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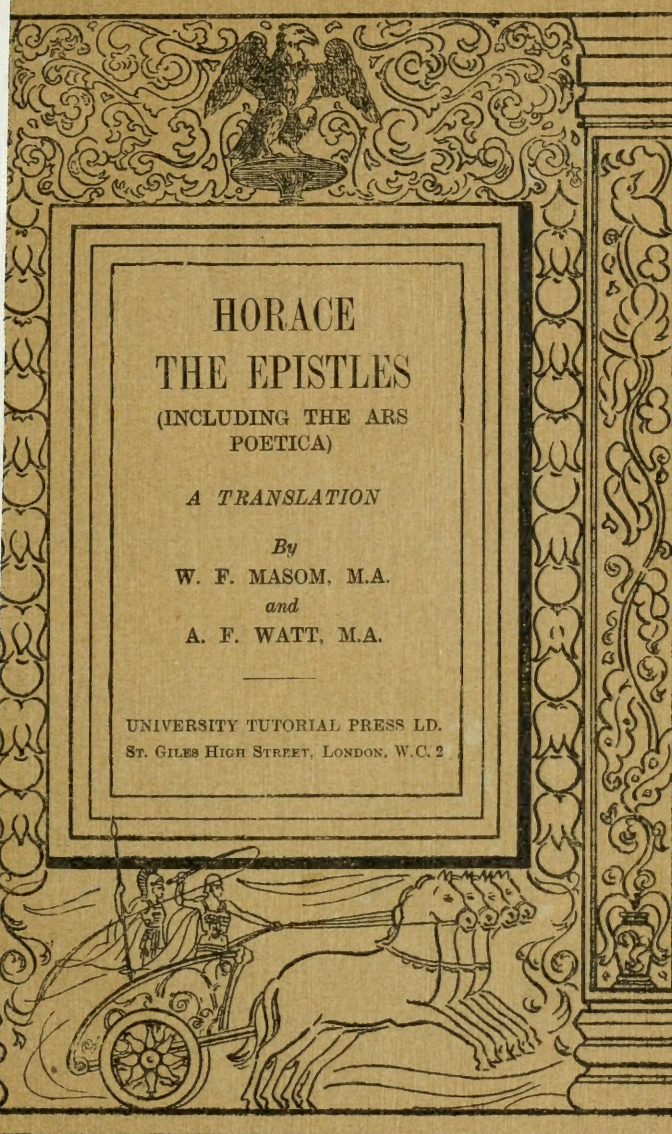


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Horatius Flaccus, Quintus
The epistles, including the Ars
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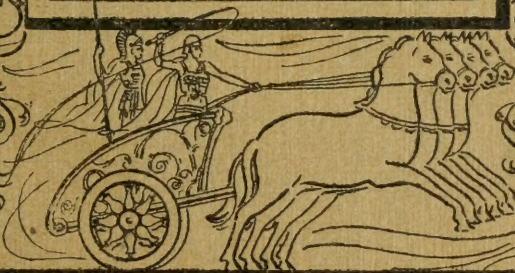


HORACE
THE EPISTLES
(INCLUDING THE ARS
POETICA)

A TRANSLATION

By
W. F. MASOM, M.A.
and
A. F. WATT, M.A.

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EDITIONS OF LATIN AND GREEK CLASSICS.

The Text is in all cases accompanied by Introduction and Notes: books marked (*) contain also an alphabetical Vocabulary.

The Word Lists are in order of the Text and are preceded by Test Papers.

	Text.	Word List.		Text.	Word List.
AESCHYLUS—			DEMOSTHENES—		
Eumenides.	3/0	1/3	Androtion.	6/0	...
Persae.	3/0	...			
Prometheus Vincetus.	3/0	...			
Septem contra Thebas	3/0	1/3	EURIPIDES—		
			Alcestis.	2/6	1/3
CAESAR—			Andromache.	3/0	...
Civil War, Book 1.	2/0	...	Bacchae.	4/0	...
Civil War, Book 3.	3/0	1/3	Hecuba.	2/0	...
Gallic War, Books 1-7			Hippolytus.	4/6	1/3
(each)	*2/0	1/0	Medea.	2/6	...
Gallic War, Book 1,			HERODOTUS—		
Ch. 1-29.	1/6	...	Book 3.	4/6	...
The Invasion of Britain,			Book 4, Ch. 1-144.	4/6	1/3
Gallic War, Book 4			Book 6.	...	1/3
(Ch. 20)—5 (Ch. 24).	*2/0	1/0	Book 8.	4/6	...
			HOMER—		
CICERO—			Iliad, Book 24.	3/0	...
De Amicitia.	*2/0	1/0	Odyssey, Books 13, 14.	3/0	...
De Finibus, Book 1.	3/6	...	Odyssey, Book 17.	...	1/3
De Finibus, Book 2.	4/6	...			
De Officiis, Book 3.	3/0	1/3	HORACE—		
De Senectute.	*2/0	1/0	Epistles (including <i>Ars Poetica</i>).	4/6	...
In Catilinam I.-IV.	3/0	...	Epistles (excluding <i>Ars Poetica</i>).	...	1/3
In Catilinam *I., III.			Epistles, Book 1.	2/0	...
(each)	2/0	1/0	Epodes.	2/0	...
Philippic II.	3/6	1/3	Odes, Books 1-4.	*4/6	...
Pro Archia.	2/0	1/0	Separately, each Book	*2/0	1/0
Pro Cluentio.	4/0	1/3	Satires.	4/6	1/3
Pro Lege Manilia.	*2/0	1/3			
Pro Marcello.	2/6	1/0			
Pro Milone.	3/0	1/3			
Pro Plancio.	4/0	1/3			
Pro Rege Deiotaro.	2/6	...			
Pro S. Roscio Amerino.	3/0	1/3			
Somnium Scipionis.	2/6	...			

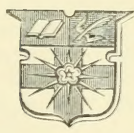
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THE EPISTLES
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HORACE.—EPISTLES.

A TRANSLATION.

N.B.—In the few passages where this Translation does not follow Plaistowe's Text, the reading adopted will be found in the Notes to his edition.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

Do you, Maecenas, sung in my earliest lay, destined to be sung in my latest, seek to enclose me a second time in my old training-school, though I am sufficiently approved, and already presented with the wooden foil? My age is not the same, neither is my inclination. Veianius, having hung up his arms on a pillar of Hercules' temple, lies concealed on his country farm, that he may not so often on the edge of the arena entreat the people to free him. There is one who often rings through my listening ear, "Wise in time release the horse now growing old, that he may not fail ridiculously in the end and break his wind." And so now I lay aside verses and all other trifles; what is true and fitting I study and inquire, and am wholly absorbed in this. I store up and arrange material, so that I may afterwards bring it forth. And lest, perchance, you ask under what leader, in what home I find shelter; sentenced to swear allegiance to no master, wheresoever the tempest hurries me, thither am I borne as a guest. Now I become an active politician, and plunge myself in the waves of civil life, the guardian and inflexible attendant of true virtue; now insensibly I glide back into the precepts of Aristippus, and endeavour to bend circumstances to me, not myself to circumstances. As the night appears long to those whose mistress plays them false, and the day to those who are bound to perform some task; as the year is slothful to minors upon whom the stern control of their mother weighs hard, so for me slow and unpleasant move on the hours, which

30 hinder my hope and design of doing strenuously that which is of advantage to poor alike, to rich alike, and which, if neglected, will be equally hurtful to boys and to old men. It remains that I rule and console myself with these axioms. You may not be able to see with your eyes as far as Lynceus; nevertheless, you would not on that account refuse to be anointed when troubled with sore eyes; nor, because you may despair of possessing the limbs of unvanquished Glycon, would you be unwilling to guard your body against the knotty gout in the hand. It is possible to advance to a certain point, even if it is not granted to go beyond. Your bosom is fevered with avarice and tormenting desire; there are spells and strains by which you may allay this pain, and get rid of a large portion of the disease. You
35 swell with the love of praise; there are specific remedies which will have power to relieve you, when you have thrice with pure mind read a little book. The envious, wrathful, sluggish, drunken, licentious—no one is so utterly wild that he cannot become tame, provided only he lend to culture a patient ear. It is the commencement of virtue to flee vice, and the commencement of wisdom to be free from folly. You see with what toil of mind and body you avoid those ills which you consider to be greatest—a scanty fortune, and an unsuccessful candidature. An unwearied
40 merchant, you rush to the ends of India, flying from poverty over sea, and rocks, and fires; are you not willing to learn, and hear, and trust a better man, so that you may not care for those things which now foolishly you admire and covet? What boxer around the villages and cross-ways would disdain to be crowned at the great Olympic games, who had the hope, who had the promise of the pleasant palm of victory without the toil (*lit. dust*)? Silver is worth less than gold, gold than virtues. “O citizens,
45 citizens, first of all is money to be sought; virtue after wealth.” These precepts the whole Janus from top to bottom proclaims, these precepts youths and old men re-echo, with satchels and tablet hanging from the left arm. You have spirit, character, you have a ready tongue and credit; but if 6000 or 7000 sesterces are wanting of the four hundred thousand, you will be a low fellow. But
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60 boys, when playing, say, "You shall be king, if you will do well." Let this be our wall of brass, to be conscious of no guilt, to turn pale with no fault. Tell me, if you please, is the Roscian law the better, or the children's jingle, which presents the sovereignty to those who do well—a ditty chanted by the sturdy Curii and Camilli? Does he advise you better who says, "Make money, money; if you can, honestly, if not, by any means make money," in order that you may view more closely the lamentable plays of Pupius; or he who, at hand, exhorts and fits you to confront disdainful Fortune, free and upright? But if, perchance, the Roman people ask me why I do not use the same opinions as they, as I do the same colonnades, why I neither follow nor avoid the pursuits which they love or hate, I shall reply, as once the wary fox answered the ailing lion, "Because the foot-prints terrify me, since they all look towards you, none back from you." Thou art a monster of many heads. For what am I to follow, or whom? A part of mankind longs to take state-contracts; there are those who with tit-bits and fruits hunt for avaricious widows, and net old men, that they may send them into their preserves; the wealth of many grows by secret usury. But, be it that different individuals are attracted by different objects and pursuits; can the same men continue one hour to approve of the same things? "No retreat in all the world outshines delicious Baiae." If the rich man has so said, lake and sea feel the affection of the hurrying master; then, if morbid caprice has lent its sanction, "To-morrow, workmen, you will bear your tools to Teanum." Is the nuptial couch in his hall? He says nothing is preferable to, nothing better than, a bachelor's life. If it is not, he swears the married are alone blessed. With what noose can I hold this Proteus, who is changing thus his appearance? What does the poor man do? Laugh! he changes his garrets, his seats, his baths, his barbers; in his hired boat he is just as sick as the wealthy man, whom his own trireme conveys. If I meet you with my hair cropped when the barber cut unevenly, you laugh; if I have a threadbare shirt beneath a glossy tunic, or if my toga sits awry and does not fit, you laugh; what do you do when my judgment is at war with

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itself? when it rejects what it sought, seeks again what it lately flung away, when it is in a ferment, and is inconsistent in its whole method of life? when it pulls down, builds up, changes square to round? Why, you think I am mad in the ordinary way; you don't laugh at me, neither do you think I am in need of a physician, or of a guardian assigned by the prætor, although you are the protection of my affairs, and are angry about the ill-pared nail of the friend who depends upon you, who reveres you. Finally, the wise man is less than Jove alone; wealthy, free, of high rank, handsome; in short, a king of kings; above all, he is sound, except when a cold is troublesome.

II.

While you, Maximus Lollius, are declaiming at Rome, I, at Praeneste, have read again the writer of the Trojan war, who tells us what is honourable, what shameful, what is expedient, what is not, more clearly and better than Chrysippus and Crantor. If nothing hinders you, hear why I have thus concluded. The story—in which it is related how, on account of the love of Paris, Greece was dashed in lingering war against the land of the barbarians—contains the fiery passions of foolish kings and peoples. Antenor advises them to cut off the cause of war. What says Paris? He declares that he cannot be forced to reign in safety, and to live happily. Nestor hastens to make up the quarrel between Pelides and Atrides: love inflames the one, anger both in common. Whatever madness the kings commit, the Achæans suffer for. By mutiny, treachery, crime, lust and rage, sin is committed within and without the Trojan walls. Again, he has set before us Ulysses, as an instructive instance of what worth and wisdom can do,—who, vanquisher of Troy, beheld with keen eyes the cities and the manners of many men, and who, over the broad ocean, while he endeavoured to secure for himself and his companions a return home, endured many hardships, not to be overwhelmed by the adverse waves of circumstances. You know the Sirens' songs, and Circe's cups, of which, if with his companions, foolish and greedy, he had drunk, beneath a harlot mistress would he have become a being hideous and senseless, and

would have lived a filthy hound, or hog that delights in mire. We are mere cyphers, and born to consume the fruits of the ground, losel wooers of Penelope, youths of Alcinous', who toiled overmuch in caring for their bodies, to whom it seemed glorious to sleep till midday, and to lull their cares to rest by the strains of the lyre. Robbers arise by night to cut a man's throat; can you not awake to save yourself? But, if you refuse when sound, you will run when dropsical; and unless before daybreak you demand book and light, if you will not direct your mind to honourable pursuits and objects, lying awake you will be tortured with envy or love. For why do you hurry to remove those objects which injure the eye, but, if aught gnaws the mind, put off the season of cure from year to year? Who begins, possesses the half of the deed: dare to be wise; make a commencement. He who puts off the hour of living aright is like the clown waiting until the river flow by; but it glides on and will glide on with rolling waters for all time. "Money is sought, and a wealthy wife for bearing children; and savage forests are reclaimed by the share." Let him to whom there falls what is sufficient covet naught beyond. Neither mansion and estate, nor a heap of brass and gold is wont to dispel fevers from the sick body of its lord, or cares from his mind. The owner must be well, if he thinks of enjoying the things he has stored up. Who desires or fears, him house and fortune delight just as much as pictures delight sore eyes, as foot-wraps the gout, as the lyre delights ears afflicted with collected matter. Unless the vessel is clean, everything you pour in turns sour. Despise pleasures; pleasure bought with pain is harmful. The miser is ever in want: seek some fixed end for your desire. The envious man grows lean at the thriving fortune of his neighbour; than envy, even Sicilian tyrants found no greater torment. The man who will not curb his anger will wish that undone, to which resentment and wrath prompted him, while he hurried to inflict a violent punishment for the gratification of his revenge. Anger is a brief frenzy: rule the temper; unless it obeys, it commands—this restrain with bit and chain. The groom trains the steed while it is still docile, with tender neck, to go the

way its rider directs; the hunting-hound, from the time when it barked at the stag's hide in the court-yard, campaigns it in the woods. Now, while yet a boy, drink in my words with pure heart; now entrust yourself to better men. Long will the cask retain the odour with which when new it has once been tinged. But if you lag behind, or vigorously push on before, I neither wait for a loiterer, nor press on those that go before me.

III.

I long to know, Julius Florus, in what regions of the earth Claudius, the stepson of Augustus, is serving. Does Thrace detain you, and Hebrus bound in snowy fetters, or the narrow seas which run between the neighbouring towers, or the fertile plains and hills of Asia? What sort of tasks does the diligent staff plan? This, too, I am anxious about. Who is taking on himself to relate the achievements of Augustus? Who is spreading into remote times his wars and times of peace? What is Titius doing, soon to be spoken of by Roman tongues, who has not shrunk from the draughts of the Pindaric spring, daring to scorn the tanks and streamlets open to all? How is his health? How far does he recollect me? Is he eager to adapt Theban measures to the Latin lyre under the guidance of the Muse, or does he storm and rave in the tragic art? And what is Celsus doing?—he who has been, and must be, often advised to seek stores of his own, and to avoid touching the writings which the Palatine Apollo has taken under his charge, lest if, perchance, the flock of birds should come at some time to demand their own plumage, he, like the jackdaw stripped of its stolen colours, should excite laughter. And you, what do you attempt? Around what thyme are you busily flitting? Your genius is not insignificant, neither is it uncultivated, nor rough and unpolished; you, whether you sharpen your eloquence for pleading, or undertake to give opinions in civil law, or whether you compose charming poetry, will carry off the first prize of victor's ivy. But, if you could leave your worries, those numbing bands, you would go whither heavenly wisdom would lead you. This task, this pursuit, let us, small and great, urge on, if we wish to

live dear to our fatherland, dear to ourselves. You must write me word of this too, whether **Munatius** is of as much concern to you as is becoming. Or does the ill-patched reconciliation in vain come together, and is burst open again? and does hot blood or ignorance of the world chafe you, wild as you are with unsubdued neck? In whatever spot you live, unworthy to break the brotherly alliance, a votive heifer is feeding against your return.

IV.

Albius, kind critic of my Satires, what shall I say you now are doing in the district of **Pedum**? Writing what may surpass the works of **Cassius** of **Parma**, or sauntering silent amid health-bearing groves, meditating whatever is worthy of the wise and good? You never used to be body without soul: the gods have given beauty, the gods have given riches to you and the faculty of enjoying them. What greater blessing could a nurse implore for her darling foster-child, if he, like you, can think aright and utter what he feels, and if there fall abundantly to him friendship, fame, health, and decent means with unflinching purse. In the midst of hope and care, in the midst of fears and passions, think that every day which breaks is your last: pleasantly will the hour come upon you, which is not expected. When you wish to laugh, you shall find me fat and sleek, with well-tended hide, a hog of **Epicurus**' herd.

V.

If you can recline as a guest on **Archias**' couches, and do not fear to dine on nothing but herbs in a modest dish, I will await you, **Torquatus**, at my house at sunset. You will drink wine racked off when **Taurus** was consul for the second time, between marshy **Minturnae** and **Petrinum** of **Sinuessa**. If you have any better, send for it, or else put up with my orders. Already my hearth is bright, and my furniture is clean. Away with baseless hopes, and the struggle for wealth, and **Moschus**' case; since to-morrow is **Caesar**'s natal day, the festive hours grant indulgence and slumber. Without loss will it be permitted to prolong the summer night in kindly talk. To what purpose is my

fortune, if I am not allowed to use it? He that is sparing and inordinately austere for the sake of his heir, is next door to a lunatic. I will begin to drink and strew flowers, and I will submit even to be considered a madman. What does tipsiness not unseal? It unlocks secrets, it bids hopes be realised. it urges to battle the coward, lifts the load from careworn minds, it teaches new accomplishments. Whom have not brimming cups rendered eloquent? Whom have they not rendered free under cramped poverty? I, who am the fit person and not unwilling, take upon myself to care for these matters, that no faded coverlet, no soiled napkin, make you turn up your nose in disgust; that bowl and salver reveal you to yourself; that among true friends there be no one who would carry our words abroad; that like may come together and be joined with like. I will invite Butra and Septicius, and Sabinus too, unless an earlier engagement and a girl whom he prefers, keep him away. There is place, too, for several friends (whom you may introduce); but the reek of armpits spoils the enjoyment of over-crowded banquets. Do you write back what number you wish us to be; and, laying your business aside, escape by the back door the client who keeps watch in your hall.

VI.

To wonder at nothing, Numicius, is almost the one and only thing which can make and keep a man happy. There are those who, tinged with no superstitious fear, gaze on yon sun, and stars, and the seasons which depart with fixed courses. How do you estimate the gifts of earth? How the gifts of the sea, which enriches remote Arabs and Indians? How those trifles, the applause and gifts of friendly Romans? In what way, with what feeling and eyes do you consider these objects are to be regarded? He who dreads the opposites of those, wonders almost in the same manner as he who desires; the excitement in either case is painful, as soon as an unexpected appearance excites one or the other. Whether he rejoice or grieve, desire or fear, what is it to the purpose, if whatever he sees better or worse than his expectation, with eyes fixed fast, he grows numb both in mind and body? Let the wise man bear the name of

the fool, the just of the unjust, if he seek Virtue herself farther than is sufficient. Go now, gaze reverently on old plate and marble, and bronze vessels, and works of art; wonder at Tyrian hues and gems; rejoice that a thousand eyes behold you as you speak; in your industry seek the forum early, your dwelling late, lest Mutus reap more corn from the fields, the dowry of his wife, and (oh shame! since he is sprung from meaner sires) lest he be rather an object of admiration to you than you to him." Whatever is beneath the earth will time bring forth to the light of day; things now glittering it will bury and conceal. Though Agrippa's portico and the Appian way have beheld you, a well-known acquaintance, nevertheless it remains for you to go whither Numa and Ancus have gone. If your lungs and kidneys are tortured by sharp disease, seek a means of escape from it. You wish to live aright; who does not? If Virtue alone is able to give this blessing, bravely fling away delights, and let this be your care. ▼ You think virtue to be mere words, and the sacred grove, logs; beware lest another enter the haven first, lest you lose your Cibyritic and Bithynian trade: let a thousand talents be rounded off, then another thousand; next let a third thousand succeed, and the quantity which squares off the heap. To be sure Queen Cash gives wife and dowry, credit and friends, and rank and beauty: and Persuasion and Venus adorn the moneyed man. The king of the Cappadocians, wealthy in slaves, lacks coin: be not you as he. Lucullus, as the story goes, when asked if he could provide a hundred cloaks for the stage, says, "How can I find so many? Still, I will look, and what I have I will send." A little afterwards, he writes that he has at home five thousand cloaks, and that he may take part of them or all. The house is poor where there are not many things superfluous, and many things which escape the master's notice, and are profitable to pilferers. So then, if property alone can make and keep a man happy, be the first to go back each day to this task, be the last to quit it. If state and popularity render a man blessed, let us buy a slave to tell us the names of the people, to jog us in the left side, and force us to stretch out the right hand as he hurries us over the stepping-stones in the road. This man has much

influence in the Fabian tribe, that man in the Velian; this other will give the fasces to whom he pleases, and will ruthlessly wrest the curule ivory from whom he chooses. Add, too, "Brother," "Father," and according to each man's age politely adopt him. If he lives aright who dines well—lo! day is dawning, let us go whither the palate leads us; let us fish, hunt, like Gargilius used once to do: he who used to order nets, hunting-spears, and slaves in the morning to pass through the crowded forum and the people, in order that one mule out of many might bring back under the eyes of the people a purchased boar. Let us bathe with food undigested and gorged, forgetful of what is becoming and what is not, citizens worthy of the Caerite franchise, worthless crew of Ithacan Ulysses, to whom forbidden pleasure was more delightful than their native land. If, as Minnermus judges, nothing is pleasant without love and jests, then live in love and jests. Farewell. If you know anything truer than these precepts, be fair and share them with me; if not, use these as I do.

VII.

I who promised that I should be in the country only five days, am missed, liar as I am, the whole of August. But, indeed, if you wish me to live sound and in good health, the indulgence which you give me when sick, Maecenas, you will give me when fearing to fall ill; whilst the early fig and heat adorn the undertaker with his sable attendants, whilst every father and mother are pale with alarm for their children, and diligence in showing attentions, and the forum's petty business bring on fevers and unseal wills. But when winter spreads its snows on Alban fields, your bard will go down to the sea, and will be careful of himself, and will read all huddled up; you, dear friend, will he visit with the Zephyrs and the first swallow, if you permit. [You have not made me wealthy after the fashion in which the Calabrian host bids you eat his pears, "Eat, if you please." "It is already enough." "But take home as many as you wish." "I am much obliged." "You will carry presents not displeasing to your young children." "I am as much bound by the gift as if I were sent away loaded." "As

you please; you will leave them to be eaten to-day by the pigs." The prodigal and fool gives away things which he despises and detests; this seed produces ungrateful recipients, and will produce them every year. The good and wise man says that he is ready to benefit the worthy; and yet is not ignorant how greatly coins differ from counters. I will show myself worthy in proportion to the renown of my benefactor. But, if you are unwilling for me ever to depart, you must restore the vigorous lungs, the glossy black locks on my slender forehead, you must restore to me my pleasant words, my graceful smile, my way of lamenting over the cups the flight of teasing Cinara. A meagre little fox had crept by chance through a narrow chink into a corn-bin, and, when gorged, was vainly endeavouring with distended body to make her way out again. To her saith a weasel at a distance, "If you wish to escape from that place, repair lean to the narrow hole, which you entered lean." If I am assailed by this image, I transfer all back to you; neither, gorged with dainties, do I praise the sleep of the mob, nor do I exchange freest repose for Arabian wealth. Often have you applauded me as a modest man, and you have been addressed as patron (*lit.* king) and father, nor when absent am I more sparing by a word; see whether I can cheerfully restore what you have given me. Well said Telemachus, offspring of enduring Ulysses, "Ithaca is no place adapted for horses, since it neither extends into level courses, nor is it abounding in much grass. Son of Atreus, I will leave thy gifts, better fitted for thyself." Humble surroundings befit the humble; queenly Rome is not pleasing to me now, but quiet Tibur and peaceful Tarentum. Philip, energetic and bold, and renowned for pleading causes, as he was returning from his duties about the eighth hour, and, being now aged, was complaining that the Carinae were too far distant from the Forum, saw, as the story goes, some closely-shaven individual in a barber's deserted booth, leisurely paring his own nails with a razor. "Demetrius"—this was the boy who received in no undexterous manner the commands of Philip—"go, inquire, and bring back word, where the man comes from, who he is, what is his fortune, who is his father, or

who his patron." He goes, returns, and relates that he is by name Volteius Mena, an auctioneer, of humble fortune, a man of good character, well-known both for working with energy in season, and for taking holiday, for earning money and for spending it, delighting in humble companions, a home of his own, and in the public games and the Campus Martius, when business is over. "I should like to inquire from the man himself all that you are telling me; bid him come to dinner." Mena can scarcely believe; he wonders silently. What is the use of many words? "I'm much obliged," he replies. "Does he refuse me?" "The impudent fellow refuses, and either does not care for you or is afraid of you." Early in the morning Philip comes upon Volteius as he is selling cheap broker's ware to the tunic-clad populace, and is first in bidding him good-day. He begins to plead in excuse to Philip his work, and the chains of business, as a reason for not coming to his house in the morning, and, finally, for not having seen him first. "Consider that I pardon you on condition that you dine with me to-morrow." "As you please." "Well, then, you will come after the ninth hour; go now, and increase your wealth diligently."

When he came to dinner, after he had said whatever came uppermost, he was at length allowed to go home to bed. He, when he had oft been seen to repair to the lawyer's house, like a fish to the concealed hook, in the morning a client and now a regular guest, was bidden to accompany his patron to his suburban estate, on the proclamation of the Latin festival. Mounted behind Philip's cobs, he never ceases to praise the Sabine soil and air. Philip observes it all, and smiles; and, as he seeks recreation and diversion from all sources, by giving him seven thousand sesterces and promising to lend him seven thousand more he persuades him to buy a little farm. He buys one. Not to detain you longer than necessary by a roundabout story, he is converted from a spruce citizen into a country clown; talks of nothing but furrows and vineyards, prepares elms for vines, half kills himself with his hard work, and grows gray with the lust of gain. But when his sheep disappeared by theft, and his goats

by disease; when his harvest belied his expectations, and his ox was killed outright with ploughing, maddened by his losses, he seizes a cart-horse in the middle of the night, and hurries full of wrath to Philip's house. As soon as Philip saw him, all rough and unshorn, he says, "Volteius, you seem to me too strict and intent on your work." "By Pollux, my patron, you would call me Wretch if you wished to give me my true name. By your Genius and right hand and household gods, I entreat, I implore you to restore me to my former life."

Let the man who has once seen how much the objects he has flung aside excel those he has sought return in time and again seek the things he has left. It is right for every man to measure himself by his own measure and rule.

VIII.

Muse, at my request, bear greeting and good wishes to Celsus Albinovanus, Nero's companion and secretary. Should he ask what I am doing, say that, although I make many fine promises, I am living neither rightly nor pleasantly; not because the hail has beaten down my vines, or the summer heat scorched my olives, or my flock sickens on distant pastures; but because, less healthy in mind than in my whole body, I will hear nothing, will learn nothing which may relieve me in my sickness; because I am irritated with my faithful physicians, and grow angry with my friends, asking why they are anxious to protect me from my deadly lethargy; because I follow the objects which have injured me, and avoid those which I am sure would benefit me; because, fickle as the wind, at Rome I am in love with Tibur, at Tibur with Rome. After this, inquire how he fares, in what manner he prospers in his duties and in himself, how he pleases his youthful prince and his prince's staff. If he says "Well," first congratulate him, then remember to drop this warning into his ears: "As you bear your fortune, so shall we bear with you, Celsus."

IX.

Septimius is evidently the only man who understands how greatly you esteem me, Claudius; for when he begs

and, by his entreaties, in a manner compels me actually to praise and introduce him to you as one worthy of the mind and house of Nero, who chooses nothing but what is honourable; when he thinks that I enjoy the privilege of an intimate friend, he really sees and knows better than myself what I can do. Indeed, I pleaded many reasons why I should be excused, but I feared lest I might be thought to have pretended my interest to be less than it is, a dissembler of my own resources and ready to serve myself alone. And thus I, in avoiding the disgrace of a more serious fault, have stooped to win the prize which is really the due of a town-bred assurance. But, if you approve of modesty being laid aside at the command of a friend, enroll this friend of mine among your train, and believe him a brave and worthy man.

X.

I, who love the country, bid Fuscus hail, who loves the town. In this thing alone we are altogether unlike, but almost twins in everything else; since, with fraternal feelings, whatever one denies the other denies equally, and we assent alike; like old and well-known doves you keep to your nest, but I praise the streams of the pleasant country, and rocks overgrown with moss, and the grove. In short, I live and am in my glory as soon as I have left the things that you extol to the skies with loud applause; like the priest's runaway slave, I loathe the sacrificial wafers, and feel the need of bread, sweeter now to me than honeyed cakes. If it behoves us to live as nature directs, and a plot of ground for building a house must first be sought, do you know any spot preferable to the happy country? Does any place exist where the winters are more temperate, or where a more grateful breeze allays the madness of the Dog-star and the motions of the Lion when, roused to fury, it has received the stinging sun? Is there a spot where jealous care less interrupts our slumbers? Does herbage smell less sweet, or is it coloured less brightly than Libyan mosaics? Is the water which strives to burst the leaden pipes in the city streets purer than that which hurries with noisy murmur over

its sloping channel? You know that in cities a wood is actually reared among the variegated columns, and that a house is extolled which commands a prospect of distant fields. Though you drive out Nature with a pitch-fork, still she will ever return, and, stealthily victorious, will break through man's unhealthy caprice. He who is not skilled in comparing with Tyrian purple the fleeces saturated with Aquinum's dye, will not meet with a surer loss or one nearer to his heart, than he who is not able to distinguish falsehood from truth.

Whom prosperity hath overmuch elated, him will adversity depress. If you admire anything, you will lay it down with reluctance. Avoid grandeur: beneath a humble roof you may outstrip in life's race kings and the friends of kings. A stag, superior in the fight, used to drive away the horse from the common pasture ground, until the weaker in the prolonged contest implored man's assistance, and took the bit into his mouth. But, when in glee it had departed from the conquered foe, it shook neither the rider from off its back, nor the bit from its mouth. So he who in his dread of poverty lacks liberty, a boon more precious than mines, carries, covetous wretch, a master, and will be eternally a slave, because he knows not how to be content with a little. If the fortune a man possesses does not fit him, it will act like the shoe in the story: if larger than his foot, it will trip him; if smaller, it will gall him. If contented with your lot, you will live wisely, Aristius; neither will you let me go without punishment if I appear to hoard more than is enough and never to rest from toil. A hoard of money either rules or obeys a man, though it deserves rather to follow than to pull the twisted rope. These verses I dictated to you behind the mouldering shrine of Vacuna, blest in all else, except that you were not with me.

XI.

What do you think, Bullatius, of Chios and of famed Lesbos? What of graceful Samos? What of Sardis, Croesus' royal seat? What of Smyrna and Colophon? Are they greater or less than their reputation? Are all

despicable in comparison with the Campus Martius and the River Tiber? Does it come into your prayer to wish for one of the cities of Attalus, or in your weariness of sea and travels do you praise Lebedus? You know what Lebedus is, a hamlet more desolate than even Gabii and Fidenae; still, I should like to live there, forgetting my friends, forgotten too by them, and from the land to gaze afar off on the raging deep. But neither will the traveller who, bespattered with rain and mud, is making for Rome from Capua, wish to live always at an inn; nor does he who has caught a cold extol ovens and baths as furnishing all the requisites for a happy life; nor, if the blustering south wind has tossed you on the ocean, would you on that account sell your ship on the other side of the Aegean Sea. To the man who is in sound health Rhodes and fair Mitylene are as useful as a cloak at midsummer, an athlete's dress amid icy blasts, bathing in Tiber during winter, or a fire in the month of August. Whilst it is permitted, and Fortune retains her kindly aspect, at Rome let us praise distant Samos, and Chios, and Rhodes. Do you take with grateful hand every hour which the deity bestows upon you, and do not put off your joys from year to year; so that in whatever place you may have been, you may assert that you have lived pleasantly. For if it is reason and prudence that remove our cares, and not a place which commands a view of the wide-spreading sea, sky it is, not disposition, they change who hurry across the ocean. A diligent idleness is wearying us; we seek to live aright by means of ships and four-horsed chariots. What you are in search of is here; it is at Ulubrae, if a tranquil mind fail you not.

XII.

If you enjoy in a right way, Iccius, the Sicilian rents of Agrippa which you collect, it is not possible for greater abundance to be bestowed on you by Jove himself. Away with complaints; poor is he not who possesses the right of enjoying things in sufficiency. If it is well with stomach and lungs and feet, royal wealth can give you no greater blessing. If perchance you live on green

herbs and nettles, refusing the luxuries within your reach, you will continue so to live, even though fortune's stream should suddenly load you with gold; either because money has no power to change your disposition or because you consider all else inferior to virtue alone. We wonder when Democritus' flock devours meadows and corn-fields, whilst the philosopher's mind is travelling swiftly abroad, absent from the body; and yet you, amid such itching and contagion of gain, have no taste for any mean pursuit, but still study the sublime; investigating what causes restrain the sea and control the year; inquiring whether of their own will or directed by some power the stars rove and stray; what it is that shrouds in darkness the moon's orb; what it is that brings it forward into light; what is the meaning and purpose of all the discordant concord of the universe; whether Empedocles or shrewd Stertinius is at fault. But, whether you slaughter fish or leek and onion, you must make friends with Pompeius Grosphus, and, if he ask any favour, grant it of your own accord. Grosphus will desire nothing but what is right and just. The price of friendship is low when good men are in need of anything. But, that you be not ignorant in what position the affairs of the state are, know that the Cantabrian has fallen by the valour of Agrippa, the Armenian by the valour of Claudius Nero; that Phrahates, on bended knee, has acknowledged the sway and power of Caesar; and that golden Plenty is pouring forth on Italy her fruits with full horn.

XIII.

When you left me, Vinius, many a time did I give you full instructions. Therefore, you will present my sealed volumes to Augustus only if he be in good health and spirits, only, in fine, if he ask for them; lest you err out of zeal for me, and in your diligence you bring dislike on my books by your vehement exertions. Should the heavy load of my poems gall your back, rather fling it away on your journey than wildly dash it down like panniers when you arrive at the place whither you are directed to carry it: for thus you would turn your paternal name of Asina

into a jest, and become a proverb in the city. Exert your strength over hills and streams and bogs. As soon as you have achieved your enterprise, and arrived at the palace, keep your burden in such a position that you do not carry my bundle of books under your arm, as a clown would a lamb, or as drunken Pyrria in the play bears the ball of stolen wool, or as a tribesman carries his sandals and his little cap when invited by his patron to dinner. You must take care, too, not to relate in public how you perspired in carrying poems that may, perhaps, delight the eyes and ears of Caesar. Entreated with many a prayer, push on still. Away, farewell; take care you do not stumble and break what is entrusted to you.

XIV.

Steward of the woodlands and of the little farm which makes me once more my own master, but which you despise, though once it furnished a home for five families, and once was accustomed to send five worthy householders to Varia; let us see whether I can pluck the thorns with greater energy from my soul, or you from the land, and whether Horace or his property is in a better state. Although Lamia's affection and anxiety, who is mourning and lamenting inconsolably for his lost brother, detain me at Rome, still my soul is ever urging me towards my farm, and pants with a steed's eagerness to burst the barriers that obstruct the course. I call him happy who lives in the country, you him who lives in the city. He to whom another's lot is pleasant must, doubtless, dislike his own. So both in their foolishness unjustly blame the innocent place, whilst it is the mind that is at fault, which can never fly from itself. When you were a drudge at everyone's beck and call, in your silent prayers you desired the country; now that you are my steward you long for the city and the public games and baths. You know that I am consistent with myself, and depart sad at heart when hated business drags me to Rome. We do not admire the same objects, and from that cause arises the difference between my character and yours. For the spots that you consider desert and inhospitable wildernesses, he who is

of my turn of thinking calls delightful, and detests what you consider so fair. The stews and the greasy cook-shop inspire you, I see, with this regret for the city; besides, that little nook where you now are would sooner bear pepper and incense than grapes; and there is no tavern at your elbow to supply you with wine, nor any minstrel courtesan to whose music you may dance with lumbering tread; and yet you till with the hoe the long-untouched fields, and tend with due care the unyoked ox and fill him with leaves stripped from the boughs: if you are lazy the stream supplies you with work, for, if the rain falls, by many a mound it must be taught to spare the sunny meadow. Come, now, learn what prevents us from agreeing. I, whom fine-woven garments and glossy locks once adorned; whom you have known please greedy Cinara without a present; whom you have seen drinking the clear Falernian wine at noon; I am now contented with a frugal meal, and sleep on the grass beside the stream. I have no shame for past follies, but I should have were I not to break them off now. In that spot where you are, there is no one to impair my fortunes with askance eye, no one to poison them with hatred and its secret bite. The neighbours smile on me as I move clods and stones with my slaves. You would prefer to munch the rations of a city slave, and in your prayers you long to be with them; whilst my shrewd horse-boy envies you your enjoyment of wood and cattle and garden. The slow ox covets the horse's trappings; the nag wishes to plough. I am of opinion that each should practise contentedly the art he understands.

XV.

Write to me, Vala, and tell me what kind of winter there is at Velia, what sort of climate at Salernum. Inform me what the people are like, and how the road is; for Antonius Musa declares that Baiæ is doing me no good, and nevertheless makes me unpopular there, now that I bathe in cold water in the depth of winter. In truth, the town is lamenting that its myrtle-groves are abandoned, and that its sulphur springs, so famed for driving linger-

ing disease from the nerves, are falling into disrepute; and is full of wrath with sick men who dare to expose head and breast to Clusium's springs, and who seek Gabii and its cold fields. My abode must be changed, and my steed driven past its well-known resting-place. "Whither are you going? My journey is not now to Cumae or Baiæ," says the rider to his horse, pulling angrily with the left rein; for a horse's ear, you know, is in its bitted mouth. You must tell me, too, which town is supplied with the greatest abundance of corn; whether they drink rain-water collected in cisterns, or unfailing wells of fresh water. I do not care for the wines of that coast. On my own farm I can endure and put up with any wine you please; but, when I come down to the sea, I require something generous and mellow, which will drive away my cares, flow into my veins and soul with abundant hope, furnish me with eloquence, and recommend me once more a youth to a Lucanian mistress. Tell me too, friend Vala, which district produces most hares and boars, which sea shelters fish and sea-urchins in greater abundance; so that I may return home sleek and a very Phaeacian. It is right that you should tell me all this, and that I should trust you.

When Maenius had in a spirited manner made away with his father's and mother's estate, he turned wit and parasite; a vagabond, with no fixed stall, who, if fasting, could not distinguish citizen from stranger; fierce in fastening abuse on anyone; a very pest, whirlwind, and abyss of the market, whatever he got he bestowed on his insatiable maw. This individual, when he had obtained little or nothing from the patrons of his wicked wit, and from the timid, would dine on dishes of tripe and cheap lamb, devouring as much as would have sufficed for three bears; and, like Bestius reformed, would forsooth say that the bellies of gluttons should be branded with a red-hot iron. And yet the same man, when he had reduced to smoke and ashes any great booty he had pounced upon, used to say, "I do not marvel if some people eat up their estates, since nothing is better than a plump thrush, nothing more delicious than a rich paunch." I, in fact,

am this man. For I praise safety and humble circumstances when my means fail, resolute enough in the midst of poverty; but when something richer and better turns up, I, the same individual, declare that ye alone are wise and live aright, whose money is seen invested in handsome villas.

XVI.

That you may not inquire, my good friend Quintius, whether my farm supports its master with corn-land, or enriches him with the berries of the olive, or with fruits, or meads, or elm-clad vines, the character and situation of the ground shall be described to you at large. There the hills are unbroken, except where they are cleft by a shady vale in such a way that the rising sun shines on the right side and, as it departs with flying car, warms the left. You rightly praise its temperature. What will you say when I tell you that the kindly bushes produce ruddy cornels and sloes? that the oak and ilex delight my flock with many acorns, and the master with luxuriant shade? You would say that Tarentum had approached Rome, and was waving her foliage there. My fountain, too, worthy to give its name to a river, such that not Hebrus, which glides with winding course through Thrace, is colder or clearer, flows beneficial to the weary head and sickly stomach. This retreat so dear—yes, if you will believe me, charming—preserves me to you in perfect health even in September's days. / You are living aright if you take care to support your reputation. Long since all we at Rome have spoken of you as happy; but I fear you may rely on anyone rather than on yourself, and lest you think any other happy besides the wise and good, lest, if people say you are sound and in perfect health, you disguise the secret fever till the hour of dinner arrives, and a trembling seizes your hands as they grasp the food. The false shame of fools endeavours to conceal ulcers not healed. / If anyone were to discourse of wars fought by you on land and sea, and were to soothe your ready ears in these terms, "May Jove, who protects both you and the city, let it rest in doubt whether the people are more solicitous for your welfare, or you for theirs," you would

recognise praise due to Augustus alone. But, when you suffer yourself to be called wise and perfect, tell me, if you please, whether you have a right to the name to which you reply. / “Of course, I am delighted to be termed a good and wise man, just as you are.” But the man who has given you this character to-day, will withdraw it to-morrow, if so he pleases: just as the same people, if they have granted the fasces to an unworthy magistrate, will take them away again. “Resign: it is ours,” say they. I lay them down and retire sad at heart. But if this same people cry out “Thief!” against me, denounce me for vice, or assert that I strangled my father, am I to be stung by their false calumnies and to change colour? Whom but the faulty and him that needs reform, does undeserved honour delight and lying accusation terrify? / Who is your good man? He, I suppose, who observes the decrees of the Senate, the statutes and the laws; before whom as arbitrator many important law-suits are decided; by whose surety private property is safe, and by whose witness causes are won. And yet all his family and all his neighbours know that this man, in spite of his showy exterior, is foul within. /

If my slave says to me, “I have neither committed theft nor have I run away,” I reply, “You have your reward; you are not scourged.” He goes on, “I never killed a man.” “Well then,” I reply, “you will not feed the crows on the cross.” “I am a good and honest servant.” My Sabine steward shakes his head and denies it. For so the wary wolf dreads the snare, and the hawk the suspected noose, and the kite the hook covered by the bait. Good men, on the other hand, hate sin because they love virtue. But you commit no crime because you dread the punishment: let there only be a prospect of escape, and you will confound things sacred with things profane. For if out of a thousand bushels of beans you filch one, my loss is indeed less, not your guilt. / When your honest man, to whom every forum and every tribunal looks up, propitiates the gods with a pig or ox, he cries out with clear voice, “O father Janus,” again with clear voice, “O Apollo;” then he moves his lips fearing to be

overheard, "O fair Laverna, grant me to escape detection, grant me to seem just and holy, cover my sins and frauds with darkness and a thick cloud." How a miser can be better or more free than a slave, when he stoops to pick up a farthing stuck in the crossways, I do not see. For he who desires must also fear: further, he who lives in fear will never, in my opinion, be free. He has lost his arms, he has quitted the post of virtue, who is ever occupied and overwhelmed with the desire of increasing his store. But, if you can sell a prisoner taken in war, do not kill him; he will be a serviceable slave to you. As he is hardy, let him feed cattle, and let him plough; let him sail and traffic for you amid wintry waves; let him be serviceable to the market, and bring in corn and food. One good and wise will boldly say, "Pentheus, ruler of Thebes, what indignity will you force me to endure and suffer?" The monarch says, "I will deprive you of your property." He answers, "I suppose you mean cattle, property, beds, plate. You may take them." "In handcuffs and fetters will I bind you, under a harsh jailer." "God himself will release me when I please." I suppose he means, "I will die." Death is the ultimate boundary of all things.

XVII.

Although, Scaeva, you have sufficient prudence for your own affairs, and know in what manner it is fitting to live with greater men than yourself, learn what is the opinion of your humble friend, though he still requires teaching himself; it is, in fact, just as if a blind man should wish to show the way. Nevertheless, see if even I can say something which you may care to make your own. If grateful repose and sleep until the first hour delight you, if dust and the uproar of wheels or an inn offend you, I will bid you repair to Ferentinum. For neither do joys fall to the lot of the rich alone, nor has he lived amiss who, from birth to death, has escaped the notice of men. If you wish to be of service to your friends, and to treat yourself with a little greater indulgence, then do you, in your hunger, visit one of your rich friends. Said one: "If Aristippus could dine contentedly on herbs he would

not wish to associate with princes." Aristippus replied, "If he who censures me knew how to live with princes, he would loathe his vegetables." Inform me which of these two philosophers' words and deeds you approve; or, since you are younger than myself, hear why Aristippus' opinion is to be preferred. For, as the story goes, he baffled the snarling cynic in this way: "I play the fool for my own pleasure, you for the people's; this conduct of mine is far more correct and honourable. That a horse may carry me, and a great man may maintain me, I pay him my court; you beg for worthless things, really inferior to the man who gives them, although you bear yourself as if in need of no man." Every complexion of life, station, and fortune became Aristippus, who aimed at higher things and yet was nearly always content with his present lot. On the other hand, I shall be surprised if a change of life would become the cynic, whom his contentment shrouds in his double wrapper. The one will not tarry for his purple cloak; clothed in anything you please, he will make his way through the most crowded streets, and will, without awkwardness, support either character; the other will avoid a cloak woven at Miletus, with greater horror than a dog or snake; he will die of cold if you do not give him back his rags. Restore them, then, and let the man live in his foolishness. To achieve exploits, and to exhibit captive foes to Roman citizens, touches the throne of Jove, and aims at heavenly glory. To have pleased the chiefs of the state is not the greatest of merits. It falls not to every man's lot to get to Corinth. He sat inactive who feared that things should not go well with him: be it so. But what of him who has arrived at the end; has he acted bravely? And yet here or nowhere is what we are investigating. The one shrinks back from the burden as too heavy for feeble soul and feeble body; the other puts his back to it and carries it through. Either virtue is an empty name, or the enterprising man rightly seeks honour and reward. Those who are silent about their poverty in the presence of their patron will get more than those who beg. There is a difference between taking modestly and seizing greedily; but this was the main

point, this the source of your conduct. He who says, "My sister is without a dowry, my mother poor, my farm is neither saleable nor sure to support me," really cries out, "Give me food." The patron chimes in, "Yes, I shall divide the cake, and you will get your share." But, if the crow could have fed in silence, he would have had more of a feast and much less strife and envy. He who, taken as a companion to Brundisium or pleasant Surrentum, complains of uneven roads and piercing cold and rain, or of his chest being broken open and his provisions stolen, imitates the hackneyed tricks of a courtesan, often lamenting that a chain or anklet has been taken from her; so that at last no faith is put even in real losses and griefs. Nor does the man who has once been laughed at care to raise from the crossways a vagabond with a broken leg. Though many tears flow from him, though he swear by holy Osiris and say, "Believe me, I am no impostor: heartless men, lift up a lame man:" "Look out for a stranger," the denizens of the place shout back with hoarse cries.

XVIII.

If I know you well, most outspoken Lollius, you will dislike wearing the appearance of a parasite while you profess to be a friend. As a matron will be unlike and different in aspect from a courtesan, so will a friend differ from a faithless parasite. There is a vice distinct from this and almost greater; a clownish, rough, and offensive bluntness, which would recommend itself by hair clipped to the skin, and black teeth, while it wishes to be termed simple candour and true worth. Virtue is the mean between vices, remote from either extreme. One man is over inclined to obsequiousness; and the jester of the lowest couch is so awe-struck before the rich host's nod, so re-echoes his speeches and catches up his words as they fall, that you would suppose him a schoolboy repeating his lesson to a harsh master, or an actor playing the second part; another oftentimes quarrels about goat's hair, and takes up arms and fights in defence of trifles: "To think that I should not be believed before everyone else, and that I should not boldly speak out what I really

think. A second life would be worthless at that rate!" And what is the subject of dispute? Why, whether the gladiator Castor or Dolichos is the more skilful; whether Minucius' or Appius' Way leads best to Brundisium. The man whom ruinous love or the fatal dice strips, whom vanity clothes and anoints beyond his income, whom dire thirst and hunger for money, and shame and dread of poverty possesses, his wealthy friend (often better furnished with a half-score more vices) hates and dreads, or, if he does not hate, directs his conduct, and, like an affectionate mother, wishes him to be wiser and more advanced in virtue than himself, and says, what is pretty nearly true, "My riches—do not attempt to rival me—allow folly; your means are diminutive: a toga of little breadth befits a sensible dependent; cease to contend with me." When Eutrapelus wished to injure a man he used to give him costly raiment, "For now the happy man will assume new plans and new hopes with his fine dresses, he will sleep till daylight, will neglect honest business for a mistress, will let his debts grow; finally, he will turn gladiator, or drive a market-gardener's hack for hire." Never pry into his secrets; but keep hidden whatever is entrusted to you, though tried by wine or resentment. Do not praise your own pursuits, or censure those of others; nor make verses when he wishes to hunt. In this way, the friendship of the twin brothers Amphion and Zethus was severed, until the lyre, regarded with suspicion by the sterner brother, grew silent. Amphion is thought to have yielded to his brother's tastes; therefore, do you yield to the gentle commands of your powerful friend, and, whenever he would lead forth into the country his hounds and nags laden with Aetolian nets, arise and lay aside the gloom of the discourteous Muse; so that, like him, you may dine on dainties won by your toil. Hunting is an exercise usual to manly Romans, serviceable both to reputation, life, and limbs; especially when you are in good health and are able to surpass the hounds in fleetness and the boar in strength. Moreover, there is no one who handles manly arms more gracefully than yourself; you know amid what shouts of the spectators you take part in

the contests of the Campus Martius; finally, as a boy, you endured a fierce campaign and Cantabrian wars under the leader who is now taking down our standards from the Parthian temples, and who, if anything is still missing, is reclaiming it by Italian arms. And, that you may not draw back and be absent without excuse, remember that, although you are careful to do nothing out of time and tune, still you amuse yourself at times on your paternal estate. Your forces share the boats; the fight of Actium is represented under your direction by your slaves in a hostile fashion; your brother is the foe, your lake the Adriatic—until swift victory crown one or other of you with her bays. He who believes that you sympathise with his pursuits will approve and praise your amusements with hearty applause.

Moreover, that I may advise you, if you need an adviser in anything, often consider what and to whom you speak concerning any one. Avoid an inquisitive man, for he is also a gossip; neither do ears wide-open faithfully keep what is entrusted to them, and a word once let slip is gone never to be recalled. Let no maidservant or boy within the marble threshold of your honoured friend inflame your bosom, lest the master of the handsome boy or dear girl gratify you with a worthless gift, or churlishly vex you by a refusal. Consider again and again the character of any person you may recommend, lest soon another's failings cause you shame. We make mistakes, and, at times, introduce an unworthy person; so then, do you, when once deceived, forbear to defend an individual whom his own guilt crushes; but, if calumny assail a thoroughly well-known friend, do you save and defend a man who relies on your protection: when he is torn by Theon's faugs, don't you feel that the danger will shortly come to you? For your possessions are concerned when the neighbouring wall is in flames, and fires neglected are wont to gather strength.

Pleasant to those who have never tried is the courting of a powerful friend; he who has tried dreads it. Do you, while your bark is still on the deep, look to it lest the breeze change and bear you back. Grave men dislike

a boisterous companion, those who love a joke dislike a grave one, the quick-witted dislike a sedate companion, the indolent him who is active and busy; drinkers of the Falernian after midnight detest one who refuses the proffered cups, although you protest that you are afraid of midnight fevers. Banish the cloud from your brow: the modest man generally gains the reputation of a reserved man; the silent man, of an ill-tempered. Amid all these things, you must study and inquire of the learned by what means you may pass your life in tranquillity; asking whether lean desire ever troubles and harasses you; whether the fear and hope of things indifferent; whether philosophy can teach you virtue, or nature bestow it; what can lessen your cares, what can make you again on good terms with yourself. What gives you unruffled calm? Is it honour, or charming gain, or a retired path and way of life noticed by none? As often as the cool stream Digentia refreshes me—the stream which Mandela drinks, that village wrinkled with cold—what do you suppose, I think, my friend; for what do you suppose I pray? My prayer runs as follows:—"May my wealth be what it now is, or even less, and may I live to myself all the life that yet remains, if indeed the gods will that aught should remain; may I have good store of books and food provided for the year; and may I not waver, hanging on the hopes of each uncertain hour." But it is enough to supplicate Jove for what he sets before us and takes away; may he give me life, may he give me means; I myself will win a contented mind.

XIX.

If you believe old Cratinus, learned Maecenas, no poems can please long or last, which are written by water-drinkers. Ever since Bacchus enrolled frenzied poets among his Satyrs and Fauns, the dear Muses have nearly always been redolent of wine in the morning. From his praise of wine Homer is convicted of being devoted to it; father Ennius himself never sprang forth to sing of arms unless excited by wine. "I will entrust to the sober the forum and the exchange, but I will debar the abstemious

from singing." As soon as I issued this decree, the poets did not cease emulating one another in midnight cups, and reeking of them by day. What, then, if any uncouth fellow with stern countenance and bare feet, and with the texture of a scanty toga, were to imitate Cato, would he therefore represent the worth and the morals of Cato? The tongue that imitated Timagenes was the ruin of Iarbita, while he endeavoured to be considered witty and eloquent. / The example which can be imitated in its defects leads men astray; for instance, if I chanced to be pale, they would drink cummin that thins the blood. O ye that ape others, ye herd of slaves, how often have your efforts excited my wrath and scorn. I led the way and set my free footsteps upon unoccupied ground; I trod not in those of another man. He who has confidence in himself leads and rules the common herd. I first revealed to Latium Parian iambics, following the measures and genius of Archilochus, but not his subjects, nor the words which drove Lycambes mad. And, that you may not crown me with a scantier wreath because I hesitated to alter his metres and art of poetry, remember that masculine Sappho moulds her muse by the measures of Archilochus; so does Alcaeus too, though he differs from Archilochus in the materials and arrangement of his verse, and neither seeks for a father-in-law to befoul with venomous lampoon, nor weaves a halter for any bride with libellous verse. Him then, celebrated by no voice before, I, the Latin lyrist, have made familiar to Roman ears. I am delighted, as I bring forward what has hitherto been unknown, in being read by gentle eyes and held by gentle hands.

Perhaps, you are curious to know why the ungrateful reader at home praises and admires my humble efforts, whilst he criticises and condemns them abroad. I do not hunt for the applause of the fickle multitude by giving them feasts and presents of worn out clothing. I, who listen only to writers of name and fame, and retaliate upon them, do not deign to court the cabals and platforms of the grammarians. Hence proceed all those tears. / If I say to them, "I should be ashamed to read my worthless writings before a crowded theatre, and to give an air of

importance to trifles"; "You are laughing at us," says one; "you reserve those verses of yours for the ears of Jove, for you are sure that you alone can distil poetic honey, fair in your own estimation." I am afraid to sneer openly at these words, and, to avoid being torn by the sharp claws of my opponent, I cry out that the place he has chosen does not suit me, and beg a respite from the struggle. For, sport though it be, still it leads to excited and passionate contests, and thence to fierce antipathies and deadly war.

XX.

You appear, book of mine, to gaze wistfully towards Vertumnus and Janus, hoping, of course, to stand for sale, neatly polished by the Sosii's pumice-stone. You don't like the locks and seals with which a modest volume is content; you lament that you are shown but to a few, and praise what is open to all. I did not bring you up in this way. Away, then, whither you are so eager to go. But there will be no returning for you when once sent out. When any one injures you, you will exclaim, "Unfortunate that I am, what have I done? what did I want?" And you know well that you are squeezed up tightly enough as soon as the sated reader is weary of you. But unless, in my vexation at the offender, I am a foolish prophet, you will be dear at Rome until your youth departs. And then, thumbed by the multitude, you will lose your freshness, and in silence will be food for barbarous moths, or will be exiled to Utica, or sent in bonds to Ilerda. The adviser you disregarded will laugh at you, like the peasant who, in a rage, pushed his refractory ass over the cliffs; for who would toil to save another against his will? This fate, too, awaits you; stammering age shall find you teaching boys their letters in distant quarters of the town. When the evening sun attracts a few listeners, tell them how I, the son of a freedman with scanty fortune, spread my wings beyond my nest; what you take from my family give to my merits; tell, too, how I pleased the great men of the state, both in war and peace; describe my appearance—short of stature, prematurely grey, delighting in the

sunshine, quick of temper yet soon pacified. Should any one chance to ask my age, tell him I completed four-and-forty Decembers in the year when Lollius received Lepidus as a colleague.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

1. Since you unaided support the burden of such varied and important affairs, and defend the Roman Commonwealth by your arms, reforming its morals and improving it by laws, I should commit an injury to the public welfare were I to waste your time, O Caesar, by a tedious epistle. Romulus and father Bacchus, Castor and his brother Pollux, were admitted, after great achievements, into the abodes of the gods. But whilst they were civilising our world and the race of men, allaying savage warfare, allotting lands and founding cities, they complained that the popularity which they had hoped for was not paid in proportion to their merits. The hero, too, who slew the dread hydra, and subdued world-famed monsters by fate-imposed labours, discovered that envy could be overcome only in the hour of death. For he who outshines the qualities of his inferiors pains them by his brilliancy; but when he is no longer with them his name will be revered. But on you, while still with us, we lavish distinctions, and rear altars on which to swear by your divinity, and confess that nothing equal to you has ever arisen or can arise.

18. Still, this your people, wise and just in this one point, when it considers you greater than our early heroes and those which Greece produced, by no means estimate other things by the same standard and rule. It scorns and hates everything but what it sees to be removed from this world, and to have accomplished its span of life. Such worshippers are they of everything that is old that they assert that the Muses themselves on the Alban Mount composed the Twelve Tables, ratified by the decemvirs, which forbid sin; the treaties which our kings concluded with Gabii or with the stern Sabines; the books of the priests and the musty tomes of the soothsayers. If they argue

that, because the most ancient writings of the Greeks are also the best, we must, therefore, weigh Roman writers in the same scales, there is no use in further argument: it is just as logical to infer that there is nothing hard in the inside of an olive because the kernel of a nut is soft; or that there is nothing hard in the outside of a nut because the exterior of an olive is soft. We have arrived at the summit of glory; we paint, we sing, we wrestle more skilfully than ever anointed Greeks have done.

34. If length of time improves our poems as it does our wine, I should like to know precisely how many years give value to writings. Is the writer who died a hundred years ago to be classed among the perfect poets of antiquity, or among our worthless modern authors? Let some fixed limit settle our dispute. Well, then, he is an old and good writer who has lasted a hundred years. In what class, then, is he to be placed who died a month or a year later? Are we to instal him among the ancient poets, or among those whom the present age and posterity will reject with scorn? Well, you grant that he may fairly be placed among the ancients who is younger by a single month or even by an entire year. I take advantage of your concession, and, like the Roman who plucked out the hairs from the horse-tail, I first subtract one year, then another year, until, like a falling heap, my opponent sinks baffled to the ground, who goes back upon the annals, and estimates excellence by its antiquity, and can admire nothing until the goddess of death has rendered it sacred.

50. Ennius, a wise and vigorous writer, and, according to the critics, a second Homer, is now little anxious as to what becomes of his promises and Pythagorean dreams. Is not even Nævius always in our hands? Is he not as familiar to our minds as if he were one of our own time? So sacred to us is every old poem. Does the question arise which poet is superior? Pacuvius carries off the reputation of being a learned old writer; Accius of being a sublime one. They say that Afranius' toga would not have been unsuitable to Menander; that Plautus hurries on his lively plots after the pattern of Sicilian Epicharmus; that Caecilius is superior in dignity, Terence in

art. These are the writers whom mighty Rome learns by heart, and whose plays she views in her narrow theatre ; these she considers and esteems her poets from the age of Livius down to our own days.

63. Occasionally the multitude sees correctly ; at other times it is at fault. If it so admires and extols our old poets as to prefer none, to compare none to them, it is wrong. But if it believes that these are sometimes too old-fashioned, often harsh, and frequently careless in their diction, then the multitude is wise and supports my view, and its judgment has the favour of Jove. Not that I attack the poems of Livius, or consider that those writings ought to be destroyed which Orbilius, that man of many blows, used to dictate to me in my childhood ; but I am astonished that they should be considered faultless and beautiful, and very little short of perfect, in which, if a bright expression happens to shine forth, or if a verse or two is a little more elegant than the rest, it unjustly recommends and sells the whole poem.

76. I grow indignant when a work is censured, not because it is considered to lack polish and elegance of style, but because it is modern ; and when men demand for our old authors, not simply a favourable hearing, but honours and rewards. If I express any doubt as to whether Atta's play treads the stage successfully amid the saffron and flowers, our older citizens almost without exception exclaim that modesty has perished from among us, seeing that I attempt to criticise plays which pathetic Aesop and skilful Roscius have acted : either because these individuals think that nothing can be good but what they approve themselves, or because they consider it out of place to listen to younger men than themselves, and to admit in their old age that the masterpieces they learned when boys deserve only to be destroyed. But, indeed, he who extols the Salian song of Numa, and desires to be esteemed the sole authority on a subject of which he is as ignorant as myself, is in reality no adherent or enthusiastic admirer of the genius of our old writers, but a detractor of our works ; it is we moderns and our writings that he dislikes in his envy. ; But, if everything new had been as much

detested by the Greeks as it is now by us, what had been ancient now? Or what would there have been for us to read and thumb in general use?

93. When Greece laid aside her wars she took to trifles, and, as her lot became easier, drifted into vice. Then did the nation burn with passion, one while for wrestlers, another while for horses; now she admired workers in marble, ivory, and bronze; now hung, with looks and soul entranced, on pictures; now rejoiced in listening to flute-players and tragic actors; and, just like an infant girl at play under her nurse's charge, quickly sated, she abandoned the objects she once eagerly sought. Such was it when gentle peace and favourable gales prevailed.

102. At Rome, it was long men's delight and practice to rise early and open their doors, to expound the laws to their clients, to lend out money secured by good names, to listen to their elders, and to teach those younger than themselves how to augment their fortune and to check ruinous self-indulgence. What is there, either liked or detested, that you do not suppose is speedily changed?

108. The fickle populace has changed its taste, and is now fired with one passion for writing; boys and grave sires alike wreath their locks with garlands as they dine, and dictate verses. I myself, who assert that I write no poetry, am found more deceitful than the Parthians, and awake before the sun has risen and call for pen and paper and desk. He that is ignorant of seamanship fears to handle a ship; none but an experienced physician ventures to prescribe southernwood for his sick patient; doctors undertake doctors' work; workmen alone handle tools; but, unskilled and skilled alike, we scribble verses without distinction. Still, you can reckon how many advantages this frenzy and this gentle madness possesses. Little covetous is the poet's mind: he delights in verses and cares for nought beyond; losses, runaway slaves, fires—he laughs at these; neither against partner nor ward does he meditate deceit. He lives on pulse and brown bread; although an inactive and incapable soldier, still he is a useful citizen—if, at least, you admit that great things

derive assistance from small. 'Tis the poet that moulds the tender lisping mouth of the child; even from earliest youth the poet turns its ear from evil words; soon, too, he forms the heart by kindly precepts, and is the corrector of roughness and envy and anger; he narrates what is done aright, furnishes the rising age with glorious examples, consoles the helpless and the sorrowful. Whence could pure boys and unwed girls learn their chants of prayer if the Muse had not given us a bard? The chorus, too, implores the aid and feels the favour of the gods, and with prayer, taught by the poet in persuasive tones, entreats rain from heaven, averts disease, drives away impending danger, obtains peace, and a year rich in crops: appeased by song are gods above and gods below.

139. Our rustic sires, stout and content with a little, when the grain had been stored up, refreshed in the festal season body and mind, patient of toil in the expectation of rest; and, with the partners of their labours, their boys and faithful wife, used to appease Mother Earth with a pig, Silvanus with milk, with flowers and wine the Genius who remembers how brief is the life of man. By this custom was the Fescennine verse introduced, which, in alternate verses, poured forth its rustic taunts; and this liberty, handed down from year to year, frolicked in pleasant wise, until at length the jests grew savage and were converted into open rage, and with threatening step stalked with impunity through noble houses. They were in agony who were torn by its blood-stained tooth; even those hitherto untouched grew anxious for the general safety; and so a law and a penalty were enacted which forbade anyone to be slandered in lampoon. And thus, compelled through dread of the cudgel to speak fair and to please, they changed their tone.

156. Then captive Greece took captive her rude conqueror, and introduced her accomplishments into rustic Latium. The rugged Saturnian verse passed out of use, and elegance expelled the noisome venom of satire; still, for long ages remained, and even to-day remain, the traces of that rustic wit. Late in time, a Latin writer applied his genius to Greek literature, and, enjoying peace after

the Punic Wars, began to investigate what useful matter Sophocles and Thespis and Aeschylus could supply. He also made the attempt to translate their works with dignity, and satisfied himself; for he was by nature lofty and vigorous. He breathes the true tragic spirit, and his boldness is successful; but he foolishly considers an erasure shameful, and fears it.

People suppose that because comedy derives its subjects from daily life, it requires less pains; but, in reality, the labour is greater, as the indulgence it receives is less. See how Plautus supports the character of the youthful lover, of the stingy father, of the wily pander. See how excessive Dossennus is in his voracious parasites, with how loose a sock he rushes over the stage. He only desires to fill his pocket; after that, careless whether the play fails or holds its own steadily.

177. The poet whom fame in her windy chariot brings upon the stage, is disheartened by an indifferent audience, inspired by an attentive one: so slight and insignificant a thing is it that casts down or revives a mind eager for praise. No more, then, of the stage, if failure renders me depressed, success triumphant. Oftentimes, too, the adventurous poet is terrified and put to flight, when those superior in number, inferior in worth and rank, an ignorant and stupid rabble, prepared to fight the matter out should the knights object, in the midst of a tragedy call for bear and boxers; for in these does the worthless mob delight. But now, even among the knights, all pleasure has fled from the ear to the fickle eyes and their vain delights. During four hours or more the curtains are kept down whilst squadrons of horse and companies of foot flee across the stage; next, wretched monarchs are dragged along with their hands bound behind them; then, chariots, carriages, waggons, ships, follow, and captured ivory and fallen Corinth is borne on in procession. If Democritus were yet alive, he would laugh when a cameleopard (*lit.* a panther mingled in its unlike nature with a camel) or a white elephant attracts the eyes of the crowd. He would mark the people more attentively than the games themselves, as affording a far more amusing spectacle; he would suppose

that the play-writer was addressing a deaf donkey. For what mortal voice could make itself heard above the din that resounds through our theatres? You would suppose it was the roaring of Garganus' woods or of the Tuscan Sea; amid such hubbub are our plays and foreign arts and riches viewed. As soon as the actor, thus bedizened, appears on the scene, there arises a tumult of applause (*lit.* each right hand encounters the left). Has he as yet said anything? Not a word. What then causes this delight? It is the woollen robe that with its Tarentine dye vies with purple.

208. And, that you may not suppose that I am niggardly in my praise when I speak of that kind of writing which I refuse to try and which others handle with such success, I will maintain that the poet appears to me capable of walking along a tight-rope who with his fictions tortures my soul; who first enrages me, then soothes me; who, like a wizard, fills me with groundless terror, and sets me now in Thebes, now in Athens.

214. But you must show a little care for those, too, who prefer to trust themselves with a reader, rather than to endure the scorn of the haughty spectator, if, at least, you desire to fill that library, that gift worthy of Apollo, with books, and to stimulate our poets to scale the verdant steeps of Helicon with intenser zeal. It is true we poets (that I may hew down my own vineyards) often do ourselves much mischief when we offer our productions to you when anxious and weary; when we feel hurt because a friend takes the liberty to censure a single line; when, although not encored, we repeat passages already read; when we lament that our labours and our fine-spun poems attract no attention; or when we hope it will come to pass that you, as soon as you learn we are writing verses, will of your own accord obligingly summon us to court, and will bid us want no longer, and compel us to write.

229. Nevertheless, it is worth while to learn who shall be the guardians of your virtue, which, tried at home and abroad, must be entrusted to no unworthy bard. A favourite of the great Alexander was that worthless poet Choerilus, who set down to the credit of his rough and

mis-begotten verses the royal coin he received. But, just as ink when touched leaves behind it a mark and a blot, so do poets generally by their vile verses dull brilliant deeds. That same monarch, who in his extravagance spent so much on so ridiculous a poem, by an edict forbade that anyone but Apelles should paint him, or that any statuary beside Lysippus should mould the brass which was to represent the features of the valiant Alexander. But if you summon that judgment of his, so keen in discerning these works of art, to books and to gifts of the Muses, you would swear he had been born in Boeotia's dull and heavy atmosphere.

245. But your favourite poets, Vergil and Varius, do not disgrace your estimation of them, nor the gift received by them to the great popularity of the giver; for the features of great men are not displayed in bronze statues with greater animation than their character and intellect shine out in the pages of the poet. Nor would I prefer to write these Satires and Epistles, which creep along the ground, to relating glorious achievements and singing of the situation of countries and of rivers and of forts reared on mountains and of barbaric realms, and telling how under your auspices war ceased over the whole earth, and how closed barriers now confine Janus, guardian of peace, and how terrible to the Parthians was Rome under your guidance. Such would be my task if I could but do all I wish. But neither does your majesty admit of a feeble poem, nor dares my modesty attempt a subject which my strength is inadequate to carry through. But zeal acts foolishly if it offends him whom it loves, especially when it recommends itself by verses and the poetic art; for people learn more quickly and remember more easily what they mock at than what they applaud and revere. I care naught for the zeal which oppresses me, nor do I covet to be exposed as a waxen image with a face worse than the original, nor to be lauded in worthless poetry, lest the stupid gift cause me to blush, and, exposed in an open box together with my chronicler, be carried down into the street, where frankincense and perfumes and pepper are sold, and all that is wrapped in the pages of the worthless poet.

II.

1. Florus, faithful friend of Nero the great and good, if some one were to offer to sell you for a slave a boy born at Tibur or Gabii, and were to treat with you in this fashion: "This boy is fair and handsome from head to foot; he shall be yours for eight thousand sesterces; a domestic slave, he is quick to attend to his master's nod, has a slight training in Greek, and is fit for any employment you may do anything you please with such soft clay—besides, he can sing—in an untrained fashion, it is true, yet pleasing to one drinking. Too liberal promises lessen confidence, if the seller in his eagerness to get his wares off his hands praises them beyond measure. No necessity presses me; I am poor, but still I am in no one's debt. No slave-dealer would do as much for you; nor, indeed, would I do this for everyone. Once, indeed, he shirked his work, and, as usually happens, hid under the staircase through dread of the lash that hangs up in the house. Let me have the money, if the fact which I have mentioned, that he once ran away, does not trouble you." The seller, I suppose, may take his money without any fear of a penalty. You deliberately bought a worthless slave; the conditions of sale were made known to you; nevertheless, you prosecute the seller, and worry him with an unjust suit.

20. I told you, when you set out, that I was indolent; I told you that I was almost incapable of the attentions you demand from me, that you might not scold me in your anger because no letter of mine reached you. But what advantage did I gain if you assail the laws, which are on my side? In addition to this, you complain that I, false to my word, do not send you the poems you expected. A soldier in Lucullus' army lost every penny of the stock of money he had scraped together by many a hardship, as he lay snoring one night, overcome by fatigue. After this, he grew as wild as a wolf, equally enraged with the enemy and himself; and, reckless through want, he stormed, as the story goes, a royal garrison strongly fortified and richly supplied with stores. Gaining a reputation by this

achievement, he was adorned with gifts of honour, and received in addition twenty thousand sesterces in cash. It happened shortly afterwards that the prætor wished to storm some fort or other, and began to encourage our soldier with language which might have inspired even a coward with courage—"Go, worthy man, whither valour summons you; go, and success attend you; you will receive great rewards for your heroic deeds. Why don't you move?" To this the soldier replied sharply, though a rustic, "He will go, he who has lost his purse will go whither you please."

41. It was my lot to be brought up at Rome, and to be taught what woes Achilles in his anger brought on the Greeks. Kindly Athens gave me some additional knowledge: she taught me how to distinguish right from wrong, and to search after truth in the groves of Academus. But troubled times tore me from that pleasant spot, and the tide of civil war swept me away, all inexperienced as I was, to the host which was fated to prove no match for the might of Caesar Augustus. Then, as soon as Philippi dismissed me in sorry plight with clipped wings, and despoiled of my paternal home and farm, bold Poverty impelled me to write poetry; but, now I have all I want, what quantity of hemlock would ever cure my delirium if I did not think it better to repose than to scribble verses?

55. The years in their course steal from us our possessions one by one; they have taken away my mirth, my loves, my feasts, and games; they are now endeavouring to deprive me of my poems. What would you wish me to do?

58. In short, we do not all admire and love the same things: you delight in lyric poetry; one man is pleased with iambics, another with satires such as Bion's, and with coarse wit. I could almost say that even three guests only would disagree, and call for widely different dishes to gratify their various tastes. What can I give? What not? You refuse what another calls for; what you ask for appears nauseous and bitter to the other two guests.

65. Beside other difficulties, do you suppose that I can write poetry at Rome amidst so much anxiety and labour?

One friend summons me to stand security, another calls me to listen to his works, and neglect all other business; one acquaintance lies sick on the Quirinal, another at the extremity of the Aventine, and both must be visited: you see how delightfully convenient is the distance between them. "Still, the streets are clear, so that there is nothing to hinder your meditations." Well, here comes in hot haste a contractor with his mules and porters; here a crane is whirling aloft at one moment a stone, at another a mighty beam; melancholy funeral processions fight their way with heavy waggons; on one side rushes a mad dog, on the other a mire-begrimed sow. Go now, O poet, and meditate in thy mind melodious verse. The whole poetic chorus loves the grove and shuns the city, loyal votaries of Bacchus, the god who rejoices in slumber and shade; and do you ask me to chant my lays in the midst of this hubbub by night and by day, and here to follow the strait poetic path? The poetic genius chooses as his home quiet Athens, devotes seven years to learning, and grows aged over his books and studies; when he walks abroad he is usually more silent than a statue, and causes the people to shake with laughter; how then here, at Rome, in the midst of the billows and tempests of the city, should I presume to write verses worthy of waking the strains of the lyre?

87. There were at Rome two brothers, a rhetorician and a lawyer, and they agreed that the one should hear nothing but compliments of the other; the one was to be a Gracchus in his brother's estimation, the other a Mucius. And are our tuneful poets less troubled by this madness? I write lyrics; my brother poet composes elegies. We exclaim, "It is a work wonderful to behold, and one engraven by all the nine Muses." Consider first with what airs and importance we survey the temple of Apollo, free to receive the works of our Roman bards. In the next place you may follow, if you are not busy, and at a distance listen to what either poet produces and why each weaves for himself a crown. Like well-matched gladiators, whose protracted struggle lasts to the darkness of evening, we receive blows and inflict as many on our antagonist. I

come off a sort of Alcaeus by means of his vote: who is he in my opinion? who but Callimachus? Or, if he seems to demand something else, he becomes Mimnermus, and is glorified by the name he has chosen. I endure much in order to appease the irritable race of bards, when I write and court like a suppliant the favour of the people; but, now that my ambition is gone and my senses have returned, I boldly close my ears, once so open to every spouting poet.

106. People laugh at those who scribble bad verses; they, however, delight in their productions, and think much of themselves; and, if the hearer is silent, in their fool's paradise they fall to praising of their own accord whatever they have written. But the bard who desires to write a poem according to the rules of art, when he takes his pen will take also the spirit of a conscientious censor: he will resolve to reject all words that lack brilliancy and dignity, and that are considered unworthy of honour, though they depart reluctantly, and though they still linger around the shrine of Vesta; with fostering care he will bring forth for the people's advantage terms long forgotten, and will bring to new life words used of yore by ancient Cato and Cethegus, but now buried in unsightly decay and dreary age; he will introduce new terms which usage, parent of all things, has produced; at once strong and clear, like a crystal stream, he will pour forth his wealth, and enrich Latium with a wealth of words. He will prune excessive luxuriance, all harshness he will refine with sensible care; he will show no mercy to want of energy; he will exhibit the appearance of one in sport, and yet he will exert himself to the uttermost, like an actor who dances now like a light-limbed Satyr, now like a clumsy Cyclops.

126. Do I, then, prefer to appear a dull and stupid poet, provided my defects give me pleasure, or at least escape my notice, rather than to be wise and be worried for it? Well, there lived in Argos a man of no mean rank, who used to imagine that he was listening to some wonderful tragic actors; he used to sit regularly and applaud in the empty theatre, and was perfectly happy. All the duties

of life he would discharge in the proper way ; he was an excellent neighbour, an amiable host, kind to his wife ; he could pardon his slaves, and did not go mad because the seal of a wine-flask had been broken ; he had, moreover, sufficient sense to avoid walking over a precipice or into an open well. After a time he was cured by the resources and attentions of his friends, and got rid of his disease and melancholy by draughts of pure hellebore. When he returned to his senses, he exclaimed, "By Pollux, my friends, you have destroyed me, not preserved me ; I have been deprived of my pleasure, and my heart's sweetest illusion has been wrested from me."

141. Of course, it is advantageous to fling away trifles and to turn to wisdom, and to leave to boys the sport that befits their age, and not to be always trying to find words fit to be set to music on the Latin lyre, but to become familiar with the numbers and measures of real life. And, therefore, I thus commune with myself, and ponder these things in silent meditation. "If no quantity of water assuaged your thirst, you would tell the doctors ; and dare you confess to no one that the more you acquire the more you covet ? If you had a wound which was not relieved by the prescribed root or herb, you would refuse to be treated with that which did you no good. You had heard, perhaps, that vice and folly quit the man on whom the gods have bestowed riches ; you know that you are no wiser since you became rich, and will you still persist in listening to the same counsellors ? But if riches could bestow wisdom upon you, if they could render you less covetous and mean-spirited, then, surely, you would have cause to blush if a greater miser than you could be found on the face of the earth."

158. If that is your property which you have bought with every legal formality, there are some things, if you believe lawyers, which use makes your property. The farm that supports you is your own, and Orbius' steward, as he harrows the cornfields which are soon to present you with bread, knows that you are the master. You pay your money and get in return grapes, chickens, eggs, and a cask of strong wine : why, in this way, little by little,

you purchase a farm for which, perhaps, the owner paid three hundred thousand sesterces or even more. What difference does it make whether you live on the money you have paid down lately or a long time ago? The man who has purchased of old a farm at Aricia or Veii, buys the vegetables he has for dinner, though he may think he does not; bought, too, are the logs with which he heats his brazen cauldron as the chill of night comes on; still, he calls everything his own property as far as the spot where the poplar, planted near the fixed boundary, prevents differences with the neighbours—as though anything could be called property, which, with every moment of the fleeting hour, by prayer, by purchase, by force, by death which closes all, may change its master and pass into another's power.

175. Thus, since to none is enjoyment in perpetuity granted, and one heir succeeds another as wave follows wave, to what purpose are manors and granaries? of what avail are Lucanian and Calabrian pasture-grounds, when Death, a power to be bought off by no gold, cuts down great and small alike? Gems, marble, ivory, Etruscan statuettes, pictures, plate, robes dyed in Gaetulian purple—some there are who have not, I know one at least who does not desire to have. Of two brothers one prefers taking life easy, playing, perfuming, to the rich palm-groves of Herod; whilst the other, wealthy and restless, from dawn to twilight reclaims his woodlands with fire and steel; why so the Genius alone knows who controls the planet of our birth, the divinity that presides o'er human nature, who dies as each of us dies, various of complexion, sometimes fair and sometimes gloomy.

190. I will take from my modest store what my needs demand, and will use it; I will care naught for my heir's opinion about me because he finds no more than I have left him; and yet it will be my wish to ascertain the difference between the frank and cheerful giver and the spendthrift, between the careful economist and the miser. For there is an enormous difference between squandering one's money in waste and in not hesitating to spend, and in not toiling to accumulate more; far better is it, like a

schoolboy in holiday time, hurriedly to enjoy a short and pleasant life.

199. Let sordid poverty be far from my home; whether the ship that bears me be large or small, let me be consistent and true to myself. I am not carried on, it is true, with swelling sail before the strong north wind; still, I do not drag out my life in struggling against adverse gales; in strength, genius, figure, virtue, rank, fortune, inferior to the foremost, yet ever superior to the last.

205. You are, then, no miser? Very good. What then? Have all your other defects fled with that one? Is your bosom unfevered by vain ambition? Is it free from the fear of death? from anger? Can you laugh at dreams, magic terrors, wonders, witches, nocturnal phantoms, Thessalian prodigies? Do you count your birthdays with grateful mind? Are you forgiving to your friends? Do you grow milder and better as old age comes upon you? How does it relieve you to pull out one only of many thorns? If you are ignorant how to live aright, give place to those who have learnt the lesson. You have played, and eaten and drunk your fill; the time has come for you to depart, lest, when you have drunk more than is befitting, an age which more becomingly makes merry deride you and drive you from the banquet.

ARS POETICA.

1. Should a painter take upon him to join a horse's neck on to a human head, and to add plumage of diverse colours, limbs from every kind of animal, so that what in its upper parts was a fair woman ended in a foully hideous fish, would you, when admitted as friends to a private view, be able to contain your laughter? Believe me, Pisos, very like that picture will a book be wherein conceptions are imagined false as a sick man's dreams, wherein neither head nor foot can be referred to a single type.—“But painters and poets alike have always been allowed any license they choose.”—We know it, and we mutually give and take the privilege; but on condition that there are no matches made between wild and tame, no pairing of birds with serpents, or of lambs with tigers.

14. Often to openings in the grand style that promise much are tacked on one or two brilliant patches to add a far-seen lustre, as when the grove and altar of Diana, the meandering of the water as it hurries through the pleasant meadows, the river Rhine, or the rainbow is described. But this was not the place for them. Perhaps you know how to paint a cypress, but what's the use if the man who has paid for his portrait is swimming away in despair after a shipwreck? It was a jar that was begun: why, as the wheel runs, is the outcome a ewer? In fine, let it be what you please, provided it is one thing and natural.

24. We poets for the most part, father and young men worthy of your father, are the victims of our own ideals. I labour to be short and become obscure; while I pursue smoothness my work lacks vigour and spirit. The poet

who aims at sublimity becomes bombastic, while he who is too cautious and too fearful of the storm crawls on the ground. The painter who desires to vary unnaturally a single subject puts a dolphin in the woods, a boar amid the waves. Thus the shunning of one fault, if it lack skill, leads to another.

32. The humblest craftsman about the Aemilian school can copy finger-nails and imitate flowing hair in bronze, yet miss success in his work at large because he cannot represent a whole. If I cared to write, I would not be he, any more than I would go through life with an ugly nose, while my black eyes and black hair commanded admiration.

38. You who write, take a theme suited to your strength, and ponder long what burden your shoulders will not bear and what they can. The man who chooses his subject with self-restraint, him neither eloquence nor clear arrangement will forsake.

42. The virtue and the beauty of arrangement, or I am much mistaken, will prove to lie in this, to say at the very moment what at the very moment should be said, and to put off, and for the time leave out, much.

45. He also who takes upon himself to promise a poem, nice and cautious in the connecting of his words, should hold to one and reject another. Your style will have distinction if a skilful setting makes a well-known word new. If perchance it is needful by fresh signs to point to things before unknown, it will be your fortune to invent words which the Cethegi with their loin-clothes never heard, and the freedom will be allowed you if modestly assumed; your fresh and newly-made words too will pass current if they come but sparingly drawn off from a Greek source. For what will the Romans grant to Caecilius and Plautus, and refuse to Vergil and Varius? For my part, if I can gain a word or two, why should the right be grudged me when the language of Cato and of Ennius enriched their country's speech and brought in new names for new things? It has been allowed, and will for ever be allowed, to utter coin that bears the stamp of present use.

60. As the woods change their leaves each swiftly moving year, and the first fall, so the older generation of

words dies out, and, like young men, the newly-born are fresh and strong. Death claims us and all that is ours. Whether it be that, received within the land, Neptune protects fleets from the north wind,—a kingly work,—or a marsh long barren, fit only for the oar, feeds neighbouring cities, and feels the weight of the plough; or if a stream has changed a course that harmed the crops, learning a better way; yet human works will perish: far less will the respect and popularity of speech be lasting. Many words already dead will find a second birth, many will die that now are held in honour, if custom, in whose hands rest the power, the law, the rule, that governs speaking, so determine.

73. It was Homer who showed in what measure the prowess of kings and leaders and stern wars could be described. In pairs of verses of unequal length, first sorrow, then the feeling of granted prayers, was contained. But as to who invented and sent forth upon the world slight elegies professors disagree, and the issue is still before the court. Archilochus was armed by his fury with the iambus of his own finding. Then comic sock and stately buskin took up the foot, well suited as it was for dialogue, able to rise above the noise of the audience, and born for action. The Muse granted to the lyre to celebrate gods and their sons, the conquering boxer and the horse first in the race, the passions of youth and careless wine.

86. But, if I lack the power or the knowledge to keep to the accepted types and tones of poetic works, why am I hailed poet? why do I, with false modesty, choose rather to be ignorant than to learn?

89. A comic theme will not endure to be set forth in tragic verse, and Thyestes' banquet is outraged if it be told in the every-day strains that are almost worthy of the sock. Let each kind keep to its appointed and becoming place. Yet sometimes even comedy uplifts her voice, and angry Chremes declaims with swelling utterance; and often tragic characters bewail themselves in homely speech, as when Telephus and Peleus, beggars and exiles both, cast away their paint-pots and their words a foot and a half long, if the object of their plaint is to touch the heart of the spectator.

99. It is not enough for poems to be beautiful, they

must be pleasing and draw the spirit of the beholder whithersoever they will. As faces that are human laugh with those who laugh, so they weep with those who weep: if you would have me weep, first you must grieve yourself; then your misfortunes will pain me, Telephus or Peleus; but if your words are ill suited to your part, I shall dose or laugh. Sad words become a mournful character, threatening words an angry, sportive a playful, grave a stern. For nature first moulds us within according to every state of our fortunes; she makes us feel delight, or provokes us to wrath, or bows us to the earth beneath a weight of sorrow and wrings our hearts; 'tis only afterwards that she brings feeling to light by the interpretation of the tongue.

112. If the words are out of tune with the fortunes of him who speaks them, the Romans, horse and foot, will raise a laugh. 'Twill make all the difference whether a god or a hero is talking, an old man of ripe age or one that is fiery and still in the flower of his youth, the respected mistress of a household or a careful nurse, a wandering merchant or a tiller of green fields, Colchian or Assyrian, one that was reared in Argos or in Thebes.

119. Follow tradition when you write, or invent consistent characters. If once more you should by chance present illustrious Achilles, let him be active, swift to wrath, implacable, and fierce, let him deny that laws were made for him and claim all things for the sword. Let Medea be proud and unbending, Ino tearful, Ixion treacherous, Io a wanderer, Orestes gloomy.

125. If you put upon the stage something not tried before, and have the courage to create a new character, let him be kept to the end just what he was when he first came on, and be consistent. 'Tis hard to endow commonplaces with the speaker's personality, and you would do better merely to divide the *Iliad* into Acts than be first to produce unknown and untold incidents. The subject which is common property will be your personal possession if you do not remain in the cheap and easy round, and are not anxious, faithfully interpreting, to render word by word, nor in your imitation leap into a narrow

place whence shame, or the conditions of your work, would forbid you to come forth.

136. Nor will you begin, as once did a cyclic poet, "Of Priam's fortune will I sing and the famous war." What could this man of promises produce worthy of such mouth-ing? the mountains will be in labour, and the birth a miserable mouse. How far more rightly he in all whose undertakings there is judgment, "Tell me, Muse, of the hero who, after the days of Troy's fall, beheld the manners and cities of many men." His plan is not to let his brilliance end in smoke, but from smoke to give light, that one by one he may call forth his striking wonders, Antiphates and Seylla, the Cyclops and Charybdis. Nor does he begin the story of Diomedes' return at the death of Meleager, nor the Trojan War at the double egg. Always he hastens to the issue, and hurries the hearer into the midst of events as though they were known, and what he cannot hope to make brilliant by his handling he passes by. Moreover, he lies in such a fashion, and so mixes false with true, that the middle is not at variance with the beginning nor the end with the middle.

153. As for you, hear what I and the people with me look for, if you wish for applauding spectators who will wait for the curtain and sit till the singer says "Now clap." You must take note of the habits of every age, and assign to changeable and ripe years their fitting character. The boy who has learnt to answer, and sets a firm step on the ground, is eager to play with his fellows, and easily gathers and lays aside his anger, and changes from hour to hour. The beardless youth, his guardian at last removed, finds pleasure in horses and dogs and the grass of the sunny plain, wax to be moulded to wrong-doing, rude to his advisers, slow to secure his true interests, lavish of his money, enthusiastic, passionate, and swift to abandon what he loves.

166. With changed pursuits the age and spirit of the man seeks wealth and friendships and is the slave of office. He fears to make the mistake which soon he may labour to undo. Many are the evils which surround an old man, either because he seeks, yet to his sorrow fears, to grasp

and use what he has found, or because he manages all affairs fearfully and coldly, a procrastinator, with far-reaching hopes, inactive, eager for the days to come, cross-grained and querulous, one that praises the world as it went when he was a boy, and chides and criticises younger men. Many pleasures the years bring with them as they come, many as they go they take away. Lest you should give an old man's part to a young, or a man's part to a boy, know that we shall always dwell with pleasure on that which aptly fits each time of life.

179. Either the story is enacted upon the stage, or actions are reported. What enters by the ear stirs the feelings less deeply than that which is submitted to the faithful witness of the eyes, where the spectator is his own messenger. None the less you will not bring upon the stage what should be done within, and you will hide much from view, that in due course it may be told by the eloquence of an eyewitness. Let not Medea butcher her children before the world, or impious Atreus openly cook human flesh, or Proene turn into a bird, or Cadmus into a snake. Whatever of this kind you show me, unconvinced I hate.

189. The play which hopes to be called for and once more brought to view upon the stage must not fall short of the fifth act, nor reach beyond it. Let no god intervene unless there be a knot fit for a god to untie, and let no fourth character labour to speak. The chorus should take a share in the action and a male part, and should sing no interludes between the acts that do not further the plot and fit it closely. It should support and give friendly counsel to the good, control the passionate, and love those who fear to sin. Let it praise the banquets of a frugal table, healthful justice, the laws, and peace with open gates. Let it keep secrets, and pray and implore the gods that fortune may return to the unhappy and forsake the proud.

202. Once the flute, not, as now, bound with copper and challenging the trumpet, but low-voiced and of simple form and small opening, served to breathe harmony and support the choric song, and with its note to fill the theatre as yet not too crowded. Thither assembled a people

that could well be numbered, for it was small; and it was sparing, pure, and modest. But when that people began by conquest to extend its territory, with its widening wall to embrace cities, when, without rebuke on a holiday, men comforted their souls by drinking by daylight, rhythm and harmony gained a greater freedom too. For, untaught and making holiday, what should they know of taste, countryman and citizens mingled together, high and low? So it came that the flute player added motion and wantonness to his former art, and trailed his robe as he roamed the stage. So, too, the sterner lyre gained notes; and headlong eloquence produced unwonted speech, and its utterances, wise to discern what was expedient and guess the future, differed not from those of oracular Delphi.

220. The man who in tragic song contended for the poor prize of a he-goat soon, too, brought naked satyrs on the stage, and roughly tried his hand at jest, leaving dignity unharmed. For by devices and pleasing novelty he had to hold the spectator, who had performed his sacrifice and drunk and was unbound by law. But while you strive to win approval for your laughs and witty satyrs, and mingle mirth and earnest, still it will not do that any god or any hero whom you call in, one who was but now seen in royal purple and gold, should in his homely speech adopt the tone of uncouth taverns or, while he strives to shun the ground, strain cloud-high after windy language. Tragedy, that scorns to chatter frivolous lines, like a matron who is bidden to dance upon a holiday, will be modest and mingle but little with wanton satyrs.

234. 'Twill not be mine, Pisos, when I write satyr-plays, to cling to plain names and common words alone, nor will I strive to be so far removed from the tone of tragedy that it will make no matter whether it be Davus who speaks and bold Pythias, enriched by the talent of which she swindled Simon, or Silenus, the guardian and servant of the god his nursling.

240. I will strive after language composed of well-known words, such that anyone might hope for himself to attain, and should sweat much and toil in vain when

he attempted it: such is the power of order and context, so great the dignity that can be added to common words. If I were judge, the Fauns that are summoned from the forest should have a care that they never, as though born in the alleys and almost denizens of the forum, trifled in too dainty verse or shouted obscene and scurrilous words. For those who possess a horse, a father, and a competence take offence, nor even if the buyer of roast peas and nuts is inclined to approve do they receive it favourably or crown the author.

251. A long syllable added to a short is called an iambus, a rapid foot, and from its swiftness it had the name trimeters attach itself to iambic lines, although the line had six beats, and from the first foot to the last was still the same. Not so long since, that it might strike the ear with something more of slowness and weight, being of a kindly and patient nature, it welcomed the steady spondees into its ancestral realm, but still it would not yield to them as equals the second or the fourth foot. The iambus appears but rarely in the much-praised trimeters of Accius; and Ennius' verses, launched with mighty weight upon the theatre, labour under the degrading charge of too rapid and careless work, or of an ignorance of art.

263. 'Tis not every critic that can detect bad metre in verse, and an undeserved license has been granted to Roman poets. But for that, am I to break bounds and write loosely? or shall I, thinking that all will see my faults, be on the safe side, and keep within the limits wherein I may hope for pardon? If I do so, I have escaped blame, but not earned praise. But do you, night and day, turn the leaves of your Greek models. You say your grandfathers praised the metre and the wit of Plautus: their admiration of both was too forbearing, not to say foolish, if only you and I can distinguish a provincial joke from true wit, and can by the fingers and the ear detect the proper rhythm.

275. Thespis is said to have discovered the form of tragic poetry, till then unknown, and to have carried in waggons his plays for men to sing and act, their faces smeared with wine-lees. Next, Aeschylus, inventor of the mask and

stately robe, built up the stage with narrow planks, and taught his actors to speak loud and stalk upon the buskin. After them came the Old Comedy, and won high praise, but freedom turned to license and to violence that needed to be checked by law. The law was passed, and, its right to injure gone, the chorus grew silent to its own disgrace.

285. Our poets have left naught untried, nor did they earn their smallest praise when such as wrote tragedies and comedies in Roman dress dared to leave the footmarks of the Greeks and tell of native life; and Latium had been no less famous for her literature than for her courage and illustrious arms, had not the labour of the file and expenditure of time been distasteful to all these poets. But do you, offspring of Pompilius, condemn any poem that many a day and many an erasure has not pruned and chastened ten times, till the pared nail detects no roughness.

295. Because Democritus believes that genius is a better gift of Fortune than humble art, and shuts out from Helicon such poets as are sane, no small number of them are not at the pains to cut their nails or beards, seek hidden spots, and shun the baths. For you may win the reward and title of a poet if you never put into the hands of Licinus, the barber, the head that three Anticyras could not heal. Fool that I am, I purge myself of choler when spring comes on; were it not so, no man had been a better poet: but no matter. Let me, then, serve as a whetstone, which, though it have no part or lot in cutting, can still make steel sharp. Though writing nought myself, I will teach the function and duty of a writer; whence he gets his supplies, what feeds and shapes him, what he should do and what not, whither excellence and whither error leads.

309. Of writing the beginning and source is sound knowledge, and the subject the Socratic leaves will show you. That provided for, the words will readily follow. He who has learnt what is owing to country and friends, with what love a parent, with what love a friend or brother, is to be loved, what is the duty of a senator, what of a judge, and what the part of a leader sent upon campaign, it is just he who knows how to bestow the fitting attributes on every character. I would bid my learned imitator look to

the model given by life and manners, and thence draw living utterances. Often a play with striking general truths and characters well drawn, though it possess no beauty and be without weighty or artistic language, pleases the audience and holds them better than verses which lack subject or than melodious trifles.

323. To the Greeks the Muse gave genius and rounded utterance, for they cared for nought but glory. The youth of Rome learns by long reckonings to divide the as into a hundred parts. "Answer, Albinus' son: Take away one-twelfth from five-twelfths and what is over? you might have answered by now." "A third." "Well done, you will be able to keep your property. Add a twelfth, and what's the answer?" "A half." When this rust and care for money has once infected the mind, do we hope that poems can be written which are worthy to be smeared with cedar oil or kept in polished cypress?

333. Poets seek either to profit or to delight, or to say what shall be pleasing and at the same time helpful in our lives. Whatever counsel you give, be short, that what is quickly said the mind may quickly catch and learn and retain faithfully. No mere verbiage will stay in the burdened memory. That which is devised for entertainment's sake must be as near as may be to the truth, the story must not demand that whatever it likes be believed, or bring forth a live child from the maw of gorged Lamia. The centuries of seniors will cast aside poems that serve no useful end, the Ramnes will haughtily pass by those that are severe. But every vote is carried by the man who mingles pleasure and profit, by delighting the reader and teaching too. This is the book that will make money for the Sosii, this the book that will cross the sea and make its author known, winning for him long life.

347. But there are faults we could wish to pardon, for the string gives not ever the note that hand and thought require, but often when the player asks for a low note answers with a high, nor always will the bow strike all that it threatens. But where much in a poem is bright, I am not one to take offence at a few spots which want of care scattered on the work, or human frailty overlooked.

Where then lies the point? As a copyist, if he still makes the same mistake though warned, is not excused, as a harpist who always goes wrong on the same string becomes a laughing-stock, so with me a writer who is often out becomes like Choerilus, at whom, if once or twice he reaches excellence, I wonder with a smile; yet I am angry, too, when noble Homer nods, but in so long a work 'twas but right that slumber should steal upon him. As in painting so in poetry, one work will take your fancy if you stand close to it, another if you stand far off. This loves dimness, and that would be seen in the light, and does not shrink from the critic's keen judgment. This pleased us only once, that seen ten times over will please.

366. O elder of the youths, although by a father's voice you are moulded to wisdom and have judgment of your own, take to yourself this saying, and remember that in certain things that which is middling and will pass is rightly tolerated. A middling attorney or barrister is far below the excellence of eloquent Messalla, and does not know as much as Aulus Cascellius, and yet he is esteemed. But that poets should be middling is tolerated neither by men nor by gods nor by shop-windows. As at a pleasant banquet discordant music, or thick ointment, or poppy-seed with Sardinian honey, is an offence, because the dinner could have dispensed with them, so poetry that was born and devised to please, if it fall but little short of the best, comes near the worst. He who cannot play lets alone the weapons of the training ground, and unskilled to use the ball or the disc or the hoop keeps quiet, lest the encircling crowd raise a laugh and he have naught to say. Yet the man who knows nothing of verses still dares to write them. Why not? He is freeborn and a gentleman, nay, he is rated as owning a knight's property, and has every virtue.

385. But you will never do or say aught against Minerva's wish, such is your judgment, such your purpose; still, if you ever write a work, let it come before the critical ear of Maecius, before your father's and mine, let it be kept back nine years, the parchment laid aside.

Unpublished works can be destroyed, the word once uttered can never be recalled.

391. Woodland men were turned from slaughter and from savage food by holy Orpheus, the prophet of heaven, and therefore he is said to have charmed tigers and raging lions. 'Tis said, too, that Amphion, the founder of the Theban city, moved rocks by the sound of his lute, and by his sweet appeal led them whither he would. Herein once was wisdom: to distinguish what was the state's and what the citizen's, what sacred and what profane, to check promiscuous intercourse and give rights to husbands, to found cities and inscribe laws upon wood. Thus reverence and fame were the reward of heavenly seers and song. After their days Homer won fame, and Tyrtaeus by his verse whetted heroic souls for martial wars, oracles were given in song, and the way of life made plain. Men strove by Pierian music to win the favour of kings, and found out festivals to be the end of long labours; lest you feel shame for the Muse skilled in the lyre, and Apollo the god of song.

408. It has been asked if a noble poem is made by nature or art. For my part, I cannot see what profit there is in study without a rich vein of genius, or in genius untrained; so much does the one require the other's aid, and so friendly is their conspiracy. He who would fain reach the hoped-for goal has done and suffered much in boyhood, has sweated and felt cold, has kept himself from love and wine. The flute-player who plays at the Pythian games, has first learnt his art and dreaded a master. To-day it is enough to say, "I compose marvellous poems; devil take the hindmost, for me it is a shame if I am left behind and if I admit that I know frankly nothing of what I never learnt."

419. Like an auctioneer who gathers a crowd to buy his goods, a poet who is rich in lands and rich in money put out at interest, bids flatterers come for gain. Moreover, if he is one who knows well how to set on a dainty meal, and can go bail for the poor man who has no credit, and rescue one who is entangled in the fatal meshes of litigation, I shall be surprised if, fortunate as he is, he can distinguish a liar from a true friend. If you have made a present,

or wish to make one to any man, do not when he is in the fulness of his joy bring him to hear the verses you have made: for he will cry "beautiful! good! right!" He will grow pale at some, nay more, he will let fall the dew from sympathetic eyes, he will dance, and beat the ground with his foot. As hired mourners at a funeral do and say almost more than those who grieve from their hearts, the flatterer is more moved than a sincere admirer.

434. Kings, 'tis said, are wont to ply with many cups, and rack with wine, the man whose worthiness to be a friend they labour to test; if you build poems, you will never be deceived by the spirit that lurks in the fox.

438. If you ever read a poem to Quintilius, he would say, "I would have you mend this and this." If you asserted you could do no better, and had tried twice or three times in vain, he would bid you destroy the ill-turned lines or send them back to the anvil. If you chose rather to defend than to change a fault, not another word, nor further useless pains, would he bestow to save you from becoming the lover of yourself and your own works alone and without a rival.

445. A man who is sincere and wise will condemn weak lines and blame harsh, and with a cross-stroke of his pen will set a black mark against such as are inartistic, pretentious ornament he will cut out, and will force obscure verses to give light, convict a double meaning, and note what must be changed. He will be an Aristarchus, and will not say, "Why should I quarrel with a friend about trifles?" These trifles lead to grave ills, when once a writer has been fooled and treated insincerely.

453. Wise men fear to touch a frenzied poet, and shun him as they do a man afflicted by the pest of scurvy or the royal disease, by frantic delusion or Diana's wrath; while boys tease him and rashly follow him. Should such a one, while belching forth verses head-in-air and straying about, fall, like a bird-catcher intent on blackbirds, into a well or pit, he might shout aloud, "Help, fellow-citizens," but there would be none who cared to pull him out. If any cared to bring him aid and let down a rope, "How do you know," I should say, "whether he did not throw

himself down here on purpose and does not want to be saved?" and I shall tell of the death of the Sicilian poet. In his desire to be thought an immortal god, Empedocles in cold blood leapt into burning Etna.

466. Let poets have the right and be allowed to perish. To save a man against his will is the same as to kill him. 'Tis not the first time he has done this, and if he is dragged back he will not now become a sane man and put aside his desire for a distinguished death. Nor is there reason apparent why he keeps making verses: whether he defiled his father's ashes, or godlessly touched an ill-omened spot blasted by lightning, 'tis certain he is infuriated and, like a bear that has managed to burst the confining bars of its cage, he scatters learned and unlearned alike with his insufferable recitations, the man he seizes he holds and murders by his reading, a leech that will not let go the skin till he is full of blood.





EDITIONS OF LATIN AND GREEK CLASSICS—*continued.*

	Word			Word	
	Text.	List.		Text.	List.
ISOCRATES—			SOPHOCLES—		
De Bigis.	3/6	...	Ajax.	...	1/3
			Electra.	4/6	...
LIVY—			TACITUS—		
Books 1, 3, 5, 6, 9. (each)	3/6	1/3	Agricola.	2/6	1/3
Book 2, Ch. 1-50.	3/6	1/3	Annals, Book 1.	3/0	1/3
Book 21.	3/6	1/3	Annals, Book 2.	3/0	...
Book 22.	3/6	1/3	Germania.	2/6	1/3
			Histories, Book 1.	3/6	1/3
			Histories, Book 3.	3/6	1/3
LYSIAS—			TERENCE—		
Eratosthenes.	3/6	...	Adelphi.	3/0	...
OVID—			THUCYDIDES—		
Fasti, Books 5, 6.	4/6	1/3	Book 7.	4/0	...
Heroides, 1, 5, 12.	2/0	...			
Heroides, 12.	1/0	...	VERGIL—		
Metamorphoses, Book 1.	2/0	1/0	Aeneid, Books 1-8. (each)*	2/0	1/0
Book 8.	2/0	1/0	Books 7-10.	4/6	...
Books 13, 14. (each)	2/0	1/0	Book 9.	*2/0	...
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