BY

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Non Omnis Moriar

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years with honor its Presidential Chair, and was my instructor in the Greek and Latin Classics; and to all who love the genius and culture of the Past, this volume is affectionately dedicated by

J. B. H.

wants of the latter. It may be described as the outcome of thirty years of labor as a teacher and reader of the Greek and Latin Classics, including ten years of special work in moulding it to its present form.

One of the principal objects which the translator has kept before him is the greatest possible condensation in giving to the odes this English dress. While anything like literal translation would be out of the question in a poetical version, yet it has been thought desirable to represent these lyrics more closely than has been generally considered necessary where the forms of poetry have been employed. In carrying out this design, which renders additions almost impossible, it is hoped that nothing of importance has been omitted. It is applying strictly to all the odes the methods which distinguished scholars have applied to some of them, and in which their finest work as translators has appeared. Mr. Conington ( Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford ) has carried this out as a principle through the whole of his scholarly translation of the four books of Odes and the Sæcular Hymn.

As represented by the editions generally used, the odes of Horace number one hundred and twenty-one, including the Sæcular Hymn. Seventy-eight of these are written in stanzas of four lines each, no line exceeding a pentameter in length, while many lines are still less in the number of feet. Thirty-six of the seventy-eight are in the measure called Alcaiic, and twenty-six in the measure called Sapphic, leaving only sixteen nearly equally divided between two other measures. Thus it appears that there were favorite rhythms which took precedence with the poet. We borrow this idea from our bard; and, since there are no recognized measures in English poetry which bear the slightest resemblance to the rhythms of these lyrics, the translator has been left free to select poetical forms such as in his judgment would best convey the meaning and spirit of the odes. He has therefore selected as the most agreeable to the English ear, and the most

shaped. The writer has added a few gleanings of his own, made in the course of years, and has been obliged to exercise his own judgment amid the discussions so abundantly found in Horatian literature.

Some information respecting the Latin text used in this volume may be expected. The numerous publications of Horace used in our schools and colleges, and for general reading, during the last forty or fifty years, and in relation to which the present translator's work has been done, may be divided into four general classes:

First. The older Dauphin editions, representing the best scholarship of their times, and still used by many Horatian scholars. Our copy is marked, London, 1771.

Second. The younger Dauphin editions; based upon the older, yet differing somewhat in readings and arrangement; represented by the edition of the Rev. Henry Pemble, Cambridge, England, 1832.

Third. The Anthon editions—larger and smaller—1830, 1838; with much additional matter from the Commentators, and excellent in arrangement—extensively used in this country.

Fourth. The Latin text represented by the translation of Lord Lytton, and bearing the names of Orelli, Macleane, and Yonge, 1868; very good for comparison with other Latin texts.

The translator has used for many years, in his teaching and reading, the Latin texts above named, has carefully collated them with reference to the text

of these is not small. From the mass we take six or seven names of the most eminent translators, and the best known in our day:

First. A translation in prose by Christopher Smart, A.M., Cambridge. Sat. and Epis.

Second. A translation in verse by the above, with Sat. and Epis.

Third. A translation in verse by Philip Francis, D.D., with Sat. and Epis.

Fourth. A metrical translation of the Odes, Epodes, and Sæc. Hymn, by Lord Lytton.

Fifth. A translation in verse of four books of Odes and Sæc. Hymn by John Conington, Oxford.

Sixth. A translation in verse by Sir Theodore Martin, with Sat. and Epis.

Seventh. An Appendix, with poetical translations of particular odes, by eminent scholars.

The first, third, fourth, and seventh are published in this country.

From the above list we have selected the versions of Dr. Francis, of Lord Lytton, and of Sir Theodore Martin, as those of the most eminent and best known translators, for brief reference and comparison in the notes prefixed to the odes. The number of lines in which each has rendered the lyric is stated, and brief comparisons are made and peculiarities noted. We have also mentioned a considerable number of special translations by eminent scholars, for comment, such as we have been able to gather up in the course of our reading.

To Edward North, L.H.D., LL.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Greek Literature, and to the Rev. Abel Grosvenor Hopkins, Ph.D., Professor of the Latin Language and Latin Literature, who have so long and so ably filled those important Chairs in Hamilton College, and who have been conversant with portions of the translator's work, we return thanks for the favorable opinions expressed; contributing in no small degree, as this has done, to the decision finally reached in connection with the presentation of this volume.

## BOOK I.

BOOK IV.

the heights and depths of human emotion. They are addressed to the Gods, to the greatest of earthly monarchs, to princes who might ascend the throne, to the most renowned generals of the day, to the most distinguished poets of the age, to consuls, and priests, and magistrates, to the men and women of society, to the poor and the rich, to the virtuous and the vicious; and, touching on almost every topic on which men think and speak, they weave themselves into the political, social, moral, and religious life of Rome. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of these poems upon those among whom they first saw the light; nor has too much stress been laid upon this by those who have admired and loved these remains of antiquity. This feeling of regard is but a reflection of the past, a fulfilment of his vision of future fame, expressed by the bard in the odes which close the second and the third books, and wonderfully realized.

Horace was born at Venusia, in Apulia, December 8th, 65 B.C. According to the twenty-first ode of the third book, Manlius Torquatus was one of the consuls of that year. The father of the poet was a freed-man of some branch of the illustrious family of the Horatii, whose name, it is said, custom permitted him to bear. Horace was then free-born, and in right of this possessed the privileges of a Roman citizen. His father's business was probably that of a collector of moneys, the proceeds of auctions of various kinds. Although by no means rich, there was enough

the future poet that Rome could give. It is to the honor of our bard that he was not ashamed of these circumstances pertaining to his father, and of his own comparative poverty and humble position at this early period of his life. So far from concealing them, he seems to take special pains, in the odes which close the second and third books, to bring them out in a manner the most marked and striking, as if in reply to the taunts of some small souls who had made these things a matter of reproach.

The education which Horace received through the forethought and care of his father, who lived with his son at Rome for this purpose, was such as to secure for the future poet admission to the very best society of the city, and to fit him in every respect for the work to which he was called by his genius. It differed but little from what in these days would be called a classical education. The boy commenced in one of the best private schools of Rome with the grammar and literature of his own tongue, took up at the early age of twelve or thirteen the Greek, and read, under his preceptor, Homer and perhaps some other Greek authors. There were also numbers and geometry to match on the mathematical side of his studies. All this required time extending to the seventeenth or eighteenth year.

The Roman youth who were able to do so then spent three or four years at Athens (more if possible) in the study of various Greek authors, of rhetoric, of history, of philosophy, and of liberal art. All this was best found in Greece, to which country our bard resorted in his eighteenth year, and continued till at least his twenty-third birthday. It is easy to see that an education whose foundations were laid so broad and deep at Rome, with the superstructure that years of application at Athens would lay upon it, must have made Horace the peer in culture of any around him. His writings would be regarded as those of a man who had received the highest culture which the times could give—a consideration of no small value to the young poet when his first attempts were made. We now turn to another feature of his life of no less importance than his education, and one which has left as deep a mark upon these odes, and the knowledge of which is necessary to a proper understanding of their true character and position, or at least of a large number of them.

Seldom has one been born in more troublous times than those in which the poet first saw the light. The Servile war which swept through Italy had closed only five or six years before the birth of Horace. He was a child of but five years

Rome's history. This was in 60 B.C. The battles of Pharsalia, of Thapsus, of Munda, of Philippi, of Naulochus, and of Actium were only the heavier surges of this awful civil commotion. Proscriptions, banishments, conspiracies, assassinations, and minor battles were constant throughout the widely extended domains of the Republic, so that the bard could say to Pollio in the ode addressed to him, "that there was scarcely a field not made richer with Roman blood," and in the ninth stanza of the lyric could ask these terrible questions:

> What gulfs, what streams know not our war?
> What sea unstained though distant far
> With Roman slaughter? Name the shore
> Not reddened with Italian gore.

These are strong words, but they were uttered by one whose childhood and youth up to his twenty-third year were passed where the most bloody scenes were transpiring, and who himself was on the Republican side in its last battle on the field of Philippi. Whatever political questions or personal ambitions may have originated and continued this long civil commotion, the question which at last divided the combatants was—shall Rome continue to be a republic, or shall she become a monarchy? Julius Cæsar, Octavius Cæsar, and Mark Antony represented those who believed in a monarchy as the true and proper outcome of the years of civil strife. The names of Cicero, Brutus, Virgil, and Horace would represent those who favored the Republican idea. The death of Julius Cæsar was a part of this long strife, and when it took place Horace, now twenty-three years old, was at Athens pursuing his studies. Nothing but a great and decisive battle can settle such wide political differences. The parties prepared for the final conflict. Brutus passed through Greece at the head of the Republican legions, and Horace and many others joined him heart and soul in the contest. The armies met at Philippi in a three-days' battle, the cause of the poet was lost, he himself fled from the field, and Brutus and Cassius perished there. We can easily understand why Horace wrote such odes as that addressed to Pollio, and the seventh and sixteenth epodes.

strange, in view of such services, that Horace should call Virgil the "half of his soul," in the third ode of the first book; and in that elegant little lyric to Agrippa should compliment Varius as "A Bird of Homeric wing." These events bring us to 39 or 38 B.C.

No man called in troublous times to hold the reins of government, and to re-establish peace and order in a country long distracted by civil war, ever stood in greater need of help than did Octavius Cæsar when, after the battle of Philippi, he assumed the direction of affairs in Italy. No man was ever more fortunate in the friends and counsellors whom he called around him; and it is only just to say that no man more fully deserved the happy results that came, by the exercise of moderation and kindness toward those who had been his enemies, and who, like Horace, had even fought against him. The Republican cause was lost forever. Those who had loved it and fought for it accepted the decision at Philippi as final. They had also a question of great moment to ask. If the Republic were restored, what security have we that ambition, and selfishness, and passion may not break forth again into "leagues of the Chiefs," and again deluge the land with blood? If Octavius will govern with moderation and clemency, let him do so, and bring quiet to this distracted country. The one need of Rome is peace. Everything was favorable for this result. Men were weary of bloodshed, Octavius was peacefully inclined and needed help, and the leaders on the opposite side were ready to give that help. They were men to be trusted when they took upon themselves the obligations of friendship. Horace became the private secretary of Mæcenas,

of the times. Augustus and Mæcenas wielded the executive power of the state. Accordingly there are addressed to Augustus, directly and indirectly, about fourteen odes, nearly the same number to Mæcenas, and six to the Roman people. If a new temple was to be dedicated, or an old one to be repaired; if laws for the repression of crime or the reformation of manners were to be passed; if a policy of conciliation was to be carried out; if victories like those of Drusus, or of Tiberius, or like those of the Emperor himself, were securing peace and order and prosperity, an ode of elegant diction in which any or all of these things were made a matter of favorable notice, would strengthen the hands of the ruling powers under whom all this was taking place. We will give some illustrations of what is meant.

One of the most important duties of Augustus would be the building and repairing of the sacred edifices. In the sixth ode of the third book, addressed to the Romans, the bard urges upon the Emperor and the people the religious duty of repairing these temples and altars—the ruins of the war. The reader is referred to the first and second stanzas of the ode. The mild policy pursued by Augustus after the battles of Philippi and Actium was one of the wisest things ever done by that monarch. In the fourth ode of the third book, to Calliope (tenth and eleventh stanzas), Horace ascribes this policy to the inspiration of the Muses. This is a beautiful recognition of a broad and generous policy, and was not without its worth to Augustus. The political importance of the victory at Actium is placed in a strong light in the ninth epode, written just after the battle. In the four lines commencing with the second, "Io Triumphe" (lines 23–26), the poet declares that not even the fall of Carthage was more to Rome in great results than the victory at Actium. This closed up almost two generations of civil war, and furnished the date for the beginning of the new Empire, and of one of the longest and most glorious reigns known to history.

There was nothing which the Rome of Horace's day felt more deeply than the defeat of Crassus in 53 B.C., on the Median or Parthian plains, and particularly the capture of the Roman standards. This defeat must be avenged, and these standards restored. No opportunity was lost of reminding the Emperor of what all felt and desired. This is finely done in the last two lines of the second ode of the first book, addressed to Augustus:

recognized in two magnificent lyrics, the fourth and the fourteenth of the fourth book, the former entitled, "The Praises of Drusus," and the latter (addressed to Augustus) is designed to commemorate the victories of Tiberius. They should be read entire. We trust that we have not wearied the reader with these references, which we could multiply greatly in number, but they seemed necessary to a proper understanding of the political position of these odes. As we have seen, there is scarcely anything of state-policy or state-business into which they do not enter. Both Horace and Virgil up to the death of the latter in 19 B.C., were as much as possible at the palace, and with Mæcenas, and gave their whole influence to the interests of peace, as these were represented by the government of Augustus. Nothing is clearer than this from the odes, and as Horace was the secretary of Mæcenas, he must have enjoyed unusual opportunities for knowing whatever was done or contemplated in the various departments of the state—everything must pass through his hands.

Horace has been charged with adulation in some of the epithets applied to Augustus, and in ascribing to his reign such grand results. We see no ground for either charge. If Augustus brought law, and order, and prosperity to a country distracted by thirty years of civil war, if he revived agriculture, and art, and learning; if he restored reverence and worship, and made moral sentiments respected, and virtue possible, too much can scarcely be said in his praise. Nothing higher could be attained. In the beautiful ode which closes the fourth book (13 or 12 B.C.), the poet congratulates the Emperor on these magnificent results. Augustus had reigned eighteen years, and had brought the Empire into a state of quiet and prosperity that fully justified the bard in all that he has said in the fine lyric mentioned above. We refer the reader particularly to the second, third,

between the two conceptions, Christian and Pagan, is immense, and it is easy to see that the term Divine might be applied by the ancient Roman without impropriety to the Emperor, supposed to represent in his earthly reign the Monarch of the skies, and who might be descended from some one of those deities presiding over particular localities. It would be strange indeed if the Roman bards had not written as Romans.

The odes of Horace enter largely into the social and moral life of Rome. Wherever there has been civilization, or society, there have always been found men of deep moral instincts, "in whose hearts the law was written," who have acted as a conservative moral force. They have been poets, or philosophers, or prophets, and have sung, and reasoned, and taught in such a way as to render the continuance of society possible. Providence has given such men to every age of which we know anything by tradition or history. Their mission has been to soften, and restrain, and teach,

> "Moulding by their art and grace,
> Manners of a new-formed race,"

as our bard happily expresses it. Orpheus, Amphion, and Homer, Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, Cicero, Virgil, and Horace were such men. The Jewish prophets and Christian apostles were such men, with a higher inspiration. The poet and the instructor blend in the odes of Horace. Taken as a whole, they teach

population of lands and other property—a thing rare in all times and countries. We may add that the sacrifices which he had made for the Republican cause, and the friendships which grew out of them, would win for him a favorable consideration on the part of those who had fought on the same side with himself.

The social position to which a kind fate assigned our bard could not well be higher. The secretaryship of so distinguished a man as Mæcenas, the companionship of the ablest men of his day in the halls of his patron, or in the palace of the Emperor, left nothing to be desired on the score of rank, or wealth, or character. We are able to gather from the odes the names of those who constituted, with few exceptions, that select circle of which Horace was a member at will, and which was seen not seldom at the royal residence. It would be strange if the lyrics which grew so largely out of the poet's life should not represent in a considerable degree those who made up so great a part of that life. It is a remarkable list of names that presents itself to our gaze. There was Augustus, who ruled that household so absolutely, yet so wisely, and who lived in the midst of it an exemplary life. There was the younger Marcellus, nephew of the Emperor, the son of a noble woman, and destined to be the successor of Augustus; a youthful and brilliant member of that family circle, disappointing by his early death the hopes of sovereign and people, lamented by Virgil in his finest strains, and praised by Horace in one of his grandest lyrics. There were the princes Tiberius and Drusus (the former afterward Emperor), step-sons of Augustus; the elder a boy of four years when Horace first entered that royal circle in 38 B.C., the younger born that same year in the palace. These grew up under his eye, and became in early manhood leaders in battle among the wilds of the Alps,—celebrated in the fine lyrics of the fourth book in strains worthy of the poet. There was Agrippa, afterwards son-in-law of the Emperor, one of the most distinguished generals of the age, commander at Naulochus and Actium, addressed in the sixth ode of the first book, and declared worthy of Homeric strains. There was Julius Antonius, the husband of Marcella (niece by blood of the Emperor), the son of Mark Antony and step-son

Octavia and Marcellus, her first husband), and, we are obliged to add, the profligate Julia, daughter of Augustus.

But this royal circle was enlarged from without by names as distinguished as were those within. Here is Mæcenas, "sprung from kingly race," a man of the largest culture, whose house in Rome is the resort of every one who had genius and learning. Here is Pollio, poet, historian, a leader of armies, and a victor on the fields of Dalmatia, "whom senates call in danger's hour," as Horace writes in the fine ode addressed to him at the beginning of the second book, and whom Virgil has honored in two eclogues. Here is Messala, who almost took Octavius a prisoner in the first day's battle at Philippi, now Cæsar's friend. For Messala, in the twenty-first ode of the third book, Horace calls on his oldest cask as alone worthy of his distinguished visitor, whose Socratic studies (he says) will not prevent a due appreciation of the good wine that is to greet his coming. Here is Virgil, whose name alone it is sufficient to repeat, to whom Horace addresses three odes, and calls the "half of his soul." Varius helps to swell the number of this remarkable company, himself a poet, and highly honored by our bard in the ode to Agrippa. Plotius is here, honorably mentioned in the tenth satire of the first book, and with Varius, editing the Æneid after Virgil's death. Tibullus was a member of that circle, whose elegies won the praises of his contemporaries, and to whom our poet addresses a playful ode, the thirty-third of the first book. Valgius, too, is here, whose mournful strains over the lost Mystes are so gently reproved by his brother poet in that beautiful ode, the ninth of the second book.

tion of friends that met together at the house of Mæcenas, and at the imperial residence. We can believe that the best things of the day were heard in that company of generals, and statesmen, and poets, and scholars, and accomplished women, all of whom possessed the highest culture that Rome and Athens could give. Death removed in early life Marcellus, one of its most distinguished members. We can easily receive the story of that memorable scene in the palace, when Virgil took there the sixth book of the Æneid, just completed, and read to Augustus, and the Empress, and Octavia, and a favored few, those magnificent verses, fresh in power and beauty to-day. We can see the rising enthusiasm of the company as Hades unfolds its last scene, and when the poet pronounces those immortal lines that close it, and brings up that form not long removed, and names the name, we are not surprised that the Emperor is unmanned, and that the mother of the lost Marcellus faints away. Surely no one could say that the odes were the production of some poverty-stricken poet, envious of the happiness of others, and discontented with the lot which a hard fate had assigned him.

There was, however, another advantage greater even than that which has just been presented, the want of which could not have been made up by any superiority of social position. Few men stood better as to moral character than Horace. He had spent several years as a boy and as a young man at Rome, attending its best schools, and must have been well known in the city. In the sixth satire of the first book, describing his introduction to Mæcenas, he makes a reference to that part of his life which was passed in study at Rome. He says that his father was with him all this time, and kept him free, not only from the actual stains of vice, but even from the imputation of these. He speaks with gratitude of his parent, and says (in the rendering of Dr. Francis):

> "Nor while my senses hold shall I repent
> Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
> As many do, th' involuntary disgrace
> Not to be born of an illustrious race."

which great injustice has been done to Horace, and certain lyrics rendered unintelligible, which under a proper view are easy of comprehension. The odes referred to are about sixteen in number, and are addressed to females, differing greatly in age, in character, and in social position. We are surprised that any of the commentators have spoken of the poet as if he were the lover of all these, or of nearly all, and the phrase "Horace's mistresses" has been applied to the greater part. But when we come to inspect these lyrics carefully, and to study their special characteristics, we find abundant reason to reject this term as applicable to the relations which Horace sustained to the women whose names stand at the head of the odes referred to. In the sense which that term usually conveys among us, Horace had no mistresses. This is also the conclusion of some of the best Horatian scholars. We must consider not only the circumstances, but what may be called the reason and logic of the whole case.

To say nothing of the improbability that the poet (or indeed any man) would feel special personal interest in so large a number of women of such different ages and positions in society, we have found that at his twenty-sixth year, up to the time of his taking the position of trust and responsibility in the household of Mæcenas, he was free from everything which the phrase "Horace's mistresses" would imply, and that it was this very circumstance, this purity of life, which contributed so largely to his becoming a member of that household. With no greater temptations, and with increased reasons for a life of virtue, is it probable

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infer that Horace was not personally interested in any of them farther than a regard for the public good, or the claims of an honorable friendship would require. He was unmarried, and of his household at the "Sabine farm," we have no means of knowing anything. In the eighth ode of the third book he invites Mæcenas to spend a day at his "wifeless hall," and from other odes we know he was visited by ladies and gentlemen of the highest distinction and of the best intellectual and moral culture. All this would have been impossible if he had not been regarded as meeting the moral requisitions of his times in the social relations in which he was placed. We may well suppose that he who was aiding Augustus so earnestly in his difficult work of moral and social reform, would be the last person to throw obstacles in the way of that reform by a life subject to reproach. He who wrote the fifth stanza of the Sæcular Hymn, praying for the blessing of Diana upon the "marriage laws established by the state's decree," would be likely to respect those laws in his own home.

This seems to be the proper place in which to refer to a subject that has called forth much remark from moralists and religious men, and on which an Apostle has expressed himself with much strength in his epistle to the Roman Christians of his day. These are all agreed in the condemnation of one of the grossest vices of that age, and one not unknown at Rome. We are naturally desirous of knowing how Horace stood affected toward a thing characterized as an exercise of "vile affections," and of the existence of which in the society around him he must have been aware. We write with great satisfaction that the poet has given expression to his feelings in ways and terms which indicate strong disapprobation, and place him among those who utter the words of condemnation. There are five odes in which in his own peculiar way he expresses disapproval and disgust. These are the odes to Sextius, to Pyrrhus, the latter part of the ode to Venus (first of the fourth book), the ode to Ligurinus, and the eleventh epode to Pettius, to the introductory notes of which the reader is referred. We are confident that he will reach the same conclusions with ourselves—that our bard had no sympathy in the direction referred to, and that he has done what his situation permitted in the way of mak-

the only one which discovers deep and earnest personal feeling. We believe, too, that the Cinara mentioned in the first and thirteenth odes of the fourth book, who died very early in life, and who is always spoken of with kindness and feeling, took the place which Neæra left vacant, and which the poet declares with much emphasis would be occupied by some "truer heart." It is not unreasonable to suppose that the loss of both these may have had much to do with his subsequent celibacy, and therefore with the social and moral phenomena of his life. We trust that the reader is not wearied by this attempt to put him in possession of facts relating to this part of the poet's life and character.

Horace was an enemy to excess of all kinds, and especially to that which comes through the intemperate use of wine. Nothing appears more clearly and more abundantly in the odes than this moderation on the part of our bard. In the Italy of his time, the common wine of the country was daily used, especially at the evening meal, so that a man is spoken of as coming home to his wine—see the sixth stanza of Ode IV. 5. Yet men went to excess in the use of this necessary of life. This always receives rebuke from the poet whenever it comes to his observation. From a great number of passages found in different odes we select only one, which, however, will convey a full idea of what is meant. The eighteenth ode of the first book, addressed to Varus, commends the vine, and the proper use of wine. But Bacchus himself punished all abuse of this, his gift to man. We take the four lines from the seventh to the eleventh:

"Lest we exceed the temperate draught, the warning comes full well,
How Lapithæ and Centaurs quaffed, and bloody strife befell,
How Bacchus comes with hand not light to Thracia's farthest bound,
To punish men when wrong with right immoderate cups confound."

doctrine, and it is often touched upon in odes not designed to set forth this particular theme. We shall refer the reader to one of several very fine odes—the sixteenth of the third book, and particularly to the last four stanzas. There are many odes in which kindred sentiments are brought prominently forward, and in which luxury, and avarice, and money-hoarding are rebuked in the sharpest manner. These lectures came from one who was in a position to gain wealth merely by receiving it. Here stood Augustus and Mæcenas ready to pour a golden shower upon him, but he remained contented with his "Sabine farm," saying in the four closing lines of his first epode :

"For thou hast given enough and more,
Nor shall thy friend with added store,
Like Chremes hide it in the ground,
Or like some spendthrift heir be found."

The man who wrote these lines sat, when he would, in the halls of nobles and in the palaces of kings.

In passing to the religious character of the odes, we would remark that the conclusions here presented have at least not been hastily reached, but are the results of many years' study in connection with teaching, of ancient classical literature, and particularly of the Roman writers, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, doubtless the best exponents of the thought and feeling of their countrymen. The writer has not been without the experience of others in this direction, and offers

a moment in doubt. They were polytheists, worshippers in Horace's day, essentially of the same Gods that were honored in Assyria, in Egypt, and in Greece, and they adopted in a general way, with some alterations of a local character, the same system of sacrifices and observances.

Since religious feeling belongs to the nature of man, its development must be in certain respects the same everywhere. Reverence, and supplication, and thanksgiving would be called into exercise wherever beings of a superior order are believed in as Gods, with power to bless or to harm us, very much as they would be experienced by ourselves in the worship of the True God before whom we bow,—more elevated and enlightened in us. In this respect the difference would be great, indeed; yet in both cases the religious emotions must be generically the same. What with us would be accounted as atheism, or irreverence, or blasphemy, would be so esteemed among the countrymen of our bard,—that is, a denial of the existence of the Gods, or any conduct that would be considered as disrespectful toward them, or such as would tend to bring into contempt whatever represented them—temples, and sacred images, and the rites of religion. In all such cases the feeling among religious people would be as strong as under similar circumstances it would be among ourselves. There existed the same grades of character as in Christian lands, from the deeply pious, and reverent, and devout, through the indifferent to the irreligious and the scornful.

If there was anything in which the masses of the Roman people, and the brilliant and cultured men who led them, were agreed, it was that society could not exist without the conservative force of religious worship. And this term must be considered as embracing ideas which take in the future after death, as well as the present life. When a Roman offered worship, it was to Gods who could follow him after his earthly existence had closed, some of whom presided especially over the very realms into which the departing spirit was received. The doctrine,

accepted it in a general way, was of immense value. With all its shortcomings, and positive errors, its conservative moral force as an aid to civilization and to the reign of law and order, can scarcely be overestimated.

This was what we have termed the practical religious belief of the Romans of Horace's day, finding expression in the temples, and altars, and sacred images, and religious rites to be seen on every hand. This was the teaching of Horace, of Virgil, and of Cicero, who all clearly recognize it as the accepted belief of their times. We do not mean, of course, that there was anything of a regular formulation of the principles mentioned above, or that they were all believed in with equal strength, or that there were no difficulties felt in connection with any of them, especially by the cultured and the thoughtful. Whatever of this there may have been, it would be correct to say that among the countrymen of Horace there was a general agreement as to the necessity and value of what they regarded as practical religion.

The depth and energy of what we would call religious feeling, and the power of the moral sense as existing among them, have not always been sufficiently appreciated. Both of these belong to the nature of man, and possess the same strength generically in all ; so that to the pious Roman his religion was a great deal, and his moral sense was not without power over him. He possessed by nature the capacity for the highest worship, and the purest morality. This is fully recognized in the grand Christian commission to preach the gospel to "every creature," and by that Apostle of Christianity who commended the worship of

its worship. Had we asked any of the devotees among the crowds that were offering up worship in the temples of Rome, as to the origin of these religious observances, we would have received a prompt reply—that they had come from the Gods themselves, principally through Romulus and Numa, and more through the latter than the former. To the Roman, therefore, his religion stood as a divine revelation, and had he not believed in it as such, temple and altar would soon have become things of the past.

We are not to suppose, as some have done, that Numa, a man of great intellectual power, of high culture, and of a deeply religious nature, consciously deceived the Romans of his day into the belief of his intercourse with the Gods, or with any one of them. Providence has always sent to the nations some light in men of deep moral and religious natures, as well as in men possessed of other gifts necessary for carrying on the work of the world in the organization of society. The inventor, the poet, the musician, the painter, the statesman, the magistrate, the moralist, and the man of religious fervor, are alike a part of those natural arrangements "ordained of God," without which there could be no civilization, no government. These are the forces which soften, and restrain, and preserve.

With the world's history before us, it is easy to conceive of a man so constituted as to believe himself the subject of an influence which he regards as in some way divine, and as one commissioned to soften by the power of religions ideas a people who stood in need of such a thing. There have lived among Christian people men who sincerely but erroneously supposed themselves to be the subjects of some higher influence, but who have not been accused of conscious deception. They believed in their mission, and have been pronounced sincere, while yet in the course of events it has clearly appeared that they were not specially sent by Heaven. The number of such cases is by no means small, and when they occur our verdict is generally the charitable one of self-deception, and often it adds the

cal dissent from it, such as a refusal or neglect to take part in the established worship, always brought with it the reproach of impiety or atheism.

But in the midst of all this popular acceptance and belief there was a dissent, which however was not made practical by any refusal or even hesitation to attend upon the public worship of the state ; yet it was strong enough to raise doubts and questions of a certain kind in connection with these religious observances. This dissent, it will be understood, was among the intelligent and thoughtful, and led to questions which they discussed freely with each other, and with entire toleration, which was indeed a matter of course, since no one was in the possession of any strong conviction, and therefore no one had anything positive to insist upon. They simply doubted, a mental condition which has its difficulties for us as well as for them, since it is scarcely compatible with clearness of statement, and consequently they could leave us nothing of the kind.

We would not suppose that Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and Marcus Brutus, to the last of whom the Tusculan Disputations and the treatise on the Nature of the Gods are addressed, and others whom these names would represent, would accept without question the whole of what has been called the practical faith of Rome, or all of what this implies. There was doubtless a belief in some of its statements ; but did they accept as real existences Jupiter and Juno and others of the Gods, and the mythology which clusters around these names ? It is clear that they did not believe in these things as did the masses of the people with whom they came in daily contact. But this difference or dissent was not made practical. They

uncertainties, could not distinctly assert anything. They could scarcely be expected to have clear ideas on the very subject around which their uncertainties clustered, much less lucidness of statement. Men are not likely to formulate doubts, and do not generally put forth statements, until they have reached some positive conviction, a thing which these men had not yet done. They had studied at Athens, were deeply versed in the Greek literature and philosophy (as shown in their own productions), were all admirers of Socrates, and knew well what he and Plato had taught on the subject of the Divine existence, and on religious topics generally. If the Tusculan Disputations, and the treatises on the Nature of the Gods, and on the Commonwealth represent these men, they represent those who discuss and doubt, and not men in the realms of clear and positive truth. It would be unreasonable to expect lucid statements from those who were groping their way through a field of inquiry difficult in its nature, and amid circumstances not always favorable. "We must consider that none of their religious conclusions possessed the certainty which accompanies ours, that they must have been doubtful on many points on which we have no doubts, and that in regard to many of these points no man can feel sure without Divine instruction." It would be an unjust and ridiculous exaction on our part to hold them up to a martyr's sacrifice —a thing possible only to deep and strong convictions.

But that false worship with all its errors and shortcomings was vastly better than the atheism which would have followed the upheaval of the old Roman religion, and none were more fully aware of that than the poets, and statesmen, and

[redacted] ideas and feelings could receive expression, and the Gods adored by the [redacted] be recognized. We shall find this recognition quite ample. We arrange what may be called religious odes in three classes :

First. Those which are addressed to certain Gods directly by name.

Second. Those which are not so addressed, but which recognize by name one or more of the Deities.

Third. Those which have neither the address to, nor the recognition of, any name, but in which there is a recognition of one or of all the Gods in general terms, or under some special allusion.

The first class contains fifteen odes, and the Deities directly addressed are, Jove, Apollo, Diana, Mercury, Venus, Bacchus, Faunus, and the Muses Calliope and Melpomene. Some are addressed more than once, and the list includes the twelfth ode of the first book, entitled, in some editions, "A Hymn to Jove." Of these fifteen, nine are written to be used as hymns on festal occasions connected with some day or season, or upon the occurrence of some important event, or at the dedication of some temple or altar, or of some private fane. These are as follows :

First book. Tenth, to Mercury ; twenty-first, to Apollo and Diana ; thirtieth, to Venus.

Second book. Nineteenth, to Bacchus.

Third book. Eighteenth, to Faunus ; twenty-second, to Diana ; twenty-fifth, to Bacchus.

Fourth book. Sixth, to Apollo.

Sæcular Hymn. To Apollo and Diana.

All the above are properly hymns actually used for religious service on public or private occasions. The remaining six of this class, not sung as hymns on religious occasions, are as follows :

Fourth book. First ode, to Venus, an ode of much poetic beauty. Third ode, to Melpomene, an ode of fine thought and "rare sweetness."

The second class, according to our arrangement, contains ten or eleven odes (varied by different editions) not addressed to any deities, but in which the following Gods are religiously recognized by name. These names do not appear in the preceding list. Juno, Mars, Minerva, Neptune, Vesta, Ceres, Vulcan, Pluto, Proserpine, Hercules, Castor, Pollux, and, if distinct from Faunus, the God Pan. Of this class, the most remarkable are the second and the twelfth of the first book, in which two lyrics alone are recognized religiously not less than fourteen of the Gods. Placing the first and second classes together, it will be seen that the entire list of Gods above and Gods below receive recognition in these odes—about all the Deities practically known to the Roman calendar.

The third class numbers twelve lyrics. In these the Gods are recognized without any one of them being specially named, but by some general term or allusion. Some of these are remarkably fine odes, and confess the power and influence of the Deities over human affairs, and deprecate their anger, and entreat their favor. We may mention in the third book, the sixth, fourteenth, sixteenth, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-ninth; in the fourth book we may name the second, fourth, fifth, seventh, ninth, and fourteenth, as among those of this class. Placing the three classes together, we have thirty-six odes—nearly one third of the whole number—in which the objects of Roman worship are more or less distinctly recognized.

The hymn-lyrics mentioned above as used in religious services at Rome have been remarked upon by scholars as very finished and elegant in diction, and rich in poetic beauty. They are no less remarkable for depth and scope of thought, as viewed from the religious standpoint of the poet. As a correct general description of them, we may say that, in connection with them, the name and titles of the God addressed are usually given, anything remarkable in his history is touched upon, judicial or benevolent acts are referred to, departments and characteristics are recognized, some favorite place of abode is named, and prayer offered for various

prevalence of virtue and religion, and of moral and lasting grandeur. We ourselves could not ask for better things, but the "East is not farther from the West" than are the Apollo and Diana of that hymn from the Infinite and the True God before whom we bow.

From all that has been presented it is evident that the religious element enters largely into these lyrics. The influence of this portion of the odes must have been very great, considering the position and character of Horace. Of rare poetic genius, the secretary of Mæcenas, an inmate of the palace at will, yet contented with his moderate circumstances, he mingled with the people in their devotions, and wrote hymns to be used in their worship. The words actually sung nineteen hundred years ago in the public worship of the old city are before us, religious words, yet, alas, idolatrous. With all her power, and splendor, and magnificence, Rome knew not the True God. But a wonderful future was at hand, not dreamed of by the bard whose beautiful lyrics are before us. Little did Horace think as he lay on his deathbed, eight years before the Christian era, that in the streets around him some child was playing who, in an extreme old age, might say to a Christian Apostle: "In my boyhood I sometimes saw the poet Horace as he passed this way to the palace." Still less did the dying poet imagine that such an Apostle would send from that palace this greeting: "Salute every saint in Christ Jesus,—all the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household." And surely it was beyond the wildest thoughts of the expiring bard that in some three or four centuries only, all the old Gods of Rome would forsake the shrines of a thousand years, and that New Name alone be worshipped in the city of Romulus and Numa.

books, the first containing ten and the second eight poems—all in Latin hexameter. The Epistles are likewise comprised in two books, the former consisting of twenty and the latter of two poems—all of which are, like the Satires, in hexameter verse. The epistle to the Pisos (likewise in hexameter) is also called, The Art of Poetry, and contains nearly five hundred lines. There is a general agreement among Horatian scholars that the arrangement of these poems in books was the work of Horace himself. But the chronology of these arrangements, as well as that of each particular poem, with the exception of a few, are matters on which the greatest differences of opinion exist among the Editors and Commentators. We present the received chronology, not undisputed, however, and certainly not unattended with difficulties.

On one point there is almost unanimity—that the whole time covered by the Odes, Satires, and Epistles, is about thirty-one years, say from 40 to 9 B.C., the year before the poet's death. The Odes run nearly through this period; the Satires are confined to the first eight or nine years of the time; while the Epistles, including that to the Pisos, would reach from 25 or 24 to 10 or 9 B.C. We cannot now decide which was the first production of the poet's pen—an ode or a satire. We suppose that the ode to Neæra was written as early as 39 B.C. Some one of the satires of the first book was doubtless written at nearly the same time. In the course of the next three or four years, nine more came from the poet's hand, and the ten were gathered in the first book of Satires in 36 or 35 B.C. Others soon followed, and eight more satires formed the second book in 33 B.C.

But the poet was writing odes also through these eight years. These, it will be understood, were sent out each by itself as it was completed by the bard. Seventeen were published early in 30 B.C.—not quite one year from the battle of Actium. These are the Epodes, chronologically first, and it is to be presumed that no lyrics of any great interest and importance were omitted. From 30 B.C. there were nine or ten years in which many odes were written, the great majority of which were collected by the poet in the first three books. This is supposed to

admitted by all, yet it presents fewer objections to ourselves than any other which we have seen—and several have been proposed. In nothing do the most distinguished Editors and Commentators differ from each other more widely than upon the chronology of the Odes. In the notes prefixed to the lyrics the translator has done the best in his power, surrounded by these divergencies of opinion. In exercising his judgment in the case he is not unaware of the difficulties necessarily connected with the subject, and of the ease with which one may fall into error.

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**[illegible], and for the critical trusts committed to him by Augustus. [illegible] the ode is the ruling tastes of men—he has chosen the** realm of **[illegible] make the arrangement and reading of Orelli in the sixth and twenty- [illegible], William Broome, D.D., 1741, forty-eight lines, Francis fifty-two, and [illegible] sixty—all in eights, and smooth in rhythm. Lytton (very unusual) [illegible] four lines.**

---

**[illegible]cenas, sprung from kingly race,**
**My life's defence** and brightest grace,
**For some Olympic** dust hath charm,
**To rush the goal,** to win the palm
**With wheels that** glow—these honors move
**The soul, and bear to Gods above.**
**This man has all, when Romans meet,**
And thrice shall yield the honored seat;
While this will store his barns with grain
Swept from rich Afric's fertile plain.
Delighting in th' ancestral farm,
Not Attalus such soul could charm,
In Cyprus-timbered bark to brave
Myrtoum with its surging wave.
Caught 'neath Icaria's stormy skies,
For home's sweet fields the merchant sighs,
His shattered barks soon float again.
For poverty pleads not in vain.
Here one drinks deep of Massic wines,
And through the busy day reclines,
Now stretched in green Arbutus' shade,
Now at some sacred fountain's head.
Some love the camp, and clarion's call,
And war's dread sounds that sadly fall
On mothers' ears. The hunters roam
'Neath chilling skies, nor care for home
While still pursues the faithful hound,
Or boars rush through the toils around.
Be mine the ivy wreaths that raise
To Ceds on high, while sing my lays
Of grove, and Nymph, and Satyr's love,
The themes my woodland harp shall move,
Euterpe, let thy breath inspire,
Polymnia, touch thy Lesbian lyre—
But placed by thee in Lyric band,
Raised to the stars I proudly stand.

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum,
Sunt, quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metãque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Lybicis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est, qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permixtus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis; me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo; si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

in Parthia (Media) under Crassus. Mainwaring's translation adds ten lines. Francis and Martin (both in tens) retain stanzas and lines. Lytton has fifty-two lines.

---

Enough of hail and tempests dire
The Father sends in kindling ire,
His red right hand strikes sacred walls,
And terror on the City falls,

And terrors o'er the nations reign,
Lest Pyrrha's deluge roll again,
When awful prodigies were seen,
The Seagod's flock on mountains green,

And fishes swam 'mid tangled groves,
The seats once known of woodland doves,
And as the rising floods appear,
Float o'er the plain the trembling deer.

We see the yellow Tiber's waves
As past the Tuscan shore it raves,
The works of royal Numa's hand,
And Vesta's temple tottering stand.

As if fair Ilia's grief t' assuage,
The conscious river swells with rage,
Nor Jove approves who reigns above,
Th' uxorious stream's avenging love.

Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
Terruit Urbem,

Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ, nova monstra questæ,
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes,

Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis,
It superjecto pavidæ natarunt
Æquore damæ.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Litore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta Regis
Templaque Vestæ.

Iliæ dum se nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante, u—
xorius amuis.

purge our guilt, and save our Rome?
[illegible] prescient Phœbus, God of day,
veil his bright form, here wing his way?

Will smiling Venus leave the sky
While Mirth and Love around her fly?
Wilt Thou, the Founder of our race,
Regard thy Rome with pitying face?

Alas! Thou 'rt weary of our wars,
E'en Thou, the battle-waging Mars,
Who lov'st the shout, and helmet bright,
And warrior's frown, and bloody fight.

Thou winged Son of Maia fair,
Changed to his form, make now thy care
Our youthful Prince, and thro' him deign
The vengeance sworn for Julius slain.

Late from celestial plains thy stay,
And long and happy be thy sway,
Nor 'gainst our crimes may heaven arise,
And whirlwinds bear thee to the skies.

Here, triumphs grand, each honored name
Of Prince and Father swell thy fame—
And now great leader of our host,
Cæsar, avenge the Mede's proud boast.

Jupiter? Tandem venias precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus,
Augur Apollo;

Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circumvolat et Cupido;
Sive neglectum genus et nepotes
Respicis, auctor,

Heu! nimis longo satiate ludo,
Quem juvat clamor galeæque leves,
Acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem;

Sive mutata juvenem figura
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ, patiens vocati
Cæsaris ultor;

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo Quirini,
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocior aura

Tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,
Hic ames dici Pater atque Princeps,
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos.
Te duce, Cæsar.

Goddess of the Cyprian isle,
Starry Twins, propitious smile;
Ruler of the restless wind,
Zephyrs loose and tempests bind,
So, O ship, through realms of air,
Virgil trusted to thy care,
Thou shalt take to Athens' shore—
Half my soul again restore.
Bands of oak and triple brass
Stayed his breast, the first to pass
Through the treacherous seas and brave
In his fragile bark the wave,
Africus that sweeps the seas,
Boisterous North, sad Hyades,
Changeful South, that pours its gales,
Or now gently swells the sails;
He no form of death could fear,
Calm with seaborn monsters near,
Or 'mid surging billows' shocks,
Or Ceraunia's ill-famed rocks.
Vainly prudent heaven shall place
Oceans with their billowy space,
Kingdoms parting far and wide,
Impious ships now mock the tide.
Man shall deem all barriers vain,
Nought his daring shall restrain,
Bold Prometheus braves its ire,
Steals from heaven celestial fire.
Then from the ethereal dome
Famines and new fevers come,
Dreadful host, on earth they fall,
Man to speedier fate they call,
Death with hastened step was there.
Dædalus through trackless air
Strangely winged new voyage found,
Hercules pierced Hades' bound.
Nought that mortals will not try,
Human folly braves the sky,
Nor our sins for respite call,
Nor will cease Jove's bolts to fall.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
  Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
**Ventorumque regat pater,**
  **Obstrictis** aliis **præter Iapyga,**
**Navis, quæ tibi creditum**
  **Debes Virgilium finibus** Atticis,
**Reddas incolumem, precor,**
  Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur et æs triplex
  Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem **truci**
Commisit pelago ratem
  Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
  Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti,
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
  Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
  Qui rectis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum et
  Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequidquam Deus abscidit
  Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiæ
  Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
Audax omnia perpeti
  Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Atrox Iapeti genus
  Igneni fraude mala gentibus intulit;
Post ignem ætheria domo
  Subductum, Macies et nova Febrium
Terris incubuit cohors;
  Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.
  Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
  Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum est;
  Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia; neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
  Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Now Venus leads in moonlit meads her Nymphs and Graces gay,
The beauteous throng in dance and song shall chase the hours away,
While Vulcan hies with dawning skies, and stirs great Ætna's fire,
Hot forges glow, rings Cyclop's blow, and chimneys flames expire.
Now myrtle green in wreaths be seen, to bind thy head around,
Or twine thy hair with flowerets fair, plucked from the loosen'd ground;
If shady dells where Faunus dwells have heard thy prayers to heaven,
For vows then made, to sacred blade let lamb or kid be given.
Pale Death shall come to every home with stern impartial tread,
The cottage poor and regal tower alike give to the dead;
Then Sextius, live while time shall give the brief, bright day to thee,
For soon on all the night will fall, and Hades' dimness be.
Those storied plains where Pluto reigns, that meagre, shadowy home—
Once thou art there, nor banquets rare, nor mirth, nor wine-kings come,
Nor love shalt know in worlds below, nor Lycidas admire,
Whose coming grace of manhood's face shall maidens fair inspire.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas,
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Luna,
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede; dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agna, sive malit hædo.
Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam;
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia; quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

Roman law. Pyrrha could dissolve them at the end of a year, and the bond [illegible] no doubt that she would do this, as the second stanza clearly intimates. She [illegible] not represented as violating any recognized rules of society—she is simply incapable of constant love. The light tone of the ode (as one observes) shows that Horace was not the lover of Pyrrha, but he could say more for others by making the matter personal—she almost made a wreck of me. "It was a tribute to her charms, and a warning to those endangered by them." Scholars have remarked upon the finished diction of the ode. The date cannot be placed more closely than between 27 and 23 B.C. Leigh Hunt, 1815, translates in twenty lines. Francis uses six-line stanzas, adding eight lines. Martin arranges in four-line stanzas—sixteen lines. Lytton adopts the translation of Milton—a rendering not superior to one which this distinguished translator could have made.

---

What youth sighs in thy rose-heaped bowers,
His locks perfumed with breath of flowers,
For whom with simple grace and air,
Does Pyrrha bind her golden hair?

Alas! when o'er thy broken vows
And Gods unkind, in grief he bows—
He sees not in that treacherous deep
Rough waves to come, dark storms to sweep.

Trustful he hopes these golden hours
Will last, and always bloom these bowers;
Changeful as air you but beguile,
Unhappy they on whom you smile.

I once a dismal wreck became,
The sacred tablet bears my name,
The powerful Sea-God hears my call,
My garments grace his temple's wall.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? Heu! quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius, auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Lucius Munatius Plancus was of plebeian family (the year of his birth is unknown), but rose to the rank of Senator. He has come down to us under accusations deeply affecting his reputation. But as from 48 to 22 B.C. we find him occupying offices of trust and authority, such as Governor of provinces, Consul, a Senator proposing the title of Augustus for Octavius, Censor with Lepidus, and dying "honored by Augustus" (Lytton), we think that there must be some inexplicable mistake in the case. This fine lyric from Horace in 23, and the official trusts so long bestowed by Augustus, must stand as endorsements of character against general accusations. He lived not far from Horace, and when this ode was written, was going upon a military expedition for Augustus—see lines nineteen and twenty. The poet in pleasant vein praises the scenery of Italy, and advises him to take life as it comes—with good wine, and patience, and fortitude, commending to him the example of Teucer. Francis gives it in couplets, adding ten lines. Lytton and Martin arrange in stanzas, the latter adding twenty-eight lines.

---

Fair Rhodes and Mytilene please,
And Ephesus, and Corinth's seas,
And Thebes and Delphos, God-renowned,
And Tempe's vale with beauty crowned.
There are, whose work is but to praise
Chaste Pallas' towers in endless lays—
No wreaths like those the olive yields.
Junonian Argos boasts her fields
And generous steeds. Mycenæ grand,
Stern Sparta, rich Larissa's land,
All plead in vain—Albunea calls,
Where headlong Anio rushing falls,
And Tibur's grove, soft whispering, seems
To tell of cool and murmuring streams.
Not always comes the South with showers,
Oft it dispels the cloud that lowers—
Life has its hours of sadness too,
The wise will wait in patience through.
If glittering camps thy home be made,
Or Plancus, thine own Tibur's shade,
With mellow wine thy spirits cheer,
Like Teucer bold, yield not to fear.
When flying from his native land,
Leaf-crowned he cheered his drooping band:
"Where'er a kindlier Fortune sends,
There let us go, O well-tried friends,
Despair not, Teucer bids you trust
The promise of Apollo just.
A future Salamis shall rise,
Nor less renowned, 'neath other skies,
To-day your cares in wine shall sleep,
To-morrow sail the mighty deep."

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mytilenen,
  Aut Epheson, bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos
  Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt, quibus unum opus est, intactæ Palladis arces
  Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
Indeque decerptam fronti præponere olivam.
  Plurimus in Junonis honorem
Aptum dicit equis Argos, ditesque Mycenas.
  Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
  Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
  Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
  Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos; sic tu sapiens finire memento
  Tristitiam vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero; seu te fulgentia signis
  Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
  Quum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
  Sic tristes affatus amicos;
Quo nos cunque feret melior Fortuna parente,
  Ibimus, O socii comitesque.
Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro;
  Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
  O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
  Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

requisitions of society in respect to these relations—such as we find in the ode to Barine, in the next book. She is blamed in this lyric for making Sybaris effeminate, and neglectful of manly games, and in the thirteenth for living in dissipation and strife with Telephus—a thing that must lead to separation, a most undesirable position for both. The date of the ode is probably 27 B.C. It stands alone in its metre. We preserve the couplet form. Translations, paraphrases, and burlesques of this ode are very numerous. John Evelyn, Esq., 1688, has three six-line stanzas, adding two lines. Francis and Martin arrange in stanzas—each adds eight lines. Lytton's is in stanza form—sixteen lines.

---

Say, Lydia,—hear ye Gods above—
Why you destroy with o'ermuch love
Young Sybaris? Why honors won
In the bright Campus' dust and sun
Please him no more? Why martial plain
Pressed by the youths with curb and rein
Wears now no charm? No more he laves
In the swift Tiber's golden waves.
Once bathed in wrestler's oil he stood,
Now it is shunned as viper's blood;
Oft have his arms deep bruises known,
Oft disk and dart were grandly thrown.
He surely hides, as legends say,
Fair Thetis' son in Troy's sad day,
Lest he should meet the Lycian bands
That gathered on the Trojan strands.

Lydia, dic, per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando
Perdere: cur apricum
Oderit Campum, patiens pulveris atque solis?
Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frenis?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? Cur olivum
Sanguine viperino
Cautius vitat, neque jam livida gestat armis
Brachia, sæpe disco,
Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?
Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiæ
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in cædem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

and motion, and above all the practical advice of the ode, invest it with strong and positive reality. The name Thaliarchus (having its own proper meaning) may have been as common as are Grace and Hope among us. He is advised to use all the proper enjoyments of the season (an Italian winter) with trust in the Gods, and contentment with each day's lot. The year of the ode is unknown, probably 24 or 23 B.C.—not far from the time of the ode to Plancus, which it resembles in tone and spirit. There are many fine translations of this lyric, among which are the following: Robert Montgomery, 1831, and Martin Tupper, it in six five-line stanzas; Dryden and Francis, in six-line stanzas—thirty-six lines; Sir Edward Sherburne, 1692, has forty-two lines, marked by a rich poetic glow; Lytton arranges in stanza form and twenty-four lines.

---

See how the white Soracte stands
Piled deep with snow by winter's hands;
Scarce bear their loads the laboring woods,
And the sharp frosts have stilled the floods.

Heap on the logs, dispel the cold,
That Sabine jar of four years old
Draw, Thaliarchus, from its cell,
And yield thee to its kindly spell.

To Gods above leave all the rest,
Whose power hath struggling winds repressed,
The boiling wave dies on the sand,
And ash and cypress peaceful stand.

What shall the morrow be, ask not,
Enjoy the good to-day, thy lot,
Nor shun, O boy, the blissful chance
That brings sweet love, and song, and dance,

For envious age now far away,
Will frost thy shining locks some day.
Now comes the walk in park and bower,
The whispers low of twilight's hour,

The secret nook, and lurking maid
Who yields, by merry laugh betrayed,
With feigned resistance, jewelled hands,
And fair wrists decked with golden bands.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte Divis cætera; qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Deprœliantes, nec cupressi
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit lucro
Appone; nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et Campus et areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora;

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.

[illegible]sion, his invention of the lyre, the hiding of Apollo's oxen, his secret [illegible] in the recovery of Hector's body, and his office as the conductor of pious [illegible] to Elysium, all this is happily woven into the ode, and all of this peculiar [illegible]nstruction was written for the sole purpose of being used in worship. The date [illegible] from 29 to 26 B.C., when Augustus was rebuilding and repairing temples. [illegible] Francis gives it thirty-six lines—very smooth. Martin (twenty lines) uses tens and [illegible]fours. Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

---

Hermes, sprung from Maia's sire,
Skilled the fierce and rude t' inspire,
Moulding by thine art and grace
Manners of a new-formed race;

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formâsti catus et decore
More palæstræ;

Thee, Jove's messenger, I sing,
Parent of the sounding string,
Cunning in thy youthful day
Sportive theft in heaven to play.

Te canam, magni Jovis et deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ parentem;
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocoso
Condere furto.

Phœbus' oxen thou didst hide,
Vain the threats Apollo tried,
Stern his voice—his quiver gone—
Phœbus smiles, thy skill has won.

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo.

Through the proud Atrides' guard,
Through Thessalian watch and ward
Priam passes, Troy he leaves,
Hostile camps through thee deceives.

Quin et Atridas, duce te superbos,
Ilio dives Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.

Thou dost give to pious souls
Joyful seats, thy rod controls
All the shadowy band, and thou,
Loved by all, above, below.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coërces
Aurea turbam, superis deorum
Gratus et imis.

We preserve the general shape of the lyric, using a line longer than is our wont. Samuel Boyse, 1740, paraphrases in seven four-line stanzas. Francis has four four-line stanzas, while Martin arranges in three eight-line, and Lytton in two four-line stanzas, a variety of treatment always interesting to the Horatian student.

---

Seek not, O fair Leuconoë—the Gods forbid to know—
What end assigned to me and thee, awaits us here below;
Let not Chaldean sage deceive, 't is nobler far to bend
In patient trust till heaven relieve, whate'er great Jove may send,
Whether more winter storms shall pour, or this shall be the last
To break on Tyrrhene's rocky shore, and vex it with its blast.
Be home thy care as years shall wear—to strain thy wines be wise,
Time steals away, then seize to-day, trust not to-morrow's skies.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem di dederint, Leuconoë; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati,
Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

Octavia, who must have died not long after the writing of this ode, and to whom relate the famous lines of the Æneid—vi. 854–884.

Christopher Pitt, 1737, preserves stanzas and lines—finely translated. Francis uses blank verse—sixty lines. Martin, five-line stanzas—seventy lines. Lytton has stanza form—sixty lines.

---

What man or hero wilt thou sing,
O Muse, with pipe or sounding string?
Or shall some God now wake the song
Which sportive echo shall prolong,

'Mid Helicon's deep, shady bowers,
Or where the lofty Pindus towers,
Or where the snowy Hæmus gleams,
Where once, as ancient legend dreams,

With art maternal Orpheus played,
And winds and rapid streams delayed,
While forests wildly chased the strains,
And list'ning oaks rushed o'er the plains.

Thee first I sing, the Father Jove,
Who rul'st o'er men, and Gods above,
And sea, and lands to farthest pole,
And varied seasons as they roll.

Greater than Jove shall nought arise,
Nor like, nor second in the skies;
Yet sprung from Jove, shall Pallas claim
Next honors due celestial name.

Of Bacchus brave my harp shall tell,
For forest Maid its strains shall swell,
And Thee, O Phœbus, will I sing,
Fearful thy shaft from sounding string.

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo,
Unde vocalem temere insecutæ
Orphea silvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,
Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare ac terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis;

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Præliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber, et sævis inimica Virgo
Belluis, nec te, metuende certa
Phœbe sagitta.

And brave Fabricius, wake my song—
Borne by th' impatient Muse along.

I see stern Curio's roughened locks,
I hear the battle's deadly shocks,
And lo! Camillus saves his Rome—
These came from toil and lowly home.

Tree-like in growth, Marcellus' fame,
Marcellus, twice a glorious name,
Now blended with the Julian line,
As the fair moon this star shall shine.

Father and Guardian of our race,
From Saturn sprung, the Fates now place
Great Cæsar in thy constant care,
For Thee he shall the sceptre bear.

If against Parthia's threat'ning band
He wars, or farthest India's strand,
Victor in arms then justly borne,
May triumphs grand his name adorn.

Second to Thee alone he reigns
O'er the broad earth, its seas and plains;
Thy chariot shakes th' Olympian world,
On impious things thy bolts are hurled.

Gratus insigni referam Camena,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, et incomptis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, et Camillum,
Sæva paupertas et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit, occulto velut arbor ævo,
Fama Marcelli; micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ Pater atque Custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data; tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
Seras et Indos.

Te minor latum regat æquus orbem;
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum;
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

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O ship, do waves rise yet again,
And press thee to the stormy main?
Seize then the port, in safety ride—
The gale has swept of oars thy side,

And wounded mast and sailyard groan,
And shrouds and tackle all are torn;
Of these bereft, thou scarce shalt brave
Th' imperious wind and surging wave.

Thy sails are rent, thy Gods no more,
Whom to invoke when storms shall pour;
A Pontic pine thou once hast stood,
The daughter of a noble wood—

Vain boast of name—a painted wreck—
The cautious sailor shuns thy deck,
He trusts thee not, so soon to lie
The sport of winds that sweep the sky.

Of late there came almost despair,
Now mingled grief, and hope, and care,
That thou may'st shun the Cyclades,
And safely sail these dangerous seas.

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

Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antennæque gemant; ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius

Æquor. Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo;
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,

Jactes et genus et nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

[illegible] of Ill thou bearest home,
[illegible] Greece hath sworn, her hosts shall come
And tear thy nuptial bands away,
And Priam's realms in ruins lay.

What panting steeds, what might of men,
What deaths shall come to Ilium then—
I see great Pallas' helm and shield,
And chariot rushing to the field.

In vain shall Venus guard thee now,
As thou shalt deck thy fair, soft brow,
And 'mid thy halls and chambers gay,
Thy feeble harp shall wake the lay.

The spears and darts on Phrygian plain,
And battle's shock, thou shun'st in vain,
And the swift Ajax following fast—
Thy locks shall trail the dust at last.

Ulysses comes, thy nation's bane,
And Nestor wise from Pylos' plain,
And Salamis her Teucer yields,
And Sthenelus, on martial fields

Well skilled the fight or steed to guide,
Or chariot-wheel in battle's tide;
And Merion comes, and Diomed,
Greater than man, by Pallas led,

Whom thou shalt fly with panting breath,
As stag the wolf on pastured heath,
Seen as he lurks at evening hour—
Not such thy boast in Spartan bower.

Achilles' wrath holds back the day
That Ilium in the dust shall lay,
The destined times at length expire,
And Troy shall burn in Grecian fire.

Nereus fata; Mala ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
Coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
  Et regnum Priami vetus.

Heu, heu! quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor; quanta moves funera Dardanae
Genti. Iam galeam Pallas et aegida
  Currusque et rabiem parat.

Nequidquam, Veneris praesidio ferox,
Pectes caesariem, grataque feminis
Imbelli cithara carmina divides;
  Nequidquam thalamo graves.

Hastas et calami spicula Gnosii
Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
Aiacem; tamen, heu, serus adulteros
  Crines pulvere collines.

Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuae
Genti, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
  Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens

Pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
  Tydides, melior patre;

Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
  Non hoc pollicitus tuae.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
Post certas hiemes uret Achaius
  Ignis Pergameas domos.

**amends. He pleads his youth and the power of ungoverned anger. The [illegible] of the apology is very elegant, but the excuse itself is poor—yet there was nothing else to offer. With some of the best criticism, we reject the story that the** mother of Tyndaris was Canidia of epodes fifth and seventeenth. She belonged to a class far below that of Tyndaris, and with whom "friendship" (last stanza) would be impossible. Francis, Martin, and Lytton all translate in **seven [illegible] line stanzas—an agreement somewhat unusual. For the date, see the next [illegible]**

---

O fairer than thy mother fair,
What shall the poet's wrong repair—
Shall burning flame the vengeance be,
Or the deep waves of Adria's Sea?

Not Cybele shall so inspire,
Nor Phœbus fill with sacred fire,
Nor Bacchus on some festal day,
'Mid cymbal's clash and wild array.

Nought is so strong as burning ire,
It fears not sword, nor flood, nor fire,
Nor Jove's own thunders when they roll
Tremendous to the utmost pole.

Prometheus, for his man of clay,
Took something from each beast they say,
And placed it in the human heart,
The lion's rage sure formed a part.

'T was anger crushed Thyestes down,
It bursts on many a stately town,
Great armies rush, the city falls,
The wrathful plough goes o'er the walls.

Compose thy mind—youth's earlier days
And fervid passions penned those lays,
Those bitter lays that vexed the soul
With swift and fierce iambic roll.

'T is mine t' entreat—dismiss thy grief,
My kindlier strains shall bring relief,
I here recant the hard words spoken,
You shall restore the friendship broken.

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis cunque voles modum
Pones iambis; sive flamma,
Sive mari libet Adriano.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,

Tristes ut iræ; quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur Prometheus, addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam, et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravere, et altis urbibus ultimæ
Stetere causæ, cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris
Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem; me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventa
Fervor, et in celeres iambos

Misit furentem; nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia; dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

**[illegible]ing lyric, translate in four-line stanzas, and in twenty-eight lines, differing somewhat in rhythmic form.**

---

Oft for sweet Lucretilis
Faunus leaves Arcadian bliss,
Guards my flocks from summer's glow,
And from noxious winds that blow.

Through the fragrant thymy grove
Wandering she-goats safely rove,
Wild arbutus seeking here,
Nor the adders green they fear,

Nor the Martial wolves; sweet strains
Pour through Ustic's sloping plains,
Tyndaris may hear the sound
Charming rocks and vales around.

Kindly Gods my home defend,
Grateful verse and praise ascend;
Here fair Plenty's horn shall flow
Rich with all the fields bestow.

Here you shun the Dogstar's fire,
Singing on sweet Teian lyre
Ithaca's true, loving wife.
And frail Circe's guilty strife.

Here mild Lesbian waits for thee,
Cups that bring no revelry,
Mars and Bacchus meet not here,
Cyrus rude thou shalt not fear,

Lest with jealousy he storm,
Seizing on thy slender form,
Tearing robes and wreaths of bays
Twined for thee on festal days.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærunt latentes et thyma deviæ
Olentis uxores mariti;
Nec viridem metuunt colubram.

Nec Martiales hædulæ lupos;
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
Valles et Ustica cubantis
Levia personuere saxa.

Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
Et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hic in reducta valle Caniculæ
Vitabis æstus, et fide Teia
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen;

Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbra; nec Semeleius
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prœlia; nec metues protervum

Suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
Incontinentes injicint manus,
Et scindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

mium in the second stanza of the ode above referred to: "Faith, truth, and honor dwelt in his breast." Varus was planting vineyards on his farm at Tibur. Horace, always the friend of moderation, approves of the proper use of wine, and holds up excess as especially displeasing to Bacchus himself, the God of wine, who punishes men when they abuse his beneficent gift—citing the judgments said to have fallen on the Centaurs, and Lapithæ, and Thracians. On account of the length of the lines of this ode, we use a longer line than usual in our translation. The date is uncertain, but before 24 B.C.—the year of Varus' death. Francis translates in elevens—adds six lines. Martin (twelves) adds fourteen lines. Lytton arranges in stanzas, but condenses in sixteen lines.

---

Let Varus plant the sacred vine in Tibur's rich-soiled lands,
Where bathed in mellowing suns that shine, walled Catilus now stands.
The dry, 't is said, find all things sad—that Heaven ordains it so,
Yet sends what makes the spirit glad, and soothes our care and woe;
Who after wine feels poverty, or dread of war's grim face,
And does not charms in Bacchus see, and beauteous Venus' grace?
Lest we exceed the temperate draught, the warning comes full well,
How Lapithæ and Centaurs quaffed, and bloody strife befell,
How Bacchus comes with hand not light, to Thracia's farthest bound
To punish men, when wrong with right immoderate cups confound.
I will not overpress, and wake, and force thee, Bacchus fair,
Nor forth thy hallowed mysteries take, and fling them to the air.
Ah, let those clashing cymbals cease, and Berecynthian horn,
Blind Love which only self can please, in drunken fervor borne,
Vain-Glory who her insolence and empty head displays,
And Looseness under faith's pretence, which more than glass betrays.

Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis et mœnia Catili.
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines;
Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat,
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?
At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata; monet Sithoniis non levis Evius
Quum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
Invitam quatiam; nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecyntio
Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus Amor sui,
Et tollens vaccuum plus nimio Gloria verticem,
Arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

expression as in the odes to Pyrrha and Lydia. This extravagance of language becomes really satire, and the readers of that day would doubtless so regard it, and to them it might have conveyed a meaning which it could not have had with us—without knowledge similar to theirs. Some circumstances and personal characteristics might be reached only in this way. The date can be placed only between 28 and 24 B.C. Congreve, 1702, renders in twenty-eight lines. An adaptation ascribed to Chatterton, 1768, is in twenty-four lines. Francis translates in stanzas—twenty-four lines. Martin preserves the couplet form, while Lytton arranges in stanzas—both in sixteen lines.

---

Cruel Mother of the Loves,
Bacchus of the Theban groves,
Passion that so wildly plays,
Bring my loves of other days.
Burns my soul for Glycera bright,
Fairer than the Parian white,
Petulant yet full of charm,
Eyes that work the gazer harm.
Venus comes with all her powers,
Leaving her Idahan bowers,
Not the flying Parthian's dart,
Only love will move her heart.
Place ye here on grassy mould
Incense, wine of two years old,
Turf and vervain from the wood,
May she come in lenient mood.

Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer
Et lasciva Licentia,
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius;
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus adspici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit; nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.
Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque
Bini cum patera meri:
Mactata veniet lenior hostia.

The date is uncertain—between 28 and 24 B.C. Francis renders in stanzas—adds four lines. Martin adds six lines. Lytton retains lines and stanzas.

---

Poor indeed, and in beakers small
Is the wine you 'll drink in my Sabine hall,
Yet mellowing age it has found below
In the Grecian casks sealed long ago,

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Quum tibi plausus,

When people's hearts were so deeply stirred,
For Mæcenas knight, their shouts were heard,
While merry echo flung back the sound
From thy Tiber's banks to the hills around.

Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

Cæcuban rich, and the streams that flow
From Cales press—'t is for you they glow,
No ruby tint for my cup distils
From the Formian and Falernian hills.

Cæcubam et prelo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

think, by some who have taken as serious, the effusion of a playful spirit intended to satirize Lalage, who is mentioned in other odes in pleasant vein. The bard jocosely says that good men (like himself) need carry no weapons; for in his own forest, while thinking of Lalage, a wolf met him when unarmed and fled. The same strength of expression is used as when referring to Pyrrha, and Lydia, and Glycera—the points of which Fuscus and others saw and enjoyed. The date is probably 24 or 23 B.C. W. Herbert, 1792, (a good translation,) adds four lines. There is an expanded adaptation (well written) by John Scones, Esq., 1826. Francis, Martin, and Lytton, translate in stanzas, and all in twenty-four lines.

---

Upright in heart, and free of crime,
Thou need'st not bear in any clime,
My Fuscus, Moorish lance or bow,
Or arrow dipped in venomed flow,

Whether 'mid Afric's burning sands,
Or wild Caucasia's snowy lands,
Or where the rich Hydaspes pours
Its fabled streams on India's shores.

Roving beyond my Sabine bounds,
While Lalage's sweet name resounds,
A wolf appears, and me unarmed
He dies, as though the place were charmed.

Such prodigy one scarce may tell,
In Daunia's wilds it ne'er befell,
Nor Afric's land where Juba reigns,
And lions roam the arid plains.

Place me amid those Arctic fields
Where summer air no verdure yields,
Or on that darksome side of earth,
Where clouds and tempests have their birth;

Place me where Sol's bright chariot flies
So near, and life and home denies,
Still, still, love's theme shall ever be,
Sweet, laughing, prattling Lalage.

Integer vitæ scelerisque puris
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

so far personal, that he represents some of the friends of Chloe, and expresses his and their opinion that she ought to enter into the life of society. "It was a graceful way of reaching a delicate and difficult case." The ode is spoken of as an imitation from a fragment of Anacreon. The date is uncertain—from 27 to 23 B.C. Glanvil, 1699, renders in stanzas, and doubles the length of the ode. Glenbervie, 1759, arranges in two stanzas of six lines each. Francis adds two lines, Martin (very graceful) adds six, while Lytton retains the four-line stanza.

---

Chloe shuns me like a fawn
Lost in some wild forest lawn,
Seeking now its mother's care,
Starting at each breath of air.

As spring-zephyrs stir the bush,
Or the darting lizards push,
Or the wind sighs through the trees—
Trembling heart and trembling knees.

Yet no tiger marks thy way,
Lion fierce seeks not its prey,
Go now from thy mother's side,
Of some happy youth the bride.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum et silvæ metu.

Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Ad ventum foliis, seu viridis rubum
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gætulusve leo, frangere persequor;
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

Varus' death. Ninety years will more than span the time, and as Horace died in 8 B.C., some very aged member of the Church in "Cæsar's household" might easily recall, among the memories of his boyhood, the very form of our favorite and now mournful bard.

R. N. French (well written) and Francis add twelve lines. Martin (six-line stanzas) adds ten lines. Lytton has twenty lines.

---

Come, O Muse, in mournful numbers,
Grief unmeasured swell thy strain,
Dear to all, in death he slumbers,
Let thy heav'n-taught harp complain.

Varus' sleep shall know no ending,
Who like him again will come?
Faith, and Truth, and Honor, blending
Made that breast their constant home.

Many a heart around us bleeding
Mourns his death—none more than thou—
Vain were Virgil's tears and pleading,
Heaven denies, and man must bow.

Could'st thou reach the Orphean measures,
Charm the list'ning oaks once more,
Death would not give back his treasures,
Thou could'st not that form restore.

All our prayers yield no returning,
Once in Hermes' shadowy band—
Hard, but thou deep patience learning,
Yield to Fate's resistless hand.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam Pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget! cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior, quam tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum
Poscis Quinctilium deos.

Quod si Threïcio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
Quam virga semel horrida,

Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum! sed levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere nefas.

ode has a meaning and a purpose commending themselves to us—a purpose reached possibly in connection with Ode III. 9—a lyric indicating "Reconciliation" with some one from whom she had been separated. History is constantly repeating itself, and passion and vice, also conscience and virtuous purpose, as we see them to-day, may have their prototypes in the past. The date of the ode is uncertain —before 22 B.C. Rev. W. Gostling, M.A., 1774, and Francis render in stanzas—triplets. Martin (stanzas) adds eight lines. Lytton omits (in translation) two stanzas.

No more the youths your windows shake,
Unbroken now the rest you take,
The weary hinge at length is still,
The door clings fondly to its sill.

And less and less that old love-prayer
Comes floating through the evening air:
"I perish here, the night is long,
Can Lydia sleep and such my song?"

In turn you feel proud lovers' scorn,
In alley lone and chill you mourn,
Where winds from Thracia's icy range
Hold revel at the old moon's change.

And passion burns with all its fire,
The strong, and fierce, and vain desire
Now rages on, mocks all restraint,
While bursts forth many a bitter plaint.

That glad youths choose the ivy green,
And wear the freshest myrtle seen,
And fling old leaves with withered forms
To driving gales and wintry storms.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque
Janua limen,

Quæ prius multum facilis movebat
Cardines. Audis minus et minus jam:
"Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?"

Invicem moechos anus arrogantes
Flebis in solo levis angiportu;
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento;

Quum tibi flagrans amor, et libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sævict circa jecur ulcerosum;
Non sine questu.

Læta quod pubes hederis virenti
Gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto:
Aridas frondes Hiemis sodali
Dedicet Euro.

remember Horace. Lamia had two charming little odes, the seventeenth of the third book, and the one before us, so elegant in diction, and affectionate in spirit. It will date at 24 B.C. Rev. George Croly, 1831, preserves lines and stanzas. Francis adds six lines, and Martin four to the ode, while Lytton has twelve.

---

The Muse appears, my griefs and fears
Bear to the seas, thou wind,
What king now reigns o'er Parthia's plains,
Or none—care not to find.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis; quis sub Arcto
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,

Thou whose delight is fountains bright,
That pour sweet waters down,
Come from thy bowers, bring sunny flowers,
For Lamia weave a crown.

Quid Teridaten terreat, unice
Securus. O, quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos necte flores,
Necte meo Lamiæ coronam,

Pimpléa's lyre, 't is yours t' inspire
The harp at Lesbos born,
Ye Sisters fair, make him your care,
My Lamia's name adorn.

Pimplei dulcis; nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores; hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
Teque tuasque decet sorores.

For joy is born the generous wine,
Strife o'er your cups—a barbarous sign,
Ah, send them to their Thracian hills,
'T is peace and quiet Bacchus wills!

'Mid soften'd lights and wine-cup's glow,
No Median dagger seek a foe—
Companions, cease your impious roar,
Your couches take—and peace once more.

You wish that I may take my part
Of old Falernian stout of heart;
Megilla's brother then shall say
What blissful wound he bears away.

Does he refuse?—then I decline—
Ah, he assents—I quaff the wine—
Blush not if touched by Venus' fires,
Some fitting love no doubt inspires.

Whoe'er it be, dismiss thy fears,
The fair one's name shall find safe ears—
Ah, wretched boy, too late it came,
Thou 'rt worthy of a better flame.

Engulphed in strong Charybdis' wave,
What sage, what spell, what God can save?
Scarce Pegasus' celestial fire
Could free from this Chimera dire.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est; tollite barbarum
Morem, verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis!

Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat! impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, qua perent sagittæ.

Cessat voluntas? non alia bibam
Mercede. Quæcunque domat Venus,
Non erubescendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque semper

Amore peccas. Quidquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus.—Ah miser,
Quanta laborabas Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flamma!

Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimæra.

(about 400 B. C.), his learning, his Pythagoreanism, and his shipwreck in the Adriatic, were well known to the cultivated readers of these lyrics. The date will be from 26 to 22 B.C. Charles Badham, 1831, is not so smooth as Francis—both in couplets, and in forty lines. Martin (couplets) adds eighteen lines, while Lytton arranges in stanzas, and adds (very rare with this translator) eight lines.

---

What! Thou that measurest sea and land,
And seek'st to count the countless sand,
No earth from all Matina's shore
To give thee rest? What good t' explore
And pierce in thought the starry skies,
And scan earth's round—Archytas dies.
*Arch.*—Great Pelops' sire, a guest on high,
Tithonus, carried to the sky,
And Minos who Jove's counsel shared,
All died, nor was Panthoides spared,
To death his mortal parts twice yield,
His soul remembering well the shield
Of Trojan times—not poorly fraught
Thou know'st, with truths that nature taught.
There comes to all the hour we dread,
The way of death we once must tread,
Some by the rage of furious Mars,
The greedy sea on sailors wars,
And death 'mid old and young is seen,
Not one escapes stern Proserpine;
Myself to Adria's boiling wave
Orion and fierce Notus gave.
Now on these bones, from all this sand
Some grains be cast with pious hand,
So shalt thou sail Hesperian seas,
Nor dread fierce Eurus' stormy breeze,
Safe shalt thou be, with richest gains
Jove will reward thy friendly pains,
And Neptune will increase thy store
Who guards Tarentum's sacred shore.
Should'st thou refuse my poor request,
Just Fate's avenging hand shall rest
On thee and thine—my prayers shall rise,
No offerings shall atone the skies—
Nor shall thy haste know long delay,
Thrice cast the dust and speed thy way.

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera; nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro?
Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras,
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque
Tartara Panthoiden, iterum Orco
Demissum; quamvis clypeo Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ,
Judice te non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique. Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via leti.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo spectacula Marti;
Exitio est avidum mare nautis,
Mixtum senum ac juvenum densentur funera; nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare; sic quodcunque minabitur Eurus
Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinæ
Plectantur silvæ, te sospite, multaque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Postmodo te natis fraudem committere? Fors et
Debita jura vicesque superbæ
Te maneant ipsum; precibus non linquar inultis;
Teque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

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used as hymns in any temple service. We can think of no reason why the little fane of Glycera should be put on any different ground religiously, from the grander temple to Apollo, built by Augustus, to the dedication of which the next ode calls us. Both were Pagan. The date is not far from 28 B.C. Martin renders in ten lines—elegiac. Francis (eights) adds two lines. Lytton gives eight lines.

---

Queen of Cyprus' sunny isle,
Leave thy chosen land awhile,
Come to Glycera's temple fair,
Clouds of incense dim the air.

Bring with thee thy rosy Boy,
Zoneless Graces, aid the joy,
Nymphs, and Youth, in charming vein,
Graceful Hermes, swell the train.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne delectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum Puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

numbers are present offering up prayers to Apollo (now peculiarly propitious) for what each most desires. What shall the bard ask? Not riches, nor luxuries, but health and contentment, and the culture of his art. L. P. Torre, Esq., 1831, translates it in twenty-four lines. Francis adds two, Martin (very graceful) adds eight, while Lytton condenses in twenty-lines.

Before Apollo's shrine we bow,
We pour new wine with holy vow,
What shall I ask kind Heaven to yield?
Not harvests from Sardinia's field,

Not herds from warm Calabria's land,
Nor ivory from India's strand,
Nor gold, nor meads where Liris' stream
Winds gently with its soften'd gleam.

Let those on whom kind Fortune shines,
Prune Cales' rich and teeming vines,
Let merchants golden goblets drain,
Bought with the wealth of Syrian plain,

Thrice dear to Gods, so oft to brave
With safe return th' Atlantic wave—
My olives bounteous treasure yield,
Endive and mallow grace my field.

Latona's Son, with honors crowned,
Grant me a mind and body sound,
In helpless age may I not pine,
The harp and poesy be mine.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? Non opimæ
Sardiniæ segetes feraces,

Non æstuosæ grata Calabriæ
Armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

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

Dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impune. Me pascunt olivæ,
Me cichorea levesque malvæ.

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

They ask our strains. If leisure hour
Yield aught with thee, or shady bower,
That fame to future years may tell,
Sweet Lyre, in Latian numbers swell

The notes by Lesbian poet sung,
The first whose harp thro' Greece had rung,
Who brave in war, yet e'en in arms,
Moored by the sea, felt music's charms.

Bacchus, the Muses, Venus fair,
Her clinging Boy, Lycus' dark hair
And eyes of jet—all these inspire
The strains that tremble on his lyre.

Apollo's glory, Jove's delight,
Solace of toil by day, by night,
Sweet Shell, where'er my lot may be,
Give kind response, invoking thee.

Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures ; age, dic, Latinum
Barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi,
Qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatum religarat udo
Litore navim,

Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem Puerum canchat,
Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
Crine decorum.

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti.

the arrangement beyond the time for which it was made, greatly to the grief of the poet. Horace writes this humorous ode. Tibullus must make the best of it—no doleful elegies—others have their heart-trouble—he himself had a slave-born girl who would not return his affection! The date is uncertain, but before 22 B.C. Francis (very smooth) has twenty-two lines, Martin twenty, Lytton sixteen, and all are in stanzas.

---

Albius, take it not to heart,
Thou and Glycera must part,
Pour no doleful elegies,
Younger men the false one please.

See—low-browed Lycoris pines
Loving Cyrus—he inclines
Tow'rd the haughty Pholoë,
Lambs and wolves as soon agree.

You are not alone, my friend,
Junctions strange does Venus send,
Cruel in her yoke to bind
Souls of such a different kind.

In a better love once bound,
Slave-born Mytale I found—
Just as well woo Adria's seas
Roughened by the stormy breeze.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Læsa præniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycoridа
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën; sed prius Apulis
Jungentur capreæ lupis,

Quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aënea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

Ipsum me, melior cum peteret Venus,
Grata detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Hadriæ
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

add eight lines, while Lytton renders in sixteen lines.

---

Seldom in holy fane I prayed,
By false philosophy betrayed,
Now I return, I spread my sails,
And speed my course with favoring gales;

For mighty Jove who reigns on high,
Sends glittering fire thro' cloudless sky,
His chariot swift in thunder rolls,
The strong earth trembles to its poles,

And streams are struck, and Stygian wave,
Atlas, and Tænarum's dark cave.
Not without cause such things are given,
There is a Power that rules in heaven.

'T is God lifts up, and He casts down,
Here Fortune swoops away a crown,
With shrilling cry her way she wings,
And there the gaud exultant flings.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare atque iterare cursus

Cogor relictos. Namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum;

Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis

Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

[illegible]. This would meet the religious feeling of Rome, especially as the ode was [illegible] in some part of the public worship. With most of the translators, [illegible] the implements of the fifth stanza as those used for the upholding of [illegible] order. F. Bourne, Esq., 1831, and Francis are in equal stanzas and lines. [illegible] Peters, 1844, has double stanzas—forty lines—a fine rendering. Martin (five-line stanzas) adds ten lines. Lytton (forty lines) takes the implements of the fifth stanza as those of building and repairing.

---

O Thou who reign'st o'er Antium fair,
Thy power can raise from deep despair
Frail man, or turn with changeful hand
To funeral march his triumphs grand.

To Thee, the poor from many a field,
With anxious prayers their worship yield;
To Thee, the mariner who braves,
In well wrought bark, Carpathian waves.

The Dacian rude, wild Scythia's bands,
Cities and tribes, brave Latium's lands,
And mothers of empurpled kings,
All dread the changes Fortune brings,

Lest with destructive shock Thou mar
The state's fair peace, and rouse to war
The madding crowds no power can check,
And some proud empire sinks a wreck.

And always stern Necessity,
Thy power upholding, goes with thee,
With spike, and wedge, and hook severe,
And liquid lead, inspiring fear.

Yet Hope is thine, and Faith so rare,
Robed in white garment—symbol fair,—
These follow, when as changes come,
Thou leav'st the proud luxurious home.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:

Te pauper ambit sollicita prece,
Ruris, colonus; te dominam æquoris
Quicunque Bythinâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, et Latium ferox,
Regumque, matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni,

Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans nĕna; nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno; nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

And may its force our armies wield
On Arab or on Scythian field!

Incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

**of his father's murderer must have been exceedingly impressive to the son. Peace** was now assured, and Horace rejoiced with others, but discovers in this ode his profound respect for the proud woman who chose death rather than suffer the indignities of a Roman triumph. Francis renders in forty lines, while Lytton adds nothing to the ode, and Martin retains lines and stanzas.

---

Pour the wine and wake the mirth,
Joyous dances shake the earth,
Salii, keep the happy hours,
Deck the fanes with feasts and flowers.

Not before with generous flow
Gushed the casks long stored below,
While the raging queen might send
Ruin, and the Empire's end.

Base the herd by her employed,
By diseases half destroyed—
Weak to hope, whate'er might be,
Drunk with long prosperity.

But her fury Cæsar tames,
Scarce one ship escapes the flames,
Winged with terrors home she flies,
Fearful of Italian skies.

As the hawk pursues the dove,
As the chase through Hæmon's grove,
Cæsar scours the watery plains—
"She shall walk proud Rome in chains."

Thou shalt see no woman's tears,
Not the sword but chains she fears,
Nor on Actium's fatal day
Did she fly to realms away.

Face serene she proudly wears
'Mid her ruined halls and dares
Calmly to her veins to bring
Serpent's sharp and venomed sting.

All of death she fiercely braves,
Never o'er those Libyan waves,
Borne by sailor's ruthless hand,
Will she grace that triumph grand.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus; nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus et imperio parabat

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunaque dulci
Ebria. Sed minuet furorem

Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus;
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar, ab Italia volantem

Remis adurgens; accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Hæmoniæ; daret ut catenis

Fatale monstrum; quæ generosius
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem, nec latentes
Classe cita reparavit oras.

Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
Corpore combiberet venenum;

Deliberata morte ferocior;
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.

This little "Song," as one calls it, is aimed at certain luxuries of the times. It is a plea for simplicity. There were doubtless local circumstances known to Horace's readers, which gave point to certain expressions which are intelligible only in a general way to those of our times. The date is unknown. Francis and Martin add two lines. Lytton is condensed and smooth.

---

I hate the Persians' sumptuous ways,
These Linden wreaths are vain displays,
Seek not to grace your garlands bound,
With some late rose that may be found.

Myrtle alone shall be your care,
Servant and master well may wear
Its simple wreaths when I recline
In arbor sweet, and taste the wine.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curæ; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

THIS collection contains twenty odes, a little more than half the number found in the first book. None of them are very long, several are of great beauty, and two or three possess some historical value, to be noticed in the proper place. Two are addressed to old comrades who had fought under Brutus at Philippi, both of which are finely written, and are of interest to us as indicating the sympathy of the poet with his old companions-in-arms.

It has been mentioned that the first and second books were collected about the same time—say 23 B.C., and that after one or two years the third book was published. This supposition explains some of the literary phenomena of these books, and one of the principal reasons for its acceptance is found in the comparison of the two odes, one of which closes the second, while the other completes the third book. Both of these lyrics express the poet's presentiment of his future fame. Although different from each other in structure and tone of thought, both refer to the same thing. It is difficult to conceive of the bard as writing both odes on the same occasion—that is, on the supposition that the three books were published at the same time. But if we receive the twentieth ode as an appropriate close for the first two books, then after an interval of two years the composition of the thirtieth ode as a fitting close for the third book, and for all the three books, seems a natural and proper thing.

us. This lyric (date uncertain) is one of great spirit and beauty, and the seventh, eighth, and ninth stanzas are very impressive. The closing apology is skilfully made. Francis is in ten six-line stanzas. Martin (no stanzas) adds sixteen lines. Lytton (stanza-form) renders in forty lines.

---

Strifes from Metellus' years afar,
The causes, crimes, and modes of war,
The turns of fortune, leagues of chiefs,
The blood-stained arms that waked our griefs,

Not yet atoned by offerings meet,
A dangerous theme, as if thy feet
Were treading on some slumbering fire,
Thou know'st not when 't will wake its ire.

Be this thy work, thy tragic Muse
Shall for a while her halls refuse—
Tell Rome's sad tale—thy Muse returned,
New Grecian laurels will have earned.

Sad clients oft prove Pollio's power,
Thee Senates call in danger's hour,
And Rome to thee proud triumphs yields,
Won on Dalmatia's bloody fields.

Now comes the trumpet's sharp rebound,
Now the shrill clarion's piercing sound,
Now glittering arms flash on the sky,
In terror horse and rider fly,

And leaders' shouts roll o'er the plain,
No coward blood that ground shall stain,
And all the world seems conquered save
Th' unyielding soul of Cato brave.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum,
Bellique causas et vitia et modos,
Ludumque Fortunæ, gravesque
Principum amicitias, et arma

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

Paulum severæ Musa tragœdiæ
Desit theatris; mox ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis
Et consulenti Pollio curiæ,
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures; jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus.

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

To some sweet cave thou shalt retire,
And lighter themes thy harp inspire.

Mecum Dionæo sub antro
Quære modos leviore plectro.

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a life Epicurean in its character—to make the most of the present, since the future has no attractions, and he reminds Dellius in language painfully descriptive, that he must leave all these pleasant things and go down to gloomy Hades. In what contrast with this stand the glowing pictures of the future, drawn by Chrisian faith and inspiration in the very next century. The date of the ode is uncertain, but after 28 B.C. J. Merivale has a good translation in forty-four lines. Martin adds eighteen lines. Francis and Lytton are in equal stanzas and lines with the original.

---

Calm in the midst of threat'ning ill,
And calm in joy, the steadfast will
True wisdom finds—O Dellius, why
Afflict thyself, so sure to die,

Whether the hours pass sad away,
Or life is all a festal day,
And thou on grassy couch recline,
And taste thine old Falernian wine.

Where pines and silver poplars rise,
Whose clasping foliage shades the skies,
And purling streamlet all the day
Labors along its winding way,

Here bring the wine and rich perfume,
And short-lived rose, and seize its bloom,
While fortune, youth, and Fate's dark thread
Shall keep thee from the silent dead.

Your stately mansion, costly wood,
Fields laved by Tiber's golden flood,
Your piles of wealth—all this you leave,
Your happy heirs the boon receive.

Tho' rich, and Argos' line you trace,
Or poor, and of ignoble race,
The sky your roof—'t is all the same,
Stern Orcus shall his victim claim.

The lot goes from the urn to all,
Sooner or later comes the call,
And Charon's boat bears us away,
No more to see the realms of day.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam.
Lætitia, moriture Delli,

Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.

Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo?

Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ,
Dum res et ætas et Sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes coëmptis saltibus, et domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.

Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

**and Lytton preserve stanzas and lines. Francis is smooth, and adds six lines.**

---

Blush not Xanthias, for thy love,
Though thy maid the feeling move,
Stern Achilles, void of fear,
Shed for Briseis passion's tear.

Ajax sprung from Telamon
Loved the maid his arms had won;
Atreus' son in victory's hour
Yields to fair Cassandra's power.

When the troops of barbarous lands
Fell before Thessalian bands,
Few were left, and Hector slain,
Conquering Greeks swept o'er the plain.

Know'st thou that thy Phyllis fair,
Of such golden beauty rare,
May some royal lineage trace?
Change oft comes to noble race.

Think not one so loved by thee,
Of the worthless crowd can be;
Maiden true to honor's claim,
Shall not blush for parents' name.

Form and feature might be told,
Cast in nature's finest mould—
Be not jealous of my praise,
Forty years now gauge my days.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu. Prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem;

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine rapta,

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolii
Pergama Graiis.

Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certe genus et Penates
Mœret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelesta
Plebe dilectam; neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam, potuisse nasci
Matre pudenda.

Brachia et vultum teretesque suras
Integer laudo; fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum

Fuscus (I. 22) in such a way as to suggest that he was possibly her lover, and therefore the silent friend addressed in this lyric. There may be a connection between the two odes and persons which we cannot now perceive. Some of the comparisons of the lyric—entirely proper in themselves, we have softened slightly, as better adapted to our modes of expression. The ode has much poetic beauty. The date would be later than that of the ode to Fuscus—say 21 B.C., the year of the publication of the three books. Thomas Creech, 1684,—five stanzas—is in thirty lines. Francis (very smooth) adds two lines—no stanzas. Martin arranges in five six-line stanzas. Lytton is in twenty-four lines.

---

Not yet, my friend, that slender neck
The yoke may bear (thine ardor check),
Nor draw as yet with equal mate
Life's load with all its crushing weight.

In verdant fields she longs to stray,
Or in the shaded streamlet play,
Or gambol with the younger band
Where moisture-dripping willows stand.

Let no desire my friend, be seen
To pluck the grape while yet 't is green;
Rich Autumn comes and paints for you,
He gives the purple cluster's hue.

All things are changing, heartless time
Steals on, and robs you in your prime,
And gives your years to Lalage,
She soon will seek a lord in thee.

Not timid Pholoë claims such love,
Nor Chloris so shall passion move,
As when *her* shoulders glow as bright
As moon upon the sea at night,

Or as the Cretan Gyges fair
'Mid choral bands, whose flowing hair
With locks of girls are intertwined,
The wisest guests no difference find.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet
Cervice, nondum munia comparis
Æquare, nec tauri ruentis
In venerem tolerare pondus.

Circa virentes est animus tuæ
Campos juvencæ, nunc fluviis gravem
Solantis æstum, nunc in udo
Ludere cum vitulis salicto

Prægestientis. Tolle cupidinem
Immitis uvæ; jam tibi lividos
Distinguet Autumnus racemos
Purpureo varius colore.

Jam te sequetur; currit enim ferox
Ætas, et illi, quos tibi dempserit,
Apponet annos; jam proterva
Fronte petet Lalage maritum;

Dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
Non Chloris albo sic humero nitens,
Ut pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mire sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum solutis
Crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

name of Titius. This lyric is much admired for its fine thought and finished diction. Francis and Martin are in six-line stanzas, adding twelve lines. Lytton condenses in twenty-four lines.

---

Thou 'dst fly with me to Gades shore,
Or wild, untamed Cantabria brave,
Or dare the barbarous Syrtes' roar,
Where always foams the Moorish wave.

My Argean Tibur's soft retreat
Shall soothe, Septimius, thee and me,
And rest at length our wearied feet,
Long wearied both by land and sea.

But if impartial Fate scarce yields
Such boon, then sweet Galesus' stream
With shielded flocks (Phalantus' fields)
Shall next fulfil my quiet dream.

No spot on earth so smiles for me,
Nor shall it yield in honied store
To sweet Hymettus' flower or bee,
Or olive famed Venafrum bore.

Long springs and winter's tempered air
The Father Jove in goodness wills,
Nor Aulon's mount (kind Bacchus' care)
Need envy the Falernian hills.

For thee and me these happy lands—
Shouldst thou survive thy poet-friend,
To ashes burned by thine own hands,
With them thine own warm tears shall blend.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda,

Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ,
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiæque.

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galæsi
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalantho.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro;

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici.

Spain in 24 B.C., the date of this ode. He was restored to his knightly privileges, as noticed in the first stanza. The two odes are naturally placed together, and in this fine lyric the poet refers ingenuously to his flight at Philippi, and pays a just tribute to the brave men who fell on that field, associated in his mind with so many kind yet sad memories, with its three days of battle, and its heaps of the slain. Francis adds ten lines; Martin is in equal lines and stanzas, as also Lytton.

---

So oft with me 'mid dangers dread,
In that sad war where Brutus led,
Who now, O knight, hath blessed thine eyes
With home and sweet Italian skies?

With thee, Pompeius, well tried friend,
The lingering day oft did I spend
In wine, with wreaths around our hair,
While Syrian incense wooed the air.

With thee from sad Philippi's field
I fled, and left (not well) my shield;
But broken all that proud array—
'T was brave men touched the ground that day.

Then thro' the hosts swift Hermes flew,
And bore me trembling from the view,
While various wars called thee again,
As bark that braves the stormy main.

Redeem thy vows to Jove, here rest
Thy wearied limbs on laurel pressed,
Forget long toils of land and sea,
Nor spare the casks long spared for thee.

The Massic, care-dispelling wine
Shall in full polished goblets shine,
The shells pour fragrance, wreaths be seen
Of myrtle twined with parsley green.

The lot shall choose our king of mirth,
I 'll revel as of Thracian birth,
Yet blame me not, my friend is found,
'T is sweet to let the joy go round.

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte, Bruto militiæ duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis Italoque cœlo,

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

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

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

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

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple; funde capacibus
Ungenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas

Curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis; recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

**Francis has** thirty-two lines, no stanzas. Martin and Lytton are in stanzas, and in **twenty-four lines.**

---

If by you so oft forsworn,
Darker nail or tooth were shown,
If one blemish you 'd receive,
In your oaths I might believe.

All your solemn vows you break,
While your charms new splendors take,
And our fickle youth inspire,
Blindly rushing to admire.

O'er your mother's urn you vowed,
'Neath the silent stars you bowed,
By the Gods immortal swore,
Gods on high whom all adore.

Easy Nymphs and Venus smile,
Cupid frowns not at your guile,
Always bearing arrows keen,
Whet sometimes for bloody scene.

Newer slaves your bonds will wear,
Former lovers feel despair,
Of Barine false complain,
Vengeance threat and hug the chain.

Mothers fear for favored son,
Fathers for what thrift had won,
And the new-made bride shall fear
Lest the loved one linger near.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
Dente si nigro fieres vel uno,
Turpior ungui,

Crederem. Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere, et toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo, gelidaque divos
Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruenta.

Adde, quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
Servitus crescit nova, nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt
Sæpe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt juvencis,
Te senes parci miseræque nuper
Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet
Aura maritos.

**" Plotius, et Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque**
Valgius."

The first two edited the Æneid after the sudden death of Virgil, by the direction of Augustus. The editors differ as to whether he was a man of consular rank, and whether it is T. or C. Valgius—we take the latter. The Mystes of the third stanza was a son of Valgius, the references of the fourth stanza intimating this. Valgius is entreated not to indulge so long in his grief. Nature is not always sad; spring comes after the winter's storms, and new leaves replace the old. Let him join in celebrating the successes of Cæsar in the East, which reference in the last two stanzas suggest the date of the ode as 23 or 22 B.C. Francis adds two lines, Martin, twelve, while Lytton has equal stanzas and lines.

---

Showers fall not from heaven unceasing,
Gales not always vex the main,
Spring the ice-bound streams releasing,
They shall course Armenia's plain.

Nor do northern blasts assailing
Always sweep Garganian grove,
Nor the ash is ever wailing
O'er the leaves the storms remove.

Always flow thy mournful numbers,
Mystes gone, at close of day,
Nor thy love nor sorrow slumbers
At the morning's golden ray.

Nestor is not always weeping
Though Antilochus lies low,
Troïlus in death is sleeping,
Priam's tears not always flow.

Cease, my Valgius, new beginning,
Cæsar's victories wake thy powers,
Trophies fresh our arms are winning
Where snow-crowned Niphates towers.

Media's stream less proudly rolling
Aids to swell our wide domains,
Rome the Dacian fierce controlling,
He shall ride in narrower plains.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros, aut mare Caspium
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque; nec Armeniis in oris,

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

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

At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
Annos, nec impubem parentes
Troïlon aut Phrygiæ sorores

Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum, et potius nova
Cantemus Augusti tropæa
Cæsaris, et rigidum Niphaten,

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

"borrowing trouble." He is exhorted in some beautiful lines to let the future alone, and to make the most of the present. The reference (stanza first) to the Scythians and Cantabrians—not wholly subdued till 19 B.C.—suggests the date of the ode as 23 B.C., and that of the epistle as not far from this. Gray hairs at forty-six (stanza fourth), though not usual, are sometimes seen at that age. The Lyde of the last stanza was a professional musician, who played at respectable entertainments. The term, jestingly applied to her, is translated by Lytton "sequestered jade," indicating a retiring nature. Sir Thomas Hawkins, 1625, is in twenty-four lines. Francis adds eight lines, while Lytton and Martin render in equal stanzas and lines.

---

What will the wild Cantabrian do,
What schemes the Scythian hordes pursue,
Ask not, O Quintius, Adria's sea
Wide stretching rolls 'twixt them and thee.

Life has few things for which to sigh,
Bright youth and grace and strength will fly,
And withering age will steal, each day,
Sweet sleep and love and joy away.

Spring-flowers will lose their beauty soon,
Not always glows a full-orbed moon,
So Heaven decrees, why vex thy soul—
Who shall the Eternal Will control?

Why not beneath this lofty pine
Lie at our ease, and quaff the wine,
Our gray hairs decked with fragrant rose,
While Syrian incense round us glows?

Kind Bacchus shall dispel our care
Remorseless in its constant wear—
What boy will stout Falernian bring,
And tame its strength from living spring?

Who will entreat that with her lyre
Fair Lyde may our souls inspire?
Her hair, with myrtle only crowned,
In simple Spartan knot be bound.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet Hadria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere; nec trepides in usum

Poscentis ævi pauca. Fugit retro
Levis Juventas, et Decor; arida
Pellente lascivos Amores
Canitie facilemque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honor
Vernis; neque uno luna rubens nitet
Vultu; quid æternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere, et rosa
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

Potamos uncti? Dissipat Evius
Curas edaces. Quis puer ocius
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lympha?

Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburna, dic age, cum lyra
Maturet, in comptum Lacænæ
More comas religata nodum.

[illegible] to which there must have been the best of reasons." Sir Jeffrey Gilbert's [illegible]don, 1740, is very much like that of Francis, both retaining stanzas and [illegible], as do also Martin and Lytton.

Long wars in wild Numantia's plain,
Sicilian seas with bloody stain,
Dire Hannibal—not these the themes
That fit my harp's soft, lyric dreams.

Nor Lapithæ of cruel name,
Nor Hylæus of drunkard's fame,
Nor Hercules whose hand subdued,
Defying heaven, earth's giant brood.

'T is thou th' historic pen must wield,
Of Cæsar write on battle-field,
Of kings he led in triumphs grand,
Once threat'ning fierce our Roman land.

Our lady's charms shall wake my lyre,
Licymnian strains my harp inspire,
Her sparkling eyes, and faithful breast,
Where thou thy weary head may rest.

With matchless grace she joins the dance,
Or barbs with sportive wit her lance,
Or on Diana's festal day
Mingles in virgin's fair array.

Wouldst thou exchange one tress of hair
For all the wealth of Persia fair,
Or all from Phrygia's fertile plains,
Or Araby's rich, golden veins?

For thee she bends the neck to kiss,
Or half denies thee of the bliss,
Or pleased if snatched unasked away,
Or shall herself the tribute pay.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare
Pœno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis.

Nec sævos Lapithas, et nimium mero
Hylæum, domitosque Herculea manu
Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus

Saturni veteris; tuque pedestribus
Dices historiis prœlia Cæsaris,
Mæcenas, melius ductaque per vias
Regum colla minacium.

Me dulcis domiuæ Musa Licymniæ
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
Fulgentes oculos et bene mutuis
Fidum pectus amoribus;

Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris,
Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia
Ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
Dianæ celebris die.

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,
Plenas aut Arabum domos?

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat,
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet.

This bane and scandal to my land.

Surely he broke his father's neck,
The shrines themselves would prove no check,
He marked the hour of deepest rest,
And shed the blood of slumbering guest.

He dealt in poisons, and no bounds
Of evil knew, who in my grounds
This sad log placed in paths I tread,
To crush its innocent master's head.

What man should shun he seldom sees,
The sailor dreads the stormy breeze
When o'er the deep his course shall bend,
Nor thinks what else the Gods may send.

The Roman fears the Parthian plains,
The Parthian dreads Italian chains;
Death comes in unexpected hour,
The nations fall beneath his power.

I low near to Proserpine's dark home
And righteous Æacus did I come,
And pious souls, and happy plains,
And Sappho with her mournful strains,

Lamenting on Æolian string,
And thee, Alcæus, who dost sing
In numbers deep, more glorious far,
Of ocean, exile, and of war.

From each immortal strains they hear
Worthy of song, yet gathering near,
The dense crowd drinks the bolder lays
Of wars, and kings, and bloody days.

Why strange, when ravished by these charms
The dark-eared beast no longer harms,
But bends entranced, while snakes unwound
From Furies' hair take in the sound.

Prometheus now, and Pelops' sire
Rest from their pain as sings the lyre,
Orion pauses in the chase,
The wearied game suspend the race.

**Perniciem opprobriumque pagi;**

Illum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis; ille venena Colcha

Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
Te, triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.

Quod quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas; navita Bosporum
Pœnus perhorrescit, neque ultra
Cæca timet aliunde fata;

Miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
Robur; sed improvisa leti
Vis rapuit rapietque gentes.

Quam pæne furvæ regna Proserpinæ,
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,
Sedesque discretas piorum, et
Eoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus;
Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcæe, plectro dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.

Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur Umbræ dicere; sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps
Aures, et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues;

Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur sono;
Nec curat Orion leones
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

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**It resembles in tone and spirit the first six odes of the third book, and its date** placed by some with that of those lyrics—29 or 28 B.C. Others, on the ground that it is too near the close of the civil wars for much luxury of any kind to have crept in, propose a later date—say 26 or 25 B.C. A well-written translation, by Rev. J. Mitford, 1831, adds fifteen lines. Francis adds six lines, is very smooth; as also Martin, who adds eight lines. Lytton (very rare with this translator) adds four lines.

---

These regal piles will scarcely leave
Space for the plough, the lands receive
Ponds that will vie with Lake Lucrine,
On every side is luxury seen.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent; undique latius
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu; platanusque cælebs,

The Plane drives out the Elm, and flowers
Of violet and myrtle bowers
Diffuse their fragrance thro' the fields,
No more its fruit the olive yields.

Evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
Myrtus et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori;

The thick-boughed laurel breaks the rays
Of fervid suns—not such the days
Of Romulus and Cato stern,
Of stricter, ancient rule they learn.

Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
Præscriptum et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque norma.

One's private income then was small,
The public's large, no sumptuous hall
Warm airs received from southern seas,
Or coolness from the northern breeze.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum; nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton;

While of the turf their roofs were reared,
The state was loved, the Gods were feared,
And public buildings graced the town
And temples in new marble shone.

Nec fortuitum spernere cæspitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico
Sumptu jubentes et Deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

[redacted]ty lines. Warren Hastings wrote at sea, 1785, a burlesque which will repay [redacted]al. Francis—very smooth—has forty-eight lines. Martin is in ten five-line [redacted]. Lytton condenses in forty lines.

---

[redacted]

For rest the storm-tossed sailor cries,
Caught 'neath th' Ægean's angry skies,
When cloud and tempest o'er them sweep,
Nor moon nor star shines on the deep.

For rest shall warring Thracia pray,
For rest the Mede with quiver gay—
The boon, O Grosphus, is not sold
For gems, or purple, or for gold.

Nor king nor consul power shall find
To calm the tumults of the mind,
Or drive the crowd of cares away,
That press around the rich and gay.

He liveth well who lives content,
To whose spare board its grace hath lent
Th' ancestral salt—nor love of gain,
Nor fears, his golden sleep restrain.

Our strength so brief why should we boast?
Why change our own for foreign coast
Warmed by new suns, and leave our sky—
What exile from himself can fly?

For care shall climb the galley's sides,
Faster than horseman's troop it rides,
Outstrips the roe, and leaves behind
E'en the swift tempest-driving wind.

Otium divos rogat impotenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis;

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
nale neque auro.

Non enim gazæ neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volante.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum;
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit;
Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.

And power to spurn while yet I live
The praise or blame the crowd may give.

Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

in couplets, which form of the ode we preserve. Francis and Martin are [illegible] eight lines—both very smooth and retaining the couplet form. Lytton (of [illegible] rhythm) arranges in stanzas, adding eight lines—a rare thing with this [illegible]

---

**Nor ivory, nor gilded beams**
Shine in my lowly home, nor gleams
White cornice from Hymettus' strand,
On columns from far Afric's land,
Nor do I claim as unknown heir
Of Attalus some palace fair,
Nor maidens of good ancestry
**The Spartan purple weave for me.**
Some kindly vein of genius mine,
And truth, while those in courts who shine
Will sometimes seek my humble home.
All that I craved of heaven has come,
And more I ask not man to yield.
Contented with my Sabine field.
Day follows day in peaceful flow,
Night brings the moon's oft-changing glow.
But thou dost rear thy marble halls
E'en where death's footstep silent falls,
Unmindful thou the work dost urge,
Building amidst the very surge
That on the beach of Baia roars,
Not rich enough with nature's shores.
What—shall thy avarice pass the bounds
That terminate thy neighbor's grounds,
And grasp with its remorseless hand
Thy client's all—a little land,
While man and wife unpitied hear
Their gods and children to the air?
No gilded hall more surely waits
For its rich heir than do the Fates
For such as thee, and thou shalt go
To thine own destined realms below.
Where else? Great earth has room for all,
From sordid cell, or regal hall.
Promethean cunning shall be vain,
No gold shall bring thee back again.
Thou canst not bribe the guard of Hell,
Such men of pride—he holds them well,
But to the poor with toil oppressed,
Asked or unasked he gives them rest.

Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar;
**Non trabes Hymettiæ**
**Premunt columnas ultima recisas**
Africa; neque Attali
**Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi,**
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.
At fides et ingeni
Benigna vena est; pauperemque dives
Me petit; nihil supra
Deos lacesso; nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinus.
Truditur dies die,
Novaque pergunt interire lunæ;
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus; et, sepulcri
Immemor, struis domos;
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere litora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid? quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salio avarus; pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens deos
Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos.
Nulla certior tamen,
Rapacis Orci fine destinata
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regumque pueris; nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coercet; hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

[illegible] 'mid the rocks is seen,
[illegible]phe and Satyrs list'ning keen,
As he pours his flowing verse
They the charming strains rehearse.

Evoi! My spirit fears,
Wild the joy when he appears,
Evoi! kind Bacchus, spare,
Scarce shall I thy thyrsus bear.

Raptured priestesses I sing,
Founts of wine that gushing spring,
Streams of milk in richest store,
Trees that honied treasures pour.

Honors that have graced thy spouse,
Starry crown rests on her brows,
Pentheus feels thy vengeful hand,
And the Prince of Thracia's land.

Hill-topped India's streams and sea
Know thy sacred revelry,
Vipers bind the priestess' hair,
Harmless through thy pious care.

When the Giants daring high
Scaled the kingdom of the sky,
Thou didst conquer in the storm,
Battling in a lion's form.

Yet they thought thee better far
For the song and dance than war,
When the day of battle came,
Thou didst win a warrior's fame.

Three-tongued Cerberus below
Sees thy forehead's golden glow,
Pleased he holds his wonted seat,
Harmless licks thy passing feet.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite posteri!)
Nymphasque discentes, et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Evœ! recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Lætatur! Evœ! parce Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrso!

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas,
Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella.

Fas et beatæ conjugis additum
Stellis honorem, tectaque Penthei
Disjecta non leni ruina,
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum;
Tu separatis uvidus in jugis
Nodo coerces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines.

Tu, quum parentis regna per arduum
Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhœtum retorsisti leonis
Unguibus horribilique mala;

Quamquam, choreis aptior et jocis
Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
Pugnæ ferebaris; sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli.

Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

feeling. It may be called a poetic vision of future fame—remarkably fulfilled. The bard will not die, he says, but be transformed into a bird of song, to visit present and future realms, the descriptions of all which possess much poetic beauty. The second stanza alludes to his humble origin. It has been mentioned that the first and second books were collected at one time, 23 or 22 B.C. This lyric seems to be a fitting close to the two books, and was written at the above date. The third book collected two years later, closes with an ode of the same character. Francis (very smooth) adds six lines. Martin doubles the ode, while Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

---

No weak or common plume shall bear
The bard transformed, thro' realms of air,
No more on earth shall I delay,
From envy's reach borne far away,

And far from cities' strifes removed,
I, lowly born, called thy beloved,
Through death, Mæcenas, shall not go
To the dark Stygian wave below.

Now falls upon me wondrous change,
Now from above light plumes arrange
Their snowy forms, and growing wings
Swan-like my shoulders deck, there springs

A bird of song. I mount the sky,
Swifter than Dædalus I fly,
Where Bosphorus for ever moans,
O'er Afric's sands, o'er Arctic zones,

O'er Colchos' shore, o'er Dacia's length
(Boasting against the Roman strength),
O'er Scythia far, o'er cultured Spain,
And where the Rhone laves Gallia's plain.

An empty urn shall claim no tear,
Let no vain forms of grief appear,
No dirge be chanted at my tomb,
Superfluous care with such a doom.

Non usitata, non tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates; neque in terris morabor
Longius; invidiaque major
Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas
Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo,
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles; et album mutor in alitem
Superno; nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

Jam Dædaleo ocior Icaro
Visam gementis litora Bospori
Syrtesque Gætulas canorus
Ales Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colchus, et qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni; me peritus
Discet Hiber, Rhodanique potor.

Absint inani funere neniæ,
Luctusque turpes et querimoniæ;
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

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Lytton retain the first stanza as belonging to this lyric, the first adding thirteen, the second thirty-four, while Lytton renders in equal stanzas and lines.

---

I drive you hence, O ye profane,
Away, let sacred silence reign;
Priest of the Muse, new strains I bring,
To you ye youthful choirs, I sing.

Kings reign o'er men their own brief hour,
Jove reigns o'er kings with mightier power,
The Giants fell before the God
Who guides all nature with his nod.

One man his grounds will boastful trace,
Another tells of nobler race,
And for the suffrage yields his name—
Opposed by one of better fame.

And yet another swells in state,
While crowds of clients round him wait;
Fate comes with equal step to all,
She shakes her ample urn—they fall.

When hangs the sword o'er impious head,
Sicilian feasts charm not the dread,
To fears that o'er the guilty creep,
Nor harp, nor songbird brings sweet sleep.

Yet to the virtuous poor he comes,
Nor turns away from rural homes,
Nor shady bank, nor Tempe's vale,
Fanned by the softened summer gale.

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

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

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

Contendat; illi turba clientium
Sit Major; aequa lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos;
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

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

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

Or piercing colds that winter yields.

The fishes feel their narrowing bounds,
The deep with rocks and stones resounds,
Contractors build on ocean's sand,
The sated master loathes the land,

But who from guilty fears can fly,
Tho' he should course the earth and sky?
Dark care outstrips the bark's swift wings,
And to the flying horseman clings.

Nor marble frieze, nor purple dye
Resplendent as the evening sky,
Nor fragrant wine nor rich perfume,
Takes from the mind its grief and gloom.

Shall envied halls with columns grand,
And fashions new consume my land—
Shall I exchange my Sabine farm
For wealth that has no power to charm?

**Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.**

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt
Jactis in altum molibus; huc frequens
  Cæmenta demittit redemptor
    Cum famulis, dominusque terræ

Fastidiosus; sed Timor et Minæ
Scandunt eodem, quo dominus; neque
  Decedit ærata triremi, et
    Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
  Delenit usus, nec Falerna
    Vitis, Achæmeniumve costum;

Cur invidendis postibus et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
  Cur valle permutem Sabina
    Divitias operosiores?

reflect the public sentiment. The subject is finely worked up. Firmness is a grand trait of character, but the firmest man may change his plans if the Gods bid them. He then introduces Augustus into a council of the Gods, and makes him hear the objections of Juno to this project. Her speech is very fine. Rome, the child of Troy, may give law to the world, but Troy must not be rebuilt. Date about 26 B.C.

Addison (finely written) adds fifty-seven, and Fenton, 1704, twelve lines. Byron paraphrases the first two stanzas. Francis and Lytton (very smooth) retain stanzas and lines, while Martin adds eighteen lines.

---

Just in his purpose, firm of will,
'Midst raging crowds yet constant still,
Not yielding to a tyrant's power,
Not moved in soul when tempests lower
And roll o'er Adria's troubled sea,
'Mid Jove's dread bolts from terror free,
Fearless if Ætna round him hurled
The fragments of a broken world.

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster,
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such Hercules' and Pollux' might,
Such they attained the starry height,
(With whom Augustus now reclines,
For him the purple nectar shines)

Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Enisus arces attigit igneas;
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

And such wast thou, O Bacchus fair,
Thy tigers, taught the yoke to wear,
Bore thee above, and such was won
Great Romulus from Acheron.

Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes. Hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

In council with the Gods above,
Lo! Juno speaks—the Gods approve.
"Troy, Troy was humbled to the dust,
A foreign spouse, a judge unjust,

Gratum elocuta consiliantibus
Junone divis: Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis incestusque judex
Et mulier peregrina vertit
In pulverem; ex quo destituit deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
Castæque damnatum Minervæ
Cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Laomedon, whose broaken oath
The Gods defrauded, bringing both
Minerva's vengeance and my own
On the false prince and guilty town.

No more that guest of Spartan halls
In splendor shines, forever falls
That perjured house; with Hector slain,
Few Greeks fell on the Trojan plain;

Jam nec Lacænæ splendet adulteræ
Famosus hospes, nec Priami donus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit;

...what her power shall gain.

...treads the herd, and wild beast plays
...er Priam's tomb thro' future days,
So long the Capitol shall stand,
And Rome give law to Media's land.

Her dreaded name shall reach the shores
On which the wild Atlantic roars,
Or where the Nile rich-laden yields
His far-borne treasure to the fields.

Braver to spurn the unfound gold
That lies concealed in earth's deep mold,
Than seize with strong, rapacious hand
The wealth and fanes of every land.

Whatever clime resists her sway,
Her arms shall feel, her will obey,
Where tropic fires now parch the plains,
Or fall the cold and constant rains.

Such fate, O Rome, to thee I give,
And with that fate this law receive;
Thy pious sons when powerful grown,
Shall not rebuild the Troy o'erthrown.

O'er Troy renewed in evil hour
The same sad destiny shall lower,
I lead the conquering hosts once more,
And fill with ships the Ilian shore.

Thrice should there rise a brazen wall
By Phœbus built, thrice it shall fall,
My Greeks shall sweep the Trojan plain,
And captives' groans be heard again."

But themes like these fit not my lyre,
Ah, Muse, some lighter strain inspire,
Thou may'st not speak of things so high,
Nor tell the counsels of the sky.

Dum Priami Paridisque busto

Insultet armentum, et catulos feræ
Celent inultæ, stet Capitolium
Fulgens, triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, qua medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro,
Qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus:

Aurum irrepertum, et sic melius situm
Quum terra celat, spernere fortior,
Quam cogere humanos in usus
Omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

Quicunque mundo terminus obstitit,
Hunc tangat armis, visere gestiens,
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulæ pluviique rores.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hac lege dico; ne nimium pii
Rebusque fidentes avitæ
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.

Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aëneus
Auctore Phœbo, ter pereat meis
Excisus Argivis; ter uxor
Capta virum puerosque ploret.

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ;
Quo, Musa, tendis? Desine pervicax
Referre sermones deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

**the disorders of the times. R. A. Wilmot adds ten, Martin twenty lines, Francis and Lytton are in eighty lines.**

---

Descend, O Queen, with honors crowned,
Thy pipe shall lengthened strains resound,
Or does the theme thy voice inspire,
Or wilt thou strike Apollo's lyre?

She hears, or some sweet madness reigns,
Calliope through flowery plains
And hallowed groves now seems to stray,
Where fragrant airs and streamlets play.

A child, on Vultur's mount I roam
Far from my old Apulian home,
My weary head the ground receives,
The fabled doves hide me with leaves.

It seemed to all a wondrous sight,
Who dwelt on Acherontia's height,
'Mid Bantia's groves, or where the field
Shall rich Forentum's harvests yield,

That here where noxious vipers creep,
And bears were prowling, I should sleep
On the sweet laurel boughs unharmed,
They said "Some God the place has charmed."

Yours, Muses, yours, 'mid Sabine hills,
Or cool Prænestes murmuring rills,
Or streams that fall through Tibur's land,
Or Baia's springs and watery strand.

Your fountains loving, and your lays,
You saved me on Philippi's days,
And from the almost fatal tree,
And the storm-vexed Sicilian sea.

Where you shall lead I gladly go,
The raging Bosphorus' wild flow
I boldly tempt, or tread the sands
Of burning Syria's desert lands.

To Britain's wilds my way I trace,
Or Concana's blood-drinking race,
Safe where Gelonian quivers gleam,
Or far beyond the Scythian stream.

Descende cœlo, et dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos,
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus citharaque Phœbi.

Auditis, an me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

Me fabulosæ, Vulture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde nova puerum palumbes

Texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ,
Saltusque Bantinos, et arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Porenti;

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine dîs animosus infans.

Vester, Camenæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos; seu mihi frigidum
Prænestе, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ.

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris,
Non me Philippis versa acies retro,
Devota non extinxit arbor,
Nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

Utcunque mecum vos eritis, libens
Insanientem navita, Bosporum
Tentabo, et urentes arenas
Litoris Assyrii viator;

Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum;
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

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surviving men. The ode **reflects the feelings both of the Emperor and the** [redacted]
The story of Regulus is grandly told, and attention **drawn to his advice to** [redacted]
Senate *not* to redeem the prisoners at Carthage, and **his return thither to** [redacted]
Augustus brought the standards to Rome in 20 B.C.—recognized **in the second** [redacted]
stanza of Ode iv. 15—published in 13 B.C. **The date of this lyric is uncertain, but** probably between 26 and 24 B.C.

Archdeacon Wrangham, 1831, translates in fifty-six lines. **Francis** [redacted] **four, Martin (without stanzas) twenty, and Lytton (very rare with this translator) eight lines.**

---

Jove reigns in heaven—his thunder rolls,
Cæsar on earth—his power controls
Far Britain's isle, and Parthia's plains
Now added to our wide domains.

Here Crassus' soldiers bartered life
Ignobly for barbarian wife—
Shame to the Senate and the times,
They have grown old in hostile climes,

And Median kings the sceptre wave
O'er Marsian legions once so brave,
Forgetful now of Roman name,
The shields, and gown, and Vesta's flame.

Oh, grander far his prescient mind
That sternly such base terms declined,
Presaging with a noble care
The future evils time might bear,

If men may throw their arms away,
To be redeemed some future day.
"I saw the Punic temples filled
With Roman arms—no blood was spilled—

I saw the shameful Punic band
On many a recreant Roman hand,
Their gates wide open, in their fields
To Roman toil the harvest yields.

Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare ; præsens divus habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio gravibusque Persis.

Milesne Crassi conjuge barbara
Turpis maritus vixit et hostium—
Pro Curia inversique mores !
Consenuit socerorum in arvis,

Sub rege Medo, Marsus et Apulus,
Anciliorum et nominis et togæ
Oblitus æternæque Vestæ,
Incolumi Jove et urbe Roma ?

Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,
Dissentientis conditionibus
Fœdis, et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum,

Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes. "Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris, et arma
Militibus sine cæde," dixit,

"Derepta vidi ; vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,
Portasque non clusas, et arva
Marte coli populata nostro.

In other battles will o'erthrow
The power whose chains upon him lie,
Who, trembling coward, feared to die,

Took war for peace, and saved his life
By tamely yielding in the strife—
Alas that Carthage wins a name
Made greater by Italian shame."

'T is said that sternly he denied
The wife and children at his side,
And cast his eyes upon the ground,
As one unworthy to be found

Among the free, till firm at length
The Senate stood, strong in his strength;
Tho' grieving friends his course would stay,
The glorious exile hastes away.

Full well he knew the barbarous hand
In tortures skilled on Punic strand;
Relations vainly shed the tear,
Vainly the people linger near;

As if some triumph he had won
For clients' cause, he presses on
As to Venafrum's pleasant fields,
Or the sweet airs Tarentum yields.

Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,
Qui lora restrictis lacertis
Sensit iners, timuitque mortem,

Hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
Pacem et duello miscuit. O pudor!
O magna Carthago, probrosis
Altior Italiæ ruinis!"

Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse, et virilem
Torvus humi posuisse vultum;

Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato,
Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul.

Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet; non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem,

Quam si clientum longa negotia
Dijudicata lite relinqueret,
Tendens Venafranos in agros,
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

**the hand urges the repairing of the sacred edifices covered with the smoke, and** dust, and defiled with the blood of the civil wars. The **Gods have made Rome great—Rome must not neglect the Gods. The picture of Roman morals drawn by** Horace is not too deeply shaded—it is simply true. The defeats referred to in the third stanza were probably those of Crassus and Decidius Saxa—not yet avenged. The fourth stanza is clearly a reference to the Dacian archery in the fleet of Antony and Cleopatra—two years before. The Earl of Roscommon, 1672, translates in fifty-two lines. Francis adds eighteen lines. Martin (very smooth) uses six-line stanzas, adding twenty-four lines. Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

---

The father's crimes fall on the child,
With dust, and smoke, and blood defiled,
Temples and altars tottering stand,
Rebuild, O Roman, save thy land.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.

The Gods above have made thee great,
Thro' them thy first and last of state;
Despised from thee their favor turns,
'Gainst Italy their anger burns.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas;
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ.

Our godless arms defeat yet stains,
Monteses in the Parthian plains,
And Pacorus with conquering bands,
Twice strip the spoils from Roman hands.

Jam bis Monæses et Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros, et adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Engaged long years in civil strife,
Wellnigh was gone the nation's life,
Fierce ships attacked from Egypt's shore,
The Dacians clouds of arrows pour.

Pæne occupatam seditionibus
Delevit Urbem Dacus et Æthiops;
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fertile in crime the age denies
The honor due to marriage ties,
The source whence foul pollutions grow,
And through our homes and country flow.

Fecunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.

Our daughters learn the foreign dance,
In evil fashions trained, advance,
And almost from their earliest years,
For thoughts impure they feel no fears.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus;
Jam nunc et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

better classes, and which Horace sought to prevent. Spring will bring [illegible] back to you. He has been greatly tempted, but is true to you—be true to [illegible] The finished diction of the ode has been much admired. Probable date as [illegible] Francis and Lytton preserve stanzas and lines. Martin (of easy rhythm) [illegible] forty-eight lines.

---

Why is fair Asteria sad?
  Spring's soft winds will breathe once more
Gyges bringing, constant, glad,
  Laden with Bithynian store.

He by baleful Capra driven
  To Epirus' sheltering coast,
Mourns the chill and wintry heaven,—
  Most of all thy presence lost.

Yet his hostess Chloë fair
  Tempts him in a thousand ways,
Loving messages declare
  How she sighs thro' wretched days,

How a woman's anger raved,
  When Bellerophon accused
Scarce from Prœtus' ire was saved—
  Woman's love had been refused,

What chaste Peleus once befell
  Thro' a woman's vengeful wrath—
Thus the stories which they tell
  Lead astray from honor's path.

Deaf as rocks worn by the sea,
  So he listens true of heart,
Shall Enipeus share in thee
  More than just and rightful part?

True, unrivalled he has stood,
  Skill is his to guide the steed,
Strength to cleave the Tiber's flood
  When it bends the Tuscan reed.

Close thy house at evening hour,
  List not to his plaintive strain,
Clothe thy heart with steely power,
  Deaf though called and called again.

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii,
  Thyna merce beatum,
    Constantis puvenum fide,

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum
Post insana Capræ sidera, frigidas
  Noctes non sine multis
    Insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitæ nuntius hospitæ,
Suspirare Chiocn, et miseram tuis
  Dicens ignibus uri,
    Tentat mille vafer modis.

Ut Prœtum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
  Casto Bellerophonti
    Maturare necem, refert.

Narrat pæne datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens;
  Et peccare docentes
    Fallax historias movet;

Frustra; nam scopulis surdior Icarî
Voces audit adhuc integer. At, tibi
  Ne vicinus Enipeus
    Plus justo placcat, cave:

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
Æque conspicitur gramine Martio,
  Nec quisquam citus æque
    Tusco denatat alveo.

Prima nocte domum claude; neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ;
  Et te sæpe vocanti
    Duram difficilis mane.

March days have come, my wifeless hall
Is decked with flowers, sweet odors fall
From censers filled, on altars lie
Fresh turf whose flame shall seek the sky.

Learned in the ways of Greece and Rome,
Yet know'st thou not whence this has come.
These feasts and goat of snowy white,
To Bacchus vowed with holy rite,

Mark each successive year to me,
The day I 'scaped the falling tree,
From jars smoke-covered thou shalt quaff,
And sealed when Tullus bore the staff.

A hundred cups, Mæcenas, take,
Thy friend was saved and for his sake
The lamps shall greet the morning light,
And noise and clamor take their flight.

Send now away thy cares for Rome,
To Dacian bands defeat has come,
The hostile Mede now threats in vain,
While kindred blood his arms shall stain.

Subdued at last on Spanish shore,
Cantabrian foes shall vex no more,
The Scythians without battle yield,
And leave with loosened bow the field.

Cease then awhile thy dread of harm,
Seek for thy too much care a charm,
Take now the gifts that glad hours bring,
And to the winds thy labors fling.

Martiis cælebs quid agam Kalendis,
Quid velint flores et acerra thuris
Plena, miraris, positusque carbo
Cespite vivo,

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ ?
Voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum, prope funeratus
Arboris ictu.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus
Corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit
Amphoræ fumum bibere institutæ
Consule Tullo.

Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum, et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem ; procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira.

Mitte civiles super Urbe curas ;
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen ;
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
Dissidet armis ;

Servit Hispanæ vetus hostis oræ,
Cantaber, sera domitus catena ;
Jam Scythæ laxomeditantur arcu
Cedere campis.

Negligens, ne qua populus laboret
Parce, privatus nimium cavere,
Dona præsentis cape lætus horæ, et
Linque severa.

esting history, the nature of which can be with us now only a matter of conjecture. In the three preceding odes, to the notes of which the reader is referred, it is evident that Horace is seeking to save Lydia from some of the evil consequences toward which she was tending. In this lyric, as in the odes to Pyrrha, to Chloe, to Lyde, and to others, he speaks not for himself, but for some mutual friend. Lydia returns to a former admirer, and Horace writes the dialogue ode with his usual elegance of wit and diction. We think this to be its true and natural explanation. The date is uncertain, probably 22 B.C. Scaliger is said to have admired this ode greatly. It has received many translations, among which we find one from Bishop Atterbury, one by H. Matthews, one by Charles Badham, one attributed to Gladstone, and several without names. None of these surpass the elegant translation of Martin, in twenty-four lines. Francis (very smooth) strangely adds two lines. Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

---

While my love was all to thee,
And no favored youth had pressed
Form as fair as fair can be,
Persian king lived not so blessed.

While you burn for me alone,
Nor on Chloe smile so bland,
Lydia's name in verse enthrone,
Roman Ilia not so grand.

Thracian Chloe rules me now,
Skilled to wake the harp's sweet strain.
To the stroke of death I 'd bow,
So my darling girl remain.

Burns my heart with passion's fire,
Thurian Calais wakes my pain,
Twice for him I would expire,
So my darling boy remain.

What if now our former love
Join our severed hearts once more,
Chloe fair no longer move,
Lydia's charms my soul adore.

Fairer he than evening's star,
Stormier thou than Adria's sea,
Than the corkwood lighter far,
Yet I 'll live and die with thee.

Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Donec non alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen ;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens ;
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti ;
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Quid, si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo ?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ ?

Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria ;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens,

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deal of interest was felt by himself and by others. Lyde ought now to enter [illegible] the life around her, and the poet asks Mercury and the Lyre to inspire something that shall reach her soul, playfully threatening her with the punishments of Hades if she remains obdurate. The ode weaves into itself the traditions of Amphion and of Orpheus, and tells beautifully the story of the daughters of Danaus. The date is uncertain—as late probably as 23 or 22 B.C. So fine an ode is worthy of more translations than we have found.

Lytton (very smooth) preserves lines and stanzas. Francis arranges in couplets (eights and tens), adding four lines. Martin retains stanzas, is in tens (elegiac), and of fine diction.

---

God of Amphion's sounding lyre,
Rocks and stones thou didst inspire;
Thou my harp, once voiceless shell,
Taught thy seven-fold chord to swell,

Pleasing now in skilful hand
Banquet-halls and temples grand,
Say, O say, what tender strain
Place in Lyde's ear shall gain?

Wild as filly in the fields,
Scarcely to a touch she yields,
From th' approach of man she flies,
For no lover yet she sighs.

Thou canst make fierce tigers mild,
Thou canst tame the forest wild,
Stay the streams as on they rave,
Soothe the dog of Stygian wave,

Charm the list'ning snakes that spread
Furious forms to guard his head,
Cause to cease the venomed flow
From his three-tongued jaws below;

Ixion smiles upon his wheel,
Nor his pains does Tityon feel,
Danaus' daughters rest awhile,
Numbers sweet their toils beguile.

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo,
Tuque, Testudo, resonare septem
Callida nervis,

Nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
Divitum mensis et amica templis;
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
Applicet aures.

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
Ducere, et rivos celeres morari,
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulæ,

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter saniesque manet
Ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
Risit invito; stetit urna paulum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
Carmine mulces.

Grandly false she yields to love,
Noble souls shall have their meed,
Future ages mark the deed.

"Rise, O rise," she whispers low,
"Lest some treacherous, deadly blow
Endless sleep shall bring to thee,
Perjured father, sisters, flee;

As the lion tears the hart,
They will tear thy limbs apart,
Softer in my soul than they,
Doors nor daggers force thy stay.

Cruel chains my limbs shall wear
Pitying thee my heart's best care,
Borne from this my native land,
Left on Afric's desert sand.

Go where winds shall waft thy feet,
Go while night and love permit,
Bear fond memories of my doom,
Grave the story on my tomb."

Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum,

"Surge," quæ dixit juveni marito,
"Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
Non times, detur; socerum et scelestas
Falle sorores;

Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos leænæ,
Singulos, eheu! lacerant. Ego, illis
Mollior, nec te priam, neque intra
Claustra tenebo.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quod viro clemens misero peperci;
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et auræ,
Dum favet nox et Venus; I secundo
Omine; et nostri memorem sepulcro
Scalpe querelam."

Lytton—twelve lines, yet differing from the Delphin editors who also arrange as an ode of twelve lines. We follow those editions which present the lyric as of ten equal lines, each containing sixteen syllables, using in our translation a somewhat longer line than is customary with us. Nothing is known of Neobule outside of this ode. It seems to be an expression of sympathy with a young female friend, who had become interested in a youth not unworthy of her. She was opposed by her uncle, who was probably her legal guardian. Such an ode might assist Neobule materially, by bringing to the notice of others the conduct of the uncle, and the merits of the young man, thus using the power of public opinion. The date is not later than 24 B.C. Francis adds six lines. Martin arranges in thirty short lines. Lytton (in four three-line stanzas) treats the ode as a soliloquy of Neobule.

---

'T is woe indeed to feel love's shafts, nor yield thee to their power,
Nor yet with Bacchus' tempered draughts, to chase the cares that lower;
Thy guardian uncle frowns and storms, while Venus' wingèd Boy,
And not Minerva's skilful forms, thy heart and soul employ,
For Hebrus from Lipari's coast is Neobule's dream,
Whose athlete form new grace shall boast, when laved in Tiber's stream.
Bellerophon himself rode not, a better, braver knight,
Nor sad defeat was e'er his lot in race or gauntlet fight,
The flying deer shall dread his darts, and yield the eager chase.
And the swift boar his cunning starts, he conquers in the race.

Miserarum est, neque Amori dare ludum, neque dulci
Mala vino lavere; aut exanimari metuentes
Patruæ verbera linguæ. Tibi qualum Cythereæ
Puer ales, tibi telas, operosæque Minervæ
Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparei nitor Hebri,
Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
Neque segni pede victus; catus idem per apertum
Fugientes agitato grege cervos jaculari, et
Celer alto latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

the peace and order that were settling down upon the empire. All that portion of the ode that relates to the public part of the celebration possesses much lyrical beauty, and from the closing stanzas we learn that Horace was to celebrate the occasion in a quiet way at home. The date is of course 24 B.C. Francis adds fourteen lines. Martin (very smooth) adds eight, while Lytton renders in twenty-eight lines.

---

'T was said, O People, Cæsar sought
Laurels by death not dearly bought—
Like Hercules a conqueror found,
He comes from Spain with victory crowned.

O wife of him who peerless stands,
Thank the just Gods with generous hands;
Thou, sister of our nation's boast,
Devoutly lead the suppliant host.

Mothers of sons that safe return,
Let grateful flames on altars burn;
Ye youths and maidens, fillets bind,
And fling ill omens to the wind.

This day, a festal day to me,
Shall end dark cares—nor land nor sea
While Cæsar reigns shall tumult know,
Nor violence deal her fatal blow.

Come, boy, perfumes and chaplets bear,
And wine that knew the Marsian war,
If any cask escaped the hands
Of Spartacus' marauding bands.

Neæra with her lyre be found,
Her hair with myrrh in knots be bound,
Should surly porters cause delay,
Resent it not but haste away.

Gray hairs tame down the love of strife,
The spirits sink with length'ning life,
This scarce my youthful blood could bear,
When Plancus filled the Consul's chair.

Herculis ritu modo dictus, O Plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum,
Cæsar Hispana repetit Penates
Victor ab ora.

Unico gaudens mulier marito
Prodeat, justis operata sacris;
Et soror clari ducis, et decoræ
Supplice vitta

Virginum matres, juvenumque nuper
Sospitum. Vos, O pueri, et puellæ
Jam virûm expertæ, male ominatis
Farcite verbis.

Hic dies vere mihi festus atras
Eximet curas; ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas,
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.

Dic et argutæ properet Neæræ
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem;
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixæ cupidos protervæ;
Non ego hoc ferrem, calidus juventa,
Consule Planco.

good service to others by these strongly painted pictures, and this is their true explanation. Circumstances unknown to us may have given to the lyric a social and moral value which we cannot appreciate. Some evils might be reached in this way, which would be inaccessible by any other, and this stinging ode might alone reach the case of Chloris the "wife of Ibycus." The date is unknown—probably as late as 24 B.C. Francis preserves the couplet form in sixteen lines. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding four lines. Both yield we think somewhat in diction to Lytton (also in stanzas), who is in sixteen lines.

---

O wife of Ibycus, some bound
To your base courses should be found;
Brought by your age to death so near,
Mingle no more with virgins fair,
Like a dark cloud 'mid stars on high,
Spreading its blackness on the sky.
What may become your daughter well,
Of Chloris 't were a shame to tell;
She may the wild procession lead,
With timbrel's clash the streets may tread;
And show—though Nothus scarce returns—
The passion that within her burns.
Lucerian looms befit you well,
Not feasts where harps their music swell,
And wreaths of roses scent the breeze,
And casks drained to the very lees.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci,
  Tandem nequitiæ fige modum tuæ,
Famosisque laboribus;
  Maturo propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
  Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non si quid Pholoën satis,
  Et te, Chlori, decet; filia rectius
Expugnat juvenum domos,
  Pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
  Lascivæ similem ludere cyprææ;
Te lanæ prope nobilem
  Tonsæ Luceriam, non citheræ, decent,
Nec flos purpureus rosæ,
  Nec poti vetulam, fæce tenus cadi.

crate condition of life is dwelt upon with great beauty of thought and diction. Samuel Jay's paraphrase, 1720 (well written), adds thirty-six lines. Francis (no stanzas) adds eight lines, while Martin preserves stanzas and lines, as also Lytton.

---

Shut within the brazen tower,
Doors of matchless strength and power,
Sleepless dogs, strict watch and ward,
Who shall pass the maiden's guard—

Trembling father, dost thou see,
Jove and Venus laugh at thee;
Golden bribe shall find the way
Safe and open night and day.

Gold walks with the sentinel,
Strikes thro' walls with blow as fell
As the lightning's.—Argive wife
Gold-bought, gave the Augur's life.

City gates it open flings,
Gold subdued the rival kings,
Not the man of Macedon,
Gold our Roman leaders won.

Cares on growing riches wait,
Thirst for more our certain fate,
And Mæcenas, Knight, I dread,
Lifting too conspicuous head.

On the man who self denies,
Blessings fall from kindly skies;
Poor I camp among the poor,
Exiled from the rich man's door.

Grander on my narrower soil,
Than if hard Apulian toil
Filled my barns from Ceres' floors,
Needy 'mid the treasured stores.

Inclusam Danaën turris aënea,
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris,

Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum, Jupiter et Venus
Risissent; fore enim tutum iter et patens
Converso in pretium deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum

Demersa exitio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorumque fames. Jure perhorrui
Late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Mæcenas equitum decus.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
Ab Dîs plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto, et transfuga divitum
Partes linquere gestio;

Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,
Quam si, quidquid arat impiger Apulus,
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.

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From royal Lamus is thy name,
From whom the former Lamiæ came,
Hence too the later races spring,
For thus the faithful annals sing.

That all from that great Founder rose
Who Formia built, where Liris Bows
Winding through fair Marica's shore—
A wide and princely rule he bore.

To-morrow forest leaves will fly,
And seaweed on the shore will lie,
A tempest comes from eastern sea,
So bodes my agèd crow to me.

Dry wood prepare, for sacred fane
A two-months porker shall be slain,
And wine shall cheer to-morrow's board,
And let thy slaves share with their lord.

Æli, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,
Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
  Denominatos, et nepotum
    Per memores genus omne fastos;

Auctore ab illo ducis originem,
Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur
  Princeps et innantem Maricæ
    Litoribus tenuisse Lirim,

Late tyrannus. Cras foliis nemus
Multis et alga litus inutili
  Demissa tempestas ab Euro
    Sternet, aquæ nisi fallit augur

Annosa cornix. Dum potis, aridum
Compone lignum; cras Geniumi mero
  Curabia et porco bimestri,
    Cum famulis operum solutis.

return to Italy would take place, and his festival receive its celebration on the thirteenth of that month. We notice the usual offerings to the rural deities, a kid, wine, and incense—stanza second. We notice also that the fields are yet green, although the trees have lost some of their foliage, shed for Faunus, as the bard gracefully asserts. The year of the ode is unknown. Rev. T. Wharton, 1752 (fine diction), is without rhyme. George Dyer preserves stanzas and lines. Francis and Martin (no stanzas, the latter very graceful) add eight lines, while Lytton (with stanzas) is in sixteen lines.

---

Faunas, whom the fair Nymphs fly,
Bend once more propitious eye
On my flocks and sunny lands,
Ere thou goest to other strands.

Tender kid shall stain the ground,
Love-inspiring cups abound,
Aged altars incense burn,
As the circling mouths return.

Through the fields the flocks yet stray,
Verdant in December's day,
Wearied ox in meadow sleeps,
Festal time the village keeps.

Wolf and lamb rest on the lea,
Trees their foliage shed for thee,
In the dance with furious mirth
Ploughmen stamp the hated earth.

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
Per meos fines et aprica rura
Lenis incedas abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis;

Si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina craterae, vetus ara multo
Fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Quum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres;
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus;

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos;
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes;
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram.

Telephus being chief among them, and probably the giver of the feast. The year is not known, except that it was before 22 B.C. in which Murena was put to death for conspiracy. At this feast (not a proper place) Telephus, learned in history, is supposed to have introduced matters of that kind. Horace (probably feast-master for the occasion) breaks in upon him with questions about the price of wine, and the heating of water and of the rooms. He then directs the feast as to cups, and flowers, and music, and general rejoicing. Rhode is mentioned at the close as now connected with Telephus, and Glycera, for whom the bard professes that he is always dying on account of unrequited love. Francis preserves the couplet form of the ode, while Martin and Lytton arrange in stanzas, the latter (a rare thing) adding four lines.

---

From Inachus, the time how far
To Codrus brave to die in war,
Great Æacus with noble race,
And Troy's sad fate—all this you trace;
But what for Chian do we pay,
And who shall warm our water, pray,
And who shall keep the house from chills
Fresh from Pelignian wintry hills?
Here boy, a cup for the new Moon,
Another for the Night's dark noon,
And now for our new Augur bring
Three cups or nine—a mystic ring—
'T is numbers odd our bards inspire,
The Muses nine, nine cups require;
The stricter graces pause at three,
More brings but strifes and revelry,
And these the gentle Sisters fear,
Symbolic bond of love they wear.
Now wake our mirth, let soft flutes play,
Nor pipe and lyre forget their lay,
Your bounteous hands be filled with flowers,
Nor roses spare, our joyous hours
Shall Lycus hear, and she so fair,
To Lycus joined—an ill-matched pair.
Thee with thy shining locks as bright,
O Telephus, as star of night,
Now Rhode seeks—I pine away,
Nor does the fair my sighs repay.

Quantum distet ab Inacho
Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,
Narras et genus Æaci,
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio;
Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum et quota
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da Lunæ propere novæ,
Da Noctis mediæ, da, puer, sugaris
Murenæ; tribus aut novem
Miscentor cyathia, pocula commodis.
Qui Musas amat impares,
Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
Vates; tres prohibet supra
Rixarum metuens tangere Gratia,
Nudis janeta sororibus.
Insanire juvat; cur Berecyntiæ
Cessant flamina tibiæ?
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi; sparges rosas; audeat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.
Spissa te nitidum coma,
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
Tempestiva petit Rhode;
Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ.

Born with me, O kindly Jar,
Sealed in Manlius' time afar,
Mingling strangely in thy life,
Joy, grief, soft sleep, love, and strife,

Keeping well thy vintage choice,
On this honored day rejoice,
For Corvinas now descend,
All thy Massic fragrance lend.

He has drunk Socratic speech,
Yet will learn what thou shalt teach;
Cato's virtue as we know,
Caught from thee a warmer glow.

Natures hard, in festive hour
Feel full oft thy genial power,
Wisest plans by mortals laid
Merry Bacchus has betrayed.

Yet to many a fainting heart
Thou dost hope and strength impart,
Braving through thy potent charm
Monarch's frown and war's alarm.

Bacchus come, and Venus fair,
Graces, hand in hand appear,
And the lamps shall pour their light
Till the stars shall take their flight.

O nata mecum consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
  Seu rixam et insanos amores,
    Seu facilem pia, festa, somnum,

Quocunque lætum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die,
  Descende, Corvino jubente
    Promere languidiora vina.

Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus;
  Narratur et prisci Catonis
    Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro; tu sapientium
  Curas et arcanum jocoso
    Consilium retegis Lyæo;

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis
Viresque; et addis cornua pauperi,
  Post te neque iratos trementi
    Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Te Liber, et si læta aderit, Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ,
  Vivæque producent lucernæ,
    Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

We see no reason why we may not suppose that some event had occurred in the household of Horace, giving rise to this ode of thanksgiving and dedication. It was a household in which, as in others, marriages existed, and were encouraged between the servants of the family. He consecrates to the Goddess with a yearly feast and sacrifice (in this case a wild animal) the pine tree overshadowing his dwelling. One of the prayers of the Sæcular Hymn (fourth stanza) invokes the assistance of this Goddess, under the name of Ilithyia, for the hour of childbirth —a prayer as appropriate for this little ode as for the grander hymn. The date is unknown. Francis adds two lines, Martin translates in fourteen short lines, while Lytton retains the general form and length of the ode.

O Virgin fair, to whom the care
Of mountain, grove, and plain,
Thrice-called, thy power in childbirth's hour
Hath saved from death and pain.

This shadowing pine henceforth be thine,
Each year shall stain the ground
With wild boar's blood, that haunts the wood,
And gives the sidelong wound.

Montium custos nemorumque, Virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,
Diva triformis;

Imminens villæ tua pinus esto,
Quam per exactos ego lictus annos
Verria obliquum meditantis ictum
Sanguine donem.

simple cake and salt at your hands if a sincere and pious heart come with the offering. The date is unknown—from 29 to 24 B.C. Francis, Martin, and Lytton retain stanzas and lines, an unusual unanimity—all very smooth.

---

When thou lift'st thy hands to heaven
At New Moon, to Lars be given,
Phidyle, first fruits of earth,
Myrrh, and swine of yearling birth;

So thy vines shall feel no pest,
On thy fields no blight shall rest,
And thy tender flocks shall graze
Safe from blasts of autumn days.

Costly victims doomed to bleed,
Snow-capped Algidos shall feed
'Midst its oaks, or Alban field
Rich in herds and pastures, yield;

Care not if no bullock slain
Shall the priestly axes stain,
Be thy humble statues found
Or with rose or myrtle crowned.

If pure hands the altars touch,
Just as pleased the Gods with such
When the cake and salt they bring,
As with sumptuous offering.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,
Si thure placaris et horna
Fruge Lares, avidaque porca;

Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fecunda vitis, nec sterilem segea
Robiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.

Nam, quæ nivali pascitur Algido
Devota quercus inter et ilices,
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis,
Victima, pontificum secures

Cervice tinget; te nihil attinet
Tentare multa cæde bidentium
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore deos fragilique myrto.

Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates
Farre pio et saliente mica.

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A slave for luxury and ease.
When poverty becomes a shame,
What is not done to hide the name,
What griefs and hardships do we take,
And virtue's path at length forsake.
Shall we to Jove as offerings bear
(While favoring crowds our way shall cheer)
Or in the nearest ocean fling
Our wealth, as vile and useless thing?
If true repentance we desire,
The roots of ill this sacred fire
Must surely burn—the youthful mind
Too tender, rougher modes must find.
The boy, untaught the course to speed,
Can scarcely rein a noble steed,
He dreads the hunt, more skilled to face
The hoop or dice, than stag to chase.
Meanwhile the father knows no rest,
He cheats his partner, friend, and guest,
Daily with perjured breath he swears,
All to enrich unworthy heirs.
His ill-got wealth may still increase,
But to his soul there comes no peace,
No fortune boundless greed can fill,
Something is always wanting still.

Mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi
Vincunt æquora navitæ?
Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis et facere et pati,
Virtutisque viam deserit arduæ.
Vel nos in Capitolium,
Quo clamor vocat, et turba faventium,
Vel nos in mare proximum
Gemmas, et lapides, aurum et inutile,
Summi materiem mali,
Mittamus; scelerum si bene pœnitet,
Eradenda cupidinis
Pravi sunt elementa; et teneræ nimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis. Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet; indere doctior,
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetita legibus alea;
Quum perjura patris fides
Consortem socium fallat, et hospitem,
Indignoque pecuniam
Hæredi properet. Scilicet improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ; tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

the inspiration of Bacchus, he flies to woods, and grottos, and caves, like the priestess of Bacchus, "standing on some height, and rapt in ecstasy as she gazes on the beautiful landscape around her." He invokes the God to make him equal to the theme. Proctor (Barry Cornwall), 1831, translates in twenty-five lines. Francis retains the couplet form, and adds eight lines. Martin is in paragraphs, and adds twelve lines. Lytton arranges in stanzas—twenty lines.

Whither filled with Bacchus' fire,
Sweeps thro' wood and glen my lyre?
Scenes yet wilder shall it dare,
Whence its raptured strains shall bear
Mighty Cæsar, as they rise,
Up to Jove and starry skies;
Deeds of grandeur I 'll rehearse,
Yet unsung in other verse.
As the Priestess rapt who stands
'Mid the hills of Thracia's lands,
Gazing on the Hebrus' flow,
Or on Rhodope's white snow,
Thus I roam 'mid groves and streams,
Lost in nature's beauteous dreams.
Thou who dost with strength inspire
Revelling Naiads, wake my lyre,
Nothing small or low it brings,
'T is no mortal theme it sings,
Sweet the danger following Thee,
Vine-crowned from thy favorite tree.

Quo me, Bacche, rapia tui
  Plenum? quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus
Velox mente nova? quibus
  Antris egregii Cæsaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
  Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis?
Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
  Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis
Exsomnis stupet Evias
  Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
  Lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio
Ripas et vacuum nemus
  Mirari libet. O Naïadum potens
Baccharumque valentium
  Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos;
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
  Nil mortale loquat. Dulce periculum est,
O Lenæe, sequi Deum
  Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

life around her. The date is unknown. Lytton is not unmindful of the finished diction of the original. Martin and Francis retain stanzas and lines.

---

Encamped till now on love's fair field,
Not without glory, here I yield
The arms for which no duty calls—
The left side of thy temple's walls,

O sea-born Venus, takes my lyre,
No more shall love its strains inspire,
Here, here the torches, swords, and bows,
Threat'ning no more when doors oppose.

Thou who dost o'er fair Cyprus reign,
And Memphis' warm and snowless plain,
Great Queen, with scourge uplifted high,
Touch once proud Chloe from the sky.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria;
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,

Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.

O quæ beatam, diva, tenes Cyprum, et
Memphin carentem Sithonia uive,
Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

And o'er my head its terrors pour?
Far worse thro' long, long seas to rove,
Than gathering flowers in fragrant grove.

O would some Power now yield to me
This treacherous carrier o'er the sea,
The sword should pierce, or horns should break,
Love turned to hate should vengeance take.

I left my Gods—ah, shameful day—
I do not die—shameful delay—
Ye Powers above, O cast me where
Fierce lions shall my body tear!

Ere waste shall touch my cheek's bright glow,
And from my tender limbs shall flow
Life's tide, and bear me to the tomb,
Let tigers feast upon my bloom.

Ah, vile! Thy father bids thee die,
From whom thou didst ungrateful fly,
This ash to thee its boughs shall lend,
Thy girdle shall thy form suspend,

Or rocks and cliffs now sharp with death
Shall take away thy lingering breath,
Or wilt thou now the tempest brave,
Or wilt thou live a royal slave,

Card wool, and dread a mistress' hand,
Bought by some prince of barbarous land,"
Perfidious Venus heard her cries,
And smiled serene amid the skies,

And Cupid, now with bow unstrung,
Then came these words divinely sung:
Cease to indulge thine anger fierce,
No horns shall break, no sword shall pierce;

Thou art the wife of mighty Jove,
On thee he pours distinguished love,
Now learn thy fortune and thy fame
A Continent shall bear thy name.

Somnium ducit? Meliusne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flórea?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc Juvencum
Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro et
Frangere enitar modo multum amati
Cornua monstri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates;
Impudens Orcum moror. O deorum
Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones.

Antequam turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas, teneræque succus
Defluat prædæ, speciosa quæro
Pascere tigres.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens;
Quid mori cessas? Potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zona bene te secuta
Lædere collum.

Sive te rupes et acuta leto
Saxa delectant, age te procellæ
Crede veloci, nisi herile mavis
Carpere pensum,

Regius sanguis, dominæque tradi
Barbaræ pellex." Aderat querenti
Perfidum ridens Venus, et remisso
Filius areu.

Mox, ubi lusit satis: Abstineto,
Dixit, irarum calidæque rixæ,
Cum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus;

Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis;
Mitte singultis, bene ferre magnam
Disce fortunam; tua sectas orbis
Nomina ducet.

had probably invited the poet to her house for the festival of Neptune, which fell on the twenty-eighth of July. The ode, as one suggests, is a reply to the invitation, and possibly he may have brought it with him. She must bring out her oldest jar, sealed in the Consulate of Bibulus, and enter with him into the festivities of the occasion. The date is placed as late as 22 B.C. Lytton and Martin arrange in stanzas, the latter adding eight lines, while Francis retains the couplet form of the ode, and adds two lines.

---

Would Lyde grace great Neptune's day?
Draw forth the wine long stored away,
And wake the Cæcuban's bright glow,
E'en wisdom grants a generous flow.
And seest thou half the day is gone,
And the swift hours are rushing on,
Break then the slumbering jar'a repose,
From Bibulus the seal it knows.
Great Ocean's King shall wake my lays,
I 'll chant the sea-green Nereids' praise;
Thy graceful lyre Latona sing,
And the swift shafts from Cynthia's string.
Then she who guards the Cyclades,
And Cnidos' strand, and Paphos' seas,
Borne by her swans, shall crown the day,
And last the Night in solemn lay.

Pesto quid potius die
  Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,
Lyde strenua, Cæcubum,
  Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiæ.
Inclinare meridiem
  Sentis; ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
  Cessantem Bibuli Consulis amphoram.
Nos cantabimus invicem
  Neptunum, et viridem Nereïdum comas;
Tu curva recines lyra
  Latonam, et celeris spicula Cynthiæ;
Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon
  Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphon
Junctis visit oloribus;
  Dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

the East. Horace invites Mæcenas, now Prefect of the city, to visit his Sabine villa and to forget for a while, in the midst of the hot summer days, his cares and anxieties. It is a favorite ode, and the editors and commentators notice with great interest the poetic beauty of its descriptions of nature, and what we may term the reach of its philosophical and moral and religious thought. Sir J. Beaumont, 1603, has a fine version in equal stanzas and lines. Dryden's paraphrase (finely written) adds thirty-eight lines. Francis and Martin use six-line stanzas, adding thirty-two lines. Lytton retains the four-line stanza of the original, and is in sixty-four lines.

---

Sprung from Etruscan kings, for thee
A cask long mellowing rests with me,
Perfumes and roses for thy hair,
Mæcenas, come, and blissful share;

Come bring thyself without delay,
Nor always Tiber's marsh survey,
Æsula's slope nor his fair hills,
Who once—sad fate—a father kills.

Thy dainty opulence now fly,
And palace towering to the sky,
Cease to admire the smoke and noise,
And wealth that happy Rome enjoys.

Oft to the rich comes grateful change,
Oft humble skill shall feasts arrange
Without the purple hanging's glare,
That smooth the anxious brow of care.

Now Cepheus shows his hidden fire,
Now Procyon rages in his ire,
The stars of furious Leo blaze,
And Phœbus brings the parching days.

The shepherd with his panting flocks
Now seeks the streams and shaded rocks,
Or thickets where wild sylvans play,
Thro' which no breath of air shall stray.

All rest but thou—what needs the state,
Or what shall be the City's fate,
What Bactria, or far Ind prepares,
Or jarring Scythians—these thy cares.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verso lene merum cado,
Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, et
Pressa tuis balanus capillis

Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ;
Ne semper udum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.

Fastidiosam desere copiam et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis;
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ sine aulæis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Ostendit ignem; jam Procyon furit,
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
Dumeta Sylvani; caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

Tu civitatem quis deceat status
Curas, et Urbi sollicitus times,
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaïsque discors.

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the ode, the former adding eight, and the latter four lines. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding twelve lines.

---

The work I rear the sculptured brass outvies,
Nor royal pyramids more grandly rise;
Which wasting rain and rush of Northern blast
Shall not destroy, nor countless ages passed
Of seried years returning whence they came.
Not all of me shall die, funereal flame
My nobler part escapes, blooms, and lives on,
And wins fresh praises, while in rites divine
Ascending Priest and silent Virgin join.
Known where "far-sounding" Aufidus now falls,
And scant-streamed Daunus reigned in rustic halls,
Risen from low estate, the first to inspire
With Grecian art and song the Italian lyre,
Proudly assume, O Muse, thine honors now,
With Delphic wreath well won, propitious, Thou
Melpomene, of right, shalt crown my brow.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recena, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita Virgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus,
Et qua pauper aquæ Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

found in the majority of editions in common use.

The fourth book of odes contains lyrics of great power and beauty, and some of them of historical value, which will be noticed in the proper place. It should not be forgotten that the Augustus and Tiberius of these odes are the Cæsars of the New Testament, in whose reigns Jesus Christ was born, and Christianity established. Horace was on terms of the closest intimacy and in constant intercourse with both of these Cæsars. The many odes addressed to the former rendered effectual assistance in the establishment of the peace that came. The latter he had known from a child, when Tiberius was only four years old. Horace had watched over the boy's development into youth and early manhood, and had contributed not a little to the results thus far obtained. He could therefore sincerely bestow the praises given in those magnificent lyrics, the fourth and fourteenth of this book, and could venture to address Tiberius as a friend in that elegant little epistle, the ninth of the first book of Epistles, introducing to the Prince another friend, Septimius—of Ode II. 6.

It is with deep interest that we follow on with the odes of this book, and notice the sure return of order, until in the beautiful and glowing lyric with which it closes, the poet could congratulate the Emperor on the closing once more of the gates of Janus, and the restoration of lasting peace to the empire. Little did the enthusiastic bard and the happy monarch think for Whom all these things were preparing the way. It was but twelve years from that ode of congratulation to the Birth at Bethlehem. These lyrics are doubtless among the last composed by Horace, and would represent a period from 21 to 13 or 12 B.C. The last is assigned as the time of collection and publication for the entire book—done, it is said, at the special request of Augustus.

**education. He became Prætor and Consul, and wrote both prose and poetry—ode** stanza ninth. After the death of Octavia and Horace (12 and 8 B.C.), **he fell into** bad ways, and was put to death in 2 B.C., charged with ambitious designs and intrigues with Julia, the daughter of Augustus. When this ode was written (15 B.C.), a triumphal return of Augustus from Gaul was expected. An ode was called for in the "Pindaric strain," but the bard declines, pays a beautiful tribute to the old Greek, and tells in very finished diction what he *would* do for such an occasion. Bently, 1721, has a satirical burlesque of thirty lines. Townshend translated one half of this ode in 1790. Francis (very smooth) and Lytton retain stanzas and lines. Martin uses five-line stanzas—adding fifteen lines.

---

Who would soar in Pindar's sky,
With Dædalian art shall fly,
Waxen plumes waft not to fame
Glassy sea shall bear his name.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
jule, ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

As a mountain torrent roars,
Swelled by streams, and rushing pours,
Deep-mouthed Pindar rolls along
With his mighty tide of song.

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

Phœbus' laurel wreaths he gains,
Whether Dithyrambic strains
Boldly rush with numbers free,
Wild in fancy's revelry;

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

Or of Gods, and hero-kings
Sons of Gods, the wars he sings,
Conquering Centaurs in just ire,
Quenching dread Chimæra's fire;

Seu Deos, regesve canit, Deorum
Sanguinem, per quos cecidere justa
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ
Flamma Chimæræ;

Or of those to whom is given
Elean palm that lifts to heaven,
Steed and wrestler share the song,
Sculptured brass lives not so long;

Sive quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cœlestes, pugilemve equumve
Dicit, et centum potiore signis
Munere donat;

Or he mourns in tender strain,
Youth by fate untimely slain,
Strength, and courage, virtue, rise
Saved from death to starry skies.

Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum
Florat, et vires animumque moresque
Aureos educit in astra, nigroque
Invidet Orco.

[redacted]ar sing from Northern plains,
Leading onward, laurel-crowned,
Fierce Sygambri fetterbound.

Cæsar great and good, and given
By the Fates and bounteous heaven—
Greater gift knows not our Rome,
Though the golden age were come.

Thou shalt sing of festal days,
Of the City's grateful praise,
Of the Forum's strife now stilled,
Prayers are granted, Heaven has willed.

Then if I may offering bring,
Cæsar's glad return I 'll sing,
Glorious day, to thee belong
Highest strains of lyre and song.

Onward borne in festal car,
Shouts triumphal peal afar,
Shouts from every voice arise,
Clouds of incense dim the skies.

Twenty bleeding victims thine,
Tender yearling grace the shrine
From my humbler hand, and pay
Vows to heaven for this glad day;

Crescent horns his front shall show,
Like the moon with silver bow,
In his forehead spot of snow,
All the rest deep yellow's glow.

Cæsarem, quandoque trahet feroces
Per sacrum clivum, merita decorus
Fronde, Sygambros:

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere bonique Divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.

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

Tum meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars, et, O Sol
Pulcher, O laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.

Tuque dum procedis, Io triumphe,
Non semel dicemus, Io triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque Divis
Thura beniguis.

Te decem tauri totidemque vaccæ,
Me tener solvet vitulus, relicta
Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
In mea vota,

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
Qua notam duxit niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.

write, and the writing of the Sæcular Hymn, perhaps more than anything else, gave Horace the right to say that Rome had placed his name among her "honored bards" (line fourteenth). In this ode he ascribes his honors to the Muse from whom come the gifts of genius. It is the grateful recognition of a power higher than himself. The date is placed after the Sæcular Hymn (17 B.C.), but no year is agreed upon. Rev. Henry Thompson, 1831, and Francis retain the couplet form of the ode, while Martin has four six-line stanzas, but all are in twenty-four lines. Lytton arranges in stanzas, and adds four lines.

---

The natal hour once marked by Thee
With favoring smile, Melpomene,
Shall yield no Isthmian palm to fame,
No chariot race, no wrestler's name,
No Victor leading, laurel-crowned,
Fierce kings subdued in fetters bound,
Triumphant up the Sacred Way,
While Rome shall boast the proud array.
But where rich Tibur's streamlets flow,
And forests hide the sun's bright glow,
These shall the poet's soul inspire,
And wake to song the Æolian lyre,
While queenly Rome his name shall grace,
And 'mid her honored bards shall place
Thy favored child from youth Thy care,
And far from envy's reach shall bear.
O Muse, who lov'st the golden shell,
Thro' whom its strains harmonious swell,
Who with the swan's sweet melody
Canst touch mute fishes of the sea,
'T is of Thy gift, from Thee the fire
That warmed with life my Roman lyre,
And won proud honors for my lays,
Thro' Thee they breathe, be Thine the praise.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
  Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
  Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaïco
  Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
  Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
  Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
  Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
  Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros;
  Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.
O, testudinis aureæ
  Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas:
O, mutis quoque piscibus
  Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,
Totum muneris hoc tui est,
  Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ;
  Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

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Perfidious Hannibal exclaimed:
"As stags whom long pursuit has tamed,
We follow where 'twere wise to shun,
T' escape and fly is triumph won.

This nation brave when Ilion fell,
Tossed by the Tuscan billows' swell,
Their Gods, and children, and their sires,
Brought to this land from Trojan fires.

As hardy oak whose dark leaves grow
On Algidos, nor axe's blow,
Nor wounds, nor losses does it feel,
New life receiving from the steel.

Not Hydra grew with fresher life,
Sad Hercules scarce won the strife,
Nor greater prodigy was found
On Cholcos' strand, or Theban ground.

Plunge her in seas—more fair she 'll rise;
Contend—her strength shall gain the prize;
On each new victor shall her name
Fresh laurels win and pass to fame.

No more to Carthage shall I send
Proud messages—all, all must end;
Fortune builds not our power again,
With Hasdrubal our hopes were slain.

The Claudian house the future wins,
Its fame through favoring Jove begins;
He shall defend these sons of Mars
With counsels wise 'mid toils and wars."

Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal:
"Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus sacra,
Natosque maturosque patres
Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem;
Monstrumve submisere Colchi
Majus, Echioniæve Thebæ.

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit;
Luctere, multa proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem, geretque
Prœlia conjugibus loquenda.

Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos; occidit, occidit
Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto.

Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus;
Quas et benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, et curæ sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli."

Sprung from Gods, best guard of Rome,
Long, too long, thou leav'st thy home,
Thou didst promise shorter stay,
Ah! return, the Fathers pray,

Ah! return, thy country cries,
Like the spring-time to our skies,
Days shall glide more sweetly o'er,
Suns come brighter to our shore.

As the mother mourns her son,
Who 'mid gales his course has run,
Forced Carpathian seas to roam,
Long a wanderer from sweet home,

How her prayers kind Heaven implore,
How she scans the winding shore—
So our hearts entreat the skies,
Rome for absent Cæsar sighs.

Oxen safely roam the fields,
Ceres golden harvests yields,
Ships fly peaceful o'er the deep,
Faith and Truth their pledges keep.

Homes are pure, in virtue strong,
Law and order conquer wrong,
Gone the stain of former time,
Justice strikes the heels of crime.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu;
Maturum reditum pollicitus Patrum,
Sancto concilio redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ:
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
Dulci distinct a domo,

Votis ominibusque et precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem litore dimovet:
Sic desideriis icta fidelibus
Quærit patria Cæsarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas,
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ,
Culpari metuit Fides.

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
Laudantur simili prole puerperæ,
Culpam Pœna premit comes.

This, at cheerful eve's return. | Cum Sol Oceano subest.

And gives the rolling months their birth.

A happy bride pleased thou shalt say,
I sang on that great festal day
To list'ning Gods the hymn of praise,
When Horace waked the sacred lays.

Volvere menses.

Nupta jam dices; ego dis amicum,
Sæculo festas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
Vatis Horati.

Now has fled the winter snow,
Tree and plain with beauty glow,
Earth how changed, the less'ning stream
Shall thro' wonted channels gleam,
And the Nymphs and Graces dare
Song and dance in eve's sweet air.
Dream not aught is lasting here,
Saith the hour, the day, the year;
Now the spring's soft Zephyrs blow,
Now the summer's fiery glow,
Soon rich autumn spreads his store,
Soon dread winter chills once more.
But while months again will come,
Man leaves not his Stygian home,
Where our hero-fathers reign,
Dust and shadow we remain.
And who knows that heavenly Powers
Will bestow to-morrow's hours—
Live to-day, what you shall spare
Falls but to your eager heir.
When at Minos' seat you stand,
Doom-dispensing, solemn, grand,
Virtue, birth, and eloquence
Will not bring Torquatus thence;
Not Diana could restore
Whom she loved from that dark shore,
Nor great Theseus break the chains
Binding to those Lethean plains.

Diffugere nives; redeunt jam gramina campis
Arboribusque comæ;
Mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt;
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet Annus et almum
Quæ rapit Hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, Ver proterit Æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ;
Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo Tullus, dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Di superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas;
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum;
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoö.

I 'd give to friends with generous soul,
Goblet, or cup, or fretted bowl,
Or tripod won in Grecian race,
Nor would the worst thy presence grace
Of art's grand gifts if wealth were mine,
Where Scopas and Parrhasius shine,
Where sculptor's art, or painter's skill
Makes man or God stand out at will.
This power my poverty denies,
And Censorinus' wealth supplies;
Thou lovest verse, my lyre for thee
Shall swell no worthless melody.
Not marbles sculptured for the brave,
That noble deeds and memories save,
That tell the flight which freed our soil,
The threats that on the foe recoil,
The tribute on fell Carthage laid,
The name that conquered Afric made—
Not longer last these proud remains,
Than the Calabrian Muse's strains.
Had pens been silent, scarce were won
The praise of deeds which men have done.
Would Romulus be known to fame,
Did envious silence shroud his name?
The poet's pen and favor save
Just Æacus from Stygian wave,
And place 'mid happy islands give.
The Muse shall make the hero live,
The Muse exalts and lifts to Jove,
Great Hercules thus feasts above,
Thus the bright starry Twins now save
The shattered barks from stormy wave,
And vine-crowned Bacchus favor lends,
Hears prayers, and leads to happy ends.

**Donarem pateras grataque commodus,**
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus;
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum; neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas,
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum.
Sed non hæc mihi vis; non tibi talium
Res est, aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus; non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorsum Hannibalis minæ,
Non stipendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus, qui domita nomen ab Africa
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ sileant, quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus et favor et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Cœlo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules;
Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates;
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

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Brave men had lived before that day,
And fell unwept in poet's lay,
Unknown through all that night of time,
No bard had waked the sacred chime.

As well be buried as unsung,
For Lollius my harp is strung,
Nor silent shall its chords remain,
Thy toilsome labors swell the strain.

Oblivion's grave shall not be thine,
Thy soul with virtue graced, there shine
Knowledge, and prudence, steadfast will,
Firm in the midst of good or ill.

Avenging fraud, a foe to pelf,
That draws so many to itself,
Not Consul for a year alone,
But always when thy truth is shown.

An honest judge, from gilded wrong
Disdaining bribes, in virtue strong,
Thou mak'st the opposing crowds to yield,
Victor in arms ou Virtue's field.

Mere wealth alone shall give no claim
To call one blest; rightly the name
To those belongs, who wisely use
The gifts that Heaven shall kindly choose,

Or learn deep poverty to bear,
And death less than dishonor fear,
Such go when friends and home shall call,
And for their country bravely fall.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Paullum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores

Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus;

Vindex avaræ fraudis, et abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ;
Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

Judex honestum prætulit utili,
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu, per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,

Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet;
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

O cruel and strong in the armor of love,
When the down shall the bloom of your cheek remove,
When the locks on your shoulders floating are gone,
And the hue which the palm from the rose had won,
And your face, Ligurinus, to roughness shall pass,
You 'll address the new self that appears in your glass—
" Ah, why could the youth not feel as to-day,
Or the bloom of my cheek with the new feeling stay?"

O crudelis adhuc, et Veneris muneribus potens,
Insperata tuæ quum veniet pluma superbiæ,
Et, quæ nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comæ,
Nunc et, qui color est punicæ flore prior rosæ,
Mutatus Ligurinum in faciem verterit hispidam ;
Dices, heu ! quoties te in speculo videris alterum,
Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit ?
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ ?

**attachment, alluding gracefully to the stories of Phaethon and Bellerophon. date probably 14 B.C. Francis adds four lines, Martin is four lines short, Lytton in thirty-six lines.**

---

There rests with me a cask of wine,
'T is nine years old, a portion thine,
My garden glows with parsley green
For festal wreaths, around is seen

Dark ivy that shall grace thy hair,
My house with silver smiles, they bear
Chaste vervain to the altar made,
Which waits the blood from sacred blade ;

And all are hastening to and fro,
My men and maids in mingled flow,
The flames ascend from kindling fires,
The dark smoke rolls in billowy spires.

What joys for our fair Phyllis stay?
'T is April's Ides, a festal day,
The month of her sprung from the sea,
A day to be observed by thee ;

A day to me almost as dear
As that which marks my natal year,
Its light shone on Mæcenas' birth,
From this he counts his years on earth.

Lo ! Telephus who moves thy love,
A youth thy station far above,
Is won by maiden rich and fond,
Who holds him in her pleasing bond.

Aspiring high Phaëthon warns,
Wing'd Pegasus his rider scorns—
Bellerophon of earthly mould,
The storied lesson oft is told,

That thou mayst follow worthy things,
And shun the harms ambition brings ;
Care not to join unequal mate,
Hope not beyond the common fate.

Come then to me last of my loves,
None else the tender passion moves,
Thy tuneful voice my strains rehearse,
Dark care be buried in the verse.

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus ; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis ;
Est hederæ vis

Multa, qua crines religata fulges ;
**Ridet argento domus ; ara castis**
Vincta verbenis avet immolato
Spargier agno ;

Cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
Cursitant mixtæ pueris puellæ ;
Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
Vertice fumum.

Ut tamen noris, quibus advoceris
Gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendæ,
Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ
Pindit Aprilem ;

Jure sollemnis mihi, sanctiorque,
Pæne natali proprio, quod ex hac
Luce Mæcenas meus adfluentes
Ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit,
Non tuæ sortis juvenem, puella
Dives et lasciva, tenetque grata
Compede vinctum

Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
Spes ; et exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegasus, terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem ;

Semper ut te digna sequare, et ultra
Quam licet sperare nefas putando
Disparem vites. Age jam meorum
Finis amorum,

Non enim posthac alia calebo
Femina,—condisce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas ; minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

a life bad in its influence on society, and different from that of her yo[illegible] days, a thing recognized in the fifth and sixth stanzas. In these she is co[illegible] with Cinara, to whom Horace was sincerely attached, and who died so [illegible] Like those to Barine and Chloris, this ode does the work of a satire, and Ly[illegible] sharply exposed to those around her. "We perceive, too, in the ode, a [illegible] pathos; as though the bard were doing his work unwillingly, over the memo[illegible] of her former loveliness." "The ode is replete with beauties of expression"—(Lytton). Cartwright, 1693, uses seven, Francis six, and Martin four six-line stanzas—the last is short four lines. Lytton retains the four-line stanza of the ode—twenty-eight lines.

---

They have heard, O Lyce, my prayers Above,
And the prayers of many a former love,
You are old, and would fresh and youthful seem,
You are gay, and of former beauty dream.

Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di
Audivere, Lyce; fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri,
Ludisque et bibis impudens,

And with trembling voice as you strike the lyre,
You pray that Cupid would love inspire,
But ah! he lurks in the blooming cheek
Of the music-girl, the beautiful Greek.

Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
Doctæ psallere Chiæ
Pulchris excubat in genis.

And he flies away from the withered oak,
And you he shuns, tho' you oft invoke,
As teeth and wrinkles unseemly show,
And your head as white as the winter snow.

Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus, et refugit te, quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugæ
Turpant et capitis nives.

Nor Coan silks with their purple dye,
Nor pearls and jewels of lustre high,
Can restore the years that flying time
In the book records—you are past your prime.

Nec Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ semei
Notis condita fastis
Inclusit volucris dies.

Ah, where is the beauty, and bloom, and grace
Of your former years—the charms of that face
All breathing of love, and whose kindly gaze
Had stolen myself in those youthful days.

Quo fugit Venus? heu, quove color? decens
Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat Amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi,

You stood to Cinara second alone
For form, and grace, and accomplishment known,
The Fates gave her but a few brief years,
You they reserve for future tears.

Felix post Cinaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? Sed Cinaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt,
Servatura diu parem

Lyce shall rival the raven in age,
As the joyous youth in their sports engage,
They will visit the torch that so brightly burned,
And laugh as they find it to ashes turned.

Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen;
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

**[illegible]ession, Caius and Lucius** Cæsar, sons of Agrippa, **and** Julia **the** daughter **of [illegible]ugustus. Lucius died in** 2, and Caius in 4 A.D. Tiberius was then adopted as **the successor of** Augustus. This ode, like the fourth, commends the care of the Emperor over the Princes, and his furnishing the resources for the wars. The last three stanzas are fine specimens of lyrical composition. Francis and Lytton retain the four-line stanza, and are in fifty-two lines. Martin uses the "Pindaric stanza," and adds twenty-eight lines.

---

Shall Senate's power or People's care
With honors laden, fitly bear
Augustus' name to farthest time,
Or titles scrolled in words sublime?

Thy deeds, great Prince, reach distant shores
Where'er the sun his radiance pours,
And tribes to Roman law unknown,
By arms subdued, thy sceptre own.

Thine was the power that Drusus led,
Genauni fierce and Brenni fled,
And fell the towers on Alpine height,
In bloody interchange of fight.

'T was then our elder Nero fought,
Rhœti untamed defeat were taught,
And learned 'mid battle's dire alarms,
What Auspices had blessed thine arms.

Goodly to see the martial fields,
As gaudly to the fight he yields,
On the brave foe what ruin falls
Who rush to death when freedom calls.

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in ævum
Per tituloe memoresque fastos

Æternet, O qua sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime principum?
Quem legis experte Latinæ,
Vindelici didicere nuper,

Quid Marti posses. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Breunosque veloces, et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis,

Dejecit acer plus vice simplici;
Major Neronum mox grave prœlium
Commisit, immanesque Rætos
Auspiciis pepulit secundis;

Spectandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora liberæ
Quantis fatigaret ruinis:
Indomitas prope qualis undas

Thus Claudius charges on the bands
Steel-armed, our foes of barbarous lands,
Victor he strews the ground with dead,
Without defeat tho' wounds have bled.

Troops, counsels, Auspices, from thee,—
And from the day when o'er the sea
Sad Egypt as a suppliant falls,
Her harbor yields and vacant halls,

Kind Fortune through the years afar
Gives favoring issues to the war,
Three lustres pass, the last work done,
The Empire's peace and glory won.

Thee, far Cantabria's wild domains,
And Mede, and India, Scythia's plains
Revere, dread Guardian of the State,
Proud Rome's defender, called by Fate,

Thee, the dark Nile who hides his scource,
Danube, Tigris with arrowy course,
And monster-bearing seas that roar
Against Britannia's distant shore,

Thee, the brave sons of Gallia's land,
And hard Iberia's rocky strand,
And fierce Sygambri—all obey,
And peaceful rest beneath thy sway.

Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
**Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,**
Primosque et extremos metendo
Stravit humum, sine clade victor,

Te copias, te consilium et tuos
Præbente Divos. Nam tibi, quo die
Portus Alexandrea supplex
Et vacuam patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
Laudemque et optatum peractis
Imperiis decus arrogavit.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medusque, et Indus, te profugus Scythes
Miratur, O tutela præsens
Italiæ dominæque Romæ:

Te, fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque et Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
Te belluosus qui remotis
Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis:

Te non paventis funera Galliæ
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ;
Te cæde gaudentes Sygambri
Compositis venerantur armis.

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| | |
|---|---|
| Troy, Anchises, Venus, sing,<br>Whence the Julian races spring. | Trojamque et Anchisen et almæ<br>Progeniem Veneris canemus. |

to be applied to this book of odes by critics and editors, as meaning simply an appendix, or addition, to the four books. Horace uses neither term (ode or epode)—possibly he may have employed the word "Carmen," as we find a majority of the editions to do.

According to the received chronology, the first and second book of the Satires came out in 36 and 33 B.C. These were the first publications of the poet, the individual satires being composed at different times previous to these dates—as early, perhaps, as 38 B.C. The third publication was the Epodes, in 30 B.C., the year after the battle of Actium. These earliest lyrics represent a period of time between the battles of Philippi and Actium—42 to 31 B.C. Some of them were written at the same time during which he was composing the Satires. Some possess an historical value, as the exponent of events in the midst of which they made their appearance.

The Epodes, then, represent the earlier lyrical efforts of the poet, and make manifest both his excellences and his faults. They are seventeen in number (eighteen in some of the older editions), and we find the longest of the odes among them. There is some very fine writing, and some of the lyrics possess great merit—such as the second—in their descriptions of outward nature, and some are of great power—such as the seventh and sixteenth—in the expression of feeling respecting the destructiveness and demoralizations of the civil wars. It is through the Epodes that certain Greek poetical forms were introduced into Italy. The first ten are in couplets, all of the same metre (iambic), and peculiar to themselves. We have thought it best, however, to use two different measures in our translation of them. We have omitted two, in accordance with custom.

by Alphius, if indeed it is not a real name. He is disgusted with the trouble[illegible] his business, and resolves to buy a farm as soon as he receives his next pay[illegible]. The descriptions which the poet puts in the mouth of the old usurer of rural [illegible] and nature are very beautiful. The Ides come, he gathers in his money, old habits plead successfully, and in two weeks after he lends it all out again. Cotton, 1681, Francis and Lytton retain the couplet form, and are in seventy lines. Dryden's paraphrase (eights) adds twenty-eight lines. Martin arranges in twenty four-line stanzas (tens, elegiac, of fine diction), adding ten lines.

---

Happy he who far from cares,
Like the men of ancient years,
Cultures now his father's farm,
Nor in usury sees a charm,
Nor the trumpet moves his soul,
Nor the stormy billows' roll,
Nor the courts with pleadings loud,
Nor the portals of the proud.
But the daughters of the vine
Round his lofty poplars twine,
Useless branches pruned away,
Richer grafts their place repay;
Or in quiet valley seen,
Lowing herds 'mid postures green,
Or in jars pure honey pours,
Or he clips his woolly stores;
Or when vine-crowned Autumn yields
Mellow fruits thro' all the fields,
Gathering luscious pears that lie,
Grapes that with the purple vie,
Offers first-fruits of the grounds
To the Gods who guard the bounds.
'Neath some oak he now reclines,
Or on matted grass and vines,
Waters glide through wooded plains,
Warbling birds give forth their strains,
Fountains gush with purling streams,
Sleep inviting and soft dreams.
Winter comes and chills the air,
Bids his rains and snows prepare,
Now he drives with many a hound

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
  Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
  Solutus omni fenore,
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
  Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vivat et superba civium
  Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
  Altas maritat populos,
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans
  Feliciores inscrit;
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
  Prospectat errantes greges;
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris;
  Aut tondet infirmas oves;
Vel, cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
  Auctumnus agris extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,
  Certantem et uvam purpuræ,
Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
  Silvane, tutor finium.
Libet jacere, modo sub antiqua ilice,
  Modo in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,
  Queruntur in silvis aves,
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
  Somnos quod invitet leves.
At cum Tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
  Imbres nivesque comparat,
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane

Spouse of hardy peasant found,
Dry wood piling, fire will burn
At the wearied man's return,
Herda receiving from the plain,
Swelling udders she will drain,
Then the wine from seasoned cask,
This shall end her evening task.
Oysters brought from Lucrine's shore,
Turbot, Char, scarce please me more,
When the stormy eastern breeze
Brings them to Italian seas;
Afric's bird, and Asia's game
Not more sweetly hunger tame,
Than the olive plucked from boughs,
Thick and fertile through the ploughs,
Or the sorrel, loving mends,
Mallows for the body's needs,
Or the lamb for festal day,
Or the kid some wolf would slay.
'Mid these feasts what joys would come,
See the sheep now hastening home,
See the wearied oxen bear
Ploughs reversed with languid air,
And the slaves to manors bound,
'Mid the Lares seated round.
Thus our Alphius blessed his lot,
Farmer he beyond a doubt,—
On the Ides his money got,
On the Kalends lent it out.

Sabina qualia, aut pernata solibus
Pernicis uxor Apuli,
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri;
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet;
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare;
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum,
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori,
Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
Vel hædus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves
Videre properantes domum,
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido.
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes Lares.
Hæc ubi locutus fenerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,—
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Kalendis ponere.

partook and suffered. Then comes this sportive effusion, in which he describes the offending plant as the most deadly foe to man, more fatal than even the hemlock. The classical allusions to Jason, Medea, and Hercules are in a fine vein of humor. There are discussions over the word "puella," in the twenty-first line, as applied to the wife of Mæcenas, but we are constantly making such applications of the words "boys" and "girls" to all ages and conditions of life. From the reference to Canidia, in the eighth line, as a well-known witch, we infer the date of the ode as 34 or 33 B.C. Francis and Lytton retain the couplet form of the ode, and are in twenty-two lines. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding two lines.

---

If one should lift his impious hand,
And stain with parent's blood the land,
The law should such with garlic kill—
Yet peasants eat and feel no ill.
What poison rages in my veins?
What viper's blood this salad stains?
So strangely mingling with the herbs;
Or else Canidia's power disturbs.
To Jason, more than others fair,
The fond Medea gave to wear
Such charms as untamed oxen broke—
'T was garlic brought them to the yoke;
The gifts thus steeped her rival slew,
Then on her serpent's wings she flew.
Nor raging stars so foul a blast
O'er dry Apulia ever cast,
Nor when great Hercules returned,
The poisoned gift more fiercely burned.
If, my Mæcenas, you prepare
Such jestful dishes, this my prayer:—
Your presence always be denied
By her who rightly claims your side.

Parentis olim si quis impia manu
  Senile guttur fregerit,
Edit cicutis allium nocentius.
  O dura messorum ilia!
Quid hoc veneni sævit in præcordiis?
  Num viperinus his cruor
Incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
  Canidia tractavit dapes?
Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum
  Medea mirata est ducem,
Ignota tauris illigaturum juga
  Perunxit hoc Jasonem;
Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem,
  Serpente fugit alite.
Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor
  Siticulosæ Apuliæ,
Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
  Inarsit æstuosius.
At si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
  Jocose Mæcenas, precor
Manum puella savio opponat tuo,
  Extrema et in sponda cubet.

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evidence of "personal feeling," as intimated by some of the older critics, who say that these are the "iambics" apologized for to Tyndaris, who was the daughter of Canidia, the real name of whom was Gratidia—a supposition attended with insuperable difficulties, in the opinion of some of the ablest scholars. The lyric before us has much power and poetic beauty. Canidia, with other witches, is seizing a child of good family, out of whose marrow and liver she is to make a potent love-charm. The ode opens with the exclamations of the boy, frightened at their preparations. The ingredients of the "charmed pot," and the witches' work are vividly described. Rev. C. A. Wheelright, 1831, retains the couplet form and proper number of lines. Francis and Martin are in eights (couplets), very smooth, the former adding sixteen, and the latter twenty-six lines. Lytton (two lines short) has a most careful rendering of the ode.

---

O ye Gods who reign on high,
Nor to man your care deny,
Whence these terrors that I see,
Cruel faces turned on me?
By your children if true birth
Ever blessed your joyous hearth,
By this purple badge I pray,
By just Jove who marks your way,
Look not with a stepdame's eyes,
Or as wounded beast that flies.
Thus the boy with faltering tone,
Dress and ornament are gone.
Piteous form that well might move
Fiercest Thracian breasts to love.
Now Canidia wreathes her hair,
Vipers takes from serpent's lair,
Wild figs from some lonely tomb,
Cypress with funereal gloom,
Eggs with blood of toads most foul,
Feathers from the screeching owl,
Herbs from far Iberia's land,
Poisons from Iolchos' strand,
Bones from dogs with hunger pined,
To the cauldron all assigned.
Sagana o'er all the ground
Sprinkles Stygian waters round,
Rough as hedgehog stands her hair,
Or as wild boar from his lair.

At, O Deorum quidquid in cœlo regit
  Terras et humanum genus!
Quid iste fert tumultus? aut quid omnium
  Vultus in unum me truces?
Per liberos te, si vocata partubus
  Lucina veris affuit,
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
  Per improbaturum hæc Jovem,
Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti
  Petita ferro bellus?
Ut hæc trementi questus ore constitit
  Insignibus raptis puer,
Impube corpus, quale posset impis
  Mollire Thracum pectora;
Canidia, brevibus implicata viperis
  Crines et incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
  Jubet cupressus funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine,
  Plumamque nocturnæ strigis,
Herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Iberia
  Mittit venenorum ferax,
Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
  Flammis aduri Colchicia.
At expedita Sagana, per totam domum
  Spargens Avernales aquas,
Horret capillis ut marinus asperis
  Echinus, aut currens aper.

Hunger wastes the youthful blood.
Nor was wanting in that hour
Folia witch of wondrous power,
Idle Naples so believed,
This the neighboring towns received,
To whose magic power 't was given
Moon and stars to draw from heaven.
Now her livid teeth indent
Nails that grow uncut and bent,
As Canidia pours her prayers—
Faithful in these dread affairs,
Night and Dian rule the sky,
While these secret rites we ply,
On my foes now in this hour,
Turn your anger and your power,
Now while beasts the forests keep,
Buried in their slumbers deep,
Varus old let laughter greet,
Dogs bark in Suburan Street,
Come spell-struck, before me stand,
Stronger never left my hand.
Comes he not? Medea's skill
Greater far to work her will,
Brought upon her rival fair
Vengeance deep, e'en Creon's heir,
From the mantle poison-steeped,
Flames the bride devouring leaped—
Yet no herb escapes my gaze,
Lurking in the wildest ways.
Varus lies in other's arms
All unmindful of my charms;
Ah, some witch more powerful still,
Frees him from my utmost skill.
But new potions shall appear,
Thou shalt shed full many a tear,
Back to me thou com'st this day,

**Intabuissent pupulæ.**
Non defuisse masculæ libidinis
Ariminensem Foliam,
Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
Et omne vicinum oppidum;
Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala
Lunamque cœlo deripit.
Hic irresectum sæva dente livido
Canidia rodens pollicem
Quid dixit aut quid tacuit? O rebus meis
Non infideles arbitræ,
Nox et Diana, quæ silentium regis,
Arcana cum fiunt sacra,
Nunc, nunc adeste: nunc in hostiles domos
Iram atque numen vertite!
Formidolosis dum latent silvis feræ
Dulci sopore languidæ,
Senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
Latrent Suburanæ canes
Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
Mea laborarint manus.
Quid accidit? Cur dira barbaræ minus
Venena Medeæ valent,
Quibus superbam fugit ulta pellicem,
Magni Creontis filiam,
Cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
incendio nuptam abstulit.
Atqui nec herba, nec latens in asperis
Radix fefellit me locis.
Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
Oblivione pellicum.
Ah! ah! solutus ambulat veneficæ
Scientioris carmine.
Non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
O multa fleturum caput,
Ad me recurres; nec vocata mens tua

Fingers curved, by spirits led,
I shall sit upon your breast,
And with terrors break your rest,
Village crowds your withered forms
Rushing seize, and fling to storms,
And the wolves and eagles haste
To th' unburied limbs' repast,
While my parents weep for me,
Glad they will this vengeance see.

Quæ vis deorum est Manium ;
Et inquietis assidens præcordiis,
Pavore somnos auferam.
Vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
Contundet obscenas anus ;
Post insepulta membra different lupi
Et Esquilinæ alites ;
Neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
Effugerit spectaculum.

expedition against Sextus Pompeius. Fourth, 33 or 32, with reference to hostilities between Octavius and Antony, culminating in the battle of Actium. We take the last, following in this some eminent scholars, while yet the battles above referred to were all bloody facts which justified the poet in the very strong language of this brief ode. He laments the coming slaughter (wherever that was to be), and says that the nation was expiating, in the civil wars, the blood of Remus which rested on Rome like an evil destiny. As Antony by his alliance with Cleopatra was the aggressor, such an ode would be helpful to Octavius, who stood as the defender of the country's honor and safety. Francis, Martin, and Lytton retain the form and size of the lyric.

---

Whither, whither, filled with rage?
Swords unsheathed your hands engage,
Lands and Neptune's watery plain
Latian blood once more shall stain,
Not some Carthage now to burn,
And its towers to ashes turn,
Not some Briton's pride to lay,
Treading chained the Sacred Way,
But that Parthia's prayer may stand,
"Perish Rome by Roman hand."
'Mid the wilds this is unknown,
Wolves and lions love their own.
Is it phrensy, Fate's decree,
Fathers' guilt that rests on thee?
Silent thou, thy cheeks are pale,
And thy wonted spirits fail.
Sad the fate that Rome must dread,
Brother's blood rests on her head,
Blood from Remus' day afar,
Cursing still in civil war.

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
Fusum est Latini sanguinis,
Non, ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret;
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus Via,
Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, sua
Urbs hæc periret dextera.
Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
Unquam, nisi in dispar, feris.
Furorne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,
An culpa? Responsum date.
Tacent; et albus ora pallor inficit,
Mentesque perculsæ stupent.
Sic est; acerba fata Romanos agunt,
Scelusque fraternæ necis,
Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

One year from this, came the ode on the death of Cleopatra, too late for insertion among the epodes, and placed in the first book (I. 37). Francis (couplets) adds two lines. Martin is in six-line stanzas, adding eighteen lines. Lytton retains the form and size of the ode.

---

When shall we break the wine's long sleep,
And festal time for Cæsar keep
In glad Mæcenas' stately halls;
Great Jove has heard us, victory calls,
And lyre and flute shall mingling play
Sweet Dorian strain and Phrygian lay?
As when the boastful Sextus learned
To know defeat—his vessels burned,
He threat'ning chains for Roman hands,
Chains taken from his servile bands.
That Romans (we shall scarce believe,)
Would implements of war receive,
And toil as slaves on foreign strand,
While queens and eunuchs take command,
Or that with standards strangely blent,
The sun would see a curtained tent.
Then turned at this the Gallic horse,
And shouted "Cæsar" in their course,
Then turned the wing of hostile fleet,
And "Cæsar" they indignant greet.
Hail God of Triumph,—why delay,
Bring golden chariots, victims slay—
Hail God of Triumph, thou didst bear
None greater from Jurgurthine war,
Nor when great Africanus came,
Whose tomb o'er Carthage boasts the name.
Conquered on land and sea, the foe
Dons sorrow's garb for purple's glow,
And Crete for cities once renowned
He seeks—no favoring winds are found,
Or the far Syrtes rough with gales,
Or the uncertain sea he sails.
Come boy, let larger cups be mine,
The Chian bring, or Lesbian wine,
Or what my anxious soul shall still,
With Cæcuban the goblet fill,
And care and fear for Cæsar go,
And rest in the sweet depths below.

Quando repostum Cæcubum ad festas dapes,
  Victore lætus Cæsare,
Tecum sub alta, sic Jovi gratum, domo,
  Beate Mæcenas, bibam,
Sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
  Hac Doriutn, illis barbarum?
Ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
  Dux fugit, natis navibus,
Minatus Urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
  Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus, eheu, posteri negabitis,
  Emancipatus feminæ,
Fert vallum et arma miles, et spadonibus
  Servire rugosis potest,
Interque signa turpe militaria
  Sol adspicit canopium.
At hue frementes verterunt bis mille equos
  Galli, canentes Cæsarem,
Hostiliumque navium portu latent
  Puppea sinistrorsum citte.
Io Triumphe, tu moraris aureos
  Currus, et intactas boves?
Io Triumphe, nec Jugurthino parem
  Bello reportasti ducem,
Neque Africanam, cui super Carthaginem
  Virtus sepulcrum condidit.
Terra marique victus hostis punico
  Lugubre mutavit sagum;
Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus,
  Ventis iturus non suis,
Exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto,
  Aut fertur incerto mari.
Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos,
  Et Chia vina aut Lesbia,
Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coërceat,
  Metire nobis Cæcubum;
Curam metumque Cæsaris rerum juvat
  Dulci Lyæo solvere.

the agreement of Virgil and Horace in speaking of him, we shall probably be justified in regarding Mævius as deserving of the evil reputation which seems to attach to his name. He was going to Athens when this lyric was written. It may be described as full of wrath, humor, and poetic beauty, all poured out as it were in one breath. The invocation to the storm-winds, to the sky, to the waves, and other destructive elements of nature against Mævius, is remarkably full of life and spirit. Of the two dates proposed, 38 and 34, we take the latter. This is the last of the epodes in this peculiar Latin metre. Francis and Lytton retain the couplet form, and the twenty-four lines of the ode. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding four lines.

---

Evil go, O ship, with thee
Bearing Mævius o'er the sea;
Stormy South, with horrid waves
Lash its sides, send watery graves;
Cloud-black East, the sea upheave,
Rope, nor oar, nor sailyard leave;
Rise, O North, as when thy blast
Mountain oaks to earth shall cast;
Not a star the dark night cheer,
All Orion's storms be there;
Lash, ye restless waves, the strands,
As ye did the victor bands,
When from conquered Troy returned,
Pallas' ire 'gainst Ajax burned.
Toil and labor vex the men,
Pallid cheeks thy portion then,
Wailing with unmanly fear
Prayers that Jove will never hear,
As the sea its rage shall wake,
And the storm your ship shall break,
Casting you upon the shore,
Luscious prey for sea-bird's store—
Grateful sacrifice I 'll pay,
Lamb and kid to Tempests slay.

Mala soluta navis exit alite,
  Percns olentem Mævium;
Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
  Anster, memento fluctibus;
Niger rudentes Earns, inverso mari,
  Fractosque remos differat;
Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
  Frangit trementes ilices;
Nec sidus atra nocte amicum appareat,
  Qua tristis Orion cadit;
Quietiore nec feratur æquore,
  Quam Graia victorum manus,
Cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
  In impiam Ajacis ratem.
O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,
  Tibique pallor luteus,
Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
  Preces et aversum ad Jovem,
Iouins ndo cum remugiens sinus
  Noto carinam ruperit.
Opima quod si præda curvo litore
  Porrecta mergos juveris,
Libidinosus immolabitur caper
  Et agna Tempestatibus.

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Now horrid storms shut in the sky,
Now pour the rains, the thick snows fly,
O'er seas and woods winds shriek along,
Friends, seize the day while limbs are strong,
And brows no touch of care reveal,
The goblet bring—Torquatus' seal.
Of ills speak not, some change in store
Kind Gods may see—now fragrance pour
From flowing vase, wake Hermes' shell,
And from our breasts dire care dispel.
The Centaur to Achilles sung :
"Unconquered boy from Thetis sprung,
Where cool Scamander's tiny stream,
And smoothly gliding Simois gleam,
Thou goest—the Fates forbid return,
Nor mother's prayer that boon could earn,
Then soothe the ills thy life shall meet,
With wine and song and converse sweet."

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit, et imbres
  Nivesque deducunt Jovem ; nunc mare,
    nunc siluæ
Threïcio Aquilone sonant : rapiamus, amici,
  Occasionem de die, dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
  Tu vina Torquato move Consule pressa meo.
Cetera mitte loqui : Deus hæc fortasse benigna
  Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc et Achæ-
    menio
Perfundi nardo juvat, et fide Cyllenea
  Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus ;
Nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno :
  "Invicte, mortalis, Dea nate puer Thetide,
Te manet Assaraci Tellus, quam frigida parvi
  Findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et
    Simoïs,
Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcæ
  Rupere ; nec mater domum cœrula te
    revehet.
Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
  Deformis ærimoniæ dulcibus alloquiis."

patra broke out—intimated in the last ode. The verses referred to in this lyric are probably some single poem which Horace never intended to finish, and which was a standing jest between them. He playfully offers as an excuse (as in the ode to Pettius) the power of love over him, appealing to Mœcenas himself as knowing the power of this passion, and gracefully compliments Terentia, calling her, as it were, another Helen. The contrast between the elegant Terentia and the coarse Phryne who he says is *his* flame, makes the whole thing (as intended) very ludicrous. We can easily understand that Phryne, and Myrtale (Ode I. 33), and Ligurinus, and Lyciscus, and others that might be mentioned, all stand in the same relation to Horace—simply as subjects of humor and satire. How different the tone of all these lyrics from the deep earnestness of the ode next in order. Lytton retains the couplet form of the ode, Martin arranges in two eight-line stanzas, while Francis omits the lyric.

---

Why steals soft languor o'er my soul,
As when oblivion's waters roll,
And one with parching lips should drink
Deep cups from Lethe's dreamy brink,
'T is this, Mœcenas, that you ask—
Not Lethe—love forbids my task,
My promised verses, oft begun,
Never on roller will they run.
Love ruled, they say, Anacreon's lyre,
The Teïan bard as burned its fire,
Oft mourned his passion on his shell,
The strains in careless measure swell.
But thou dost love, thy flame as bright
As that which kindled ilium's light,
Enjoy thy lot—me Phryne binds,
And more than me perhaps she finds.

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
  Oblivionem sensibus,
Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos
  Arente fauce traxerim,
Candide Mœcenas, occidis saepe rogando:
  Deus, Deus nam me vetat
Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
  Ad umbilicum adducere.
Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
  Anacreonta Teium,
Qui persæpe cava testudine flevit amorem,
  Non elaboratum ad pedem.
Ureria ipse miser; quod si non pulchrior ignis
  Accendit obsessam Ilion,
Gaude sorte tua; me libertina, neque uno
  Contenta, Phryne macerat.

Somerville is in stanzas—adds eleven lines. Francis (couplets) adds two lines. Martin arranges in six four-line stanzas. Lytton (couplet form) adds eight lines.

---

'T was night, the skies were all serene,
'Mid lesser orbs shone night's fair Queen,
When thou before the Gods above,
Swore falsely to my words of love,
As ivy round the oak might wind,
Thy slender arms about me twined.
"While sheep the rav'ning wolf shall flee,
While storms shall vex the wintry sea,
While breezes kiss Apollo's hair,
This love shall last—our mutual care."
Neæra many a tear shall give,
If aught of man in Flaccus live,
Thou false, he brooks no second place,
Some truer heart his love shall grace,
Nor shall thy beauty e'er recall,
If on thy soul regret should fall.
And thou, now happier far than I,
Who proudly lift'st thy head on high,
Tho' lands and herds give wealth to thee,
Or flows Pactolus' golden sea,
Or sages' secrets open lie,
Or thou with beauteous Nireus vie,
Her love transferred, what grief is thine,
Time will avenge—the smile be mine.

Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno
  Inter minora sidera,
Cum tu, magnorum numen læsura Deorum,
  In verbs jurabas mea,
Artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex,
  Lentis adhærens brachiis.
Dum pecori lupus, et nantis infestus Orion,
  Turbaret hibernum mare,
Intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
  Fore hunc amorem mutuum.
O dolitura mea multum virtute Neæra!
  Nam, si quid in Flacco viri est,
Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes,
  Et quæret iratus parem,
Nec semel offensæ cedet constantia formæ,
  Si certus intrarit dolor.
Et tu, quicunque es felicior atque meo nunc
  Superbus incedis malo,
Sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit,
  Tibique Pactolus fluat,
Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,
  Formaque vincas Nires;
Eheu! translatos alio mœrebis amores;
  Ast ego vicissim risero.

Nor sail we spread, nor home we seek,
Till Po shall bathe Matina's peak,
Or Apennine to sea shall move,
Or strangely joined in some strange love,
**Fierce tigers mate with tender hinds,**
Or dove with kite protection finds,
Or trustful herds the lion saves,
Or he-goats love the briny waves.
All that our sweet return denies,
We 'll swear and go to other skies—
The better part—the soft and weak
Their ill-starred indolence may seek.
Ye strong, all woman's grief deny,
And far from Tuscan waters fly,
For us great ocean waits, sweet fields
And islands blest our voyage yields.
The lands untilled rich harvests bring,
To vines unpruned fair clusters cling,
The olive's flowers unfailing, blow,
On native boughs the dark figs glow,
The hollow oaks yield honeyed store,
The dancing rills from hillsides pour,
The she-goats seek the milker's hand,
The herds with swelling udders stand,
Nor bears around the fold shall prowl,
Nor ground is swelled with vipers foul,
Nor flocks contagion feel, nor star
Its blasting rays shall send from far—
And more we sing—no wasting rains
From stormy Eurus sweep the plains,
Nor seed shall burn in parching ground,
Tempered by Jove the season round.
Not here came Argo's conquering band,
Nor Colchian frail could win this strand,
Not here Sidonian sails are furled,
Nor touched the fleet that roamed the world.
Saved for the just these happy climes,
When Jove once changed the former times
From gold to brass and iron—here,
Ye pious, fly—thus speaks the seer.

**Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea,** quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
**In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus,**
Novaque monstra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor, juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
Adulteretur et columba miluo,
Credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones,
Ametque salsa levis hircus æquora.
Hæc, et quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
Eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
Aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.
Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca præter et volate litora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
Petamus arva divites et insulas;
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret usque vinea,
Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ
Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
Mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
Neque intumescit alta viperis humus,
Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia,
Pluraque felices mirabimur: ut neque largis
Æquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
Pinguis nec siccis urantur semina glebis;
Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.
Non huc Argoö contendit remige pinus,
Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem;
Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,
Laboriosa nec cohors Ulixeï.
Jupiter illa piæ secrevit litora genti,
Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum;
Ære, debino ferro duravit sæcula; quorum
Piis secunda, vate me, data fuga.

part of both, with much poetic beauty. Francis and Martin are in eights, very smooth, the former adding twenty-seven lines, and the latter forty-five. Lytton adds seven lines (very unusual), giving a careful rendering of the lyric.

---

Now, now I yield, such skill is thine—
By the dark realm of Proserpine,
By Hecaté revered in Hell,
By the strange books whose potent spell
Draws down the loosen'd stars from heaven,
An end to magic rites be given,
And thy swift wheel now backward turn;
Sweet pity moved Achilles stern,
When Telephus drew out his bands,
And hurled his spear with hostile hands.
Brave Hector's body Troy entombed,
To beasts of prey and vultures doomed,
For mournful Priam leaves the walls,
And at the victor's feet he falls.
Hard, bristling skins no more deform
The crews harassed by toil and storm,
For Circe wills, and voice and mind
Return, and grace of human kind.
Enough of pain from you I bear,
To sailors and to traders dear,
My youth and ruddy color fail,
My ghastly skin hangs like a sail,
My hair turns gray thro' magic rites,
My labors bring no rest at nights,
Day follows day in troubled round,
My panting breath no ease has found.
What was denied is now confessed,
Sabellian charms disturb my breast,
And spells which they of Marsia learn
My head have struck—ye Gods!—I burn
With fires to Hercules unknown,
With Nessus' garment round him thrown,
And worse than Ætna's fiery stores,
Which in Sicilian waves it pours,

Jam, jam efficaci do manus scientiæ.
Supplex, et oro regna per Proserpinæ
Per et Dianæ non movenda numina,
Per atque libros carminum valentium
Refixa cœlo devocare sidera,
Canidia, parce vocibus tandem sacris,
Citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.
Movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
In quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum, et in quem tela acuta torserat.
Unxere matres illæ addictum feris
Alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
Postquam relictis mœnibus rex procidit
Heu! pervicacia ad pedes Achillei.
Setosa duris exuere pellibus
Laboriosi remiges Ulixei,
Volente Circa, membra; tunc mens et sonus
Relapsus, atque notus in vultus honor.
Dedi satis superque pœnarum tibi,
Amata nautis multum et institoribus.
Fugit juventas, et verecundus color
Reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida;
Tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
Nullum a labore me reclinat otium;
Urget diem nox, et dies noctem, nequi est
Levare tenta spiritu præcordia.
Ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
Sabella pectus increpare carmina,
Caputque Marsa dissilire cantibus.
Quid amplius vis? O mare, O terra! ardeo,
Quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore, nec Sicana fervida
Furens in Ætna flamma. Tu donec cinis
Injuriosis aridus ventis ferar,

Place you a star 'mid stars above.
Fair Helen's name her brothers guard,
They punish yet they hear the bard,
Give back the sight they take away—
Ah, loose me from thy spells, I pray.
With parents' crimes thou art not stained,
Nor name of sorceress hast gained
'Mid graves and ashes of the poor,
Pure hands are thine, an open door,
And Pactumeius is thy son,
In honor born, not foully won
Prom cradled home, as tales might run.

My ears are closed, why pour your prayers?
Not rocks so deaf to sailors' fears,
Lashed by the waves of wintry seas,—
You scorn Cotyttian mysteries,
You brand our own free love with shame,
And High-Priest-like our rites defame,
And send thro' Rome my slandered name.
'T is not in vain my gifts enrich
For mingled spells Pelignian witch.
Slow, lingering deaths for you remain,
Your wretched life drawn out in pain,
New sufferings shall delight my breast—
How sighs that treacherous sire for rest,
'Mid feasts he feels sharp hunger's needs,
Prometheus sighs, the bird yet feeds,
Sighs Sisyphus on highest spot
That stone to fix, Jove wills it not.
And you shall wish from towers to leap,
Or in your blood sharp daggers steep,
And cords in vain your neck shall bind,
Sad, weary, yet no death you 'll find,
While on your shoulders mounted I
Triumphant course the earth and sky.
To move dead wax with life 't was given,
Thou saw'st (a spy) while from the heaven
I draw the moon with magic lore,
I call the dead from Stygian shore,
I mix deep poison's cup, shall I
My art and vengeance now deny?

**Perambulabis astra sidus aureum.**
**Infamis Helense Castor offensus vicem,**
**Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,**
Adempta vati reddidere lumina.
Et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
O nec paternis obsoleta sordibus,
**Neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus**
**Novendiales dissipare pulveres;**
Tibi hospitale pectus et puræ manus,
Tuusque venter Pactumeius, et tuo
Cruore rubros obstetrix paunoa lavit,
Utcunque fortis exilis puerpera.

Quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.
Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia
Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
Et Esquilini Pontifex venefici
Impune ut Urbem nomine impleris meo?
Quid proderat ditasse Pelignas anus,
Velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
Sed tardiora fata te votis manent;
Ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
Novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.
Optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,
Egeus benignæ Tantalus semper dapis;
Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti;
Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
In monte saxum; sed vetant leges Jovis.
Voles modo altis desilire turribus,
Modo ense pectus Norico recludere,
Frustraque vincla gutturi nectes tuo,
Fastidiosa tristis ægrimonia.
Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques,
Meæque terra cedet insolentiæ.
An quæ movere cereas imagines,
Ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
Deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,
Possim crematos excitate mortuos,
Desiderique temperare pocula,
Plorem artis, in te nil agentis, exitum?

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THE SÆCULAR HYMN.

book, that this was the judgment of the Rome of Horace's day,—an opinion in which, where such a matter is concerned, it would seem safe to acquiesce.

William Duncome, 1769, translates in the nineteen four-line stanzas of the ode. Francis transfers (as introductory) Ode I. 21, Ode IV. 6, and the first stanza of Ode III. 1. The Hymn itself he translates with good diction, adding thirty-six lines. Martin makes no transfers, uses the "Pindaric stanza," has fine diction, and adds thirty-eight lines. Lytton retains the form and size of the lyric, and is smooth and condensed, placing it also, chronologically correct, between the third and fourth books. We give the Latin text of the Hymn as arranged in all the editions named in the preface, and have selected for our translation a rhythm used in some of the sacred lyrics of our day.

---

Phœbus, Dian, forest-Queen,
Lustrous Orbs 'mid grandeur seen,
Always Rome adores your Power,
Hear us in this sacred hour;

Phœbe, silvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, O colendi
Semper et culti, date, quæ precamur
Tempore sacro;

Guided by the Sibyl's lays,
Youths and maidens sing your praise,
Gods whose love and guardian care
Shall the seven-billed City share.

Quo Sibyllini mounere versus
Virgines lectas puerosque castos
Dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen.

Radiant Sun, with car of flame,
Born each day yet still the same,
Not from morn to evening's glow,
Greater see than Rome below.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceria, posais nihil urbe Roma
Visere majus.

Ilithyia, with thy power
Kindly aid in childbirth's hour,
As Lucina bow thine ear,
Or as Genitalis hear;

Rite maturoa aperire partus
Lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres;
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu Genitalis;

Goddess, on thy name we wait,
Prosper the decrees of state,
Marriage laws with offspring grace,
Pure, and fresh, and numerous race;

Diva, producas sobolem, Patrumque
Prosperes decreta super jugandis
Feminis, prolisque novæ feraci
Lege marita;

Then as roll the circling years,
Pestal hymns the future hears,
Shining day thrice greets the throngs,
Softer night the joy prolongs.

Certas undenos decies per annos
Orbis ut cantus referatque ludos,
Ter die claro, totiesque grata
Nocte frequentes.

You, ye Fates, who truthful sing

Vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcæ,

Seek from far the Tuscan strand,
Home and country changing now,
To your wise command they bow;

From the burning city won,
Great Æneas leads them on;
Guided o'er the watery way,
Grander fates their toils repay.

Be our youth with virtue blest,
Wearied age find peace and rest,
Grant, ye Gods, to Latian race,
Wealth, and men, and every grace.

Him who snow-white victims brings,
And from beauteous Venus springs,
Conqueror make on battle-field,
Gentle when the foe shall yield.

Now o'er sea and land appears
Roman grandeur, Media fears,
Scythia late so haughty bends,
Fair responses India sends.

Faith, and Peace, and Honor come,
Ancient Reverence finds her home,
Virtue braves neglectful scorn,
Smiling Plenty fills her horn.

Thou who dost the future know,
Phœbus of the shining bow,
Dear to Muses, skilled to heal
Pains the anguished limbs shall feel,

From thine own Palatian hill,
Roman greatness guarding still,
Happy Latium make thy care,
Grander as the ages wear.

Litus Etruscum tennere turmæ,
Juasa pars mutare Lares et urbem
Sospite cursu;

Cui per ardentem sine fraude Trojam
Castus Æneas patriæ superstes
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis.

Di, probos mores docili juventæ,
Di, senectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque prolemque
Et decus omne.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis
Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis,
impetret, bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.

Jam mari terraque manus potentes
Medus, Albanasque timet secures;
Jam Scythæ responsa petunt superbi
Nuper, et Indi.

Jam Pides, et Pax, et Honor, Pudorque
Priscus, et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet; apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camenis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus,

Si Palatinas videt æquus arces,
Remque Romanam Latiumque felix
Alterum in lustrum, meliusque semper
Proroget ævum.

We have hymned in choral lays
Phœbus and Diana's praise,
Strong in hope we homeward bend,
Jove has heard, the Gods defend.

Hæe Jovem sentire, deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum repor
Doctus et Phœhi chorus et Diana:
Dicere laudes.