

ODES AND EPODES
OF
HORACE

TRANSLATED BY
SIR STEPHEN DE VERE





TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

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* * *This edition consists of 500 copies, of which
* * 25 are printed on Japanese vellum.*



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ODES AND EPODES

OF

TRANSLATED BY

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES

GEORGE BELL AND SONS
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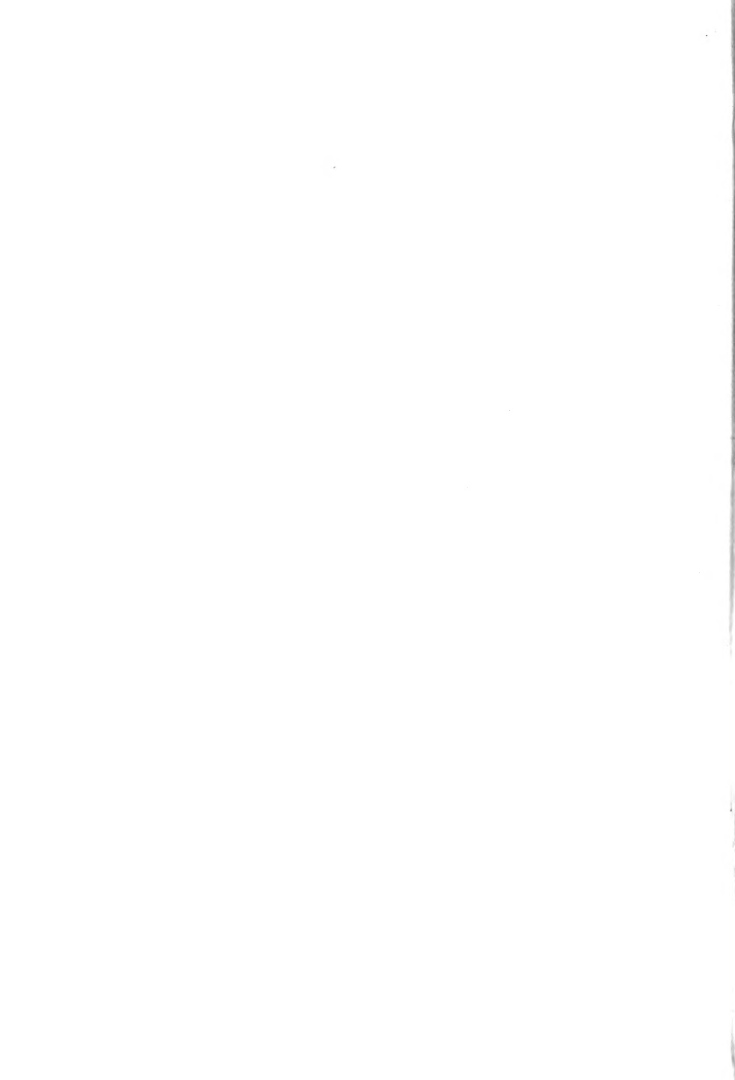
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TO MY ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER,
AUBREY DE VERE,
WHO, IN HIS WRITINGS, HAS EVER COMBINED
TRUE IRISH PATRIOTISM
WITH TRUE RELIGIOUS FAITH
AND LOYALTY TO THE EMPIRE,
AND WHO HAS NEVER SACRIFICED PRINCIPLE
TO POPULAR APPLAUSE,
THESE TRANSLATIONS
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
STEPHEN E. DE VERE.



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PREFACE.

THE first edition of "Translations from Horace," 1885, contained only ten Odes. The second edition, quarto, 1886, comprised thirty. In the present edition eighty-seven translations will be found, the number of Odes in Horace's four books (Epodes not included) being one hundred and four.

It may be asked why all the Odes are not translated. To answer this question it may be well to state the principle upon which the selection was made.

A translator of classical poetry ought to keep before him two main objects. He should endeavour to give pleasure to those for whom he writes, bearing, of course, in mind that the true office of poetry is to instruct as well as to please. He will therefore select for translation such poems as tend to improve and purify the reader's mind, enlarge his understanding, give a healthful expansion to his imagination, and create that sense and love of the beautiful which, as it becomes more refined, promotes the study not alone of our native poets, but of those belonging to other lands and ages.

A very distinguished critic writes as follows :—"Coleridge, in his 'Wallenstein,' gave us one scene (the astrologer's tower), which is said to be far superior to Schiller's original, and Schiller

had the sense and magnanimity to translate in his second edition lines which Coleridge had imported into his translation of the first. The version of the Psalms in the Anglican prayer-book is, as regards style, almost an inspiration, and in its cadences often truly metrical. Milton's translation of them is intolerably prosaic. We owe to Leigh Hunt the *discovery* of one of Milton's greatest poems, his Latin poem on Plato's Idea of the Archetypal Man. While it remained in the Latin no one saw in it more than an academical exercise. Leigh Hunt's translation of it is incomparably superior to the original, placing it beside the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' by the aid of a marvelously Miltonic style. The translations of the Hebrew prophets, and of the Book of Job, have instilled into men's hearts not only religious knowledge, but poetic fervour." What reader has not been instructed and delighted by Homer as translated by Chapman, of whom Lowell says, "Of all who have translated Homer Chapman has the topping merit of being inspired by him!" Who has not enjoyed Mr. Worsley's version of the Odyssey? The sublime *Commedia* of Dante and the Odes of Pindar would have remained unknown to most English readers had they not been translated by Cary. Nor is the cultivation of poetical taste the only benefit we derive from appropriating to ourselves the labours of times long passed; we acquire valuable knowledge of history, science, antiquities, philosophy, and the social progress of mankind. Our translations from the Sanscrit, Celtic, Scandinavian, Persian, and other tongues have taught us lessons useful not only for advancing our knowledge, but for humbling our pride.

The second end which a translator should seek is to per-

petuate, so far as in him lies, the honourable fame of his original, and make him live in men's hearts as well as in the schools. There are, indeed, persons even in the schools who know their poet-author internally as well as externally—know him and love him; but they are those upon whose hearts the poetic spirit has already been unconsciously breathed.

The reason, therefore, why I have not translated all the Odes of Horace is because I felt it my duty to translate only those unquestionably worthy of the great Lyrist. Some have been chosen for their poetic merit; some as portraying the manners of the time; some for their vivid and truthful descriptions of scenery; many for the moral lessons inculcated by them; most, that the character of Horace might be better known from his own lips. I have passed over in silence those that could contribute nothing to the instruction or delight of the reader, and nothing to the credit of the author. Not a few are omitted as being repetitions, and others because they are stained by the debased condition of social life in Rome.

No classical author is so difficult of translation as Horace. His extraordinary condensation, so little in harmony with the English language or the usual current of English thought; his habit of embodying in one sequence a single idea connected through all its phases by an almost imperceptible thread; the "*curiosa felicitas*" with which he draws a picture by a single epithet, such as "*fabulosus Hydaspes*," "*placens uxor*;" his abrupt transitions; the frequent absence of a connecting link enabling the modern reader to track the pervading idea of the poet through the apparently disconnected passages of the poem; the obscurity arising from the use of images and allusions

familiar to the Roman ear, but now only known to the scholar; these are a few of the obstacles with which the translator of Horace's Odes has to contend with when presenting them to an English reader; and his difficulty is increased by the metrical structure of those poems and his habitual if not uniform use of the Quatrain. The Latin laws of quantity rendered it absolutely necessary for him also to use inversions which to an English reader involve obscurity and frequently admit different interpretations. An example of this may be found in the first Ode "*Palmaque nobilis terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos,*" in which "*Dominos*" may be either in apposition with "*Deos,*" or may be directly governed by "*evehit,*" and in which "*nobilis*" may be either a nominative agreeing with "*palma,*" or an accusative in the old form agreeing with "*dominos.*"

This metrical necessity for the largest use of inversions was a misfortune which an English translator does not share. Inversion, in its proper place, may conduce both to dignity and to grace; but it should be used as a rare exception: it can produce no good effect where it has no special meaning; and its occasional charm is lost unless brought out by the contrast of a habitual directness of diction. Many things which we call inversions may, it is true, in another language, follow an order of thought as legitimate as our own: but inversions which obviously follow no law either of thought or of imagination, involve a great loss of strength in poetry; for poetry requires not only to be understood with clearness, but also with that electrical instantaneousness, in the absence of which there can be no intensity.

If the obscurity of Horace is so easily condoned by his admirers, this can only be because it ceases at last for those who have read him so often that they almost know him by heart.

The rare exceptions to inversion found in his Odes gain so much by direct diction that they bear conclusive evidence against the rest. To remedy this evil, which probably was not felt by the Romans, is the essential duty of an English translator.

The quatrain formation had not the same stiffening and chilling effect upon Horace, who wrote without rhyme, as it would exercise upon those who share the general opinion that rhyme is essential for lyric poems. Some translators of the literal school have adopted the unrhymed quatrain, but even such an accomplished scholar and poet as the first Lord Lytton did not find it possible to make such translations *poems*, notwithstanding the poetic genius that occasionally forces its way through the ice. I must here acknowledge with gratitude the aid I have derived from his valuable critical remarks.

The constant repetition of a short and regular stanza may have been forced upon Horace ; but it is the second difficulty which need not be shared by an English translator. To employ it constantly is to dance in chains. I have used it principally in the rendering of Odes which are brief and simple, and which, while often exquisite in form, yet include but little variety. In the case of the more elevated and impassioned lyric, the irregular, or, as it is sometimes called, the Pindaric stanza, is a measure at once far more flexible and

stronger than the regular. Lyrical poetry is more than any other characterized by sudden changes both of thought and of passion, nay, of transient mood and half-developed emotion. Such changes, in their finer movements, can only be indicated by irregular metres which adjust themselves spontaneously to every movement of a subtle yet sound imagination, while never subjecting themselves to any mere technical regularity. There is a music in poetic thought ; and the harmonies of a metre obedient but to its own interior law can alone be the echo of that music. I cannot doubt that Horace would have rejoiced in the freedom of the irregular stanza, had the Roman poetry admitted of its use, when composing his "Altera jam teritur," his "Cælo tonantem," and his "Lollius."

The "irregular metre" is an incorrect expression. It is various not lawless, for all its several parts are harmonious. It is a metre which comprehends the harmonies of all the regular metres combined under a law larger than that with which any one of them is conversant. It is the most expressive of metres, and falls into confusion only in the hands of those who have nothing to express.

Horace had not, when addressing his countrymen, the difficulties I have referred to except the last. The Romans had caught from the Greek literature, which they had made their own, much of the Greek character. They had the same keen apprehensiveness, and the same rapid incandescence of imagination, and were able to take in almost intuitively the full meaning of Horace's most delicate touches, and to see at a glance that chain of consecutive thought which connects into one great whole the several parts of his grand

heroic Odes. In each of them they saw a purpose, sometimes political, sometimes philosophic, sometimes perhaps personal. They were a sensual people, and did not object to the "Anacreontism" of some of his lighter pieces. Horace did not, as a lyric poet, scoff at the Pagan mythology. In many Odes he exhorts the people to revere and obey their Gods; and strives to ennoble a false Faith by grafting on it high moral dogmas derived from the Stoic curiously combined with the Epicurean doctrines. He never rose to the mystic philosophy of the Platonic school, but seems to have entertained some, at least, of the tenets of the Pythagoreans.

Horace, in his Lyrics, has two distinct styles. His shorter poems are light, graceful, and easily understood. They are in fact Songs rather than Odes, and remind us of the tenderness and simplicity of our own great Scottish Lyrist, Burns.

His descriptions of Nature, in her sternest or most homely mood are true, vivid, and the more effective for being brief. He knew that portraits of what is familiar sink deeper into the heart than ideal sketches: every feature in his picture has a "local habitation and a name." Thus he stamps upon his landscape the note of Truth, and wins men's hearts by appealing to their experience. Whoever refers to the original will see how true to Nature are the lines which I have thus endeavoured to render—

"Sleep hovers with extended wing
Above the roof where labour dwells,
Or where the river, murmuring,
Ripples beneath the beechen shade;

b

Or where in Tempe's dells
 No sound save Zephyr's breath throbs through the silvan glade."
 —*Book III., Ode 1.*

As examples of Horace's graphic power I may refer the reader to the originals of the following passages. For the sake of readers who are not classical scholars they are here presented in English:—

"Then through the reddening fir-stems distant shone
 Green fields and sparkling banks, and rivers deep.
 Mine eyes were opened ! motionless I gazed ;
 As some Bacchantè starting from her sleep
 On thunder-riven mountain stares amazed
 At sun-clad plains of Thrace beneath her spread,
 And Rhodope with all its barbarous horde,
 And Hebrus foaming o'er his rocky bed."
 —*Book III., Ode 25.*

or,

"Around us all is Peace : the steer
 Crops the lush pasture of the lea :
 The mellowed harvest owns the fostering care
 Of bounteous Ceres : o'er the tranquil sea
 With fluttering sails, unharmed, rich fleets career."
 —*Book IV., Ode 5.*

or

"Now the shepherd leads
 His panting flock to willow-bordered meads
 By river banks, or to those dells
 Remote, profound, where rough Silvanus dwells,
 Where by mute margins voiceless waters creep
 And the hushed Zephyrs sleep."
 —*Book III., Ode 29.*

or,

“A hundred flocks thy pastures roam :
Large herds, deep uddered, low around thy home
At the red close of day :
The steed with joyous neigh
Welcomes thy footstep.”

—*Book II., Ode 16.*

or,

“Where the huge Pine, and Poplar silver-lined
With branches interlaced have made
A hospitable shade,
And where by curving bank and hollow bay
The tremulous waters work their silent way.”

—*Book II., Ode 3.*

or,

“Yonder Sibyl’s temple-home
Re-echoing Anio’s headlong fall,
And Tibur’s groves and orchards dewed by rills
That dance their glad way down from Tibur’s wooded hills.”

—*Book I., Ode 7.*

The study of such descriptive passages will reveal the principle upon which Horace worked. He reviewed Nature with an accurate and loving eye, and he described what was most characteristic with brevity, truthfulness, and simplicity. Every epithet is individually appropriate, and is pregnant with half-developed suggestion. There is none of that daubed word-painting which borrows nothing from the imagination, and leaves nothing to it.

Horace’s Heroic Odes include many passages of descriptive beauty and personal pathos, but are, on the whole, of a widely different class. They are written with the intention of

influencing opinion, and effecting some large social or political purpose, or of developing some great principle of moral philosophy.

A purpose, often obscure, runs through each. The first duty of the translator, that which he owes to the original author, is to assure himself of the scope of that veiled purpose, and the difficulty of this task may be inferred from the number of learned critics who have been satisfied with commenting upon the Ode piece-meal without any attempt to elucidate its general scope.

His second duty, that which he owes to his readers, is to frame his translation so as to present to English minds what Horace intended to present to the Romans. In the latter lies the main difficulty. If by inserting words, or even lines, not expressed but *understood*, in the original, he attempts to make clear the object and full meaning of the whole;—if he seeks to elucidate what is obscure, and to complete and transfuse the thoughts and images which, though only half developed, were intelligible to the Roman, he is taxed with presumption;—he is called a paraphraser, not a translator. If, on the other hand, he renders each passage with bald verbal accuracy, quatrain by quatrain, adding nothing, and omitting nothing, he is charged with leaving the poetry and philosophy of his original in the obscurity in which critics and pedants luxuriate. What is more humiliating than any such criticism, he feels that he has been unjust and untrue to his author.

To be true to the spirit he must claim liberty as regards the letter. The true canon of poetical translation—that

which such men as Chapman, Dryden, and Shelley understood and obeyed—is to lay before the reader the thoughts that breathe in the original poet, observing his limits so far as may be consistent with the supreme necessity of fully and clearly representing his spirit:—to add nothing that is not entirely in harmony with these, and to clothe them in such language as the author would have employed if writing in the tongue of those who have to read the translation. This has been well expressed by the great French critic Boileau, who says (cited by Lord Bolingbroke, iii. 252, “Essay on History”) that “to translate servilely into modern language an ancient author, phrase by phrase, and word by word, is preposterous: nothing can be more unlike the original than such a copy. It is not to show, it is to disguise the author: and he who has known him in this dress would not know him in his own. A good writer, instead of taking this inglorious and unprofitable task upon him, will ‘jouter contre l’original;’ rather emulate than imitate; he will transfuse the sense and spirit of the original into his own work, and will endeavour *to write as the* ancient author would have written had he writ in the same language.”

Chapman, far the noblest of our early translators, expressed the same opinion:—“It is the part of every knowing and judicious interpreter not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration as are most apt for the language into which they are converted.”

Dr. Johnson, though doubtful of the possibility of adequately translating the poetry of one language into that of another, saw

clearly the principle upon which the task should be attempted. When asked by Boswell his opinion of Potter's translation of Æschylus, he replied, "We must first try its effect as an English poem ; that is the way to judge of the merit of a translation."

Hallam in his review of "Elton's Translations of the Classic Poets" ("Quarterly Review," April, 1815), writes thus :—"One cause, and probably the main cause, of Mr. Elton's inferiority in blank verse is a theoretical bias in favour of literal, or, as we should call it, servile translation, with which it is not easy to comply under the restrictions of rhyme. 'The fit standard of a translator is fidelity,' we are told in his preface, where the long-disputed question as to the propriety of close or loose translation is discussed with arguments which it is not necessary to controvert. The truth seems to be that strict translation best satisfies the critic ; loose translation best pleases the multitude. He who would escape censure must avoid deviations which a reviewer will detect ; he who would obtain popularity must shun dulness over which a reader will yawn ; and this is founded on a plain matter of fact, of which everyone is aware, though everyone cannot express it so elegantly as Denham, 'it is not his business alone to translate *language into language*, but *poesie into poesie* ; and poesie is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another it will all evaporate ; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum* ; there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language which give life and energy to the words.'

If it be true, and it undoubtedly is so, that the office of poetry is to please, elevate, and *instruct*, the translation-critic,

who must be pre-supposed to be a scholar, and to be able to read and understand the classic song as well as if it were in his own language, stands in no need of aid from a mere "word-catcher who lives on syllables," and the translation free, but guarded and limited, as has been suggested, should be addressed, by its author to his fellow-countrymen for their delight and instruction, and for the honour of the great original Poet.

Mr. Hallam proceeds:—"But in blaming literal translation, executed without regard to this law, we do not, of course, mean to recommend the opposite error. There is a style of low and slovenly paraphrase which commonly indicates a mind *too dull to seize the spirit*, or too indolent to grapple with the difficulties of its author. In all translations, *to represent the original character is the first duty*. But he who *must lose much of the precision and gracefulness of language, and even the collocation of words*, is no more to be blamed for replacing them by new graces of his own language than a musical performer for enriching *the text* of his composer by *touches* suggested by his own skill and enthusiasm." This last observation requires qualification. The *touches* to be engrafted on the *text* must be introduced to explain, or sometimes, but rarely, to intensify it. They must be in harmony with the original, and not mere capriccios to show the skill of the performer. The comparison, moreover, between a poetical translation and a musical performance is not sound.

Mr. Hallam's condemnation of the "slovenly paraphrase which indicates a mind too dull to seize the spirit, or too indolent to grapple with the difficulties of its author," is perfectly just.

Mickle, in his translation of the "Lusiad," is a notable example of a true principle brought into disrepute by being carried to a faulty and unjustifiable excess. "It was not" (he tells us) "to gratify the dull few whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says: it was to give a poem that might live in the English language which was the ambition of the translator." Mickle carries his blame of others, as he carries his principle of translation, too far. It argues no dulness in the critic to demand literal fidelity from the translator: it only argues that he is more imbued with the spirit of verbal criticism than of poetry. Mickle was right in aspiring to produce a poem that should live in the English language; but the poem should have been substantially that of Camoens, and not of Mickle. He should have remembered Horace's own dictum.

"Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex."

Ars Poetica, 133.

The germ of the true principle of translation is contained in a fine remark of Madame de Staël: "Le sens d'une phrase dans une langue étrangère est à la fois un problème grammatical et intellectuel."

One of the most acute and refined of modern critics, Sarah Coleridge, writes thus: "The only sort of translation of Homer which would be thoroughly gratifying should be on Pope's plan, but better executed. There should be his brilliance and rapidity,—or rather that of Dryden in the Fables,—with that *thorough understanding of the spirit and proprieties of the whole*

poem which would enable the translator (he being a person of some poetical genius) to give substitutes for the exact physical meaning of certain passages, yet to preserve the spirit, and to maintain the rich flow of verse, and keep the genius of the language unviolated, at the same time that he transports us to ancient times and distant places."—*Sarah Coleridge's Letters*, i. 101.

I will cite only three more authorities, but they are the literary giants of the century—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Cardinal Newman. Wordsworth undertook a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*. A letter of his states the principles on which he proposed to work. He says, "My own notion of translation is that it cannot be too literal, provided that three faults be avoided—baldness, in which I include all that takes from dignity; strangeness, or uncouthness including hastiness; and, lastly, attempts to convey meanings which, as they cannot be given but by languid circumlocution, cannot in fact be said to be given at all." Again, he writes to the editor of the "Philological Museum," "Having been displeased, in modern translations, with the addition of *incongruous* matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault by *adding nothing*; but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting the *principle of compensation*."—*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, vol. ii. 69.

Coleridge, writing to Wordsworth on the same subject, says, "My conviction is that you undertake an impossibility, and that there is no medium between a prose version and one on the avowed *principle of compensation* in the widest sense—*i.e.*,

manner, genius, *total effect*.”—*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, vol. ii. 70.

Thus wrote the translator of “Wallenstein.”

Cardinal Newman writes as follows in that clear and nervous English, and with that lucid reasoning of which he is the consummate master :—“ It should be considered that translation in itself is after all but a problem, how, two languages given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first. The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed ; and the chief question is, what is the least sacrifice ? In a balance of difficulties one translator will aim at being critically correct, and will become obscure, cumbrous, and foreign. Another will aim at being English, and will appear deficient in scholarship. While grammatical particulars are followed out, the spirit evaporates, and while an easy flow of language is secured, new ideas are intruded, or the point of the original is lost, or the drift of the context impaired.

“ Under these circumstances perhaps it is fair to lay down that while every care must be taken against the introduction of new or the omission of existing ideas in translating the original text, yet, in a book intended for general reading, faithfulness may be considered simply to consist in expressing in English the *sense* of the original : the actual words of the latter being viewed mainly as *directions* into its sense, and scholarship being necessary in order to gain the full insight into that sense which they afford ; and next, that where something must be sacrificed, precision or intelligibility, it is better, in a popular

work, to be understood by those who are not critics than to be applauded by those who are."

Many men, even the *élite* of school or college, read their classics only through the spectacles of the philological critic. They perhaps admire the terse vigour, the concentrated beauty of the book, all the more because it is in a dead language, but it is with a blurred and not a perfect appreciation: they do not take in all that is included though not expressed; they are too apt to resent as surplusage a translator's attempt to make their vague apprehension more distinct: they are not, as Mr. Lowell so well says, *inspired* by their author: they do not perceive that the terseness and concentration which they praise imply that something more is involved than is expressed in the words actually before them, and they have no clear conception of that something. Poets such as Horace or Pindar can only be adequately translated by placing before the reader not only the fully expressed, but the veiled thoughts of the Roman or Greek; the words are "winged words:" the translator must strive to track them as they soar, and dissipate the clouds that surround them: he is bound "*negata tentare iter via:*" he must bear in mind that the language in which he writes is not capable of the same compactness as that of Horace or Pindar, and that modern habits, sympathies, and associations of thought, differ widely from those of the Romans or Greeks; what was clear as the day to them is to moderns vague and unintelligible, or at best but half understood. The duty of the translator is to endeavour to present the classic author to the English readers such as he was to those for whom he wrote. Nor is this an easy task: he must eschew the temptation of exaggerating the

vigour of his original : he must be careful not to impair the due proportions of the several parts of the poem, nor must he shrink from rendering those proportions more marked when necessary ; he must beware of falling into feebleness by becoming diffuse ; and when expansion is required in order to give that lucidity which is inseparable from true poetic beauty, he must limit it to what is needed. In other cases he may have to abbreviate. Horace's illustrations, historical or mythological, are sometimes as redundant as the thoughts are condensed.

When the author's meaning is fully and unambiguously expressed, as is the case in many of Horace's lesser Odes, a translation faithful at once to the letter and to the spirit becomes possible, and is the best.

I may be permitted to cite, in illustration of these remarks, the text and translation of the well-known Bacchanalian song by Walter de Mapes, the learned Archdeacon of Oxford, temp. Hen. II. I found it possible to render it with almost complete verbal fidelity, stanza for stanza, with a single rhyme running through each quatrain, as in the original, because the old Monkish Latin was simple and not inverted, and because every line placed the author's full idea distinctly before the reader, unhampered by the intricate laws of Horatian metre, and without those changeful moods which are the peculiar charm of Horace. His nobler Odes, if thus translated, would not be Horace.

ANACREONTIC.

WALTER DE MAPES.

“ In an honest tavern let me die,
 Before my lips a brimmer lie,
 And angel choirs come down and cry,
 ‘Peace to thy soul, my jolly boy.’

“ Wine feeds with fire the lamp of soul ;
 The heart soars upwards from the bowl ;
 Strong tavern draughts my brain console,
 Not the sly butler’s watered dole.

“ Some gift to each kind Nature gave,
 Not mine to write when food I crave ;
 Sober I’m but a beaten slave ;
 I hate all fasting as the grave.

“ My poems smack of my potation,
 Strong verse with sound intoxication :
 Starving I lose my inspiration,
 But in my cups I bang the nation.

“ My vein prophetic gives no sound
 Save when my belly’s full and round.
 When Bacchus in my brain sits crowned
 In rushes Phœbus with a bound
 And flings his oracles around.”

“ Mihi est propositum in taberna mori ;
 Vinum sit appositum merientis ori,
 At dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
 Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

“ Poculis accenditur animæ lucerna ;
 Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna ;

Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna
 Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

“Suum cuique proprium dat Natura munus ;
 Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos ;
 Me jejunos vincere possit puer unus ;
 Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

“Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo ;
 Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo ;
 Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos scribo ;
 Nasonem post calices facile præibo.

“Mihi nunquam spiritus Prophetiæ datur,
 Nisi cum fuerit venter bene satur.
 Cum in arce cerebri Bacchur dominatur
 In me Phœbus irruit et divina fatur.”

If it be true that a nation's character is largely influenced by its literature, it is equally certain that literature adapts itself to a nation's character. Horace, the son of a freed man, one step advanced from slavery, yet associating with the highest in Rome, knew well the character of all classes, and played upon their sympathies as a skilful musician upon his strings. The Romans had quick sympathies and a lively intelligence. With them a suggestion touched with the feather rather than the quill, —a felicitous epithet,—a momentary sparkle of wit,—an almost imperceptible irony,—a passing shadow of reproach, awoke a long train of associations. Their mythology, though probably not very deep in their hearts, was at their fingers' ends ; so was their History, whether genuine or legendary. Horace's mythological and historical allusions, however light, were rapidly understood, and evoked instant enthusiasm.

He appealed to the superstition which was to those whom he

addressed a religion, and to the glories of their ancestors, to enforce the virtues of patience, fortitude, and patriotism. He challenged their pride, knowing how vividly it is illumined by a ray from the past. The lessons which he taught flashed upon his audience with the force of an inspiration. For modern readers they need elucidation. Nothing can be strong which is not distinct and intelligible. In literature as in ethics, what is most direct, most definite, most certain, and complete, must be most effective.

Horace not only denounced vices but laughed at follies. This gives his satires an immense advantage over those of Juvenal, for men are more sensitive to ridicule than to the fiercest censure. Thus, in "Odi Profanum" (3, 1) he pictures the dismay of the fishes when their haunts are invaded by the palace built on the mighty mole; and in that light and graceful little Ode, "Jam pauca aratro" (2, 15), he ridicules the Patricians—their fish-ponds, wider than the Lucrine Lake; their violet beds; their worship of the nose; their bowers of bay, which the sun cannot penetrate; their spacious porticoes, facing to the cool North; and then, suddenly changing his tone, exhorts them to spend their wealth in building with costliest marble public buildings for the people and temples for the gods.

In spite of his fearless censure and unsparing ridicule, Rome loved and respected her Poet. We know from his own hand that he was not popular at the commencement of his career. He adhered to Brutus, believing him to be the friend of constitutional liberty, and fought under him at Philippi. Returning to Rome, he found the small property he had inherited from his father confiscated. The populace, ever ready to join

the winning side, denounced him as a rebel, and laughed at him as a conquered and beggared man. He worked on in silence. Mæcenas, himself an author, discovered his great literary merit, and introduced him to Augustus. Brutus was dead. There was no longer any hope for the resuscitation of the ancient Roman Republic. The choice was between Cæsar and anarchy, and Horace attached himself to Cæsar. The war with Brutus was one of principle: all those that followed it were but the selfish struggles of Faction. Time passed on. Mæcenas welcomed in Horace an accomplished poet and an affectionate friend. Cæsar found in him not only a genial companion, but a sage, faithful, and distinguished counsellor. His brother-poets, Virgil, Varius, Pollio, Iulus Antonius, acknowledged his literary greatness. The Patricians ceased to envy him for enjoying the confidence of Augustus, because they saw that he made no selfish or factious use of his power. The Plebeians, who at first distrusted him, ceased to suspect him because they saw that, though a favourite at court, his heart was always with the poor. They, no doubt, read over and over again that noble Ode, "Non ebur neque aureum" (11, 18), in which he denounced with enthusiasm almost amounting to ferocity the usurpations of the rich over the lawful patrimony of the poor, and they blessed him as they recited—

“Quid, quod usque proximos
Revellis agris terminos et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens Deos
Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos.”

In the concluding Ode of the second book, Horace describes himself as "Invidia major," and in his beautiful Ode to Melpomene (4, 3), which may be called his farewell, he boasts, with noble exultation, of his having at last won the heart of the nation :—

"Jam dente minus mordeor invido.
Totum muneris hoc tui est
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ."

—*Book IV., Ode III.*

An uneventful life contributes little to History ; but it is always interesting to estimate the character of a distinguished author from his own writings. If we see that he has vindicated for himself a literary fame that has stood unimpaired against the wear and tear of two thousand years, we approach the critical examination of his works in a reverential spirit, and with a feeling of certainty, *a priori*, that his fame is deserved. If we find that when he lived he was the idol of his contemporaries, and that during the long ages which have elapsed since his death he has retained and still retains, not only the admiration, but, in a very remarkable degree, the affection of his readers, we naturally conclude that he must have possessed qualities which justified that feeling. We seek to find out what were those qualities, and we find the best answer in his own literary works.

No one can read the Odes of Horace without perceiving that his love for his country was genuine and profound. He proved his patriotism by the fearlessness with which he condemned her faults. He gloried in her warlike prowess,

but never failed to remind her that each victory was but a step to the establishment of peace and of moral and political reform.

In almost every one of his greater Odes he denounced Factions which, whether Aristocratic or Democratic, convulsed and demoralized the State. A true principle was never more nobly expressed than in his Ode to Calliope (3, 4)—

“Vis consili expers mole ruit sua.”

It was, doubtless, such passages which drew from Sir Richard Fanshaw (1652) his tribute to Horace as “The Prince of Lyricks, and of all the Latin poets the fullest fraught with excellent morality.”

It is curious to observe with what uninterrupted continuity Horace puts forward the same great principles during the long period, more than thirty years, over which his Odes extend. That fierce invective against fratricidal faction, “Quo, quo, scelesti” (Epode 7), bears date B. C. 41. That impassioned dirge, the 16th Epode, beginning

“Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit,”

was written B. C. 40. The Ode to Pollio (2, 1), which speaks of “Motum civicum . . . *gravesque Principum amicitias*, et arma nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,” is dated about B. C. 29. The Ode to Augustus (“Divis orte bonis,” 4, 5), which draws such a glowing picture of Peace, was written B. C. 14; and the last of his political Odes, “Phœbus volentem” (4, 15), in which the Poet tells us that when he would have sung of Cæsar’s warlike

triumphs, Phœbus chid him, and commanded him to tell of him

"Whose mighty hand
 Has stayed the license of the land,
 Has curbed the rage of civil strife,
 Made pure the home, recalled to life
 That moral law beneath whose sway
 Rome's strength and power and majesty
 Rule the wide world from th' Orient gates of day,
 To where the sunset sleeps upon the Western Sea—"

was composed B. C. 10.

Such was what may be called Horace's political character—unboastful but independent, sagacious, patriotic, and consistent; but his Odes exhibit other qualities too, perhaps more endearing.

Even after the lapse of nearly twenty centuries we cannot but look with admiration at the manly independence of character with which he, poor, low-born, without social connection, gave disinterested, and, perhaps, sometimes distasteful advice to Cæsar, and refused to accept an important office from him, "satis beatus unicus Sabinis"; lived on terms of affectionate equality with the great minister Mæcenæ; boldly denounced the Patrician oppressors of the poor, and condemned equally the luxury and avarice of the rich, and the turbulence, factiousness, and ferocity of the Plebeians. The poor saw in him not a partisan, but a friend; and he was one, because he was a true friend of liberty. He lived contented in his little farm. Mæcenæ loved to visit him and share his frugal fare. He was in his little mountain home easy and genial. Though not wealthy, he was not oppressed with poverty. He tells us that "Importuna tamen pauperies abest." He railed at riches

only when procured by avarice and wasted in luxury. Wealth had no charm for him, "nisi temperato splendeat usu." We may believe that his country life was like that which he so beautifully describes in "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis" (Epode 2); his door open to his poor neighbours, as well as to his rich patrons; enjoying the sports of the field; instructing the "rustica Phidyle" in her humble duties, and sharing with all around him his kindly and genial wit, "ingeni benignam venam." He could admire but not imitate "atrocem animum Catonis." His was a sunny nature. He was proud of his native Voltur, the surrounding mountains, and the far resounding Aufidus; but it was amid the softer acclivities of Tibur, or the smiling and sheltered "angulus" near Tarentum, that he desired to close his days.

His joyous spirit may be seen even through his most vehement passion. The light grace and ease of his Odes, the most serious as well as the most trifling, is owing to the circumstance, that while he writes he is ever looking *outwards*, and never looking in upon himself. He is never querulous or captious. He keeps his imagination well in hand, and free from exaggeration: it is only in a few instances, such as his two Dithyrambic Odes, Archytas, and the two Epodes 7 and 16, that it seems to break away from all control in a sort of divine fury. Horace's nature was essentially human, but his humanity was gentle and true. He was as transparent as he was warm-hearted. He never forgot a kindness received. Pollio, Varius, Munatius Plancus and Licinius protected him and procured his pardon after Philippi. Virgil introduced him to Mæcenas. Who can doubt that in the Odes addressed to his personal friends

his tenderness is sincere? Who can question the depth of his sorrow for the dead Quinctilius? Who that reads "Cur me querelis" but must believe his love for Mæcenas to have been genuine and disinterested? Who can doubt the good faith with which (in Ode ii. 10) he warns Licinius against his fatal ambition, and holds up before him the safe and pleasant ways of the Golden Mean, and, in Ode i. 7, exhorts the defeated Munatius Plancus to retire from public life to his retreat at Tibur? Lollius had suffered a severe defeat from the Sygambri, a warlike tribe of Germany,—so severe that Augustus went in person to retrieve it. Returning to Rome Lollius became the mark for popular odium. Horace did not desert his persecuted friend, but wrote one of his finest Odes to defend him, and that with such success that Cæsar placed Caius Cæsar under his charge.

Such are a few of the causes which contributed to Horace's influence in his own day, and which still render him the most loved of Lyric Poets. There is another reason which has conduced to his modern popularity, especially among authors and orators: he is, as Lord Lytton observes, the most "quoteable" of Poets. He is the Tacitus of poetry. In almost every page is to be found some short, compact, epigrammatic line embodying a noble and true sentiment. Such lines, when quoted, reflect their dignity upon what surrounds them, and often elicit from their hearers old cherished memories which have been nursed in their hearts since their schoolboy days.

I am painfully aware how far these translations fall short of what might have been accomplished by a more skilful hand writing upon the principles which I have ventured to lay down,

and which I believe to be true. The labour I have devoted to them will not have been thrown away if I have in any degree enabled the young to appreciate more fully the beauty of Horace's poetry and the fine qualities of his character.

STEPHEN DE VERE.

BARNEEN, FOYNES.

ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

Mæcenas atavis.

Horace, after recounting the various pursuits of men, declares his own ambition to be admitted amongst the "*amabiles vatum choros.*" He tells us that he has already received the poets' ivy crown, and appeals to the influence of Mæcenas for an honourable place amid the sacred band of lyric bards.

I.

MÆCENAS, friend, my stay, my glory,
Scion of kings renowned in story!
Some o'er the Olympic plain delight
To guide the chariot's headlong flight ;
Through whirling clouds of dust to roll ;
With glowing axle graze the goal,
And seize the palm, the meed of worth
That lifts to Heaven the lords of earth.

2.

How proud the favourite of the hour
Whom fickle Rome exalts to power !
How glad is he whose garner stores
The wealth of Libyan threshing floors !
Contented, happy, spade in hand,
The peasant tills his father's land :
Not Attalus could tempt that swain
Trembling to cleave th' Ægean main
With Cyprian prow. For rural joys
The merchant, tempest-wearied, sighs ;
A modest homestead near the town,
Repose, not riches or renown ;
But soon, indocile to endure
Privations of the frugal poor,
Refits his shattered bark, and braves
Once more the vext Icarian waves.

3.

Some scorn not from the busy day
To steal one hour of rest away

Quaffing old Massic, idly laid
Beneath the arbutus' green shade,
Where from the bubbling fountain-head
The soft and sacred waters spread.

4.

For others manlier joys,—the sight
Of tented fields, the storm of fight,
The clarion shrill and trumpet-blare
Blending discordant in the air ;
The wars that weeping mothers hate.
The hunter leaves his tender mate,
Nor heeds the cold when, sore-beset,
The Marsyan wild boar bursts the net,
Or when his hounds, keen-eyed and true,
Through field and flood the stag pursue.

5.

A nobler aim, dear friend, is mine.
Those ivy leaves my brow entwine
Which rank the bard with Gods. Green lawns,
Cool groves remote, where Nymphs and Fauns

Weave the light dance, awake in me
A truer life, apart and free :
For me Euterpè breathes her flute,
For me Polymnia tunes the lute :
Place me amid the Lyric Choir, I rise
Sublime, enraptured, to the starry skies.

ODE II.

Jam satis.

I.

A DELUGE of relentless rain,
And hail, and snow, have drencht the plain :
From his red hand th' Eternal Sire
Has launcht his javelin-bolts of fire
O'er crag embattled, sacred fane.
The Nations feared to see once more
Portents that Pyrrhæ wept of yore
When Proteus drove his scaly flocks
From ocean depths to mountain rocks,
And fishes snared in branches hung
'Mid elms where woodland doves had sung,
And on the waste of waters wide
The floating deer gazed terrified.

2.

We too have seen old Tiber pour
O'er his left bank the yellow flood,
Recoiling from the Tuscan shore,
O'er shrine and palace, field and wood.
Uxorious river ! unapproved
By sovran Jove—to vengeance moved
By Ilia's tears, by Cæsar's blood.

3.

Age false and foul ! a remnant thin,
Sad victims to their fathers' sin,
Shall hear that Romans edged the sword
'Gainst brothers' hearts, not foes abhorred.
Alas ! what Power shall we implore
To stay the ruin, and restore
Our falling State ? What chant sublime
Shall Vesta's virgins sing to move
Her heart to ruth ? To whom shall Jove
Impart the gift of expiating crime ?

4.

Apollo, come!
Veiled in a fleecy shroud—
Thy glowing shoulders robed in cloud
 Augur, and Prophet, come!
Come, Erycina, myrtle-crowned,
Love and Laughter hovering round :
And thou, great Mars, progenitor
Of earliest Rome! Thy glorious face
Turn to thy long-neglected race ;
Forget the ghastly sport of war,
Long satiate with the fierce delight
Of flashing helm, and storm of fight,
And the bold Marsyan's eager eye
 Fixed on his enemy :

5.

Or thou, swift-wingèd Hermes, come :
Our youthful Hero's shape assume ;
His name, his office, deign to share,
“ Cæsar's avenger, Cæsar's heir ” !

Despite our guilt here long abide
In joy and peace, our hope, our guide :
Here, Prince and Father of the State,
Remain! Thy triumph here await!
No Parthian hordes shall scour the plains
Unscathed, while Cæsar reigns.

ODE III.

Sic te diva potens Cypri.

MAY she, th' all-potent Cyprian Queen,
And those twin stars, fair Helen's brothers, guide
Thy course, O ship, with ray serene.

May he, the Father-God who rules each wind,
The warning tempests chide,
And in his deep sea-cave all but Iapyx¹ bind.

Reach safely the Athenian shore !
Redeem thy pledge, swift galley, and restore
My friend, my Virgil, half my soul, once more.

Strong oak and triple brass were round his breast
Who in frail bark through surging waters first
With heart undaunted burst,
Nor feared conflicting storms that lashed the seas,
Or the sad portent of the Hyades,
Or Libyan blasts that curled or smoothed the crest

¹ Iapyx, the west wind.

Of Adrian waves ;—who with untroubled eye
Could mark the foul sea-monsters wallowing nigh,
 And hear unmoved the sullen shocks
Of billows on th' ill-famed Ceraunian rocks !

 A wise and kindly Deity
Spread Oceans vast between dissevered shores :
 Man, reckless and profane,
 O'erleaps their limits and explores
The wastes forbidden of the trackless main,
Daring to suffer, and to sin, for gain.

Fearless and insolent, by fraud malign,
Prometheus stole from Heaven the fire divine :
Then came gaunt Famine :—then the poison-breath
Of Pestilence new-born hung brooding low,
Darkening the earth with baleful wings ;—and Death
 Remote erewhile and slow,
 Through realms by sin left desolate
Moved on, a spectral form, with footsteps winged by Fate.

Through air on wings to man denied
The Cretan captive ¹ led his hapless son :
The might of Hercules the Gods defied
And burst the fiery bonds of Acheron :
All guilt, all peril, in our pride we brave ;
We storm the skies, and find the grave ;
We, we ourselves, audacious, blind,
Drag down Jove's vengeful thunders on mankind.

¹ Dædalus, with his son Icarus, was imprisoned by Minos in the labyrinth of Crete, whence he escaped on artificial wings. He was probably the inventor of sails.

ODE IV.

Solvitur acris hiems.

I.

FAVONIUS fans the earth with balmy wing,
And Winter melts beneath the breath of Spring :
Herds leave the stall, and flocks desert the fold :
The ploughman shuns the hearth, and cleaves the mould :
Dry galleys, engine-drawn, descend the shore :
Far-glittering hoar-frosts blanch the field no more :
Beneath the moon fair Venus leads the dance :
Graces and Nymphs with rhythmic steps advance ;
While Vulcan¹ and the Giant band relume
Their crimson thunder-forge in Ætna's gloom.

2.

Maidens, with myrtle bind your sun-lit hair,
Or flowers enfranchised by soft vernal air.

¹ It was supposed that Vulcan and the Giants forged the thunderbolts of Jove in the fires of Ætna, whose eruptions generally took place in spring.

Youths, in the cool recesses of the wood
On Faun's green altar shed the victim's blood.

- 3.

Pale Death with foot¹ impartial tramples down
The poor man's cot, the kingly tower and throne.
Thrice-happy Sestius! Life's brief span denies
Far-reaching hopes, and flattering auguries.
Long night awaits us all. The ghostly crew,
And Pluto's gloomy mansions, loom in view.
Farewell the dance, the dice, the festal hall,
And gentle Lycidas beloved by all.

¹ Injurioso ne pede prouas Stantem columnam.—Book I., Ode XXXV., 13.

ODE V.

Quis multa gracilis.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT graceful boy, dripping with rich perfume
Wooes thee 'mong roses in some grotto's shade?

Pyrrha! for whom

Dost thou thy yellow tresses braid
In simple neatness artlessly arrayed?
Alas, how oft shall he who credulous dreams
That all is Truth that truthful seems,
Basks in thy sun, nor doubts that he alone
Shall ever call thy golden grace his own,
Heedless of treacherous gales, and love not tried,—
How oft bewail thy broken faith, and chide
The changeful Gods, and stare with wondering eye
On rough seas blackening 'neath a cloud-swept sky!
Most miserable they

Whom, falsely fair, thou glitterest to betray !
I, too, have hung on Neptune's hallowed shrine
My picture vowed, and garments dank with brine
To that all-powerful God whom winds and waves obey.

ODE VI.

Scriberis Variò.

TO AGRIPPA.

I.

LET Varius on Mæonian wing
Thy glorious deeds, Agrippa, sing,
And tell how Romans led by thee
Triumphant fought by land and sea.
Let Varius hymn thy praise!—Not mine
To chaunt Pelides' wrath divine,
Pelops' dark house, or him wave-tost so long,
Ulysses with the double tongue.

2.

Th' unwarlike Muse, and natural shame,
Forbid such lofty themes ; lest I
Tarnish by efforts weak and shy
Agrippa's honour, Cæsar's fame.

What living Bard of Mars can tell
In adamant arms, invincible ?
Or Merion black with battle stain
Of blood and dust on Ilion's plain ?
Or Diomed through Minerva's might
Matcht with Immortal Gods in fight ?

3.

Careless, contented, light, and gay,
I sing of youths and maids at play,
And wine, and wit, and boyish scars
From close-pared nails in frolic wars ;
Love-proof myself, tho' some faint spark of love
This heart, inconstant still, should move.

ODE VII.

Munatius Plancus, to whom this Ode is addressed, was a noble Roman of consular rank, to whom Horace was probably indebted for his pardon after the battle of Philippi. He was subsequently defeated in Asia by Labienus and the Parthians, and forced to take refuge in the Greek Islands. Horace writes to cheer him, and advises him to retire from public life, and enjoy himself in his luxurious retreat at Tivoli, and cites for his instruction the example of Teucer of Salamis, who, on his return from the siege of Troy, was banished by his father Telamon, indignant that he should have returned without his brother Ajax, who perished at Troy.

Teucer is supposed to have founded a new colony at Cyprus, or, as some affirm, in Spain.

Laudabunt alii.

TEUCER.

SOME praise bright Mitylene ; some
Corinth between her twin seas throned and crowned ;
Some Delphi's sacred shrine,
Some Rhodes far glittering thro' the Ocean foam,
Or Ephesus, or Thebes, or Tempe's dell profound.

Others forever tell
Of spotless Pallas' rock-built citadel,
And round their brows her olive chaplet twine ;
Some sing of Juno's Argos, nurse of steeds :
Less dear to me Larissa's fertile meads,
Enduring Sparta, Atreus' treasure hall,¹
 Than yonder Sibyls' temple-home
 Re-echoing Anio's headlong fall,
And Tibur's groves, and orchards dewed by rills
That dance their glad way down from Tibur's wooded
 hills.

Plancus ! not always on his wings
The South wind rain and tempest brings ;
Often sunclad he clears the clouded day :
Chase thou like him thy clouds away ;
 Drown all thy griefs in wine,
Whether 'mid fields where banners flash and sway,
Or 'neath the shade of thine own Tibur's vine.

¹ The "treasury of Atreus" forms part of the ruins still extant at Mycenæ.

Teucer, sad outcast from a father's love,
Exiled from home, a poplar fillet¹ wove
 Around his wine-moist hair ;
 And spake,—“ Away despair !
 “ Fortune, more kind than Telamon,²
 Shall guide our ships. On, warriors, on !
 ’Tis Teucer leads you. Toils of yore
Far worse than these, dear friends, with me ye bore.
 A second Salamis
Shall yet be ours, more bright, more just, than this :
 So Phœbus swears.—Hence, craven sorrow !
The bowl to-day ! The mighty seas to-morrow !”

¹ Sacred to Hercules.

² King of Salamis, father of Teucer and Ajax.

ODE VIII.

Lydia dic per omnes.

1.

BY all the Gods above
Say, Lydia, say, why hasten to destroy
Young Sybaris,¹ ill-fated boy,
With love, disastrous love.

2.

Why doth he shun
The open plain? Why scorn in warlike course
To curb with wolf-fanged bit his Gallic horse,
Patient of dust and sun?

3.

Why, Lydia, doth he hate
The athlete's oil worse than the viper's blood?
Why fear old Tiber's yellow flood,
Lovesick, disconsolate?

¹ Perhaps the same as Thurian Calais, Book III., Ode IX. Thuri was the ancient Sybaris.

4.

Why do those sinews strong
No bruise of arms, no manly blackness bear
From whirling disc or ponderous spear
Beyond the limit flung?

5.

Hides he like Thetis' son
Who woman-robed among the maiden train
Shunned Lycian foes, but shunned in vain?
He died at Ilion.

ODE IX.

Vides, ut alta.

TO THALIARCHUS.

WINTER ODE.

A SPECTRAL form Soracte stands, snow-crowned ;
His shrouded pines beneath their burden bending ;
 Not now, his rifts descending,
Leap the wild streams, in icy fetters bound.

Heap high the logs ! Pour forth with lavish hand,
O Thaliarchus, draughts of long-stored wine,
 Blood of the Sabine vine !
To-day be ours : the rest the Gods command.

When storms lie quelled at their rebuke, no more
Shall the old ash her shattered foliage shed,
 The cypress bow her head,
The bursting billow whiten on the shore.

Scan not the future : count as gain each day
That Fortune gives thee ; and despise not, boy,
 Or love, or dance, or joy
Of martial games, ere yet thy locks be grey.

Thine be the twilight vow from faltering tongue ;
The joyous laugh that self-betraying guides
 To where the maiden hides ;
The ring from finger half-resisting wrung.

ODE X.

Mercuri facunde.

I.

HERMES from Atlas sprung!
Herald of Jove! The gift was thine
Rude ways of new-born races to refine
With athlete grace, and eloquence and song.
Bright parent of the vocal shell
In whose deep breast sweet murmurs ever dwell.

2.

An infant still, in sportive play,
Thou stol'st Apollo's kine away;
Apollo chid the laughing child,
Then found his quiver gone, and smiled.
A gamesome infant thou, and deft
To hide the arch and frolic theft.

3.

Guided by thee, with fearless tread
Thro' Argive camps King Priam sped :
Unmarked he passed, that agèd sire,
Th' Atridæ's tent, the watchman's fire.

4.

Thou leadest forth the shadowy crew
Thro' realms unknown, with golden wand,
Bringing the pious, just, and true,
To homes of bliss, a chosen band.
Guardian and guide in life, in death,
Dear to the Gods, above, beneath !

ODE XI.

Tu ne quæsieris.

TO LEUCONOE.

SEEK not to lift the veil forbidden,
Nor vainly scan the future hidden ;
Nor strive with Babylonian lore
Our fate's dark secret to explore :
Far wiser is it to endure
Those ills of life we cannot cure.
What though this winter, that exhausts
The Tyrrhene surge on shattered coasts,
Should be the last for thee and me ?
It matters not, Leuconoe !
Fill high the goblet ! Envious Time
Steals, as we speak, our fleeting prime.
Away with hope ! Away with sorrow !
Snatch thou To-day, nor trust To-morrow.

ODE XII.

Quem virum aut Heroa.

TO CLIIO.

I.

WHAT man, what hero, shall the Muse proclaim
Clio! with lyre or flute? What God? Whose name
Shall Echo's mocking voice resound
From Helicon's dark groves, or Pindus' dells profound,
Or Hæmus clothed with snow?—Hæmus, whose wood
By music charmed blindly that song pursued
His mother¹ taught to Orpheus,—strong to stay
The wind, the rushing flood,
And bind the listening oaks by his melodious lay.

2.

Sing first of him who throned above
Rules Gods and men, the earth, the sea,
The seasons' changeful harmony,

¹ The Muse Calliope.

The circling planets,—Jove.
He reigns supreme,—alone,—
Equal or greater, none.

3.

Pallas in honour next ; and thou
Unconquered Liber ! and the night
Of Dian, huntress-queen of night ;
And Phœbus lord of the unerring bow.

4.

Sing Hercules, and Leda's sons,
The horseman God, the athlete bold,
High in the Heavens enrolled :
When from their starry thrones
Their silver beams they pour
The surge subsides upon the rocky shore,
The clouds disperse, the storm is heard no more
The threatening wave, for such their will,
Sleeps on an ocean still.

5.

Say next what Roman claims the poet's pen ?
Great Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign ?
Tarquin's proud fasces, Cato's noble death ?
Regulus, or Paullus who on Cannæ's field
Lavish of life disdained to fly or yield,
And gave to Rome his last expiring breath ?
 Camillus queller of the Gaul,
 Curius with wind-tossed locks unshorn,
 Fabricius bribe-contemning—all
 From rustic toil, and penury, upborne
 To triumph in Rome's Capitol ?

6.

 Marcellus' glory like a tree
 Groweth in secret silently ;
The Julian planet blazes from afar
Like the full moon that dims each lessened star.

7.

Guardian and Sire of men, in whose strong hand
The Fates have lodged our Cæsar's destiny,

Reign thou aloft, Saturnian Jove! May he
 Second, but less than thou, at thy command,
 Bind captive to his car
 The Parthian ever threat'ning war,
The Indian and the Mede to ruin hurled.
May he, thy just Vicegerent, rule thy world!
Shake thou the spheres with fiery wheels, great Jove,
And bid thy thunder smite each sin-polluted grove!

ODE XIV.

The opinions of commentators differ as to the date and purpose of this Ode. There can be little doubt that it is a political allegory, and the more probable date is about B.C. 38, when a fierce naval war was waged between Octavius Cæsar and Sextus Pompeius, the fleet of the former having been twice defeated. It is a dissuasion against renewed war.

O navis.

SHIP of the State, beware !

Hold fast the port. Cling to the friendly shore ;
Lest sudden storms, and whirling eddies bear
Thy shattered hull to faithless seas once more.

See how the rower faints upon his oar !

Hark to the groaning of the mast

Sore stricken by the Libyan blast !

Thy shrouds are burst ; thy sails are torn ;

And through thy gaping ribs forlorn

The floods remorseless pour.

Dare not to call for aid on powers divine ;

Dishonoured once they hear no more :
Nor boast, majestic pine,
Daughter of Pontic forests, thy great name,
Old lineage, well-earned fame,
The honours of thy sculptured prow :—
Sport of the mocking winds, nor feared, nor trusted now !

Alas, my country, long my anxious care,
Source now of bitter pain, and fond regret !
Thy stars obscured, thy course beset
By rocks unseen, beware !
Trust not soft winds and treacherous seas
Or the false glitter of the Cyclades.

ODE XV.

Nereus prophesies the fall of Troy.

Pastor cum traheret.

WHEN from Laconia's shore
The royal shepherd queenly Helen bore
In Ida's fleet, old Nereus stilled the deep
 Hushing the indignant winds to sleep,
 And sang, "Beneath an evil star
You lead the Spartan to a fated home,
Perfidious guest! Insulted Greece shall come
With banded hosts and all the pomp of war
To burst those lawless nuptials, and destroy
Priam's old realm, the God-built walls of Troy.

Alas! what sweat, what blood, shall rain
From man, from horse! Your victims dye the plain!
Pallas in fury sees the storm afar,
Uplifts her Ægis dread, and mounts her fiery car.

You, bold in Cytherea's care,
Cruel and coward, comb your perfumed hair,
Attune soft lays to the unwarlike lute,
And in your bridal chamber shun
The roar of battle thundering on,
Crete's hurtling darts, and Ajax swift of foot :—
In vain ! Troy's trampled plain, Scamander's flood,
Shall stain, too late, th' adulterer's locks with blood.

See you not Nestor ? Lo ! Laertes' son
Ulysses, ruin of your house.
See you not Teucer ? Merion ?
Horse-taming Sthenelus ?
Ruthless Tydides, greater than his sire,
Hot in pursuit with eager eyes of fire ?

You fly, false Paris, as the deer
Flies when the mountain wolf draws near,
Forsakes his pasture, snuffs the gale,
And panting, bounds along the vale.
I see you fly—not such the oath you swore
To Helen, on Eurotas' shore !

Ten respite years Achilles' jealous ire
Shall grant to Troy's proud matrons. O'er her walls
Then leaps th' avenging fire ;
Then haughty Ilion falls."

ODE XVI.

O Matre pulchra.

I.

O FAIRER than thy mother fair
Forth to the flames my guilty verses cast,
Or bid the rude winds bear
Their scattered shreds to Adria's billowy waste!

2.

Not Dindymene and her maddened throng,
With cymbal clash and frantic song ;—
Not Bacchus with his Mænad train ;—
Not he, the Pythian God who dwells
In sacred Delphi's deepest cells,
Can shake the brain
With fiercer and more wild commotion
Than anger, ruthless anger ! It defies
The Noric steel, the blazing skies,
The fury of the wreck-strewn Ocean,

Unpitying though the dome of Heaven
Should fall, a ruin, thunder-riven.

3.

Prometheus, when with Dædal art
He moulded man, infused, 'tis said, a part
From all that lives into the plastic clay :
 He planted in the human heart
The rage of lions ravening for their prey.
Deadly revenge Thyestes' race destroyed :
 Blinded by rage great Nations fall,
 And foes exulting in their pride
Raze with remorseless plough the humbled city's wall.

4.

Forgive me if in earlier days
I stormed in rude satiric lays :
The shadows of declining life
Are harbingers of rest, not strife :
I change the petulance of youth
For gentler thoughts and kindly ruth :
Forgive me then ! I sin no more ;
Dear Tyndaris ! my life restore.

ODE XVII.

Velox amœnum.

INVITATION TO TYNDARIS.

SWIFT-FOOTED Faunus oft delights to roam
From snow-clad peaks of Arcady,¹ and find
Here in my soft Lucretilis a home,
 Where in sequestered brake
 Safe from hot suns and pitiless wind
From ledge to ledge my nimble younglings climb,
Nipping fresh Arbutus and fragrant Thyme,
Fearless of prowling wolf or venomed snake,
 While from Ustica's vale profound
From polished rocks the Wood-God's pipes resound.

The Gods protect me. They approve
My piety : my song they love.

¹ On Mount Lycæus, in Arcadia, stood a temple to Pan, one of the earliest sacred edifices on record.

Haste, Tyndaris, haste ! partake my store
Of rural honours brimming o'er
From plenteous horn. This cool retreat
Shall guard thee from the Dogstar's heat.
Here that white hand the Teian lyre shall strike ;
That sweet voice sing the old Greek melody
Of him, the wand'ring Prince beloved alike
By that true wife, Penelope,
And Circè glittering as a summer sea.

Tyndaris ! 'neath the arching vine
Lift to thy lips the Lesbian wine
An innocent draught ! Not here shall Mars
And Bacchus wage their customed wars ;
Not here shall jealous Cyrus dare
To rend thy guiltless robe, or tear
The clinging garland from thy hair.

ODE XVIII.

Nullum, Vare.

I.

THE Vine, dear Varus! Plant the Vine
In mellow soil 'neath Tiber's walls—
A blight on lips too sober falls,
But gnawing cares give way to wine.
Who thinks of poverty, who dreams of wars,
When to his brain wine's potent fumes ascend?
Thee, Erycina, he adores,
And Bacchus, thee, his father and his friend.

2.

Beware excess! Remember how of yore
The Centaurs stained the bridal feast with gore!
Beware the God who slew that Thracian throng
That mad with wine confounded right and wrong.

3.

Genial and kindly Bacchus! not for me,
Truth-telling God! to trouble thy repose;
 To shake thy thyrsus, or disclose
To vulgar eyes each symbol mystery
Buried in vines and ivy. Cease your din
Timbrel and drum, and Berecynthian horn,
Heralds of blind self-love deformed within,
And empty boasts, and heads tost-high in scorn,
And fragile Trust betrayed, transparent Faith forsworn.

ODE XX.

Vile potabis.

TO MÆCENAS.

CHEAP Sabine wine in goblet small
Dear Knight Mæcenas ! that is all
My cask can yield thee, sealed when first
A Nation's grateful plaudit burst
To welcome thee : when Tiber's shore
Renewed the shout, and Echo bore
The joyous thunder back again
To thee from distant Vatican.
The luscious juice of Cales' vine,
And mighty Cæcuban, are thine :
On my poor cups no nectared glow
Falernian grapes and Formian hills bestow.

ODE XXI.

Dianam teneræ.

HYMN TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

SING, maidens, Cynthia, Queen of night,
Sing, youths, Apollo, Lord of morn,
Phœbus with golden locks unshorn :
Hymn too Latona, Jove's delight.

Sing, maids, that huntress Queen who shines
O'er the wreathed crown and gelid rills
Of Algidus, green Lycian hills,
And Erymanthus black with pines.

Praise, noble youths, in strains of fire,
Delos, and Tempe's mellowed airs,
And him, the quivered God, who bears
His brother Hermes' silver lyre.

He crowns your vows : he grants your prayer :
On painted Britons, Parthian foes,
He casts the burthen of your woes,
War, famine, pestilence, despair.

.

ODE XXII.

Integer vitæ.

UNSULLIED honour, pure from sin,
 Roams the wild world, serene, secure ;
The just man needs nor javelin
 Nor poisoned arrows of the Moor :

Fearless where Syrtes whirl and rave ;
 Where frown Caucasian summits hoar ;
Or where the legend-haunted wave
 Of old Hydaspes laps the shore.

Once in a lonely Sabine grove
 Forgetting bounds I careless strayed ;
I sang of Lalage, my love,
 Of Lalage, my peerless maid.

A tawny wolf all dashed with gore
Fierce from a neighb'ring thicket sprung :
He gazed ; he fled ; no arms I bore,
No arms but love, and trust, and song.

Such monster Daunias never bred
In her deep forest solitude ;
Not such the realm of Juba fed,
Stern mother of the Lion brood.

Place me where never Summer's breath
Wakes into life the branches bare ;
A cheerless clime where clouds and death
Brood ever on the baleful air :

Place me where 'neath the fiery wheels
Of nearer suns a desert lies,
A homeless waste that pants and reels
Blighted and burnt by pitiless skies ;

I reckon not where my lot may be :
On scorching plain, in desert isle,
I'll love and sing my Lalage,
Her low sweet voice, her sweeter smile.

ODE XXIII.

Vitas limitulco.

TO CHLOE.

YOU fly me, Chloe, fly me as a fawn
That seeks her startled dam o'er pathless hills,
 Trembling with vain alarm
When through the forest pipes the fitful wind.

If some green lizard gliding through the brake
Stirs the wild bramble ; if to Spring's first breath
 Vibrate the ruffled leaves ;
With quivering limbs she stands and panting heart.

Fear me not, Chloe : mine no tiger's rage :
No Lybian lion I, that rends his prey.
 Fly not ; nor longer hide
Thy ripened charms within a mother's breast.

ODE XXIV.

Quis desiderio.

TO VIRGIL : ON THE DEATH OF QUINCTILIUS.

BLUSH not for tears in ceaseless sorrow shed
For one so loved. Melpomene, inspire
The dirge low-breathed, the sobbing lyre,
And pour from sacred lips the anthem of the dead.

Wrapped in the sleep of death
Quinctilius lies. Ah, when shall spotless Faith,
And Truth, and Modesty, and Justice, find
A heart so pure, so constant, and so kind?

He died bewailed by all, but most by thee,
My Virgil, who with loving piety
Forever dost the Gods implore
Quinctilius, lent not given, to restore.

Ah, fruitless prayer! not even thy hallowed tongue
Sweet as the magic lute by Orpheus strung
That charmed the woods, could wake the dead once
more,

And through cold phantom veins the living current pour.

Hermes, he whose fatal wand
Relentless leads the shadowy band,
Mocks at our vows. What then remains?
The strength that Fate itself disdains;
The soul to Fortune's worst resigned;
Th' unconquered heart, and equal mind.

ODE XXVI.

Musis amicus.

DEAR to the Muses, fear and care
I bid unruly winds to bear
To Cretan seas. I reckon not, I,
Who rules the frozen North, or why
The Parthian trembles. Gentle maid,
Emathian Muse, for Lamia braid
Wild flowers that glow on sunny hills,
Or by thine own untainted rills ;
Vain without thee my homage ! Thou,
And thy fair sisters, wreath his brow ;
And teach the Lesbian lyre in lays
Unsung till now to sound his praise.

ODE XXVII.

This Anacreontic presents a vivid picture of Roman manners. It bears the stamp of reality, and is written in a style of exaggerated burlesque not inconsistent with Bacchanalian excitement.

Natis in usum.

WHAT! like a boisterous Thracian throng
Fight o'er the bowl whose ruby flush
Was meant for laughter, love, and song!
Cease your mad strife. Ye bring a blush
To Liber's brow. Mirth, wit, and wine,
And those encircling lights that shine
Upon our revels, ill accord
With Parthian spear or Median sword.
My comrades, hush those cries profane,
And press the festal couch again.

Slave, fill a goblet to the brink
With strong Falernian. Ere I drink
Tell me, Megilla's brother, say
What loving eyes have sped the dart

That pierced, but piercing blessed, thy heart?
Thou wilt not? Then I fling away
The cup unquaffed. Stay, on thy face
No tint of conscious shame I trace:
Whisper it, youth!—Ha! wretched boy,
Deserving of a worthier joy
What power divine, what wizard art,
From bonds so vile could loose thy heart?
Not the winged courser¹ that of yore
The monster-slaying hero bore,
Could snatch thee from this guilt, this shame,
Charybdis' cruel arms, Chimæra's poison flame.

¹ Bellerophon by the aid of Pegasus overcame the Chimæra.

ODE XXVIII.

Archytas, celebrated as an astronomer and philosopher, was shipwrecked on the Adriatic coast. His philosophical opinions were those of the Pythagorean school, referred to in stanza 3. The earlier portion of this Ode embodies his reflections upon death. The poem then suddenly assumes a dramatic character. He beseeches a passing mariner to pour a handful of sand upon his bones as a funeral rite, and threatens him with Divine vengeance if he should fail to exercise this duty of piety. Many of Horace's odes surpasses this poem in poetical imagery, but there is a weird mysticism and a dramatic energy about it, which are unequalled except, perhaps, by the Dithyrambic to Bacchus, 3-25.

A dissertation on the frame of this Ode will be found among the notes.

Te maris et terræ.

TO ARCHYTAS.

ARCHYTAS! on the bleak Matinian shore
Beneath a scanty drift of shingle lie
Thy bones unburied. What avails it now
To thee, that thou couldst mete the sea, the land,
The wastes of broad illimitable sand?
That with all-grasping vision thou

Couldst count the stars, th' aerial depths explore?
What profit this to thee fated so soon to die?

Tithonus withered in despair
Though wafted to the upper air.
The sire of Pelops feasted with the Gods,
Now in the Stygian gloom
For evermore he bides his doom:
And in those dark abodes
Sits Heaven-born Minos, who could draw
From Jove the secret springs of justice and of law.

Euphorbus died. His mortal frame alone
He gave to death. His spirit free
Lived in that Sage¹ who challenged as his own
The trophied shield of the Dardanian youth:
Again he died, but won from thee
Again, Archytas, immortality,
By thee the teacher hailed of Nature and of Truth.

One night awaits us all, and we must tread
The road unknown, the pathway of the dead.

¹ Pythagoras.

On some by Furies driven the War-God bends
A glance that kills : o'er some the storm-blast sends
The cold embrace of the insatiate wave.

The young, the agèd, throng the grave
Alike on hoary head and golden braid
The pitiless hand of Proserpine is laid.

Me, too, the Southern storm
Following Orion's downward course malign
Whelmed in the Illyrian brine.

Pause, sailor, pause ; and o'er my naked form
And strengthless head,¹

A pittance of poor sand in reverence shed :

So may the tempest lash the Hesperian shore,
So thro' Venusia's forest roar,

Yet spare thy bark, and that rich lading given
By fair Tarentum's ² God, and Jove the lord of Heaven.

Sailor, beware !

Not unavenged shall fall my slighted prayer.
Thy babes shall rue thy sin ! No sacred rite
Shall on the horror of thy night

¹ Homer's "Odyssey."

² Neptune.

Vouchsafe one healing beam of expiatory light.

Stay, stranger, stay !

Let fall with pious hand

A threefold gift of sacrificial sand,

Then take thy way.

ODE XXXI.

Quid dedicatum.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

WHEN, kneeling at Apollo's shrine
The bard from silver goblet pours
Libations due of votive wine,
What seeks he, what implores ?

Not harvests from Sardinia's shore ;
Not grateful herds that crop the lea
In hot Calabria ; not a store
Of gold, and ivory ;

Not those fair lands where slow and deep
Thro' meadows rich, and pastures gay
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep
Eating the marge away.

Let him, to whom the Gods award
 Calenian vineyards, prune the vine ;
The merchant sell his balms and nard,
 And drain the precious wine

From cups of gold ; to Fortune dear
 Because his laden argosy
Crosses, unshattered, thrice a-year
 The storm-vexed Midland sea.

Ripe berries from the olive bough,
 Mallows and endives, be my fare.
Son of Latona ! Hear my vow ;
 Apollo, grant my prayer,

Health to enjoy the blessings sent
 From heaven ; a mind unclouded, strong ;
A cheerful heart ; a wise content ;
 An honoured age ; and song.

ODE XXXII.

Poscimus.

TO HIS LYRE.

I.

THEY bid us come, belovèd shell !
If e'er in bosky dell
Shadowed by oak or pine, in careless play,
We caroled forth a long-surviving lay,
Sweet lyre of Lesbos, breathe again
From Grecian chords a Latian strain.

2.

Lyre by Alcæus strung,
Patriot and Bard, who foremost in the war
Or moored beside the wave-lashed shore,
Still Bacchus and the Muses sung,
And Cupid clinging to his mother's side,
And Lycus raven-haired, dark-eyed.

3.

Glory of Phœbus ! Lifter of the low !
Solace in labour ! Comforter in woe !
Thrice-cherisht guest at Jove's high festival !
Hellenic Lyre, be with me when I call !

ODE XXXIV.

Parcus Deorum.

WISE in the lore of philosophic fools
I strayed perplexed amid conflicting schools :
I worshipped not, believed not, hoped not,—now
To long-neglected Gods perforce must bow,
Reverse my shattered sail, and turn once more
Repentant, to the course I steered of yore ;
For Jove, whose lightnings from Olympus hurled
Erewhile thro' rifted storm-clouds smote the world,
Thro' cloudless skies, and azure depths afar
Drives now his fiery steeds and thunder-wingèd car.
Trembled the solid Earth, the Ocean floor,
The wandering rivers, and the Stygian shore,
Dark Tænarus accurst, and Atlas hoar.
There is a God ; His justice and his might
Adjust the balance of the world aright ;

Abase the proud ; exalt and glorify
The lowly grace of true humility :
Fortune, at his command, plucks Monarchs down,
And on the humble outcast drops the crown.

ODE XXXV.

This Ode, probably composed about B.C. 26, invokes the Antian Fortune in favour of the expeditions against Arabia and Britain meditated by Augustus, and eloquently denounces the fratricidal contests of Roman factions.

O Diva gratum.

TO FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, fair Antium's Queen august,
Strong to uplift the lowly from the dust,
Or change the pomps that crown the conqueror's head
For the cold trappings of the dead.

Mistress of winds and waves, to thee
The anxious rustic bends his knee ;
To thee the sailor makes his vow
Lashing Carpathian foam with keen Bithynian prow.
The Dacian hordes, the Scythians of the North,
Cities and nations,—Rome herself,—pour forth
Their prayers into thine ear :
Thee barbarous Queens, thee purple despots fear,

Lest thou with ruthless foot prostrate
The standing pillar of the State ;
Or lest the frenzied crowd
To arms, to arms! should shout aloud,
And crush beneath their feet the empire of the proud.

Fate moves before thee darkly, silently,
In brazen hand the nails and wedges folding,
The cruel hook and liquid lead upholding.
But Hope abides, and white-robed Honour clings
Close to thy side, when with inconstant wings,
Changed robe, and angry aspect, thou dost fly
From homes of Power, and palaces of Kings.

The false, the coward, and the vain
Forsake the fallen ; like th' ungrateful guest
The cask that's on the lees disdain,
And shun the sorrow where they shared the feast.

Fortune! Preserve our Cæsar : save
That swarm of Roman youth that flies
To quell our farthest enemies

On Britain's shores, and by the Red-sea wave.

Alas, our guilty bosoms bear the scars

Of kindred strife, not honourable wars.

O iron age! what altars have ye spared?

What Gods not spurned, what crime not dared?

Sharpen, great Queen, our blunted steel once more;—

Stain it with Arab, not with brothers' gore.

ODE XXXVII.

This Ode, written about B.C. 30, refers to the rejoicings at Rome for the victory of Actium, and concludes with a beautiful and pathetic account of the death of Cleopatra.

Nunc est bibendum.

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

DRINK, comrades, drink ; give loose to mirth !
With joyous footstep beat the earth,
And spread before the War-God's shrine
The Salian feast, the sacrificial wine.

Bring forth from each ancestral hoard
Strong draughts of Cæcuban long-stored,
Till now forbidden. Fill the bowl !
For she is fallen, that great Egyptian Queen
With all her crew contaminate and obscene,
Who mad with triumph, in her pride,

The manly might of Rome defied,
And vowed destruction to the Capitol.

As the swift falcon stooping from above
With beak unerring strikes the dove ;
Or as the hunter tracks the deer
Over Hæmonian plains of snow ;
Thus Cæsar came. Then on her royal State
With Mareotic fumes inebriate,
A shadow fell of fate and fear ;
And thro' the lurid glow
From all her burning galleys shed
She turned her last surviving bark, and fled.

She sought no refuge on a foreign shore.
She sought her doom : far nobler 'twas to die
Than like a panther caged in Roman bonds to lie.
The sword she feared not. In her realm once more,
Serene amongst deserted fanes,
Unmoved 'mid vacant halls she stood ;
Then to the aspic gave her darkening veins,
And sucked the death into her blood.

Deliberately she died : fiercely disdained
To bow her haughty head to Roman scorn,
Discrowned, and yet a Queen : a captive chained ;
 A woman desolate and forlorn.

ODE XXXVIII.

Persicos odi.

HORACE TO HIS CUPBEARER.

I HATE, my boy, that Persian state—
Those gorgeous crowns with linden bound :
Search not the haunts where lingering late
The hidden rose may yet be found.

A simple myrtle-fillet twine
For me, for both ; it suits us best,
As, shadowed by the matted vine
I quaff the ruby wine, and rest.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

The historical and dramatic works of Cneius Asinius Pollio have been unfortunately lost : he was not only a Poet and Historian, but also a Statesman, and a powerful advocate, and was decreed a triumph for the Dalmatian war.

The fourth Eclogue was addressed to him by Virgil.

Motum ex Metello.

TO POLLIO.

POLLIO ! your page records the fate
Of Rome, her crimes, her wars, her feuds,
Their causes, and vicissitudes,
Since brave Metellus ruled the State,
The sport of Fortune, the array
Of leaders banded to betray,
And Roman armour crimsoned o'er
With yet unexpiated gore :

A high but perilous task ! you tread
O'er fires with treacherous ashes spread.

Forsake the tragic muse severe
Awhile : when your historic pen
Has traced in characters austere
The fates of nations and of men,
Your Attic buskin wear again ;
Bold pleader of the sufferer's cause !
Champion of Roman arms and laws !
Pollio, the Senate's counsellor !
Crowned hero of Dalmatia's war !

Hark ! as I read, I seem to hear
The clarion bray ! The trumpet's breath
With quivering thunder smites mine ear :
Methinks I see the war-horse quail
Before yon wall of flashing mail,
And warriors wan with sudden fear
 Trembling at coming death ;
And chiefs careering o'er the plain
With no ignoble battle-stain,

And all that's best on earth subdued
Save Cato's iron fortitude.

Juno, and Gods who loved the Afric shores,
Yielding reluctant, powerless then to save,
Have laid as victims at Jugurtha's grave
The offspring of his Roman conquerors.

What soil by Daunian carnage fed
Teems not with Latian tombs? what flood
Rolls not unhallowed waters, red
With fratricidal blood?

The Medes, the Parthians in their desert home
Exulting hear the crash of falling Rome!

Cease, cease, presumptuous shell!
The Cean's¹ lofty dirge beseems thee not.
Once more with me a lighter descant swell
To love and laughter in Dione's² grot.

¹ Simonides.

² Venus.

ODE III.

The picture of scenery in the first stanza is beautifully drawn. There is not a superfluous word. Every epithet tells. Nothing is omitted which can bring the landscape home to the reader. In its minutest detail it is true to nature.

Æquam memento.

BE mindful thou, when storms of adverse fate
Encompass thee, to meet still unsubdued
 Their worst with manly fortitude :
 When Fortune, fickle Deity,
Smiles once again, grateful yet unelate
Accept the gift, Dellius foredoomed to die ;
 Whether in gloom austere
 Thou liv'st, or whether, when the year
Renews its feasts, on some sequestered sward
 By cooling stream reclined,
 Thou quaff'st Falernian draughts long-stored,
Where the huge pine, and poplar silver-lined

With branches interlaced have made
A hospitable shade,
And where by curving bank and hollow bay
The tremulous waters work their silent way.

Bring thither wine and rich perfume,
And the loved rose's short-lived bloom,
While wealth is thine, and youthful years,
And pause as yet the fatal Sisters' shears.
One day thy stately halls, thy dear-bought woods,
Thy villa bathed by Tiber's yellow floods,
Shall see their loving master's face no more ;—
And lavish heirs shall waste his high-heaped store.

What boots it, friend, albeit you trace
From Inachus your rich and ancient race ?
What boots it though beneath the stars you lie
Base-born, unfriended in your poverty ?

Death claims his victim. All must tread
One common path, the highway of the dead :
Fate shakes the urn, and o'er the Stygian river
Soul after soul to exile fleets forever.

ODE V.

Nondum subacta.

TO LALAGE'S LOVER.

I.

Too weak to bear
The yoke upon her neck subdued ;
Too tender yet to dare
A courtship boisterous and rude ;—

2.

Too young to yield
To mated cares her virgin breast,—
Thy heifer's heart is in the field,
'Mid cooling streams her noontide rest.

3.

In some deep glade
'Mong dripping willows careless straying

'She tosses high her haughty head
In mimic war with younglings playing.

4.

Seek not—though fair—
The grape unripe. Yon pallid cluster
By Autumn touched shall wear
A richer bloom, a purple lustre.

5.

Soon, wiser grown,
The girl your footsteps will pursue
When cruel Time has thrown
On her the years she steals from you,

6.

More loved, more bright,
Than Chloris or coy Pholoë
Whose marble shoulders sparkle white
Like moonlight on a summer sea.

ODE VI.

Septimi, Gades.

SEPTIMIUS willing, fain, to go with me
To where th' unconquered Cantaber disdains
The Roman yoke ; or Gades' far off sea,
Or Syrtes vexed by Libyan hurricanes ;

My prayer is this : at Tibur let me find
My seat in age ! Beside her silver springs
And shadowing Pines seek rest from wave and wind,
Tired of life's warfare, tired of wanderings.

If this the Fates deny, be mine that bay
Where, winding slow from far Apulian peaks
Placid Galesus, dear to flocks, makes way
To where Phalanthus ruled his exiled Greeks.

Dearest to me that sea-lulled nook where flows
Honey more sweet than Attic bees distil,

Where on bent boughs the bursting olive grows
And shames the berry of Venafrum's hill,

Where Jove with earliest springs makes green the fields,
Where Winter smiles, where friendly Aulon's vine
To Bacchus from her purple bosom yields
Nectar more rich than best Falernian wine.

It waits us both—that spot—those hills so dear—
We'll sit, Septimius, there and wait the end :
There shalt thou pay thy debt, bestow one tear
On the warm ashes of thy Poet-friend.

ODE VII.

Light and bright as is the latter part of this Ode, there is in it also a great tenderness and an unobtrusive pathos. It brings us back to the terrible days when the great Republic perished, and "altera jám teritur" was written. The intervening years of prosperity had not made Horace forget the earliest of his friends—the one who had fought beside him at Philippi.

O sæpe mecum.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

SHARER with me in warlike toil,
Comrade till Brutus died! Who gives thee now
Back to thy Latian Gods and native soil,
Once more a Roman? Oft have we
Beguiled the lingering day, each brow
Glistening with nard of Araby,
And quaffed the ruby wine. Philippi's field
Witnessed our fall, when heroes fought in vain
And soiled with bloody lips Emathia's plain.
All lost we fled. I fled without my shield!

Swift-footed Hermes from on high
Wrapt in a cloud his trembling votary,
Thee refluent eddies whirled
Back to the struggles of a stormy world.

Pompeius, comrade first and best,
Render to Jove oblations free,
Thy war-worn limbs beneath my laurel rest,
Nor spare the mellow cask reserved for thee.

Slaves! the beaker fill once more
With potent draughts of Massic wine!
Forth from shells capacious pour
Indian essences divine!
Who shall twine the myrtle? Who
Wreathe fresh parsley moist with dew?
Whom shall favouring dice¹ install
Monarch of our Festival?
Mad with joy, with rapturous brain,
Wild as Bacchanal, I strain
My long-lost friend restored again.

¹ Venus, the winning throw on the dice.

ODE IX.

Non semper imbres.

NOT always, Valgius, from the bursting cloud
On ruffled plains descends the rain :
Not always fitful gales and darkness shroud
The Caspian main :
Not always on the bleak Armenian shore
Inert and rigid stands the winter snow :
Sunshine returns ; the torpid waters flow ;
The storm-tossed Oak-tree rests its branches hoar ;
And the pale Ash bewails its shattered leaves no more.

Thou, friend, in endless anguish day by day
Mournest thy Mÿstes snacht away ;
Weeping, when Hesper rises on the night ;
Weeping, when Phosphor flies the Sun's returning light.
Not thus on Ilion's fatal plain
Grey Nestor mourned Antilochus ;

Not thus forever and in vain
His Phrygian sisters wept their youthful Troilus.

Cease, Valgius, cease thy wailing,
Those sad, soft sighs, that sorrow unavailing ;
And sing with me great Cæsar's trophies won
From conquered realms beneath the Orient sun,
Frozen Niphates, and the flood
Of broad Euphrates dyed with Median blood.
More slow to-day it whirls its humbled tide,
And now in narrowed bounds the Parthian horsemen
ride.

ODE X.

Horace seeks to dissuade Licinius Muræna, brother-in-law of Mæcenas, from those ambitious and violent courses which soon afterwards caused his death.

He was tried and executed for a conspiracy against the life of Augustus Cæsar.

Rectius vives, Licini.

TEMPT not the deep ; nor, while you fly
The storm, Licinius, steer too nigh
The breakers on the rocky shore :
Hold fast, contented evermore,
The way of Peace, the Golden Mean :—
That bounded space which lies between
The sordid hut and palace hall.
Tall towers with mightiest ruin fall :
The giant Pine, wind-shattered, bends ;
On loftiest peaks the bolt descends.

The balanced mind with prophet eye
Sees tempest in the cloudless sky ;

Nor less when clouds that sky deform
Descries the rainbow through the storm.
Jove sends us frost, and winter rain,
But bids the summer bloom again :
Repine not for a short-lived sorrow,
A happier sun shall shine to-morrow :
Not always Phœbus bends his bow ;
Often his harp in accents low
Awakes the silent Muse.—Beware !
Beset with danger do and dare !
But reef betimes thy swelling sail,
Nor trust too far the flattering gale.

ODE XI.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber.

LET warlike Spain and Scythia rave !
What care we, Quinctius ? Ocean's wave
Bars them from us. For golden store
Fret those who list. Our toils are o'er.
Few are our wants : our youth is fled :
Our summer loves, our graces, dead :
And wintry age, and slow decay
Have stolen our easy sleep away.
All things decline : in sun or shade
Fair flowers of Spring but bloom to fade :
The full-orbed Moon that crimson rose,
Waning, with pallid lustre glows.
Why then consume our little life
In vast designs, and endless strife ?
Why not at ease beneath this Pine
Our whitening hair with roses twine,
And quaff the rich Falernian wine ?

Bacchus drowns within the bowl
Troubles that corrode the soul.
Haste ye, slaves! Who first shall bring
Water from the bubbling spring
To cool our cups? Who from her home
First bid the roving Lydè come,
And tune her ivory lute, and fold
In Spartan knot her locks of gold?

ODE XII.

Nolis longa feræ.

I.

ILL it beseems the Lyric Bard to sing
 To the soft lute's unwarlike string
Fierce Hannibal, Numantia's lingering war,
Or waves Sicilian red with Punic gore,
 Hylæus mad with wine,
 Centaur and Lapithæ. Not mine
 To tell how Hercules subdued
That race rebellious, Earth's gigantic brood,
Before whose might shuddered the bright abodes
Where ancient Saturn ruled primæval Gods.
Be it thine in prose historic to relate,
Mæcenas, Cæsar's battles, and the fate
Of vaunting foes and Monarchs proud
With fettered necks dragged thro' the mocking crowd.

2.

Such be thy task! My humbler lays
Obedient to a gentler Muse shall praise
Licymnia's¹ warbled melody,
The liquid lustre of Licymnia's eye,
And that fond faithful bosom, true
To mutual love, Mæcenas, and to you.

3.

With what a grace on Dian's festal day
Through the light dance she whirled her airy way,
Or with gay laugh, and hand entwined in hand,
Played unabashed amid the virgin band!
Say, wouldst thou give for Phrygia's garnered hoard,
Or the piled treasures of the Persian Lord,
Or all Arabia's wealth, one golden tress
When bends thy bride to thy caress,
Or, cruel-coy, pretends that kiss to flee,
Dearest when snatcht, or snatches one from thee?

¹ Licinia Terentia, the young wife of Mæcenas, sister of Licinius Muræna, to whom Horace addressed Ode X., Book II.

ODE XIII.

Ille et nefasto,

I.

BLACK was the day, ill-omened tree,
When hands unhallowed planted thee,
The bane of races yet to come,
The scandal of our village home,—
Hands that had stabbed a father's breast,
I ween, or slain the midnight guest,
Sprinkling the hearth with blood-stain foul ;
Or mixed the poisoned Colchian bowl.
Such crimes he wrought, that wretch abhorred,
Who nurtured thee to crush thy guiltless lord.

2.

Blind are we, blind, we cannot see
The hidden face of Destiny !
The Punic sailor quakes with fear
Of Euxine storms, not fate more near.

The Roman soldier dreads the sight
Of Parthia's darts and Parthia's flight.
The Parthian in his desert home
Trembling forbodes the might, the chains, of Rome.
In vain! Death's sable pall
Sudden, unseen, descends, and darkness covers all.

3.

Ye Gods! How nearly have I seen
The gloomy realms of Proserpine,
Æacus, stern judge Divine,
And far apart, the abode serene
Of pious men; and heard sad Sappho's song
Mourn her lost love, and chide her rivals' wrong;
And thee, Alcæus, with thy golden lyre
Sweeping with powerful hand the clanging wire,
Singing the perils of the sea,
The storm of war, the exile of the free!
In sacred silence press around
The listening Shades, but most approve
The strains that tell of tyrant kings discrowned,
War-songs, not songs of love!

4.

What wonder? when Hell's guardian hound
 Crouches with drooping ear ;
When snakes with locks of Furies wound
 Uncoiling bend to hear ;
When, pangs forgot, Prometheus stands
Entranced, with Tantalus nigh,
Orion rests his hunter hands
While lynx and pard go by !

ODE XIV.

Eheu, fugaces.

ALAS, my Postumus, our years
Glide silently away. No tears,
No loving orisons repair
The wrinkled cheek, the whitening hair
That drop forgotten to the tomb :
Pluto's inexorable doom
Mocks at thy daily sacrifice :
Around his dreary kingdom lies
That fatal stream whose arms infold
The giant race accurst of old :
All, all alike must cross its wave,
The king, the noble, and the slave.
In vain we shun the battle roar,
And breakers dashed on Adria's shore :
Vainly we flee in terror blind
The plague that walketh on the wind :

The sluggish river of the dead,
Cocytus, must be visited,
The Danaid's detested brood,
Foul with their murdered husbands' blood,
And Sisyphus with ghastly smile
Pointing to his eternal toil.
All must be left ; thy gentle wife,
Thy home, the joys of rural life :
And when thy fleeting days are gone
Th' ill-omened cypresses alone
Of all thy fondly cherished trees
Shall grace thy funeral obsequies,
Cling to thy loved remains, and wave
Their mournful shadows o'er thy grave.
A lavish, but a nobler heir
Thy hoarded Cæcuban shall share,
And on the tessellated floor
The purple nectar madly pour,
Nectar more worthy of the halls
Where Pontiffs hold high festivals.

ODE XV.

Jam pauca aratro.

SOON shall those princely palaces
Leave but few acres for the ripening grain :—
Lo ! where yon fish ponds spread like inland seas
Wide as the Lucrine lake ! The barren plane
Supplants the elm vine-mated. Myrtles bloom,
Violets and shrubs unnumbered shed perfume
Where olive groves of yore
Full harvests to their ancient master bore ;
And bays with branches interlaced
Shut out the sun. Not such rough Cato's rule !
Romulus not thus decreed in times long past !
From modest homes no spacious colonnade
Wooed then the fresh breath of the North, and cast
On terraced floors a cooling shade :
Then private wealth was small, the public coffers full.
Then did wise laws ordain
To roof the citizen's house with chance-cut sods
But rear with marbles of the richest vein
The cities, and the Temples of the Gods.

ODE XVI.

Otium Divos.

TO GROSPHUS.

WHEN the pale moon is wrapt in cloud,
And mists the guiding stars enshroud ;
When on the dark Ægean shore
The bursting surges flash and roar ;
The mariner with toil opprest
Sighs for his home and prays for rest :
So pray the warrior sons of Thrace ;
So pray the quivered Mede's barbaric race :
Grosphus, not gold nor gems can buy
That peace which in brave souls finds sanctuary ;
Nor Consul's pomp, nor treasured store,
Can one brief moment's rest impart,
Or chase the cares that hover o'er
The fretted roof, the wearied heart.

Happy is he whose modest means afford
Enough—no more : upon his board
Th' ancestral salt-vase shines with lustre clear,
Emblem of olden faith and hospitable cheer ;
Nor greed, nor doubt, nor envy's curses deep
Disturb his innocent sleep.

Why waste on doubtful issues life's short years ?
Why hope that foreign suns can dry our tears ?
The Exile from his country flies,
Not from himself, nor from his memories.

Care climbs the trireme's brazen sides ;
Care with the serried squadron rides ;
Outstrips the cloud-compelling wind
And leaves the panting stag behind :
But the brave spirit, self possess,
Tempers misfortune with a jest,
With joy th' allotted gift receives,
The gift withheld to others frankly leaves.

A chequered life the Gods bestow :
Snatched by swift fate Achilles died :

Time-worn Tithonus, wasting slow,
 Long wept a death denied :
A random hour may toss to me
Some gifts, my friend, refused to thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam :
Large herds, deep-uddered, low around thy home
 At the red close of day :
 The steed with joyous neigh
Welcomes thy footstep : robes that shine
Twice dipt in Afric dyes are thine.
To me kind Fate with bounteous hand
Grants other boon ; a spot of land,
A faint flame of poetic fire,
A breath from the Æolian lyre,
An honest aim, a spirit proud
That loves the truth, and scorns the crowd.

ODE XVII.

Horace has been unjustly charged with servility. This beautiful and pathetic Ode refutes the charge. No man could have written it who was not in earnest. It breathes with passionate simplicity the spirit of devoted friendship; and reprehends with manly freedom that clinging to life which was the well-known weakness of Mæcenas. It is the language of an equal, not of a sycophant. Horace never forgot a friend; and was as faithful to the unpopular and persecuted Lollius as to Cæsar's Prime Minister. Mæcenas died A.U.C. 745; Horace, true to his "non perfidum sacramentum," survived him only three weeks.

Cur me querelis?

KILL me not with that boding sigh!
It pleaseth not th' Immortal Gods, nor me,
That thou, my glory and my stay, shouldst die,
And I, Mæcenas! live. If destiny
Untimely snatch my dearer half in thee,
Why should the widowed fragment of our soul
Survive, no longer loved, no longer whole?

No perjured soldier-oath I swore;
We go, we go together; one sad day

Shall bear our linkèd souls away
In death unsevered, comrades evermore.

No! not Chimera's fiery breath
Nor Gyas rising from his living death,
Could rend my life from thine, could violate
Th' eternal law of Justice and of Fate.

Whatever planet on my natal hour
Looked down to bless or ban, that star
Libra, or Scorpio, or the power
Of Capricornus, tyrant of the Sea,
Illumed thy birth not less, and still from far
Joins us in mystic bond. Jove's radiant sign¹
Saved thee from Saturn's influence malign,
And stayed the rushing wings of Destiny :
Thrice in the theatre the jubilant crowd
Shouted to thee their gratulation loud :

¹ The glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil.

Me, too, th' ill-omened tree
Had crushed, but Faunus swift to aid
Glad Hermes' votaries, with strong hand delayed
The ruin as it fell. For thee
Let victims bleed and votive temples rise ;
A spotless lamb shall be my humble sacrifice.

ODE XVIII.

In the following poem Horace exhibits those characteristics which endeared him to the Roman people. With simple and natural modesty he describes his humble Sabine farm ; but all his enjoyments have a view to the happiness of others. He speaks of his "Fides," his good faith, his "benigna ingeni vena," the kindly exercise of his poetic powers. He welcomes the rich who seek him, but asks nothing from them. But he is bold as well as genial. He treats with stern derision the growing avarice and luxury of the Patricians, and denounces with a vigour that sounds like inspiration, the acts of those who have lawlessly encroached upon the heritage of the poor. Horace, the honest courtier, spoke as Gracchus spoke in his early days.

This subject is more largely discussed in the notes.

Non ebur neque aurum.

NOR gold, nor ivory inlaid,
Nor cedars from Hymettus torn,
Nor Libyan marble colonnade,
My humble home adorn.

No Spartan purples deftly wrought
By client hands enrich my house ;

An heir unknown I have not sought
The wealth of Attalus.

Simple and true I share with all
The treasures of a kindly mind ;
And in my cottage, poor and small,
The great a welcome find.

I vex not Gods, nor patron friend,
For larger gifts, or ampler store ;
My modest Sabine farm can lend
All that I want, and more.

Day treads on day ; year chases year ;
Succeeding moons are born to die ;
You, heedless of the tomb, uprear
Your marble halls on high :

The waters that at Baiæ's feet
Their angry surges rolled of yore,
Usurped by upstart walls, retreat,
And wash those sands no more.

Your hand has dared to violate
 Old landmarks in its guilty rage,
And clutched, with greed insatiate,
 The poor man's heritage.

From fireless hearths, unroofed abodes,
 The exiled sire, and wife, depart,
Their tear-stained babes, and household Gods
 Close folded to their heart.

What halls the tyrant lord await?—
 The mansion of the nameless dead :—
By equal law o'er mean and great
 Earth's ample arms are spread.

Not power, nor craft, not proffered gold,
 From Orcus could Prometheus free :
Tartarean glooms for ever hold
 The proud Pelopidæ.¹

¹ The Pelopidæ, descendants of Tantalus, so called from Pelops, son of Tantalus, the ancestor of Atreus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Orestes.

Death grasps the strong, the rich, the wise,
The sons of kings, in bond secure :
Sought or unsought, Death hears the cries
Of th' overlaboured poor.

ODE XIX.

Bacchum in remotis.

BACCHUS I saw remotest rocks among
(Believe it, unborn ages), ivy-crowned,
Teaching to listening Nymphs mysterious song :
Goat-footed Fauns with pointed ears stood round.
 Strange panic still my bosom fills !
Still through my veins a troubled rapture thrills !
Evoe ! Spare me, full of thee ; I fear
The terrors of thy voice, and vine-encircled spear.

 Now have I might to sing
 Rivers of milk and founts of wine,
Honey from caverned oaks slow-issuing,
 The untamed Thyiads rage divine,
 Thine Ariadne's starry crown,

And Pentheus' royal halls dashed down,
And mad Lycurgus slain, Edonia's impious king,¹

At thy command
Broad rivers, barbarous seas
Swerve from their course touched by thy Thyrsus wand,²
On peak remote wine-flusht I see thee stand
Wreathing with viper knot thy Thracian votaries.

Thou, when that Giant-birth
Scaling high heaven thy father's might defied,
In lion's guise with fangs blood-dyed
Didst hurl the Titan to his mother Earth.

Bacchus! To thee belong
The glories twain of Peace and War,

¹ Pentheus, King of Bœotia, and Lycurgus, King of Thrace, forbade, according to ancient legends, the worship of Bacchus. Pentheus, detected in watching the Bacchanalian mysteries, was torn to pieces in the woods by his mother Agave and her two sisters. Lycurgus, seized with divine frenzy, killed his son, and cut off his own limbs under the delusion that they were vine-stems.

² Respicit Orontem et Hydaspem quos Bacchus *thyrso percussos* retro flexisse et sicco pede transiisse traditur.—DOERING *in Not.*

The fight, the jest, the dance, the song :
Hail! genial king! Hail! youthful conqueror!
The guardian hound of Pluto's dread abode
Saw thee afar, and knew the God :
He marked thy mystic horn¹
That through the darkness flashed a golden morn;
He crouched to Earth thy coming steps to greet,
And licked with triple tongue thy parting feet.

¹ χρυσόκερας.

ODE XX.

Non usitata.

1.

ON new and vigorous wing I rise
A swan-like Bard thro' liquid skies,
Spurning the haunts of men, upborne
Beyond the reach of envious scorn.

2.

A man from humble lineage sprung,
Called by thy love and by my song
To Bardic rank, I burst for ever
The fetters of the Stygian river.

3.

Upon my feet a rough skin grows,
And feathers white as wintry snows
A soft and silver lustre shed
O'er neck and shoulders, breast and head.

4.

Swifter than Icarus I soar
Above the moaning Euxine shore :
I spread my wings and pour my voice
O'er Nubian sands and Arctic ice,

5.

And Dacians fain to hide their fear
Of Roman sword and Marsian spear.
Colchis shall hear my song well-known,
And Spain, and drinkers of the Rhone.

6.

No dirge for me ! The Poet's spirit
An endless future shall inherit.
Cease your vain wailing, nor presume
To mock me with an empty tomb.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

This Ode, as indicated by its solemn exordium, is the assertion of a religious and moral philosophy. It teaches that nations are subject to their temporal sovereigns ; that those temporal powers are overruled by the Gods ; and that the Gods themselves are subordinate to the mysterious Divinity—Necessitas, or Destiny. It touches with light irony upon the ambitions and rivalries of men. It paints the terrors that wait upon guilt, luxury, avarice, and ambition, contrasting them in lines of exquisite pathos with the sleep that visits the innocent, the industrious, and the contented. Thus, with a moral instinct worthy of a purer faith, it inculcates reverence, submission, frugality, industry and resignation ; and all these lessons come from one who, at the outset, assumes the authority of a moral teacher, addressing himself, not to the hardened sinner of the “*vulgus profanum*,” but to the young and innocent worthy of initiation, “*virginibus puerisque*” ; and speaking, not alone as a poet or philosopher, but as a prophet clothed in the sacerdotal vestment of High Priest of the Muses. Such, too, was the position, in after ages, of the “*Bard*,” who was at once the poet, the historian, and the religious guide of the nation.

The Poet, in the last quatrain, descends from the height of inspiration, and, by contrasting the peace of his modest Sabine farm with the luxury which he denounces, drives home the moral lesson into the human heart.

Odi profanum.

AWAY, ye herd profane!
Silence! let no unhallow'd tongue
Disturb the sacred rites of song,
Whilst I, the High Priest of the Nine,
For youths and maids alone entwine
A new and loftier strain.

Nations before their Monarchs bow :
Jove, who from Heaven the giants hurled,
Rules over kings, and moves the world
With the majestic terrors of his brow.

Follies perverse of mortal life!
Insane ambitions, futile strife!
One vainly brags a happier skill
His vines to range, his glebes to till ;
Another boasts his nobler name,
His client throngs, his purer fame :
Poor fools, inexorable Fate
Deals equal law to small and great,

Shaking the urn from which allotted fly
Joy, pain, life, death, despair, and victory.

To him above whose impious head
Th' avenging sword impends
Sicilian feasts no joy impart ;
Nor bird, nor lute, nor minstrel art
His vigil charms. Upon his bed
No healing dew of innocent sleep descends.

Sleep hovers with extended wing
Above the roof where Labour dwells ;
Or where the river, murmuring,
Ripples beneath the beechen shade ;
Or where in Tempe's dells
No sound but Zephyr's breath throbs through the silvan
glade.

The humble man who nought requires
Save what sufficed his frugal sires
Laughs at the portents vain

Of fierce Arcturus' sinking star,
Or rising Hædus ; sees afar
 Unmoved the raging main ;
Content though farms their fruits deny,
Though shattered vineyards prostrate lie,
Though floods and frost the fields despoil,
Or hot suns rend the arid soil,
Contented still to live and toil.

 The lord of wide domains
Unsated still his ample bound disdains,
 And through the bosom of the deep
Drives the huge mole, down-flinging heap on heap.
The finny race behold the new-born land
Amazed, see towers arise, and fields expand,
And 'mid his hireling crew th' usurper stand.
 Proudly he stands ; but at his side
 Terror still dogs the steps of pride :
Behind the horseman sits black Care,
And o'er the brazen trireme bends Despair.

Not marble from the Phrygian mine,

Nor robes star-bright, Falernian wine,
Nor Achæmenian balm,
Can soothe the weary heart opprest,
Or still the tumult of the breast
 With one brief moment's calm.
Then, wherefore change my Sabine home,
 Where Envy dwells not, life is free,
For pillared gate, and lofty dome,
 And the dull load of luxury ?

ODE II.

This poem, welcomed by the Stoic, would be equally dear to the Epicurean. It inculcates the contempt of death, but does not forget the enjoyments of life.

Angustam, amici.

ON THE MILITARY EDUCATION OF ROMAN YOUTHS.

ROME! teach thine offspring to sustain
Stern poverty : to wield the spear,
To spur the war-horse o'er the plain,
And smite the Parthian foe with fear :

To watch beneath the frosty skies ;
To face the tempest, and endure ;
The bed and banquet to despise,
In doubt and danger still secure.

The royal maid, the princely dame,
Shall mark him from the rampart high,

Shall track his course thro' blood and flame,
And thus in faltering accents sigh:—

“ My King, my gracious Lord, forbear
To brave yon warrior's fatal wrath ;
Untrained to warlike arms, beware,
Nor cross the raging lion's path.”

Blessèd who for his country dies—
Blessèd and honoured ! Pitiless Death
Spares not the coward slave who flies,
The trembling limbs, the panting breath.

Virtue self-centred, fearless, free,
Shines with a lustre all her own,
Nor takes, nor yields, her dignity
When fickle nations smile or frown :

Through realms unknown she wings her flight,
Spurning the sordid clay beneath,
And lifts into celestial light
The spirit that has conquered death.

Silence and secrecy, not less
The God's reward : never may he
Who dares their mandates to transgress
Revealing Ceres' mystery

Abide beneath my roof, or steer
My fragile shallop o'er the main ;
Jove hurls his bolts, by law severe,
Alike on guiltless and profane.

Justice with silent footstep slow,
With steadfast eye, but halting gait,
The felon tracks, and on his brow
Stamps the remorseless doom of Fate.

ODE III.

This Ode, generally designated as Juno's speech, but more correctly entitled by Sir Theodore Martin the Apotheosis of Romulus, commences by a noble panegyric upon the virtues of truth and fearless constancy, and adduces examples drawn from Heroic legends. It relates the council of the Gods held to consider whether Romulus, the descendant of Æneas, should be received amongst them. Their decision is pronounced by Juno, Troy's implacable enemy. In her speech she enumerates the crimes that have made ruined Troy an example to all ages of Divine vengeance for the impiety, perfidy, and avarice of Laomedon, and the immorality of Paris. These she contrasts with the higher virtues of which Romulus was the exemplar, those "staying qualities" by which Rome won her great race; and she announces that the Founder of Rome shall be admitted into the "lucidas sedes," the glowing mansion of the Gods. She foretells the future greatness of the Roman Empire, so long as ruined Ilium shall remain a perpetual witness of Divine wrath against the sins of impiety, lust, and criminal weakness, which caused her destruction. We know from Suetonius and Lucan that a project for rebuilding Troy was entertained at Rome, and it has been asserted that Augustus himself was at one time not averse to it. Horace, with his usual manly independence, and with true political foresight, denounces the scheme in this grand Ode.

Justum et tenacem.

THE righteous man, of purpose fixed and strong,
Scorns the depraved commands
Of angry Faction clamouring for wrong,
Nor fears the Despot's frown. Not Auster's roar
Whitening the restless wave on Adria's shore,
Not the red thunder hurled
From Jove's avenging hands
Can shake his solid will. Unmoved he stands
Erect amid the ruins of a world.

Thus rose Alcides to the flaming skies :
Thus Leda's son to those Divine abodes '
Where couched among th' Immortals Cæsar lies
Drinking with purpled lip the nectar of the Gods.
Thus Bacchus clomb to Jove's Olympian throne
Drawn by wild tigers, ivy garlanded :
Thus, strong and true, Rome's mighty founder sped,
Wafted by steeds of Mars to Heaven, not Acheron.

He claimed a throne among the Gods. They sate
Silent : then Juno rose, " Troy met her fate,

Her God-built walls down-crumbled into dust
By a strange woman and a judge unjust ;¹
Condemned by me and by Minerva's hate
Since first that King, false to his kingly word,
Abjured his oath, withheld the pledged reward.

“ Where now the glittering grace that shone
From Paris on th' adulterous Queen ?

Where now the lustrous sheen
Sparkling from those false eyes her faithless heart that
won ?

Where Priam's perjured house, Hector its stay ?—
How oft his arm triumphant broke the Greek array !

“ Dead is that ten years' war
Kindled by feuds of ours : its sound is heard no more.
No more my anger rages : I resign
To Mars this scion of a hated line,
Son of Troy's Priestess. Founder of great Rome
Enter, 'mong peaceful Gods to find a home
And quaff 'mid starbright skies the nectar juice Divine.

¹ Laomedon.

“ So long as ’twixt his Rome and Iliion roll
The billows of a boundless main
Let Trojan exiles unmolested reign :
Let Rome’s proud Capitol
Unshaken stand, while herds insulting roam
O’er Priam’s grave, and while in Paris’ tomb
Wolves hide their cubs. So long
Shall Roman valour, steadfast, strong,
Give laws to Media’s conquered hosts,
And rule the Midland Ocean’s coasts,
And those far lands where fertile cornfields smile
Fed by the waters of the swelling Nile.

“ Great Nation ! that canst spurn
The gold that in Earth’s bosom hidden lies
(Wisely there hid) unlike the base who turn
To uses vile of sordid avarice
The temple’s spoil, fearless your hosts send forth
To India’s sun-scorched wastes, or the cloud-mantled
North.

“ Strong sons of Rome, to you my law I speak.
Trust not your fortunes or your strength ; nor seek,
Blinded by filial piety, once more
The sentenced walls of Ilion to restore.
If e'er again 'neath some ill-omened star
 She rises, I, Jove's sister, I, his wife,
'Gainst her will lead the armies of my war,
 Closing in new-lit flames her new-lit life.
Should Phœbus thrice rebuild each wall, each gate,
 Thrice shall my Argives raze them to the plain,
Each widow thrice, captive and desolate,
 Bewail her orphaned babes, her husband slain.”

 Cease, sportive Lyre!—not thine
Mated with Gods their counsels to explore.
Fold, Muse of mine, those wings too frail to soar,
Nor mock with mortal lips the voice Divine.

ODE IV.

Horace commences this, his longest Ode, by a solemn invocation of the Muses, and assertion of his claim to speak as their child, their daily companion, their ministering Priest.

He affirms that they have already instilled into Cæsar's ear counsels of clemency and social order.

He draws a glowing picture of Jupiter's victory over the rebel Titans by the help of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, Juno, the Goddess of the household, Vulcan, the representative of industry, and Apollo, the source of light and God of Poetry, subduing brute force by the arts of peace. The grand line,

“ Vis consili expers mole ruit sua,”

is the keynote of this magnificent Ode. The Poet in the seventh stanza reiterates the doctrine, which he enforces by ancient legends, that though Force may subdue, it alone can never regenerate or perpetuate a nation.

Descende cælo.

DESCEND from Heaven, Calliope, and bring

The long-drawn breath of thy melodious flute,

Or the wild throbbings of Apollo's lute ;

Or with uplifted voice th' heroic anthem sing !

Is this some phantom sound that mocks mine ear ?—

'Tis she, the Muse ! I hear, I hear

The voice Divine. Methinks I rove
Listening her song within some sacred grove
Where through the branches summer breezes play
And caverned streams in silence glide away.

Child of the Muse, on Voltur's steep
Beyond Apulia's bounds I strayed :
Wearied with sport I sank to sleep :—
Doves, dear to legendary lore,
From woodlands far fresh flowers and leaflets bore,
And hid th' unconscious infant 'neath their shade.

In myrtle wrapped, close-veiled in bay,
Secure from snakes and savage beasts I lay,
A fearless babe protected from on high
Sleeping the innocent sleep of infancy ;
A miracle to all that dwell
On Acherontia's mountain citadel,
Or rich Ferentum's plain, or Bantia's forest dell.

Uplifted by the Muses I explore
The arduous summits of rude Sabine hills :

Yours, and forever yours, I gaze
On cool Præneste, and the rills
Of Tibur upturned to the noontide rays,
And liquid Baïæ on the Tyrrhene shore.
So dear to you, Immortal Nine, is he,
The bard who loves your fountains and your song,
Philippi's headlong flight bore him unharmed along :
You saved him from the falling tree
And that Sicilian sea
Where Palinurus' cliff blackens the stormy wave.
Fearless with you my feet would brave
Wild Bosphorus, Assyria's burning sand,
Inhospitable Britain, and the land
Of warlike Concans nursed on horses' blood,
Gelsonia's quivered hordes, and Scythia's frozen flood.

Cæsar with warlike toils opprest
In your Pierian cavern finds his rest,
His weary legions citizens once more ;
While you, rejoicing pour
Into his heart mild counsels from on high,
Counsels of mercy, peace, and thoughtful piety.

We know how Jove,
Who rules with just command
Cities and Nations, and the Gods above,
The solid Earth, the Seas, and, down beneath,
The ghostly throng that haunts the realms of death,
Launched the swift thunder from his outstretcht hand,
And down to darkness hurled the Titans' impious band.

Shuddered the Strong One at the sight
One moment, when with giant might
That Earth-born generation strove
To pile up Pelion on Olympus' height,
And scale the Heavens : but what bested
Rhætus, or Mimas, or Typhoëus dread,
Porphyriion's towering form the Gods defying,
Enceladus who as a spear could wield
Uprooted pines ? Amazed they fled
Pallas with her echoing shield,
Queen Juno, Vulcan burning for the fight,
And him who by Castalia lying
Bathes in the sacred fount his unbound hair ;
That God whose shoulders ever bear

The Cynthian bow; Phœbus who honours still
Delos, his natal isle, and Lycia's bosky hill.

Power, reft of wisdom, falls by its own weight :
Wisdom, made one with strength, th' Immortals bless,
And evermore exalt : they hate
Tyrannous force untempered, pitiless.

Diana's virgin dart
Drank the black blood of foul Orion's heart ;
And hundred-handed Gyas met his doom
Crushed 'neath the darkness of a living tomb.
Earth, heaped upon those buried Portents, mourns
Her monstrous sons. The insatiate flame
Forever under Etna burns,
Yet ne'er consumes its quivering frame :
Forever feasts the vulture brood
Remorseless upon Tityos' blood ;
The lover base, Pirithous, complains
Forever 'neath the weight of his three hundred chains.

ODE V.

An appeal had been made to the Roman Senate for the ransom of the survivors of the army of the Consul Crassus, conquered by the Parthians under Phraates, and enslaved in various parts of the East. Horace, in this Ode, probably supporting the policy of Augustus, insists on the ignominy of the proposed treaty, and cites the noble speech of Regulus, who sacrificed his life by dissuading the Romans from ransoming their fellow-countrymen enslaved at Carthage.

This Ode, essentially dramatic in its spirit, is one of the finest efforts of Horace's lyric muse.

Cælo tonantem.

JOVE rules the skies, his thunder wielding :
Augustus Cæsar, thou on earth shalt be
 Enthroned a present Deity ;
Britons and Parthian hordes to Rome their proud necks
 yielding.

Woe to the Senate that endures to see
(O fire extinct of old nobility !)
The soldier dead to honour and to pride

Ingloriously abide
Grey-headed mate of a Barbarian bride,
Freeman of Rome beneath a Median King :

Woe to the land that fears to fling
Its curse, not ransom, to the slave
Forgetful of the shield of Mars,
Of Vesta's unextinguished flame,
Of Roman garb, of Roman name ;
The base unpitied slave who dares
From Rome his forfeit life to crave :
In vain ;—Immortal Jove still reigns on high :
Still breathes in Roman hearts the Spirit of Liberty.

With warning voice of stern rebuke
Thus Regulus the Senate shook :
He saw, prophetic, in far days to come,
The heart corrupt, and future doom of Rome.
“ These eyes,” he cried, “ these eyes have seen
Unbloodied swords from warriors torn,
And Roman standards nailed in scorn
On Punic shrines obscene ;

Have seen the hands of freeborn men
Wrenched back and bound ; th' unguarded gate ;
And fields our war laid desolate
By Romans tilled again.

“ What ! will the gold-enfranchised slave
Return more loyal and more brave ?

Ye heap but loss on crime !
The wool that Cretan dyes distain
Can ne'er its virgin hue regain ;
And valour fallen and disgraced
Revives not in a coward breast
Its energy sublime.

“ The stag released from hunter's toils
From the dread sight of man recoils.
Is he more brave than when of old
He ranged his forest free ? Behold
In him your soldier ! He has knelt
To faithless foes ; he too has felt
The knotted cord ; and crouched beneath
Fear, not of shame, but death.

“ He sued for peace tho’ vowed to war :
Will such men, girt in arms once more,
Dash headlong on the Punic shore ?
No ! they will buy their craven lives
With Punic scorn and Punic gyves.
O mighty Carthage, rearing high
Thy fame upon our infamy,
A city, aye, an empire built
On Roman ruins, Roman guilt ! ”

From the chaste kiss, and wild embrace
Of wife and babes he turned his face,
 A man self-doomed to die ;
Then bent his manly brow, in scorn,
Resolved, relentless, sad, but stern,
 To earth, all silently ;
Till counsel never heard before
Had nerved each wavering Senator ;
Till flushed each cheek with patriot shame,
And surging rose the loud acclaim ;—
Then, from his weeping friends, in haste,
To exile and to death he passed.

He knew the tortures that Barbaric hate
Had stored for him. Exulting in his fate
With kindly hand he waved away
The crowds that strove his course to stay.
He passed from all, as when in days of yore,
His judgment given, thro' client throngs he pressed
In glad Venafrian fields to seek his rest,
Or Greek Tarentum on the Southern shore.

ODE VI.

This noble Ode, supposed to have been written B.C. 25, is a fearless denunciation of the luxury and social corruption of Rome. It is the last of that series of moral and didactic odes with which the third book commences.

The statement that the misfortunes and vices of the Empire originated in the disregard of the supreme authority of Heaven is very remarkable as coming from one who was not a Christian, but is a dogma which may be traced in almost all Horace's greatest odes.

Delicta majorum.

THE shadow of ancestral guilt shall fall,
 Roman! on thee and thine,
Till thou rebuild'st the temple's crumbling wall
 And rear'st again within the shrine
Those marble Gods smoke-stained, those effigies Divine.

Jove gives us power to rule while we confess
His rule supreme o'er all. 'Twas thus we rose:
As justly shall they fall who dare transgress
That law eterne. Innumerable woes

Wronged Gods have sent us. Twice Monæses' spear
Shattered our ill-starred legions' mad career,
And twice Barbarians laughed in scorn
When flashed from Parthian torques rich gems from
Romans torn ;
Fleets manned by Egypt's dusky hosts
Shadowed our Latian coasts :
Once, rent by factious rage, Rome naked lay
Before the Dacians' shafts an unresisting prey.

Fertile of sin a race accurst
Defiled the sacred hearth and home :
From that foul source the tempest burst
That sapped the strength of Rome.
The arts depraved of guilty life
Corrupt the maid : the faithless wife
Betrays her own, her husband's fame ;—
Falsar than all he traffics in her shame !
Not from such parents spring
Soldiers like those who drave
Afric's fierce son o'er the blood-darkened wave,—
Who smote great Pyrrhus and the Syrian King.

Such were the men of old, a hardy brood,
Trained from their youth to wield the Sabine spade,
To fetch the fagot from the neighbouring wood
Obedient to a mother's voice severe,

What time the sun

Threw from far-distant hills a lengthened shade,
Lifting the yoke from the o'er-laboured steer,
Saying, as sank his orb, " Rejoice, thy task is done."

An age degenerate and base

Piles, as it wastes, disgrace upon disgrace.

We, nursed in crime, in folly bred,

Transmit our fathers' taint, the subtle poison spread,

Beget a progeny still worse,

And heap on endless years an ever-deepening curse.

ODE VIII.

Martiis calcebs.

I.

MÆCENAS, thou to whom belongs
All lore of Greek and Latin tongues,
Why ask to whom, a celibate
This feast of March I dedicate,
These flowers, this incense? For what God
These embers flush the living sod?
Saved from that falling tree of old
I vowed these annual rites to hold—
A goat to Liber, and a feast
To thee, my loved and honoured guest.

2.

The jar we broach this day has lain
Mellowing since Consul Manlius' reign.
In countless cups its wine be poured,
Since friend preserved is friend restored!

Let watchful lamps and torches blaze
Till Phœbus rises, night decays.
Tumult and discord, hence, away!
Mar not the Poet's holiday!

3.

Mæcenas! cares of State forego!
Vanquisht is Thracian Cotiso:
Blindly the Median hordes prepare,
Self-doomed, a fratricidal war:
The fierce Cantabrian, long our foe,
In servile fetters crouches low:
The Scythian archer kneels to Rome,
Unbends his bow, and seeks his home:
No foreign wars, no civil broils,
Affright the State. Forget thy toils!
Enjoy one brief and happy hour
In privacy, released from power.

ODE IX.

Donce gratus.

I.

Horacc. WHILE, Lydia, I was dear to thee,
And none more-favoured dared to throw
His arms around that neck of snow,
Not Persia's King more blest could be.

2.

Lydia. While thou wast mine, and mine alone,
Ere Chloe lit a livelier flame
In thy false bosom, Lydia's name
More bright than Roman Ilia's shone.

3.

Horacc. Now Thracian Chloe, queen of song,
Skilled in the Harp's sweet harmony,
Reigns in my heart. For her I'd die
Should Fate my darling's life prolong.

4.

Lydia. For Thurian Calais I sigh :
He, too, loves me. If Fate would spare
A youth so tender and so fair,
For his dear sake I twice would die.

5.

Horace. What if our love, returned once more,
Should weld anew the severed chain ;
If gold-haired Chloe ceased to reign,
And Lydia found an open door?

6.

Lydia. Though stormier thou than Adria's sea,
And light as cork,—he brighter far
Than Morning's pale but lucid star,—
Yet would I live, and die, with thee.

ODE XI.

Mercuri, nam te.

I.

MERCURY, by whose magic song
Amphion drew the rocks along
To build his Thebes ; and thou, my lute,
 Unheeded once, or mute,
Now in rich halls and temples high
Breathing thy seven-stringed minstrelsy,
Sing the old strain all love to hear
And win the faithless Lydè's ear,
Wayward as colt that o'er the plain
Gambols, exults, and spurns the rein,
Shrinks from the touch, and will not stay,
But wild and wanton bounds away.

2.

When Orpheus sung, tigers and listening woods
Followed his footsteps : rushing floods
Stood still entranced. Hell's giant hound
Bowed those three heads by Furies crowned
With hundred snakes. The venom'd gore
Dropped from his triple tongue no more.
Ixion, too, forgot his toil,
And on his pale lips sate a sad reluctant smile.
The Danaids stood beside their empty urn,
And soothed by music ceased to mourn.

3.

Sing ye to Lydè. Bid her know
Their crime was treason, and its meed was woe
Tell her that torments, sure tho' late,
False faith and murdered trust await.
Impious! No guilt more foul
Could ever blast a human soul.
Impious! They dared to stain
The bridal couch with blood of husbands slain.

4.

Among the faithless many, one
Worthy the nuptial torch, betrayed
Her traitor father : she alone
Nobly untrue ; a glorious maid
False to her pledge but faithful to her Lord,
Thro' unborn ages honoured and adored.

5.

Thus to her youthful spouse she cries,
“ My husband, sleep no more ; arise !
Lest, swift and silent, thro' the gloom
From hands unfeared a longer sleep may come.
Fly my fierce Sire, my ruthless sisters. They
Now, now, like lions, rend their lordly prey.
By hand of mine thou shalt not die,
Nor bound in loathsome dungeon lie.
Me will my father load with chains ;
Me drive an exile to Numidian plains ;
Stern parent to a weeping bride
Who spared the bridegroom slumbering by her side.

6.

“Go where kind breaths from Heaven shall speed thy
flight,
Shrouded by Venus and protecting Night!
Go, happy-omened! Grave upon my tomb
The pain, the joy, the triumph of my doom!”

ODE XIII.

O fons Bandusia.

FOUNT of Bandusia, crystal spring,
To thee with wine and flowers I bring
A kid whose budding horns prepare
For wanton gambols, or for war:—
Prepare in vain! His victim blood
Shall stain thy pure and gelid flood.

When the red Dogstar flames on high
It harms thee not. Th' o'er-laboured steer
And panting herds that wander by,
Draw from thy loving breast draughts cool and clear.

Thou too, O sacred spring,
Shalt have thy place with founts long-loved, far-known;
Whilst I, thy poet, sing

The ilex hoar thy margin shadowing,
The runnels from thy moss-grown caves that flow
Whispering in murmurs light and low
A language all their own.

ODE XIV.

Herculis ritu.

I.

THE laurel crown by death heroic bought,
Like Hercules, imperial Cæsar sought.
He comes, ye people, from Iberia's shore
Victorious to his household Gods once more.
Come forth, true wife, who loving lov'st but one!
Come forth, all sacrificial duties done!
Come forth, fair sister of our Chief, flower-crowned!
Come forth, ye Dames, with suppliant fillet bound,
Mothers of soldier youths, and maids restored
By the just Gods to Roman homes adored!
Rejoice, young brides, let no lament be heard;
Hushed be the voice of grief, hushed each ill-omened
word!

2.

Arouse thee, boy, this festal day
Shall cast sad thought and care away :
Th' assassin's steel, the rage of fools,
I laugh to scorn while Cæsar rules.
Go, bring perfumes and garlands rare
And wines that knew the Marsian war,
If one poor cask lie hid for us
Unbroached by roving Spartacus.
Hence! Let Neæra bind with care
Her tresses of myrrh-scented hair.
Bid her make speed. If she delay
Or bar her gate—no need to stay.
These whitening locks, this fading life,
Have tamed my wayward thirst for strife :
In my hot youth I had not borne,
When Plancus ruled, Neæra's scorn.

ODE XVI.

Inclusam Danaen.

A TOWER of brass held Danae immured ;—
Strong oaken doors, and watchdogs' midnight bay
'Gainst love too bold the royal maid secured ;
 But Jove and Venus smiled
Mocking her Sire, for gold will work its way
Through guarded gates and sentinels beguiled.

Gold cleaves the fortress and the rock
With force more potent than the thunder's shock.

 The Argive augur, sold
By his false wife, Eriphyle, for gold,
Died with his sons. The man of Macedon
Subdued with bribes proud kings in arms arrayed :
 And Menas,¹ won
By Roman gold a Roman fleet betrayed.

¹ Menas, a freedman of Pompey the Great, commanded the fleet of Sextus Pompeius, and sold it to Octavius, B.C. 40.

Mæcenas! knighthood's boast! thou knowest how
Like ¹ thee I shrank from lifting of my brow
Above my peers. To him whose modest thrift
Denies itself, Heaven sends its ampler gift.
Naked I fly the standard of the great,
And seek the ranks of those who nought desire,
More honoured thus despising vulgar state
Than if I should my bursting garner fill
With rich Apulia's grain heaped daily higher,
Sitting 'mid worthless wealth, a beggar still.

Enough for me my little wood, my spring ²
Where Zephyr's cooling wing
Fans the crisp stream; my garden plot
Whose promised crop deceiveth not:—
The Afric despot knows no happier lot.

What though Calabrian bees for me
No honey filch from flower or tree—

¹ Mæcenas refused to leave the Equestrian order and accept Senatorial rank. Horace himself declined Cæsar's offer to make him his private Secretary.

² Bandusia.

What though no Gallic flocks increase
For me their wealth of snowy fleece—
 What though the Formian¹ vine
Ripens not in my bin its mellowing wine—
 Content I live ; not rich ; yet free
 From harsh importunate penury :
If more I claimed thou wouldst not more refuse.
 True riches mean not revenues :
 Care clings to wealth : the thirst for more
Grows as our fortunes grow. I stretch my store
By narrowing my wants ; far wealthier thus
Than if the treasures of Alatteus
And Phrygia's plains were mine. We are not poor
While nought we seek. Happiest to whom high Heaven
Enough—no more—with sparing hand has given.

¹ Formiæ, a town of Latium, celebrated for its wine, is spoken of by Pliny, and by Cicero, who had a villa there, as built by the Læotrigonians of Sicily.

ODE XVIII.

Faune Nympharum.

FLEET Faunus! thro' the forest dells pursuing
The Dryad Nymphs who startled fly thy wooing!
Tread gracious thro' my bounds and sunny farm,
And parting shield my little lambs from harm,

If, when the full year calls for sacrifice,
A kid upon thy smoking altar lies,
And brimming cups pour forth libations free
To Venus, thy companion, and to thee.

When mid-December brings thine annual feast
On grassy meads the wearied oxen rest!
Gambols the sportive herd; the village gay
To greet their silvan God make holiday.

The wolf through flocks no longer fearful strays :
The falling leaf to thee its homage pays :
Loosed from his toil the digger wild with mirth
Tramples with triple foot his foe, the earth.

ODE XXI.

O nata mecum.

I.

CASK born with me in Manlius' consulate
Parent of joy, or hate,
Or passionate love, or quarrels fierce and deep!
O kindly cask, mother of easy sleep,
On this auspicious day
Bring forth thy treasured wealth of wine
Whate'er its name, pressed from the Massic vine.
Corvinus calls for mellower draughts : obey!
He will not spurn thee, though he be
Immersed in Greek philosophy.
Cato himself could warm his soul
And gain fresh virtue from the bowl.

2.

'Tis thine to rouse with gentle spur
The sluggish mind : 'tis thine to stir

The hardened heart : thine to disclose
The Sage's dreams, his secret woes.
Fresh hope thou bringest to the wretch forlorn ;
Liftest the low ; exalt'st the poor man's horn :
New-nerved by thee he stands erect, nor fears
The frown of angry Kings, the flash of spears.

3.

Venus, and Liber's genial heart,
And linkèd Graces loth to part,
And living lights, and dance, and song,
Our joyous revel shall prolong
Till Phœbus with returning light
Puts the reluctant stars to flight.

ODE XXII.

Montium custos.

TO DIANA.

I.

HAIL! triform Goddess, guardian-maid
Of mountain-peak, and forest-glade!
Who thrice invoked dost hear the cry
Of mothers when their hour is nigh.

2.

Dian! that venerable Pine,
That overhangs my roof, be thine!
There yearly shall a boar be slain
Threatening with sidelong thrust in vain.

ODE XXIII.

Cælo supinas.

HUMBLY extend thine upturned palms to Heaven
'Neath the young Moon, my rustic Phidylè :
Be corn and incense to thy Lares given,
And flesh of swine, oblation due from thee.

The Afric poison-blast thy vines shall spare ;
The blight of Autumn shall assail in vain
The nurslings of the flock, thy tender care ;
No mildew rust shall mar thy yellowing grain.

On Algidus a lordlier victim feeds
Beneath the shade of Oak or Ilex hoar,
Or sports secure on Alba's grassy meads,
Ere long to stain the Pontiff's axe with gore :

Such gifts beseem thee not, my Phidylè !
Tempt not the Gods with sumptuous sacrifice ;

Twine thou the myrtle frail with rosemary
And crown thy little household Deities.

When sinless hands shall touch the sacred shrine,
And votive cake, their lowly tribute, bring,
No costly gift shall melt the wrath Divine
Better than this, the poor man's offering.

ODE XXIV.

This is one of Horace's finest Odes, but is more properly ethical than lyrical. Its austere severity of reproof is directed against the two national vices, which, as he saw, threatened the existence of the Roman State, the luxury and avarice of the Patricians, and the turbulence, the "indomita licentia," of the people. This great moral poem has little of the light touch, the courtly grace, or the mythical or historical allusions which characterize so many of Horace's finest odes; but it is almost unequalled in dignity, intensity, and concentrated vigour. Its march is consecutive, and uninterrupted by sudden and obscure transitions. The poet was in earnest when he wrote it; and like every man who is really in earnest he was without fear. He writes as the Moralist and Statesman, not as the dilettante Stoic or Epicurean.

Intactis opulentior.

THOUGH India's virgin mine,
And hoarded wealth of Araby be thine,
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas;
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,

What power shall loose the fetters of the dead ?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb ?

Happier the nomad tribe whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains ;
 Happier the Getan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free :
 For one short year they toil ;
 Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe : no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or if dishonoured, die.

Breathes there a Patriot brave and strong
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds, and quell her rage?
Let him with noble daring first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst!

So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand
"The Father of his native land:"
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease, idle wail!

The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How vain the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's law be unsustainable!
A second sin is yours! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice:
He hears: he fears nor toil, nor sword, nor sea,
He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
Your precious gems, your wealth untold ;
Into the seas, or Temple, fling
Your vile unprofitable gold.
Romans! Repent, and from within
Eradicate your darling sin :
Repent ! and from your bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.
Bid your degenerate boys to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern :—
The high-born youth mature in vice
Pursues his vain and reckless course,
Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
But shuns the chase, and dreads the horse :
His perjured sire, with jealous care,
Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
Despised, disgraced, supremely blest
Cheating his partner, friend, and guest.
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

ODE XXV.

Quo me Bacche.

WHITHER through wastes unscanned by mortal eye
Bear'st thou me, Bacchus; through what paths
untrod?

Evoe! spare me! spare thy votary
Filled with the fierce, swift, spirit of the God.

From what deep cavern to the listening pines
Great Cæsar's anthemed triumph must I fling,
And point his star amid celestial signs?—
A portent strange, a mystery, I sing!

I wandered, lost: a vision on me fell:
A glory bursting from the broad-rimmed sun
Smote with strong light the phantom-haunted dell:
Then thro' the reddening fir-stems distant shone

Green fields, and sparkling banks, and rivers deep.

Mine eyes were opened ! motionless I gazed ;
As some Bacchantè starting from her sleep
On thunder-riven mountain stares amazed

At snow-clad plains of Thrace beneath her spread,

And Rhodope with all its barbarous horde,
And Hebrus foaming o'er his rocky bed.

Hear me, Lenæan Bacchus ! hear me, lord

Of Mænads, and the Naiad race whose floods

With mighty arms down rugged gorges bear
Uprooted oaks, the monarchs of the woods :

Lead on, resistless God ! I know not fear :

Peril is sweet near thee, when o'er thy brow

The bleeding grape and glistening ivy twine.
Soft notes, and dulcet lays beseem not now ;
I chant immortal Pæans, hymns divine.

ODE XXIX.

The invitation to Mæcenas has already become an English classic by Dryden's fine translation. It is one of Horace's greatest and most varied Odes, containing, as it does, a beautiful description of natural scenery, and philosophic reflections on fortitude and content, unmixed with exhortations to Epicurean indulgence.

Tyrrhena regum.

MÆCENAS, thou whose lineage springs
From old Etruria's kings,
Come to my humble dwelling. Haste ;
A cask unbroached of mellow wine
Awaits thee, roses interlaced,
And perfumes pressed from nard divine.
Leave Tibur sparkling with its hundred rills ;
Forget the sunny slopes of Æsulæ,
And rugged peaks of Telagonian hills
That frown defiance on the Tuscan sea.
Forego vain pomps, nor gaze around

From the tall turret of thy palace home
On crowded marts, and summits temple-crowned,
The smoke, the tumult, and the wealth of Rome.
Come, loved Mæcenas, come !

How oft in lowly cot
Uncurtained, nor with Tyrian purple spread,
Has weary State pillowed its aching head
And smoothed its wrinkled brow, all cares forgot ?
Come to my frugal feast, and share my humble lot.

For now returning Cepheus shoots again
His fires long-hid ; now Procyon and the star
Of the untamed Lion blaze amain :

Now the light vapours in the heated air
Hang quivering : now the shepherd leads
His panting flock to willow-bordered meads
By river banks, or to those dells
Remote, profound, where rough Silvanus dwells,
Where by mute margins voiceless waters creep,
And the hushed Zephyrs sleep.

Too long by civil cares opprest,
Snatch one short interval of rest,
Nor fear lest from the frozen North
Don's arrowed thousands issue forth,
Or hordes from realms by Cyrus won,
Or Scythians from the rising sun.

Around the future Jove has cast
A veil like night : he gives us power
To see the present and the past,
But kindly hides the future hour,
And smiles when man with daring eye
Would pierce that dread futurity.

Wisely and justly guide thy present state
Life's daily duty : the dark future flows
Like some broad river, now in calm repose,
Gliding untroubled to the Tyrrhene shore,
Now by fierce floods precipitate,
And on its frantic bosom bearing

Homes, herds, and flocks,
Drowned men, and loosened rocks ;
Uprooted trees from groaning forests tearing ;
Tossing from peak to peak the sullen waters' roar.

Blest is the man who dares to say,
“ Lord of myself, I've lived to-day :
To-morrow let the Thunderer roll
Storm and thick darkness round the pole,
Or purest sunshine : what is past
Unchanged for evermore shall last.
Nor man, nor Jove's resistless sway
Can blot the record of one vanished day.”

Fortune, capricious, faithless, blind,
With cruel joy her pastime plays
Exalts, enriches, and betrays,
One day to me, anon to others kind.
I praise her while she stays ;—
But when she shakes her wanton wing
And soars away, her gifts to earth I fling,
And wrapped in Virtue's mantle live and die
Content with dowerless poverty.

When the tall ship with bending mast
Reels to the fury of the blast,
The merchant trembles, and deplores
Not his own fate, but buried stores
From Cyprian or Phœnician shores;—
He with sad vows and unavailing prayer
 Rich ransom proffers to the angry Gods :
I stand erect : no groans of mine shall e'er
 Affront the quiet of those blest abodes :
 My light unburthened skiff shall sail
 Safe to the shore before the gale,
While the twin sons of Leda point the way,
And smooth the billows with benignant ray.

ODE XXX.

Exegi monumentum.

I.

MY monument is built ! It shall outlast
Statues of brass. It rears more high its head
Than Pyramids that hold the kingly dead.
No slow-devouring rain, no Northern blast
Shall mar its beauty. It defies
The sap of time, the flight of centuries.

2.

I shall not die : my better part, my song,
Shall grow in fame, and burgeon ever-young,
Long as the silent Vestal, pure in soul,
Led by the Pontiff scales the Capitol.

3.

Where Aufidus between his rocky shores
In angry current chafes and roars ;—

Where Daunus ruled with wide command
A rustic Nation and a thirsty land ;—
 Me, Horace, humble once, unknown,
Exalted now, Rome owns—shall ever own—
 The first who tuned the Grecian lyre
To Lesbian strains of war and warm desire.

4.

With queenly pride, Melpomene, accord
To me, thy son, the Poet's just reward :
With willing hand around my brow entwine
The laurel culled from Delphi's sacred shrine.

BOOK IV.

ODE II.

It is not known with certainty who was the Iulus Antonius whom Horace exhorts to celebrate in Pindaric song the expected triumph of Augustus over the Sygambri and other warlike tribes of Germany. There was a son of Marcus Antonius who bore that name.

The portion of this Ode in which Horace describes the poetry of Pindar is one of the best specimens of his finest style.

Pindarum quisquis.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS.

THE bard who Pindar's lyre would emulate
Like Icarus on waxen pinions tries
 To scale the infinite skies ;
 He shares the boaster's fate,
Thro' blazing ether drops, and in mid-ocean dies.

As some great river, issuing from the snows
Of peaks far distant, thundering downward flows,
And, swoln by mountain streams or cloud-born rain,

Pours its full volume broadening o'er the plain,—
Such Pindar's song.
To him, to him of right belong
Apollo's laurels, and to him alone ;
Whether in strains as yet unknown
And numbers loosed from law he flings
Abroad his daring Dithyrambs, or sings
Of Gods, and Kings who by just doom subdued
The Centaur race, and quenched Chimæra's flame in blood
Or grants to those whose wreathed foreheads rear
Victorious palms at Elis won,
Wrestler, or runner, athlete, charioteer,
A gift more precious than the sculptured stone,
One leaflet from his own bright bays,
A nation's worship and a Poet's praise.

At times in softer strain
Waking the lyre again
He bids the sweet and solemn chords to mourn
The bridegroom from his loved one torn ;
His fearless heart, his spotless truth,
The golden promise of his youth ;

From Orcus rends the expected prize,
And wafts the enfranchised spirit to the skies.

Large airs from Heaven with strength resistless fill
The wings of Dirce's swan. Sublime and free

He cleaves the clouds. I, like the bee
That on the slope of the Matinian hill

Sucks the wild thyme, laboriously
By Tibur's woods and Tibur's crystal rill
The garnered sweets of Poesy distil.

Antonius, thou with bolder hand
Shalt strike the harp, and Cæsar sing ascending
The Capitol, beneath his strong yoke bending
Bound to his wheels the fierce Sygambrian band,—
Cæsar the laurel-crowned, the good, the great,
Gift of benignant Gods, and pitying Fate :

Shalt sing the public games ordained
For Cæsar safe, and peace regained,
The forum mute, and civil concord won.
I, if with feebler lips such strains accord,
Will shout aloud "All Hail, thou glorious Sun!
Shine forth on Cæsar to his Rome restored!"

Hark ! as he moves, the jubilant sound
" Io Triumphe " swells around
On clouds of incense borne to summits temple-crowned.

Be thine large gifts of votive kine to bring :
Mine be a humbler offering,
A weanling that in frolic play
Wantons his youthful hours away,
Tawny ; upon his brow one spot snow-white,
His horns like crescent moon thrice risen upon the night.

ODE III.

Quem tu, Melpomene.

WHEN on the Poet's birth
Melpomene looked down with placid eye
She gave him but one gift, the gift of Poesy.
The Poet scorns the glories of the earth,
The athlete's strength, the runner's speed ;—
Never shall fiery steed
Bear him a victor in the Achaian car ;
Never shall Rome for mighty deeds in war
Crown him with laurels in the Capitol,
And with one voice, one heart extol
Him who his country's foes defied
And smote the Despot in his pride.

But him, the Bard, rich Tibur's sparkling rills,
And waving tresses of thick-wooded hills,
With thousand voices clear and strong
Proclaim the monarch of Æolian song.

Me, me,—henceforth less galled by Envy's tongue—
The world's great mistress lifts amid her choir,
The honoured master of the Roman lyre.

Pierian maid, whose vocal art
Tempers the sweet clang of the golden shell,
Goddess, who might'st impart
To Ocean's voiceless tribes the swan's expiring knell,
If still I sing, and still such strains as mine
Can please, Melpomene, the gift is thine.

ODE IV.

This celebrated Ode, supposed to have been composed at the instance of Augustus, to record the victory of Drusus over the Vindelici, traces back through a long series of ancestors the great qualities of young Drusus to Claudius Nero who overthrew the army of Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, on the Metaurus. His defeat and death forced the Carthaginians to abandon Italy. Horace puts into the mouth of Hannibal an address to his army, which is as powerful as it is pathetic, and winds up by foretelling the future glory of the Claudian race, a prophecy unfortunately falsified by history.

Qualem ministrum.

LIKE the fierce bird with thunder-laden wing
That bore to Jove his gold-haired Ganymede,
And from the Monarch dread
Of Gods and men obtained supreme dominion
O'er all that fly ;—lured by the breath of Spring,
A fledgeling first he spreads his fluttering pinion :
Soon fired by youth, impelled by inborn might,
Through cloudless skies he wings his daring flight ;
He soars, he swoops, and on the fold descends ;
Or, hungry for the fight

With sanguine beak the writhing dragon rends ;—
Or, as the Lion, from his tawny dam
Late weaned, on some glad mead describes
The roe-deer, or the unsuspecting lamb
Contented grazing ;—on, with flashing eyes,
And fangs new-fleshed he bounds ;—the victim dies :

So Drusus swooping from the Rhoetian snows
Smote the Vindelici ; nor helm, nor sword,
Nor Amazonian battle-axe could ward
From Roman vengeance Rome's barbaric foes ;
Victors in every field till now
Suppliant before a Roman youth they bow.
They know at last what hearts undaunted, fed
Beneath the roof of an auspicious home,—
What Nero's sons, by Cæsar bred
With all a father's love, can do for Rome.

The strong and good beget the brave and true :
Deep in the cavern of the infant's breast
The father's nature lurks, and lives anew :
The steer, the generous steed inherit

Parental beauty, strength, unconquered spirit :
The stock dove springs not from the Eagle's nest.

But inborn virtue still requires
Culture to shape what nature's self inspires ;
Leave it unformed, unaided, guilt and shame
Shall stain the noblest heart, the most illustrious name.

How deep the debt your fathers owed
O Rome, to Nero's race, to Nero's blood !
Witness Metaurus' purple flood ;
Witness that day when through the clouds of night
Refulgent burst, a living light,
The glorious sun that smiled to see
A grateful nation's jubilee,—
For Hasdrubal lies low, and Rome again is free !

Through the fair fields of Italy once more
The people grew : the voice of toil was heard :
And where the Punic conqueror
So long o'er smoking plains his war-horse spurred
Fierce as the flame that wraps the forest trees,

Or storms careering o'er Sicilian seas,
Once more the Nation's heart awakened stirred,
 And in the desecrated fane
Adoring Rome beheld her banished Gods again.

 Then spake perfidious Hannibal,—
“ Unwarlike deer, the wolf's predestined food,
We seek a foe 'twere triumph to elude,
 That race heroic, which of yore
Their Gods, their babes, their aged fathers bore
 From Ilion's burning wall
Through Tuscan billows to Ausonia's shore :
So the broad oak that spreads its dusky shade
On Algidus, shorn by the woodman's knife,
Wounded and lopped, bourgeons again to life,
And draws, refresht, new vigour from the blade.

“ Great nation ! fierce as Hydra when she sprung
Severed yet scathless, full on Hercules !

 Great Roman people, strong
As Colchian monsters, Theban prodigies !
Plunge them 'neath Ocean's lowest depths,—they rise

More bright, more glorious : fell them to the earth,—
They start to life : the vanquished victor dies ;
And Roman dames for aye blazon their husbands' worth.

“‘Tidings of victory

I send no more. I send a wailing cry :—

Our Punic name, our hope, our fortune, all,

Have died with Hasdrubal.’”

Valiant and wise, 'neath Jove's benignant care

What man can do the Claudian race shall dare :

They too with counsels sage shall staunch the wounds of
war.

ODE V.

Cæsar, departing for his German campaign, had given a promise to the Senate that he would soon return to Rome. Horace, in this Ode, urges the fulfilment of the pledge, and records the restoration of social order.

Divis orte bonis.

OFFSPRING of Gods benign,
Absent too long in hostile climes afar,
Redeem thy promise and fulfil our vows ;
Return, victorious Cæsar, to thy home ;
 As a long-hidden star
 Once more upon thy people shine,
 Protector, glory, guide of Rome !
For when the lustre of thy laurelled brows
Like early spring upon the nation glows,
 More glad, more peaceful is the day,
And milder suns diffuse a brighter, balmier ray.

As some fond mother mourns in vain
Her long-lost son, whom angry skies
And gales from Southern sands detain
Tossed in the waste of the Carpathian main ;
With votive prayer and daily sacrifice
She calls him to her arms again,
Watching with fixed face evermore
The long, curved line of the receding shore :
Like that fond mother Rome thine absence mourns ;
His longing country thus for Cæsar yearns.

Around us all is peace : the steer
Crops the lush pasture of the lea :
The mellowed harvest owns the fostering care
Of bounteous Ceres : o'er the tranquil sea
With fluttering sails, unharmed, rich fleets career :
Untainted Honour stands secure ;
The felon meets his doom : the home is pure ;
And in her infant's laughing eye,
Or silken tress, or forehead high,
The happy matron joys to trace
The image of her husband's face.

While Cæsar lives who fears the Parthian horde ?
Who fears the Scythian from the frozen North ?
Who cares for fierce Iberia's threatened sword,
Or tribes from savage Dacia bursting forth ?
The husbandman on sunny hills
In safety weds the clasping vine
To widowed elms, then home returning fills
To Cæsar's name the sparkling wine ;
To thee libations due he pours
In one commingled sacrifice
To thee and all his household deities ;
So Greece fair Leda's son, and Hercules adores.

Cæsar, return, and grace our festivals ;
Chief of the State, Rome lifts to thee this prayer
At morn, at eve, in gladness, or in care,
From humble homes, and Senatorial halls.

ODE VI.

The following Ode was composed B.C. 17, the year when Horace received from Augustus the commission to write the Sæcular Hymn. It is evidently a "study" for the longer but not finer work.

It opens with the praise of Apollo, and recounts the death of Achilles by his hand, artfully connecting the fall of Troy with the founding of the Roman State, and the institution of those religious ceremonies amongst which the Sæcular celebration was to hold a distinguished place.

Dice quem proles Niobea.

APOLLO! thou whose vengeful dart
Slew the fair sons of vaunting Niobe,
Quivered in Tityos' wanton heart,
And smote Achilles, sea-born Thetis' son,
When with uplifted spear, alone,
Greater in war than all save thee,
He shook the Dardan ramparts well-nigh won:—
Like the felled Pine, or Cypress wrenched by storm,
Dying, on Ilion's dust he strecht his stately form.

He would have scorned to shroud his might
Hid in that lying Horse:—in darkness rise

And steal like skulking thief of night

On ill-starred revelries.

In light of day

His blood-stained hand had wrapt in flame

The captive host, the monarch grey,

All, all,—alas! the sin, the shame!

Babbling lips of children torn

From dying breasts, infants, and babes unborn.

Not such the will of Jove!

Apollo's prayer, and her's, the Queen of Love

Prevailed: the Father God

Relenting gave the nod,

And bade Æneas rear on high

New walls on Western hills with happier augury.

Phœbus! who on Thalia's lyre

Breathest the soul of Grecian fire,

Leave Lycian Xanthus who caresses

With his soft wave thy golden tresses,

Inspire, protect, our Latin song

Beardless Agyieus, ever young!

The Poet's name thou gav'st long since to me,
The art, the spirit of Poesy.

Noble virgin, noble youth,
Scions of old Roman race,
Loved of Dian who pursueth
Stags and panthers in the chase,
Keep the Lesbian measure true,
Mark my finger on the string,
Sing the hymn to Phœbus due,
Cynthia's crescent glory sing,
Hymn to Leto's ¹ son be given,
Hymn to her whose gracious light
Gilds the harvest ; who in Heaven
Speeds the circling seasons' flight.
When the glad feast comes again
Maids, then wedded, ye shall say
'To Gods well pleased we sang that strain
In youth, and Horace taught the lay.'

¹ Latona.

ODE VII.

Diffugere nives.

SPRING ODE.

THE quickening year dissolves the snow,
And grasses spring, and blossoms blow :
Through greener plains the stream once more
Glides lessening by the silent shore :
Again th' awakening forests wear
Their pendent wealth of wreathèd hair ;
While nymphs and graces, disarrayed,
Dance fearless in the mottled shade.
The circling year, the fleeting day,
Are types of Nature's law, and say
That to frail earth the fates deny
The gift of immortality.
All, all is change. 'Neath Spring's warm sighs
Hoar-headed Winter wakes, and dies :

Summer succeeds to vernal showers :
Autumn comes next with fruits and flowers.
Then winter lays his icy hand
Once more upon the sleeping land.
Through Heaven's blue depths swift sailing moons
Repair the loss of vanished suns :—
But when we reach the fated shore
Which kings and heroes trod before,
What are we ? clay to dust returned,
A shade, forgotten and unmourned.
We live to-day : to-morrow's light
May not be ours : then live aright ;
With generous heart thy riches share,
And disappoint the grasping heir.
When Minos throned in Stygian gloom,
Relentless judge, shall speak thy doom,
Torquatus, thee nor proud descent,
Nor wit, nor wisdom eloquent,
Nor piety itself, shall save
From the dark silence of the grave.
In vain the huntress queen implored
Hades' inexorable lord

To free her chaste Hippolytus :
The might of Theseus strove in vain
To sunder the Lethæan chain
Which bound his loved Pirithous.

ODE VIII.

Donarem pateras.

TO CENSORINUS.

I.

FAIN would I, Censorinus, send
Rich cups and bronzes to each friend,
Or tripods such as Grecians gave
To athlete strong or warrior brave,
Were such things mine—the best to you
That Scopas carved, Parrhasius drew,
Skilful from stone, or liquid dye
To image man, or deity.
Thou lack'st not such : thine ample store
And simple wishes crave no more :
Thou lovest Song : that gift receive,
And learn the worth of what I give.

2.

Not legends sculptured on the urn
By grateful Nations, words that burn
A new-born spirit, a second life,
Through the dead victors of the strife ;—
Not Hannibal's swift flight ; not all
His threats hurled back 'neath Zama's wall ;—
Not impious Carthage robed in flame,
More loudly tell that Hero's name
Who won from Africa a name,
Than strains our Roman Ennius sung
Calabria's rocky peaks among.

3.

Unguerdoned in the silent tomb
The just would sleep if scrolls were dumb ;
Great Romulus forgotten lie
Unsung by sacred Poesy :
A virtuous life, a people's praise,
A Poet's consecrating lays,
Gave Æacus a hallowed rest
In the rich islands of the blest.

4.

The loving Muse wills not to die
A soul of true nobility :
From death she bids the Hero rise,
And crowns him in eternal skies.
Thus Hercules in realms above
Quaffs nectar at the feasts of Jove ;
Thus Leda's sons, a double star
Glittering benignant from afar,
Command the troubled waves to sleep,
And snatch the drowned ship from the deep :
Thus Bacchus with vine-circled brow
Propitious speeds the suppliant's vow.

ODE IX.

Horace, in this remarkable Ode, records the virtues of his friend Lollius, who, having been unsuccessful against the Sygambri, had been subjected to a bitter persecution in Rome. He defends his friend with noble generosity, and with such success as to have procured for him from Augustus the situation of tutor to Caius Cæsar, the grandson of Augustus. This appointment, made after the German campaign, is sufficient to prove that Cæsar at least did not believe the charges of peculation and cowardice falsely brought against Lollius. Horace tells of the many great men whose names have perished "carent quia vate sacro," and predicts with truth that the fame of Lollius, as a citizen and soldier, shall descend to all ages in the imperishable strains of his friend and poet. There are many instances in which the fame of a great and successful man has been perpetuated by contemporary praises; but few in which the honour of a persecuted man has been vindicated to posterity by such means. The concluding lines, "per obstantes catervas explicuit sua victor arma," indicate that Lollius, when outnumbered and surrounded by the Sygambri, extricated his army by some desperate feat of valour.

Ne forte credas.

TO LOLLIUS.

THINK not, my Lollius, that these strains can die;
Strains linked by arts unknown before

With chords of lyric harmony
Which from far-sounding Aufidus I bore
Where foams the mountain flood down to the Adrian
shore.

The poet dies not. Homer reigns alone :
Divine Alcæus clangs his vengeful lyre :
Stesichorus still chaunts in graver tone ;
And Pindar's glowing hymns the soul inspire.
The generations pass away,
But spare Anacreon's sportive lay ;
And love still breathes where Sappho sings,
And still the soul of rapture clings
To the wild throbbings of th' Æolian strings.

Not Spartan Helen, false and fair,
By passion blinded, driven by Fate,
First loved a stranger's braided hair,
His golden robes, his princely state ;
And, lost to shame, to honour dead,
From home, from country, fled :
Not Hector, not Deiphobus,

Died first their wives, their babes, to guard ;
Idomeneus and Sthenelus
Not first defied the foeman's sword ;
Not Teucer first bent the Cydonian bow ;
Nor once alone Troy's god-built walls lay low.

A race of heroes brave and strong
Before Atrides fought and died ;
No Homer lived ; no sacred song
 Their great deeds sanctified :
Obscure, unwept, unknown they lie,
Opprest with clouds of endless night :
No poet lived to glorify
 Their names with light.
Virtue from human eye concealed,
Unsung, unhonoured, unrevealed,
Like buried sloth forgotten dies.
Thy toils, my Lollius, shall defy
Oblivion pale, foul obloquy ;
Thy fame shall live, and star-like rise
On songs immortal blazon penned
By me, thy Poet, and thy friend.

Thine is the strenuous will, the constant mind,
The soul serene in calm or storm resigned :—
CONSUL FOR LIFE ! for, while one pulse survives,
In thee the Roman Consul's spirit lives,
 Spirit of justice, which disdains
 The fraudulent wile, the miser's gains,
 The proffered bribe ; which loves the light,
 Scorns the expedient, grasps the right ;—
 Spirit heroic, which when foes
 Unnumbered round the legion close,
Measures the peril with untroubled eye,
And bursts through circling hosts to victory.

Who dwells on earth supremely blest ?
Not he of wealth and power possest ;
But he alone to whom is given
Wisdom to use the gifts of Heaven ;
Who fears to sin, but not to die,
Most rich when steeped in poverty,
Exulting when his native land,
Or friends beloved, his life demand.

ODE XI.

Est mihi.

INVITATION TO PHYLLIS.

I.

A VIRGIN cask of Alban wine
Nine years matured, and more than nine,
Parsley and ivy wreathèd fair
To twine and sparkle in your hair,
Await you in my festal home.
My silver goblet smiles star-bright :
My altar bound with vervain chaste,
Panting the sacrifice to taste,
Sends up its tongues of living light.
See how the pointed flames ascend !
How quivering smoke-wreaths whirl and bend !
Come, Phyllis, come !

2.

All hands are busy : here and there
Swift-hurrying, boys and maids prepare

Her April feast who rose sea-born
To far Cythera, white as morn,
Mæcenas' natal day, more dear
Far than mine own,—that day which brings
New glories to his proud career
Wafted on Time's advancing wings.

3.

A rich and sportive maid has seized
Thy Teleplus, and holds him now
In golden fetters bound, well-pleased.
Content thee with a humbler vow!

4.

Remember hapless Phaeton
Hurl'd from the chariot of the Sun :—
That mortal,¹ too, who strove in vain
The wingèd steed of Heaven to rein
Flung from insulted skies, and lifeless on the plain!

¹ Bellerophon.

5.

Be lowly, girl, be kind and free ;
Lift not your eyes to aims above you ;
Give all your heart to those who love you ;
And Phyllis, Phyllis, come to me !

6.

Last of my loves, be fond as fair ;
With that dear voice so true, so rich,
Warble the love-lays I will teach :
Song smooths the wrinkled brow of care.

ODE XII.

Fam veris comites.

NOW Thracian airs, companions of the Spring,
Temper the seas, and with Etesian wing
Fan the expanded sail. Released from snow
The Earth awakes : late-raging rivers flow
With noiseless course. Once more the voice is heard,
As sad she builds her nest, of that poor bird
Who grieves for Itys,—her, the dire disgrace
(Though foul the sin avenged) of Cecrop's race.
The shepherd stretched on tender herbage trills
Strains like his native mountains wild and free,
Charming the God who haunts those pine-dark hills,
And loves the peaceful flocks of Arcady.

Thirst comes with Summer : Virgil, haste,
Comrade of noble youths, and taste
Choice wines of Cales : my reward
One little shell of Syrian nard.

The mellowed cask long-stored within
The depths of the Sulpician bin
Shall then be thine, that nectar rare
Which brightens hope and drowns dull care.
Come taste my wine, but ere thou try it :
Remember, friend, that thou must buy it :
I cannot, like the rich man, give
Largess to all, and nought receive.

Hence, sordid cares ! Hence, idle sorrow !
Death comes apace : to-day—to-morrow—
Then mingle mirth with melancholy,—
Wisdom at times is found in folly.¹

¹ Recepto

Dulce mihi furere est amico.

—*Book II., Ode VII.*

ODE XIV.

Quæ cura patrum.

TO CÆSAR.

I.

How shall the Senate—How shall Rome
On sculptured bust, or History's page, record
Thy virtues, Cæsar, and their just reward
Stamped on the heart of ages yet to come?
Greatest of chiefs where'er the Lord of Day
Levels o'er peopled shores his morning ray!

2

Strangers to Roman Law till now
The rude Vindelici have learnt to bow
To Cæsar's warlike might. His sword
Wielded by Drusus quelled the Breunnian horde,

When Alpine citadels in ashes laid
Saw Roman blood avenged by slaughter thrice repaid.

3.

Claudius by happy auspice led
Through Rhætian ranks his onset sped :
Conspicuous in the field of blood
With what fell ruin he pursued
Unsated still, that giant brood
Who dared a patriot's death to die
Martyrs to Liberty.
Fierce 'mid the living and the dead
O'er flaming plains he spurred his steed blood-red :
So southern storms the restless billows smite
When the sad Pleiads rising thro' the night
From bursting clouds send forth their baleful light ;—
Or so, in Daunia's ancient realm
Bull-headed Aufidus amain
Rolls down his raging flood to overwhelm
The harvest ripening on th' Apulian plain.
Thus through the Rhætian's steel array
In front, in rear, young Claudius mowed his way.

On the red earth in serried ranks they lie,
And yield to Rome a bloodless victory.
Thine were the hosts, the counsel, and design,
Cæsar! The tutelary Gods were thine.

4.

Since that proud day when Alexandria's port,
Her vacant halls, and her deserted court,
Lay at thy feet—since that auspicious day
Our stubborn foes a master's hand obey.

For three long lustres, reconciled,
On noble deeds benignant Fortune smiled,
Then gave to Rome the boon long sought in vain,
The grace, the glory of a peaceful reign.

5.

The proud Iberian slow to yield,—
The Scythian flying o'er the field,—
The monster-teeming seas that roar
Round distant Britain's rock-bound shore,—
The Gaul in peril unalarmed,—
Sygambri peaceful and disarmed,—

The Nile that hides his mystic source,—
Ister, and Tigris' headlong course,—
The Median in his mountain home,—
Wondering adore in thee, Cæsar, the shield of Rome.

ODE XV.

In this Ode, composed B.C. 10, perhaps the last of Horace's Odes, he sings of peace and social reform established by Augustus throughout the Roman Empire after the conclusion of the civil wars.

Phœbus volentem.

TO AUGUSTUS.

FAIN had I sung of victors crowned
And captured cities, Monarchs bound,
But Phœbus clanged his lyre, and frowned,
“ Tempt not with fragile bark the Tyrrhene main.”
Cæsar, thy reign
Brings back abundance to the Latian plain ;
Our Roman flags from Parthian portals torn
Restored to Jove, the Capitol adorn ;
Old Janus shuts his gates, and peace is ours again.

Thy mighty hand
Has stayed the licence of the land,

Has curbed the rage of civil strife,
Made pure the home, recalled to life
That moral law beneath whose sway
Rome's strength, and power, and majesty
Rule the wide world from th' Orient gates of day
To where the sunset sleeps upon the Western sea.

While Cæsar reigns nor mutual hate,
Nor foreign hosts with whetted sword,
Nor Faction's tyranny abhorred
 Rome's peace shall violate.
 The wandering Getan horde,
Wild tribes that of Danubius drink,
Or range on Tanais' frozen brink,
Scythians that mock us, Parthians that betray,
Shall crouch at Cæsar's feet, and Julian laws obey

Henceforth in temple and in hall,
At feast, or sacred festival,
Men, children, matrons, (honour given
First, as is due, to favouring Heaven),

Shall blend, when Liber warms our veins,
With Lydian fifes' triumphant strains,
Singing as sang our sires of yore
Old Roman chiefs, and him who bore
Anchises from the Trojan shore.

EPODE I.

Ibis Liburnis.

YOU go, Mæcenas, to defy
In light Liburnians bulwarks high
Of towered ships ; to dare the strife,
And risk your own for Cæsar's life.
You bid me stay : you bid me spend
My days in peace—without my friend—
Without my friend ! Such days to me
Cheerless and desolate would be !
Say which is best, a life of leisure,
Inglorious ease, and joyless pleasure,
Or that far nobler, manlier part
That tells the true and honest heart ?
Be mine your toils ! With you I go
O'er Alpine heights, Caucasian snow,
Or where the red sun's level ray
Spreads broad'ning o'er the Western bay.

You say, unwarlike, feeble, frail,
My aid for you could nought avail :—
True ;—but the bird whose tender breast
Broods o'er her young ones in the nest
Is happy, tho' her fluttering wing
Be powerless 'gainst the serpent's sting.
My willing service shall approve
My faith. I cling to thee—for love :
Not that more numerous teams may plough
A wider tilth than mine is now ;
Not that my herds may panting shun
The Dogstar's rage, the summer sun,
Changing Calabria's burning hills
For cool Lucania's shaded rills ;—
Not that for me a marble hall
May shine o'er Circe's storied wall.
Enough—too much—with bounteous measure
Thy hand has given. I seek no treasure
Like Chremes old to hoard and spare,
Or lavish like his slipshod heir.

EPODE II.

The following Ode presents a valuable and most graceful picture of Roman life in the country. Many of the minute descriptions coincide exactly with what still exists, after an interval of nearly 2,000 years. The simplicity of diction with which Horace paints the rapidly-succeeding scenes shows the artistic skill with which he could adapt himself to his subject. The delineation of the poor man's wife is perfect in its simple truth.

There is a delicate irony running through the poem, which is a high effort of art.

Beatus ille.

HAPPY the man inured to toil
Whose oxen plough the ancestral soil,
Frugal like men of old, and free
From sordid cares and usury !
He starts not when the trumpet brays,
Unmoved on raging seas can gaze :
He shuns the Forum false and loud ;
He scorns the threshold of the proud ;
Around the poplar stem he twines
The wedded tendrils of his vines,

Pruning with curvèd blade the shoot
In foliage rich, but scant of fruit,
And grafting happier buds ; or shears
His tender flock ; or sits and hears
His lowing herd from valley far ;
Or stores pressed honey in his jar.

When Autumn lifts his comely head
With apple wreath engarlanded
What joy to pluck the grafted pear !
What pride the purple grapes to bear,
Gift to the Garden-God, and thee
Silvanus, guard of boundary !
To lie beneath the Ilex shade
On matted grass with flowers inlaid
Where runnels glide high banks along
And woodland linnets mourn in song,
And fountains, trickling slow, invite
To peaceful dreams and slumbers light !
When Jove sends down the winter's rain
And snow and storm on hill and plain,
With many a hound through brake and fen

He drives the wild boar from his den
To circling toils ; or spreads the net
High up for greedy thrushes set,
Or laughs to find within his snare
Far-wandering crane or timid hare.
What man would change these sober joys
For cares that fret or love that cloy?—
But if a true and loving wife
Should share with me the toils of life
Blithe as Apulia's sunburnt maid
Or Sabine matron, mountain-bred,
Her husband's stay, her babe's delight,
Making a happy home more bright,
Upon the sacred hearth-stone burning
Old logs to greet her lord returning ;—
If wife like this should milk my ewes
Safe penned within the wattled close,
And draw fresh wine from cask of wood,
And crown the board with unbought food,—
How blest my life ! I ask no more :
Not oysters from the Lucrine shore,
Not turbot—or the luscious char

By East-winds driven from waves afar.
The olive culled from richest bough,
Fresh herbs that wild in meadows grow,
Delight me more than Afric's hen
Or Asia's dainty attagen :
The lamb whose blood the altar dyes,
To Terminus a sacrifice,
Or tender kidling newly born
From fangs of ravening wolf-cub torn.
While thus I feast, what joy to see
The sheep returning from the lea,
The weary steers that slowly come
Dragging the upturned ploughshare home,
While slaves, true wealth of house and farm,
Right mirthful round my Lares swarm !

The Usurer Alphius, vexed with strife,
And law, thus vowed a country life,
Called in his cash, made fast his door,—
Next Kalends placed it out once more.

EPODE VII.

This Epode was written B.C. 40, about the same time as the 16th Epode, "altera jám teritur." The Perusian civil war was breaking out ; the Parthians under the renegade Labienus had overrun the Roman provinces in Asia driving the legions before them ; and the combined armies and fleets of Sextus Pompeius and Marcus Antonius threatened the very existence of Rome.

Quo, quo scelesti.

MURDERERS ! where rush ye ? Why with bloodstained
hand

Grasp ye the fratricidal steel once more,

The sword late sheathed ? Enough of Roman gore

Darkens each sea, each land :

Not as of old when the proud citadel

Of vanquished Carthage fell ;

Not as when gracing Rome's triumphal day

The fettered Briton trod the Sacred Way ;

But now when Rome crowning the Parthian's prayer

Bleeds by her own right hand and dies in her despair !

The wild beast wars not with his kind :—
What drags you on, infatuate and blind ?
Romans, reply ! Is it relentless Fate ?
Is it the fury of intestine hate ?
Is it your guilt ?—A pallor as of death
O'erspreads your lips. That half-suspended breath,
The silent witness of self-conscious sin,
Tells, though it speaks not, of the shame within.
'Tis this ; your guilt ! Romulus his brother slew—
Vengeance and Doom since then his race pursue :
Still unatoned the rankling taint survives,
And in the Nation's heart the maddening poison lives.

EPODE IX.

Quando repostum.

I.

THRICE blest Mæcenas! When shall we
Beneath thy banquet hall's majestic span,
Elate with Cæsar's victory,¹
Quaff as before thy hoarded Cæcuban
If Jove so wills, while Doric lyres around
With Phrygian flutes in harmony resound?

2.

So feasted we when Neptune's boasted son,²
Driven o'er Sicilian waves
Inglorious and undone,
Fled from his burning galleys,—he
Who swore to bind a people free
With fetters torn from liberated slaves.

¹ The battle of Actium, U.C. 723.

² Sextus Pompeius, defeated on the Sicilian coast U.C. 718.

3.

Alas ! did Roman soldiers dare
 (Believe it not, Posterity !)
 The shield, the sword, the stake, to bear
 A woman serfs? To bend the knee
 To wrinkled Eunuchs? Did the Sun,
 The glorious Sun, look down and see
 'Mid flags from foemen won
 A woman's netted canopy ?

4.

Two thousand warriors,¹ foes till now,
 Their Gallic horses wheeled
 Indignant o'er the field
 Shouting for Cæsar. Far away
 Egypt's² base navy turned each haughty prow,
 Fled to the friendly port and hidden lay.

¹ The Galatian horse, led by their king, deserted to Cæsar.

² The Egyptian ships, sixty in number, fled from Actium. Some are supposed to have taken refuge in a small harbour in the Ambracian gulf. Cleopatra, followed by Antony, fled to Egypt. (See Ode XXXVII, Book I.)

5.

Haste, Triumph! with thy golden car
And virgin kine! Not from Jugurtha's war
Broughtest thou home so proud a conqueror
As Cæsar now: not Scipio, him, to whom
Carthage in ruins gave a monumental tomb.

6.

Vanquisht by sea and land, the foe
Flings down the purple, dons the garb of wee:
Perchance, 'gainst adverse gales
T'ward hundred-cited Crete he spread his sails:
Perchance he seeks the Afric shore
Where seething Syrtes whirl and roar
Tortured by Notus: haply, tempest-tost,
He drifts o'er seas unknown, a wanderer blind and
lost.

7.

Slave! fill large beakers o'er and o'er
With Chian and with Lesbian wine;

Or bring a can

Of mighty Cæcuban!

We feared for Cæsar: now we fear no more:

Drown doubt and care in Liber's gift Divine!

EPODE XIII.

The Centaur, Cheiron, instructor and guardian of Achilles, informs him of the fate that awaits him before Ilium, and exhorts him to lead a happy life while yet he may.

Horrida tempestas.

I.

THROUGH narrowed skies the tempest rages loud :

A vault low-hung and roofed with cloud
Bursts forth in rain and snow. The woods, the sea,
Echo the storm from Thracian Rhodopè.

2.

Snatch we, my friends, the fitting moment—now—
While strong our knees make smooth the wrinkled brow ;
Bring forth the wine of ancient date
Pressed in Torquatus' consulate :
Of toil and danger speak no more :
Some God may yet our shattered state restore !
Perfume your hair with Achæmenian balm,
And bid Cyllenè's lyre your troubled spirits calm.

3.

'Twas thus the noble Centaur sung :
“ Unconquered youth from Thetis sprung,
Thyself a mortal ! The Dardanian land,
And cool Scamander rippling through the sand,
And gliding Simois, call thee to their side :
Nor shall thy mother o'er her azure tide
Lead thee in triumph to thy Phthian home :
Such the weird Fate's inexorable doom.
Grieve not, my son, in song and wassail find
A soothing converse and a solace kind.”

EPODE XV.

Nox erat.

1.

'Twas night : the rounded Moon
In skies unclouded dimmed each waning star,
 Whilst thou my neck embracing
With flexile arms like ivy interlacing,
 Mocking th' Immortal Gods, didst swear
The oath I taught thee first. Perjured too soon !
This was thy vow, " Long as the wolf shall prey
On timid sheep : long as Orion's ray
With baleful gleam shall toss the wintry tide :
 Long as the wanton air
Shall lift the tresses of Apollo's hair :—
Our mutual love unshaken shall abide."

2.

False oaths, Neæra, oft renewed !
 Thou too shalt grieve. If e'er

One spark of manly fortitude
In Flaccus dwell, he will not bear
Thy love with one more dear to share,
But in some maiden kind and true
Find all he won, and lost, in you.
Hearts once betrayed can love no more.
They hate the traitor grace they prized before.

3.

Thou, happier youth, who, fondly vain,
Boastest my loss, thy gain ;
Though herds were thine, and flocks, and lands,
And all Pactolus' golden sands,
The wisdom of Pythagoras,
Features that Nireus self surpass,—
Fickle and false to some new love she'll turn,
And I will laugh, and thou shalt mourn.

EPODE XVI.

This impassioned lament was written after the fatal battle of Pharsalia and the destruction of the Roman Republic. Though little known, it remains a record of that patriotic ardour which belonged to Horace. He foretells the desolation of Rome, and recommends that the manly spirit, the *pars indocili melior grege*, should follow the example of the Phocæans and abandon Rome. The description of the Fortunate Islands, celebrated by Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar, is full of glowing imagery, and is written with a poetical finish never surpassed, if ever equalled, in Horace's later Odes.

Altera jam teritur.

ANOTHER age ground down by civil strife!
Rome by her children impious and accurst,
 Down trampled out of life!
Great Rome, our Rome, our mother,—she that erst
Rolled back the Marsian ; scattered the array
Of old Etruria's monarch, Porsena ;
Humbled the pride of Capua ; braved the sword
Of Spartacus ; the blue-eyed German horde ;
 The craft and fury of the Gaul ;
And him abhorred by mothers, Hannibal.

Amid her streets,—her temples nigh,—
The mountain wolf shall unmolested lie ;
O'er her cold ashes the Barbarian ride ;
 The war-horse spurn the tomb
Of Romulus, and from earth's sacred womb
Scatter the dust which storms and suns defied.

How meet this ruin ? Swear as swore
The doomed Phocæan race of yore,
To leave their fields, their loved abodes,
The altars of their household Gods,
To tempt new seas, and stretch their sail
Full-blown before the driving gale :
Be yours, submissive still to Fate,
Like them self-sentenced, yet elate,
Fearless o'er Ocean's trackless waste to fly
 To lands unshamed, and liberty.

Romans ! Is this your will ? Then from the shore
Launch forth your ships : the Gods approve : obey
 Yon bird of Fate that points the way :—
But first make oath : swear to return no more !

Sooner shall rocks rise from their ocean grave
And float upheaved upon the wave ;
Sooner shall Padus lave
Matinus' summit crowned with pine ;
Sooner shall cloud-capped Apennine
Rush to the Tyrrhene sea : tigers unite
With hinds, the ringdove with the kite,—
Than we return. Such, Romans, be your oath !
Let cowards press their beds of sloth ;—
Forth, manly spirits, womanish tears disdain ;
Forsake th' Etruscan shores, and dare the boundless
main !

Hence self-devoted go
Ye who love honour best :—
Visions of glory rush upon mine eyes :
Prophetic voices rise :—
See, see before us distant glow
Thro' the thin dawn-mists of the West
Rich sunlit plains and hill tops gemmed with snow,
The Islands of the Blest !

There the grey olive, year by year,
Yields its unfailing fruitage ; there the vine
Ripens, unpruned, its clusters into wine ;
There figs, ungrafted, their russet harvest grow,
And fields unploughed their wealth on man bestow ;
 There from the caverned ilex sere
 Wells the wild honey trickling slow ;
 There herds and flocks unbidden bring
 At eve their milky offering ;
 There from the crag's embattled steep
 The laughing waters leap.
No wolf around the sheepfold striding
With nightly howl the sleeping lamb affrights ;
 No venom'd snakes obscurely gliding
Sway the tall herbage ; no destroying blights.
Nor storm, nor flood, nor scorching suns, despoil,
Such is the will of Jove, the teeming soil.

 Blest summer shores, untrod
By Jason or the Colchian sorceress,
By Tyrian rover, or the wearied crew
Of sage Ulysses in their dire distress !

Merciful gift of a relenting God,
Home of the homeless, preordained for you !
 Last vestige of the age of gold,
 Last refuge of the good and bold,
From stars malign, from plague and tempest free,
Far mid the Western waves a secret Sanctuary !

NOTES.



NOTES.

BOOK I., ODE II.

Notes to "Jam satis."

(1.) According to the Roman legend, Ilia, or Rea Silvia, was slain by Amulius. Her ashes were cast into the Tiber. Hence she was called his bride. The Julian family claimed through her a royal descent from the Trojan Iulus. Horace, in the earlier part of this Ode, prepares the way for the introduction of Augustus in its concluding lines as the successor and avenger of his uncle Julius by suggesting that the disastrous inundations caused by the overflow of the Tiber, which actually followed Caesar's violent death, were won from the River-God by the prayers of Ilia grieving for the murder of her illustrious descendant. The poet, *more suo*, gives greater dignity to the inundations by associating them with the portents of Deucalion's flood, whose proportions loomed large in the mists of legendary antiquity. "Jove non probante"—because of the destruction of the temple of Vesta and of the adjoining ruins of the palace of Numa.

(2.) Phœbus, the Sun-God, is besought to veil his radiance before he descends to earth.

(3.) "Lætus . . . Intersis." "Lætus" implies the quiet joy of peace rather than the exultation of warlike triumph. "Intersis" is rightly applicable to civil administration and friendly intercourse with the people. Horace in almost all his political and ethical Odes, in which he is really in earnest, urges the necessity for social reform and a pacific government. There can be no doubt that he pressed the same counsels in his private intercourse with Augustus and Mæcenas. It is not impossible that the

consolidation of the Empire under Augustus may have been in some degree due to the influence of the Poet.

(4.) Among the Romans patriotism was esteemed the sublimest virtue, and the highest dignity was the title "Pater Patriæ." Rome in her religion, history, and social life, recognized the sacred importance of the paternal tie until the period of her corruption and decadence: it could not long coexist with domestic slavery, barbarian auxiliaries, a selfish sensuality unrestrained by law, religion, or public opinion, and avarice not only sanctioned but encouraged by the voice of the Nation.

This Ode has been frequently censured for its obscurity. Let us see whether that charge be just.

I have remarked elsewhere that a thread of fixed design, not always discoverable at first sight, runs through all Horace's important Odes. It is true that his transitions are frequently abrupt, his allusions but slightly indicated, and due proportion between the several parts of the poem not always observed. These defects produce an apparent obscurity to a modern reader; but if the clue of general design be carefully followed that obscurity will for the most part disappear. Horace's mind saw far and ran fast. The second Ode of the first book will doubtless appear confused, incongruous, and obscure to many a modern reader. Romans experienced no such difficulty. The remotest legends were to them a real history. Miracles appeared to them natural, not supernatural. They believed the fates of nations and individuals to be controlled by the loves, the hatreds, and even the caprices of Deities whose real existence and personal action they did not dare to doubt. Their Heroes became Demigods, and were supposed occasionally even to sojourn on for some time on earth after having obtained a place in Heaven. In like manner a God might, without forfeiting his Divine personality, become incorporated with man, as in this Ode Hermes is invited to share in the spiritual essence of Cæsar. The Romans discerned in the Tiber-flood Divine vengeance for the murder of Julius. In Ilia they recognized the descendant of young Iulus, the link which connected Rome with Ilion and the immortal Gods. She was the mother of Romulus, and the ancestress of Augustus, and Romans would be the more willing to accept the new Cæsar as the successor of his uncle

Julius and the founder of a stable and peaceful empire when they were reminded that the Julian race were the representatives of Ilia and Romulus. A careful study of this Ode, which is essentially political, will show that Horace had a fixed and important purpose, which he carried out with consummate poetic art, and that he knew the nature of his own countrymen.

From the murder of Julius Cæsar to the Egyptian campaign the condition of Rome had, year by year, become more intolerable. It was a melancholy exhibition of the wreck of a great Nation's character, power, and prosperity. Rome was torn to pieces by her own children, "suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit." Liberty had ceased to exist, while every brawling orator and every bloody partizan announced himself as the magician by whose wand her dead ashes would be relumed. The warning voice "Quo, quo, scelesti ruitis," that cry of fierce lamentation, had been uttered by Horace in vain. The social demoralization was frightful. The blood-thirst of intestinal discord ingrafted on the rank licentiousness of manners and letters imported from Greece had thoroughly debased the Nation's heart. All the worst passions seemed to have broken loose as during some great pestilence. Horace, who had faithfully served the Republican party until the defeat of Philippi and the death of Brutus rendered the struggle hopeless, had long seen that the country could only be saved by placing the supreme power in the hands of Augustus, and compelling him to inaugurate a government of Reform and Repose. He was now about to return a conqueror, and Horace composed this Ode with the intention of enhancing the glory and establishing the power of the new Cæsar. He appeals to the love the Romans bore to Julius. He records the punishment for his death inflicted by Tiber at the instance of Ilia, the ancestress of the royal race represented by Augustus. In language of power and beauty, which no lyric poet has ever surpassed, he invokes severally the Gods, protectors of Rome, to descend and restore the shattered State. In the concluding stanzas he implores Hermes, the messenger of peace, the tutelary god of the Ephebi or young Roman athletes, to unite himself with young Augustus, to become part of his essence, and to join with him in correcting the abuses and developing the resources of the Empire.

Such an appeal if made by an inferior artist, or addressed to any people but the Romans, would have appeared absurd; but to Roman minds there was no extravagance in the idea of a God incorporating himself with what was godlike on earth. It was but the homage of Heaven to a human virtue already deemed Divine. With what consummate art does Horace refrain from bestowing any adulatory epithets on Augustus. He only calls him "Juvenis." It is to Mercury, not to him, that he gives the title of "Cæsaris ultor"; but it is to Mercury after, "mutata figura," he has incorporated himself with Cæsar. It is only in the very last line of the poem that, with an abruptness showing his dramatic as well as his lyrical skill, he suddenly addresses Augustus as Cæsar—"te duce, Cæsar."

The allusion to him as Cæsar's heir is not in the original, but it is said to be historically true, and is so entirely in accordance with Horace's manner, and with the scope and object of the Ode, that I have taken the liberty of following the example of that accomplished and graceful translator Lord Ravensworth, and introducing it into this version.

BOOK I., ODE VI.

Note to "Scriberis Vario."

M. Vipsanius Agrippa was perhaps the man most honoured, and most deservedly honoured, during the Augustan era. He was equally distinguished as a naval and as a military chief. He commanded the Roman galleys at the decisive battle off the coast of Sicily, in which the 350 piratical and slave-manned ships of Sextus Pompeius (the Son of Neptune!) were annihilated. He also commanded the fleet of Augustus at Actium (see Ep. ix., and Bk. i., Ode xxxvii.). Victorious in Spain and Germany, he twice refused a triumph. He built many noble public edifices in Rome, amongst others the Pantheon; supplied the city with water from magnificent aqueducts, and died at the early age of fifty-one years without having experienced a reverse or made an enemy.

Lucius Varius was eminent as an epic, historical, and dramatic poet. He was seventeen years older than Horace. Only a few fragments of his

works remain, but many of his lines have been adopted or imitated by Virgil. His tragedy of Thyestes, alluded to by Horace in this Ode, is affirmed by Quintillian to be equal to any of the Greek plays.

BOOK I., ODE X.

Note to "Mercuri facunde."

It is believed that this Ode, which is essentially Hellenic, was translated by Horace from Alcæus. Lord Lytton, with that true appreciation which distinguishes so much of his criticism, remarks, "No Deity can be more exclusively Greek in his combination of open joyousness and mystic power." The character of the Greek Hermes, which differs in many particulars from that of the Roman Mercury, is delineated in this Ode with great succinctness by facts, not epithets. It is conceived with extraordinary delicacy. The dignity of the most loveable of all the Gods is not impaired by his vigorous sense of humour. He is as genial in his tenderness as in his joyousness. He is described as the messenger of Jove, trusted with the great mission of instructing and refining the uncouth newly-created race of men by infusing the elements of civilization. This he does by teaching much which is calculated to soften and exalt its character. He imparts music, eloquence, and perhaps, as some interpret "voce," the power of language. He institutes the exercises of the Palaestra, understood by the Greeks and celebrated by Homer and Pindar as the source of noble ambition, honourable rivalry, and self-sacrificing endurance. He is the originator of instrumental music. The echoes of Ocean harmonies lingering for ever in the shell gave him the idea of the Lyre. He guided old Priam on a mission of love and religious duty, reverencing age, pitying sorrow, and respecting the paternal tie. He conducts the dead to their future abodes, and is invested with the solemn function of separating the good from the bad, and leading them to the "sedes discretas piorum," a function which he exercises with inexorable justice. He is the most beloved of all the Gods because he is the most affectionate and sympathetic. The Human and Divine are wonderfully blended in him. He is the intermediary

between Gods and men. He is the father of Pan or Faunus, the God of Nature. He presides over the lesser Deities most closely united with mankind. He takes part in all that concerns human interests, arts, enjoyments, and pursuits, and his interference is always beneficent. He is the patron of literary men, "Mercurialium virorum." Even by his youthful frolics this "tricksy Ariel" incurred no loss of respect; perhaps he was more popular because more human. He pretends to steal the cattle of a brother God, and when found out by Apollo runs away with his quiver, laughing. Apollo laughs too with the inextinguishable laughter of a God. It is a comedy worthy of Aristophanes. The Greek Hermes was a kindly Deity with a strong sense of humour.

BOOK I., ODE XII.

Note to "Quem virum."

In this fine Ode, which differs from the series of Odes in the beginning of the third book by being of a religious and historical rather than of an ethical character, Horace invites Clio, the Muse of history and daughter of Jove, to celebrate those to whom the reverence of Romans was specially due; first, Jupiter and the Gods his immediate descendants; secondly, the warriors and statesmen whose merits had raised them to the skies as Heroes, or Demigods; thirdly, those great Romans who by their virtue and prowess had deserved, but had not yet received that promotion. This classification is literally copied from the second Olympic of Pindar.

It is not easy to understand why Horace in his list of Gods did not include Mars, whom in Book i., Ode ii., he specially addresses as "auctor," founder of Rome; or Mercury, whom in the same Ode he selects to be the incorporated associate of Cæsar; or Venus, mother of Æneas, and protectress of Troy and Rome. The worthies selected by Horace for distinction in the second and third classes are for the most part those most famous for their services to mankind, and for self-sacrifice, the only true criterion of real greatness. Others are warriors who fought for their country at her utmost need.

The labours of Hercules were works of philanthropy, and the advocates for sanitary reform will smile to see that one of his principal tasks was the cleansing of the Augean stables. In his cradle he strangled two serpents. He slew a boar that devastated the country. He waged war on giants, monsters, and robbers. The record of his toils is probably founded on truth.

The Dioscuri, so frequently adverted to by Horace, but nowhere so beautifully as in this Ode, were the ever-watchful guardians of the merchant and mariner. Their love, half human, half divine, controlled the malignity even of Nature herself.

Romulus founded Rome, extended her dominions by conquest, and promulgated many of her institutions and fundamental laws. Numa inaugurated a reign of peace, religion, and wise government. Tarquin, though a bad man, was a great king. Cato lived a patriot, and died by his own hand rather than survive liberty. Regulus with calm fortitude embraced torture and death rather than sacrifice his plighted word and his country's honour. Paullus Emilius, conquered and wounded at Cannæ, rejected the means of escape presented to him by a young friend, and rushed upon the Carthaginian swords. It is a mistake to consider such acts of heroic devotion useless and blameworthy. They create a spirit of heroism in an army and in a country, and even in defeat lay the foundations of future victory. Camillus, when over eighty years old, saved Rome from Brennus and the Gauls. Curius Dentelus was as much distinguished for his simple frugality as for his valour. Fabricius, sent as ambassador to Pyrrhus, rejected with disdain a mighty bribe offered by that king. All these great men were summoned from a life of patient frugality, and some from an undeserved exile, to the rescue of Rome. Marcellus, too young to have achieved much, gave a brilliant promise for the future, frustrated by his early death ; but the men of Rome remembered that the "young sapling" was the descendant of that Marcus Claudius Marcellus who covered himself with glory in two campaigns against Hannibal.

We find in this Ode the distinct assertion of a dogma constantly though obscurely inculcated in the Pagan Mythology. Jove himself is here admonished, that though holding the first place among the Olympian Gods,

he is yet subordinate to a power higher than himself, *Destiny*, who has committed to his hands the fortunes of Cæsar.

The Gods of Greece and Rome were supposed to be material beings endowed with supernatural powers in different degrees. They were not exempt from the passions and vices of men,—love, rage, falsehood, jealousy, cruelty, fear, and sensuality. Though immortal they were susceptible of pain. Venus wept when wounded. Jove himself trembled when the Titans scaled the walls of Heaven. Such were the notions of men who, before revealed religion, yearning after the Unknown, sought to find in visible Nature the idea of a God. But above and behind the Gods men saw, or felt to exist, a higher and mysterious Deity, inscrutable, omnipotent, inexorably just, having no sympathy with men or Gods, and immeasurably superior to both; an Unknown God, worshipped in fear and ignorance; an unembodied relentless WILL. This Power was *Destiny*, *Necessitas*. Her handmaids were the Fates. There is something of awful mystery in the idea here put forward by Horace, that while the Father of the Gods holds in his hands the fortunes of Cæsar and of the world, he possesses that authority by delegation from an unseen Power higher than himself. His regality is but a trust. He is himself the slave of a Supreme and Unknown Divinity.

In many an Ode Horace has told Mæcenas and Augustus that Power is a Trust. In this Ode he fearlessly tells the same to Jove himself. A Poet's daring has never been carried further.

It has been charged against Horace that by his attachment to Augustus he has been false to his old love of liberty. This judgment is founded on a one-sided appreciation of him both as a politician and as an ethical teacher. It is disproved by his whole life and all he wrote. He had early proclaimed with freedom and pathos in his grand sixteenth Epode, "Altera jam teritur," his grief for the extinction of the ancient Republic. But when Brutus died at Philippi the old republican spirit died with him, and the "Patriot" cause fell into the hands of buccaneers such as Sextus Pompeius, and factious self-seeking men who would fain enslave their fellow-men in the name of liberty, and who sought to substitute a system of peculation and proscription for a rule of law and conscience. "Inter arma silent leges." A

succession of sanguinary civil wars had desolated and corrupted Rome. In a state of insecurity men live but for the hour, and having no hope for the future, draw no lesson from the past. The moral condition of Rome was hopelessly debased. Religious belief ceased to exist. Luxury and reckless profusion brought as usual in their train profligacy, cruelty, and avarice. When public virtue and private conscience are alike dead, a strong hand must seize the helm or the nation must perish.

An Empire inevitably followed an anarchy; and Horace thought he saw in an Empire a guarantee for order. During his whole life he never ceased to remind Cæsar and Mæcenas that peace and the moral law must be re-established, and that the Imperial Power was bound to build up liberty on the basis of order. Rome must not be what under Antony it would have been, an Oriental Empire of force and gold, luxury and pauperism, but a Western Empire of justice, industry, and peace.

BOOK I., ODE XVII.

Note to "Velox amœnum."

In the whole series of Horace's Odes there is hardly one that has the perfect finish of the invitation to Tyndaris. The concluding stanza is a curious illustration of the rude manners of the Romans at their convivial feasts. Tyndaris was evidently a well-educated Roman lady, not one of the Greek Hetairas, and yet she has to fear the drunken rage of jealous Cyrus for her innocent robe and clinging garland. See also "Natis in usum," Book i., Ode xxvii.

BOOK I., ODE XXVIII.

Note to "Archytas."

The late Lord Lytton, in a note prefixed to his translation of, 'Archytas,' has discussed with great clearness and ability the various explanations of commentators upon this obscure Ode. Some conceive the poem to be dia-

logue, the speakers being, according to one hypothesis, a wandering "voyager" landing on the Matinian coast, and the ghost of Archytas; or, according to another hypothesis, the ghost of Archytas and that of some shipwrecked and unburied man, not the voyager, or "nauta," as he is called by Horace. Neither of these interpretations appears consistent with the manner of Horace, or with internal evidence.

When Horace intends a poem to be a Dialogue he frames it so that his intention cannot be mistaken, as in "Donec gratus eram tibi."

When he brings in passages or expressions supposed to be spoken by a new interlocutor, he introduces them with words which clearly designate a change of person. In "laudabunt alii clarum Rhodon" (1, 37), the speech of Teucer is preceded by "sic affatus." In "Cælo tonantem" (3, 5) the speech supposed to be spoken by Regulus is introduced by "dixit"; and in "Justum et tenacem" (3, 3) that of Juno by the words "elocuta consiliantibus Junone Divis." Where a sudden transition from one person to another occurs, as it so frequently does in the Satires and Epistles, the change is marked by an unmistakable alteration of matter and form always harmonizing with the character of the speaker. Horace never leaves in doubt the frame of his poem or the individuality of each interlocutor.

It is remarkable that the supporters of the Dialogue theory have never been able to agree as to the persons of the speakers, or as to where the address of each begins or ends. Most of them are of opinion that the reply of Archytas commences with the line "me quoque devexi"; but the word "quoque," and its position, strongly indicate a continuity with the preceding lines unbroken by any change of person. The reason of this uncertainty is because the poem contains no internal evidence of such a change; and the whole tenour of the earlier part of the Ode is inconsistent with the character of a sailor, living or dead.

Another theory has been advanced, that the poem is a Dialogue, not between Archytas and the living sailor, but between the latter and another who is supposed to be drowned and unburied. This, however, is so unsupported by probability or evidence that it is hardly needful to discuss it.

If, then, we should arrive at the conclusion that the poem is not a Dialogue, but is spoken by one individual, the question remains, who is that individual?

Four theories have been suggested. Some critics have thought that the whole Ode is spoken by Horace in his own character apostrophizing the dead Archytas, and concluding with an exhortation to some passing sailor to throw a handful of dust over his bones. This idea might to a certain extent harmonize with the earlier part of the Ode, but how is it to be reconciled with the lines—

“Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis”?

or with the whole tenour of the concluding part, and the vehement and impassioned imprecation at the end exhibiting a personal sense of wrong almost amounting to ferocity? Ingenious favourers of this interpretation have suggested that in the lines “me quoque” Horace alluded to his adventure recorded in Book iii., Ode iv.—

“Non me extinxit . . .
. . . Siculo Palinurus unda.”

They forget that Palinurus is at the opposite side of Italy from Matinus; that the Illyrian waves do not flow in the Sicilian sea, and that a live man (non extinctus) would hardly have described himself as “obrutus undis.”

Another theory, which is the one adopted by Lord Lytton after much consideration, assigns the *whole* address to the ghost of some shipwrecked and unburied man who moralizes over the fate of Archytas, and the certainty of death, till, seeing a living sailor approach, he asks for burial, not for Archytas, but for himself.

An interpretation adopted by Lord Lytton, and, as he tells us, favoured by Maclean, stands upon very high authority and deserves serious consideration; but I do not feel convinced of its soundness. Horace places two characters palpably upon the scene, the dead Archytas, and the living sailor (nauta). Are we at liberty to get rid of the personality of Archytas and of the living sailor, and to substitute the supposed ghost of a sailor not mentioned in the Ode? How can we suppose that Horace, during more than

half a long Ode, should continue to place moral reflections, recondite historical references, and allusions to the abstrusest doctrines of the Pythagorean school into the mouth of an unknown sailor,—reflections wholly unsuited to such a character, though strictly accordant with that of Archytas, an eminent scholar, and a leader and teacher of the Pythagorean school? With what dramatic propriety can we imagine the shade of an unburied common seaman, smarting under the sense of injury so energetically expressed in the concluding stanzas, addressing a long consolatory harangue to Archytas (who, according to Lord Lytton's theory, was already comfortably buried), and reminding him that Tantalus, Tithonus, Minos, Euphorbus, and Pythagoras had died before him, and only referring to his own misfortune in two short lines, after twenty lines of historical and philosophical consolation addressed to Archytas? There may be some propriety, though somewhat forced, in supposing such reflections to proceed from the unburied philosopher, but none in placing them in the mouth of an unburied sailor.

Another supposition, supported by high authority, is indeed distinguished by vivid poetical imagination; but though worthy of careful consideration, it will hardly appear consistent with internal evidence or with the manner and simplicity of Horace. This interpretation supposes the poem to be a monologue spoken, not by Archytas, or Horace in his own character, or by the ghost of a drowned man, but by a living sailor accidentally landed on the coast. The earlier part of the Ode, down to "me quoque," is supposed to be addressed by this sailor in his own person to Archytas, pitying and consoling him; the concluding part to be spoken by the same sailor, but *in the character of Archytas*, in language which is conceived to be such as Archytas would have used if addressing a bystander. I have already remarked upon the improbability of Horace's making a change of interlocutors without giving some notice directly or indirectly; but it is even more unlikely that he would fail to give such intimation if the whole speech was supposed to be delivered by one person in two different characters. I do not think that Horace was ever obscure to a Roman audience.

The interpretation seems forced and unnatural; but I feel bound to speak with diffidence when I decline to accept a theory so imaginative and

ingenious. The stanza in which the speaker, leaving the language of supplication, bursts into denunciations and fierce threats of vengeance, is such as might be supposed to have been spoken by Archytas himself, but is hardly such as the person against whom that denunciation is directed would have put into his mouth. The theory practically supposes a Dialogue.

The last hypothesis which we have to consider is the one adopted in this translation, that the poem is a Monologue spoken from beginning to end by the Spirit of Archytas; and this theory, though not without difficulties, perhaps "*minimis urgetur*." It is more simple, more consistent in its several parts, and more in harmony with Horace's style, than any of the preceding. Lord Lytton, in one of the very few instances in which his fine critical judgment seems at fault, remarks as follows: "That it is not Archytas himself who speaks, whether in Dialogue or Monologue, is, I think, made perfectly apparent, by the second and third verses,

‘ *Mensorem cohibent*, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera,’

which I agree with Maclean in considering clearly to intimate that the body of Archytas has already received what he is supposed so earnestly to pray for."

The lines quoted seem to point to an entirely contrary conclusion, and rather to intimate that the bones of the shipwrecked philosopher lie neglected on the shore, half covered, and barely held together (*cohibent*) by the scanty wash of the Adrian sand (*pulveris exigui . . . parva munera*), or perhaps by the insufficient sand-throwings of previous visitors, though this latter interpretation is not so good.

The figure of speech by which the dead are supposed to speak from their graves is justified by innumerable precedents. It is to be found in monumental inscriptions, ancient and modern:—*Siste viator*:—tread lightly over my bones:—I was once such as you are now:—and a thousand such expressions. The numerous supporters of the "Dialogue theory" all concur in attributing to the Spirit of Archytas the utterances contained in

the latter part of this Ode. It is not more forced or unnatural to attribute to him the reflective soliloquy contained in the first part.

This interpretation develops one simple sequence of thought running through the varying moods of the dead philosopher's mind. Archytas at first laments his untimely fate, and complains that he, a man who has explored the seas and lands, and scaled the heights of science, should lie half-covered by the sand without the honours or religious rites of sepulture. Half the poem is a sort of spoken Epitaph. Later on he endeavours to console himself by moralizing in the genuine Horatian manner on the certainty of death. So he proceeds to the end of the fourth stanza, where a line occurs which seems to prove beyond a doubt that the words are spoken by Archytas himself, to himself—

“Judice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique.”

These words refer to the opinion concerning Pythagoras and his doctrine entertained by the person to whom they were addressed.

Amongst the heroes whose death Archytas records is Euphorbus, son of Panthous, a Trojan warrior who had fought against Patroclus, included in the list because, according to the Pythagorean legend, he had died twice, “*iterum Orco demissus.*” He was thus an instance “*a fortiori.*” His shield was preserved at Mycenæ in the temple of Juno, and a legend recorded that it had been recognized by Pythagoras as having been borne by himself in a former existence, thus confirming the Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis. Archytas was himself a well-known leader of that school, and, as Lord Lytton observes, “the son of Panthous (Euphorbus) *means Pythagoras.*”

This reference to Archytas as an eminent supporter of one of the most abstruse doctrines of the Pythagorean philosophy, “*judice te,*” and this allusion to the old Greek legend, cannot with propriety be attributed to a common sailor. To whom, then, can the words be assigned? The context, as we have seen, does not admit of the supposition that they were spoken by Horace in his own character: they can, therefore, only be

attributed to Archytas himself, unless we could suppose Horace devoid of all sense of dramatic fitness.

At this moment Archytas sees a passing sailor, and, with a sudden and most dramatic revulsion of thought, turns from his calm reflections on death, and beseeches him, by the promise of favouring gales and prosperous trade, to throw a few handfuls of dust over his bones. Then, with another rapid change most true to nature, with passionate energy he threatens him with future evils to himself and his posterity if he should dare to refuse this office of charity.

All nations, however savage, have recognized the duty of contributing to the sepulture of the dead. Huge mounds have been erected by stones thrown by casual passengers upon the sites of murders and unprovided deaths. To this custom may perhaps be attributed the origin of sepulchral monuments, perhaps even of the Pyramids.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, in his exquisitely beautiful Irish legend, "Conary," relates on historical authority that before the battle each soldier was obliged to lay a stone on a certain spot. When the fight was over the survivors picked up each a stone. The rest remained the record of the numbers slain, and the monument of the dead.

The primitive custom of building cairns by casual contributions still exists. It may be fairly presumed that some religious sanction originally accompanied the act, and that a prayer formed part of the sacred office.

Archytas, deprived of the rite of sepulture, was, according to the Pagan superstition, unable to pass the boundary that separated the dead from that land of eternal future, the existence of which was a dogma in the mythology of the Greeks, the philosophy of Plato, and the religion of Odin and Thor. Hence the vehemence with which Horace, the most dramatic of lyric poets, who touches every heart because he speaks from his own, makes Archytas denounce as a sin against religion and charity the refusal to pour a sand-libation, sacrificial and expiatory. This was a sacred obligation due from every passer-by.

This Ode has a peculiar merit which it shares with a few others, the grand Dithyrambic "Quo me Bacche," the 16th Epode, and others in a lesser degree. There is a wild enthusiasm in it—a supernatural

afflatus—an appeal to the terror of the reader as well as to his sense of poetic beauty. Hence that obscurity to a modern reader which a translator should do his best to remove without departing from the spirit of the original. He must never forget that in order to do justice to his author he must strive, according to the dictum of Dr. Johnson, to make the translation a poem in English ears as the original was in those of the Romans. He must, at any cost, do his best to make it clear, intelligible, transparent. No energy, however impassioned, no effort of the imagination however vivid and gorgeous, can attain to the beautiful and really sublime unless it possesses simplicity, perspicuity, and subjective truth.

It is in his finest Odes that Horace is most obscure to an English reader. The Hymn to Bacchus, “Quo me Bacche,” perhaps the grandest work he ever produced,—the 16th Epode, and “Archytas,” may be cited as examples. If in rendering such poems into English verse the translator were to allow himself to be prevented by pedantry or timidity from developing to the best of his ability the full meaning and latent beauty of the Latin poet, he would be guilty of a double wrong;—a wrong to his readers and to his original.

BOOK I., ODE XXXIV.

Note to “Parcus Deorum.”

Horace, in this remarkable Ode, records a celestial phenomenon which he accepts as a miraculous warning. Jove has launched his thunders through a cloudless sky.

In the school of Orbilius at Rome, and in what may be called the collegiate course at Athens, Horace had imbibed the philosophic doctrines of different and competing sects. He writes sometimes as a Stoic, more often as an Epicurean, and occasionally as a Pythagorean, varying according to his subject, and sometimes curiously blending different doctrines together. The celestial miracle which he so finely describes had, as he tells us, subdued his intellectual pride and forced him back into his early faith. He believed again in the existence of one supreme ruler governing through a

celestial hierarchy of inferior Deities representing the glorified embodiment partly of moral attributes, partly of the forms, forces, or occult agencies of Nature, and partly of men exalted to Heaven for their virtues or great deeds, executing on earth the behests of sovereign power, and sipping nectar at the feasts of Zeus. Horace returns to the faith of his fathers, and with his usual open-hearted manliness proclaims his renunciation of the "mad philosophy" in the paths of which he had strayed. In a few noble lines he describes the terror of the solid Earth, of the wandering rivers, of the mountains supposed to bound the habitable world, and of the dark abodes of the dead. He tells us in conclusion that the abasement of the proud and the lifting up of the humble constitute the highest manifestation of Divine Power; and this is the man who has been stigmatized as a reactionary sycophant!

BOOK II., ODE I.

Note to "Motum ex Metello."

Cneius Asinius Pollio was, with the exception of Augustus and Mæcenas, the most eminent of the Romans to whom Horace has addressed his Odes. Disgusted with the civil wars, in which he served with distinction at Pharsalia, and with Julius Cæsar in his Rubicon campaign, and having fought in Spain, Africa, and Dalmatia, he devoted himself to literary life, and became the intimate friend of Virgil, who addressed to him that noble poem, his fourth Eclogue. He was eloquent, wise, and incorruptible in the Senate; fearless and persuasive in the Forum. It is remarkable that in this Ode Horace enumerates his merits as a statesman and advocate before he speaks of his military fame.

The Poem is distinguished for its melancholy pathos, and exhibits Horace's abhorrence of the bloody feuds which desolated Rome. His description of the effect produced upon his mind by the perusal of Pollio's description of a battle in his history is wonderfully fine.

"Jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces

Terret equos equitumque voltus.
 Audire magnos jam videor duces
 Non indecoro pulvere sordidos."

The sudden transition in the last quatrain enhances the effect of the noble stanzas that precede it, and is truly Horatian. This Ode is supposed to have been written B.C. 29.

BOOK II., ODE XIII.

Note to "Ille et nefasto."

This is a remarkable Ode. It illustrates the author's personal character as well as that of his poetry. There is no doubt that Horace was acutely moved by the fall of a tree in his Sabine farm that nearly deprived him of life, and that his narrow escape evoked from him a strong sense of gratitude to the Divine Powers to whom he attributed his preservation. He alludes to the incident in four Odes. The open-hearted geniality of Horace's character always disposes him to share his troubles with his friends. The poem begins in a strain of tragi-comic exaggeration not unusual to Horace, which, however, soon gives way to more serious thought. The Poet's imagination kindles as he proceeds. He moralizes upon the futility of human hopes and fears, and the irresistible power of Destiny, and paints with vivid touches the judgment after death, the sufferings of the wicked, and the peaceful and secluded abode of the good. He again describes the ever-living power of Music and Poetry to soothe the agony of physical pain, and to make the miserable forget their sorrow. He has already told us that "the Poet dies not," and that Poetry, when good and true, shall outlast the monuments of fame; the spirit of Song shall outlive the Pyramids. He follows Alcæus and Sappho to Hades, and shows that the true poet's influence is all-powerful even there. I have lately seen it stated by a very shallow writer that Horace had no belief in a future state. What then is the meaning of "judicantem Æacum," and "sedes discretas piorum" in this Ode, and that noble line in Book iii., Ode ii., "Virtus recludens immoritis mori Cælum"?

BOOK II., ODE XVIII.

Note to "Non ebur."

Successive wars had placed in the hands of the Romans a large proportion of the land of Italy. Portions of this had been restored to their original possessors, but the larger part remained in the possession of the State as trustee for the whole community. Divisions of the conquered territory were made from time to time by commissions appointed by the Government, who made allotments to small proprietors in absolute freehold, which were conveyed to them with imposing religious ceremonies, and had their limits defined by consecrated landmarks. Other portions were temporarily assigned, principally to influential Senators and holders of public office, at a rent of one-tenth of the gross produce, and were resumable by the State at will. The remainder constituted the State Domain, and contributed largely to the national expenditure. The rich Patricians gradually absorbed the rented lands, encroached upon the State reserves, expelled by force or fraud the proprietors of small freeholds, and ceased to pay the stipulated rents. These usurpations, by which the poorer occupiers were driven to penury and despair, and the national treasury was impoverished, constituted a principal source of those intestinal struggles which so long distracted Rome, and which Horace in this fine Ode so fiercely denounces—

“ Quid, quod usque proximos
 Revellis agri terminos et ultra
 Limites clientium
 Salis avarus ? ”

The agrarian law, as first introduced by Tiberius Gracchus, was a just and moderate attempt to redress and restrain the infringement of rights *founded on Law*, and confirmed by the most solemn sanctions of Religion. It did not, as generally supposed, affect the legitimate possessors of property. It had for its object the equitable redistribution of lands which were legally the property of the State, and the restitution of those freehold tenements which had been clutched in defiance of Law; and it even proposed to give compensation to the illegal intruders.

This law was vehemently opposed by a powerful, reckless, and unscrupulous body. Violence beget violence; and the Gracchi were forced by the surging multitude behind into less temperate demands, and finally into sedition and bloodshed, in which they perished. Then arose that WAR BETWEEN RICH AND POOR which for a hundred years divided Rome into two hostile camps, gave birth successively to the blood-stained tyrannies of Marius, Cinna, Sylla, Pompey, and Julius Cæsar, and finally led to the extinction of the Empire through the creeping paralysis of an enervated people and a polluted despotism. (See Niebuhr, Wacksmuth, Plutarch, etc.)

In this Ode Horace, not content with denouncing the luxury of the rich, pleads the cause of the plundered poor, and seems to repeat the words of the Psalmist, "The Lord is high, and looketh upon the humble, and the lofty he knoweth afar off." In language full of power and pathos, because simple and unadorned, he draws a picture of a poor man expelled by his usurping neighbour from a home which belonged by law to the man deprived of it; the client betrayed by his false and powerful patron. He pleads for justice as well as for charity, and though a court favourite exposes the tyranny of the rich.

What a subject for a great artist! The palace—the ruined cottage—the Patrician overleaping the sacred land-marks established by Law—the father departing he knows not where, his household deities clasped to his breast—his wife following him leading her little children. What a picture, speaking to heart and conscience! And with what honest scorn does Horace ask, "What hall awaits the oppressor of the poor?" and answer, "The common mansion of the dead!"

BOOK II., ODE XX.

Note to "Non usitata."

Critics differ as to the interpretation of "Quem vocas dilecte Mæcenas," line 6. Some, amongst whom are Ritter, Conington, and the first Lord Lytton, would separate "dilecte" from "Mæcenas," and connect it with "vocas," as if the translation should be "Whom thou, Mæcenas, callest

‘Beloved.’” The greater number, including Doering, Maclean, Orelli, and Gessner, connect “Dilecte” immediately with “Mæcenas,” as “Care Mæcenas,” Book i., Ode xx., and “Beate Mæcenas,” Epode ix. ; but they understood “vocas” as denoting a mere social invitation, an interpretation which I cannot feel satisfactory. May not the meaning be supplied by the poet himself? The Ode to Mæcenas (Book i., Ode i.) concludes thus—

“Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice,”

which seems to infer a request that Mæcenas, the prime minister, and himself a man of literary fame, should recognize the claims of Horace by *calling him up* to the ranks of the lyric poets, who are further alluded to as an acknowledged order or guild in the exquisite Ode to Melpomene (Book iv., Ode iii.)—

“Romæ principis Urbium
Dignatur soboles inter *amabiles*
Vatum me ponere *choros*
Et jam *dente* minus mordeor *invido*.”

The same idea seems to pervade these three Odes. They explain each other. Horace, called up by Mæcenas to “*amabiles vatum choros*,” is elevated above the reach of *Envy*, and takes his daring flight “*per liquidum æthera*,” “*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*.”

BOOK III., ODE I.

Note to “Odi profanum.”

This Ode is supposed to have been composed about B.C. 25. It is the first of that noble series of ethical poems which form the commencement of the third book. Horace writes as if he feels the importance of his task. He begins with a solemn exordium like that employed by the Priests in the celebration of Divine rites, and asserts his authority to speak as “*Musarum sacerdos*,” as in the Ode to Calliope (Ode iv. of the same book) he says, “*Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos Tollor Sabinos*.” He next proclaims

the supreme authority of Sovran Jove over kings and nations, thus inculcating the great principle that all the moral duties which he is about to enforce have their origin in obedience to the Divine will. The remainder of the poem is devoted to the denunciation of the luxury and avarice of the rich.

There is a sustained dignity in this and the succeeding moral and heroic Odes which contrasts admirably with the tenderness and pathos with which the poet describes the peaceful life of the contented poor.

BOOK III., ODE II.

Note to "Angustam amici."

This, the second of the ethical series in the third book, contains stringent exhortations respecting the military education of the Roman youth. The picture of the wife and daughter looking out from the beleaguered walls, and beseeching the husband of the one and the father of the other to avoid the irresistible onset of the young Roman warrior, is finely drawn.

Some critics assert that the lines towards the end of the Ode, "Est et fidei tuta silentio," etc., refer only to the breaking of faith generally, and say that the mysteries of Ceres were only attended by women. This is hardly to be reconciled with the lines that follow, which specially refer to the secrets of Ceres, and anathematize the *man* who shall betray them—

"Vetabo, *qui* Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcane."

The mysteries of Ceres were imported to Rome from Greece, and if we believe Horace, and we see no reason for doubting his accuracy in a matter in which, if wrong, he could be so easily detected, they were attended, in Rome at least, by men.

BOOK III., ODE III.

Note to "Justum et tenacem."

When Lord Byron stopped short after having translated the first two quatrains of the Apotheosis of Romulus he probably thought that the

remainder of the Ode was unworthy of the exordium, and had little connection with it. Many persons have been of this opinion, even that able critic, Mr. Maclean. They have failed to comprehend the conception of the poem as a whole. Juno had been the great enemy of the Trojan race, of which the Founder of Rome was the representative. She puts aside that enmity, and admits Romulus to a seat amongst the Gods, and Rome to her friendship, but on one condition, that the Roman race should remain faithful to those virtues in which the Trojan had been found wanting, those virtues in which a State finds a solid foundation, and which are celebrated in the exordium to this Ode. Horace, by the mouth of Juno, tells his fellow-countrymen that Rome is solemnly bound by a compact made in Heaven, the seal of which was that they should never seek to annul the sentence of perpetual desolation pronounced against Troy. The project of rebuilding Troy, or of erecting a new capital in the East, was undoubtedly entertained by Julius Cæsar, and revived during the reign of Augustus; and it is not impossible that we may see in it the first germ of the disastrous policy of separating the great Roman Empire into two parts, Eastern and Western. There may have been many who, from motives of greed or personal ambition, favoured the project, and it may be that Horace, who was too wise and too patriotic to approve of it, may have thought that he could oppose it more safely and effectually by throwing a mythological veil over its prohibition.

BOOK III., ODE IV.

Note to "To Calliope."

The Ode to Calliope, the longest of Horace's Odes except two powerful but repulsive Epodes, is one of the ethical series in the third book. It would seem from its great length, solemn invocation, variety of allusions, sustained vigour, and highly finished touches of natural painting, to have been intended by the poet to be regarded as the most studied effort of his genius in its heroic vein; but the reader is struck at first sight by an apparent abruptness and want of connection between its different parts. Further consideration, however, will convince him that this Ode is written

with a carefully-studied design, and that, as has been already remarked, "a thread of consecutive purpose runs through the whole." Its great object is to induce Cæsar, the civil wars having been ended, and Roman soldiers having become citizens once more, to inaugurate a policy of mercy, peace, and social reform. If this design be kept in view, all obscurity will disappear, and the art of the poet will become as manifest as his political sagacity.

In the mythology of the ancients science, literature, and the arts (at once flower and root of civilization) were represented by Minerva, Phœbus, and the Muses, who by inspiration communicated to mankind all emanations from the higher Deities. Horace, High Priest of the Muses, "Musarum sacerdos," assumes the function of moral guide; and amongst the Romans moral duty was associated, at least in theory, with wise statesmanship and martial prowess. He begins by a solemn invocation of Calliope; and in a beautiful episode describes the saving of his infant life by the Muses' aid. He hears their voice in the sacred grove. Wherever he goes they are with him, his protectors, his daily companions. He recounts their appearing to Cæsar in the Pierian cave, and the counsels of peace, mercy, and reform which they taught him.

"Vos Cæsarem altum

Pierio *recreatis* antro.

Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato

Gaudetis, almæ."

They rejoiced because those counsels had been favourably heard. The word "recreatis" here expresses something more than "refresh." It shadows forth a new birth to a new sphere of social duty—to a new mission, that of industry and peace.

The poet next describes, in language of unsurpassed vigour, the rebellion of the Titans. They were the *Sons of Earth*, and representations of brute force. They were overthrown by Minerva, Goddess of wisdom; Vulcan, the representative of industry; Juno, Goddess of the household; and Phœbus, source of light and God of poetry. Jupiter sits trembling with his thunderbolts, while the rebel sons of earth are overthrown by the powers

that represent the arts of Peace. The moral is contained in the magnificent stanza which immediately follows—

“Vis consili expers mole ruit sua ;
 Vim temperatam Di quoque provehant
 In majus ; idem odere vires
 Omne nefas animo moventes.”

The Ode concludes with examples from ancient legends, showing that brute force, “*expers consili*,” lacks alike the elements of progress and stability, and recoils upon him who trusts to it alone.

BOOK III., ODE XXIV.

Note to “Intactis opulentior.”

This Ode, one of the finest written by Horace, is supposed to bear date B.C. 29. It appears to belong properly to that series of ethical Odes with which the third book opens.

It is directed against the vices which ultimately caused the destruction of Rome,—Faction, Luxury, Avarice.

BOOK III., ODE XXV.

Note to “Quo me Bacche.”

This Dithyrambic Ode to Bacchus has been looked upon as obscure, and commentators differ in their interpretations. Its obscurity, if such it can be called, is in itself a high effort of art. The poem represents the wild enthusiasm of Bacchanalian passion, and has none of the stately march of the heroic and ethical Odes, nothing of the gentle pathos of the Odes to Virgil on the death of Quinctillius, to Mæcenas sick, and to Postumus. It rushes on with such headlong rapidity that the poet seems scarcely to give himself time to elaborate his ideas. But it pauses in its career to draw a picture which none but a great poet could conceive, and

none but a great painter could transfer to canvas—that of the Bacchantè starting from her sleep upon the mountain top, and staring with amazement at the wonderful scene spread out before her, the snow plains of Thrace, the Peaks of Rhodope, the savage tribes wandering over its slopes, and the torrent of Hebrus issuing from its ravines, and foaming to the sea.

BOOK IV., ODE III.

Note to "Melpomene."

The exact date of the Ode to Melpomene is not known, but internal evidence indicates that the poem was written as an Epilogue to the Odes, and it is so placed by Mr. Newman, whose dates are of great value. Composed with unusual care, and with an almost unequalled perfection of finish, it seems to record the termination of a life of literary labour, and of a long struggle with that envy that dogs the steps of genius, "jam dente minus mordeor invido"; as again in Book ii., Ode xx., he speaks of himself as "invidia major." It would not have been consistent with the simplicity of Horace's character, nor with the habits of the time, that he should effect to be unconscious of his own merit. In Book iii., Ode xxx., he describes himself as "Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos deduxisse modos," and in the present Ode he tells us that Rome, mistress of the world, has deigned to place him amongst her beloved bards and to name him "minstrel of the Roman lyre." But it would be a mistake to think that Horace's ambition could have been fully satisfied by his fame as a poet. He wrote not merely as a bard, but as an ethical teacher, statesman, and patriot. He had enjoyed the favour of the Emperor for over thirty years, during which time he never ceased to exhort him, not indeed to abstain from war, but to employ it as a means to secure permanent peace, social and legislative reform. The last of Horace's political Odes, "Phœbus volentem" (Book iv., Ode xv.), proves that his greatest ambition was that those objects should be accomplished; and those two Odes must be taken together as Horace's farewell thanksgiving for the realization of his aspirations, personal and patriotic.

BOOK IV., ODE IV.

Note to "Qualcm ministrum."

If it be true, as has been asserted, that Augustus urged Horace to write this Ode in praise of his stepson Drusus, it certainly manifests none of that feebleness which commonly belongs to poems written to order. Drusus and Tiberius were sons of Livia by Claudius Nero, and consequently stepsons of Augustus, who adopted and educated them and declared them heirs to the throne. When the Vindelici were overthrown by Drusus (B.C. 15) he was only twenty-three years of age. Hence, in the two fine similes with which the poem commences, he is compared with the young eagle and the lion cub, "jam lacte depulsum," and the Barbarian forces are described as "consiliis juvenis revictæ."

In lines full of beauty and philosophic thought Horace traces back the high qualities of Drusus to those of his ancestors, who, nearly two hundred years before, had, by the defeat and death of Hasdrubal at the Metaurus, delivered Italy from the Punic invasion under Hannibal. After describing the restoration of religion and social order consequent on that victory, the poet records the despairing speech of Hannibal to his soldiers.

BOOK IV., ODE VI.

Note to "Dive quem proles."

The great religious ceremony at which the Carmen Seculare was sung in honour of Apollo and Diana by a chosen chorus of youths and maids of noble birth, was instituted by Augustus, B.C. 17. The composition of the hymn, the highest honour that could be paid to a poet, was committed to Horace. This important charge, which had a national and political as well as a religious signification, was fitly intrusted to the poet who had transfused the spirit and rhythm of Greek Lyric poetry into the Latin tongue; who had written ten years previously that graceful hymn to the twin offspring of Latona, "Dianam tenere dicite virgines"; and who had celebrated in his lofty heroic Odes the victories and wise domestic government

of Augustus which this religious festival was intended to commemorate. The earlier stanzas of this Ode must be considered as introductory to the latter part, in which Horace invokes the inspiration of Phœbus for his Latin Muse "Daunia Camœna," and, as if conscious that his prayer has been heard, proceeds to recite his hymn to the virgin choir. It is not difficult to trace in this poem that unity of purpose which, in spite of abrupt transitions, is observable in all Horace's greater Odes.

BOOK IV., ODE XIV.

Note to "Quæ cura patrum."

The four great Odes of the fourth book, the 4th, the 5th, the 14th, and 15th, depict the victories of the two Neros, the adopted sons of Augustus, Drusus, who died young, and Claudius, afterwards the Emperor Tiberius, over the warlike tribes of Germany, and record the peaceful consolidation of the Empire under Augustus Cæsar. The Ode to Drusus, "Qualem ministrum," is one of the finest of Horace's Lyrics. The present Ode, relating the victory of Claudius over the Rhæti, is powerful and spirited, but is far inferior to that addressed to his brother Drusus. It has not the same grace, spontaneity, and conciseness. Claudius is pictured as a rough soldier, and it would almost seem as if the Poet had a presentiment of what he would be as the Emperor Tiberius. Horace evidently does not love Claudius as he loved Drusus. The Ode on Peace ("Phœbus volentem," Book iv., Ode xv.), the last, it is believed, written by Horace, is exceedingly beautiful, though scarcely equal to "Divis orte bonis" (Book iv., Ode v.), addressed also to Augustus on Peace nearly at the same time.

The epithet "beluosus" applied to the British seas, is curious as showing the presence of whales in them before the Christian era.

It is proved by this Ode that some at least of the Barbarian tribes fought sheathed in plate armour.

The Danubian tribes far excelled in civilization the hordes subsequently issuing from Scythia or the Caucasus. The existence of fortified castles

(arces) on the pinnacles of the Alps bespeaks a considerable advance in civilization.

Claudius in his great battle against the Rhœti seems to have availed himself of the scientific tactics of simultaneous attack in front and rear, the result of which was an immense slaughter of the Rhœti, and an almost bloodless victory to the Romans.

The epithet "Tauriformis" applied to the Aufidus seems to have puzzled the commentators. The explanation which appears to me most simple and probable is that it has reference to the statue of the River-God sculptured under the form of a bull, or perhaps with a head of one, symbolizing the fury of the charge, "cum fera diluvies quietos irritat amnes."

It is unnecessary to repeat what I have already so frequently urged, Horace's wise and ardent desire for the establishment of Peace and Social Reform, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting a note of Edward Lord Lytton on the present Ode. He writes, "Horace here addresses Augustus, and ascribes to him as his crowning victory that he has at last got the wish of his heart, which was peace, the peace of the world subjected to the Roman Empire" (Lytton's "Horace").

BOOK IV., ODE XV.

Note to "Phœbus volentem."

This is supposed to be the last Ode written by Horace. It is addressed to Augustus. In it the great Lyrist bids adieu to the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and sings a greater triumph, the triumph of peace. He speaks of the victories of Cæsar only as the means towards an end, and that end is the restoration of public order and domestic virtue. He says nothing about himself. He is too proud, perhaps too wise, to remind the Emperor that for over thirty years he has never ceased to inculcate upon him and Mæcenas in his whole series of Odes the great lesson that

"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua :
Vim temperatam Di quoque provehunt
In majus."

Now, the gates of Janus are shut :—now, the dishonoured standards of Rome have been torn from Parthian portals and restored to the Capitol ;—now, faction has been quelled, the home made pure, and the old moral law restored by the Julian edicts obeyed to the uttermost parts of the earth. All this is described by the poet in a few rapid and vigorous lines written B.C. 10.

Horace retires from the labours of a long literary life as poor as when he began, “satis beatus unicus Sabinis,” honoured by the rich whose vices he had condemned, loved by the people whose factions and cruelties he had fearlessly denounced, and respected by a Despot whom he had dared to advise.

EPODE I.

Note to “Ibis Liburnis.”

The first Epode manifests strongly the generous and affectionate nature of Horace’s character. It savours of the man who wrote the monody on the death of Quintilius, and the touching Ode to Mæcenas when supposed to be dying—

“Ibimus, ibimus,
Utumque præcedes extremum
Carpere iter comites parati.”

Augustus had commanded Mæcenas to follow him with reinforcements to the war against Antony. Mæcenas, then prefect of Rome, had urged Horace to remain at home, and Horace sends his reply in this beautiful Epode. He will not separate himself from his friend.

When Horace determined to accompany Mæcenas to the Egyptian wars he made large sacrifices to his personal affection. Eminently suited to a life of social ease and literary occupation, he was wholly unfit for the rough duties of a soldier or sailor. In his younger years he had held a command under Brutus. When the army was hopelessly defeated at Philippi he fled with the rest, and was not ashamed to avow it.

At Rome his life was happy. He was beloved by all his literary friends, Virgil, Varus, Pollio, Antonius Iulus, and many others, and by all his old associates, including those who had fought with him under Brutus. He was courted by the rich and powerful, and adored by the poor, who ever had his warmest sympathies. Though not rich, he enjoyed a modest competence, and could afford a genial hospitality to his old friends, not one of whom he ever forgot. His health was indifferent, and he was afflicted with a painful disease of the eyes. He lived a life of literary leisure, partly at Rome or among the Sabine hills, sometimes perhaps at that delicious Southern retreat which he so exquisitely describes—

“ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
 Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
 Mella decedunt, viridique certat
 Bacca Venafro.
 Ver ubi longum, tepidusque præbet
 Juppiter brumas.”

Horace had no ambition except for a poet's fame, and no love of gold. Above all, he had succeeded in his great work, that of incorporating the Lyrics of Greece into the literature of Rome, and was the acknowledged leader of Lyric art, “Romane fidicen Lyrae.”

A warlike life had but one temptation for a man of his gentle and affectionate character; it kept him near his friend. Horace's personal affection for Mæcenas was unquestionable. Cæsar too he loved and admired, and he was naturally proud of his influence with the Emperor and his great minister, though he never hesitated to endanger it by his bold advocacy of peace and reform. There is a simple and touching pathos in his comparison of himself with the poor bird that knows that she cannot guard her young ones from the snake, but feels happier when her wings are folded round them.

Commentators differ as to the date of this Epode and as to the war to which it refers. Professor Newman, whose opinion as to dates is worthy of much respect, conceives that it was written B.C. 36, and that it alludes to Cæsar's war against Sextus Pompeius in Sicily; but the late Lord

Lytton, following Doering, Maclean, and Orelli, assigns to the poem the date B.C. 30, and refers it to the war against Antony and Cleopatra. Internal evidence renders it probable that the latter opinion is correct. The gift of the Sabine farm, which is clearly alluded to in this poem, was made to Horace by Mæcenas about B.C. 36. The Sicilian war took place early in the same year, and the preparation for the expedition occupied nearly two years, and must have been made before the grant of land; but even if Horace had only just then become proprietor of the little place he would hardly have spoken of his position as assured, and his farm as sufficient to supply his needs. Satisfied, "unicis Sabinis," he asks not for more land or a better house, and has no ambition to feed herds or flocks in Calabria or Lucania.

If, as is most probable, the Epode was written B.C. 30, Horace would then have been domesticated in his little estate for five or six years, and would have by experience found it sufficient for his wants.

The expression "alta propugnacula" coincides exactly with the description of the huge Egyptian ships given by Florus. They were vessels furnished with lofty towers at stem and stern.

It has been urged by those who adopt the date B.C. 36 that Mæcenas did not eventually accompany Cæsar in the war against Antony. This is probably true; though, if a passage in Appian quoted in the Delphin Notes deserves credit, Mæcenas did actually follow Cæsar to Actium. It is not, however, unreasonable to suppose that Augustus, on mature deliberation, may have thought it wiser to leave his minister at Rome during his absence. This view is urged by Lord Lytton, who cites in its support a passage from Dio., 5, 3, and Senecis, Ep. 114, 6.

The balance of evidence seems to be in favour of the date B.C. 30.

The Liburnians were nimble galleys of light draught built by Augustus in the South Italian ports, and were probably suggested by Agrippa. They derived their name from a piratical nation on the Illyrian coast.

APPENDIX.

ODES OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE

SINCE PUBLICATION OF VOLUME, 1893.

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

ICCI, BEATIS. Book I., Ode XXIX.

O VENUS REGINA. Book I., Ode XXX.

MATER SÆVA CUPIDINUM. Book I., Ode XIX.

NE SIT ANCILLÆ. Book II., Ode IV.

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

The books of the Sibyl had enjoined, in Rome's earliest days, that the worship of Apollo and Diana should be celebrated in Rome every hundred and tenth year with games and sacred songs. A chorus of virgins chaunted the hymn to Diana, and youths selected for their beauty and virtue sang the hymn to Phœbus. This celebration, after long disuse, was revived by Augustus upon the restoration of peace, and the charge of composing the Secular Hymn was intrusted to Horace. The guardianship of the Sibylline books was confided to a body of fifteen sages known as the "Quindecim Viri," alluded to by Horace towards the end of this poem.

Phæbe, silvarumque.

I.

PHÆBUS ! and Dian, thou whose sway
Mountains and woods obey !
Twin glories of the skies for ever worshipped, hear !
Accept our prayers this sacred year
When, as the Sibyl's voice ordained
For ages yet to come,

Pure maids and youths unstained
Invoke the Gods who love the seven-fold hills of Rome.

2.

All-bounteous Sun !

Forever changing and forever one :
Who in thy lustrous car bear'st forth the light,
And hid'st it, setting, in the arms of Night,
Look down on worlds outspread, yet nothing see
Greater than Rome, and Rome's high sovereignty.

3.

Thou, Ilithyia, too, whatever name,
 Goddess, thou dost approve,
Lucina, Genitalis, still the same,
Aid destined mothers with a mother's love ;
 Prosper the Senate's wise decree
Fertile of marriage faith, and countless progeny !
As centuries progressive wing their flight
For thee the grateful hymn shall ever sound ;
 Thrice by day, and thrice by night,
For thee the choral dance shall beat the ground.

4.

Fates! whose unfailing word
Spoken from lips Sibylline shall abide
 Ordained, preserved, and sanctified
By Destiny's eternal law, accord
 To Rome new blessings that shall last
 In chain unbroken from the Past.
Mother of fruits and flocks, prolific Earth!
Bind wreaths of spikèd corn round Ceres' hair:
And may soft showers and Jove's benignant air
 Nurture each infant birth!

5.

Lay down thine arrows, God of day!
Smile on thy youths elect who singing pray.
Thou, Crescent Queen, bow down thy star-crown'd head,
And on thy youthful choir a kindly influence shed.
If Rome be all your work—if Troy's sad band
Safe-spèd by you attained the Etruscan strand,
 A chosen remnant, vowed
To seek new Lares and a changed abode—

Remnant for whom thro' Iliion's blazing gate
 Æneas, orphan of a ruined State,
 Opened a pathway wide and free
 To happier homes and liberty :—
 Ye Gods ! if Rome be yours, to placid Age
 Give timely rest : to docile Youth
 Grant the rich heritage
 Of morals, modesty, and truth.
 On Rome herself bestow a teeming race
 Wealth, Empire, Faith, and all befitting Grace.
 Vouchsafe to Venus' and Anchises' heir,¹
 Who offers at your shrine
 Due sacrifice of milk-white kine,
 Justly to rule, to pity, and to dare,
 To crush insulting hosts, the prostrate foeman spare.

6.

The haughty Mede has learnt to fear
 The Alban axe, the Latian spear ;
 And Scythians, suppliant now, await
 The conqueror's doom, their coming fate.

¹ Augustus Cæsar.

Honour and Peace, and pristine Shame,
And Virtue's oft dishonoured name,
Have dared, long exiled, to return,
And with them Plenty lifts her golden horn.

7.

Augur Apollo! Bearer of the bow!
Warrior and Prophet! Loved one of the Nine!
Healer in sickness! Comforter in woe!
If still the templed crags of Palatine,
And Latium's fruitful plains, to thee are dear,
Perpetuate for cycles yet to come,
Mightier in each advancing year,
The ever-growing might and majesty of Rome.
Thou too, Diana, from thine Aventine,
And Algidus' deep woods, look down and hear
The voice of those who guard the books Divine,¹
And to thy youthful choir incline a loving ear.

¹ The Quindecim Viri.

8.

Return we home ! We know that Jove
And all the Gods our song approve
To Phœbus and Diana given :
The virgin hymn is heard in Heaven.

BOOK I.

ODE XXIX.

Iccius seems to have been a harmless literary man, perhaps a teacher of philosophy, who, smitten with a sudden desire for wealth and military glory, sold his books, even his Stoic Panætius, bought a suit of Spanish armour, highly valued even in the Augustan age, and volunteered for the expedition against the Kings of Sheba or Saba, in Arabia, whose supposed wealth had excited the cupidity of Rome. The war proved disastrous to the Roman robbers. Iccius returned safe, sold his Toledo armour as he had sold his books, and spent the rest of his life in the peaceful charge of Agrippa's Sicilian estates.

Horace, in heart a patriot, had strong sympathy for the wild tribes so unjustly assailed by Rome; see Book IV., Ode XIV., where he characterizes the Rhœti as “*devota morti pectora liberæ.*”

Icci, beatis.

I.

ICCIUS! I fear your envious eye
Gloats on the wealth of Araby.
Can you, who promised better things,

Wage cruel war on Saba's Kings
Unconquered yet ; and forge again
For savage Medes a Roman chain ?

2.

What noble maid, her bridegroom slain,
Barbarian tho' she be, will deign
To be your slave ? What youthful foe
Skilful to bend his father's bow,
Will stoop a menial garb to wear,
And serve your cup, with perfumed hair ?

3.

Rivers may climb the mountain side ;—
Tiber may backwards roll his tide ;—
Who doubts such portents when you sell
The precious books you loved so well,
Forsake your old Socratic home,
Renounce Panætius' Stoic tome,
And for a sober student buy
A proud Iberian panoply ?

ODE XXX.

O Venus Regina.

INVITATION TO VENUS.

I.

VENUS, forsake thy Cnidian fane,
Thy much-loved Cyprus, nor disdain
That fair and richly-incensed home
Where Glycera waits thee—come !

2.

Bring, Paphian Queen, thy glowing Boy,
Graces unzoned, and Wood-nymphs coy,
And Youth, unlovely without thee,
And winged Mercury.

ODE XIX.

Mater sæva Cupidinum.

THE mother fierce of young Desire,
And Theban Bacchus' soul of fire,
Awake once more within my breast
Forgotten passions long at rest.
Fair Glycēra, white as Parian stone
Has made this withered heart her own.
I love her wayward, frolic grace ;
I bless that liquid-lustrous face
Too dazzling bright for mortal eyes.
All Venus to my bosom flies,
And, nestling there, forbids to write
Of Scythia's wars or Parthian flight,
Or aught but love. Go, slaves, and bring
Live sods and rural offering ;

Bring last year's wine and rich perfume ;
Bid vervain round her altar bloom ;—
She will accept the sacrifice,
More lenient when the victim dies.

BOOK II.

ODE IV.

Ne sit Ancillæ.

I.

XANTHIAS! be not ashamed to own
You love your slave, and her alone.
Blush not! Achilles, long unmoved,
His snowy-fair Briseis loved.

2.

Tecmessa,¹ royal captive, won
The heart of Ajax Telamon:
Haughty Atrides stooped to crave
The love of his Dardanian slave,²

¹ Daughter of Teuthrates, a Phrygian King.

² Cassandra, daughter of Priam and Hecuba.

3.

When Trojan warriors turned to fly
The headlong charge of Thessaly,
When Hector died, and Ilion lay
To wearied Greeks a lifeless prey.

4.

Who knows? Your fair-haired bride may trace
Her lineage from some noble race,
And rudely torn from regal State
May weep her unpropitious fate.

5.

Believe me, one so pure, so true,
So faithful-fond as she to you,
So innocent, so free from greed,
Ne'er sprang from an ignoble breed.

6.

Heart-whole I praise her face, her arms,
Her delicate limbs, her winning charms.
Fear me not, Xanthias, Time has sped
My eighth long lustre : Love is dead !

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Horatius Flaccus, Quintus
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