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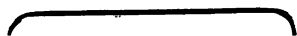
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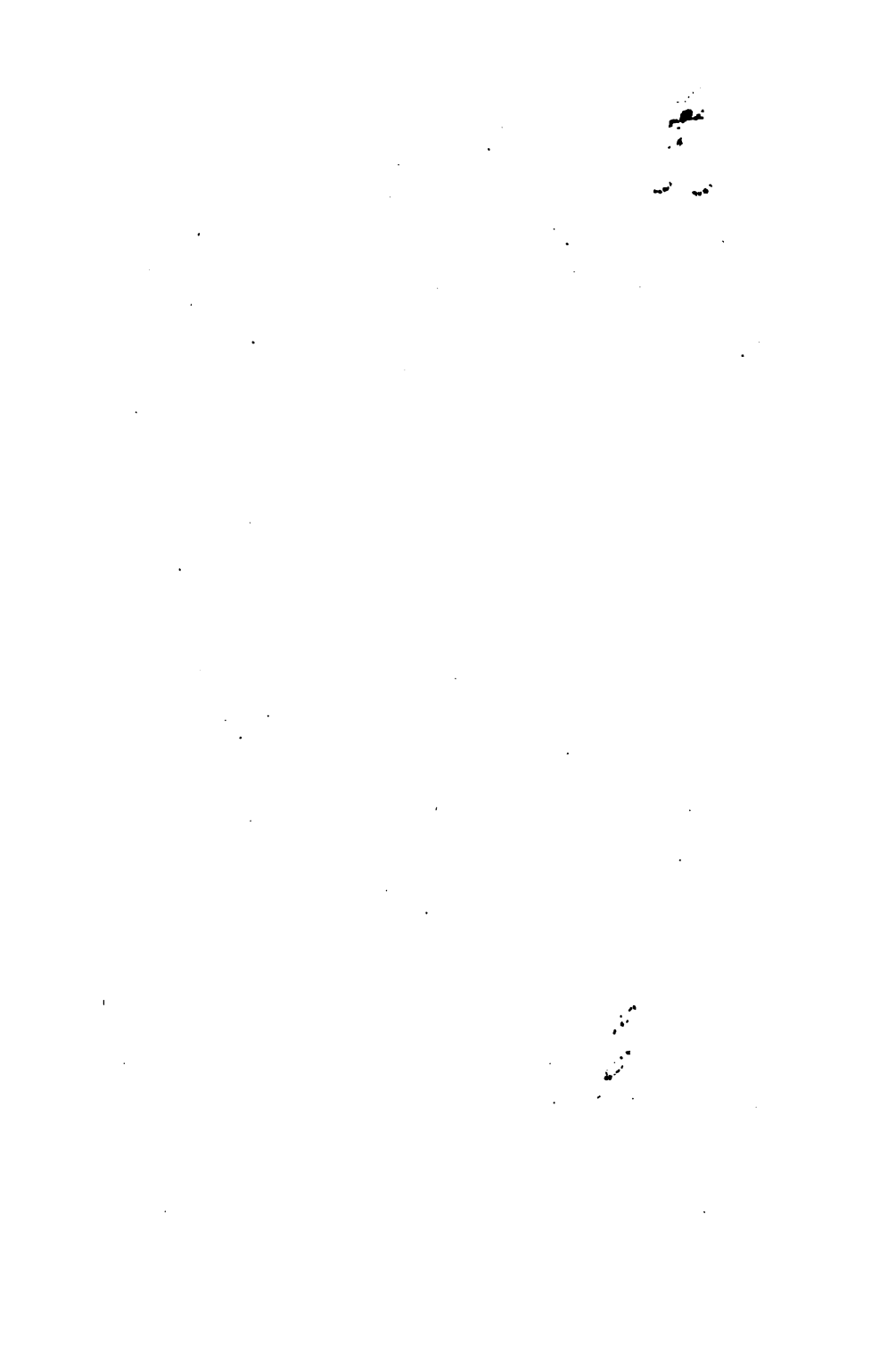


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THE
EPISTLES AND ART OF POETRY
OF
HORACE.



THE
EPISTLES AND ART OF POETRY
OF
HORACE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH METRE.

BY

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"Quis enim, qui de Poetis modo judicare aliquid possit, uni inter Latinos omnes Horatio vel acumine ingenii, vel sententiarum gravitate, palmam non tribuit."—MANUTIUS.

EDINBURGH :
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.
1872.

Sh 8.879

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March 17, 1920 *

EDINBURGH :

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	vii
EPISTLES.—BOOK I.	
EPISTLE I. TO MÆCENAS. <i>Prima dicte mihi,</i>	3
II. TO LOLLIVS. <i>Trojani belli scriptorem,</i>	11
III. TO JULIVS FLORVS. <i>Juli Flore,</i>	16
IV. TO ALBIVS TIBVLLVS. <i>Albi nostrorum sermonum,</i>	19
V. TO TORQVATVS. <i>Si potes Archiacis,</i>	21
VI. TO NUMICIVS. <i>Nil admirari,</i>	24
VII. TO MÆCENAS. <i>Quinque dies tibi pollicitus,</i>	29
VIII. TO CELSVS ALBINOVANVS. <i>Celso gaudere,</i>	36
IX. TO CLAVDIVS NERO. <i>Septimius, Claudi, nimirum,</i>	38
X. TO FVSCVS ARISTIVS. <i>Urbis amatorem,</i>	39
XI. TO BVLLETIVS. <i>Quid tibi visa Chios,</i>	42
XII. TO ICCIVS. <i>Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis,</i>	45
XIII. TO VINIVS ASELLA. <i>Ut proficiscentem,</i>	47
XIV. TO HIS STEWARD. <i>Villice silvarum,</i>	49
XV. TO NUMONIVS VALA. <i>Quae sit hiems,</i>	52
XVI. TO QVINCTIVS. <i>Ne perconteris,</i>	55

EPISTLES.	PAGE
XVII. To SCÆVA. <i>Quantvis, Scæva, satis,</i>	61
XVIII. To LOLLIUS. <i>Si bene te novi,</i>	65
XIX. To MÆCENAS. <i>Prisco si credis,</i>	72
XX. To HIS BOOK. <i>Vertumnum fanumque,</i> . . .	76
 EPISTLES.—BOOK II.	
EPISTLE I. To AUGUSTUS CÆSAR. <i>Cum tot sustineas,</i> .	81
II. To JULIUS FLORUS. <i>Flore! bono claroque,</i> .	97
 ART OF POETRY.—To the PISOS. <i>Humano capiti</i> <i>cervicem,</i>	
	113

INTRODUCTION.

THE EPISTLES and ART of POETRY of HORACE were the product of the Poet's genius during the later years of a life which terminated all too soon for his friends, his country, and his admirers in all ages, though not too soon for his fame. He began to write his Odes probably about his twenty-sixth year ; and though in the commencement of the first Epistle of his first Book of Epistles—at a time when he was now approaching his fiftieth year—he says that his day for writing Odes, and other sportive kinds of verse, was gone by, for that his age and his mind were no longer what they had been—yet there is reason to believe that subsequently to that period the Fourth Book of his Odes was written. Be this as it may, one thing is very clear that his Epistles testify that his intellectual powers, when he wrote them, instead of having suffered any abatement, had rather become sharpened and at the same time mellowed and matured. He now deals, indeed, with graver subjects than those which

had occupied his younger days ; his chief themes are now derived from moral philosophy, and as was fitting he writes for the most part in a more sombre and didactic strain than in his earlier writings ; yet there is a *verve*, a polish, a fulness, a terseness in the Epistles which were never excelled at any previous period of his literary life. He is discursive, indeed, passing sometimes abruptly “from grave to gay, from lively to severe ;” and not unfrequently there is a puzzling unconnectedness, so to speak, in his style and matter ; yet if he is at times, though not often, dull, he almost invariably handles his themes so as to keep up the interest of his readers—delighting, whilst at the same time he instructs them. Even those of his Epistles which are most slight in construction and trifling in subject have about them the fascination of that true Horatian ring which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed whether in ancient or modern times.

He can inveigh in his own trenchant, telling, incisive style against vice, in varied forms, such as avarice, discontent, anger, etc., and strongly inculcate their corresponding virtues—all the while he is “full of wise saws and *ancient* instances.” He has, too, the happy knack, by the introduction of apposite and never far-fetched fables and anecdotes, of illustrating his argument, and driving it home to the mind and conscience of his readers in a most pleasing and effective way. Horace, as every scholar knows, has peculiarly

the art of saying a great deal in a very few words—a circumstance this which renders the task of translating him peculiarly difficult. In all parts almost of Horace's writings are found passages which form apt quotations—frequently made use of—and many of them rendered familiar as household words. Such passages abound in some of the Epistles, and I have thought it might not be unacceptable to the general reader to collect together here some of the most noted of those passages with the translation appended :—

“ Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.”

[1]

“ Be wise—in time the aging horse loose cast,
Lest amid jeers he panting fail at last.”

“ Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.”

“ No master to obey I'm sworn.”

“ Est quædam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.”

“ A certain point of progress you may gain,
Though more it mayn't be given you to attain.”

“ Virtus est fugere vitium, et sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse.”

“ Tis virtue to fly vice ; folly to shun
Is the first stage in wisdom's course begun.”

[1]

“ Hic murus aëneus esto
 Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.”

“ Let this your rule of conduct aye be found,
 You as a wall of brass let it surround,
 To have a conscience which no crime does know,
 And to shun faults which cause one pale to grow.”

“ Dimidium facti qui cœpit habet ; sapere aude ;
 Incipe.”

“ That's half accomplish'd which has been begun :
 Dare to be wise—begin what's to be done.”

“ Qui recte vivendi prorogat horam
 Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis ; at ille
 Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.”

“ He who puts off the time for living well
 Is like the country clown of whom they tell,
 That on the river's bank he patient sate,
 Until its stream should past have flow'd, to wait ;
 But on it glides, and never shall have gone,
 While the long ages of old time roll on.”

“ Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri
 Aegroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
 Non animo curas.”

“ Not house and farm, not brass and gold in heap
 Can from their owner's body fevers keep,
 Nor from his mind drive cares.”

“ Sincerum est nisi vas quodcunque infundis acescit.”

“ Unless the vessel shall be clean, be sure
What you pour into it becomes impure.”

“ Sperne voluptates ; nocet empta dolore voluptas.”

“ Pleasures despise ; when it is bought with pain
From pleasure nought but injury you'll gain.”

“ Semper avarus eget : certum voto pete finem.”

“ The avaricious man is ne'er content,
See that *your* wishes have a fix'd extent.”

“ Ira furor brevis est ; animum rege, qui nisi paret
Imperat ; hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catena.”

“ But anger is short madness. Rule thy mind ;
If it obey not, 'twill command, thou'lt find ;
With bit and bridle curb it—with a chain
Its wild and wayward curvetings restrain.”

“ Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.”

“ The jar will keep that odour long, 'tis said,
With which when new 'twas first impregnated.”

“ Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.”

“ Midst hope and care, 'midst fear and wrath, believe
That every dawning day's your last to live.”

“ Quo mihi fortuna si non conceditur uti.”

“ Say of what use are fortune's gifts to me,
If to enjoy those gifts I am not free?”

“ Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici !
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.”

“ At nought to wonder's almost the one thing
Which can, Numicius ! lasting blessings bring.”

“ Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.”

“ By one's own standard each himself should rate.”

“ Sic qui pauperiem veritus potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehit improbus, atque
Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.”

I 10
“ So he, who dreading poverty aye pines,
Freedom—than metals better far—resigns ;
He on his shoulders carries shamefully
A master, and his slave will always be,
For circumstances small he did not choose—
As he was bound—contentedly to use.”

“ Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim
Si pede major erit subvertet, si minor uret ”

“ When fortune fits you not, tis like a shoe,
Too large it trips, too small it pinches you.”

“ Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”

“ You'll find
That those who cross the sea change not their mind
But climate only.”

I 1

“ Strenua nos exercet inertia.”

“ We are exercised
By active idleness.”

“ Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.”

“ Corinth to reach is not of all the fate.”

“ Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.”

“ Beyond recall a word once utter'd flies.”

“ Nam tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet,
Et neglecta solent incendia sumere vires.”

“ For when your neighbour's mansion is on fire,
Deeply at stake your interest is, and strength
Neglected sparks are wont to gain at length.”

“ Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.”

“ What yields the boaster who thus blows his horn ?
The mountains labour, and—a mouse is born.”

“ Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.”

“ Things by the ear received men's minds excite
Much less than when submitted to the sight ;
For the spectator with his trusty eyes
To his own mind impressions best applies.”

“ Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.”

“ The aid invoke not of a deity,
Unless a knot worthy a god there be.”

I am tempted to add here, though the quotation be somewhat long, a passage from the “*Art of Poetry*,” which may be regarded as a parallel passage to Shakespeare’s “*All the World’s a Stage*.” In this passage Horace more tersely, though not so graphically as our own divine bard, thus describes the ages of man :

“ Reddere qui voces jam scit puer et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.
Imberbus juvenis tandem custode remoto
Gaudet equis canibusque et aprici gramine campi,
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris,
Sublimis cupidusque et amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis aetas animusque virillis
Quaerit opes et amicitias, inservit honori,
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quaerit et inventis miser abstinet ac timet uti,
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator censorque minorum.”

“ Mark first the boy who has just learn’d to talk,
And with a steady foot alone to walk,

With those of his own age in gambols ranging,
Soon angry—calm'd as soon—with each hour changing.

The beardless youth, releas'd from tutor's claims,
Delights in horses, dogs, and Campus games,
Plastic as wax in being bent to vice,
Churlish to those who tender him advice,
Slow in providing what may prove of use,
Yet of his money lavishly profuse ;
Haughty, ambitious, readily he's moved
That to resign which he but lately loved.

His views now changed, his manly eye and mind
Seek wealth and friendships, honour strive to find ;
He's careful lest himself he should commit
To things which soon to change he may see fit.

Discomforts many the old man surround :
Either because he seeks what when 'tis found
He fears to use, and hoards up wretchedly ;
Or that all business with timidity
And coldness he transacts ; procrastinates,
Through a long vista hopes, inactive waits,
Thirsts for long life, is peevish and morose,
In praise of his young days is prone to prose ;
Blame of his juniors he will oft express,
And chide their actions with censoriousness."

An interesting feature of the Epistles is this, that we derive from them a good deal of information as to the history, character, bearing, occupations, and personal appearance of the poet himself, for on all these points he is at times marvellously communica-

tive. Horace, as we know, was of humble birth ; but he was not ashamed to declare that he was the son of a freedman, and he ever refers with honest pride and genuine affection to his excellent father, who showed so much self-denial, and judgment, and discretion in securing for his son, whose abilities he was so far-seeing as to discover, such an education as might ensure for him a fair field in the struggle of life, and a chance of occupying a position in society infinitely above his own. The low-born Horace became a courtly poet and an accomplished courtier, but never a vulgar upstart, snob, or lick-spittle ; he had within him an innate gentility, nay rather nobility of mind, which led him to delight in the society of those great and cultivated men who eagerly sought companionship with him, and were only too glad to have such a friend and companion as Horace. Horace knew how to laud, and that with no sparing hand, his great patrons, in his own elegant lines ; but he was not the man to become a fawning dependant on even an Augustus or a Mæcenas. His natural leaning was to government by *hoi aristoi*, the wisest and the most educated, and the best ; he had no sympathy with nor confidence in the rule of *hoi polloi*, he disdained to court their favour with flattery and bribes, and such opinions he never scrupled to state prominently in his works.

After his fame was fairly established, the pinched

circumstances to which the civil wars had reduced him disappeared. From a government appointment which he held, from the proceeds of his writings, and from the beneficence of his patron, Mæcenas, who bestowed on him his dearly-loved Sabine farm, he seems to have enjoyed through his after life such a competence as amply sufficed for his moderate wants. At his town house and his country house he delighted to entertain on occasion his friends, not indeed with pretentious ostentation and extravagance, but hospitably, according to his means. Depend upon it, a feast at Horace's house, with such friends as he could assemble round his table, he himself, of course, being the life and the soul of the company, must have been a feast worthy to be marked with white chalk in any Roman's diary of engagements.

When alone, Horace, especially in his latter days, seems to have lived a very regular, frugal, even abstemious, life; but on occasions, we well know, he could launch out and enjoy a good dinner and a good glass of Falernian as well as any man. We can follow Horace through his epistles to his rural retreat, which to him seems to have been an earthly paradise; we can picture him in fancy doffing his formal toga and his town manners, and donning a tunic equivalent to the modern shooting-jacket, and the air of a rustic; we can see him sauntering across his fields, picking up here and there an intrusive stone, or rooting out

? some obnoxious weed, pruning his elms and his ilxes, chaffing his discontented steward, or scolding some lazy slave ; or lying at full length under the cool shade on the grassy banks of the Digentia—" his friends forgetting, by his friends forgot"—indulging in the "*dolce far niente*," or listening to the whispering voice of his Muse, as she inspired him with those brilliant ideas which, embodied in his immortal verses, have been the delight of his own age, as of many a succeeding age, down to the present day.

But it must not be imagined that Horace was privileged to lie on a continual bed of roses. He had his griefs like other men. Being of a disposition peculiarly affectionate and tender-hearted, he felt very keenly the loss of valued and attached friends.

He had, too, his thorns in the flesh. Through life he seems to have been subject to weak eyes ; and during his latter years he probably suffered from the depressing influences of gout and dyspepsia, so that at times the apostle of contentment and quiet became discontented and restless ; and he who so often in persuasive strains inculcated equanimity was destined to feel the very opposite in his own person. Rendered restless by illness, he seems to have frequently sought relief in change of air and scene—now at Baïæ, now at Tarentum, and other places. But withal, he seems to have been ever struggling to realise in his own case the excellent precepts which

he so splendidly inculcated on others. He would seem, on the whole, to have passed a tranquil and happy life. Horace had his detractors, and was exposed to that envy, hatred, and malice, the penalties which with few, if any exceptions, those who have succeeded in attaining to eminence in the world, are doomed to pay for their greatness. Doubtless he felt the stings of these wasps, for he had constitutionally a sensitive mind ; but he was quite able to repay them with interest when he thought it worth his while. But, great and abiding supports he never lacked in the esteem and love of those who were well qualified to appreciate his merits, and did appreciate them to the full ; and in the high reputation which his works gained for him amongst all classes of his fellow-citizens. Horace scorned to stoop to those meannesses which many resort to in order to win popular applause ; but yet it is impossible not to infer from many parts of his works that the *popularis aura* was not displeasing to him.

As to the personal appearance of the poet, we know from his own description in the Twentieth Epistle of the First Book, written when he was between forty and fifty years old, that he was short of stature, fat, prematurely grey, fond of warm weather and the fire-side, or, as we say expressively in Scotch, "cauld-rifed."

He does not seem to have been unmindful of his latter end. From the following passage in the end of

the Second Epistle of the Second Book; and which is all the more touching because it was written very probably not very long before his decease, we see that the task of self-examination, with a view to self-reformation, was one that he not only did not put aside, but earnestly performed, and that he looked forward with philosophical calmness to the end of his earthly career :

“ Non es avarus : abi ; quid, caetera jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere ? Caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione ? Caret mortis formidine et ira ?
 Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
 Nocturnos lemures portentaque Thessala rides ?
 Natales grate numeras ? Ignoscis amicis ?
 Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta ?
 Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una ?
 Vivere si recte nescis decede peritis.
 Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti :
 Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius aequo
 Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.”

“ You're not a miser,” you declare. Go to !
 Do you with this all other vice eschew ?
 Say is your breast from vain ambition clear ?
 From anger free ? Have you of death no fear ?
 Dreams, magic fears, Thessalian prodigies,
 Ghosts, witches, miracles— laugh you at these ?
 Can you count up your birthdays tranquilly ?
 And treat a friend's offence indulgently ?
 And as old age advances does it find
 You better and more gentle in your mind ?

One thorn then to extract 'twere surely vain
 If to torment and vex you more remain.
 If to live rightly you know not, then you
 Had best depart and yield to those who do.
 Of sport you've had enough—of drink—of meat—
 That you should quit the scene the time is fit,
 Lest having drunk too much—Youth, mirthful age,
 Should laugh at you and drive you from the stage.

Horace had but scant reverence, if any, for the motley band of by no means moral and wise deities whom Greece and Rome worshipped ; yet he seems to have had a glimmering of a Divine over-ruling Providence in the shape of that Genius whom he describes in the Second Epistle of his Second Book as

“ Natale comes qui temperat astrum,
 Naturæ deus humanæ, mortalis in unum
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater.”

“ Our constant guide who rules our star at birth—
 The God of human nature on the earth,
 Who with each mortal dies—his face aye changing
 From smiles propitious to frowns adverse ranging.”

And in another place he says of the Genius that he is “*Memor brevis aevi*”—our reminder of the brevity of our life.

Horace died in his fifty-seventh year, having survived by but a few months his great friend and patron, Mæcenas, who from the works of his great *protégé* has

acquired an immortality which under other circumstances might have been lacking to him. We can only conjecture how much the loss of their great poet must have been deplored, not only by his numerous attached friends, but by the whole Roman people, amongst whom he had arisen to shine as a star of the first magnitude even in the Augustan age of Roman literature.

To translate Horace is confessedly a difficult task ; to do so with any measure of success has been the lot of but few among his many translators ; to do so perfectly has never as yet been achieved and probably never will. Nevertheless, Horace has in the past been translated more frequently than any other classic, and will continue probably in the future to be still as frequently translated. If we ask the reason why, the answer is that the task, with all its difficulties, is a grateful, even a fascinating, one to those (their name is legion) who find in Horace an engrossing object of study, and who seek to drink deep at the glorious fountain of his inspiration. However imperfect each translation may be in itself, yet from the aggregate of translations done by different hands, with all their variety of rendering, fresh light may be, and doubtless has from time to time been, thrown on various passages, in regard to which elucidation was desirable. Some of the Epistles of Horace, including the Art of Poetry, which is in fact an Epistle, have been capitally

imitated by such master-hands in literature as Pope, Samuel Johnson, Byron, and others. The most modern, and, as appears to me, the best translations of the Epistles is by the Rev. Mr Howes, published posthumously in 1845, and by the late lamented and most accomplished scholar, Mr Conington. It is a matter of regret that Mr Theodore Martin, who has so successfully translated Horace's other works, has not hitherto published a translation of the Epistles. Let us hope it is in store for us.

With such high authorities, of course such a humble amateur as myself cannot for a moment venture to compete. Writing, as I do, neither for bread nor for fame, but for recreation and relaxation from the labours and anxieties of an arduous profession, I have no object in publishing my translations, except in the diffident hope that haply a few readers, who may honour me by perusing them, may experience some degree of that pleasure which I myself have derived from writing them; and also, that they may perhaps aid the student of Horace in the original in deciphering some of the difficulties of a rather difficult author.

That I may have to run the gantlet of some severe criticism I am fully aware, having already had some experience of the matter in the case of my Translation of Horace's Satires, published two years ago. But that consideration does not deter me. I shall never quarrel with fair critics, but be ready to receive at

their hands philosophically such animadversions as the defects of my Translation may render me obnoxious to, and with thankfulness such suggestions and corrections as they may indicate. Critics, however, are no more infallible than those whom they criticise ; like doctors, they differ—the same literary effort receiving at different hands treatment widely different. Let me take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to those critics who have found it consistent with their conscientious views to regard my previous humble, and I am conscious, very imperfect, effort, with some degree of favour, and who have given me some encouragement to undertake the present work.

With these observations I now commit my little book to the candid consideration of those who may be pleased to give it a perusal.

EDINBURGH, *September* 1872.

EPISTLES OF HORACE.



Book First.



EPISTLES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS! who inspiredst my earliest lay,
Who'lt be my theme even to my latest day,
In my old school again why shut up me
Though tried enough, and with the rod set free?
For I'm no longer young, nor now my mind
As active as it was of yore I find.

Veianus lives retired on his estate—
His arms hung up at Hercules' temple gate—
Lest from the end of the arena he
The people's grace must beg repeatedly ;
And now loud-ringing in my practised ear
This voice of warning frequently I hear :

EPISTLES OF HORACE.

“Be wise—in time the aging horse loose cast,
Lest amid jeers he panting fail at last.”

Now poetry and other kinds of jest
I lay aside ; for them I've lost my zest.
What's true and fitting, that my care shall be,
On that I'll meditate exclusively ;
I gather and digest from day to day
What at some future time bring forth I may.
And if you haply ask me who's my guide ?
And what the sect in which I would confide ?
I say : “No master to obey I'm sworn,
But rush as guest where by the breeze I'm borne ;
Now actively affairs of State I ply,
True virtue's staunch and rigid guard am I ;
Now into Aristippus' rules I glide,
But stealthily, and strive with him as guide,
That circumstances to myself may bend,
That I on circumstances mayn't depend.”

To him the night will long and weary pass
Who's cheated by his faithless, cruel lass ;
The day to those moves on in sluggish round
Who still from morn to eve to work are bound ;
And slowly seems to drag the dreary year
To minors under mothers' sway severe ;
So seasons slow and troublous pass away,
Which my design and hopes tend to delay
Of doing that with vigour whence may spring
What both to poor and rich may profit bring,

What if it be neglected will not fail
On young and old alike harm to entail.
With such-like principles it now remains
That I to rule and nerve myself take pains.

Although you cannot rival Lynceus' eyes,
Yet unguents, if blear-eyed, you don't despise ;
And from the knotty gout to keep you free
To use the means you'll not unwilling be,
Because unconquer'd Glycon's limbs you ne'er
May strive to emulate from sheer despair.
A certain point of progress you may gain,
Though more it mayn't be given you to attain.

Say that with avarice your breast boils o'er,
And with the wretched longing still for more,
Yet words there are and charms to soothe your pain
And your disease in great part to restrain.
Say that with love of praise you swell, you'll find
Sure cleansing remedies, if with pure mind
Some philosophic book you thrice read o'er,
Which may your moral health and peace restore.

The envious, passionate, the indolent,
The drunkard, libertine, whate'er his bent,
There's none, in short, who may be deem'd so
wild,
That he may not be tamed and render'd mild,
If only he a patient ear will give,
And wisdom's precious lessons but receive.

'Tis virtue to fly vice ; folly to shun
Is the first stage in wisdom's course begun.

Behold what toil of mind and body you
Don't grudge to give, that you may thus eschew
Those ills which greatest you regard of all,
Repulse degrading, and an income small.
To India's bounds remotest you will run,
In your desire dread poverty to shun ;
An enterprising merchant actively,
You'll speed o'er rocks, through fire, 'cross every
 sea ;
And yet that you may cease things to desire
Which foolishly you long for and admire,
Will you not learn, and follow, and obey
One who knows better than yourself the way ?

What pugilist in villages and streets
Would scorn, if he could only hope his feats
Would without toil win for him high renown,
In the Olympic games the victor's crown ?

Gold silver beats in value you will own,
So to the virtues you should gold postpone.
" Ye citizens ! ye citizens ! be sure
Before all things that money you secure ;
But after money's gain'd, then virtue seek—"
Thus without ceasing money-dealers speak
As they 'twixt Janus' statues keep their seat ;
So young and old with one consent repeat,

O'er their left shoulders bags and tables hung—
Such sentiments as these are on their tongue.

Though you have morals, mind, and eloquence,
And also credit true without pretence,
Yet of a knight's four thousand pounds, if short
Some hundreds, you're but of the baser sort ;
But boys at play say, "Thou a king shalt be,
If only thou wilt act with honesty."

Let this your rule of conduct aye be found,
You as a wall of brass let it surround,
To have a conscience which no crime does know,
And to shun faults which cause one pale to grow.

Would you, I pray, the law of Roscius prize,
Which to all save those who are rich denies
The rank of knight? or that triumphal song
The Roman boys so popular among,
Wherein they kingly attributes bestow
On those who rightly act?—a song we know
Sung by the Curii and Camilli great
E'en after they've arrived at man's estate.

Does he advise thee better who'd persuade
That by thee money, money should be made ;
Money by honest means, if possible,
But in whatever manner, money still ;
So that thou may'st behold from the front rows
Those plays of Pupius so lachrymose ?

Or he who standing by would counsel thee
Proud fortune to resist erect and free?

But if the Roman people should inquire,
Why the same walks we haunt, yet don't admire
Judgments the same, and why the things they
hate

And love I shun not, seek not—I relate
How once a sly and wary fox replied
To a sick lion: "I am terrified,
When I behold all footprints turn'd *to* thee,
While none *from* thee returning can I see.

Rome, thou'rt a many-headed beast, and what,
Or whom I ought to follow, I know not.
Some like to farm the public revenues;
Others would greedy widows in their noose,
To captivate with cakes and apples strive;
Some would old men take in, and them alive
To their preserves consign; while many haste
Their riches to increase at usury placed.

Grant that each man a different course pursues,
His occupations different and his views,
Yet will you find that the same man can cling,
Constant for one short hour to anything?
If a rich man has said: "On earth there's not
Than charming Baiae's Bay a lovelier spot—"
To suit his fancy then without delay,
Improved must be the Lucrine Lake and Bay;

Yet sickly whim e'er long will cause this man
To change his views, and bid the artizan
Unto Teanum on the morrow bear
His tools, for he will build his villa there.
Say that the nuptial bed stands in the hall,
A single life much better he will call,
But if he be a bachelor, he'll swear
That only husbands truly happy are.
Then, where a knot sufficient will you find,
This countenance-changing Proteus to bind ?

What of the poor man? He will change
through whim,
His beds, baths, garrets, barbers—laugh at him ;
In his hired boat as sea-sick, is he not,
As the rich man who sails his private yacht ?

You laugh if me upon the street you spy,
With hair by bungling barber cut awry ;
If 'neath a bran new tunic I should wear,
By chance a thread-bare shirt, you laugh and
stare ;
You laugh if on me awkwardly should sit,
A toga badly made, a wretched fit ;
What would you do if you should haply find,
With its own self at variance my mind ?
Now spurning that which formerly it prized,
Now seeking that which lately it despised ;
For ever vacillating, and with strife
Making discordant my whole course of life ;

Now building up, now razing to the ground,
Now changing round for square, and square for
round.

Though you might call me mad in common phrase,
You'd neither laugh at me, nor think my craze
Required a doctor, no nor a curator
For my affairs appointed by the Praetor.
For thou the guardian of my fortunes art,
On thee I hang, thee love with all my heart ;
And thou art angry if thy friend should fail
In trifling things, e'en in an ill-pared nail.

Now, to sum up, the wise man we must see
Second to Jove alone, rich, honour'd, free,
Handsome ; in fine a very king of kings,
Entirely sound, unless phlegm trouble brings.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE II.

—◆—
TO LOLLIUS.

WHILST you at Rome, most noble LOLLIUS, plead,
I at Praeneste once again now read
Homer, the poet of the Trojan war,
Who than Chrysippus and than Crantor far
More clearly and much better us has taught
What's right—what's base—what's useful—and what's
not.
Hear me—if business hinders not—explain
The reasons why this creed I entertain.

The story (in which Homer tells how Greece
A direful war—for years which did not cease—
In a far-distant foreign country waged,
Because of wicked Paris' love enraged)
The varying tide of passions hot narrates
Of foolish kings, and not less foolish states.
Antenor would cut off the cause of strife,
By yielding up wrong'd Menelaus' wife ;
But what to this says Paris ? He declares—

Though safely thus he might reign free from cares,
And live, moreover, happily and well—
That him to such a course they can't compel.
Then Nestor hastens, spurr'd with strong desire
The quarrels to compose so fell and dire
Which 'twixt Achilles—Peleus' noble son—
And Agamemnon have so hotly run ;
The latter urged by love for a fair maid,
But both indeed by angry passions sway'd.
While madly thus their leaders take their way,
The Greeks are doom'd the penalty to pay ;
Inside and out the walls of Troy the while
Reign crime, sedition, anger, lust, and guile.

How wisdom and how virtue can avail
Homer has told us in his second tale—
Where as a useful model he has shown
Ulysses, by whom Troy was overthrown,
And who of many men o'er the broad sea
Explored the towns and customs carefully ;
Whilst for himself and comrades he'd secure
A home-return, his fate 'twas to endure
Full many a hardship, yet not doom'd to be
Sunk 'neath the billows of adversity.
The Sirens' song, and Circe's cup you know ;
Had he not had resolve these to forego,
But quaff'd from lust the poison foolishly
As did his comrades—surely also he
A life of baseness and of madness would
(Like to a filthy dog, or that foul brood

Of swine that wallow in the mire outcast)
Under the despot harlot's rule have pass'd.

But we're a numerous tribe, we common men,
Born but to eat, and eat, and eat again—
Like to the suitors of Penelope,
That wasteful troop that revell'd night and day ;
And like to King Alcinous' youthful crew
Who on their bodies labour more than due
Were wont to spend, and ever took delight
To sleep till noon, thus turning day to night,
And for their sorrows constant solace found
In listening to the harp's enchanting sound.

Thieves rise by night to compass murd'rous crimes—
To save thyself wilt thou not wake betimes ?
But if when sound thou wilt not stir at all,
Thou'lt want to run, be sure, when dropsical.
Unless thou for thy books ere dawn shalt cry,
And to them shalt by candle-light apply—
Unless thy mind thou diligently bend—
To honest studies and affairs attend,
Thou on a bed of wakefulness shalt prove
The tortures or of envy, or of love.

If in your eye a mote should cause you pain,
That trouble quickly to remove you're fain ;
But if your mind's diseased you're slow to stir,
The cure of it you for a year defer.
That's half accomplish'd which has been begun ; /

x } Dare to be wise—begin what's to be done.
 He who puts off the time for living well
 Is like the country clown of whom they tell
 That on the river's bank he patient sate,
 Until its stream should past have flow'd, to wait ;
 But on it glides, and never shall have gone
 While the long ages of old time roll on.

We keenly seek for money, and not less
 A wife who us with progeny may bless ;
 The sterile woods, the unproductive copse
 Beneath the plough must yield us ample crops ;
 He who enough has happen'd to acquire,
 With that should rest content, nor more desire.
 Not house and farm, not brass and gold in heap
 Can from their owner's body fevers keep,
 Nor from his mind drive cares ; he must have health
 If he would hope to rightly use his wealth.
 A man, when fear and lust enslave his mind,
 Will from his house and goods enjoyment find,
 Such as fine pictures can afford to him
 Who with sore eyes is plagued, and vision dim ;
 Hot flannels to the gouty, or the strain
 Of harp to him whose wax-stuff'd ear's in pain.
 Unless the vessel shall be clean, be sure
 What you pour into it becomes impure.
 Pleasures despise—when it is bought with pain
 From pleasure nought but injury you'll gain.
 The avaricious man is ne'er content :
 See that *your* wishes have a fix'd extent.

The envious man, if haply he has seen
The riches of another man, grows lean ;
Than thee, O Envy ! torture more acute
Sicilian tyrants ne'er did execute.

He who his anger knows not to restrain
Will wish undone that which or wrath or pain
Has caused, whilst he with hatred unappeased
Hastes those to punish who have him displeased.
But anger is short madness. Rule thy mind ;
If it obey not, 'twill command, thou'lt find ;
With bit and bridle curb it—with a chain
Its wild and wayward curvetings restrain.

The horse-breaker constrains the docile horse
While yet soft-neck'd to take its rider's course ;
Whilst yet a puppy in the hall the hound
At the stuff'd stag's-skin makes its bark resound ;
Soon in the woods, grown up, the pack among
It struggles in the chase, and forth gives tongue.
O boy ! while young and pure your mind, give ear,
And wisdom's lessons from your betters hear.
The jar will keep that odour long 'tis said,
With which when new 'twas first impregnated.
If you or lag behind through idleness,
Or onward too impetuously press,
I'll neither for the lazy wait, nor try
With those who on before me rush to vie.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

O JULIUS FLORUS! I would know perforce
Where on the earth pursues his warlike course
Claudius—Augustus' stepson? I would know
If Thrace and Hebrus bound by chain of snow
Detain you? or the Straits where strong the tide is
Which rolling runs 'twixt Sestos and Abydos?
Or Asia's fertile plains and smiling hills?
What work the literary corps fulfils?
That also interests me—so pray, explain
Who on himself the important task has ta'en
Noble Augustus' brilliant deeds in verse,
Worthy the glorious subject, to rehearse?
And who to distant ages is deem'd fit
Of war and peace his triumphs to transmit?

What about Titius soon about to come
Into the mouths of those who dwell at Rome?
He from the true Pindaric stream to drink
Has never fear'd, for he has dared to think

Of common lakes and rivers with disdain.
How is his health? Of me does he retain
The recollection? Does he still desire,
His muse auspicious, to the Latin lyre
The Theban measures to accommodate?
Or does he rage and swell in Tragic state?

What does my Celsus? Much admonish'd he
Has been already, and again to be
That he his own resources use, and spare
(Recourse to such assistance should be rare)
The books which by Apollo Palatine
Are guarded in his temple, and decline
To steal from them words and ideas bright,
Lest, if perchance there come of birds a flight
To claim their borrow'd feathers, the jackdaw
Shorn of filch'd colours on himself should draw
Derision universal.

Tell me pray
What novel project you yourself essay?
Around what thyme industrious do you fly?
Not small your genius. Who may that deny?
'Tis polish'd, too, 'tis highly cultivated,
With shameful roughness it can not be rated;
Whether your tongue you sharpen some great
cause
To plead, or you prepare on civil laws
To comment, or compose some lovely strain—
The ivy wreath of victory you gain.

If to relinquish you could be content
Cold-hearted longings which our cares foment,
Whither celestial wisdom leads you on
There you might go, a genuine triumph won.
Let such a task, such a desire employ
Our utmost efforts, if, without alloy,
Dear to our country we would live, and dear
To our own selves unvex'd with care or fear.

When you reply to this, pray tell your bard
If for Munatius you have that regard
Which well becomes you, or if badly sew'd
Vain your accord which nothing else can bode
Save to be torn asunder. For you both,
(Whether hot blood it be, or that you're loth
The real state of things to understand,
And fierce beneath unconquer'd pride's command)
Of you unworthy 'tis to violate
Fraternal bonds of love, and yield to hate.

Where'er you happen to reside, this learn,
A votive ox well fed waits your return.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE IV.



TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

O ALBIUS, of my Satires critic fair,
Say how—near Pedum—occupied you are?
Do you write poems which may those surpass,
Which Cassius of Parma written has?
Or do you, sauntering in silence, con,
'Midst healthful woods, that which to think upon,
May well become a man that's good and wise?
A soul-less form ne'er wert thou in men's eyes;
To thee the gods deign'd beauty to impart,
And wealth besides—*it* to enjoy the art.

What greater boons could a fond nurse desire
For her loved charge, than wisdom and the fire
Of eloquence, whereby he might express
That which he felt; and that he might possess
Influence, and fame, and health abundantly—
Good food, and purse that ne'er should empty be.

'Midst hope and care, 'midst fear and wrath believe
That every dawning day's your last to live;
Thus shall each pleasant hour arrive—for this
More pleasant that it unexpected is.

Me with my well-kept body you will see,
As sleek, and fat, and jolly as can be ;
If you'd to laughter whimsical be stirr'd,
Call me a pig of Epicurus' herd.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS.

IF on old couches thou to lie canst bear,
And sup on pot-luck served on simple ware,
Then I'll expect thee at my door to knock,
TORQUATUS, my good friend ! at six o'clock.

The vintage date of wine that you shall drink,
Is Taurus' second consulship, I think ;
The region where 'twas cask'd, as I surmise,
Betwixt Minturnæ and Petrinus lies.
If better fare you'd have, pray order it ;
If not, then to my catering submit.
Already brightly shines my hearth for thee :
My furniture is clean as thou shalt see.
Vain hopes and struggles after riches stop,
The cause of Moschus for the moment drop ;
To-morrow Cæsar's birth gives holiday,
And with it leave to sleep, and leave to play ;
With pleasant conversation till daylight,
We may uncheck'd prolong the summer's night.

Say of what use are fortune's gifts to me,
 If to enjoy those gifts I am not free?
 'The man who stints himself, austere and sad,
 His heir to favour, is next door to mad.
 But I'll begin to scatter flowers, and drink,
 Nor chafe if men should me imprudent think.

But say what influence does not wine possess?
 It makes us our most secret thoughts confess;
 It bids our hopes become reality;
 It pushes on to fight the cowardly;
 From anxious minds their burden it removes;
 Our tutor in accomplish'd arts it proves;
 Whom have not brimming cups made eloquent?
 To the pinch'd starveling bring they not content?

I'm bound and ready, not unwillingly,
 Arrangements such as these to guarantee:
 That none at sofa covers soil'd need growl,
 Nor curl their nose at table napkins foul;
 That bowl and dish be bright, and polish'd so
 That they one's image to himself may show;
 That 'mongst confiding friends there be not
 seen
 Those who'd beyond the threshold be so mean
 As to repeat what may at table pass;
 That like with like join in the social glass.

To meet you, Butra and Septicius
 I'll ask Sabinus too, unless to us

He may prefer some lover's assignation,
Or him prevent a prior invitation.
For several uninvited guests there's room,
But this I scarce need tell you, I presume,
A pack'd, close-smelling feast is not the thing ;
So write and let me know what guests you bring.
By the back door business engagements leave,
And clients waiting in the hall deceive.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

! AT nought to wonder's almost the one thing
Which can, NUMICIUS! lasting blessings bring.
Yon sun—those stars—those seasons which depart
At their fix'd times, some men of fearless heart
Can view unmoved. Say then, I pray! what you
Think of earth's bounteous gifts? How do you view
The mighty ocean's deep-sunk treasures which
Arabs remote and Indians enrich?
What think you of the public games and shows?
What of the applause and gifts which Rome bestows?
Say how to rate such things you'd think it right,
And what the feelings which they should excite?

Who fears of such things the reverse admires
Them almost like to him who them desires;
In either case there's troublous fear when'er
Sudden events to frighten them appear.
Whether one joys or grieves, desires or fears,
What matters it—if him—when ought appears

Than his hope worse or better—stunn'd we find—
(His eyes downcast)—in body and in mind.
Call the just man unjust, the wise insane,
If after virtue's self too much they strain.
Of silver-plate and bronzes praise express—
Go fancy marbles old—arts—gems—and dress
Of Tyrian purple—jewels rare ; rejoice
If thousands, when you speak, hang on your voice ;
The Forum actively at morn attend,
Nor thence your way till evening homeward wend,
Lest from his dowered fields more corn than thou
Mutus should reap—for 'twere a shame you vow
That you receive—since he's of lower line—
More wonder at his hands than he at thine.

What underneath the ground now lies conceal'd
Will in due time be to the light reveal'd ;
What now is on the surface shining spied,
Deep buried under ground the earth will hide.
Though in Agrippa's Porch well-known you've been,
And on the Appian Way are often seen,
Yet it remains that you must thither go
Where Numa and where Ancus now lie low.

If in your side, or kidneys, sharp disease
You haply suffer—seek from it release.
If you—as who does not?—wish well to live—
If virtue only can this blessing give—
Then struggle after it with all your might,
And sacrifice to it each vain delight.

Virtue as only words, perhaps, you rate,
 As you a grove mere trees would designate ;
 Beware lest one before you occupy
 The port at which for merchandise you ply,
 Lest business fall at Cibyra away,
 And at Bithyna also, from that day ;
 A thousand talents you must needs complete—
 To this to add a second will be meet—
 Farther to add a third you should take care,
 Or, say a fourth, to make your fortune square.
 Queen Money can a dowried wife bestow—
 Credit and friends—beauty and rank also ;
 Love and Persuasion too can decorate
 The monied man who owns a large estate.

The Cappadocian king resemble not,
 Who—though in slaves he's rich—no cash has got.
 When to Lucullus they the question put
 If to the theatre he'd contribute
 A hundred purple military cloaks :
 " How can I give so many, my good folks ?"
 Said he, " Yet this I'll do ; I will inquire,
 And what I have I'll lend to your desire."
 Then shortly after this he wrote, and said :
 " That in his house five thousand cloaks he had,
 And that he'd readily them welcome make,
 Just as they pleased, the whole or part to take."
 'Tis a bare house where nought superfluous lies
 Though from the owner hid—to thieves a prize.
 Of money, therefore, if to be possess'd

Alone can serve to make and keep one blest,
Then your first toil should be to compass it,
And certainly the last you should omit.

If influence and splendour be the state
That tends to constitute one fortunate—
Then let us buy a slave who'll tell the name
Of passing citizens whose votes we claim—
Who, jogging our left side, will us compel
To stretch our right hand o'er each obstacle—
“This man amongst the Fabian tribe,” he'll say—
“That one amongst the Veline tribe has sway—
That man the fasces can at will confer,
And snatch away the ivory curule chair ;
Each one, according as his age may be,
Address as Father—Brother—courteously.”

If sumptuous feeding means to live aright,
Let us, at dawn, go where leads appetite ;
And fish and hunt as once Gargilius did,
Who in the morning early used to bid
Across the Forum, when 'twas crowded most,
To march conspicuous of slaves a host,
Loaded with nets, and other hunting gear,
So that at eve, when they should reappear,
One of his many mules—while people stare—
A boar—not hunted—only bought—should bear.

Forgetting what for health is bad and good,
Let's bathe blown out with undigested food—

Worthy we're then indeed—for such our shame—
To bear the *Caerites'* degraded name ;
And like *Ulysses'* vicious crew, we've err'd,
Who to their country wicked lusts preferr'd.
If, as *Mimnermus* thinks, life lacks its zest
Of love and jests deprived—go love and jest.

Farewell: if precepts better you should know,
On me them candidly—I pray—bestow ;
But if with my instructions you agree,
At once adopt and practise them with me.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE VII.

—◆—
TO MÆCENAS.

I PROMISED when I to the country hie'd
That there but for five days I would reside ;
But yet I made to you a promise vain,
For here the whole of August I remain ;
But if, MÆCENAS, you'd desire to find
Me sound alike in body and in mind,
The same indulgence surely grant you will
To one who illness dreads as to one ill ;
Whilst early figs and heat bring grist again
To undertakers with their black-clad men ;
Whilst pale with terror about children dear,
Fathers and tender mothers now appear ;
On those who sedulous, but indiscreet,
Forensic work petty and great ne'er quit,
Consuming fevers now are prone to steal
With fatal consequence—and wills unseal.
But when the winter solstice with its snow,
O'er the Albanian fields its cloak shall throw ;
Then on the coast your bard will seek repose,
And read while crouching by the fireside close ;

Dear friend, he'll you revisit, if you please,
With the first swallow and the zephyr's breeze.

Me you've enrich'd, but not in the same way
As that Calabrian host, who, as they say,
His pears thus urged on a reluctant guest :

Host.—"Do eat." *Guest.*—"Thanks, I've enough."

Yet still he press'd.

H.—"Then carry off as many as you choose."

G.—"Sir, you're too kind." *H.*—"Nay, prithee
don't refuse ;

The gift will pleasure to your boys impart."

G.—"I'm as obliged as if I should depart
Loaded with pears." *H.*—"Well, well, e'en as you may,
You leave them for my pigs to eat to-day."

Thus lavishly—and like a fool—perceive
That what he hates and scorns he'll freely give ;
Yet true it is, such crops will aye create,
As oft before, recipients ingrate.

The good and wise man's ready, as he says,
His boons to give to each deserving case ;
But for all that the difference well he weens
Betwixt what's money and what's only beans.
Be it then mine to show that I can be
Worthy my patron's generosity.
But if my absence you will ne'er allow,
Restore my strength robust, my narrow brow
Shaded by graceful curls of dark brown hair ;
Restore my utterance sweet—my jocund air—

And let me 'midst my cups my grief proclaim,
For loss of Cynara, that wanton dame.

Once on a time, a lean fox-cub did slink,
As chance would have it, through a narrow chink,
Into a chest of corn ; there having ate
His belly-full—out by the passage strait,
Himself, now plump, to squeeze in vain he tried.
To him a weasel from a distance cried :
“ If you'd escape from thence, you must pass thin
That chink through which you slender enter'd in.”
If with such image I should taunted be,
Let me thy favours all resign—be free.
With capons sated I do not pretend,
Peaceful plebeian slumber to commend ;
Nor would I ever willingly exchange
For wealth of Arabs leave at will to range.

Oft hast thou praised me for my modesty ;
Oft in thy presence I've applied to thee
The titles King and Father, and not less
When absent am I wont thy praise to express ;
Only make trial of me, then thou'lt see
I can restore thy bounties cheerfully.

Not bad the answer of Telemachus,
Patient Ulysses' son : “ Horses to us, }
For that our island's rough and mountainous,
Are presents which in Ithaca we'd shun ;
For wide extending grassy plains we've none—

Our pasture's poor. Us, Atreus' son, permit
To leave to you those gifts for you more fit."

Small things a small man like myself become,
For me not now the place Imperial Rome ;
Peaceful Tarentum better pleases me,
To Tibur's quiet leisure I would flee.

Philippus (who in managing a plea,
Was active, bold, distinguished as could be,
Whilst home returning from the court one day,
Just about two o'clock he took his way—
Fretting, for he was growing old, because
From Keel Street, where he lived, the Forum was
At too great distance),—chanced, 'tis said, to see
A certain close-shaved fellow leisurely
His own nails paring in a barber's shed,
Which empty stood. "Demetrius," he said—
(This was his page, who with adroitness did
Whate'er his lord Philippus might him bid)—
"Go ask and bring back word with expedition,
Who is this fellow? what is his condition?
Whence comes he? who his sire? and where he dwells?
His patron who?" He goes, returns, thus tells :
"His name's Vulteius Mena ; he's a crier,
Of slender means—good character ; for hire
He'll on occasion, 'tis well known, be fain
To work, and cease from work by turns ; to gain,
And spend by turns his means, and joyful be
With a fixed home and humble company ;

The Games and Campus Martius him delight,
 When the day's business he has finish'd quite."
 "I'd like to ascertain all that you say
 From his own lips. Ask him to sup to-day."
 Mena in silence wondering appears—
 The truth to tell, he cannot trust his ears.
 At last, in short (of many words what use?)
 With thanks he begs the summons to refuse.
 "Does he refuse me then?" "Yes, churlishly;
 He holds thee cheap, or is afraid of thee."

Next morning Philip unexpectedly
 Stumbles on Mena, as some trumpery
 To poor folks meanly clad he sold, and there
 Is first him to salute with courteous air.
 Then Mena pleaded many a business tie
 And occupation great, as reasons why
 To call on him that morning he'd not been,
 And also why he had not first him seen.
 "On one condition you shall pardon'd be,
 That you consent this day to sup with me."
 "Your summons as a favour willingly
 I now accept." "Therefore you'll come at three;
 Now go your ways, and actively intent
 On business, strive your fortune to augment."

He said at supper some good things by token,
 But also things he'd better not have spoken—
 At length to bed he's sent. After that he
 Had been observed returning frequently,

Like as to hook conceal'd a fish is drawn,
A constant guest—a client, too, at dawn,
He's bid with Philip to his seat near town
Upon the Latin holidays go down.
Mounted on pony-back, to praise he's fain
The Sabine air and farm in endless strain.
Philippus sees and laughs—while everywhere
He seeks diversion, also rest from care,
He gives him sixty pounds, his own to spend,
And promises him sixty more to lend ;
Persuades him that a farm to buy he ought—
No sooner said than done, the farm is bought.

But lest details too long should prove a bore,
Let me just say Vulteius soon forswore
His polish'd state—turned rustic—elms he planted ;
Of vineyards and of furrows only vaunted.
By such pursuits engross'd, he fags himself
Almost to death—grows old with love of pelf.
But when his sheep by thieves are stolen away ;
And when his she-goats sicken and decay ;
When utter failures prove his crops of grain ;
When 'neath the plough his ox cannot sustain
The heavy toil, but dies,—then at midnight,
Disgusted with his losses, he takes flight ;
His horse he saddles quick—with anger swelling
He gallops madly to Philippus' dwelling.
Him rough, unshaven, when Philippus spied—
“ Vulteius ! ” he exclaim'd, “ you must have tried
To work your farm, for so it seems to me,

With too much labour and anxiety.”
“ By heavens ! my patron,” he replied, “ if you
Should call me wretched, you would name me true.
Wherefore, I do beseech you, and implore
That you'd to me my former life restore ;
O ! by your Genius, by your good right hand,
And by your household gods, grant my demand.”

He who has once been taught how better far
Than things he sought those he relinquish'd are,
Let him in time reclaim his former state ;
By one's own standard each himself should rate.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE IX.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

O CLAUDIUS ! that Septimius only knows
How much you value me, one must suppose ;
For when he begs, entreats, with prayerful phrase,
That him to you I'd introduce, and praise,
As one whom Nero as a friend might deem
And intimate, (for he, to his esteem,
Admits the honest only and the good,)
And, when he judges that with you I stood
In closest friendship—what my influence is
He knows far better than myself and sees.
Much have I said, indeed, myself to excuse
From such a task, but fear'd should I refuse,
It might be thought that with you influence less
I feign'd to have than I in fact possess,
Dissembling my own power with this intent,
That my own interests I might thus augment.
Reproach thus fleeing of the greater sin,
Into the ring descend I there to win
Of town-bred impudence the easy crown.
But if you laud my modesty laid down
For a friend's sake—him in your suite receive,
And that he's one both good and brave believe.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE X.

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

I, WHO the country love, thee Fuscus ! greet. ✓
To whom a city life appears more meet ;
In this one only point dissimilar,
In other points almost like twins we are ;
In our fraternal minds what one denies,
The other to deny is sure likewise ;
And when upon assertion we are bent,
Like old and constant doves we nod assent.

Thou Fuscus keep'st the nest ; I like to rove.
And of the pleasant country-side each grove,
Each streamlet, and each moss-grown rock I praise.
In short, I live a king when I the place
And things have left behind which in thine eyes •
Deserve to be extoll'd e'en to the skies ;
I'm like the slave who flies with skulking feet,
Refusing from the priest his wafers sweet ;
Better than honied cakes plain bread me give.
If it be right by Nature's laws to live,
And, if a site we'd seek whereon to raise
A mansion fit, know'st thou a better place
Than the blest country ? Prithee tell me where

The winters milder are, and softer air
 Tempers the Dog-Star's rage, and Leo's heat,
 When the sun's rays with furious ardour beat?
 Tell me besides, than in the country, where
 Our sleep is less disturbed by envious care?
 Less lovely is the grass, smells it less sweet,
 Than Lybian marble pavement 'neath your feet?
 That 'tis not purer water which is prone
 In town to burst lead pipes you'll surely own,
 Than that which headlong in its swift career
 Runs murmuring down its channel rippling clear.
 'Midst variegated columns, well I know,
 'Tis possible to cause a grove to grow;
 Also to have and praise a house which yields
 In town a prospect over distant fields;
 Still though by violence you nature spurn,
 In spite of all your efforts she'll return,
 And all absurd disgusts insensibly
 She will break through, and still victorious be.

Not he, who can't distinguish by the eye
 A fleece dipp'd in Aquinum's sorry die
 From that to which the Tyrian purple gives
 Its genuine colour, greater loss receives
 Or surer damage than befalls the man,
 Who knows not truth from falsehood how to scan.

He, whom prosperity too much elates,
 Is shattered and sinks down 'neath adverse fates.
 Things which with admiration you regard,

From such, in truth, to part you'd think it hard.
 Fly grandeur—in a hut you may attain
 Joys sought by kings and friends of kings in vain.

The stag was wont the horse in fight to rout,
 And from their common meads to drive him out.
 At length, in the long contest foil'd and grieved,
 The horse implored man's help, the bit received ;
 But after that in fight victoriously
 He got release from his fell enemy,
 He to his cost found he could not get quit
 From back of rider, or from mouth of bit.
 So he, who dreading poverty aye pines,
 Freedom—than metals better far—resigns ;
 He on his shoulders carries shamefully
 A master, and his slave will always be,
 For circumstances small he did not choose—
 As he was bound—contentedly to use.

When fortune fits you not, 'tis like a shoe,
 Too large it trips, too small it pinches you.
 You'll live, Aristius, wisely, if content
 With your own lot ; nor, if you see me bent
 On hoarding up more than sufficient is,
 Will you without rebuke your friend dismiss ;
 For hoarded gold is lord or slave indeed,
 To follow is its place, and not to lead.

Behind Vacuna's mouldering fane I write,
 Save that you are not with me joyful quite.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XI.

—◆—
TO BULLATIUS.

WHAT thinkest thou, Bullatius ! prithee tell,
Of Sardes town, where Cræsus once did dwell ?
Of Chios island, and of Lesbos famous,
Of Smyrna, Colophon, and pretty Samos ?
Do they come short of, or do they indeed
What common fame reports of them exceed ?
With our own Campus, and old Tiber's stream
Compared would one contemptible them deem ?
Would one of the Attalic towns a real
Example furnish of thy *beau ideal* ?
Wearied of journeying by land and sea,
Dost thou praise Lebedos ? There wouldst thou
be ?
Thou knowest Lebedos, as 'tis asserted,
Than Gabii and Fidenæ more deserted ;
Yet there to live I would it were my lot,
My friends forgetting—by my friends forgot ;
There from the land I'd view the distant sea
With its wild waves curling impetuously.

Not he who goes from Capua to Rome,
 Drench'd and with mud bespatter'd, as his home
 For aye would choose an inn ; nor he, a cold
 Who may have caught, this maxim would uphold,
 That bakehouses and baths he aye should praise
 As fully yielding healthy happy days ;
 Nor if a raging south-wind may have toss'd
 Thee on the deep, therefore upon the coast
 Beyond the Aegean Sea wouldst thou decide
 To sell thy ship, and ever there reside.
 Both Rhodes, to one in mind who's sound and
 clear,
 And lovely Mitylene would appear
 As a thick cloak in summer suitable,
 Or thin short drawers 'midst snowy tempest's chill,
 Or bath in Tiber in the winter drear,
 Or fire in August when the Dog-Star's near.

At Rome, when at a distance, you may praise
 (While favouring fortune shows a smiling face,
 And still you may), Rhodes, Samos, Chios too.
 Whatever hour the gods have bless'd for you,)
 With grateful hand receive it ; you would err |
 If for a year such pleasures you defer, |
 So that wherever you may chance to be
 There you may say that you've lived cheerfully.
 If reason and if prudence banish care,
 Not a mere place whence you may constant stare
 On rolling ocean's wide-spread waves, you'll find
 That those who cross the sea change not their mind

But climate only. We are exercised
By active idleness—plans are devised,
In ships and chariots, both by land and sea,
For seeking where one may live happily.
But what you seek is here, at Ulubrae—
If you don't fail in equanimity.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

If you enjoy, O Iccius ! properly
The profits of those rents in Sicily
Which for Agrippa you collect, I trow,
No greater boon could Jove himself bestow.

Away with grumbling ; certes he's not poor
Who what will meet his wants to have is sure.
If you've no stomach-ache, nor pleurisy,
And if your feet from gouty pains be free,
Can regal riches happier you make ?
If 'midst abundance of good cheer you take
Your sparing meal of herbs and nettles mix'd,
Such mode of life will grow a habit fix'd,
Although to gild your life there sent should be
A stream of fortune unexpectedly ;
Either your nature wealth can't change, or less
Than virtue only you all things confess.

That o'er Democritus' corn-fields should range
Stray flocks, and eat his crops, why think it strange.

While from his body his mind's far away,
 And apt at speed through fields of thought to stray?
 When 'midst the infection and the itch of gain
You trifles shun, and in a loftier strain
 On themes sublime like these still meditate :
 The laws that ocean's limits regulate ;
 What the year's seasons tempers ; if it be
 That of their own accord, or by decree,
 Stars move, and planets—why the moon should wane,
 And what restores it to the full again ;
 Whence the discordant harmony of things,
 What it may mean, and what the power it brings ;
 And of the two, whether Empedocles
 Or the acute Stertinius madder is ?

But whether you on leeks and onions fast,
 Or make *on* fishes a more rich repast,
 Pompeius Grosphus kindly treat ; if he
 Should ask a favour grant it readily ;
 What's just and right alone he'll seek ; if ought
 Good men require, then friends are cheaply bought.

But let me now, lest you should ignorant be,
 Some Roman news impart : The Cantabri
 Agrippa has subdued ; another hero
 Armenia's conquest makes of Claudius Nero ;
 The Parthian king Phraates suppliantly
 Owns Cæsar's power and laws on bended knee ;
 On Italy, in fine, from a full horn
 By golden Plenty has been pour'd forth corn.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINIUS ASELLA.

OFt and at length, my Vinius ! e'er you went,
I told you my seal'd volumes to present
To Cæsar, only if in health and bland,
And if, in short, for them he made demand ;
Lest in your zeal for me you might transgress,
And hurt my book through your officiousness.

But if, perchance, my parchments' heavy weight
Should gall your shoulders, throw them from you
straight,
Rather than rudely pitch your panniers there,
Whither to carry them you order'd were ;
And so—a bye-word made—it come to pass
They'll jest at your paternal name of Ass.

O'er rivers, swamps, and hills, put forth your
strength,
And when, all obstacles o'ercome at length,
Your destination you have reach'd, take care
That you your burden in such fashion bear,

That of my books the bundle you don't hold
As does a boor a lamb, or Pyrrhia bold
A stolen bale of wool when drunk with wine,
Or cap and shoes a tribesman ask'd to dine.

Don't brag to all and sundry, I'd advise,
In bearing poems meet for Cæsar's eyes,
What sweating labour you have undergone ;
Though much entreated steadily push on.
So then, farewell, of stumbling pray beware
Lest you destroy what's given to your care.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS STEWARD.

O STEWARD of my woods, and small estate
Which to myself restores me, which you hate,—
Though on it dwellings five for long have stood,
And sent to Varia's town five Fathers good—
Let us contend, and find out which is true,
Whether I from my mind its thorns, or you
Weeds from my ground, more stoutly draw—and this :
If Horace, or his farm the better is ?

Concern and deep affection me detain
At Rome for Lamia's sake, who mourns in vain
And inconsolably his brother's doom—
His brother hurried early to the tomb ;
Yet thither, where you are, in heart I tend,
And strain opposing barriers to rend.

I call you blest who in the country live—
Me a town-dweller happy you believe.
The man who pleasant deems another's fate,
Of him 'tis certain he his own must hate ;

And both of us are foolish when we choose
A place, that blame deserves not, to abuse.
The fault is in our minds, which ne'er escape
From trouble and vexation in some shape.
You, when a drudging lad in town you were,
The country long'd for in your secret prayer ;
Now, that you're my land-steward, all your praise
Is for the town reserved—it's baths, it's plays.
I'm—as you know, consistent—much cast down
When hateful business drags me off to town.
Between us two a difference wide there lies—
The same things, it is clear, we do not prize ;
Places which desert savage wilds you call
To him who thinks with me are pleasant all ;
While places which as beautiful you rate,
He who agrees with me regards with hate.
For you the town's attractions are, I know,
The greasy cook's-shop, and the bagnio—
Sooner than grapes, my little nook, you swear,
Will frankincense and pepper serve to bear.
Then there's no tavern near to give you wine,
Nor harlot minstrel to whose music fine
You may with heavy foot most loutishly
Dance awkward rustic hornpipes on the lea.
Yet hard, forsooth, you toil at fields which plough
For years ne'er touch'd ; with leaves stripp'd from the
bough
You feed the ox loosed from the yoke—with care
To him you must attend, nor efforts spare ;
When, labour o'er, some leisure you would taste,

Should rain produce high floods, then you must haste
To dam the stream with mounds of great extent,
And to the open meadow harm prevent.

Come hear what 'tis that mars the harmony
Which should subsist, methinks, 'twixt you and me.
I whom fine clothes delighted and smooth hair ;
I who rapacious Cynara the fair
Once pleased without a fee ; I who so gay
Drank bumpers of Falernian at mid-day—
Short commons now am well content to keep,
And on the river's grassy bank to sleep.
I'm not ashamed that once I sported so,
I'd blush if I such sport could not forego.
There at my farm with envy none abate
My joys, nor poison them with secret hate,
Though neighbours haply may amusèd be
Me with toil moving clods and stones to see.

If you your wishes had, you'd rush to share
My town-slaves' lot, and gnaw their slender fare ;
The sharp town-slave envies your *quantum suff.*
Of milk, of firewood, and of garden-stuff.

The ox the horse's trappings fain would wear—
The lazy horse the plough-yoke seeks to bear—
That each the art should practise cheerfully
Which he best knows—that shall my judgment be.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XV.

TO NUMONIUS VALA.

WILL you, O VALA ! kindly write to me—
To your advice I may trust thoroughly—
What Velia's winters are, I wish to know—
Salernum's climate, too—what road to go ?
And when you write me be so good as tell
What kind of people in those regions dwell.

Antonius Musa, my physician, says
That Baiae's hot-springs will not suit my case ;
And Baiae hates me now because I go
To use cold-bathing e'en 'mid winter's snow—
Groans for I leave her myrtle groves despis'd,
And sulphur baths 'gainst rheumatism prized—
Is ready daring invalids to twit
Who head and stomach venture to submit
To Clusium's gelid waters, or repair
To Gabii and the frigid regions there.

My place of residence must now perforce
Be changed,—and now I needs must urge my horse

Past each remember'd, well-accustom'd inn—
“Where are you bound? Hallo! what do you mean?
My journey's not to Cumae or Baiae,”
With testiness his rider then will say
By drawing the left rein, for a horse hears
By means of bitted mouth which serves for ears.

Tell me also which of those regions twain
Its people feeds with the best crops of grain?
Good water do perennial springs supply?
Or on collected rain do they rely?
Important 'tis this question to decide,
For of that coast the wines I can't abide.
When at my country-seat I don't much heed
What kind of wine I drink; but there is need,
When I repair for change to the sea-side,
Wine mild, as well as generous, to provide—
Which may dispel my cares, and which may pour
Into my veins and mind of hope rich store,
Which may me render talkative, and tend
To my Lucanian mistress to commend
Me with my youthful powers restored;—and say
Which of these regions twain can best purvey
Or hares, or boars; as also in which sea
Of fish and of sea-urchins there may be
Conceal'd the greatest numbers? so that home
Thence fat as a Phæacian I may come.

Maenius, his patrimony bravely spent,
Having no place of feeding permanent,

Set up as wit—a wandering parasite—
Who, when undined, was ever prone to fight
With friend or foe, and without mercy he
'Gainst whom he chose invented calumny—
The market's pest, gulph, tempest, and what not ?
He to his stomach keen gave all he got ;
But when from those, who his scurrility
Or fear'd or look'd upon with favour, he
Little or nothing had abstracted, then
To sup on tripe in platefuls he was fain,
And on such lamb as he could cheaply buy
Enough three hungry bears to satisfy,
That he might say with rigid Bestius :
“ Brand on the paunch all spendthrifts gluttonous.”
When this same fellow gain'd some greater prey
And smoke and ashes made of it, he'd say :
“ By Hercules ! my wonder is not great
That men are found who eat through their estate ;
For what than a fat thrush can better be—
What than a big sow's paunch more fair to see ? ”

That I'm in truth like Maenius, I contend,
For when I've nothing better I commend
A diet that is safe, but also spare,
And boast myself content with humble fare ;
When, on the other hand, it is my fate
To meet with fare more rich and delicate,
Then I declare you're wise—live only well
Who in superb and costly villas dwell.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XVI.

—●—
TO QUINCTIUS.

IN case, dear QUINCTIUS! you the question put,
Whether my farm supplies its lord with fruit?
With olive-berries makes him rich? or grain?
Or grassy meads? or vine-trees which we train
Around the elms? a letter I'll indite,
And in detail describe its form and site.

My farm a range of hills continuous screens,
Save where a shady valley intervenes;
The sun at morn its right side looks upon,
Its left in mist receives the evening sun.
You'd like the clime. My hedges could you see,
Which sloes and cornels red bear bounteously;
My oaks and ilexes which food afford
In plenty to my swine—shade to their lord—
You'd say infallibly that nearer home
Tarentum's charming leafy woods had come.
Then there's a spring which on the stream
bestows
Fitly its name—than which nor purer flows,

Nor colder Hebrus as its winding way
 It takes through Thrace ; that spring has power, }
 they say,
 Headache and pain of stomach to allay.
 'Tis these sweet shades—so charming, credit me,
 Which in September keep me safe for thee.

Rightly you live, if you indeed take care
 To be the man the world affirms you are.
 At Rome we all have boasted now for years
 That you're supremely happy—yet one fears
 Lest your own judgment of yourself less true
 You deem than that which others form of you ;
 And lest you any one should haply prize
 As happy, save the man that's good and wise ;
 Lest—if as hale in body, sound in mind,
 The people call you—them you think to blind }
 While at the supper-table you're reclined,
 And there your secret febrile state dissemble,
 Until your greasy hands begin to tremble.
 By the false shame of fools oft are conceal'd
 Those festering ulcers which are still unheal'd.

If to your open ears thus soothingly
 One speaks about your wars by land or sea :
 “ May Jove who guards both you and Rome now
 deign
 To keep, it doubtful if you entertain
 More hearty wishes for the people's weal,
 Than for your happiness the people feel—”

You must be conscious when a man thus says,
That what he points at is Augustus' praise.

They call you wise and perfect—can you claim,
That you deserve in truth to bear the name?
You answer, "I am glad, and so would you,
When I am reckon'd good and prudent too."
But may not those, who praised you thus to-day,
At will to-morrow take that praise away?
As if the fasces to me worthless wight
The people give, and then assert the right
To take from me the same—"Drop them," they
say,
"They're ours." I lay them down—slink sad
away.

Should the same people brand me as a thief,
Call me unchaste, express their strong belief
That I had hang'd my sire,—at calumny
Like this shall I turn pale, remorseful be?
For whom do honours falsely borne delight?
And whom do lying calumnies affright?
The man whose life's deceitful and impure,
The man whose conduct stands in need of cure.

Who then is good?—He who the law respects—
State Acts obeys—and civil rights protects—
Who weighty suits decides with promptitude—
As witness and as bail, whose credit's good—
Yet base at heart, although with outside fair,
His household and his neighbours him declare.

"I've neither been a thief—nor runaway—"
 If boastfully one of my slaves should say,
 I answer him : "Have you not your reward?
 For with the lash your back has not been scarr'd."
 "No man I've murder'd." "Well, then, what
 suppose,
 Hung on a cross you will not feed the crows!"
 "I'm good and true." His Sabine master, I,
That strongly in such style as this deny :
 "The wary wolf the hidden pit-fall fears,
 The hawk dreads traps unseen, the kite-fish
 steers
 Clear of the cover'd hook despite the bait—
 Vice through the love of justice good men hate.
 'Tis through the dread of punishment perforce
 That you do not pursue a guilty course—
 Were but the hope of secrecy not vain,
 You'd rob alike things sacred and profane ;
 Steal from a thousand bushels but one bean,
 Though slight my loss, not therefore less your sin."

The sham good man, who, when he pleads a
 cause,
 Or walks the Forum, public notice draws,
 When he'd appease the gods with sacrifice,
 "O Father Janus!—Phœbus!" loudly cries ;
 But in a whisper which no ear may reach,
 He mutters : "Fair Laverna teach me,—teach
 How to deceive mankind, and yet be thought
 One that is just and holy, without spot ;

Over my sins throw darkness like the night,
Over my frauds a cloud to hide them quite."

How than a slave is better or more free—
The avaricious man, I cannot see,
Who stoops to pick a penny off the street ;
For he who thirsts for gold with fear 's replete.
Who lives in fear, methinks, can ne'er be free—
His weapons he has lost, he's fain to flee
From virtue's post who hurries after pelf,
And in the struggle is o'erwhelm'd himself.

If you can sell a slave destroy him not,
He'll serve you usefully,—let him hard wrought
As shepherd feed your flocks, and plough your
land ;
Or sail 'cross stormy seas to foreign strand,
And serve to cheapen grain, and homeward
bear
Bread-stuffs, salt-fish, in short all kinds of fare.

The man who's good and wise will dare reply,
As Bacchus to the Theban king : " O ! why
Pentheus ! compel me thus unworthily,
To suffer and endure indignity ?"
" I'll take your goods." " You mean, I understand,
My cattle, money, furniture and land ;
Nay take them if you please." " Both hand and
foot
Compass'd with fetters, you in hold I'll put

Under a cruel guardian." "God from these,
Soon as I pray to Him will me release."
What this man means, methinks, is this: "I'll die,
Death is of life the utmost boundary."

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XVII.



TO SCÆVA.

THOUGH to yourself right counsel you can give,
And know at length how with the great to live,
Yet SCÆVA ! learn what your fond friend shall say—
As if the blind the blind could show his way—
For I need teaching still,—and let me state
What to yourself you may appropriate.

If you delight in sleep and grateful rest
Till after sunrise, and if you detest
The dust and noise of wheels ; if taverns low
Offend your taste, to Ferentinum go.
Not of the rich alone it is the lot
Joys to possess—joys which by all are sought ;
Nor that he lived amiss can we decide
Who, born obscurely, as obscurely died.
If friends to benefit your wish it be,
And your own self to treat indulgently,
Then poor and dinnerless you may repair
To one who's rich and lives on sumptuous fare.

DIOGENES — “ Could he on pot-herbs live contentedly,
 Kings’ courtier Aristippus need not be.”
 ARISTIPPUS — “ These pot-herbs he’d disdain who
 twits me so
 Did he how great men he should treat but know.”

Now of the words and actions of these twain
 Teach me which as the best you would maintain ;
 Or—as my junior—list while I aver
 Why Aristippus’ notions I prefer ;
 For with smart cleverness, as they describe,
 He parried thus the biting Cynic’s jibe :
 “ I play the parasite to suit my aim—
 To please the populace you do the same.
 A better far and nobler duty’s mine
 To ride on horseback—with the great to dine ;
 You, meaner than the donors, beg things vile,
 And boast that no man’s aid you need the
 while.”

But all states Aristippus well became,
 Whate’er the hue of fortune ’twas the same ;
 Though greater things to compass he was bent,
 With present things he mostly was content.

I’d marvel, on the other hand, if he,
 Whom for endurance sake enwrapp’d we see
 In a coarse double plaid, to a new state
 Of life himself could e’er accommodate.

The one for robes of purple ne'er will stay,
But cloth'd in any garb through streets he'd stray
E'en the most crowded, and whate'er his dress,
Play each part well and without awkwardness ;
The other, worse than a mad dog or snake,
Will shun a cloak of fine Miletus' make ;
Deprive him of his plaid, of cold he'll die—
Give it him back, let him live foolishly.

The noble deeds of warfare to have sped,
And shown the cits their foes as captives led,
Is to the throne of Jove to have attain'd,
And for celestial honours to have strain'd.
'Tis no mean praise that one has pleas'd the great—
Corinth to reach is not of all the fate.
He settles down of failure who's afraid—
So let it be. Has he not pluck display'd
Who made the venture, and has enter'd there ?
But here is what we seek, or else nowheré.
This man the burden dreads as far too great
For his small mental and corporeal state ;
That man the load takes up and carries through.
Or virtue's but an empty name is true,
Or rightly can he wealth and honours claim
Who makes their acquisition his great aim.

Those, of their poverty who silence keep
Before their patron, more advantage reap
Than those who beg for more—there's difference great
'Twixt modest suppliants and the importunate.

Yet here of the whole thing's the spring and head—
The man who to his patron thus has said :
“ Undower'd my sister, poor my mother's state,
My farm's nor saleable nor adequate
To yield a living ”—means by this to say :
“ Please to bestow upon me food, I pray.”
Another then chimes in : “ Thy gift divide
So as for me due portion to provide.”
Could it but eat in silence, then the crow
More food would have, less strife and envy know.

If he, whom to take with you you think meet
Unto Brundisium or Sorrentum sweet,
Should peevishly of the rough roads complain,
And of the bitter cold, and pelting rain,
Or his trunk broken open should deplore,
And thence abstracted all his travelling store—
He with the harlot's well-known dodges vies,
Who 'bout lost necklaces and anklets cries
So oft, that she at last gains no belief
When real are her losses, true her grief.

The man, who has been cheated once, is shy
(When on the street a vagabond may lie
With broken leg, and shedding copious tears)
Of raising him, though suffering he appears,
And swearing by Osiris, “ Trust me,” says
“ I jest not, cruel sirs—a cripple raise.”
The neighbourhood cry out till they are hoarse :
“ We're wide awake, to strangers have recourse.”

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XVIII.

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TO LOLLIUS.

IF, most out-spoken LOLLIUS ! I know thee—
Who hast profess'd thyself my friend to be,
Thou'lt shun to play the part of parasite ;
For as in mind and manners differs quite
The matron from the whore, on this depend,
A lying flatterer differs from a friend.

There is a vice opposed to flattery,
Though different, it may almost greater be :
A clownish rudeness—rough—unmannerly,
Which, with shorn skin and filthy teeth, we see
Itself commend, while it declares it ought
Mere frankness and true virtue to be thought.

Between these vices twain, it is the case
That virtue occupies a middle place,
But equally remote from both : the one
To base obsequious fawning's all too prone—
A joker of the lowest couch—his law
The rich man's nod—of it he stands in awe,

Repeats his words—re-echoes his *bons-mots*,
 That him a boy you fairly might suppose,
 Who to a master harsh his lesson says,
 Or a poor mime in second parts who plays.
 The other often wrangles, like a fool,
 'Bout things as little real as goat's wool ;
 And arm'd with trifles would as champion fight :
 " Why should not I, forsooth, command of right
 The highest trust ? why not bark sharply out
 That which me truly pleases ? without doubt
 Another life were dearly then obtain'd,
 Were it at such a ransom to be gain'd."
 What do they fight about—these keen debaters ?
 If Dolichos or Castor gladiators
 Be the most skilful reckon'd—by which way,
 The Appian or Minucian one best may
 Brundisium reach.

The man whom of his goods
 Or ruinous lust or reckless play denudes—
 He who from love of show is richly dress'd,
 And feasts beyond his means—he who's possess'd
 By thirst and hungry craving after self—
 He who disquiets and annoys himself
 Through shame and dread of pinching poverty ;—
 By a rich friend they'll shunn'd and hated be
 Who oft than them ten times more vicious is ;
 Or if he hates them not, be sure of this,
 To his strict rules obedience he'll require ;
 And like a pious mother he'll desire

That they, his children, should himself excel
In knowledge, wisdom, and in living well.
Truly enough, he says "Don't with *me* vie,
My wealth allows that folly I may ply ;
You're very poor—a prudent hanger-on
A scanty toga properly may don.
Cease then, let me repeat, with me to vie."
Eutrapelus, when any one he'd try
To injure, used to give him costly dress ;
"For with fine clothes delighted—he, I guess,
New hopes will cherish and new counsels take ;
He'll sleep till noon, and for a harlot's sake
His duties he'll neglect ; he'll money spend,
Borrow'd at interest high, till in the end,
Abased as gladiator he must strive,
Or market-gardener's horse for wages drive."

Into your patron's secrets never pry,
And what's confided to you let that lie
Close hid within your breast ; whether by wine
Or anger urged to blab it—still decline.
Beware lest you your own pursuits should praise,
And carping sneers at those of others raise.
Whene'er your patron would the chase pursue,
To bore him then with verse would never do.
Thus did a hapless breach of love begin
Twixt Zethus and Amphion brothers twin,
Fill mute became Amphion's lyre because
By Zethus rude its music hated was.
As thus 'tis thought that to his brother's mood

Amphion yielded—so it should seem good
 That to your powerful patron's mild request
 You too should yield ;—when out, at his behest,
 Into the fields his pack of hounds is led,
 And a grand train of beasts of burden sped,
 Bearing Aetolian nets, rise and decide
 The surly Muse's peevishness aside
 To put—that with your patron sup you may
 On savoury food with labour gain'd that day.

To Roman men a wonted toil—the chase—
 Promotes their fame, tends, too, their limbs to brace,
 Prolongs their life,—and when your health's robust,
 In speed the hound to beat you e'en may trust,
 Or the wild boar in strength ; add this, than you
 None manly arms can wield with grace more true.
 You know with what acclaim of crowds around
 The Campus contests to sustain you're found ;
 In fine, whilst young, campaigns both fierce and
 hot
 You underwent—Cantabrian battles fought—
 Your leader one who adds, e'en at this hour,
 That which is lacking to the Italian power,
 And in our temples fixes—grateful sight—
 The standards from the Parthians won in fight.

Lest you draw back, and inexcusably
 From your rich patron's sports should absent be,
 Remember that with trifles you can play
 At times when at your father's seat you stay,

Though you are ever careful, it is true,
 Nothing that's out of time or tune to do.
 Between two forces you your boats divide—
 Your slaves the crews enact—you being guide,
 Then Actium's fight will represented be ;
 Your lake serves for the Hadriatic sea ;
 The part of foe is taken by your brother—
 You boldly fight it out till one or other,
 By swift-winged Victory's crown'd with wreath of leaves.
 He, who that you agree with him believes
 In his pursuits, will praise on you bestow,
 And turning both thumbs down his favour show.

Next, that I may advise you, if indeed
 Upon that point a monitor you need,
 See that you often and with calmness weigh
 What, and to whom 'bout every man you say.
 The prying gossip shun—a tattler he—
 His open ears retain not faithfully
 Secrets to them committed ; mark likewise
 Beyond recall a word once utter'd flies.

* * * * *

The man that you'd commend try well—him try
 Again and yet again, lest by and by
 Another's vices bring upon you shame.
 We are deceived, and one that's worthy blame
 At times we recommend ; therefore omit,
 When once deceived, the man to benefit
 Who by his own misconduct is o'erthrown,
 That you may save one who's entirely known,

When to false accusations he's exposed,
And him, who on your guardianship reposed
His faith, you may protect. If gnaw'd *he* be
By the Thionian tooth of calumny,
May not you too experience perils dire?
For when your neighbour's mansion is on fire,
Deeply at stake your interest is, and strength
Neglected sparks are wont to gain at length.

To him, who ne'er has tried it, sweet appears
A great man's friendship—the experienced fears.
Be careful, while your vessel's on the main,
Lest the breeze changing bring you back again.
The sad, the merry—these the sad ones hate,
The slow, the smart,—the fast ones, the sedate.
Those, who Falernian tipple at midnight,
Will hate you if the proffer'd cup you slight;
Though that you fear wine's fumes at night, you vow.
Prithee remove the cloud from off your brow;
For oftentimes the modest will appear
As if reserved—the taciturn severe.

But amid all your doings you have need
The learn'd to consult— their works to read;
And find how you a pleasant life may pass.
Should love unquenchable of gain harass
And vex your mind? On things indifferent
Should you with anxious hopes and fears be bent?
Is virtue nature's gift, or precept-taught?
What lessens care? How best may you be brought

To friendship with yourself? What will secure
For you tranquillity serene and pure?
Or honour bright? or sweet but petty gain?
Or route obscure, and life's unnoticed lane?

As oft as for refreshment I may try
Digentia's ice-cold waters, which supply
Mandela's village pinch'd with cold, my friend!
How think'st thou that I feel? And what way tend
My earnest prayers? That I may *that* possess
Which now I have—nay, even something less;
And life's remainder for myself may live,
If to survive a while the gods me give.
That I of books may have a goodly store;
And corn—a year's supply—on my barn floor;
That in suspense I may not fluctuate,
Uncertain what may prove my future fate.

But 'tis enough to Jove for things to pray,
Which he bestows, and which he takes away;
Let him give life, let him give wealth, I'll find
For my own self that boon, the equal mind.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Priscus Cratinus if you can believe,
O learn'd MÆCENAS ! neither long can live
Nor long can please the water-drinker's song.
Since Bacchus raving bards enroll'd among
The Satyrs and the Fauns, the sacred Nine
Have mostly in the morning smelt of wine.

That Homer boozed with wine seems clearly proved,
Since in his works to praise of wine he's moved ;
Old father Ennius, too, was ne'er inspired
To sing of arms, save when with liquor fire'd.

“ Let those slow wights who do not love a jorum,
To Libo's Puteal hie, and to the Forum ;
The power to rhyme I'll take from churlish asses,
And dull austere kill-joys who shirk their glasses :”
E'er since this edict I pronounced, by night
The poets have not ceased o'er wine to fight,
And of the fumes of wine by day to stink.
What if some boorish fellow should e'en think,

With countenance stern, bare feet, and toga scant,
 Cato to imitate ; pray, would you grant
 That he great Cato's virtues represents—
 His morals pure, his lofty sentiments ?

With envy burst Iarbitas for he,—
 Though he might study hard a wit to be,
 And with Timagenes to vie might strain
 In oratory,—found the struggle vain.
 For an example may deceive from this—
 That imitable in its faults it is.
 Should I by chance grow pale, of bards the tribe
 Would haste pale-making cummin to imbibe.
 How oft ye imitators—servile herd—
 Have you commotions in my bosom stirr'd—
 Both wrath and ridicule ! When first I hied,
 With footsteps free to ground unoccupied,
 I follow'd no man's footsteps ; who confides
 In his own self, the swarm as leader guides.
 Parian Iambics first I introduced
 To Latium ; of Archilochus I used
 The spirit and the matter—not his theme,
 Nor words which kill'd Lycambes, as 'twould seem.
 To crown me then with stinted wreath 'twere
 wrong,
 Because the form and metre of his song
 I fear'd to change ;—for Sappho masculine,
 To temper her effusions, did entwine
 With them the numbers of Archilochus ;
 Alcæus, too, his verses tempers thus—

His themes, and of his lines the arrangement are
 From those of his exemplar different far ;
 For no black picture would he seek to draw
 Of one who to him father is in law ;
 Nor for his wife in damning lines would plait
 The rope that hurries her to dreadful fate.
 His song was by my Latin lyre alone,
 Though hitherto unheard, to Rome made known ;
 I'm pleased that the fresh strains I introduced,
 By liberal men are handled and perused.

Would you desire to know why it should be
 That the ungrateful reader books by me
 When he's at home should laud and magnify,
 But out of doors unjustly should decry ?
 The reason is I hunt not for the votes
 Of the inconstant mob ; with cast-off coats
 And costly suppers ne'er do I them bribe.
 To go the round I deign not of the tribe
 And platforms of the critics, for I've been
 Of noble writers auditor, and e'en
 Avenger too—and hence their spleen and spite.
 If I should say : “ It shames me to recite
 In crowded theatres my works, and weight
 To give to trifles more than adequate,”
 Some one replies : “ You mock us—for Jove's
 ear
 You keep your precious works it would appear ;
 For, with yourself well pleased, you're confident
 You only can to honeyed verse give vent.”

Tempted at this to sneer, I must desist,
And fearing much lest my antagonist
Should scratch me with sharp nails—aloud I cry :
“ That place—which you propose—exceedingly
Displeasing is, I ask for a respite ;”
For sport will fearful feuds and wrath excite,
And wrath with cruel enmities is rife,
And oft becomes the cause of deadly strife.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE XX.

—◆—
TO MY BOOK.

At Janus and Vertumnus you, my Book,
Appear to me with wistful glance to look ;
On sale, forsooth, you'd meet the public eye,
Smooth'd by the pumice of the Sossii.
For lock and key consort not with your taste,
Nor seal however grateful to the chaste ;
You groan if you are shown but to the few,
The public shops much more are prais'd by you, }
Though you were ne'er brought up with such a view. }

Whither you would descend take wing and flee,
But once sent forth you no return will see.
“ What have I wretched done, or what intended ? ”
You'll say when any one has you offended ;
Into small compass you'll be squeez'd, you know,
When those who once admired you sated grow.
If hatred of the sin which you've committed
Has not your augur made like one half-witted,

Cherish'd you'll be at home till youth is done.
When handled by the vulgar you've begun
Soil'd to become, in silence you will feed
The sluggish moth-worms, or mayhap you'll speed
To Utica, or in a parcel bound
You may in distant Lerida be found.
Your monitor, to whom you hearken'd not,
Will laugh at you, nor pity you a jot.
“ For who one 'gainst his will to save would try ? ”
As said that man, who, when his ass would hie
Too near a precipice, nor reins obey,
Pushing him over let him have his way.

This too awaits you : in the suburbs then
You'll be employ'd by stammering old men
To teach the little boys the Elements ;
When the warm sun a numerous audience
Attracts to hear you read, then you'll relate
How I, the freedman's son of poor estate,
My wings beyond my nest extended had.
But to my virtuous actions you may add
As much as from my birth you take away ;
This also in my favour you may say :
That the chief citizens I've pleased at home,
Also in warfare for the cause of Rome ;
That I'm of stature small—you'll also say—
Fond of warm weather—prematurely grey
That though I'm hot and easily enraged,
Yet that my wrath's as easily assuaged ;

If one should ask my age, let him be told
That forty-four December suns had roll'd
O'er me in that same year when Lollius took
As colleague Lepidus. Go, little Book!

EPISTLES OF HORACE.



Book Second.

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BOOK II.—EPISTLE I.

—◆—
TO AUGUSTUS.

WHEN you, O CÆSAR ! singly bear the weight
Of State affairs so many and so great—
The Roman Empire by your arms defend—
Adorn by morals, and by laws amend—
'Twould be a sin against the common weal
Were I by long discourse your time to steal.

Quirinus, Father Bacchus, Pollux too
With Castor—after mighty deeds not few
Into the temples of the gods received—
(Whilst for mankind they benefits achieved—
Taught them to till the ground—settled fierce fights—
The land distributed—on fitting sites
Erected cities—and the race of man,
Rude at the first, to civilise began)
Lamented that the hoped for favour due
In justice to their merits—they ne'er knew.
That hero Hercules who crush'd the snake,
And who of noted monsters end did make

With fated labour, found that envy could
 But by his life's extinction be subdued.
 He, who pre-eminently has outshone
 Capacities inferior to his own,
 As with a bright flame scorches them ; but he—
 When once his light's extinguished—loved will be.

To you alive we timely honours pay—
 To you raise altars where the people may
 Swear by your name—confessing that to you
 None equal they'll e'er see—or ever knew.
 But this your people—truly good and wise
 In one particular that you they prize
 Beyond all leaders both of Rome and Greece—
 By the same rule—in the same manner—cease
 To judge of others ; they dislike and hate
 All but the men who're dead and out of date.
 Such praisers of antiquity are they
 That they have said and still persist to say
 That the nine Muses on the Alban Mount
 Were of those laws the origin and fount
 Which to the wisdom of Ten Men we owe—
 As also of those treaties which we know
 On equal terms were made with Gabii
 And the exacting Sabines—they e'en try
 To make out that we owe to that same source
 The Pontiffs' and old Prophets' books—of course.

Since, for of Grecian writings those most old
 Are e'en the best, we therefore must be told

That Roman writers also should be weigh'd
 In the same scales—then much need not be said.
 That olives have no stone within—nor shell
 Have nuts without—we might maintain as well ;
 We have arrived at fortune's utmost height,
 So might one argue—why then hesitate
 To say that polish'd Grecians we excel
 In wrestling—singing—and in painting well.

If poems time improves as it does wine,
 How many years, I ask, would you opine,
 Should writings claim that they may valued be ?
 The writer who's been dead a century,
 Ought he 'mong perfect ancients to be class'd ?
 Or should he 'mong the moderns vile be cast ?
 Let some fix'd period terminate disputes.
 " Ancient and good a century constitutes."
 " Do you say so ? But what if one had died
 A month or a year sooner, how decide ?
 Ancient, or one who should rejected be
 By present times and by posterity ?"
 " Fairly among the ancients may appear
 He who but one brief month, or one whole year
 Lacks of the century ?" " What you concede
 At once I will accept, and now proceed
 As hairs from out a horse's tail—we'll say—
 Years by degrees slowly to pluck away ;
 First one I will abstract, and then a second,
 Till he, who by the Kalendar has reckon'd,
 Who virtue by the lapse of years has rated,

And nought admires save those the consecrated
Of Libitina—can't his footing keep,
Crush'd by the logic of the sinking heap.

Ennius, that second Homer, wise and bold,
Cares little—so by critics we are told—
What of his promises, what of the dreams
Which as Pythagorean he esteems
May e'en become ; and is not Naevius—
As if he almost modern were to us—
Still read and treasured in our minds for this :
That sacred every ancient poem is ?
If wherein each excels we seek to scan,
Famed is Pacuvius as a learn'd old man ;
Accius is lofty in his style, and well
Afranius' gown Menander suits, they tell ;
Plautus a rapid course and onward takes,
And of Sicilian Epicharmus makes
His model ; while Caecilius conquers still
In serious style, Terence excels in skill.

These learns by heart most potent Rome ; for
these
In the close theatre she'll brave a squeeze ;
These she as poets counts deserving praise
From the old Livius' times down to our days.
Sometimes the multitude form judgments right ;
Sometimes they're wrong ; if thus they take delight
In ancient poets—them admire—prefer
To every other—then indeed they err.

If they believe that some things they express
 In style too obsolete—if they confess
 That most things in a rough unpolish'd way,
 And many things they slovenly portray,
 Then they're intelligent, agree with me,
 Their judgment form with Jove-like equity.
 I don't, indeed, 'gainst Livius' works inveigh,
 Nor think they should be quash'd without delay,
 For them—as I remember when a boy—
 Orbilius that flogger did employ
 To teach me to recite, but yet one wonders
 That fine they should be reckon'd—free from
 blunders;
 Nay, almost perfect. If there forth should shine
 By chance some phrase exceptionally fine;
 Or if a line or two there should be found
 A little more harmonious in sound—
 In floating the whole work these may prevail,
 Although unjustly, and promote its sale. ✓
 Then I'm indignant that they carp at aught,
 Not that it's stupid or ungraceful thought,
 But that it's late; that honours they demand—
 Rewards, not pardon, for the ancient band.

If I presume to doubt whether a play
 By Atta rightly moves upon its way
 Across the stage with flowers and saffron strew'd,
 Then almost all the seniors will conclude
 That I must certainly be lost to shame,
 When thus presumptuous I attempt to blame

Plays acted by Aesopus, grave tragedian,
And clever Roscius, that learn'd comedian,
Either because they reckon nothing right,
Excepting that in which themselves delight,
Or think it base that old men should obey
Their juniors, and confess that that which they
As beardless boys in learning time employ'd,
Should now-a-days as worthless be destroy'd.

That man who Numa's Saliaric hymn
Affects to praise, and writes so as to seem
As if of that he knowledge had alone,
Whereof his ignorance is than my own
Not less—favours not buried genius—no,
Nor it applauds—he'd only strive to show
His spite 'gainst our productions, and to state
Of us and modern works his envious hate.
But had the Greeks regarded novelty
With hate like ours, what now would ancient be?
What for the reading public could we scan,
Which they might read, and thumb-o'er man by man?

When Greece at first began, war laid aside,
With trifles to amuse herself, and glide
Under the influence of prosperity
Into corruption, then capriciously,
With ardent fancies and desires she'd burn
For athletes now, for horses then in turn;
Artists in marble, ivory, bronze, she loved—
To gaze intent on paintings she was moved;

Now music and musicians were the rage ;
Anon the drama, actors, and the stage.
Just like an infant girl's capricious ways,
Under her nurse's charge who wayward plays,
That which just now so anxiously she sought,
Soon satiated, she discards when got.
What is there that disgusts or pleases well,
Which you would not consider changeable?

The state which I've described arose in Greece,
From favouring gales, and happy times of peace.
At Rome 'twas long the custom, and 'twas sweet
Early to rise, open one's door, and greet
One's clients, and to them the laws explain ;
And on security to lend, for gain,
Money to debtors good ; the old to hear ;
To teach the young how best their course to steer,
So that their fortune thereby might increase,
And youthful lusts so ruinous might cease.

Our fickle people now have changed their mind,
To writing verse they solely are inclined.
At supper boys and fathers grave are found
Dictating verse with leafy chaplets crown'd.
I, who affirm that I no verses make—
More lying than the Parthians—awake
Before the rise of sun, for paper call,
Also for pens, for scroll-boxes, and all.

He who knows nought of shipping is afraid

To steer a ship ; he only who has paid
 To physic his attention and his care
 To give a sick man southern-wood will dare ;
 Physicians only medicine prescribe,
 Mechanics only handle tools ; our tribe,
 Whether we learnèd or unlearnèd be,
 Indite on all occasions poetry.

Yet now collect how great the virtues be
 Of this light error, this insanity :
 The bard's not keenly bent on avarice ;
 Verses he loves, such studies him suffice ;
 He laughs at loss, absconding slaves, and fires ;
 No fraud on friend or ward his heart inspires ;
 Simply he lives on second-bread and pease ;
 Though sluggish and unfit for war he is,
 In civic matters counsel good he brings,
 If you concede that e'en by little things
 Great ones are help'd. The tender, lispng voice
 Of boys to form, one poetry employs,
 And even now from words obscene their ear
 To turn aside, and by-and-by to rear
 Their minds with friendly rules, and them direct,
 And rudeness, envy, anger, to correct ;
 In fitting strains bards virtuous actions tell—
 Instruct the rising generation well
 By known and good examples, and impart
 Comfort to him that's poor and sick at heart.
 Whence chaste young men and maidens' prayers to heaven
 Had not the Muse to them a poet given ?

In verse the Chorus beg for aid, and feel
Favour divine over their senses steal ;
For rain from heaven in prayer appropriate
In times of drouth they blandly supplicate,
Dread perils drive away, avert disease,
Obtain a year with harvest rich, and peace.

The gods above and gods below with song
Are oft appeased. Our ancient farmer strong,
Content with little—harvest labours o'er—
To cheer his body and his mind which bore
Hardships with hopes of a successful end,
Was wont a jolly festive time to spend
With those who shared his toils—his faithful mate,
His children dear—and to propitiate
Those rural deities which speed the plough—
With milk Silvanus, Tellus with a sow ;
That watchful Genius with wine and flowers
Who us reminds how brief this life of ours.
Fescennine license from this custom sprung—
In verse alternate from the rustic tongue
Pour'd forth invective strong ; and liberty,
Acquir'd through years recurring, pleasantly
Made sport ; till jest now bitter had begun,
Turn'd to wild rancour, to be more than fun ;
And through e'en noble houses to stalk free
In threatening guise, and with impunity.
Those thus attack'd with cruel tooth were pain'd,
Those also who still unassail'd remain'd
Anxious became lest all should be invol'd.

A penal law to pass it was resolv'd
Wide in its application, which provided
That none in libellous strain should be derided.
Through fear of this club-law the poets soon
To pleasing proper-speaking changed their tune.
Captive her victor fierce took conquer'd Greece,
To barbarous Rome she brought the arts of peace.
So ceas'd the vile Saturnian rhymes to thrive,
Forth dangerous poison elegancies drive ;
But yet for many years—e'en now-a-days—
Of that rough, rustic style remains we trace.

'Twas late e'er the sharp Roman poet's mind
To study Grecian poetry inclined ;
'Twas only when the Punic wars were over,
And quiet rest ensued, that to discover
What useful matter Thespis could provide,
And Sophocles and Æschylus, he tried ;
As also if in manner adequate
The works of these great bards he could translate.
Pleas'd with himself he was and the result,
Being by nature sanguine, prone to exult ;
For he the spirit of deep Tragedy
Sufficient breathes, and dares successfully ;
But to amend his lines 'tis base, he thinks,
And from the task of blotting-out he shrinks.
Then Comedy—because its characters
From common life are drawn—'tis thought, infers
Greatly less toil ; yet true it is it has
Burden the more—just in proportion as

Indulgence less the critics to it show.
 For instance, look at Plautus ; you'll then know
 How lamely of his parts he mark'd the bearing—
 The youthful lover, and the pimp ensnaring,
 The grasping sire. Mark how Dossenius, too,
 His gluttonous parasites quite overdrew,
 And trod the stage with slippers slovenly ;
 For money in his purse he loves to see—
 Of that secure he cares but little whether
 His play 's successful, or damn'd altogether.

The bard, who on the stage success has sought,
 Thither in Glory's windy chariot brought,
 Is by a listless audience quite prostrated,
 By an attentive one with pride inflated.
 Much trivial things o'erthrow, or e'en upraise
 The mind of him who greedy is of praise.
 If I'm made sad when they the palm deny,
 And glad when they bestow it, Stage ! good-bye.

Oft even a bold bard in terror flies,
 Cared by the mob whose strength in numbers lies
 More than in truth and honour, well I trow,
 Unlearn'd and stolid, ready for a row
 If with them not at one a Knight they spy ;
 When in the middle of the play they'll cry
 For boxers or a bear—the mob to please
 Musementments of this nature never cease.

But also of the Knights the taste has changed—

From pleasure, by the ear derived, estrang'd—
 To vain delights, and to the erring eye
 To find their entertainment now they fly.
 The curtain's down for full four hours and more ;
 Foot soldiers 'cross the stage in cohorts pour ;
 Horsemen in troops ; next kings unfortunate,
 Their hands behind them shackled, robb'd of state,
 Are dragg'd along ; there hasten in long train
 War-chariots, carriages, the Celtic wain,
 The beaks of ships ; and ivory too is borne,
 And spoils of bronze from captur'd Corinth torn.
 Were he on earth, Democritus would laugh
 To see the mob stare at the strange giraffe,
 Or the white elephant ; he'd surely gaze
 With greatly less attention on the plays
 Than on the mob ; they'd form for him a play
 Better than aught an actor could portray.
 He'd also think the authors told their tale
 To a deaf ass—for what lungs could prevail
 To overtop the noises which rebound
 Throughout our theatres ? You'd think the sound
 Garganum's forests groaning well might be,
 Or else the roaring of the Etruscan Sea.
 For such a din on plays the audience vents,
 On works of art, and foreign ornaments
 With which bedizen'd when the actor stands
 Upon the stage there's clapping loud of hands.
 Has he as yet aught said ? No, not a word.
 What then has pleas'd the mob and cheering
 stirr'd ?

The woollen robe to which Tarentine dye
Has given a hue which may with violets vie.

Lest you may think that I condemn the plays,
Which I myself wont write, with sorry praise,
When others treat them with propriety,
Let me just say that, as it seems to me,
With any effort may that poet cope,
May e'en with skill perform on the tight rope,
Who can my heart with woes unreal pain,
Excite, and soothe, and fill with terrors vain,
Like a magician, and 'spite time and space
Me now at Thebes, and now at Athens place.

Come now, some slight attention give you must
To those besides who'd readers rather trust,
Than the capricious humours immature
Of a spectator arrogant endure,
If you with books would fill that library
Worthy of great Apollo meant to be,
And give to bards a spur to urge them on
To climb the verdant heights of Helicon.

But often very grievous injury
We bards on our own selves inflict when we
That for my faults myself I may not spare)
Give thee a work when tired and vex'd with care ;
Or when offence we take because a friend
A single line has dared to reprehend ;
Whilst passages, which we've before recited,

We bore him by repeating uninvited ;
 When we complain that notice small have got
 Our labours, and our poems finely wrought ;
 When we expect that soon as you shall know
 We're writing verse you'll—*motu proprio*—
 In kindness send for us ; you'll treat us well,
 Supply our wants, and us to write compel.

'Twould pay our toil could we on this decide :
 The proper keepers of thy virtue tried
 In war and peace ;—the task it were not fit
 One should to an unworthy bard commit.

From the famed Alexander, king of might,
 By Choerilus in whom he took delight
 For verses wanting polish, ill conceived,
 Were golden Philips, royal coin, received.
 As ink when touch'd a mark and stain will leave,
 Most bards with wretched verse defilement give
 To splendid deeds. That self-same king, who
 thus

Profuse a poem so ridiculous
 Bought at a price extravagant, decreed
 That to none save Apelles he'd concede
 The right his royal features to portray,
 And that none other than Lysippus may
 In bronze the countenance perpetuate
 Of Alexander, brave as well as great.
 But if that keen perception you invite,
 With which in art affairs be judged aright,

To books and verse the Muses' gifts—you'd swear
That he'd been born 'midst thick Boeotian air.

But neither have those bards by thee belov'd,
Virgil and Varius, discredit proved
To thy opinion of their merits rare,
And to thy princely bounty which they share
'Midst praise of him who gives,—nor brighter shine
Of men of mark the lineaments divine
In busts of bronze than by the poet's aid
Their mental and their moral powers portray'd.
Nor humble Satires would I choose to write
Rather than in the Epic strain indite
The tale of thy exploits : countries subjected—
Barbaric kingdoms won—hill-forts erected—
Great rivers cross'd—wars closed and banners furl'd
Under thy auspices throughout the world—
By Peace and Janus' gates shut up Rome cheer'd,
And thou her Ruler by the Parthians fear'd.
If but my power did equal my desire,
Such lofty themes might well my pen inspire ;
But feeble strains your Highness would disdain,
And my own modesty would me restrain
From the attempt to compass what I knew
In my own strength I'd fail to carry through.

Whom foolishly it loves officiousness
Is wont, indeed, severely to oppress,
And chiefly then when it itself would try
To recommend by Art and Poetry.

For that, which one derides, more speedily
One learns—remembers, too, more readily,
Than that which one approves and venerates.
For that officiousness which aggravates
No patience have I. It inspires disgust
To have expos'd to public gaze one's bust
Modell'd in wax with features botch'd—or worse,
To be renown'd with ill-concocted verse ;
Lest I should blush with shame when they present
A gift so stupid, and I should be sent,
Stretch'd in a box open to public view,
Along with him my character who drew,
Down to the street where grocers' shops abound,
Where perfumes, pepper, frankincense are found,
And sundry other articles, moreover,
Which trashy manuscripts are used to cover.

BOOK II.—EPISTLE II.

—◆—
TO JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORUS! illustrious Nero's faithful friend!
If one perchance to thee a slave would vend
At Tibur born, or Gabii, and should treat
With thee in words like these: "From head to feet
The lad is handsome, with complexion fine,
For sesterces eight thousand* he is thine.
A home-born slave he is, prompt to obey
His master's nod and right good service pay.
With Greek, a smattering, he has been imbued,
For every kind of art has aptitude.
To almost any form him one may mould
Like moisten'd clay; then also be it told
When after supper at your wine you sit
He'll sing for you a song, untaught, but sweet.
But promises too many cause distrust
When one commends with praises more than just
The wares which one from off his hands would get;
But I've no need to sell—I'm not in debt—
Though poor, I've means; such bargain in effect
From no slave-dealer could you e'er expect;

* About £66, 13s. 4d. of our money.

And every one could not thus readily
Such favourable terms obtain from me.
He loiter'd once, and of the whip in dread
Which on the stair-case hangs, himself he hid—
Such sometimes happens. You your cash may pay,
Unless this single case of run-a-way
Should you offend ;"—then I opine that he
May take the price secure from penalty.
With open eyes a faulty slave you've bought,
All that the law requires to you was taught ;
Yet would you this slave-dealer prosecute,
And harass him with an unrighteous suit ?

Lest me you should in anger chide and blame
Because no answer to your letters came,
Lazy I said I was when you set out,
Unfitted for such duties without doubt ;
But what did protestations such avail
If laws that favour me you yet assail ?
Of this, too, you complain, that I, false friend,
The verses you expected fail to send.

List while the point I try to illustrate :
A soldier of Lucullus, they relate,
Whilst in the night he weary slept and snored
Had lost what he through many toils had stored
To the last penny ; roused in consequence,
Like any ravening wolf to vehemence
Keen with sharp teeth, enraged alike was he
With his own self and with his enemy.

A fortified and royal garrison—
 Full of rich stores—by *coup-de-main* he won—
 Such are the de-tails which the story gives.
 Distinguish'd for this action he receives
 Most honourable gifts, and also loot
 Fully twenty thousand sesterces * to boot.
 It chanc'd about this time his General sought
 To overthrow a fort—where I know not ;
 In words which might a coward brave have made
 'To this same man he thus exhorting said :
 “Go, my good fellow ! whither leads the way
 Your valour prov'd, well-omen'd go you may,
 To win the rich rewards your merits great
 So well deserve. Why do you hesitate ?”
 This was the rough but knowing man's reply : }
 “He who has lost his purse, 'tis he will hie— }
 He'll hie where you may him desire—not I.” }

Mine 'twas to be brought up in Rome and taught
 What woe to Greeks enraged Achilles brought.
 Kind Athens added of philosophy
 A little more—to wit : that I should see
 The difference that exists 'twixt right and wrong—
 Seek truth the groves of Academe among.
 From pleasant scenes like these to drive me far
 Hard times arriv'd—the tide of civil war
 Bore me unpractis'd to an armèd band
 Unfit Augustus Cæsar to withstand.
 Humbled and with clipt wings Philippi's fight

* About £166, 13s. 4d. of our money.

Sent me away, alas ! now beggar'd quite
Of my paternal home ; then poverty
Verses to write for bread embolden'd me.

What dose of hemlock would suffice to cure
That madness which were mine, when now secure
Of what I need, were I repose to slight,
And think it better verses still to write ?
Years as they pass steal from me one by one
All my delights ; already there have gone
Jests, love, feasts, sports—now from me poems too
They strive to wrest—what would you have me do ?

All men, in fine, love different things we see :
You joy in Lyrics, in Iambics he,
A third in Satires writ in Bion's vein
Of biting humour and sarcastic strain.
These my three guests to disagree appear,
For various tastes demanding varied cheer.
Now what to give—what not to give how choose ?
That which another orders you refuse—
That which you seek, which gladly you'd devour,
Seems hateful to the other two and sour.

Besides at Rome, 'midst so much toil and care,
How think'st thou verses can be written there ?
I'm ask'd by one security to give ;
Another says : " Your business you must leave
And listen to my writings ;" then one friend
Lies sick on the Quirinal, at the end

Of the Aventine a second keeps his bed,
 Both one and t'other must be visited ;
 These places how conveniently near !
 " But then," you may rejoin, " the streets are clear, }
 Nought can with meditation interfere." }
 Indeed ! Behold beneath the broiling sun
 Yon builder with his mules and porters run,
 Yon crane a stone or beam hoists with a crash,
 Sad funeral cars with heavy waggons clash,
 Here a mad dog—there runs a muddy sow ;
 Go now and tuneful verses write—but how ?

Since the whole herd of bards the grove prefers
 And shuns the town—bards those due worshippers
 Of Bacchus who in sleep and shade delights—
 Would you have me 'midst din by days and nights
 To sing, and follow on that narrow road
 Which bards must tread, and which they've always
 trod.

The man of genius—who at Athens chose
 A calm retreat, who there to study close
 Full seven long years devoted, and grew old
 O'er books and anxious thought—you oft behold
 More silent than a statue walking out,
 While people in derision at him shout.
 Should I then Lyrics deem it fit to sing,
 Amidst the city's turmoil harassing ?

At Rome there lived a lawyer and his brother

A rhetorician, who of one another
 Resolved they'd speak only in terms of praise.
 Of the orator, the lawyer in set phrase
 Said, "He's a Gracchus;" whilst the man of law
 Proclaim'd the orator a Scaevola.
 Does such like madness less affect, I pray,
 Melodious poets of the present day?
 Odes I compose—that bard writes Elegies—
 Each of the other's works says words like these:
 "How marvellous thy work! nay, quite divine!
 And polish'd clearly by the Sacred Nine!"
 See with what pride and with how much ado,
 That Fane open to Roman bards we view.
 Then, if you've time, us follow in and hear
 What each may say of t'other, standing near.
 And why we for each other chaplets weave;
 Like Samnite combatants we blows receive—
 Our foe exhaust with blows as many quite,
 In a slow combat waged till candle-light.
 I by his vote Alcaeus go away—
 What he by mine? Callimachus we'll say—
 Or e'en Mimnermus, if he more would claim,
 And gain importance by the wish'd for name.

When I write verse, and when I suppliant try
 The people's suffrages to win, then I
 Must much endure, lest I offence should give
 Unto our bards, that race so sensitive.
 But I the same, when I'm with study done,
 And when again my senses I have won,

May stop my ears 'gainst poets who recite,
And need not fear their wrath then to excite.

Those bards are laughed at who bad verses write,
Though they themselves in writing take delight ;
Themselves they worship—silent you may be—
Their own works they applaud complacently.

He who a poem to indite desires,
Which may a genuine work be deem'd, requires
That with his tablets he take up the mind
Of a fair critic, and if words he find
Which sparkle lack and weight, and which may seem
Inane—in short, unworthy of his theme—
These to expunge he will not hesitate,
Though their removal 'gainst his will may grate,
And though they still may—hid from mortal eye—
In the recesses of his sanctum lie.

A worthy poet for the people's use
Will ferret out, and to the light produce
Expressive terms long hid from public view,
Used by old Cato and Cethegus too,
Though now they're cover'd by unsightly mould
And dust of what is obsolete and old ;
New words he'll use if sanction'd they shall be
By custom—parent of all novelty ;
Impetuous—flowing like a river pure—
His treasures he'll pour forth, and thus procure
The boon of a rich tongue for Latium ;

Luxuriance he'll retrench, and overcome
Harshness by culture polish'd, sound, and true ;
Whate'er lacks merit—that he will eschew ;
In guise of one that sports he will be found,
And so be whirl'd about in playful round
Like one who dances now a Satyr's part,
Now that of a rude Cyclops without art.

For me, I'd rather be esteem'd a bard
Absurd and silly, if I may regard
My faults well-pleas'd—be as to them deceiv'd,
Than I'd write well—be touchy—and be griev'd.

There lived at Argos one of good estate
Who in a theatre believed he sate—
There joyfully (he the sole audience was)
He greeted wondrous actors with applause.
Life's various duties he perform'd right well—
Kind husband—neighbour good—host amiable—
Mild master, who his servants oft forgave,
Nor at a bottle's broken seal would rave—
Nor knock'd his head against a rock, nor fell
For want of care into an open well.
When by the kindly care of friends—still more
By active doses of pure hellebore—
His malady and bile expell'd—he came
Back to his senses, thus did he exclaim :
“ By heavens ! my friends, you've killed me—not
reviv'd—
Since me of pleasure you have thus deprived,

And from me taken, e'en by violence,
An error the most pleasing to my sense."

'Tis useful to be wise, and trifles quit,
And yield to boys the play for boyhood fit ;
Nor language use tuned to the Latin lyre,
But true life's time and tune learn with desire.
Wherefore commune I with myself upon
Such things as these, and them in silence con :
If haply you had thirst unquenchable,
To your physician surely that you'd tell ;
But when—though much you've added to your
store—

You're not content but keenly wish for more—
Dare you not this to any one confess ?
If your disease should not be rendered less
By root or herb prescribed—you would refuse
Treatment with root or herb as of no use.
You've heard to whom kind heaven wealth imparts,
That wicked folly then from him departs ;
And though no whit the wiser you may be
After that wealth you've got, yet would we see
That the same monitors you still will take ?
If riches could you good and prudent make,
Make you less anxious, and less fond of gain,
You well might blush if there on earth remain
One than yourself more keen for pelf to strain. }

If what one buys by balance and with gold
Is one's own property—yet—so we're told—

Of some things, if the lawyers we believe—
 Possession a prescriptive right will give.
 The ground that feeds you is your own in fact,
 And Orbius' steward, when he's in the act
 Of harrowing fields which unto you afford
 The bread you eat, feels that you are their lord.
 Thou pay'st thy money—in exchange are thine
 Eggs—chickens—grapes—or e'en a cask of wine ;
 The land in truth thou buyest by degrees
 Which cost three hundred thousand sesterces*—
 Or even more. What matters it, I trow,
 Whether on what's just paid or long ago
 Thou liv'st? He, who at any time may buy
 Land near Aricia or near Veii,
 Sups on bought potherbs—though he thinks it not—
 And with bought wood in cold nights boils his pot ;
 But yet he calls the land his own as far
 As where the planted poplar stands which jar
 To obviate is meant—for it the bound
 Marks out 'twixt his and his next neighbour's ground ;
 As if one *that* could call his property
 Which in a fleeting hour's short space may be
 By gift, or sale, or force, or the last fate,
 Transferr'd to other lords—be their estate.

Since none perpetual use of land may have,
 And heir succeeds to heir as wave to wave,
 What boot your villages, your barns, I pray ?
 What boot Lucanian fields although they may

* About £2656, 5s. of our money.

Be added to Calabrian pastures rich,
If Pluto—whom in vain you would beseech,
E'en with rich bribes to spare you—mows down all
Without distinction—great as well as small?
But *some* there are who haply don't possess
Gems—pictures—Tuscan statuettes—and dress
Dyed with Gaetolian purple—tapestry—
Statues in marble and in ivory—
Vases and ornaments in silver plate ;
There's *one* who cares not to possess such state.

Why of two brothers one should love his ease,
His pleasures, and his perfumes—and should these
Prefer to land where palms luxuriant grow
In Herod's Kingdom, nigh to Jericho ;
And why the other, wealthy and morose,
From dawn of day till shades of evening close,
Should clear, with axe and fire, his land from wood,
Is patent only to that Genius good,
Our constant guide who rules our star at birth—
The God of human nature on the earth,
Who with each mortal dies—his face aye changing—
From smiles propitious to frowns adverse ranging.

I'll use, and from my little heap I'll take
That which my circumstances needful make,
Nor fear what character my heir may give,
Should he from me less than he hoped receive ;
And yet I'd not forget the difference great
Betwixt the simply gay, and profligate,

And also that 'twould not be right or fair
 The frugal with the miser to compare.
 'Tis one thing lavishly one's gear to waste ;
 Another freely it to spend, nor haste
 For what's more than enough with toil to strain,
 And rather like the joyful boy who's fain
 On chaste Minerva's natal holiday
 To enjoy a short and pleasant time in play.
 Far from my home be squalid poverty ;
 Whether in vessel large or small the sea
 Of life I traverse—still the same I'll be—
 Although no favouring north wind swell my sails
 And drive me on—no adverse southern gales
 Retard life's onward progress—for in health,
 Genius, appearance, virtue, station, wealth,
 Though last amongst the first in life's great race,
 Yet much before the last I hold a place.

"You're not a miser," you declare. Go to !
 Do you with this all other vice eschew ?
 Say is your breast from vain ambition clear ?
 From anger free ? Have you of death no fear ?
 Dreams, magic fears, Thessalian prodigies,
 Ghosts, witches, miracles—laugh you at these ?
 Can you count up your birthdays tranquilly ?
 And treat a friend's offence indulgently ?
 And as old age advances does it find
 You better and more gentle in your mind ?
 One thorn then to extract t'were surely vain
 If to torment and vex you more remain.

If to live rightly you know not, then you
Had best depart and yield to those who do.
Of sport you've had enough—of drink—of meat—
That you should quit the scene the time is fit,
Lest having drunk too much—Youth, mirthful age,
Should laugh at you and drive you from the stage.



THE ART OF POETRY.

THE ART OF POETRY.

—◆—
TO THE PISOS.

IF to a human head a painter choose
To join a horse's neck, and then should use
Limbs from all quarters gather'd—them invest
With varied plumage drawn from many a nest,
So that above a lovely maid he'd show
But ending in a hideous fish below—
Could you, my friends, from ridicule refrain
When call'd to view a thing so strange, so vain?
E'en such a work, Pisos, to me it seems,
A book of fancies, wrought like sick men's dreams,
Resembles greatly; for from first to last
Not in one mould the thoughts and words are cast.

“Painters,” you say, “and Poets for their task
Have had such license fair as they may ask;”
Such license is legitimate, we know—
In turn we seek and give it, but not so
That mild and cruel may stand *tête-à-tête*,
That snakes with birds—tigers with lambs may mate.

To pompous introductions, even such
 As seem to us at first to promise much,
 Oft here and there there's tack'd some purple patch
 Which by its lustre bright the eye may catch.
 When Dian's grove and altar they portray—
 And the meand'ring streams as on their way
 Through pleasant fields they rush — the river
 Rhine—

The wat'ry bow—they're out of place, though fine.
 "I well a cypress can depict," say you,
 But what of that if you've to paint a view—
 For a price paid—where a man hopelessly
 Swims from a wreck athwart a stormy sea.
 Why should we what a jar had been design'd
 As the wheel turns a sorry pitcher find?
 But, in a word, whate'er your subject be
 Let it have one-ness and simplicity.

O Sire! Sons worthy of that Sire! believe
 Appearances of right most bards deceive.
 If brevity I labour to secure,
 Then this results, my lines become obscure;
 In striving after smoothness it may be
 I fail in spirit and in energy;
 Say that my lines in lofty strain I cast,
 The chances are I'm landed in bombast;
 He, who o'er-cautious dreads the tempest's sound,
 Is apt to crouch and creep along the ground;
 He, who one theme would vary monstrously,
 Dolphins in woods depicts, boars in the sea.

But from a fault to fly, through want of skill,
May haply lead to error greater still.
An artist near th' Æmilian school who lives
In style unique to nails expression gives ;
Well, too, soft hair in bronze he'll imitate,
Yet, in the end, to an unhappy fate
His work may come because proportion meet
He fails to give, nor makes the whole complete.
Than be like such a one, should I compose,
I'd rather be distinguish'd by a nose
Which draws attention by its ugliness,
While fine black eyes and hair I might possess.

That you should choose a subject, you who write, ✓
That's suited to your strength is proper quite ;
Right too that you should ponder long with care
What your powers can, and what they cannot bear.
Him who has chosen what his strength avails
Nor eloquence nor lucid order fails.
Unless I greatly err and speak amiss,
The beauty and the worth of order's this :
That it will say just now without delay
Exactly what just now it ought to say ;
That many things 'twill to defer think fit,
And for the present many things omit ;
That of a promised work the author will
This part prefer, and that reject with skill ;
Nice, too, and cautious in the words you use,
Well you'll succeed if you should introduce,
By skilful combination, some new phrase

Which may from henceforth take a noted place.
If haply to describe, it needful be,
Subjects abstruse by words coin'd recently,
These words to fashion we're compell'd, I own,
Which to high-girt Cethegi were unknown,
And license will be given as needs occasion,
But license it must be in moderation.
New words, and words but recently contrived,
Will credit have if they should be derived
From a Greek root with small degree of change—
What truly ! shall a Roman grant a range
To Plautus and Caecilius which in vain
Virgil and Varius may hope to gain ?
Shall there be grudged to me a boon not great
If I a few new phrases can create,
Since Ennius' and Cato's conversation
Enrich'd the language of the Roman nation
And new words introduced ? None will refuse
Nor have refused words seal'd by present use.

As in the woods with each declining year
The old leaves fall—those first which first appear—
So likewise words grown old decay and die,
While new-born words, like youth, bloom vigorously.
Ourselves, and all we have, for death are cast—
Whether the port—which from the north-wind's blast
Our fleet protects—a royal work ; or what
Was once nought but a sterile marshy flat
On which in boats one then might row, which now
Feeds neighbouring towns, and bears the heavy plough ;

Or Tiber once to crops with mischief fraught,
 But which a better course has now been taught—
 If these and all the works of man must wane,
 Say, shall the force and grace of words remain?
 But many words which now are obsolete
 May yet revive, and some which now we treat
 With honour shall go down, if Custom will—
 Custom the judge—law—rule of language still.

*2 pp. / 200 l.
 many feet*

'Twas Homer first who taught us in what verse
 Sad wars—kings', leaders' actions to rehearse.

Alternate lines for plaintive moods devised
 Joyful emotions afterwards comprised;
 'Bout who first used short elegaic strains
 Grammarians fight—a moot point it remains.
 'Twas with his own Iambics wrath supplied
 Archilochus; that measure has been tried
 Both by our Comic writers, and by those
 Who court the Tragic muse—that foot they
 chose,
 Because their dialogue it suited well—
 As calculated, too, the noise to quell
 Of an excited audience, and as prone
 The action of the stage to hurry on.

1/2 pp. / 200 l.

The gods—their offspring the heroic race—
 The athlete who has gain'd the victor's place—
 The winning horse—the youthful lover's sighs—
 Of rosy wine the jovial draughts likewise—

All these to celebrate the tuneful Nine
The grateful duty to the Lyre assign.

Why am I greeted as a poet now,
If I'm unable, if I know not how—
With changes mark'd of style and colouring
The varied themes of poetry to sing?
Why should I choose—led by false modesty—
Rather than learn still ignorant to be?

A comic subject loathes a tragic strain—
The banquet of Thyestes will disdain
Familiar phrases which deep feeling mock,
And which are worthy only of the sock.
Then let each kind of verse its proper place
Assume, and hold it with becoming grace ;
Yet Comedy sometimes her tone will raise,
And angry Chremes rails in swelling phrase ;
The tragic Telephus and Peleus moan
Oft in prosaic style—when they alone
Poor and in exile stand, away they cast
Sesquipedalian words full of bombast,
If the spectators' hearts to touch they care,
While sad complaints before them they lay bare.

Mere beauty in a poem won't suffice ;
It must affect the feelings and entice
The minds of those who listen to proceed
Whithersoever it may onwards lead.
As those who laugh to those who laugh respond,

So between weeping mortals there's a bond—
If you would have me weep you must first grieve,
Then sympathy your sorrow will receive
Peleus and Telephus! Without dispute
I'll sleep, or laugh at words that do not suit.
Sad words to sad looks are appropriate ;
Words full of threats become the passionate ;
Lascivious talk well suits the wanton leer,
And serious words accord with the severe.
Nature at first to fortune's varied path
Adapts our minds ; she goads us on to wrath—
Makes us rejoice—or causes us to frown
When she with pain and sorrow weighs us down ;
But after for the mind's emotions strong
She makes us find expression through the tongue.

If a man's talk accords not with his station,
Both knights and mob for laughter find occasion—
A difference great there will be then perforce
Whether a hero or a god discourse ;
The man who to his years ripe judgment owes,
Or he in whose young veins the hot blood flows ;
The nurse officious, or the matron staid ;
The merchant who long voyages has made,
Or he who tills the ground—the Colchian,
The Argive, Theban, or Assyrian.

Follow tradition's lead, or be content
Persons consistent with themselves to invent.
If of renown'd Achilles you would tell,

Let him be active and implacable ;
 Let him be wrathful, and impetuously
 That laws were made for him with oaths deny,
 And to his arms all merit arrogate ;
 Medea should be fierce, unbent by fate ;
 Ixion treacherous ; Ino lacrymose ;
 Io a waif ; Orestes crush'd with woes.

If to the stage a theme as yet untried
 You venture to commit ; if you decide
 A character that's new to broach, be sure
 That to the last that character endure
 As from the first it started, and shall be
 Borne with itself throughout consistently.

'Tis difficult to treat a common theme
 So that one's own it properly may seem.
 Suppose the Iliad you should dramatise,
 You'd on a course adventure much more wise
 Than should you be the first to make your own
 Subjects as yet unsung—as yet unknown.
 But public themes private by right you make,
 If no slow course of common-place you take ;
 If slavish rendering word by word you shun,
 Nor as an imitator headlong run
 Into a strait from whence or modesty
 Or laws of verse forbid you to get free.

Don't like the Cyclic bard of old begin :
 " I'll sing of Priam's fate and war's loud din."

What yields the boaster who thus blows his horn?
The mountains labour, and—a mouse is born. ✓

More rightly acts the bard who nought essays
In such unskilful fashion, when he says :
“Sing, Muse! the man who after Troy’s dire fate,
The habits watch’d, and towns of many a State.”
With him no smoke succeeds to flashes bright,
But out of smoke he aims at causing light, ✓
That he his striking marvels forth may bring :
Such as Antiphates the giant king,
Scylla, Charybdis, and the Cyclops wight ;
Nor Diomedes’s return does he indite,
Starting from Meleager’s death ; nor date
From the twin eggs—the Trojan war so great.

He’s hastening ever to the *dénouement*,
Into the middle of events along ✓
His auditors he hurries as if they
Were well acquainted with them ere that day. ✓
Things which poetic treatment is not fit
To render striking, these he will omit ;
And so he moulds his fiction, and so blends ✓
What’s false with what is true, to suit his ends,
That ’twixt beginning, middle, end may be
Observed no traces of discrepancy.

What I, and what the people wish, now hear
If you admirers fain would have sincere,
Who will sit on until the curtains rise,

And till "Applaud ye all" the player cries,
 Note well all ages' habits as they live,
 To varying years and dispositions give
 The character which they should each receive. }

Mark first the boy who just has learn'd to talk,
 And with a steady foot alone to walk,
 With those of his own age in gambols ranging,
 Soon angry—calm'd as soon—with each hour changing.

The beardless youth, released from tutor's claims,
 Delights in horses, dogs, and Campus games,
 Plastic as wax in being bent to vice,
 Churlish to those who tender him advice,
 Slow in providing what may prove of use,
 Yet of his money lavishly profuse ;
 Haughty, ambitious, readily he's moved
 That to resign which he but lately loved.

His views now changed, his manly eye and mind
 Seek wealth and friendships, honour strive to find ;
 He's careful lest himself he should commit
 To things which soon to change he may see fit.

Discomforts many the old man surround :
 Either because he seeks what when 'tis found
 He fears to use, and hoards up wretchedly ;
 Or that all business with timidity
 And coldness he transacts ; procrastinates,
 Through a long vista hopes, inactive waits,

Thirsts for long life, is peevish and morose,
In praise of his young days is prone to prose ;
Blame of his juniors he will oft express,
And chide their actions with censoriousness.

Years as they come bring comforts in their train,
Years as they go take them away again.
Assign not to a youth an old man's part,
Nor let a boy possess a grown man's heart ;
To every stage of life be sure you give
The proper adjuncts which each should receive.

Upon the stage the facts are either shown,
Or there reported as already done.
Things by the ear received men's minds excite
Much less than when submitted to the sight ;
For the spectator with his trusty eyes,
To his own mind impressions best applies.
Yet you'll avoid to bring upon the scene
Things worthy only to be done within,
And which in vivid words appropriate
One who had witness'd them can well relate.
Let not Medea decency affright,
And kill her offspring in the people's sight ;
And let not Atreus in his wicked rage
Human intestines cook upon the stage ;
Display not Procne turn'd into a bird,
Nor Cadmus to a snake—both scenes absurd.
Whatever things like this you show to me,
I hate and view with incredulity.

) A play should have five acts, nor less, nor more,
To be in vogue, and acted o'er and o'er:

∫ The aid invoke not of a deity,
Unless a knot worthy a god there be.

Let no fourth person on the stage intrude
To mar the dialogue ; but it is good
The Chorus should sustain the actor's art,
∪ And vigorous action to the play impart.
But 'twixt the acts it should not utter aught
That's not connected with, nor helps the plot.
Let it support the good, with counsel aid ;
The angry rule—love those to sin afraid ;
Let it to frugal tables yield applause ;
Let it advise sound and impartial laws ;
Let it with justice strict imbue the States,
And to them peace commend with open gates ;
Let it conceal all secret things that may
To it committed be, and let it pray
And supplicate the gods good luck to make
Visit the wretched, and the proud forsake.

The olden flute—not then (as now 'tis found),
Jointed with brass, rivalling the trumpet's sound,
But slender, with few stops, and simply made,
Served well the chorus to sustain and aid,
And with its tones the theatre, which still
Was not close-cramm'd, sufficiently to fill.
There flock'd the people, countable—though small

Their number, frugal, modest, chaste withal.
When they victorious add to their domains,
And when a wider wall their towns contains ;
When noon-day draughts of wine, free as they
 please,
On holidays the Genius appease ;
Then with more license rhythm and time unite
To help the players, and the crowd delight.
Yet what of taste could the rude rustic know,
With cit polite mix'd up—noble with low ?

Thus the musician tended to impart
Movements luxurious to the ancient art ;
And up and down the stage with measured tread
Behind him dragg'd a robe with train out-spread ;
Notes, too, were added to the solemn lyre,
And the bard's words, impetuous, full of fire,
A style of dialogue then introduced
Which ne'er before upon the stage was used ;
As to things present shrewd the sentiment,
And as to things to come so prescient,
"I would bear in truth comparison full well
With any vaunted Delphic oracle.

The poet who a tragic drama wrote
In competition for a vile he-goat,
Soon after rustic Satyrs—naked, too—
Brought on the stage ; 'twas a rough jest—his view
Was—saving Tragedy's severity—
To lure and keep with grateful novelty

Him who, his sacred duties duly done,
Drunk to the play-house came for roystering fun,
When merry, witty Satyrs thus you choose
Into a Tragedy to introduce,
And to convert things serious into jest—
Then he who play'd a god or hero, dress'd
Lately in robes of purple mix'd with gold,
Should not, by using language low, make bold
To pass into mean taverns, nor take flights—
Shunning the ground—to clouds and empty heights.
But Tragedy, who hates light prattling phrase,
Like matron bid to dance on holidays,
Will mingle with those Satyrs pert and free
With some reserve and bashful modesty.

But should I write Satyric plays I'd choose
Not plain and literal words alone to use ;
Nor from the Tragic style so deviate
That it would matter nought if Davus prate,
And the bold Pythia, when from Simo she
Extracts his cash by arrant roguery ;
Or whether speaks Silenus, grave but free,
Who guards and serves his foster deity.

From a known theme I'd so my poem frame,
That each might hope that he could do the same ;
But, having struggled hard with toil and pain,
He'd find at last that he had work'd in vain ;
So much avail lines well-arranged and knit,
And common subjects so much grace admit.

Fauns from the forests brought, for so I ween,
 Should not—as if in cities bred they'd been,
 And train'd to business in the market place—
 Converse in mincing namby-pamby phrase,
 Or belch forth words improper and obscene,
 And language born of slander and of spleen.
 Patricians, knights, and men of fortune, hate
 Such things as these, nor can they tolerate,
 Nor with approval crown the things which please
 That class who buy roast chesnuds and chick-
 peas.

When a long syllable succeeds a short,
 That's an Iambus—measure of swift sort.
 Whence also it of Trimeters the name
 Gave to Iambics when six beats the same
 From first to last it had. Not long ago,
 That it might yield a sound more grave and slow,
 Contentedly it took—writing to please—
 Within its own domain the staid Spondees ;
 But not to quit the second or fourth place
 Did it as comrades kindly these embrace.
 Rarely we find this compound kind of verse
 In Accius' famed and noble Trimeters.
 Judgment severe on Ennius must be pass'd,
 Because upon the stage he verses cast
 Pond'rous with Spondees, which betoken'd haste,
 Or want of care, of knowledge, or of taste.

It is not every critic who can see

In lines the want of tuneful harmony ;
And Roman poets have indulgence got
Which they undoubtedly deserved have not.
Should I then ramble, and write lawlessly ?
Or should I—thinking all my faults will see—
Safe within pardon's bounds myself preserve ?
That were but blame to shun, not praise deserve.
Ply Grecian models, my friends, Piso ! pray ;
With care them study both by night and day.

Your ancestors, you say, thought fit to praise
The wit and numbers of old Plautus' plays ;
Yes, one and t'other, they too patiently,
We may say foolishly, admired, if we
How to distinguish wit from coarseness know,
And can by beating time true cadence show.

Thespis invented Tragedy, 'tis said—
Before unknown. In waggons he conveyed
Those who to sing and act his plays appear'd,
Having with lees of wine their faces smear'd ;
And next came Æschylus the mask who used,
And the grand flowing robe first introduced ;
The stage with planks of moderate size he laid,
Taught lofty utterance and the buskin's tread.

To these succeeded the old Comedy,
Worthy of no small praise ; yet liberty
To license ran, and e'en to violence,
Needing to be restrain'd by law ; and hence,

When the law pass'd—the power of mischief o'er—
To its disgrace the Chorus spoke no more.

Our poets tried at everything their hand ;
For this our special praise they may command,
Because they dared Greek subjects to eschew,
And from domestic facts their themes they drew,
Whether they wrote in Tragic high-toned strain,
Or humbler, plainer, low-toned Comic vein.

Nor less renown'd in letters would Rome be
Than by her glorious arms and bravery,
If 'twere not that her poets every one
Time's lapse and the file's work were prone to shun.
O Pisos ! sprung from Numa's blood direct—
With censure view a work, which to correct
By toil of many a day and many a blot
A bard has grudged—which he has treated not
With castigation tenfold, till it be
Changed and amended to a nicety.

Because that sage—Democritus—pretends
That genius wretched study far transcends ;
Because sane bards from Helicon he'd bar,
It comes that many poets slovens are—
Neglect their nails to pare, their beards to trim,
Avoid their bath, retirement seek through whim ;
For he, forsooth, it seems may rightly claim
A poet's guerdon and a poet's name,
If never he his head submitted has—

Incurable by three Antyciras—
 To barber Licinus ; O, stupid I !
 Who, when the time of spring approaches, try
 By purgatives my bile to put to flight—
 Who but for this could better poems write.
 'Tis no great matter ; therefore let me play
 The grindstone's part, which iron sharpen may,
 Yet of itself for cutting is unfit ;
 I'll nothing write myself, but e'en submit—
 To those who do—such rules as may aright
 Teach them their duties and their functions quite ;
 Teach them where their resources they may find,
 What forms, what nourishes the poet's mind ;
 Teach 'twixt unfit and fit the difference,
 Whither leads error, whither excellence.

Good sense of writing well is fount and source ;
 The matter you'll best find if you've recourse
 To the Socratic works ; your theme well con,
 The words with readiness will follow on.

He who has learn'd what to his friends he
 owes,
 What to his country, he who rightly knows
 How one should love a parent, brother, guest,
 Who understands the functions which invest
 The office of a Judge or Senator,
 The part of one as General sent to war—
 He should be skill'd, and that without dispute,
 His language to each character to suit.

The skilful imitator I would tell
Of life and morals ever to mark well
The living models, that with living fire
The language of his works they may inspire.
Sometimes a play, which wantsskill, weight, and grace—
Because 'tis rich in telling common-place,
And varied characters exemplifies—
Proves more attractive in the people's eyes ;
Their interest, too, it longer keeps than plays
Lacking in incident—mere jingling lays.

Unto the Greeks who covet nought but praise
The Muse has genius given and polish'd phrase ;
But as for Roman boys 'tis their concern
By calculation tedious to learn
An as into a hundred parts to share.
Suppose one asks Albinus' son :—" Whene'er
You from five ounces take one ounce away
What's left? You used to know." " Four," he will say.
" Good," you rejoin ; " well will you guard your
store.
But if there should be added one ounce more
Say what would be your calculation then ?"
" The sum will be six ounces that is plain."
If wealth's corrosion and anxiety
Shall thus possess men's minds how should it be
That one can hope that poems can be writ
Worthy that we their custody commit,
When once with cedar-oil they've been imbued,
To boxes wrought of polish'd cypress-wood?

The bard seeks either to instruct or please ;
 Or he attempts together both of these
 To compass, and combine what pleasure gives
 With what will tend to guide man as he lives.
 If precepts you'd impart use brevity
 So that the docile mind may quickly see
 What you would teach—it faithfully retain ;
 From a full mind all words superfluous drain.
 Fiction that's meant to please should ever be
 As near as may be to reality,
 Nor should a play credence entire receive
 For whatsoever it asks one to believe ;
 For instance, from a well-fed Lamia's maw
 'Twould never do a living boy to draw.

Grave seniors uninstrusive plays will spurn ;
 On plays austere proud knights their backs will turn ;
 He who the useful and agreeable
 In happy harmony has mingled well,
 And in one breath delight and warning gives
 A general vote of gratitude receives.
 A work like this merits the Sosii's pay ;
 To lands across the sea it finds its way ;
 And down the stream of time, wafted by fame,
 To distant ages bears its author's name.

Yet there are faults which one would fain excuse ;
 Not aye the tone which hand and mind would choose
 Gives the string forth, for not unfrequently,
 When we require a flat, a sharp t'will be ;

Nor always will the arrow from the bow
Strike where the archer meant that it should go.
When in a poem beauties much abound
Why should we chide if a few stains be found
Which have crept in through want of proper care,
Or of which human nature can't beware.
What shall we say? If a transcriber make,
Although we've warn'd him oft, the same mistake,
He's not excused; we laugh at a harp-player
Should he upon the same string always err;
And so the bard, whose faults are numerous,
Seems to me like that stupid Choerilus
Whom, if he on a few occasions shine,
To wonder and to laugh at I incline;
And I the same somewhat annoy'd may feel,
If o'er good Homer sleep at times should steal;
To one who writes a lengthen'd work, indeed,
Rightly we may to snatch a nap concede.

With poems as with paintings 'tis the case
That some please more when viewed from a near place,
Whereas to others if you'd justice do
Them at a distance you are bound to view.
Some court the shade—some love the sunlight's blaze,
Nor hold in dread the critic's keenest gaze;
Some please for once, and then to please they cease,
Others, ten times repeated, still will please.

O thou the elder of the Piso youth!
Though by thy father's voice thou'rt form'd to truth,

And of thyself art wise, yet what I say
Take up, and in thy memory let it stay :
That in some things allowable may be
Mere average worth, and mediocrity.
One who has no great knowledge of the laws,
And who can only fairly plead a cause,
Far from Messala's excellence may be
In eloquence, nor as much law knows he
As does Cascellius Aulus—that's quite true ;
And yet that man has his own value too ;
But mediocre bards—nor gods, I vow,
Nor men, nor booksellers will e'er allow.

'Midst pleasant feasts sometimes to make us sick
Intrude discordant music, unguents thick,
And bitter poppy conserves which are made
With honey from Sardinia convey'd ;
Because the supper might with these dispense
The greater to the guests is the offence ;
And so a poem which a bard indites,
The offspring of his brain, to yield delights,
If from the top a little it descend
Down to the bottom is too apt to tend.

One who his strength in games has ne'er employ'd,
The struggles of the Campus will avoid.
He who of ball, hoop, quoit knows not the use,
Will rest in quiet, and to play refuse,
Lest of surrounding bystanders the crowd
Should mock his efforts with derision loud.

Yet he who knows of verses not a jot
Will dare to fashion poems—and why not?
He's free, well-born, has fortune may suffice
To constitute a knight—void of all vice.
But you, such is your judgment, such your mind—
Will not what's wrong—to wisdom's prompting blind—
Or say or do. If ever you should write,
The critic Maecius' judgment you'll invite ;
Your father's too, and mine ; your manuscript
For nine long years should in your desk be kept.
What you've not publish'd you may change or burn—
A word once utter'd never can return.

Orpheus, of gods priest and interpreter,
The savage race of mankind to deter
From murder, and from victuals foul prevail'd ;
On this account, 'twas said, he never fail'd
By softening influences to assuage
The tiger's and the rabid lion's rage.
Amphion, too, who built the Theban towers,
His harp and winning voice employ'd as powers
To move the stony rock from out its bed,
And lead it at his pleasure—so 'tis said.

For this was wisdom judg'd in days of old,
Public from private things distinct to hold ;
Things sacred from profane to separate,
To check light love, and rule the married state ;
Towns fortified to build 'twas then thought good,
And to inscribe the code of laws on wood ;

And thus distinction and a glorious name
To bards divine, and to their poems came.

Great Homer and Tyrtæus next appear'd ;
They in their works men's manly bosoms cheer'd,
And proudly spurr'd them on to fields of fight ;
Poems were used to bring men's fates to light ;
By them the proper path of life was taught,
And in Pierian strains kings' favour sought ;
Sports were found out ; and, the hard-work'd to cheer,
Verse served, their labour o'er, to crown the year ;
To worship Phœbus, god of poetry,
And Lyric Muse ashamed you need not be.
We know another question has been raised,
Whether a poem worthy to be praised
Owes more to nature, or owes more to art.
I must confess, I see not, for my part
How study without genius can succeed,
And how untutor'd genius well can speed ;
Each from the other seems to ask its aid—
As friends united they stand undismay'd.

Him in the race who'd reach the winning-post,
Endurance much, and toil it must have cost ;
When young he must both cold and heat have braved,
Himself from love and wine's enticements saved ;
The harpist at the Pythian games who'd play
Must first have learnt, and felt a master's sway.
Nor 'tis enough a poet should exclaim :
“ I wondrous poems write which gild my name ;

Plague take the hindmost—'twere a great disgrace
If I were left behindhand in the race,
And to confess, were it forsooth my lot,
That I don't know that which I ne'er was taught."

An auction-crier, to collect a crowd
His wares to buy, puffs them in accents loud ;
Even so a poet who's of land possess'd,
Rich, too, in cash laid out at interest,
His gold distributing with liberal hand
Is sure the praise of flatterers to command ;
And if he's one who can a dinner give
In handsome style—or a poor man relieve
Who, credit gone, needs good security,
And from vexatious law-suits set him free—
Though blest he be I'd wonder if he knew
A false friend to distinguish from a true.

Should you have made, or should you mean to make
To any one a present, don't him take
Replete with joy to judge your poetry ;
He'll cry out : " Bravo ! lovely ! good ! ah me !"
Then he'll grow pale, and next there will appear
In his moist eye like dew the friendly tear ;
He'll dance and jump about like one inspired.
As at a funeral the mourners hired
By voice and action play a stronger part
Than friends and relatives who mourn at heart—
So will the flatterer far more moved appear
Than he whose approbation is sincere.

They say that kings with many wine-cups ply
And thus extort from him whom they would spy
Whether it be the case or no that he
Of favour and of friendship worthy be ;
If you'll write poetry, be sure you'll need
Of cunning fox-like flatterers to take heed.

If to Quintilius you should aught recite
He'll say, " I pray you this and that put right."
If that you can't do better you maintain,
For you have tried it twice or thrice in vain—
He'd bid you then the faults delete or burn,
And to the anvil ill-wrought lines return.
But if these faults you rather would defend
Than take the pains to alter and amend,
He not a word would add, nor further try—
For then he knows he'll fail most certainly—
To baulk your notion that your works and you
You fondly may as quite unrivall'd view.

An honest skilful critic will find fault
With languid lines—and those erase which halt ;
Lines that are rough he'll blame, and tropes ornate
From the ambitious lines he'll amputate ;
For the obscure more light he'll recommend,
And the ambiguous he will reprehend ;
'Bout things requiring change he'll not be dumb,
A second Aristarchus he'll become,
Nor will he say : " Wherefore should I offend,
In matters which but trifles are, a friend ?"

'Tis by such trifles mischief is entail'd
On those who've once 'midst public laughter fail'd.

The wise with a mad poet contact fear,
And fly incontinent if he come near,
As from one with the itch or jaundice sick,
The fury-stricken, or the lunatic ;
Him children of the pavement chase and hoot,
And foolish adults join in the pursuit.

While spouting verses he at random strays,
His head erect, as at the sky he'd gaze,
If like a fowler, keenly occupied
In snaring blackbirds, he perchance should slide
Into a ditch or well—though long he cry
“ Help—help O citizens !” yet none will hie
To pull him out ; or if there one should be
Inclined to help him out for charity,
And to let down a rope—to him I'll say :
“ How know you but the man on purpose may
Himself have brought into this sorry plight,
And would not have you save him if you might.”

This to illustrate I would then relate
The bard of Sicily's untimely fate—
That fool Empedocles who madly sought
To be a deity immortal thought,
And with *sang-froid*—for cool himself he kept—
Into the burning fire of Etna leapt.
Give poets right and leave to perish still—

To save them 'gainst their wish is them to kill.
Nor only once has he done this, for he,
Though you should rescue him, will never be
A reasonable man, nor cease to sigh
From the desire a famous death to die.
Why it is doom'd that from his pen should flow
A constant stream of verse we scarcely know ;
Did he his father's grave with insult treat ?
Or has he trod with sacrilegious feet
The sad Bidental's precincts ? One thing's clear,
He's mad—and like a bear in his career,
If it have broke the gratings of its den,
The merciless rehearser worries then
Learn'd and unlearn'd ; and if he should succeed
In catching one, him he to death will read,
Just like a leech which to one's skin sticks fast
Nor quits its hold till gorged with blood at last.

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The British Medical Journal.

"It would have been a pity if Dr Wood had allowed the manuscripts of his translation to be secluded and comparatively useless, instead of yielding to the advice of his friends that they should be published. We have compared many parts of the translation with the original, and have noticed throughout the accuracy with which the language of Horace has been rendered into English, and the fidelity with which his meaning has been represented. . . . Dr Wood has very accurately hit off the proper mode of dressing Horace's *Satires à l'Anglaise*, without impairing their piquancy. . . . We hope that this is not the last that we shall hear of Dr Andrew Wood as a translator, but that we shall have to welcome a translation by him of some other of the writings of Horace."

The Civil Service Gazette.

"Dr Wood has given us an entirely original version, unaided at all by any ideas borrowed from the standard translations of Lytton, Martin, or Conington, neither of which has he read, with an exercise of no small self-denial on his part, as he tells us. The work, like most of a similar kind, is not without occasional metrical faults and errors of translation. Still, upon the whole, we are disposed to think the verdict of the public will reverse the preconceived notion of failure which seems to have been uppermost in the mind of our author."

Edinburgh Courant.

"We welcome the doctor to the ranks of the Horatians, not only as an able and versatile auxiliary in himself, but as an exemplar to others of the faculty to enrich and refine their somewhat meagre and commonplace culture of the Venusian. . . . As a whole his success in a very difficult enterprise has been

considerable, and if the conditions of professional distraction, under which it was attained, be held in account, it is distinctly remarkable."

London Weekly Review.

"Dr Wood deserves infinite credit for his work, even had it been, which it is not, a failure. Thanks to the busy Edinburgh doctor for a very admirable rendering into English of the 'Satires of Horace.' We simply add that the translation is safe in the hands of old and young."

The Bookseller.

"Dr Wood has turned out a very creditable performance. The translation is very readable, and coming, not from a professed scholar or a professed poet, but from a man occupied with the toils of a laborious profession, is deserving of high commendation."

Medical Times and Gazette.

"It is in fact impossible to reproduce so concise, epigrammatic, and syncopated a language as the Latin in English without an obscurity that can only be obviated by dilution. Nay, more; every man has his own genius—a *facundia verborum* has undeniable charms of a certain sort, and no one can deny Dr Andrew Wood the grace of fertile diction. . . . We thank him for his book, and for the example he has set, and assure him that his medical brethren will see with gratification the honours that are his due in the field of literature."

Illustrated London News.

"An Edinburgh medical practitioner, Dr Andrew Wood, has spent his leisure hours in translating the Satires of Horace, mostly into eight-lined stanzas of a lightly jogging movement, which lack the polished terseness of the Latin and of Pope; but Dr Wood has enough scholarship, humour, and knowledge of mankind, to understand his author's meaning."

British and Foreign Medical Review.

"While, therefore, we cannot say that Dr Wood has left us nothing to desire in his method of translating the Horatian Satires, we see in every page proof of loving industry and intelligent appreciation of his author, which justify us in giving a hearty welcome to this latest attempt to introduce to English readers the light-hearted and quick-witted son of the Venusian freedman."

Orkney Herald.

"We have here another and most interesting illustration of the fact, that great literary ability and taste, and much poetic enthusiasm often exist, and are being cultivated among us by persons, and in circumstances, which one would at first thought deem most unlikely. A man more than ordinarily actively engaged in the onerous and incessant labours of the medical profession, in one of our larger cities, is not, one would think, the most favourably circumstanced, either as regards time or taste, for literary, and especially for poetic pursuits; nor is his occupation, we apprehend, usually reckoned the most congenial to such labours, or the most likely to lead his thoughts into such channels. The more, of course, the honour of the individual who, thus circumstanced, has nobly grappled with, and overcome all such adverse influences, and that without neglecting, or in the least impinging upon his professional duties; and, from the indirect allusions to the circumstances in which this translation was effected, it appears to us that we have such a case before us.

"The translation, it is scarcely necessary to say, is not a very literal one. We have oftener the meaning and the spirit of the author, than anything like *ipsissima verba*. It will, however, in our opinion, do the translator much credit among scholars, and still more certainly with the general public, as a rigid economist—we should rather say careful gatherer-up of the fragments, and a diligent improver of time."

The Edinburgh Medical Journal.

"As the work of a well-known and much-beloved physician, and a member of our General Medical Council to boot, we think it right to direct attention to it as further proof, if any were required, that our more purely professional studies do not incapacitate us for taking pleasure in the more luxuriant fields of general literature; that a good doctor is not of necessity, and certainly ought not to be, a mere barbarian to the outer world; and that our motto, '*nec sinit esse feros*,' is no mere idle boast, but the rule of our lives, though only now and then the busy members of our profession have sufficient force of character to exhibit it practically to the world. 'Gather up the fragments,' has been Dr Wood's motto in this his labour of love."

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