was thrown from the fire of Ætna. Alcides advances, and the tree-knotted club drawn towards him falls twice and thrice on the face of the man opposite to him. He falls and vomits out smoke (i. e. volumes of smoke), mingled with blood, and dying, beats the ground with his wide breast as victor. From these he sacrifices one bull to thee, O Jupiter, and calls Evander and the common people, and set up there for himself an altar which should be called the greatest (Maxima) where part of the city has a name from the ox. Forum Boarium.

FLORA—Ovid Fasti, v. 195.

I, who am called Flora, used to be called Chloris. The Greek letter of my name has been corrupted by the Latin sound. I was Chloris the nymph of the happy plain, where fortunate heroes had their heritage. I always enjoy the spring; through me the year is always bright, the tree has branches, the earth always has fodder. I have fertile garden in the fields given as my dowry. The breeze cherishes it; it is irrigated by a fountain of running water. My husband has filled it with beautiful flowers, and said, thou, O Goddess, have the right (deity) of flowers. Often I wished to count the colors when arranged, but I could not, the plenty was greater than the number. When first the dew hoar frost has taken off the leaves, and the various foliage grows warm with the rays. The hours, girt with variegated vesture, come together and gather my gifts into light baskets. Immediately the graces come and weave crowns and garlands, fit to encircle on the hair of the celestial one. I first scattered new seeds through the boundless nations, before the earth was of one colour. I first made the flower from the blood of Hyacinthus of Therapnæ, and his complaint remains written on his leaf. You also, O Narcissus,

have a name in cultivated gardens, O unhappy man! because not another thou wast another. Why will I relate of Crocus or Attis, or the son of Cinyras (Adonis), from whose wound honour rises through me. Perhaps you may think my kingdom is only of tender garlands, and the fields are covered (or concerned) with my dowry. If the crops have flourished well the threshing floor will be rich; if the vines flower well there will be wine; if the olives have flowered well the year will be most bright, and the apples have their increase at this time. When once the flower has been injured the beans and the vetches perish. And thy lentiles, O stranger Nile, perish: the wine also carefully laid up in large cells; blossoms and skum touches the tops of the jar. Honey, too, is my gift. I call the winged insects, giving them honey from the violet, the cytissus and the white thyme. We also do the same then when our spirits are luxurious in youthful years, and our bodies themselves flourish.

TO MAECENAS — Hor. Carm. iii. 29.

O Maecenas, offspring of Etrusean kings, there is already by me mellow wine not poured out from the jar broached before with the flowers

of roses, and the acorn to be pressed in your hair. Throw off delay; don't always be contemplating moist (Tiber) and the fertile sloping fields of Æsula and the ridge of Telegonus the Parricide; forsake the wealth which causes loathing, and that mass of buildings near; the lofty clouds; cease to gaze upon the smoke and the wealthy, and the noise of favoured Rome. Changes are mostly pleasant to the rich, and the poor neat dinners under the small roof of the poor without tapestry and purple, and smooth down the angry forehead. Already the bright light of Andromedon shows forth the hidden fire. Already Procyon is raging, and the star of the fierce lion is bringing back dry days with the sun. Already the exhausted shepherd is seeking the shade and the stream with his languid flock, and the thickets of rough Silvanus, and the great banks which are without wandering winds. You take care of the condition which is seemly for the state, and you care anxiously for the city. What the Chinese and the Bactria ruled over by Cyrus are preparing; and the warlike tribes of the Don, the god keeps back the end of future time with dark nights, and laughs if a mortal trembles beyond what is right. Remember to settle justly what is at hand; the rest is borne

along after the fashion of a river, now in the midst of a channel gliding in peace into the Etruscan sea ; now whirling rolled stones, and roots torn up, and cattle and houses not without noise in the mountains, and the neighbouring woods ; when the rough inundation invites the quiet stream he is living with self-command, and joyfully ; who can say day by day I have lived either to-morrow ; let the Father overspread the heavens with a dark cloud, or with bright sun ; yet he will not make vain what is beyond, nor will he make and render undone what the fleeting hour has once carried off. Fortune, rejoicing in her cruel work, and persisting to play an insolent game, changes uncertain honors. At one time kind to me, at another time, to some one else. I praise her while remaining ; if she shakes her swift wings, I give up what she has given, and I wrap myself in my virtue. I seek honourable poverty without a dowry. It is not of me if the masts groans with the African storm, to run to melancholy prayers, and to bargain for your votes, lest my Cyprian and Tyrian merchandise add riches to the greedy sea. Then the breeze and Pollux the twin will carry me safe through the Ægean tumults, with the protection of my two-oared boat.

PEACE—Tibullus i. 10.

Who was he who invented the terrible sword?
How fierce and truly iron-hearted he was. Then
slaughters began in the race of men; then battles;
then a shorter way was open to dreadful death;
but that wretched man deserved nothing. We
turn to our evils. What, against the fierce, wild
beasts! This is the vice of rich gold. Nor were
there wars. The cup of beech wood stood before
the feasts. There was no line of battle: no
rampart. The careless leader of the flock used
to seek sleep among the various sheep. Then I
could have enjoyed life well: nor would I have
known the sad arms of the common people:
nor would I have heard the trumpet with beating
heart. And now I am dragged to war; and
already, perhaps, some enemy is carrying weapons
destined to stick in my side. But do you, O
Lares of my father, preserve me! You nourished
me when, like a tender child, I was running
about before your feet: nor let it shame you
that you were made out of an old block of
wood. Thus you inhabited the dwelling place
of my old grandfather. Then men used to keep
faith better. When the wooden god stood in a
small temple with poor worship. So he was ap-

peased whether they had offered the grape or had set garlands made of corn on his sacred hair, and some one having obtained the object of his vow, was himself bringing cakes, and afterwards, as his companion, his little daughter, a pure honeycomb. But do you, O Lares, keep away the bronze weapons from us! The country victim will be the pig from the full sty. This victim I will follow with a white garment. I will carry baskets bound with myrtle—myself bound as to my head with myrtle. So, may I please you, another may be strong in arms and let him lay low adverse leaders with Mars favouring, and let a soldier relate his deeds to me when drinking and paint camps on the table with wine. What madness is it to summon black death to wars! It threatens and comes secretly with silent foot. There is no crop below—no cultivated vineyards—but the bold Cerberus and the merciless sailor of the water of the Styx. There the pale crowd wanders by those dark lakes, with smitten cheeks and swung hair. How much, rather, is he to be praised on whom, with his children around him, slow old age seizes upon his small cottage. He himself follows his own sheep, and his son the lambs, and his wife prepares warm water for him when weary. So

may I be, and may my head grow white with hoary hairs, and when an old man relate the deeds of ancient times. Meanwhile let peace cultivate the fields—peace clad in white first lead the oxen for the plough under the curved yoke. Peace has cherished the vines and procured the juice of the grapes, that the father's jar should pour out wine to his son. In peace the pick-axe and the plough flourish, and (or but) rust seizes upon the sad arms of the hard soldier in the darkness.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE—Ovid Trist. v. 14.

How great monuments my little book has given to you, O wife, dearer to me than myself, you, yourself see. Fortune may (or will) be allowed to take much from its author. You, however, will be reported as illustrious through my talent, and while I shall be read, your fame also shall be read with me. Though you cannot depart entirely to the sad funeral pile, and though you seem deserving of pity through the misfortune of your husband, you will find persons who would wish to be what you are, who will call you a happy woman, though you have a part in my evils, and will envy you. I could not have given you greater things

by giving you gifts. The shade of a rich man carries nothing to his manes. I have given you the fruit of a perpetual name, and that you have than which gift. I could not have given you anything greater; add that as you are the only guardian of my affairs, a burden of no small honor comes to you, because my voice is neither mute concerning you. You ought to be a proud woman with the opinion of your husband, which no one can call rash. Take care and equally preserve me, and your faith and piety remained without base accusation, whilst I stood, and your blameless probity has gained praise. The same faith has been made equal to itself by my ruin, and let your virtue build a conspicuous work. It is easy to be good woman when that which prevents is removed, and a wife has nothing hindering her in her duty. When the god has thundered he does not remove the storm cloud. That indeed is piety that is social love. Rare indeed is that virtue which fortune does not govern, which remains with firm foot when she has fled. If, however, there is any reward in itself of the value sought, and altogether difficult, it is preserved in time by no means cheerful. Though you may count the time, silence is not

kept through ages, and the instances are notable where the path of the world extends. You see how the faith of Penelope as inextinguishable, a name praiseworthy through all ages. You see how the wife of Admetus is sung of, and the wife of Hector and Iphis, who dared to go to the lighted funeral pile; how the fame of the wife of Phylea shall live, whose husband pressed the ground of Illium with swift foot. There is no need of death for me, but love and faith. Fame is not to be sought by you from what is difficult; nor should you believe that you are warned about the things which you don't know (or don't do). We set sails although the ship is going with its bank of oars. He who advises that you should do what you are already doing, he praises you by advising and approves of your deeds by his exhortation.

ORATION OF
M. T. CICERO ON BEHALF OF A. L. ARCHIA, POET.
Oration to the Judges.

CHAPTER I.

If I possess any talent, Judges, and that I feel how little I possess, or if I possess any case in oratory, in which subject I do not

deny that I am in some degree experienced, or if there is in me any method in it derived from the study and training in the liberal arts, to which I confess that I was at no time of my life averse, this A. Licinius (here) is entitled to seek among the first the benefit of all these abilities by his own right, for as far back as my mind can look over the space of past time and call to memory the earliest recollections of my youth, I find this man to be the chief cause of my undertaking and carrying out the pursuit of these studies. But if this voice, moulded by the advice and precepts of this man, has been at any time a means of safety to some, assuredly I ought, as much as lies in my power, carry assistance and means of safety to the very man from whom I have received that with which I have been able to carry assistance to some and save others, and, lest any body should wonder that this has been so forcibly said by me, because another stock of talent is in this man, and not this knowledge and training in oratory, I have not even given up myself to the study of this one branch, for all the arts which appertain to culture have in some way a common link, and, as it were, are united by some relationship.

CHAPTER II.

But lest any should wonder that I, in a lawful investigation and in a public trial, when the case is being pleaded before the prætor of the Roman people, a most upright man, and before most impartial judges, before so great an assembly of men, and this concourse, should make use of a novel kind of speaking, which differs not only from the custom of trials but even from forensic oratory, I beg you, judges in this case, to grant me the favour, suitable to the defendant, and which I hope will not be in any way disagreeable to you, namely, that you may allow, while speaking on behalf of a very great poet and a man of very great abilities, before this concourse of men of the greatest talent, and before this good training of yours, and, in short, before this prætor now presiding over the trial, to speak somewhat freely concerning the state of refinement and literature, and speaking as I do in the capacity of a man who on account of the quiet of the study which has occupied his life, is little experienced in cases of law and danger, to make use of an almost new and unprecedented kind of pleading. But, if I think that favour granted and conceded to me by you, I will soon make you come to the

conclusion that this A. Licinius is a man who, not only now that he is a citizen, should not be severed from the number of the citizens but deserves, if not yet one, to be made one.

CHAPTER III.

For as soon as ever Archias emerged from his youth and the pursuit of those studies by which the young mind is wont to be moulded, with a view to culture, he applied himself to writing, first at Antioch, for he was born there and of a noble rank, a city formerly much frequented, influential, and abounding with men of the greatest talent and versed in the study of the liberal arts. Moreover, he quickly learnt to excel his contemporaries by the glory of his talent. After that his arrival throughout Greece and in other parts of Asia was so celebrated that the expectation placed in the man exceeded his fame, and the arrival itself exceeded the expectation. Greek arts and training were then popular in Italy, and those studies were more greatly cultivated in Latium than they are to-day in those same towns, and even here at Rome, owing to the quiet of the State, they were not disregarded. Accordingly, the people of Tarentum Regium, and

the Neapolitans, conferred on him, among other honours, that of citizenship, and every one who could form an idea of talent considered him as a person fit for their society and hospitality. At this period of the celebrity of his fame, when he became known to us, though absent, he arrived at Rome during the consulship of Marius and Catulus, he chanced at first to meet those two consuls, one of whom could furnish him with the greatest achievements as topics for writing, the other not only could furnish him with achievements, but even with his attention (and ears). The Luculli immediately received him in their family, although Archias was beneath the age of man. But it was not only an attribute of his talent and learning, but also of his good nature and virtue that the house which was the first shelter of his youth should also be the one most pleasing to his old age. He was then on intimate terms with the Numidican Metellus and his son Pius. He was listened to by M. Æmilius, and was courted by Crassus; he held in the highest friendship the Luculli and Drusus, the Octavii and Cato, the whole family of the Hortensii. He was treated with the greatest honour, because he was not only courted by those who were truly desirous of listening to

and of deriving some knowledge from him, but even by those who pretended to be so.

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile, after the lapse of a pretty long time, when he had left for Sicily in company with M. Lucullus, and had left that place with the same Lucullus, he arrived at Heraclia, and as this was a state which enjoyed the highest privileges of a confederate town, he wished to be enrolled as one of its citizens. This honour he obtained from the Heracleans, both because he was thought worthy of it through his own merits and because of the public and social influence of Lucullus. Citizenship was granted to him; granted to him on the law of Sibanus and Carbo to the effect that any one could be a citizen of a confederate state, if at the time of the passing of the law he had a settled place of abode in Italy, or if within sixty days he made a report of himself before a prætor. As he had for many years an abode at Rome, he appeared before the prætor, Q. Metellus, a most intimate friend of his. If we have only to speak about citizenship and law, I have nothing more to say — my cause is over; for what can weaken my cause on these points, *Gratis?* But

perhaps you may deny that he was enrolled an Heracleian. We are supported by M. Lucullus, a man of the highest political rank, of the greatest piety and honour, who says that he does give us not what he thinks but what he knows, that he did not hear but saw, that he was not a passive, but an active spectator. We are supported by delegates from Heraclia, men of the highest rank, who have come especially for this trial with documents and public evidence, and they say that he was enrolled an Heracleian. At this point you ask for the public records of Heraclea, which we all know were destroyed when the record office was burnt, during the Italian war. It is ridiculous that you say naught about the things we have, but should ask for what we cannot have, and be silent about the memory of men, but clamour for the memory of documents, and though you have the religious principles of a man of the highest character, the testimony on oath and the honour of a burgess of the highest reputation, you should still respect things which cannot be impaired by blemish, but eagerly ask for those which you admit yourself are liable to corruption. But you may say that he had not an abode at Rome. Would a man so many years centre his property and fortunes

at Rome? Or perhaps he did not make a report of himself. But, in fact, he was enrolled on those records, which alone resulting from their origin in that registration and school of prætors, have the credit which state documents ought to have.

CHAPTER V.

For, as the Appian records were said to be negligently preserved, and the misconduct of Gabinius was for a long time unpunished. After his condemnation the disaster took away all credit from the public records. Metellus, a most upright and loyal man, was of such diligence that he went before the Prætor Lentulus and before the Judges, and declared that he was much incensed at the erasure of one man. You will therefore see no erasure on the records about the name of Licinius. Under these circumstances, who can doubt about his citizenship, especially since he was enrolled a citizen of other states; for as men in Greece used to bestow citizenship on men of ordinary talent, of no talent, and, in fact, on men of very feeble ability, am I to believe that the people of Regium, Locris, the Neapolitines, and the Tarentines, would be unwilling to bestow on this man endowed with the highest fame of talent, what

they are accustomed of giving to stage performers. What, when other persons, not only after the granting of citizenship but even after the passing of the Papian law, could furtively get themselves enrolled on the registers of those municipalities, is it probable that he will be rejected who never even made use of those on which he was enrolled, because he ever desired to be enrolled an Heracleian? Likely you may ask for our census. Of course it is not known that at the last taking of the census he was the companion of that most distinguished commander, L. Lucullus, with his army; before he was with the same man when he was quæstor in Asia; and at the first census, when Julius and Crassus were censors, no portion of the people were returned. But since the census does not strengthen the right of citizenship, but only shows that he who is returned on the census at the time acted like a citizen. But at those very times he whom you charged with having no share in the rights and privileges of Roman citizens, often made wills according to our laws, and he inherited bequests of Roman citizens; he was reported to the treasury on the lists of recommendations by L. Lucullus, the pro-Consul. Seek for what arguments you can, for never will he be

convinced, either in his own or in the opinion of his friends.

CHAPTER VI.

You ask us, O Gratus, why we take so great an interest in this man? Because he gives us a supply by which our mind is refreshed after this din of the forum, and by which our wearied ears get rest after this clamour. Do you think that he is able to furnish us with our daily speeches, carrying on as we do such a variety of business, unless we cultivated our minds with study, or that our minds could bear so great a strain, unless we gave leisure from those very studies. But I confess that I am myself devoted to those studies. Let those blush, if there be any, who have so devoted themselves to study as to derive no advantage, and bring forward thought for the common good, or bring anything to light. But what must I be ashamed of, who have lived in such a manner for so many years as not to allow ease to make me wanting at the hour of any man's peril, or to his advantage, or pleasure to draw me off, in short, not even sleep to delay me. Who, therefore, I pray, can reasonably reproach me, or who can have a right to be angry with me if I appropriate as much time to engage in those studies as others give to the overlooking of their own

affairs, to the celebration of festivals and games, to other enjoyments, or simply to the repose of mind and body as much as some devote to protracted banquets, to the dice table, or games at ball, and this ought, with some reason, to be granted me, because by those studies this power of speech increases which in whatever capacity I possess, it has not been wanting to the necessities of my friends ; and if that ability appears to any one to be moderate, at all events I know from what origin I derive those which are greatest. For unless I had persuaded myself from my very youth, both by the precepts of many masters and much study, that there is nothing in life more to be desired than praise and honor ; and while in pursuit of these objects all tortures of the body, all perils of death, of exile, are to be regarded as of little importance, I should never have exposed myself for your safety to so many and such arduous contests, and to these daily assaults of profligate men. But all books are full of such precepts, and all the sayings of philosophers are full and all antiquity is full of examples, all of which would lie in darkness if the light of literature were not applied to them. How many portraitures of the bravest men, vividly drawn, have Greek and Latin writers left for us, not only for us to gaze

upon but that we should imitate them, and I, even keeping them before me during my administration of public affairs, have endeavored to mould my mind and views by only thinking of these men.

CHAPTER VII.

Some one will enquire what those very distinguished men, whose virtues have been handed down to literature, were: they accomplished in that which you extol. It is difficult to assent to this of all, but yet I have an answer. Certainly I confess that many men have existed of excellent mind and virtue without learning, and have stood forth as men of self-control and earnestness by their own unaided efforts by an almost divine vent of natural disposition. I also add this, that natural disposition without learning has more often been potent for praise and virtue than learning without natural ability; and I also maintain this, that when to a (certain) choice and enlightened natural disposition there has been added a methodical pursuit and training of learning that then that usually stands forth as something eminent and unique; that to this number belongs him whom our fathers saw, the glorious man Africanus; to this number C. Laelius, L. Furius — men of the greatest loyalty and self-

control ; to this (number or) class belongs M. Cato the aged, a man famous and in those times learned, who assuredly would never have devoted themselves to that literature if they were in no wise aided by it to the understanding and practising of virtue. Now if such advantages as these were not shown, and if amusement alone was sought from this study, nevertheless as I think you would consider this mental relaxation to be most refined and most worthy of a gentleman, for these studies belong neither to all time, or age, or locality, for these studies strengthen our youth, delight our old age, adorn prosperity, and afford us a refuge (and solace) in adversity ; they delight us at home ; they are no hindrance to us abroad, they accompany us by night in our travels, in rural retirement they are our companions.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now, if we ourselves were neither able to dabble in these subjects nor taste their sweets, yet we should be bound to admire them even when we saw them in others. Who of us was so harsh and churlish of mind as not to be deeply affected at the death of Roscius, who, although he died an old man, yet, on account of his excellent art and elegance, seemed to have a claim

to be exempt altogether from death. He therefore by the bearing of his person gained for himself so much love from us all. Shall we disregard the marvelous movements of his mind and the quickness of his understanding. How often have I seen Archias here, O judges, for I shall avail myself of your kindness since you so attentively listen to me in this novel kind of oratory, repeat extempore a great number of eloquent verses on the very events which were then passing. How often, when encored, speak on the same subject, with a change of expression and thought; but those things which he would have composed with care and with thought, those I have seen so much approved of, that he attained the fame of the classical authors. Should I not be attached to him — not admire him. Must I not think that he ought to be defended in every resource; and this is what we heard from our foremost and most learned men that the studies of other arts is based upon scientific knowledge and rules and art; that a poet is strong by nature herself and is agitated by his force of mind, and as it were, is inspired by some divine inspiration, wherefore our great poet Ennius rightly calls poets inspired because they seem recommended to us by a certain gift and recommendation of the gods.

Therefore, O judges, let this name poet be inviolate among you, men of culture as ye are, which no people however rude has ever violated; rocks and solitary places answer to his voice; often savage beasts turn aside and listen to his song, and shall not we who are trained in the liberal arts be moved by the voice of a poet. The inhabitants of Colophon say that Homer was their citizen, the Chians claim him, the inhabitants of Salamis also claim him, but the inhabitants of Smyrna assert positively that he was theirs, and have even dedicated a temple to him in their town. Many others besides argue among themselves and contend about him.

CHAPTER IX.

Therefore those persons laid claim to a foreigner even after his death, because he was a poet. Shall we reject my client in his life time, who is our citizen both by his wish and by the laws, especially when in times past Archias has devoted all his zeal and all his ability to celebrate the fame and reputation of the Roman people. When a young man he wrote a history on the wars with the Cimbri, and he was on good terms with the great Marius himself who seemed too stern for these pursuits, for neither is there any resource, for neither is any one

so averse to the muses as not easily to allow an eternal heralding of his toils to be committed to verses. They say that the great Themistocles, the first man at Athens, when he was asked whose voice he liked best to hear, said: "His, by whom my merits are best extolled." Accordingly, great Marius was greatly attached to L. Plotius, by whose talent he thought that his exploits might be extolled; in fact the war with Mithridates, great and difficult and conducted by sea and land with varied fortune, was entirely described by his talent; and those books not only add lustre to L. Lucullus, a brave and enlightened man, but also to the name of the Roman people, for the Roman people under the command of L. Lucullus opened the Pontus, and, though formerly fortified both by the resources of the king and by the very nature and situation, the army of the Roman people under the same leader, and not with a very great army, routed the numerous hosts of the Armenians. It is the praise of the Roman people that the most friendly city, Cyzicene, by the same counsel was snatched and saved from the entire attack of the king's forces and from the very fangs and jaws of the entire war. That wonderful sea fight off Tenedos will always be extolled and talked of as ours. When L. Lucullus

was engaged in the fight, when the fleet of the enemy was sunk and its leaders slain, ours are the trophies, ours the monuments, ours the triumphs, and by those men by whose genius these events are extolled the glory of the Roman people is celebrated. Our poet Ennius was dear to Africanus the elder, and so even in the tomb of the Scipios he made of marble, (*i. e.*, his statue) is thought to have been placed, at any rate not only he who (or himself) is praised but the name of the Roman people is adorned by those praises. The great-grandfather of this Cato is extolled to the skies. Great honor is added to the government of the Roman people. In a word, all those great men as the Maximi, the Marcelli, the Fulvii, are honored not without common praise of us all.

CHAPTERS X-XI.

Therefore our ancestors admitted into the state the man who had done this, a citizen of Rudiaë, shall we cast out from our state this man, an inhabitant of Heraclea, claimed by many states but legally settled in this, for if any one thinks that less reputation is gathered from the composition of Greek poetry than from Latin, he is much mistaken, because the Greek language is

spoken among almost all nations. The Latin is confined to its own boundaries—scanty certainly. Wherefore if our exploits are bounded by the limits of the earth, we ought to desire wherever the weapons of our arms shall penetrate thither our glory and fame should reach, because both to the people themselves whose history is written, these things are honorable, and at any rate those who fight at the stake of their life for the sake of glory, this is the greatest incentive to undergo toils and dangers. How many historians of his wars is the great Alexander said to have had with him; and yet when he stood by the tomb of Achilles at Sigeum, exclaimed: “O, fortunate youth, since thou hast found in Homer a herald for thy glory,” and truly unless the great poem Illiad had been extant the same tomb which buried his body would also have buried his name. Did not our Magnus here, who made his fortune equal to his merit, present Theophanes of Mitylene, the historian of his wars, with the citizenship in an assembly of soldiers, and those brave men of ours, but only peasant soldiers, excited by the sweetness of glory, approved the deed with a great shout as if they were partakers of the same glory. Accordingly, as I suppose, if Archias was not legally a Roman citizen he could

not have brought it about that he should be presented with the citizenship by some commander. Sulla when he was giving the citizenship to Spaniards and Gauls I suppose would have rejected this man's request, a man whom we saw in the assembly when a bad poet of the people had thrust up to him a little book, because he had composed an inscription to him in nothing but long elegiacs, immediately did he bid a reward to be given him from the things which he was selling on the condition that he should write nothing afterwards, would not a man who considered the officiousness of an indifferent poet, yet worthy of some reward, have sought out the ability and merit and fluency in writing of my clint. What would he not have obtained from Q. Metellus Pius, his most intimate friend, who presented many with the citizenship either through himself or through the Luculli, especially since he was so far desirous that his own history should be written that he even listened to poets born at Cordova who speak with a somewhat thick and foreign accent. For (this) neither must we dissemble this which cannot be concealed, but we must openly avow it we are all drawn by the desire of praise and all the best men are most attracted by praise. Those very phil-

osophers even inscribe their names on those tablets which they write on. The contempt of glory in that very thing in which we despise publicity and fame in that very thing they wished, that it should be made known and talked of. Decimus Brutus, indeed an eminent man and commander, adorned the approaches of his temples and monuments with the verses of Attus, his intimate friend. Nay, further, indeed he whom the famous Fulvius, who made war with the Ætolians, had as a companion, did not hesitate to consecrate the spoils of the war to the muses, wherefore in a city in which the commanders almost when at war cherished the name of the poets and the shrines of the muses in that city, I say judges in the garb of peace ought not to shrink from doing honor to the muses, and from the acquittal of poets. And that you may do this more willingly I will now offer myself to you, O judges, and I will make confession to you of a passion of mine for glory, perhaps too ardent, but nevertheless an honorable one, for the acts of our administration during my consulship in conjunction with you on behalf of this city and empire, on behalf of the lives of its citizens and of the entire republic, and these my client has touched upon in verses and has made a beginning, which being

heard, I exhorted him to finish the task because it seemed to me a noble and pleasing theme, for no man of virtue desires other reward for his toils and dangers except this of praise and glory which indeed being taken away, O judges, what reason is there why we should exercise ourselves in these toils during this course of life so scanty and so brief; certainly if the mind had no anticipation of the future and if it bounded all its thoughts by those places where its course is circumscribed, neither would it bear itself out by such toils; nor would it vex itself with such watchings; nor would it so often risk life itself. Now there is a certain noble feeling that dwells in all the best men, and day and night stirs and admonishes our minds with the spur of fame by the incentives of glory and warns it that the tale of our fame is not to be dismissed with the period of our existence, but must be made equal with all posterity.

CHAPTER XII.

Must we then all appear to be so little minded who engage in public business and in these dangers and toils of life as to suppose that all things will perish at the same moment with ourselves, when to the very end of our lives we have not

drawn a single calm and quiet breath, or have many eminent men eagerly left behind them statues and portraits, not images of their minds, but of their bodies, ought we not to be much more desirous to leave behind an image of our wisdom and of our virtues, the perfect expression of our best abilities? I, in fact, imagine that I was scattering and sowing abroad all my actions, even when performing them in the undying memory of the world. Whether indeed this memory will be absent from my perception after death, or as the wisest men have thought, or whether it will belong to some part of me, at any rate for the present I please myself with certain meditations and hopes of it; wherefore, O judges, save a man of such honour, whom you see is approved of both by the worthiness of his friends and by their long standing friendship, but a man of such ability as it is reasonable should be considered, which you see has been sought out by men of the greatest ability, but of a cause of such a kind as is approved by the favour conferred by the law, by the authority of a provincial town, by the testimony of Lucullus, by the tablets of Metellus; this being the case, we beg of you, O judges, whatever not only human

but also divine recommendation such abilities ought to possess, I beg of you to receive him under your protection, a man who has always honoured you, your commanders, and the exploits of the Roman people, who even avows that he will give an undying testimony of his praise to those recent events of yours and mine at home, and is one of that number who have always been held sacred among all men and has been called so; receive him, I say, under your protection in such a way that he may appear to be acquitted by your right feeling rather than condemned by your harshness. The brief straightforward remarks which I have made on the case in my usual manner, O judges, I trust have been approved of by you all; the remarks which I have made almost at variance with my usual bearing at courts of law and in a general way with this pursuit have been taken in good part by you, at any rate I know that they have been taken in good part by the president of this court.

OVID—Fasti, Book 6.

This month also has doubtful reasons in regard to its name. All having been set down, you yourself shall choose whatever pleases you. I shall

sing about deeds, but there will be some who will say that I have made them up, and think that no gods have appeared to a mortal. There is a god within us; when he rouses us we become (warm) inspired. This inspiration gives the seed of the sacred mind. It is permitted to me especially to see the countenance of the gods, either because I am the poet, or because I write about sacred things. There is a grove thick with trees, a spot secluded from every sound, if it were not resounded by the waters. Here I was enquiring what might be the origin of the month, which was begun, and I was wrapped in thought about the name of this month. Lo! I saw goddesses, not those whom the father of agriculture had seen when he was following the sheep of his native village, Ascrea, nor those whom Priam's son compared in the valleys of watery Ida; but of them, nevertheless she was one—she was one of them, the sister of her own husband. This was she, I recognized who stands on the citadel of Jove. I had shuddered, and (I confessed) I betrayed my mind by a paleness that spoke not then. The goddess herself took away the fears which she had caused, for says she, O poet and compiler of the Roman calendar, who has dared to relate great events by lowly verse, thou hast gained

for thyself the right of looking upon a diety of heaven when it pleased thee (to sing of) to compose the festivals in thy verses ; nevertheless, be not led away by the mistake of the common crowd. June has its name from our name. It is something to have wedded Jove. It is something to be the sister of Jove. I doubt whether I should boast more in my brother, or in my husband, if birth is looked at. I first made Saturn a father. I was the first offspring of Saturn. Once upon a time Rome was called Saturnia from my father. This land was the nearest to him from heaven. If marriage is of any value, I am called the lawful spouse of the thunderer, and my temples are joined to those of Jove on the Tarpean. Might a concubine give a name to the month of May. Shall this honour be grudged in (or to) us? Why, therefore, am I called queen and chief of the goddesses? Why have they given a sceptre of gold to my right hand? Shall the new moons regulate the month, and shall I be called Lucina from them, and am I to derive a name from no month? Then let me repent of having faithfully laid aside my anger against the race of Electra and the house Dardanus. The cause of my anger was twofold. I was grieved at Ganymede being carried away. My beauty also

was decided against, the Idaean being judge. Let me repent because I favour (favoured) not the citadels of Carthage, although my chariot and arms are in that place. Let me repent to have brought Sparta and Argos, and my Mycene and ancient Samos in subjection to Latium. Add old Tatiush and the Falisci worshippers of Juno, whom I have allowed to succumb to the Romans, but neither let it repent me, nor is any race dearer to me. Here will I be worshipped; here will I occupy my temple in conjunction with Jove, my spouse. Mars himself said to me, I commend these walls to thee; thou shalt be powerful in the city of thy grandson. Fulfillment (or faith) followed his words. We are honoured on one hundred altars; nor is the honour of this month of less value to me than any month; nor yet does Rome bestow this honour only on us; those in the neighbourhood of the city bestow on us the same honour. Behold, what festivals the woody Aricia has, and the Laurentine people and my Lavinium in those places. The month is sacred to Juno. Consider the Tiber and the sacred walls of the goddess Praenestina; thou wilt choose the month of Juno. And yet, Romulus did not found them, but Rome was named from our grandson; Juno had ended. We looked back, the wife of

Hercules was standing by, and in her countenance were signs of grief. I will not hesitate, says she, if it is against my mother's will, if my mother bid me depart from the whole sky. Now, also, I do not contend about the name of this month. I am courteous, and I act the part almost of a suppliant. I would rather have maintained a matter of my right by entreating, and perhaps thou wouldst favour my cause. My mother obtained the golden Capitol in a temple common to her husband. As is due, she holds the topmost heights together with Jove, but all honour which is derived from the origin of the month falls to me, the honor of which we are importuning is an only one. What serious matter is it, O Roman, if thou hast given the title of the month to the wife of Hercules, and if posterity is mindful of him: this land also owes something to me by the name of my noble husband. Hither he drove his captured oxen; here ill defended by the flames and paternal dower, Cacus bedewed the Aventine soil with his blood. I am called to nearer events. Romulus divided the people by years and distributed them into two classes: the one is better prepared to give counsel; the other is better prepared to fight; the men of the one age advise war, the other wage it. Thus he determined and

separated the months by the same mark. June belongs to the youths; the month which was before belongs to the old men, she spoke. And they would have proceeded to wrangling from the love of contentiousness, and the dutiful affection would have been concealed in passion. Concordia came with her long hair entwined with the bay sacred to Apollo, the Deity and work of the peaceful king when she related that Tatius and the brave Quirinus, that two sovereignties together with their peoples were united into one and that fathers-in-law and sons-in-law were received at a common house (*i. e.*, hearth). These people being joined, says she, June took its name. A threefold reason has been given, but do pardon me, O goddesses, the matter is not to be settled by my decision. Depart from me equal in honor. Troy perished through the judge of beauty; two goddesses will hurt me more than one will help me. The first day is assigned to thee, O Carna. She is the goddess of hinges by her divinity; she opens things that are shut and by her divinity she shuts things that are open. Whence she has her strength given the report is rather obscure by age; but you will be certain from our song. The ancient grove of Halernus borders on the Tiber. The high

priest now also bear sacred things thither, from that place is the nymph sprung. The ancients call her Grane, often sought for in vain by many suitors. She was accustomed to scour the fields and (hunt) drive the wild beasts with her darts and to stretch the knotty nets in the hollow dells (or vales). She had no quiver, nevertheless people believed that she was Apollo's sister. Nor was she, O Apollo, to be despised by thee. A certain youth might have said loving words to her, immediately she returned such words. These places have too much light and with light too much shame. If you lead into more secret caves I follow; when he too trusting went before. She having reached the bushes stops short and hides herself and is in no manner to be found. Janus had seen her and captivated with desire of her seen, made use of gentle words to her unrelenting. The nymph bids that a more distant cave should be sought according to her custom. And when, as a companion, she follows, she also deserts her leader. Ah, foolish one, Janus sees what things are carried on behind his back, thou doest nothing and he espies behind, thy hiding places. He seizes her and at length the honour of the hinge shall be thine, this honour is given to thee as the reward of our love, says he. Thus having spoken

he gave her the thorn, it was the white thorn, by which she might be able to drive away the evil pests from our doors. They are ravenous winged things, not those which used to cheat the throat of Phineus of his food, but they derive their race from these huge head, staring eyes, beaks fit for rapine, hoariness is on their wings, the hook is on their talons, by night they fly, and they suck children who are in need of a nurse and mar their bodies snatched from their cradles, and they are said to tear their tender flesh with their beaks, and they have their throat full of the blood which they have drunk; they are called screech owls, but the cause of this name is that they usually screech horribly in the night, whether they are born birds or are made birds by an incantation (or the Maician incantation of an old woman fashions them into birds), in any case they came into the chambers of Prsca. Prsca had become known within (in) these five days as a fresh prey for the birds, and they suck out with ravenous tongues his infant entrails, but the poor child wails and begs for help. The nurse, frightened by the voice of her young foster child, runs up and finds his cheeks torn by their ruthless claws. What was she to do? The colour of his cheek

was such as the late leaves at times are wont to have, which the first frost has blasted. She comes to Grane and tells her the matter. Says she, lay aside thy fear, thy foster child shall recover. They had come to the cradle; the father and mother were weeping. Do you cease your tears; I myself will heal him, says she. Forthwith she touches the door-posts three times, one after the other, with a strawberry branch, and three times she touches the threshold with strawberry branches; she sprinkles the entrance with waters, and the waters have a healing power, and she holds the raw entrails of a pig two months old, and accordingly says she: O birds of night, spare the flesh of children; in place of a little child a little victim falls to thee; take heart for heart. I pray you take entrails for entrails; we give you life instead of a better one. So when she tasted, she places the cut out parts in the open air, and she forbids those who are present at the sacrifice to look back, and a white branch is placed, sacred to Janus, where ever a little window gave light to the chambers. After that birds are neither said to have outraged cradles, and the colour returned to the boy as it was before. Do you ask why fat bacon is eaten on those

Kalends, and why the bean has been mixed with warm meal? She is an ancient goddess, and she is fed on food on which she is wont before to be fed, nor does she luxurious seek for foreign feasts. The fish up to that time used to swim about without harm from that people, and the oysters were safe in their shells; nor had Latium become acquainted with the bird which rich Ionia produces, nor the bird which rejoices in the blood of the pygmies, and beyond the feathers nothing in the peacock was pleasing, nor had the earth brought forth wild beasts captured by art. The pig was in high regard. They celebrated their feasts by killing a pig. The earth gave beans only, and hard meal, coarse spelt, which two mixed together, whoever shall have eaten on the sixth (first) of the month, they say that this man's stomach cannot be hurt. On the top of the citadels also the temples of Juno Moneta reminds us of thy deeds, O Camillus, in accordance with thy vow. Before there had been the house of Manlius, who once upon a time repulsed the Gallic arms from the capitol of Jove. How happily, ye great gods, would he have fallen in that battle the defender of thy throne, O, lofty Jove. He lived that he might perish condemned by the charge of aiming at a

kingdom. Long old age gave him the title of traitor. The same day is a festival of Mars, whose temple without the walls adjoining the Capena gate faces the covered gate. We confess that thou also, O Tempesta, deserves a shrine from us, when the fleet was almost overwhelmed by the Corsican waters. These monuments of men are visible. If you inquire of the stars, then the taloned bird of mighty Jove has its origin (or rising). The next day summons the Hyades constellation, the horns of the forehead of the bull, and the earth becomes wet with much water. When it has twice dawned, and Phœbus has repeated his risings, and the crop shall have become wet by the fall (*i. e.*, ball of dew), or by the dew laid on it (on that day). The temple of Bellona is said to have been consecrated in the Tuscan war, and she is ever at hand propitious to Latium. Appius is the founder who, on the refusal of peace to Pyrrhus, saw much in his mind, although he was robbed of sight. A small area looks forth on the (circle) circus from the temple. There is there a small column of no small repute. Here, or hence, a spear is accustomed to be hurled by the hand as a herald of war. When it pleases them that arms should be taken up against the king and nations, the other part of the circus is

safe under Hercules, the guardian. This honour the god has by the spell of Eubœa. The time of the honour is the day which is before the nones. If you ask for the name of the founder, Sulla superintended the work. I was inquiring whether I should attribute the nones to Sancus or Fidio, or to thee, O Father Semo. Then Sancus says to me: To whom ever of those you have given it, I will hold the deity—*i. e.*, honour. I bear three names. Thus determined the Cures. Him, therefore, the ancient Sabines presented with a temple, and placed it on the Quirinal hills. I have a daughter, and may she be, I pray, more lasting than our years, who being safe (*i. e.*, as long as she is safe) I shall always be happy. When I wished to give her to a son-in-law, and was inquiring the time fit for the nuptials, and what seasons were to be guarded against, then June is pointed out to me, after the sacred Ides, to be good both for brides and good for bridegrooms. The first part of this month was found unfitted for nuptials, for thus the holy spouse of the priest of Jove addresses me: Until the peaceful Tibur shall have carried with its tawny waters the offscourings from the temple of Vesta into the sea, it is not permitted to me, being shorn, to comb down my locks

with a box-wood comb, or to have pared my nails with the knife; nor to have approached my husband, although he is a priest of Jove; although he has been given to me by a contract never to be broken. Thou also be not in a hurry; hasten not. Thy daughter will wed better when Vesta, the goddess of the hearth, will shine with untarnished floor. The third night after the nones Phœbus is said to remove Lycaon, and the bear has not any fear from the rear. I remember that I then saw games on the green sward of the Campus; that they were called from thee, O gliding Tibur; the festival is to those who draw the dripping lines, and who cover the hooks bent upwards with small pieces of food. Mens also has its deity; we see that the shrines of the goddess Mens were voted through fear of war with thee, O treacherous Carthaginian. Thou, O Carthaginian, hadst renewed the war, and all, panic, stricken with the death of the first consuls, trembled at the African bands; fear had cast out hope when the Senate undertook vows to Mens, and forthwith she came propitious to us. That day sees the ides coming on, six days being between on which vows were paid to thee, O goddess! O Vesta, be propitious now; we open our mouths in

thy service, if it is permitted to us to approach thy sacred things. I was deep in prayer. I perceived deities of heaven, and the joyous earth glowed with purple light. I did not really see thee, O goddess. Farewell to the fictions of poets ; nor wouldst thou have been an object to be gazed upon by a man. But things which I had not known, and in the error of which I was held, have become known to me, no one teaching me. They relate that Rome had had forty festivals of Pales when the guardian of fire was received in her temple—the work of the peaceful king, than whom the Sabine land bore not another disposition, and more regardful of the dieties. The buildings which you now see covered with brass you would then have seen covered with thatch, and the walls were woven with pliant osiers. This scanty space which supports the halls of Vesta then was the noble palace of the bearded king. Nevertheless the shape of the temple which now remains is said to have existed before, and there is beneath the surface a reason for the shape. Vesta is the same as earth, there is beneath both an ever watchful fire ; the roof and the hearth mark their own god. The earth is like a ball resting on no support, so heavy a weight hangs in the air placed beneath. Its very roundness upholds the well

balanced globe, and there is not a corner wanting which would press down the parts, and since it has been placed in the mid region of the universe, and since it touches no side more or less, unless it were spherical, it would be nearer to some part. Nor would the world have the earth as its central weight. By the Syracosian art the globe stands poised in closed air, a small figure of the vast heavens, and the earth is withdrawn as much from the top as from the bottom. Its round form makes that this should be so. The appearance of the temple is like this. No corner projects in it. A dome protects it from the storm of rain. Dost thou ask why the goddess is worshipped with maidens for attendants? I shall find its own causes also in this part. They say that Juno and Ceres were sprung from Saturn and from Ops; Vesta was the third. Both wedded; both are said to have borne children. She alone of the three remained, disdaining a husband. What strange thing is it if a maiden, rejoicing in a maiden as an attendant, admits chaste hands to her sacred rites; nor do thou understand that Vesta is anything else than living flame, and thou seest no bodies are born of flame; rightly, therefore, is she a virgin, which produces no seeds,

nor does she receive any, and she has companions of her maidenhood, *i. e.*, maidens like herself. For a long time I foolishly thought that there were images of Vesta. I soon learnt that there were no images beneath the concave dome; the never dying fire is concealed in that temple. Vesta has no image, nor has fire. The earth stands by its own strength or force. Vesta is called from standing by strength, and the reason of the Greek name might be similar; but the hearth is called from the flames, and because it cherishes all things, which nevertheless before was in the entrance of the house; hence also, I think, it is called Vestitrite, whence we first address Vesta in prayer, who holds the first places, before there was a custom once upon a time to sit on long benches before the hearth and to believe that the gods were present at our feasts. Now, also, when the sacred rites of ancient Vacuna take place. They used to stand and sit before the hearth sacred to Vacuna. Something of the ancient custom has come (down) to our years. A plain dish bears the food offered to Vesta. Lo, a loaf of bread hangs from the asses crowned with flowers, and the flowery garlands cover the rough millstones. Formerly the tillers of the soil used to

roast spelt alone in an oven, and the goddess of baking has her own rights; the hearth itself used to prepare bread placed beneath the ashes, and broken tiles were placed on the warm ground, thence the baker reverences the hearth and the mistress of the hearth, and the ass which turns the pumice stone mills. Am I to pass by or am I to relate the story of thy disgrace, O ruddy Priapus. It is a small tale of much mirth. Turret bearing Cybele, encircled as to her forehead with a crown, invites the eternal gods to her feast. She invites the Satyrs and the country deities, the nymphs. Silenus, although no one invited him, (was or) is present. It is neither lawful and it would be tedious to relate the revels of the gods. The night was spent in much wine; some carelessly stray in the valleys of watery Ida; some lie down and rest their limbs on the soft grass; some play, others yield to sleep; some entwine their arms and beat the green sward with thrice swift foot. Vesta lies, and careless enjoys quiet rest, and thus she was, her head resting on the turf being placed on it. But the ruddy guardian of orchards seizes the nymphs and goddesses and hither and thither hurries his wandering feet. He looks at Vesta; it is doubtful whether he thought her to be a nymph

or knew her to be the goddess Vesta. He himself denies that he knew her. Perchance the old man Silenus had left the ass on which he had ridden on the bank of a gently sounding stream. The god of the long Hellespont is approaching the goddess when he (roars) brays with an unreasonable bray. The goddess, terrified by the harsh voice, rises; the whole throng rush together; he escapes through hostile hands. Lampsacus was accustomed to sacrifice this animal to Priapus. We give the entrails of the informant ass to the flames as a fit offering which you, O goddess, mindful of thy delivery (his services), adornest with necklaces of bread. The work ceases; the empty mills have become silent. I will now tell what the altar of Jupiter Pistor means. More celebrated by name than in reality on the citadel of the thunderer. The Capitol being surrounded was pressed by the fierce Gauls. Already a long siege had caused famine, Jupiter having called the gods to his royal throne. Begin, says he to Mars. Forthwith he answers: Of course it is unknown what is the fortune of my people, and the mental grief which I feel needs the voice of a complainer. If, nevertheless, thou requirest that I should briefly relate our misfortunes, united with disgrace.

Rome lies at the foot of an Alpine foe. Is this, O Jupiter, the land to whom had been promised sovereign power, wast thou to impose her as a ruler on the lands, and already has she crushed her neighbours and the arms of Tuscany. Hope was in her journey; now she has been driven from her very doors. We see old men, who had earned triumphs, adorned with embroidered robes, perish throughout the brazen halls, we saw the pledges of Trojan Vesta carried away from their abode. They think that they are some gods forsooth; but if they were to look back on the citadel ye gods dwell, and so many of your houses pressed by siege, they would know that no recourse is left in the (care) worship of the gods, and incense offered with anxious hand is thrown away; but would that the places of combat were laid open. They take up arms, but if you will not allow them to fight they perish. Now the barbarous crowd presses on them shut up in their mountain (*i. e.*, citadel), now destitute of food, and fearing their cowardly fates. Then Venus and the beautiful Quirinus, with his curved staff and robe of state, and Vesta spoke much for her own Latium. Jupiter answered: All our care is for these walls of yours, and Gaul being conquered shall give satis-

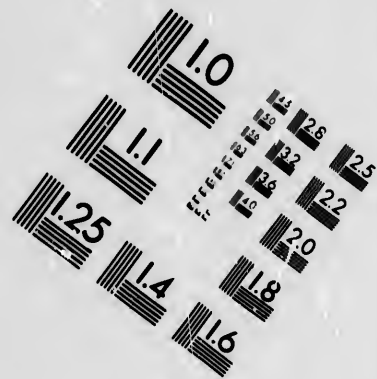
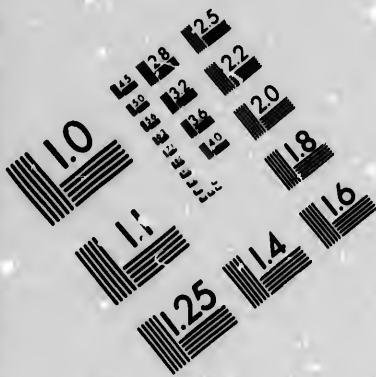
faction (or shall be punished). Do you only cause that the corn, which is deficient, be thought to be in abundance; nor do thou desert thy abodes, O Vesta. Whatever of ground corn there is, let the hollow machines grind it, and softened by the hand let the hearth harden it in the fire. He had given his commands, and the daughter agreed to the biddings of her brother, and it was the time of midnight. Now toil had given sleep to the leaders. Jupiter chides them, and by sacred lips shows them what he wishes. Arise and throw into the midst of the foe from the top of the citadel the aid which you least wish to lose. Sleep departs, and perplexed by the new puzzle they seek what aid they are bidden and unwilling to lose. Ceres seems to be the resource. They throw the gifts of Ceres; they rattle, being thrown on the helmets and long shields; the hope that the city can be taken by famine departs. The enemy being repulsed, a white altar is set up to Jupiter Pistor. By chance I was returning from the feast of Vesta by that way, which new road is now joined to the Roman forum. Thither I saw a lady coming towards me with bare feet. I was amazed, and, without speaking, I checked my steps. An old woman, a neighbour of the place, perceived me and addresses

me, bidden to sit down, shaking her head with trembling voice. Where now the market places are, wet marshes occupied this. The ditch used to be wet with water overflown from the stream. The famous Curtian lake which supports dry altars is now solid earth, but before was a lake. Where the Velabrae used to lead their processions into the circus there was nothing but willows and the useless reed. Often the feaster, returning over the waters in the neighbourhood of the city, sings and flings drunken abuse at the sailors. Nor yet that god of yours, assuming different shapes, taking his name from the river, turned away. Here also was a grove thick with rushes and the seed, and a marsh not to be approached with covered foot. The pools have retired, and its own banks keeps in the waters, and now the land is dry ; yet the custom remains from that time. She had given me the reason. Farewell, good old woman, said I, pleasant be what of thy old age remains. The other things I learnt long since, in my boyish years. Nevertheless, they are not to be passed over by me on that account. Ilus, son of Dardanus, had built lately new walls, and the rich Ilus, to this time, possessed the wealth of Asia. It is believed that the heavenly image of armour-clad Minerva lept down upon the mountain

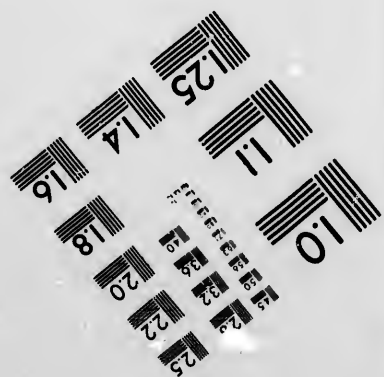
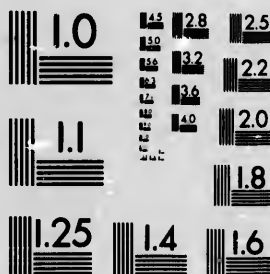
tops of the Trojan city. I was anxious to see it. I saw both the temple and the place. This much remains here. Rome possesses the Palladium. Smintheus is consulted, and, veiled by a dark grove, he uttered these oracles with lips that lied not : Preserve the goddess of the sky : you will preserve the city. She will carry away with her the sovereignty of the place. Ilus preserves it and keeps her shut up in the summit of the citadel ; the charge of it descends to the heirs of Laomedon. She was too little cared under Priam, thus the goddess herself willed in consequence of the judgment by which her form was decided against : whether the race of Adrastus or Ulysses, apt for thefts, or pious Æneas, is granted to have stolen it, the doer is uncertain : the thing is Roman. Vesta protects our city because she sees all things with ever watchful eyes. Alas ! how greatly our fathers feared ; what time the temple of Vesta was in flames, and she was almost overwhelmed by her own shrine ; and sacred fires blazed with fires unholy, and the unholy flame was mingled with the holy flames, the bewildered female attendants were weeping with dishevelled hair ; very fear had taken away their strength of body. Metellus flies forward into the midst, and, with a loud voice, says :

Help to weep is no help; take away the pledges of fate with maiden hands; they must be carried away, not by vows, but by hand. Me, wretched, do you doubt, says he. He saw that they hesitated, and that they, trembling, fell forwards on bended knee. He takes up water, and lifting up his hands, says he: Pardon sacred things. I, a man, will enter places not to be approached by a man. If it is a crime, may the punishment of the deed overflow on me, who have committed it; may Rome be saved by the loss of my life, he spoke, and rushed. The goddess, carried away, approved of the deed, and she has been saved by the devotion of her priest. Now, sacred things, do ye shine brightly under Cæsar; now the fire shall be, and is, on the Trojan hearth, and no priestess shall be said to have defiled her fillets under this leader, nor shall she be buried in the living ground. Thus the unchaste perishes, because she is buried in that ground which she has violated. Tellus and Vesta are the same deities. Then Brutus gained a surname for himself from the Gallician enemy, and tinged the Spanish ground with their blood. Of course sometimes sad things are mixed with grief, nor do the festivals delight the people with all their

heart. Crassus lost his son and his eagles and his army (near) or on the Euphrates, and last of all he himself is given to death. O Parthian, why dost thou exult? says the goddess. You shall give back the standards, and there will be an avenger who may avenge the death of Crassus. But, as soon as the violets are taken off the long-eared asses, and the rough mill stones grind the corn—the crops of Ceres, the sailor sitting on the poop says we will see the dolphin, when the dewy night had arisen, the day being driven away. Already, O Phrygian Tithonus, do you complain that you have been deserted by your wife, and the watchful morning star comes out from the eastern waters. Go to (or depart), good matrons. Matralia is your festival; give to the Theban goddess her yellow cakes. A most famous open space is united to the bridges and the great Circus, which has its name from the ox placed there. On this day they say that the royal hands of Sergius gave a temple to the parent Maluta. What goddess can she be? Why should she exclude female attendants from the threshold of her temple, for she does exclude them and seeks roasted cakes. O Bacchus, encircled as to thy clustering locks with ivy, if that is thy temple



**IMAGE EVALUATION
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direct the work of thy poet. Semele had been consumed by the compliance of Jove. Ino takes the charge of thee, O boy, and brings thee up with her best watchful care. Juno swelled with rage because she carried off and brought up the son of a concubine. But he was her sister's own blood. Hence Athamas is driven by the furies, and with a delusion thou, O young Learchas, perishes by a father's hand. The sad mother had entombed the shades of Learchas, and had given all due rights to thee (O) wretched pyre. She also, with her hair torn as in sign of mourning, leaps forth and snatches thee, Melicerta, from thy cradle. There is a land hemmed in by a narrow space; it beats back two seas, and one land is beaten by two seas. Here she comes clasping her son with her arms and hurls him with herself from the lofty crag into the deep. Panope and her 100 sisters receive them, unhurt, and bears them with gentle gliding (motions) through their realms, nor yet Leucothea, nor yet the boy Palaemon reached the banks of the Tiber, thick with eddies. There was a grove; it was doubtful whether it should be called Semele or Stimulaes. They say that the Ausonian Bacchantes dwell therein. From these Ino enquires what people it

was. She hears that they are Arcadians, and that Evander holds the sceptre of the place. Veiling her godhead, wily Saturnia urges on the Latin Bacchanals with false sounds. O, too simple people, bereft of all sense, this stranger comes not as a friend to our revels; with deceitful purpose she seeks you. She is preparing to make herself acquainted with the rites of our festivals. She has a pledge by which she can be punished. Scarcely had she ceased, the Bacchanals fill the air with shrieks, their hair streaming down their necks, they lay hands upon them, and fight to tear away the child. She calls upon gods, whom hitherto she was ignorant of, "O ye gods and inhabitants of the place, come to the help of a distressed mother." Her cry strikes the neighboring rocks of Mount Aventine. Octus had driven the oxen from Spain to the bank; he hears, and presses on to the voice; on the coming of Hercules those effeminate creatures who just now were preparing to use violence turned their shameful backs to the flight. What seekest thou here (for he had recognized her), O aunt of Bacchus? Does the deity harass thee who also harasses me? says he. She teaches him in part, partly the presence of her son checks her, and she is ashamed of having fallen into crime

through madness. Rumour, swift as she is, flies on with violently beating wings, and thy name, O Ino, is frequently in the mouths of men; thou art said to have entered the loyal homes of Carmentis as a guest, and to have put an end to thy long hunger. The Tegean priestess is said by tradition to have given the cakes hastened by her own hand, on a hearth hastily prepared. Now, also, on the festival of Matralia cakes please. The earnestness of the country-folk was more pleasing than their skill. Now, says she, O prophet unseal the coming fates as far as is allowed; add this also to my kindnesses, I pray thee. There is little delay; the poet receives heaven and the deities, and becomes in his whole body god-inspired. Scarcely would you be able to know her at a glance so much more holy and so much greater than formerly was she. I will sing of joyful things; rejoice, O Ino, having finished thy toils, he said, and be thou ever present, propitious to these people; thou hast the divine sovereignty of the sea; the sea shall have thy son also as a diety; take ye another name in your new waters; thou shalt be called Leucothea by the Greeks, Maluta by our people; thy son shall have all right over our harbours, whom we shall call Portumus his own land shall call Palaemon. Go,

I pray you, propitious, to our country ; she had assented, her word was pledged, they ended their toils, they changed their names, the one a god, the other a goddess. Do ye enquire why she forbids hand maidens to approach her temples, she hates them ; and if she permit me I will sing the origin of her resentment : one of thy maidens was wont, O daughter of Cadmus, often to go under the embraces of thy husband ; wicked Athamas stealthily loved her ; from her he learned that parched seeds were given to husbandmen ; thou thyself denied that thou didst so, but rumour hast made it so, this is the reason why the servile throng is hateful to thee ; nevertheless, an affectionate mother would not supplicate for her own off-spring. She herself seemed to have been a too little fortunate, *i. e.*, an unfortunate mother. You will better entrust to her the off-spring of another ; more useful to Bacchus than she was to her own. They relate that she said to thee, O Rutilius, whither hastenest thou, on my day thou as consul shall fall conquered by the Marsian foe, fulfilment was added to the words. The stream of Tolenus flowed purple, its waters being mingled with blood. It was the next year in the same morning, Didius being slain, redoubled the power

of the foe. The same day is thine, O Fortuna, founder of the place. But who is he who lies hid with togas thrown over him, for it is well known now that it is for Servius. But the cause assigned for his being covered up differs, and the reason also holds me doubtful of mind whilst the goddess, bashful, avows her secret love. It shames her, a goddess, having to have wedded a mortal, for she was inspired with a great love through desire of the king, and in the case of this one man she was not blind. She used to enter the house by night in (or through) a small window, where the gate retains the name of Fenesteta; now it shames her, and she conceals the loved features with a covering, and the royal countenance is covered up with a toga of many foals, or is it more true that after the death of Sullius the people were overwhelmed with grief at the death of the peaceful king, nor was there any moderation to their grief. Their sorrow increased by the image until they covered him up by togas being placed on him. The third reason I must sing of in a wider space. Nevertheless, we shall drive our steeds, drawn up on the inmost side. Tullia, her marriage being the reward of crime, having accomplished it, was wont to urge her husband with these words: What

avails it that we are equal in crime. You, by the murder of my sister, and I, by the murder of thy brother, if a good life satisfies us, both my husband and thy spouse had better have lived if we attempted to dare no greater deed. I make (or made) the life and kingdom of my father thy dowry. If thou art a man, go claim the riches of the dowry mentioned by me. Royalty is a crime. Take the kingdom, thy father-in-law being slain, and dye our hands in my father's blood. Urged on by such words, though a private person, he had taken his seat on the high throne; the common people, thunder-struck, rush to arms. Hence blood, hence slaughter, and the feeble old man is overcome. Superbus, the son-in-law, keeps the sceptre snatched from his father-in-law.

OVID — Book 6, Line 637.

Thee, also, O Concordia Livia, consecrates with a splendid temple which she herself assigned to a beloved husband. Nevertheless, learn future age that where the colonade of Livia now is, were once the roofs of a huge dwelling. One house was the work of a city, and enclosed a space than which many towns enclosed smaller space with their walls.

This house is levelled with the ground, under no charge, but aiming at a kingdom. But because it seemed to be hurtful by its display, Cæsar undertook to pull down such a pile of buildings, and as heir, to loose so much wealth of his own. Thus the duty of censor is discharged, and so examples are offered, when the judge himself does what he admonishes others to do. There is no mark of the coming day which you can learn. On the Ides temples were dedicated to Jove, invincible. And now I am bidden to tell of the lesser Quinquatrus. And now be present at my undertakings, O yellow-haired Minerva. Why does the flute player stroll about, wandering throughout all the city? What means the mask? What means the long stole (or what doth the mask wish for)? thus I said. Thus spoke Tritonia, laying aside her spear: Would that I could relate the words of the gifted goddess. In the time of your old ancestors the profession of the flute player was great, and was always held in high respect. The flute poured forth its strains at the shrines, at the games, and at the sad funerals. Sweet was the toil by the rewards it brought, and (the) a time followed which suddenly put an end to the work of Greek art. Add what the Aedile had bidden, that there should be ten musicians only

who should go at the funeral procession. They changed the city for exile, and retired to Tibur. Tibur was at that time a place of exile. The hollow flute is missed on the stage; it is missed at the altars. No dirge leads the last couches, i. e. bier. A certain man had been a slave at Tibur, of whatever rank worthy, but he had been free for a long time. He prepared feasts in his own country district and calls together a host of minstrels. Hither the musical band come to the feasts. It was night, and the eyes and the mind were swimming with wine, when a messenger came with prepared mouth, and thus he says: Why cease to break up the feasts? Lo, the author of thy freedom is at hand. Nor was there delay. The limbs of the guest move tottering with strong wine. Their doubtful feet stand and totter, but the master (of the house) says, away with you, and bears them delaying on a waggon. On the waggon was borne a wicker-work cover. The time, the motion, and strong wine entice sleep. The drunken company think that they are retiring to Tibur, and they had already entered the Roman city through the Esquiline, and in the morning the waggons were in the middle of the forum. Plautius, that he might be able to deceive

the Senate as to their kind and number, orders their faces to be covered with masques, and mixes others, and that the female flute player may increase the crowd, he orders them to wear long garments, that those who returned may be able to be well hid, lest by chance they should be blamed for having returned against the commands of his colleague. The thing pleased him. It is allowed on the Ides to use the new garment and to sing humorous words according to the ancient style. When she taught me these things, it remains to me to learn, said I, why that day is called Quinquatrus. Mars says she celebrates my festival with such a name. This profession also is due to my invention. I was the first to make the long flute utter sounds, the box wood being bored with a few apertures, the sound pleased me. When the clear waters reflected my face I saw that my virgin cheeks were puffed out. Art is not so much to me. Farewell, my flute, said I. The bank receives it, thrown away on its sod. First Satyrus finds it, and wonders at it, and is ignorant of its use, and perceives that it being blown pours forth a strain; and sometimes he blows out and sometimes he keeps in the air with his fingers, and now among the nymphs he was proud of his

skill, and he challenges Phœbus. Phœbus gaining the victory, he payed the penalty: his limbs were cut and departed from the skin. Nevertheless, I am the inventor and the author of this flute playing. This is the reason why that profession of yours celebrates our festivals. The third day will come on which thou, O Thyene of Dordona, will stand conspicuous on the forehead of the bull of Agenor. This is that day on which thou, O Tiber, sendest into the sea, by means of the waters of Etruria, the offscourings of the temple of Vesta. If, O sailor, the winds have any of your confidence, spread thy sails to the zephyr, To-morrow he will come favourable to your waters. But when the father of the Heliades shall have dipped the spokes of his wheels in the waves, and a clear star shall gird the twin heavens (and) the offspring of Hyreus shall lift from the ground his mighty limbs. The next night there will be the dolphin to be seen. Of course you know this constellation once had looked upon the Volsci and Aequi, put to flight in the camp. O land of Algidus, whence, O Tiburtus Postumius, as victor thou wast carried on snowy white steeds, renowned by thy suburban triumph. Already six and so many days remain to the

month. Thou, nevertheless, add one day to that number. The sun departs from the twins, and the sign of the crab grows red. Pallas began to be worshipped on the Aventine hill. Now, O Laomedon, thy daughter-in-law rises, and, having risen, dispels the night, and the wet hoar frost vanishes from the meadow. Temples are said to have been reared to Summanus, whoever he is, at the time when thou, O Pyrrhus, wast an object of dread to the Romans, and when Galatea shall have received this day also in her father's wares, and the earth shall be full of calm repose, the youth rises from the ground scorched by the clarts of his grandfather and stretches out both his hands with a snake entwined. Well known is the love of Phædrus; known is the wrongs done by Theseus: he, too, easily believing, cursed his son. The pious youth, not with safety, made for Trœjen. A bull cleaves with his breast the hindering waters; the restless steeds are frightened, and in vain kept back, draw their master over the cliffs and the hard rocks. He had fallen from his chariot, and the reins entangling his limbs, Hippolytus was borne along, his body being mangled, he had given up his breath, Diana being much indignant. There is no cause of grief, says Choroides, for I will

restore life to the pious youth without a wound, and dismal fate shall yield to my art. Forthwith he brings forth herbs from an ivory casket. They had before benefitted the shades of Glaucus. At the time when a snake went into the watched shade (*i. e.*, vaults), the augur made use of the aid given by a snake. Thrice he touched his breast; thrice he uttered health-giving words. He lifted his prostrate head from the ground. A wood and a retired spot of thy grove, O Diana, conceals him. He is Virbius from the Arician lake; but Clymenus and Clotho grieved: the latter that the threads are re-spun; the former that the rights of his throne are diminished. Jove, fearing the precedent, directed his thunderbolt at him, who applied an aid of too much skill. O, Apollo, thou didst complain. He is a god: be thou appeased by thy parent; for thy sake he does what he forbids to be done.

OVID—6 Book, Line 785.

Lo, some drunken person, returning from the suburban temple, utters such words to the stars: Now thy belt is hidden, and to-morrow, perhaps, it will be hidden too. After this Orion will be a spectacle for me; but if he had not been drunk he

would have said the time of the solstice would come on the same day. On the following day the shrines have borne their Lares here where many a chaplet made by skilful hands. Sator has the same day for his temple, which temple Romulus once built before the entrance of the Palatine hill, and so many days remain to the month as the fates had names, when temples were given to thy augurs' robes, O Quirinus. To-morrow is the natal time of the Kalends of Julius. Ye muses, add the last words to my beginnings; tell me, O muses, who united you to the hero to whom the vanquished mother-in-law gave unwilling hands. So I say; so Clio says. Thou beholdest the monuments of renowned Philip, from whence the chaste Marcia derives her race. Marcia, a name derived from the priestly Ancus, in whom was a beauty equal to her nobility. Her beauty also corresponds to her mind; in her were both birth and beauty and wit together; nor think thou it base that we praise her beauty in this respect, also do we praise the great gods; once the aunt of Cæsar was married to him. O glory! O woman! worthy of a temple! So sang Clio; her inspired sisters assented; Alcides gave his consent, and struck his lyre.

INCURABLE SORROW.—Ovid, *Epist. ex Pont*, i. 3.

This greeting your friend Naso sends to you, O Rufinus, who am wretched, if he can be his own to any one. Your consolation, lately given to my confused mind, brought aid and hope to my evils, as the heroical son of Pœan-tius felt the medical aid by the arts of Machaon in his wound, being relieved, so I, prostrate in mind and enfeebled by the bitter stroke, begin to be stronger from your advice, and so already feeling revived at your words, as the vein is wont to be revived by the wine poured into it. Yet eloquence has not finished so much strength that any breast could be healed by your words, although you may withdraw much from the abyss of my care, that which remains over will not be less than that which is drawn out; perhaps a scar will be formed by course of time, but raw wounds shudder at the hand which applies itself to heal them; it is not always in the doctor's power that the rich may be healed—sometimes the evil is stronger than the learned art. You see how the blood flowing from the soft lungs leads to the waters of the Styx by a sure way, although the Epidaurian himself may bring sacred herbs. The wounds of the heart will be cured by no strong

medicine; medicine knows not to take away the knotty gout, nor is it helped by the dreaded waters. Care is sometimes curable by no art, or as it is to be diminished by long delay when your precepts have well strengthened my prostrate spirits and the armour of your breast has been put on by me. Again, love for my country is stronger than all reason, it has unwoven the work which your writing has woven, whether you choose this to be pious or womanish. But I confess that I, wretched man, have a soft heart within me. The wisdom of the Ithican is not doubtful, yet he desired to be able to see the smoke from his country's hearth. Love for one's native land takes men captive with some sweetness, I know not what, and does not permit to be mindful of themselves. What is better than Rome? What is worse than snowy Scythia? Yet the stranger flies to that city; though it is well with the daughters of Pandion, shut up in a cage, yet she strives to return to her woods; the bulls seek their accustomed glades, and lions their dens, nor does their fierceness hinder them; and yet you believe that the ills of exile can be removed from my heart by your supplications. Cause that you yourself should not be objects of such love to me that it may be a

lighter misfortune to be deprived of such, but I believe, being deprived of my native land where I had been born, it has happened to me to be in a place not fit for civilized men. I lie deserted on the sands at the extreme end of the world, where the buried earth bears perpetual snow; this land does not produce the apple nor the sweet grapes; the willows are not green on the bank, nor the oaks on the mountains. Nor can you praise the narrow sea more than the land, where the sea, deprived of sunny days, is always swelling; wherever you look you see meadows deprived of an husbandmen, and large fields lying waste with no one to care them. The enemy is present, to be feared on the right hand and on the left hand, and on the neighbouring sides; on the one hand the lance flung by the Bistones; on the other the dart flung by the hand of a Sarmatian. Now, I relate examples of ancient heroes, who bore misfortunes with courageous mind, admire the gallant character of brave Rutilius, who did not use the permission of returns granted him. Smyrna held the hero, not Pontus, and the hostile land, Smyrna, a place to be sought not less than any place. Although the Cynic of Sinope was so far from his native land he did not grieve, for he chose thee, O land of

Attica, as his resting place. The son of Neoclides, who crushed the Persian arms with his arms, first felt his exile in a city of Argolis. Aristides, being driven from his native land, fled to Lacedemon. Amongst all of these there was a doubt which was the first. The boy Patroclus, on a charge of murder, fled to Opus, and went to the land of Thessaly as a guest of Achilles. The hero, exiled from Hæmus, arrived at the waters of Pirene, under whom, as leader, the sacred ship that ran over the waters of Colchis. Cadmus, son of Agenor, left the fortifications of Sidon that he should place walls in a better place. Tydeus, when flying from Calydon, came to Adrastus, and the land pleasing to Venus received Teucer. Why shall I relate the ancient Roman nobles, whose farthest exile was Tibur? At no age has a place so far from his native land been assigned to any one, and so horrid, therefore the more readily should you and wisdom find a pardon for me in my sorrow, and though my wisdom does not gain much from your words, and yet I do not deny that if my wounds were able to be healed they would heal through your advice; but I fear lest you should be labouring to save me in vain, and lest weak and past all recovery, I can derive no good from the application

of thy aid. I say this, not because I have any greater foresight, but because, I am better known to myself than to my physician; yet, though it is so, thy good wishes have come as a great boon to me, and are gratefully accepted.

PENLOPE TO ULYSSES—Ovid, Heroid, 1.

Your Penlope sends this letter to you, O Ulixes, in hope that you may write nothing back, but come yourself. Troy, hated by the Grecian girls, to be sure, lies waste. Scarcely was Priam and the whole of Troy of so much value. O, would that when he was seeking Lacedemon in his fleet, the adulterer having been overwhelmed in the raging waters. Nor would I have lain cold on my deserted bed; nor would I be complaining the days go slowly by; nor would the hanging web weary my widowed hands while seeking to while away the long night. When did I not fear dangers, heavier than the true ones? Love is a thing full of anxious fear. I feared that the violent Trojans would go against you. I was always terrified at the name of Hector, or if anyone related that Antilocus was slain by Hector. Antilochus was the cause of my fear, or that Menœtides fell in false armour. I wept that

stratagem might fail of success. Hepolemus had warmed the Lycian spear with his blood. My care was renewed by the death of Hepolemus. Lastly, whoever was slain in the Achean camp, my loving breast was colder than ice, but a just God had counselled well for my chaste love. The Argive leaders have returned; the altars are smoking, a foreign booty is offered to our country's gods. - The young women bring grateful gifts for the safety of their husbands. These sing of Trojan fate, conquered by their just old men, and trembling girls wonder. The wife hangs on the lips of her husband while he is telling his story, and some one shows a fierce battle on a table, placed and paints the whole of Pergamus with a little wine. This way the Simois flowed, here was the Sigeian band, here stood the lofty palace of old Priam, here the lacerated Hector terrified the horses at full speed, for old Nestor had related all things to your son when sent to seek you, and to me he told how that Rhesus and Dolon were slain by the sword; the former, in his sleep; the latter, in his stratagem. You dare, O, too, too neglectful of your safety to venture to reach the Thracian camp by mighty stratagem, and to slay so many men assisted by one. And you were ever cautious and ever mind-

ful of me before hand, my breast quite palpitated with fear until you were said to have gone as a victor through the friendly army on horses from the Ismarus. But what does it profit me, if Illium, thrown down by your arms, and where a wall was now the ground, if I remain as I remained when Troy was standing, and thou, my husband, art absent to be regretted for ever? The others have been destroyed, whilst Pergamus is standing to me alone, the victorious inhabitant is ploughing with the captured ox. Now there is a crop where Troy was standing; the ground, fit to be cut with the scythe, is luxurious with Phrygian blood; the half buried bones of heroes are struck with the curved plough; the grass covers the ruined houses; and you, though conqueror, art absent. Nor is it allowed to me to know the cause of your delay, or in what part of the world you, iron-hearted, lay hid. Whoever steers a foreign ship to these shores, he goes away questioned in many things by me about you; a letter is given to him marked by my fingers, which, if he sees you, he may give you. We sent to Pylos the Nelean bands of old Nestor. An uncertain report was sent back from Pylos. We sent to Sparta. Sparta also was ignorant of the truth. What lands you were in, or

where you, slow of return, art present, and the walls of Phoebus might better now be standing. I should have known where you were fighting, and should only fear wars, and my complaint would be joined with that of many. I know not what I fear, and yet in my madness I fear all things, and a wide scope is open for my cares. Whatever dangers the sea has, whatever dangers the land has, I suspect them to be the causes of your long delay. Whilst I am foolishly meditating, such is the license of you men, you may be taken by some foreign lover. Perhaps you may be relating what a country wife you have, who only does not allow the wool to be rough. May I be deceived, and may this accusation vanish into thin air, or, if free of return, you choose to be absent. My father Icarius bids me depart from my widowed bed, and is constantly blaming my endless delay. Let him blame me. Still I am your Penlope. I will always be the wife of Ulixes. He, however, is softened by my beautiful affection and chaste entreaties, and moderates his own violence. The Dulichian and Samian suitors, and others, whom lofty Jacynthus has borne, a luxurious crowd, are flocking to me. They are sitting like kings in your hall, with no one to prevent

them. My heart is torn; your riches are plundered. Why should I relate to you Pisandrus and Polybus and the dreadful Medon, and the greedy hands of Eurymachus and Antinous, and others, all of whom you, rashly absent, are feeding on things gained by your blood. And the beggar Irus, and Melancthus, the driver of the flock, while feeding, come to your ruin as a last disgrace. We are three in number, unwarlike: your wife, without strength; old Laertes, and the boy Telemachus. He, too, was nearly taken away from me by a plot while he was preparing, though all were unwilling, to go to Pylos. I pray that the gods may order that the fates going in order he may close my eyes, he may close yours. These do their duty: the cowherd, the old nurse, the faithful keeper of the dirty pig sty; for neither Laertes, who is useless in arms and unable to hold his kingdom—surrounded by enemies. Stronger age will come to Telemachus, if only he should live. Nor have I strength to drive out the enemies from your roof. You have a son, and I pray you may have one who in his tender years ought to be brought up in father's arts. Have regard to Laertes till the last day of fate, that you may close his eyes. I, indeed, who had been a girl

when you departed, even if you return now shall seem to become an old woman.

MEDEA TO JASON — Ovid Heroid, xii.

But I remember how I, the queen of the Colchians, found room for you in my heart when you were begging that my art should bring help to you. Then the sisters, who measure out mortal threads, ought to have run out my spindles; then I, Medea, could have died well from that time. Whatever life I have dragged out has been a punishment; woe is to me. Why ever did the tree from Mount Pelion, impelled by youthful arms, seek the sheep of Phryxeas? Why ever did we Colchians see the Argo from Magnesia, and you, the Grecian band, drink of the waters of the Phasis? Why did your yellow hair please me more than was right, and your beauty and the pretended affection of your tongue? A foreign ship had once come in our shores, and had brought daring heroes. The son of Æson would have gone, not charmed, amidst the fires breathed forth, and the curved mouths of bulls; he would have sown the seed, he would have felt as many enemies, that the husbandman might

fall by his own crop. How much perfidy would have perished with you, O wicked man! How many evils would have been taken from my head! It is some pleasure to reproach an ungrateful man—I enjoy this. These are the only joys I can get from you. Having been ordered to turn his ship to Colchis, as yet untried, you enter the happy kingdom of my native land. I, Medea, was such a one then, as your newly married is (here) now. My father was as rich as her father. Her father holds Ephyre on two seas; my father holds all the land reaching as far as snowy Scythia, where the left side of Pontus lies. Ætes received the Pelasgian youths with hospitality, and your Greek bodies press the varied couches. Then I saw you; then I began to know what you were—that was the first ruin of my mind. As I saw you, so I perished, and I burnt with unknown fires, as the pine torch burns to the great God. You were handsome, and my fate drew me on, and your eyes charmed mine. You perceived it, O perfidious man (for who can conceal love well?), the flame betrayed distinguishes itself by its own indication. Meanwhile, a law is declared to you that you should press the hard neck of the fierce bulls with the unaccustomed plough.

The bulls of Mars were more terrible—their feet were of solid brass, brass extended over their nostrils. These, too, were made black by their breathing. Meanwhile, to sprinkle seed over the wide fields with doomed hand is ordered you, which would bring forth people who should attack your body with weapons born with them. This is a harvest fatal to its husbandman. The last labour is to deceive, by some, the eyes of the guard, which knows not to succumb to sleep. Ætes had spoken. They all rise sad, and those at the high table desert the purple couches. How far from you, then, was the dowry kingdom of Creusa, and the father-in-law and the daughter of my Creon? You depart sad, and I follow you when departing with tearful eyes, and my tongue said, with a soft whisper, farewell with much. I reach my bed, placed in my chamber. The night long was passed by me in tears; before my eyes were the fierce bulls, and the unspeakable crop before my eyes, was the ever-watchful dragon. On one side is love; on the other fear. Fear itself increases love. It was morning, and my dear sister, being received into my bed-chamber, found me with rumpled hair, and lying on my face, turned aside, and all things wet with my tears. He asked

help for the Minys: the one seeks, and the other will have it. We give to the Æsonian youths what they asked. There is a grove, dark with the pine trees and the branches of the ilex; scarcely is the sun's rays allowed to enter there. There is in it, and there has been in it for a long time, the shrine of Diana. The goddess stands all in gold, wrought by a strange hand. Do you remember, or has the place vanished along with me? We came there; you first began to speak with faithless mouth. Fortune has given to us the right and privilege of our safety. Life and death are in your hand: it is sufficient to be able to destroy, if that power delights any one. But if preserved, I will be a greater honour to you. How many evils, I pray you, of which you may be a deliverance by your race, and by the deity of your grandfather, who sees all things by the countenance, and the rites of triple Diana; and if, perchance, that race of yours has other gods, O maiden, pity me; pity my companions, and make me yours forever. For if, by chance, you did not disdain a Pelasgian husband; but can I find gods so favourable to me as my own, may my spirit vanish into thin air before that any one, except you, should be married to my nuptial chamber. Let Juno be witness, the god-

deity who is set over the sacred rites of marriage, in whose marble temple we are now in, these (how great a part they form) moved the heart of a simple girl, and my hand was joined with yours. I even saw tears; or was there a part of fraud in these. I, a girl, was quickly taken by your words. You yoked the brazen-footed bulls with unsinged body, and you cleft the solid ground with the plough-share, as ordered. You fill the field with poison teeth for seed, and a soldier is born, and has a shield and a sword. I, who had given the charms, sat pale, when I saw men born at a sudden and holding arms, O miserable deed! until the earth-born brothers join hand to hand. Behold the ever-watchful snake bristling with his rattling scales, and sweeps the ground with his twisted breast. Where, then, was your dowry? Where, then, was your royal wife, and this isthmus which keeps apart the waters of the double sea? I, who am now become a stranger to you, now even seem poor, now even hurtful. I lulled the fiery eyes with charmed sleep, and delivered to you the fleece safe for you to carry away. My father was betrayed; I left my kingdom and my native land; I consented to fill any place in exile; my virginity has become the booty of a foreign

robber ; I left my best sister with my dear mother. But, when flying, I did not leave thee behind, O my brother ; my letter is wanting in this single place : but what my right hand dared to do, it does not dare to write. I ought to have been torn to pieces, but with you ; yet I fear — but what should I fear after these things — to trust myself, a woman, to the sea, and so hurtful. Where is the deity ? where are the gods ? Let us undergo punishment in the deep : you, of dishonesty ; I, of credulity. Would that the Symplegades had sent us forth pressed together, and my bones were adhering to yours ; or rapacious Scylla had sent us to be eaten by dogs. Scylla ought to hurt ungrateful men who vomits up the waves and as many times sucks them back, and you return safe and a conqueror from the cities of Hæmonia. The golden fleece is offered to our country's gods. Why should I relate to you, the daughters of Pelias, hurtful through their filial affection, and the father's limb cut up by virgin hands. Though others blame me, it is right that you should praise me, for whom so often I have been compelled to be hurtful. You dare (alas ! proper words are wanting to my just grief), you dare to say depart from the house of Æson. I left my house when ordered,

accompanied by my two sons ; and love for you always followed me ; when, suddenly, the song of Hymen came to my ears, and the torches glitter with the fire kindled, and for you the flute plays merry songs, but for me notes sadder than the funeral horn. I feared, but yet I did not think so great a crime could be ; but I was cold throughout my whole breast. The crowd rush, and cry Hymen, and frequently cry Hymen ; the nearer the voice came the worse it was for me, for who would wish to be the messenger of so much evil. It relieved me, moreover, to be ignorant of it, whatever it was, but my mind was sad as though I knew it. The younger of my sons, being commanded, and zealous of seeing, stood at the entrance of the double doors ; he says to me, mother, depart, my father, Iason, is leading the procession, and, decorated with gold, urges the horses yoked together. I immediately tore off my garment and beat my breast ; nor was my face safe from my fingers. My feelings urged me to go in amongst the middle of the band, and snatching away the garlands from your combed hair. Scarcely did I restrain myself from crying out my hair is torn, he is mine, and from laying my hands on him. Rejoice, my injured father ; re-

joice, ye Colchians whom I have left. O, shade of my brother, receive my offering. I am abandoned after leaving my kingdom, my country, and my native land, O my husband, who alone was everything to me. I was able to tame fierce bulls and serpents, but I could not tame one single man. I who turned off fierce fires, by learned charms, am not able to escape my own flames. My very incantations, and my herbs, and my arts are leaving me. The goddess can do nothing, the sacred rites of powerful Hecate can do nothing. The day is not pleasing to me, the bitter nights are spent in watching, nor is gentle sleep in my wretched breast. I, who could lull to sleep the dragon, am not able to lull myself to sleep. My care (is) more useful to others than for myself. A harlot is embracing the lips that I have saved, and she has the fruit of my labour. Perchance, too, while you are seeking to boast to your foolish wife and to speak words pleasing to her unjust ears, you make new accusations against my face and my manners. Let her laugh, and let her be joyful at my faults; let her laugh, and let her lie raised on Tyrian purple. She shall weep. Whilst the sword and flame are at hand and the juice of poison, no enemy of Medea shall

be unpunished. What, if by chance, my prayers touch your iron heart. Now hear words less than my feelings. I am a suppliant now to you as you were to me, nor do I delay to cast myself at your feet. If I be vile to you, have a care for your common sons. A dreadful step-mother will be furious at my offspring, and they are greatly like you, and I am touched at the resemblance, and as often as I see them my eyes fill with tears. By the gods above I pray, by the light of your ancestral glory, by your merit, and by your two sons, your pledges, restore me to your couch for which I, being mad, left so many things. Add faith to your words and again bring help. I am not imploring you against bulls and men. I seek you whom I deserved, whom you yourself gave to me, with whom as a parent I, in like manner, became a parent. Where is the dowry you are seeking? We counted it from that field which had to be ploughed by you. If you had to carry off the fleece safe, that glorious ram, glorious to be seen for its golden fleece, is my dowry, which, if I say to you return, you will deny. You, being safe, are my dowry. The Grecian youth is my dowry. Go now, O wicked man, collect the wealth of Sisyphas whilst you live, whilst you

have a powerful spouse and father-in-law. This is that you can be ungrateful, O man. Is mine, whom I indeed at this instant—but of what use is it to foretell punishment wrath brings forth? Wherever anger takes me I shall follow. Perchance, too, it will repent me of the deed, but it repents me to have formed plans for a perfidious man. May the gods see these things which are now troubling my breast. I know of surety what my mind urges me to do that I will do.

REGRETS FOR AN ABSENT LADY—

Ovid, *Amor* ii, 16.

Sulma holds me the third part of the country district of Pelignum—small, but a salubrious land, and with irrigated waters. The sun cleaves the earth, with its orb brought close to it. The land, fruitful with corn, and much more fruitful with grapes, and here and there land bearing berries sacred to Pallas. The grassy turf shadows the soft earth here and there, the grass rising up along the gliding streams, but my flame is absent. I have sinned by one word. She who moves my ardour is absent. My flame is present. I would not wish to be placed in the heavens between Pollux and

Castor without you. May they lie anxious and pressed with an unjust weight of earth, who cut the earth into long roads, or if they ordered the girls to go as companions to the youths. Then, if shivering, I were treading the windy Alps only with my mistress, it would be a pleasant journey. With my mistress I would dare to burst through the Libyan Syrtes, my sails to be carried by the favourable winds. Nor would I fear your bays, O curved Malea; nor the monsters who bark under the virgin's flank; nor Charybdis, satiated with sunken ships, who sucks up the waters with her mouth, and pours them out again; or if the power of the winds overcome Neptune and the gods coming to our help. You place snowy arms on my shoulders. We will carry a sweet burden with easy body—the youth often seeking. Hero had crossed the waters, and was then crossing, but the way was dark; but without you the fields, busy with the vine, keeps me; and the countrymen calls the parent water into the canals, and the cool breeze soothes the foliage on the trees. I don't seem to be celebrating, healthy Pelignum, the place of my birth and my paternal land, but Scythia, and the wild Cilici, and the green painted Britons, and the rocks are red with the blood of

Prometheus. The elm loves the vine, and the elm does not desert the vine. Why am I so often separated from my mistress? You had sworn to me by your eyes, and by my constellation, that you would be my companion. The winds and the waves carry, and make in vain the words of girls. The words of girls are lighter than the falling leaves, yet, however true faith may be left in you; begin to add deeds to your promises, and whilst hurrying your small chariot with your ponies, do you shake the reins over the mane at full speed, and ye swelling mountains, be ye still, by the (way) which she shall come (by) and let the roads be easy along the crooked valleys.

OVID 6, Line 601.

He himself, slain under the Esquiline, where was his royal abode, covered with blood fell on the hard ground. The daughter, about to enter her home in a chariot, was going along the middle of the street, proud and cruel. When she saw the body, the charioteer stopped short, shedding tears. Him she chides with such words: Dost thou go, or art thou waiting for the bitter reward of thy loyalty; drive on, I say, the unwilling wheels over

his very face. The belief in the deed is certain. From her the street is called the wicked street, and that deed was stamped with eternal infamy. Yet, after this, she dared to enter the temple to touch the statue of her father. I shall tell strange things indeed, but, nevertheless, what happened. There was a statue sitting on a throne under the form of Tullius. The statue is said to have placed its hand over its eyes, and a voice was heard (saying): Hide away my face that it may not see the wicked countenance of my daughter. The statue is covered with a given garment. Fortune forbids this to be taken away, and thus she herself spoke from her temple: On the day on which Servius shall be first exposed, his face uncovered, this day shall be the first of modesty laid aside. Spare, O matrons, to touch the forbidden garments; it is enough to utter your prayers with solemn voice, and so let his head be ever covered with a Roman toga who was the seventh king in Rome. This temple had been on fire, nevertheless the fire spared that statue. Mulciber himself brought aid to his son, for Vulcan was the father of Tullius; his mother, Ceres, was a native of Corniculum, remarkable for her beauty. The father gave a sign at the time when he touched

his head with a quivering flame, and a fiery top
blazed on his head.

OVID 6, Line 763.

I would not wish that thou, O Cæsar, should
move the standard, although thou shalt hasten
to conquer. If the auspices forbid, let Flamimus
and the shores of Trasimene be witnesses to thee
that the propitious gods give many warnings by
the flight of birds. If you inquire about the rash
day of the ancient calamity, that day was the
eighth from the end of the month. The next day
is a better day. Masinissa conquers Syphax, and
Hasdrubal himself fell by his own weapons. Time
glides on, and we grow old with the silent years,
and the days fly, no rein holding them back. How
quickly has come the festival of Fors Fortuna.
After seven days June will be ended. Go ye,
Quirites, and joyfully celebrate the goddess For-
tuna. She has on the banks of the Tiber (her
temple) the gift of a king. Some on foot, others
also in a swift boat, hasten down. Nor let it shame
you to return hence intoxicated; ye boats, crowned
with garlands, bring the festive company of youths,
and let much wine be drunk along the middle of

the stream. The commonalty worship her because he who found her temple is said to have been of the common people, and (though) from humble birth to have wielded the sceptre. It is pleasant also to the slaves, because Tullius, born of a slave, erected temples near to the doubtful goddess.

FABLES OF ÆSOP.

(From the Original : The Genuine Thirty).

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

A man had a horse. This he used to lead empty by his side, but he used to place the burden on an old ass. He therefore being much tired, having come up, conversed with the horse. If you would consent to take some part of the burden, I would, perhaps, then be safe; but if not, I am going to die. But, he said, will you not go on, and do not annoy me. He kept creeping on, being silent; but having fainted, and fallen, he lay dead, as he had foretold. The master having immediately placed the horse by him, and loosing all the burden, he placed it upon him, and set the trappings of the beast of burden. And, having skinned it, he placed the ass-hide on it besides.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A wolf, once seeing a lamb that wandered away from the herd, did not attack him by force, but, with the intention of seizing him, he looked for an accusation of hostility. Was it you who was

defaming me a year ago, being small? I have nothing to do with last year, I who was born a year ago. Then you lay waste the corn-field, which I possess? I never grazed nor fed on anything green. Then have you not even drank out of the fountain which I drank from? Until now the maternal teat fills me with milk. But, he said, you will not leave a dinnerless wolf, and having seized and eaten the lamb, even if you free yourself from every charge?

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A lion, having caught a mouse, was about to dine on him. But the wretched house-sinner and thief, being near his fate, besought the wild beast with such tales: Is it seemly for you, hunting deer and horned cattle, and to fatten your stomach with that flesh. But a dinner on a mouse! but it is not right to have touched the lips of your lips, but spare me, I entreat you; perhaps, notwithstanding being small, I will do a favour for you in return for this. But the wild beast, having laughed, let go the suppliant alive, and afterwards, falling in with hunters, young men, he was netted and put in bonds; but the mouse, having secretly leapt from a hole, and having clipped the strong cord with its teeth,

though very short, loosed the lion, so as to look on this light of day, having given a worthy pay for his capture.

THE WOLF AND THE HERON.

A bone had stuck in the throat of a wolf, but he arranged to give a worthy reward to a heron if, having let down his neck, he would drag it out, and give relief from his sufferings. But having drawn it out, he asked for the reward. He having grinned somewhat grimly, says: "It is enough reward for your medical services that you should take out your head safe from the mouth of a wolf." In helping the wicked you will obtain no good reward, yet you will not suffice to undergo certain evils for them.

THE WIDOW AND THE SHEEP.

A certain widow once had a sheep in her house. Wishing to get a greater fleece from it, she sheared it unskilfully, and clipped it at no great distance from the flesh, so as to wound it. But the sheep, in pain, said: "Do not ruin me, for how much weight will my blood add; but if you desire my flesh, O mistress, there is a cook who will shortly

sacrifice me, but if you desire my wool and fleece, and not my flesh, there is again the shearer, who will clip and save me."

THE GNAT AND THE BULL.

A gnat having seated himself on the crooked horn of a bull, and, checking himself a little, said these things, buzzing: "If I weigh you down, and bend down your tendon, I will sit down, having gone away on the black poplar tree by the river." But he answered: "It is no care to me whether you remain or whether you go away. I did not even know when you came."

PREMIÈRES LEÇONS, FRAGMENT

This remembrance always affects and touches me, when himself, applying the flute to my mouth, smiling, and sitting me on his knee, close to his heart, calling me his rival, and even his conqueror. He fashioned my lips, though still unskilful, to blow a pure and harmonious sound, and his clever hand used to take my young fingers, and raise them, and let them fall, and begin again twenty times, thus directing them, although unpractised,

to close the holes of the box-wood flute one by one.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

SOUPIR.

All things are but wandering images: songs, joyous or plaintive, sound falsely from feigning lips, and nothing is true but the sky. Every sun rises and sets. Every throne is artificial. The highest glory succumbs. Everything closes but the tomb. Nothing is true but the sky. The mortal navigator, on a day of storm, is a toy for the waves; pushed away from every shore, sees nothing but reefs on his passage. Nothing is true but the sky.

REBOUL.

THE SNOW.

How sweet, how sweet it is to listen to histories, to stories of past time, when the branches of trees are black, when the snow is thick on the soil, when alone, in a pale sky, the poplar springs up, and when the motionless crow balances itself on the tree like the weather-cock at the end of the long steeple.

DE VIGNY.

THE GONDOLIER.

Near the shores, where Venice is queen of the seas, the gondolier at night, at the return of evening, with a light oar, beats the smooth sea. He sings of Rinaldo, Tancred, and the beautiful Herminia. He loves his songs; he sings without being requested, without glory, without projects, without thought for the future. He sings full of the God, who animates him; he knows, at least, how to make his way cheerful over the deep, and the verses unknown (to others), which I like to compose, softens for me the path of life over which my sail is driven by so many northern gales.

FINIS.



