THE ODES AND EPODES
OF HORACE
Volume I

INTRODUCTION, LIFE, AND ESSAYS
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HORACE

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From an old print
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The Odes & Epodes of Horace

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With Versions, Paraphrases and explanatory Notes by eminent Scholars, Statesmen and Poets.

With an introduction by Archbishop Ireland.

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PREFATORY NOTE

No writer of antiquity has taken a stronger hold upon the modern mind than Horace. The causes of this are manifold, but three may be especially noted: his broad human sympathies, his vigorous common-sense, and his consummate mastery of expression. The mind must be either singularly barren or singularly cold to which Horace does not speak. The scholar, the statesman, the soldier, the man of the world, the town-bred man, the lover of the country, the thoughtful and the careless, he who reads much, and he who reads little, all find in his pages more or less to amuse their fancy, to touch their feelings, to quicken their observation, to nerve their convictions, to put into happy phrase the deductions of their experience. His poetical sentiment is not pitched in too high a key for the unimaginative, but it is always so genuine that the most imaginative feel its charm. His wisdom is
deeper than it seems, so simple, practical, and direct as it is in its application; and his moral teaching more spiritual and penetrating than is apparent on a superficial study. He does not fall into the common error of didactic writers, of laying upon life more than it will bear; but he insists that it shall at least bear the fruits of integrity, truth, honour, justice, self-denial, and brotherly charity. Over and above the mere literary charm of his works, too,—and herein, perhaps, lies no small part of the secret of his popularity,—the warm heart and thoroughly urbane nature of the man are felt instinctively by his readers, and draw them to him as to a friend.

Hence it is that we find he has been a manual with men the most diverse in their natures, culture, and pursuits. Dante ranks him next after Homer. Montaigne, as might be expected, knows him by heart. Fénelon and Bossuet never weary of quoting him. La Fontaine polishes his own exquisite style upon his model; and Voltaire calls him “the best of preachers.” Hooker escapes with him to the fields to seek oblivion of a hard life, made harder by a shrewish spouse. Lord Chesterfield tells us, “When I talked my best I quoted
Horace.” To Boileau and to Wordsworth he is equally dear. Condorcet dies in his dungeon with Horace open by his side; and in Gibbon’s militia days, “on every march,” he says, “in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand.” And as it has been, so it is. In many a pocket, where this might least be expected, lies a well-thumbed Horace; and in many a devout Christian heart the maxims of the gentle, genial pagan find a place near the higher teachings of a greater master.

From *Horace*, by Sir Theodore Martin, in *Ancient Classics for English Readers*. 
INTRODUCTION TO THE ODES AND EPODES

BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

With these proud words Horace launched his verses into the ages. In a moment of poetic inspiration he had already foretold that all lands would hear him and his music. What the poet prophesied has come to pass. Far beyond the Bosphorus and the Rhone, beyond Gætulian sands and Hyperborean snows, his songs have been sung as of yore they were sung on the hills by the Tiber. What in his own day and in his own country he was for Augustus and Mæcenas, for Pollio and Messala, for Vergil and Varius, that he has been in every age and every land for all who could appreciate a rare nature and love grace of fancy and beauty of language. Horace is immortal. Among men of the world he will ever be the
consummate poet; among poets he will ever be the consummate man of the world.

Horace was one of those choice spirits whose marvellous breadth of sympathy brings them into contact with every type of our common human nature. Few poets have revealed themselves so fully in their musings as Horace has done — his personality is blended with his poetry — and his stanzas show him to us with all his rich and varied gifts of mind and heart as one of nature's gentlemen. He was of lowly stock, and yet none of his lines are so touching as those that tell with deepest filial tenderness the praises of his father. Poverty drove him to make verses, but a native dignity of mind rendered him the peer of the haughtiest in the splendid society to which he won his way. Wealth and honours he could have had for the asking, but he prized the simple joys of a homely life above the splendour of monarchs and their courts. He is the poet of human nature. As we stroll with him along the Via Sacra, or lounge in the Campus Martius, or pick our steps through the Suburra, or watch the tide of fashion roll along the Via Appia, we see Rome as Horace saw and loved it, and we see life in all its aspects through the
eyes of the shrewdest and kindliest observer of men and manners. Nothing escapes his notice, there is no theme that he does not discuss, no phase of character that he does not portray. His philosophy is the fruit of his own study of human ways that are ever the same, and his words with their wisdom of wide experience have a perennial freshness for every new generation and find application in a hundred incidents of our lives. Be the weather fair or foul, Horace is a pleasant companion. He is always genial and gentle, manly and candid, as ready to joke about the shield not over bravely left behind at Philippi as he is to smile at the follies and foibles of other men. As guide, philosopher, and friend, he is never tiresome. In easy chatty verses he gives lessons in the art of living. His lessons are often told with a laugh, but are always replete with wisdom. They are expressed in language ever resonant of sweetest music. They are easily remembered, condensed as they are in few words, no one else being so faithful as Horace is to the poetic canon: "In all your precepts be mindful to be brief." Matter and form combine in Horace to make him the most readable and most quotable of the poets.
With Horace we live in Rome in the midst of men; with him, also, we live amid the sweet sights and sounds of nature. Nature he loved with a love begotten of the days when the legendary doves covered him with leaves as he lay sleeping on the slope of the Apennines,

Non sine dis animosus infans.

Many odes of Horace are the daintiest of pictures of home life and of delicious landscapes. Now we catch a glimpse of a blazing hearth, while without the woodland boughs are groaning under their weight of snow, and Soracte afar off stands gleaming in its unwonted mantle of white. Now we are lured to a spot by a babbling brook, where the gloomy pine and the white poplar love to twine their branches in affording a friendly shade. Whatever be his theme, be it grave or gay, Horace writes as one whose eyes are full of visions of crystal fountains, whose ears are haunted with the hum and murmur of the woods.

Thus do we see Horace in all his moods. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety." Such a man could not but be blessed with friends, and to him his friends are
such that the world could not show souls more purely white:

animae quales neque candidiores 
terra tulit.

No day is like the day that brings him a friend, no sorrow like the sorrow caused by the loss of a friend:

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus 
tam cari capitis? Praecipe lugubres 
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater 
vocem cum cithara dedit.

Vergil he hails as part and parcel of his life — animae dimidium meae. With Mæcenas, who so often left the palace on the Esquiline to share the Sabine fare of the poet, he pledged undying faith, and his impassioned words bear witness that no bootless oath he has sworn to travel with his dear knight the last dark journey of life:

ibimus, ibimus, 
utcunque praecedes, supremum 
carpere iter comites parati.

How closely knit his friends were to him we glean from the last words of Mæcenas to Augustus:

Horatii Flacci ut mei memor este.

It is not strange that the master of the world
himself should covet the friendship of the freedman’s son; for if after the lapse of long ages the world loves Horace for his own sake, how much must they have loved him who could greet him as an honoured guest in their mansions, or share the *coenae noctesque Deûm* in the simple home among the Sabine hills?

As a man among men, Horace is the personal friend of each and every one of us; as a poet, he is no less the lasting favourite of young and old. In the art of wedding “perfect music unto noble words,” he has never been surpassed. What a poet should be—*quid alet formetque poetam*—none knew better than Horace knew. To delight and to instruct—such is the task assigned to those who are consecrated to the Muses, and well did Horace discharge the duty. It is chiefly on his odes that his fame will rest; they are the monument more enduring than brass which he has reared to himself. For grace of words and music of metre these odes are unique in literature; it is no exaggeration to say with Munro that their mould was broken at the author’s death. La Bruyère has well remarked that among all the expressions by which we may voice a single one of our
thoughts, there is in reality but one fitting expression. Of this truth Horace was keenly conscious, and he proved himself a master "in fitting aptest words to things." Hence the happy ease, the curiosa felicitas, of which Petronius speaks, and which makes his verses the delight of the generations; hence the matchless beauty of the phrases which like jewels gleam and glitter on every page. As we meet stanza after stanza sparkling in the odes, we cannot but think of some gem-engraver toiling with delicate touch and infinite pains to polish fragments of translucent stone. And to witchery of words Horace adds melody of rhythm. He is the minstrel who taught the world the power and sweetness of the Latin lyre. In his odes the voice of empire and of war yielded music undreamed of before, well worthy of the crown of Delphian bay that the poet claimed as his own. It is this twofold charm, grace of diction and melody of verse, that lends to the lyrics of Horace the power of clinging to the memory such as no other poetry possesses.

But Horace was not content with winning the ear of the world; he has also won the heart of the world. It is not enough, he
tells us, to round off a verse: truth is the very breath of the poet’s life:—

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

The wisdom which Horace enshrined in words of incommunicable beauty deserves the poet’s highest art. True it is that as we listen to the cry “carpe diem,” the oft-repeated call of Bacchanal philosophy, we are tempted to set down the lyrics as the gospel of frivolity, and to take their author at his word when he styles himself a porker of the Epicurean pen, — Epicuri de grege porcus. And it must be conceded that here and there his stanzas are marred with a grossness which not all their literary charm can redeem. It is, however, plain that Horace’s heart is not in such effusions. It is only as a poet that he trifles,—only when he sings for the sake of song. He is at his best, not when he urges us to pluck the blossoms of to-day, but when he pleads for the virtues that he loves and that all men should love. To be content with one’s lot, to keep a rein upon passion, to be the thing one seems, to look for happiness within, not without, to be patient with the patience that makes all things easy, to face danger with
dauntless front, to retain a calm mind under the frowns as well as the smiles of fortune, to be ready to forego all in order to be free in thought and act, to make the golden mean one's rule of life, to love peace,—that *otium* whose praises he so often celebrates,—

Neque purpura venale nec auro,
— these things does Horace sing more sweetly and persuasively than they were ever sung before. Such virtues are the abiding wisdom of life, and in words which we could not forget even if we would, Horace never grows weary of expounding them. Nowhere does he find in pleasure the Summum Bonum of existence. Often, indeed, he touches the strings of his lyre as the bard of gaiety,—*non praeter solitum levis*,—but never does he present to us as his ideal the man who lounges in ease and affluence through life:—

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
recte beatum: rectius occupat
nomen beati, qui deorum
muneribus sapienter uti

duramque callet pauperiem pati,
peiusque leto flagitium timet;
non ille pro caris amicos
aut patria timidus perire.
Few poems in any language can surpass in sonorous dignity and grandeur of thought the description of the man of upright purpose who stands unmoved amid the ruins of a world. As we ponder such verses as these we feel that Horace is true to his own genius, not when he sings of roses and parsley-wreaths and wine-cups and all the soft dalliance of which these things are the symbols, but when he rises in lofty strain to chant the praises of virtue that ever keeps her robe unsullied, or to sing with infinite pathos the alarms and cares of life and the mournful lot of mortality. As with all great poets, his “sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought,” and the music of such songs is but the echo of the music of the sentiment which they express.

It is when Horace treats of religion and of fatherland that he seems to find themes most fitting for the mens divinior, and the os magna sonaturum of the true poet. Then it is that his genius, like the Dircean swan, soars into the skies and sweeps from heaven to heaven. He calls himself, indeed, —

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens; —
but this is only the playful prelude to the more serious thought of One who “can lowliest change and loftiest, bring down the mighty and lift up the weak.” If the hand be leal and spotless, the offering of meal and crackling salt is more grateful to heaven than the most elaborate sacrifice. Peoples, like individuals, reap the consequences of their deeds. Religion is the very condition of an empire’s welfare, and from the neglect of the altar flow the worst ills of the nation:

Dis te minorem quod geris imperas:
hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

The law of God must be supreme in the commonwealth:

Regum timendorum in proprios greges
reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis.

In an age of religious decay — for the gods of Olympus were dead — the thoughts of Horace turned often and anxiously upon the necessity of religion as the basis of a nation’s greatness and prosperity.

The patriotic odes which Horace bequeathed to the ages are poems of which any country might well be proud. They are filled
with the sense of the grandeur of Rome and with the glory of Rome’s mighty men and mighty deeds. No one but a patriot could have written the line,—perhaps the noblest line in Latin literature:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The spirit of the race that conquered the world breathes in the verses that tell of the days when Cincinnatus returned from his wars to his plough. The story of Regulus going back to Carthage to meet his doom is one of the most inspiring pictures in the annals of patriotism. The ode on the Ship of State is the finest political allegory in the pages of literature. Horace was a profound student of his country and his time, and the laughing levity of his lighter themes often gives way to the strange sternness of his warnings as he predicts the decadence of the Roman people:

Damnosa quid nos imminuit dies!
aetas parentum, peior avis, tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem vitiosiorem.

The poet who claims immortality must identify himself with his country; the verses of Horace are the echoes of the thoughts and aspirations of his age. As we read the odes
we see the mighty forces which were at work in the supreme moment of Rome's history, and there pass before our eyes in glittering array the personages who with the world for an audience played their part in the great drama. Cæsar and Pompey and Cato and Mæcenas and Brutus and Cleopatra are all there, not as mere phantoms of history but as creatures of flesh and blood, and the scenes in which they appeared are reproduced for us in the noblest forms of literature of which a majestic language was susceptible.

The fascination which Horace exercises upon men of letters and men of the world is perennial. Dante and Voltaire, Bossuet and Pitt, Lytton and La Fontaine, Lessing and Gladstone, have vied with one another in their fealty to the Latin lyrist. The true poets of every land aspire to translate him, and it is only true poets that dare attempt to naturalise in their own language the elusive charm of his lines, the world of wisdom in his words, and the sweet cadences of his metres. To-day men of culture in every country love to loiter over his verses in their hours of literary leisure.
Whatever our circumstances of life, be we legislators or warriors, churchmen or men of affairs, recluses or leaders of fashion, if only there is within us the sense of the true and beautiful; whatever the numbers of our years, whether they still leave us with the fire and hopefulness of youth, or set us down amid the labours and cares of mature age, or speed us, even, towards the darkening shadows of the grave; whatever the moods to which our soul is attuned, be they joyous or sad, be they frivolous or serious, be they such as to depress us nigh unto things cold and material, or exalt us into regions empyrean,—Horace comes to us, the friend, the teacher, the charmer. Horace is, as no other can be, the poet of humanity in all its phases,—and therein lies the secret of his undying fame and of the genial love which in every generation and under every sky attaches to his memory and his verse.

And now, in the opening days of the Twentieth Century, the scholarship of the new world, of a world far removed by the "estranging seas" from the remotest lands that the poet's fancy was able to descry, sets itself forth to honour Horace, by an edition of
his "Odes and Epodes," to the preparation of which the learning and the artistic skill of the country have been convoked. It is a new wreath upon the brow of Horace, in new times, from the hands of a new people, who admire and love him no less than people of older lands and of older times admired and loved him. Truly is the prophecy fulfilled:

Usque ego postera crescam laude recens.

John Ireland
THE POET AT TWILIGHT

Etched by W. H. W. Bicknell

From an original painting by Howard Pyle
THE POET AT TWILIGHT

Painted by W. H. M. Picknell

From an original painting by Howard Pyle
LIFE AND WRITINGS

BY CLEMENT LAWRENCE SMITH, LL. D.

Our knowledge of the facts of Horace's life is derived in part from a biography, appended to certain manuscripts of his poems, which has been shown by conclusive evidence to be, in substance, the life of the poet which Suetonius wrote in his encyclopædic work, "De Viris Illustribus." There are briefer lives in some of the other manuscripts, and scattered notices in the scholia. But all these sources afford—beyond a few dates and facts—little information that we do not already possess, in fuller and more authentic form, in the poet's own writings. To these we must go for an adequate understanding of his mind and character. In the Satires and Epistles, and to a less degree in the Epodes, Horace takes the reader into his confidence and speaks of his circumstances and feelings with singular frankness. The Odes, too, contain much biograph-
ical material, but it is of a kind that must be used with caution. As a poet Horace claims the freedom of his craft, and frequently puts himself, for poetical effect, in situations which may perhaps reflect his mode of thought and feeling and even shadow forth his personal experiences, but must not be taken literally as autobiography.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born on the 8th of December, B.C. 65, and died on the 27th of November, B.C. 8. It is important to observe the significance of these dates. Horace’s life began when the Romans were still living under the forms of the Republic; when it closed the Empire was fully established. When our poet first saw the light, Cicero was planning his canvass for the consulship. His boyhood fell in the stormy decade of the “First Triumvirate” (B.C. 60–50), which formed the prelude of the Civil War. Horace was old enough to be interested in the later victories of Caesar in Gaul, and the destruction of Crassus with his army at Carrhae in B.C. 53 may well have made a deep impression on a lad of twelve. The two decades of civil strife which followed were experiences of his youth and early manhood, and when
peace came with the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in B.C. 30, Horace was thirty-five years old. The remaining twenty-two years of his life belong to the first half of the principate of Augustus, the period of the growth and consolidation of his power under the guidance of his two great ministers, Agrippa and Mæcenas, whose deaths, B.C. 12 and 8, were closely followed by that of Horace.

Horace's birthplace was Venusia, a colony planted for military purposes in the Samnite wars, high up on the northern slope of the Apennine range in Apulia, near the Lucanian border. It stood on a branch of the Aufidus, in that region a swift mountain stream, among the wooded hills which culminate in the lofty peak of Mt. Voltur. There the poet's father by shrewdness and thrift had not only secured his own freedom — for he was born a slave — but had acquired a modest farm and an income which enabled him to educate his son. His occupation was that of a coactor, that is, a collector of money — whether of money due for taxes or for goods sold at auction, the corrupt text of the Suetonian biography leaves us in doubt. It is supposed by some that he had acted in this capacity as a public slave,
and on his manumission took the name of Horatius because Venusia belonged to the Horatian tribe. But we do not know that freedmen were ever so named; from the ordinary practice in such cases we should assume that he had belonged to a master named Horatius.

Horace himself was born free, that is, he was born after his father's manumission. His mother is nowhere mentioned. It may well be that he inherited from her his poetic nature; but whether because she died in his infancy—which is probable—or from lack of personal force, she appears to have had little or no influence in moulding his character. His father's influence, on the other hand, was of the utmost importance and value, as the poet himself acknowledges with warm gratitude. The elder Flaccus was a shrewd observer of men and manners. Horace was, it seems, his only son, and the child of his later years, when he had accumulated a fund of experience and practical wisdom, and when he was, moreover, in possession of a competence which enabled him to lay aside his business and give his whole attention to the training of his boy. He naturally knew nothing
of ethical theories, and he relied little on precept alone. He sought to awaken his son’s moral perception by teaching him to observe good and bad in the world about him, to note the consequences of virtue and of vice in the actual lives of men, and to take to heart these examples and warnings in guiding his own life and guarding his reputation.

The ethical code of the Venusian freedman was of a roughhewn sort. It was a coarse sieve, and allowed some things to pass which do not meet the test of our finer standards. He claimed, in fact, no more for his moral teaching than that it would keep his son from falling into ruinous courses during that critical period when he was not yet able to “swim without cork.” But so far as it went it was sound and wholesome. And it was effective: Horace’s habitual self-control during the period of his life when we know him best, his dislike of passionate excess either of desire or fear, his temperance in conduct and language, his aversion to the grosser forms of vice,—these were the fruit of inherited traits, fostered and strengthened by wise training. To the same training Horace attributes his habit of critical observation of
social phenomena, which led him to write satire.

Horace’s mental development received no less careful attention. There was a school at Venusia, kept by one Flavius and resorted to by the sons of the local aristocracy, — “great lads from great centurions sprung.” But Horace’s father had higher views for his son, who had already, we may suppose, given promise of exceptional ability. Anxious to provide him with the best advantages, he determined to send him to Rome, “to receive the education which a knight or a senator gives to his sons.” But unlike a knight or a senator, the obscure freedman had no social connections which would enable him to place his son under the charge of some family or friend; and rather than entrust him to strangers or slaves, he determined to leave his farm and accompany the boy in person to the city. Here, too, he was unremitting in his watchful care. Horace has left us a pleasing picture of the devoted father, going round to all the lessons with his boy, whom he had fitted out with suitable dress and attendant slaves, so that he might hold up his head with the best of his school-fellows.
Horace was taken to Rome perhaps in his ninth or tenth year, and remained there possibly until he was twenty; the precise dates are not recorded. Of his teachers only one is known to us, Orbilius Pupillus, of Beneventum, an old cavalry soldier who had resumed his books when his campaigns were over, and at the age of fifty had set up a school in the capital in the year when Cicero was consul. He was a gruff old fellow, with a caustic tongue, and his ready resort to the rod Horace remembered many years. The course of study which Horace pursued was presumably the ordinary course of the "grammatical" and "rhetorical" schools of the day, which aimed, first, at a mastery of the Latin tongue, and, secondly, at the cultivation of eloquence. With these ends in view the training — after the elements of reading, writing, and reckoning were acquired — was largely literary, and consisted mainly in a thorough study of Latin and Greek literature. Horace read Livius Andronicus — probably his version of the Odyssey — under the rod of Orbilius, and became familiar with the other old Roman poets, for whom he did not conceive, or did not retain, a very high admiration. He also read the
Iliad, as he informs us, and no doubt other Greek classics in prose and verse; and these kindled in him a genuine enthusiasm, which kept him a devoted student of Greek letters, particularly of Greek poetry, all his life.

With this taste developed by his studies in Rome, it was natural that Horace should be drawn into the current which at that day carried the more ambitious students to Athens, in quest of what we may call their university training in the schools of philosophy there. Horace attended the lectures of the Academic school, and the acquaintance which he shows with the doctrines of the other sects must have been acquired at this time. For speculative philosophy and the subtleties of dialectics he had little taste. The Roman, as a rule, felt the strongest attraction to philosophy on its ethical side, where it came nearest to the practical problems of life; and in Horace this ethical tendency was ingrained and was peculiarly strong. It was fostered by his father's training; it no doubt added zest, at this time, to his study of the various ethical systems of the Greeks; it was confirmed as his mind and character matured, and impressed itself strongly on all his writings, even his lyrics.

28
In his later years he protested that his chief desire was to put aside poetry and devote the rest of his days to the study of the philosophy of life.

In his philosophical views Horace was, like most of his countrymen who interested themselves in the subject at all, eclectic; he found something to his taste in this creed and in that, but declined to enroll himself as the disciple of any school. Of his religious belief it is not possible to speak definitely,—probably it never crystallised into definite shape in his own mind. For a time he was a convert to the doctrine of Epicurus,—probably from reading Lucretius, whose poem was published in his boyhood,—and believed that there were gods, but that their serene existence was never troubled by any concern for the affairs of men. In one of his odes he professes to have been startled out of this "crazy" creed by the actual occurrence of what the Epicureans averred to be a physical impossibility,—a clap of thunder in a clear sky. It is not likely that this experience had the importance in actual fact which it appears to have in its lyrical setting; Horace's change of view was a matter of growth. But it was real. Other-
wise he would surely not have published this poem; and there is, besides, plenty of evidence elsewhere in his works that in his maturer years he recognised a divine providence and control in human affairs. Horace’s ethical views, too, were strongly tinged with Epicureanism, but here, as everywhere, he went to no extreme; and, although he combats the Stoic theory and mocks at their ideal sage, he was at heart in sympathy with Stoic principles in their substance and practical application to life, and he more than once holds up their ideal of virtue for its own sake,—though even virtue itself he will not exempt from his maxim “nil admirari.”

How far Horace pursued his study of the Greek poets along with his philosophy at Athens, we are not informed; we may be sure that he gave them a large share of his attention. The broad and intimate acquaintance with Greek poetry, which is the very life-blood of his own poetic achievement, was not the acquisition of a few years; but his sojourn was long enough for the influences of the place to give a permanent bent to his literary taste. One of Horace’s marked characteristics as a poet is his freedom from Alexandrinism,
which in his youth dominated Roman education and Roman poetry. Alexandrine learning, filtered through his Roman teachers, furnished him with his technical outfit as a poet, with a knowledge of the forms and categories and of the history of his art, and with the common stock of illustrative material, mythological, astrological, and other. There is evidence also of his diligent study of some of the Alexandrine poets: he is indebted to them for many phrases and figures and turns of thought. This is especially apparent in his love poetry. But the same evidence shows that the Alexandrine poets who exerted this influence on his style were precisely those who, like Callimachus and Theocritus, were freest from the peculiar weakness of their school,—the sacrifice of freshness and good taste to formality and erudition. In the spirit and form of his verse Horace took as his models the older Greek poets; and his loving study of these masters we may confidently date from his residence at Athens, where the older traditions still maintained themselves.

The fashion of sending young men to get the finishing touches of their education at
Athens had grown up with the generation into which Horace was born. Cicero, who in his youth was eager to grasp every opportunity for the best training, did not visit Greece at all until after he had entered on the practice of his profession; Cicero’s son, who was just of Horace’s age, was now at Athens studying rhetoric and philosophy. There, too, Horace found a number of other young men of distinguished families, among them Valerius Messala, who traced his descent from the Valerius Poplicola who held with Brutus the first consulship of the Republic.

On what terms Horace stood with these fellow-students we are left to conjecture; but his genial nature and conversational gifts, combined with tact and good sense, must have drawn many to him. His friendship with Messala and many closer intimacies, to which his poems bear witness, date no doubt from this period. There was nothing out of the way in this association of the freedman’s son with the young nobles in common studies and literary interests. Aristocracy of birth has never aspired to monopolise the brainwork of the world, and youth and good-fellowship are not strenuous about social
distinctions. In the next stage of Horace's career he found his position very different.

In September, 44 B.C., six months after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Marcus Brutus came to Athens, and for some months, while waiting for the turn of political events, devoted himself to the schools of philosophy. His appearance created no little sensation. The Athenians, who lived largely in the traditions of their past, welcomed "the liberator" with enthusiasm, and voted to set up his statue beside those of their own tyrannicides, Harmodius and Aristogeiton. The young Romans were flattered by the accession of so illustrious a fellow-student, whose real interest in philosophy was well known; and before the winter was over Brutus had enlisted a number of them in his service for the coming struggle with the triumvirs. Among these recruits was the young Cicero, who had already seen some service under Pompey. The most distinguished adherent was Messala, and the least distinguished, certainly, was Horace. It argues a high estimate on Brutus' part of Horace's intelligence and capacity, that he appointed this youth of one and twenty, with neither military experience nor family
influence to recommend him, to a place among his officers, and eventually gave him, as tribune, the command of a Roman legion. It was high promotion for the freedman's son, and envious tongues were not slow to direct attention to the fact.

Horace was in Brutus' army the greater part of two years (b. c. 43 and 42). He is almost entirely silent about this experience, but from our knowledge of the movements of Brutus in those two campaigns we may gather that it gave him the opportunity to visit various places in Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace, and many famous cities of Asia Minor, which he mentions in his poems in a way that implies personal acquaintance. He remained with Brutus to the end, and shared the victory and subsequent rout at Philippi. The suicide of his chief at once absolved him from further allegiance, and was a confession that the cause for which they had fought was irretrievably lost. Horace was fain to accept the result, and while some of his friends held out and joined the standard of Sextus Pompeius, he followed the example and advice of Messala and made his submission to the victors, who pardoned, or at least did not molest him.
It was not improbably on his homeward voyage from Greece after Philippi that Horace came near being shipwrecked on the dangerous promontory of Palinurus, on the Lucanian coast; the critical condition of the times may have been his motive for preferring that roundabout way to the ordinary route. He returned to Rome in a depressed and bitter mood. His father was dead. His estate had been swept away in the confiscation of the territory of Venusia. The outlook was gloomy. He seems, however, to have saved some money from his two campaigns, and with this he purchased a clerkship in the Quaestors’ office, which yielded him a small income and, apparently, a good deal of leisure. Under these circumstances, poor in purse and still poorer in favour, Horace began life again at the age of twenty-three. He was thoroughly cured of his aspirations for a public career. His short but severe experience had taught him that, however strong his interest in his country’s welfare, he had no taste for the practical business of war and politics; and he had had enough of running counter to the popular prejudice against humble birth in high station. On the other hand, his training and
his knowledge of his own powers alike pointed to literature as the career most suitable and promising for him.

That Horace had practised verse-writing in the course of his literary studies might be taken for granted. He confesses that at one time — it was probably while he was at Athens — he undertook to write poetry in Greek; and these essays were not, it should seem, in the nature of school exercises, but serious efforts. This was by no means a new thing in Roman literature. The earliest Roman annals were written in Greek, and the same phenomenon had reappeared in the highly Hellenised culture of the Ciceronian period, when Roman writers occasionally used Greek for prose or verse, partly for the pleasure of handling a language of so much richer capacity than their own, partly to reach a wider circle of appreciative readers. But Horace did not persist in an undertaking which his good sense presently convinced him was as futile as it was unpatriotic.

At the time when Horace began his literary career, Vergil, who was five years his senior, had published some youthful verses, and was beginning to be known as a sweet singer.
of pastoral scenes by the publication of his earliest Eclogues. The epic poet of the day was Varius Rufus, who won credit and favour by his poem on the death of Julius Cæsar. He was a few years older than Vergil, who lived to rival him in epos; but that was many years later. Asinius Pollio, who as governor of Cisalpine Gaul had recently won Vergil's gratitude by timely assistance, and who was afterwards eminent as an orator and a critic and patron of literature, had at this time attained some distinction as a writer of tragedy. Various other fields were diligently cultivated by writers of less note, or less known to us. Looking over the ground Horace thought he saw a field suited to his powers in Lucilian satire, which Varro Atacinus and some others had undertaken to revive, but in Horace's opinion without success.

The word *satura* appears to have meant originally a medley. It was used as the name of a variety performance on the rude stage of early times, consisting of comic songs and stories, with dance and gesticulation, to the accompaniment of the pipe. It found its way into literature as the title of a collection of what we should call "miscellanies in verse:"

37
Ennius (b.c. 239-169) employed it for this purpose, and his example was followed by Lucilius. The "Saturae" of Lucilius, who had been dead about sixty years when Horace began to write satire, were a series of tracts on every topic that it came into his head to discuss, — personal, social, political, philosophical, literary, philological. In form they were equally varied, — sometimes didactic, sometimes narrative, or dramatic, or epistolary; and they were written in a variety of metres. More than two thirds, however, of the thirty books were in dactylic hexameters, which Lucilius appears to have finally settled upon as most suitable for his purpose; and this metre was used exclusively by his successors. And in spite of its heterogeneous variety of subjects, there were two features which gave distinctive character to Lucilius' work. One of these was the footing of personal and familiar intercourse on which he placed himself with his reader; his tone was the tone of conversation and his words the utterance of his own mind and heart, as if on the impulse of the moment. The other was that he entered on a field which Roman literature had not yet ventured to tread, but which thenceforth
became the peculiar province of *satura*, as it had been of the Old Comedy of the Greeks,—the criticism of contemporary manners and men.

By inheritance and training a critical observer of the life about him, Horace justly deemed himself fitted to take up the task of Lucilius, whom he greatly admired in everything but the roughness of his literary workmanship. The unreserved personalities in which Lucilius indulged were no longer permissible in Horace’s day, and he avoided them except in a few of his earlier satires. Politics, too, were forbidden ground. In other respects he adopted the method of his master, but in a kindlier spirit and rarely with any exhibition of personal feeling. His manner is that of the accomplished man of the world in familiar conversation, easy and self-possessed, witty but never flippant, discussing with keen insight and a quick sense of humour, but with the abundant charity of a man who knows his own shortcomings, and with a ground-tone of moral earnestness, the various phases of everyday life. He laughs at vice and folly; but satire is essentially didactic, and ridicule is the weapon of a serious purpose. Horace never
speaks from the platform, or with any assumption of superior virtue: he talks as one of the crowd who has stopped to reflect on their common weaknesses, and he disarms resentment by sometimes turning the laugh against himself. There are some who esteem these “talks” (sermones), as he himself preferred to call them, the greatest of Horace’s achievements. Certainly there are few works of classical antiquity in which literary art has brought us so near to ancient life. The satires were written from time to time in the decade following Horace’s return to Rome (b. c. 41–31), and became more or less widely known before they were issued in collected form. The collection consisted of two books, of which the first was published about 35 or 34, and the second about 30, b. c.

Horace constructed the hexameter of his satires with some care, and succeeded in reconciling with the easy conversational tone a smoothness of rhythm which marked a great advance on the strong but rugged verses of his model Lucilius. But he hardly cared to claim for his satires the dignity of poetry. They are in their nature, he protests, and except for a certain recurrence of rhythm,
mere prose discourse. And meanwhile he was trying his hand at poetry based on Greek models, and was in fact touched with the ambition to strike out a new path for Latin literature in this field. His first effort was to reproduce in Latin the iambic rhythm which tradition said had been forged, as a weapon of wrath, by Archilochus of Paros, — the fact being that Archilochus, who lived in the seventh century B. C., had developed and perfected the rhythm which had existed long before him. The form which Horace adopted was a couplet, the second verse of which, as a sort of refrain, was called by metrical writers *epōdus* (*ἐπώδος*, adjective; cf. *ἐπώδεις*). This term was later extended in meaning, so that Horace's collection of seventeen poems, all but one composed of epodic couplets, has come down to us under the title of epodes (*Epodon liber*). Horace himself called them only *Iambi*, which expresses their prevailing character and is sufficiently accurate, although other metres are combined with the iambic in some instances.

The composition of the Epodes probably began as early as that of the Satires, possibly earlier, and was continued through the same
period. The sixteenth of the series, which displays at once remarkable mastery of form and immaturity of thought, was written in the first years after the poet's return from Philippi; the ninth celebrates the victory at Actium. The book was published about the same time as the second book of the Satires, b. c. 30.

Horace says truly that he reproduced the spirit as well as the rhythms of Archilochus; in some of his epodes he has certainly used the iambus as "a weapon of wrath." In others again he has descended to a depth of coarseness from which his later lyrics are, for the most part, happily free. These, the survivors perhaps of a larger number of their kind, belong, we must suppose, to his earliest efforts, and tell of a dark period in his mental history,—the first years after his return from Philippi,—when life went hard with him, and he was embittered and demoralised by associations which later, under more congenial influences, he was able to throw off. The most fortunate of these influences was his acquaintance with Varius and Vergil, who inspired him with warm admiration and regard; and it was these friends who performed
for him the inestimable service of introducing him to Mæcenas.

Gaius Mæcenas came of noble Etruscan stock. The Cilnii, once a powerful family of Arretium, were the most distinguished of his ancestors, and Tacitus (Ann. VI, 11) calls him Cilnius Mæcenas; but there is reason to believe that this was not his gentile name. He was born on the 13th of April in some year not far from 70 B.C., so that he was Horace’s senior by a few years. From our earliest knowledge of him he appears as the trusted friend and confidential minister of the triumvir Octavian, who sent him on several occasions to negotiate with Antony, — at Brundisium in B.C. 40, at Athens in 38, at Tarentum in 37. In B.C. 36, during his absence in the war with Sextus Pompeius, and again in 31, on setting out for the final struggle with Antony, Octavian left Mæcenas behind to watch over Rome and Italy with the power, if not the name, of the city prefect of regal times. This was as near as Mæcenas ever came to holding public office. He studiously refrained from seeking or accepting political preferment, which would have raised him to the senatorial order, and remained all
his life an untitled "knight." He was a man in whom the most opposite qualities appeared to be reconciled. His capacity was unquestioned, and on occasion he could display all necessary industry and vigour; but ordinarily he lived a life of almost ostentatious indolence, and was self-indulgent to the point of effeminacy. Devoid of personal ambition, and apparently indifferent to politics, he was yet public-spirited and patriotic, and by sheer force of sagacity and tact he exercised for many years a powerful and a wholesome influence in shaping the policy of the government. His self-indulgence appears to have been due to his health, which was always delicate. He was subject to fever and sleeplessness, which increased as he grew older: we have the elder Pliny's word for it that in the last three years of his life he did not sleep at all. Mæcenas married Terentia, a sister (by adoption) of Licinius Murena, who was executed for conspiracy against the emperor in B.C. 23. She was a beautiful woman, who counted, the gossips said, Augustus himself among her lovers; and her husband oscillated between furious jealousy and complete subjection to her fascination. He incurred
the emperor's displeasure, when her brother's conspiracy was detected, by letting her draw the secret from him. These jars produced no permanent estrangement between Augustus and his minister, but there were other circumstances which inevitably caused Mæcenas' influence to wane. When the rule of Augustus had become firmly established and began to take on the character of an hereditary monarchy, the members of his own family naturally came into greater prominence in his councils. Among these was Agrippa, who had married his daughter Julia. Mæcenas was outside the circle, and his relation with his chief could not be the same as before.

Mæcenas was a man of cultivated mind and taste, with a genuine appreciation of literature and enjoyment of the conversation of men of letters. He even wrote indifferent verses himself. But he showed his love of literature in a much better way by bestowing upon it a liberal and — what was more to the purpose — a discriminating patronage. He did this in part as a measure of policy; he saw that literature might serve a useful purpose in reconciling the nation to the new order of things. It was rare good fortune for Octavian to have a
minister who not only saw the wisdom of this policy, but had the taste and the tact to carry it out with success; it was something more than good fortune for Mæcenas that he won the gratitude and admiration of the two greatest poets of the age, and that his name from that day to this has been a synonym for patron of letters.

Horace was introduced to Mæcenas apparently in B.C. 39; but it was not till nine months after the first meeting that he was definitely admitted to his circle. It was probably in B.C. 37 that Mæcenas invited him, with Vergil and Varius, to accompany him on the journey to Brundisium, which he has humorously described in the fifth Satire. The acquaintance between the two men ripened gradually into a warm attachment. Mæcenas found in Horace a man after his own heart, whose society gave him great content, and whose good sense and sound moral fibre were proof alike against servility and presumption. He won Horace's gratitude by very substantial favours; he won his affection by the tact and sincerity which made it plain that these favours were the gifts of a friend and not of a mere patron, and that only friendship
was exacted in return. Others were quick enough to point out the social inequality of the two men, and Horace was once more forced to hear ill-natured remarks about "the freedman's son"; but he comforted himself with the knowledge that however it might have been on the former occasion, when he was tribune in the army of Brutus, humble birth was not a matter to be considered against personal qualities in the choice of a friend, and that the distinguished favour which he enjoyed was not purchased by any unworthy compliances on his part. The balance of obligation, in a material point of view, was enormously against him; but he was ready, and frankly avowed his readiness, to resign all these advantages rather than surrender his own independence. And Mæcenas accepted him on these terms.

Chief of all the benefits that came to Horace from this friendship was the gift of a farm in the Sabine hills, which he received from Mæcenas about 33 B.C., not long after the publication of the first book of Satires. The precise situation of this estate has not been determined; but it lay on the banks of the Digentia (now Licenza), a cold mountain
stream that flows directly south and joins the Anio about eight miles above Tibur (Tivoli). Near by was a shrine of the Sabine divinity Vacuna, which archaeologists have located with considerable probability at the village of Roccagiovane, about three miles up the valley on its western slope. Behind this point, within a distance of two or three miles, there are mountain peaks rising to a height of more than 3000 feet above the sea, one of which may have been Lucretilis; though that name is more commonly supposed to have designated the whole mountain mass lying between the Digentia and the more westerly tributaries of the Anio, the highest point of which, Monte Gennaro (or Zappi), rises above 4000 feet. At the junction of the valleys, on the Anio, was the market town of Varia (Vicovaro) where Horace’s five tenant-farmers carried their produce to sell. In the country-house, which Horace himself appears to have built or remodelled for his own use, he maintained an establishment of eight slaves, including presumably the *vilicus*, who had charge of the whole estate. The environment of beautiful scenery, with abundance of shade, cool streams, and pure air—it was about 2000
feet above the sea-level — made the place exceedingly attractive to a man like Horace, who was strongly susceptible to the impressions of Nature in her various aspects. He came into possession of his Sabine villa when he was a little over thirty years old, and from that time on he spent much of his life there, glad to escape from the feverish bustle of the city to his mountain retreat, not thirty miles away, but completely secluded and restful to both mind and body. To Mæcenas' generous gift he was indebted for a good deal more than the mere provision of an income which secured him against want for the rest of his days, though that too was all-important for a man of letters in that age.

Through his intimacy with Mæcenas Horace came to the acquaintance and notice of Octavian, towards whom his feelings, in the course of this decade, underwent a complete change. Like many of the followers of Brutus and Cassius, who had remained quiescent or hostile during the harmonious supremacy of the triumvirs, Horace saw that when it became necessary to choose between Octavian and Antony, the best hopes of the country were bound up with the success of the former.
His change of heart was no doubt hastened by the influence of Mæcenas, and in fact the prevailing influences at Rome set in that direction. When the contest reached its crisis at Actium, Horace's conversion was complete. He celebrated the victory and the death of Cleopatra—with true Roman spirit he was silent about Antony—with odes of triumph, and cordially accepted the result which placed the sole supremacy in the hands of the one man who could command peace. Towards Augustus personally, however, Horace was not inspired at this time, and probably not at any time, with any warmer feeling than patriotic admiration and gratitude.

When Octavian returned to Rome and celebrated his triple triumph in 29 B.C.,—the year after Vergil completed his seven years' labour on the Georgics,—Horace had published his two books of Satires and the Epodes. In each of these the opening poem was addressed to Mæcenas, which was equivalent to a dedication. Horace's work in satire was not pursued further, at least in the same form. He had become deeply interested in lyrical composition, and his success in the Epodes had encouraged him to try his hand at more
complicated lyrical metres. He made careful studies in early Greek lyric, taking as his especial models and guides the two great poets of Lesbos, Alcæus and Sappho (about 600 B.C.). Just when Horace began to write what we call the Odes, but which he called simply Poems (carmina), it is not possible to say. In fact, the line of division between the Epodes and the Odes is a somewhat arbitrary one, and a few poems are found under each head that might equally well have been placed under the other. The earliest of the odes to which a date can be assigned with certainty is I, 37, written on receiving the news of the death of Cleopatra in B.C. 30. Possibly some were written before this, but probably not many. From this time on, for about seven years, Horace devoted himself with great zeal and industry, and almost to the exclusion of every other kind of literary work, to lyrical composition. His mastery of form and fine rhythmical sense had here their highest opportunity, and the result was a body of lyrics which in volume and variety and in perfection of finish was never equalled in Latin literature before or after. Catullus, a generation earlier, had written lyrics which in freshness and
spontaneity, and as direct and unaffected expressions of the poet's personality, Horace himself could not equal. But Catullus had written chiefly in the easier lyrical metres,—iambics, Glyconics, and particularly the Phalæcean, his favourite rhythm. He tried the Sapphic strophe in only two poems—one of these a translation—and the Alcaic not at all. These two, with three Asclepiad strophes which Catullus did not touch, were the rhythms that Horace developed most successfully, and, after many experiments with other forms, came to use almost exclusively. He also worked in accordance with strict metrical theories, formulated probably by the Roman philologians of the time, and not by Horace himself, whereas Catullus had allowed himself the full liberty of his Greek models as he found them, so that his verses sometimes, to the ears of later critics, had a touch of harshness. It was not unnatural that Horace should regard his own achievement, wrought out with much study and labour, as the first adequate and successful adaptation of the Lesbian rhythms to the Latin language, in comparison with which the slighter efforts of Catullus might be deemed to have gone, in point of artistic
workmanship, little beyond the point he had himself reached in his Epodes. And his claim, in this limited sense, must be allowed. But it is to be wished that he had accorded to the genius of his predecessor in lyric the same generous recognition which he gave to that of Lucilius in satire.

Horace's Odes, many of which are addressed to one or another of his friends, were privately read and circulated long before they were published in collected form. The first publication, which embraced three books, dedicated in a fitting introductory ode to Mæcenas, took place, according to almost conclusive internal evidence, in B.C. 23, when Horace had reached the age of forty-two. It was the gathered fruits of the best years of his life, when his mind had attained its full maturity and its spirit had not yet lost its freshness. The collection is arranged with some reference to the chronological order of composition, but with more to variety of subject and pleasing sequence of rhythms. The odes range in quality from mere studies or versions from the Greek to products of the poet's matured skill and poems in which motive and thought are wholly Roman. Horace gave his
work to the world with the undisguised assurance of its immortality and his own. It did not immediately silence his detractors; but it won its way surely, and he did not have to wait many years for a general verdict of approval from the reading public.

With this achievement Horace’s ambition to make for himself a unique place in Roman literature was satisfied, or his lyric impulse was spent; at any rate he wrote no more odes for some years. His old propensity for the study of life reasserted itself and found expression in a new series of sermones, as he calls them, indicating their close resemblance in subject and method, as they were identical in metre, with the Satires. In form they were Epistles, and this is the title under which they have come down to us. Some are letters in fact as well as in form, relating to personal matters,—one is a letter of introduction. Others contain some admixture of personal communication, while in many the insertion of a name is no more than a compliment or serves only to lend a certain personal interest to the discourse. It was a practice to which he had become habituated in the Odes, the influence of which on the Epistles is further apparent in a more
finished rhythm and a more compact and sententious style than he had attained in the Satires. The first series of Epistles was written in the years immediately following the publication of the Odes, and was published in B. C. 20 or 19. The book, like its predecessors, was dedicated to Mæcenas.

In the epilogue of this first book of Epistles Horace has left a brief sketch of his own person and temper at the age of forty-four: "short of stature, prematurely gray, quick to take offence, but quickly appeased." He was stout as well as short; but in his younger days, with black hair and the low forehead which the Romans admired, and an agreeable voice and smile, he was personally far from unattractive. He enjoyed good health in his youth except that he was troubled with an affection of the eyes. But as he grew older his health began to fail, and he found it necessary to guard it carefully. In spite of the friendly reproaches of Mæcenas, he spent a good part of the year away from the city, among the hills at his villa or at Tibur or Præneste, or on the seashore at Baiae or Tarentum.

He never married, nor was he ever taken possession of by an overmastering passion,
like his friend Tibullus and the other elegiac poets. Among all the feminine names that occur in his lighter odes only one appears to be real,—that of Cinara, of whom he speaks only after her early death. The Lydias and Lalages, and all the rest of the Greek ladies who figure in his love poems, are creatures of his fancy, or of the fancy of some Greek poet before him; and if, as is no doubt to some extent true, the poems reflect the poet's own experiences, they also show how lightly these experiences touched him. Horace was not of a temperament to make a serious business of love; and his artistic delineations of it are pretty, but they have not the ring of genuineness and true passion. Something of the same sort must be said of his convivial odes. They must be taken as artistic productions, not as self-portraiture. Horace enjoyed good wine and was very sociable by disposition, and he no doubt often found himself, especially in his younger days, in boisterous company; but by his whole nature and training excess of all kinds was distasteful to him, and it is impossible not to believe that his strong self-control rarely failed to assert itself here. The odes in which he enjoins
moderation in the use of wine reflect not only his rule but, we may confidently believe, his habitual practice.

In the year 17 B.C. Horace’s eminence as a poet received the stamp of official recognition in his appointment to write a hymn to be sung at the Secular Games which Augustus celebrated in that year. His services as poet laureate were further called upon a few years later to celebrate in two odes the exploits of the Emperor’s stepsons, Tiberius and Drusus Nero, who had gained important successes against some of the Alpine tribes. In the mean time his reawakened lyrical activity had produced other odes, and in B.C. 13, or perhaps a little later, he gathered these together and added a fourth book to the three already published. This was done, Suetonius tells us, to gratify the emperor, who wished the odes in honour of his stepsons to have a permanent place in Horace’s works. The “Carmen Sae
culare” was not included in this book, but has been preserved separately.

The fourth book of the Odes, unlike all of the poet’s previous publications, was not dedicated to Mæcenas, and this circumstance has given rise to the suspicion that Horace was
guilty of neglecting his old friend, now that he had himself come into the sunshine of court favour, while his benefactor had withdrawn into the background, or was even under a cloud. But there is no sufficient ground for such an aspersion, and it is contradicted by what we know of Horace's character and his ideals of life. Horace had long before this time come into entire sympathy, politically, with the government of Augustus. The emperor was fully alive to the value of such an ally, and was ready to bestow upon him social favours and rewards of a more substantial sort. Both the one and the other were no doubt agreeable enough to the poet, and Horace was not the man to withhold the one favour he could bestow in return,—the service of his muse. There is nothing to show that his relations with the court went beyond this interchange of civilities. Horace had already won the prizes of life that he most valued, and court favour could add nothing that he really cared for. Nor is there any evidence of a close friendship between the poet and the emperor. The warmest expression of Horace's feeling towards Augustus is in the fifth ode of the fourth book; but it is the warmth
of loyal gratitude to the author of his country's peace, and not at all of personal affection. On the other hand we are told that the emperor's advances towards a closer relation, in inviting the poet to become his private secretary, were coldly received and the appointment was declined. As to the new book of lyrics, Horace's unerring tact would forbid him to dedicate to Mæcenas a work that he had published at the request of the emperor; the significant fact is that it is not dedicated to Augustus. Of his loyalty to Mæcenas, which we should otherwise have no right to question, he reminds us in the eleventh ode; and of Mæcenas' undiminished affection for the poet we have striking evidence in his dying message to the emperor, recorded by Suetonius: "Horati Flacci ut mei esto memor."

Suetonius further tells us that Augustus reproached Horace not only for slighting his friendly advances, but for having left him, among so many friends addressed in his "sermones," conspicuous by his absence; and that Horace absolved himself from this reproach by composing the poem which now stands at the head of the second book of Epistles. It is, in form, an epistle to the Emperor;
in substance a review of Latin poetry, with a
defence of the modern school, of which Varius
and Vergil and Horace himself were the fore-
most representatives, and with which the name
of Augustus was destined to be permanently
associated, against the disparagement of con-
servative critics and their indiscriminate venerate-
ration of the old Roman poets. The second
poem of this collection, an epistle to a young
friend and man of letters, Julius Florus, is also
mainly devoted to literary matters, and is
especially interesting for its many allusions to
Horace’s own literary career. Its general pur-
port is that he has now come to a time of life
when he must put aside poetry with other
amusements of youth, and address himself to
the “rhythms and harmonies of real life.” For
this reason its composition is assigned with
great probability to the period immediately
following the publication of the first book of
the Epistles, when Horace’s lyrical muse was
still silent, — say B. C. 19 or 18. The epistle
to Augustus, on the other hand, was probably
written at least as late as B. C. 14.
These two epistles are followed in modern
editions by the longest of Horace’s poems
(476 hexameters), and the one that approaches
nearest to the character of a formal treatise. It is largely didactic, setting forth with much detail of precept and illustration the correct principles of poetry as an art; and as early as the first century it was known under the title of "Ars Poetica" or "De Arte Poetica liber." It is, nevertheless, written in the form, and to a considerable extent preserves the character and tone, of an epistle, being addressed to three friends, a father and two sons, of the Piso family, and ostensibly designed for the special benefit of the elder of the two young men, who had literary aspirations. It is, moreover, for a formal treatise, very incomplete; it deals with only one branch of poetry — the drama — with any degree of thoroughness, touching on the rest lightly or not at all. It seems probable, therefore, that the somewhat pretentious title "Ars Poetica" did not originate with Horace himself, but was given to the poem later, when it was issued separately, either for educational purposes or as material for learned commentary. The date of its composition is in dispute. Some place it as early as the first book of the Epistles, but the better view appears to be that it was written in the last years of the poet's life.
Of Horace's personal history in these last years we have no record. His health, as we have seen, had long been precariou{s, and he had not yet completed his fifty-seventh year when he died, in the latter part of November, B. C. 8. He was buried on the Esquiline, not far from the tomb of Mæcenas, who had passed away only a few months before him.

The favour which Horace had won from the best minds of his own time has been confirmed by the permanent verdict of posterity. His works at once took their place among the classics of Latin literature. By the beginning of the second century, as we know definitely from Juvenal, and undoubtedly long before (see Quint. I, 8, 6), they were used as school-books, and thus became a part of the literary outfit of the educated Roman. They continued to be read to some extent through the middle ages, and since the revival of letters their popularity has been steadily maintained. Perhaps no ancient writer has won a warmer place in the personal regard of modern men,—and not only men of books, but men of affairs; for the secret of his power is not merely, or perhaps so much, in the unrivalled
mastery of language and rhythm which lends such charm to his lyric poems,—still less in the force of poetical genius, in which his greatness does not pass unchallenged, but rather in the character which shines through his verses, of the keen but kindly, urbane, wise, genial observer of life.

Horace's poems became early the subject of learned criticism and interpretation. The oldest commentary that has come down to us is that of Pomponius Porphyrio, who is supposed to have written in the fourth century, perhaps earlier. At any rate, he lived at a time when the old Roman pagan customs had not yet died out, and he had access to still older authorities which are now lost; so that his work is of great value to us. We also have a collection of scholia under the name of Helenius Acro, a distinguished grammarian who lived perhaps a century before Porphyrio; but although Acro unquestionably wrote a commentary on Horace, the one which now bears his name is a composite production, made up at a much later date by one or more unknown writers, who quote liberally from Porphyrio.

If we may take the word of Jacques de
Crusque (better known by his Latinised name, Cruquius), professor at Bruges in the latter part of the sixteenth century, the oldest manuscript of Horace known to exist in modern times was preserved in the monastery of St. Peter at Blankenberg (Mons Blandinius), near Ghent, and presumably perished in the fire which consumed that institution in 1566. It was one of four codices which Cruquius had borrowed from the monastery and collated for his edition of Horace, which he first published in complete form in 1578. Although, therefore, these Blandinian manuscripts are themselves lost, we have in the edition of Cruquius a considerable number of readings from them; and some of these are of a very striking character. Cruquius regarded the manuscripts as of great value; three of them he assigned to the ninth century, while the other, which he called "vetustissimus," he thought might possibly date from the seventh. We have no means of revising this estimate. Keller and Holder, to whom we are indebted for the fullest existing critical apparatus of Horace, question the accuracy and even the good faith of Cruquius, and set little value on his manuscripts. The majority of Horatian scholars,
however, dissent from this view and acquit Cruquius of any worse offence than carelessness, while the "Blandinius Vetustissimus" is justly held to be of exceptional importance both on account of the excellence of some of its peculiar readings and because it represents a tradition in large measure independent of the great mass of Horatian manuscripts. Cruquius also published in his edition a collection of scholia from his Blandinian manuscripts, the unknown writer or writers of which are commonly quoted as "Commentator Cruquianus." They are of no great value, being evidently derived, for the most part, from Acro and Porphyrio.

The extant manuscripts of Horace, about two hundred and fifty in number, range in date from the eighth or ninth to the fifteenth century. The oldest is one now in the public library at Berne, written by a Scotch or Irish monk in the latter part of the eighth or early in the ninth century. We have nearly twenty in all which appear to have been written before the end of the tenth century. All of the manuscripts (except one at Gotha, which appears to be derived from the Blandinian recension) come from a common archetype, which
Keller thinks may have been written as early as the first or second century. No satisfactory classification has yet been discovered, which shall enable us to decide on disputed readings by the weight of manuscript testimony; nor is it probable that the relations of the manuscripts to one another can ever be sufficiently made out to establish such a classification. Owing to the practice in which copyists and revisers often indulged, of comparing their codex with one or more others, and borrowing readings from these at their discretion, the lines of tradition have become so confused that it is probably no longer possible to separate them. This appears in Keller's attempted classification, in which an important manuscript will be found now in one class, now in another. Keller sets up three classes, and in general accepts the united testimony of two against the remaining one. His classes II and III may be said to be fairly made out, though their value is much impaired by the vacillation of individual manuscripts. The case for his Class I is by no means so clear. The serious problems of Horatian textual criticism involve, as a rule, the choice between two (seldom three) variants, each resting on good,
but not conclusive, manuscript support; and the decision cannot be reached by any balancing of authorities, but calls for the exercise of sound judgment, trained by careful study of the poet's mode of thought and habit of expression.
READING FROM HOMER

Rome bred me first, she taught me Grammar Rules,
And all the little Authors read in Schools.
A little more than this learn'd Athens shew'd,
And taught me how to separate Bad from Good.

— Hor. Epist. 2, Lib. ii.

Etching by W. H. W. Bicknell
From the famous painting by Alma Tadema
READING FROM HOMER

Rome bred me finer, she taught me Grammar Rules
And all the little Authors read in Schools.
A little more than tires I learn; What now? I'll show 'em,
And taught me how to separate Bad from Good.

—Hor. Epist. 8, l. 98.

Etching by W. BICKNELL
From the Famous Painting by Alma Tadema
READING FROM HOMER

Rome bred me first, she taught me Grammar Rules,
And all the little Authors read in Schools.
A little more than this learn’d Athens shew’d,
And taught me how to separate Bad from Good.

— Hor. Epist. 2, Lib. ii.

Etching by W. H. W. Bicknell

From the famous painting by Alma Tadema
Reading from Homer

Rome can me first, she taught me Grammar Rules,

And all the little Authors teach in schools,

A little more than your learned Agnes skew,'d,

And taught me how to separate Bag from coat.

—Hor. Elegy 3, line 11.

Etching by W. H. Bicknell

From the Roman painting by Alma Tadema
HORACE AND HIS TRANSLATORS

WRITTEN BY THE LATE JAMES HANNAY FOR THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

Our English lovers of the wise and pleasant Venusian continue to attempt translating him so pertinaciously that we are fairly provoked into inquiring what success has yet been attained in the object by our national literature, and whether there are any prospects of a perfectly satisfactory achievement of the nice and difficult task? We shall not apply the prosaic test of utility in the matter, for we do not estimate roses by their value for medicinal purposes, and a Horace in English, like Horace in Latin, would be something beyond price. But even on the ground of utility there is a good deal to say. Who knows whether a vernacular Horace may not yet be required for a reformed House of Commons? Who knows what would be the effect of the diffusion of perfectly graceful and accurate versions of the ancients upon a generation which 69
threatens to respect nothing older than 1832? From this point of view, the inquiry becomes important as well as interesting; and the fact that our latest translator is a Peer not unknown in public life acquires a new significance. The truth is, that we cannot help looking upon Horace as a kind of honorary member (along with other ancients) of the British constitution. He and his friends have helped to form our statesmen, polish our oratory, and point our conversation for many ages, and that Lord Ravensworth should be his translator is a fact which we are still happy to be able to characterise as English. Sir Robert Peel loved the little Roman; Lord Plunket learned him by heart; Burke quoted him; Lord North punned upon him; Warren Hastings rendered one of his most famous odes. We shall see presently that there are noblemen, diplomats, statesmen, and bishops, as well as poets and scholars, among those who have endeavoured to naturalise him in our tongue; so that the task can hardly be called one of mere literature only, and before we begin to examine it specially in that light we feel tempted to say a few words on the historical importance of Horace himself.
There is nothing more curious than the transition by which classical literature has passed from a revolutionary into a conservative influence. It was once dangerous to be suspected of Greek, and the elderly gentlemen of the fifteenth century did not half like a young fellow who showed a marked turn for Latin prose. When Horace appeared from the presses of Italy,—as if the Esquiline had given up its dead,—he, the epicurean and the admirer of Augustus, began his modern career in the capacity of a reformer! He taught Erasmus to laugh at monks, to ridicule old feudal funerals, to treat the grotesque figures of saints with little more reverence than he himself had shown to the images of Priapus; and a corresponding influence was exercised by the other comic writers of antiquity all over Europe. Rabelais in France, Buchanan in Scotland, Skelton in England, were all men suckled on the wolf of Roman satire; and cardinals and friars, tyrants and hypocrites, were pelted with weapons such as had once assailed Domitian,—Tigellinus,—bloated libertini and sham Stoics. Horace, less direct and violent than other satirists, proved also to have an element capable of wider
employment in the world. His happy sayings obtained the currency of proverbs, and the authority of oracles. The world has long forgotten that he and his band of ancient brothers were once thought dangerous to churches and thrones. They are now the cherished darlings of spiritual and temporal potentates, loved (strange to say) least by those political parties whose existence in Europe they helped to make possible! But if we recognise the ingratitude of "Liberalism" when it assails the study of Latin and Greek, let us be thankful that we now know what Latin and Greek really teach. The old abbots, who hated the new studies, may sleep in peace. No man now who knows who Brutus was is likely to imitate him. We study our own demagogues in Aristotle, and laugh at them in Aristophanes. Republics which remained great or independent only as long as they remained historic and aristocratic present little for the imitation of rebellious cobblers. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity stare when brought into contact with societies which based all politics on the eternal necessity of slavery, and made the hatred of foreigners a part of public virtue. What fluctuations of
opinion and varieties of view has the popularity of Horace survived! How hopeless seem the prospects of our modern reputations, when we contemplate the thousands of editions and versions which maintain and diffuse his fame!

But let us now (for he is not before us every day) take a bird's-eye view of the more recent varieties of Horatian opinion. Every ancient has a modern literature of his own, and rises and falls in popular favour, as the years roll by, like a living writer. Horace, for instance, was not so early translated in England as Vergil and others, nor—if we may venture on so decided a generalisation—was he so much valued in the Elizabeth period. He rose in favour in the seventeenth century, and acquired a decided accession of popularity when Pope published the "Imitations." The great intellectual movement which followed the French Revolution was not favourable to him; he was assailed heavily in Germany, and Catullus came more into fashion.

Niebuhr was a great admirer of Catullus, but he took care that depreciation of the later author should not go too far, and we find him
writing thus on the subject in his celebrated "Letter to a Young Philologer":—

"Horace’s Odes may also benefit the young as a standard style formed upon the Greek model, and it is a pity that a contempt for them has spread which is only allowable and not arrogant in the case of a very small number of masters in philology."

Since that time the tide has turned again. Abroad there have been several excellent editions of him published; at home, besides the "Horatius Restitutus" of Dr. Tate and the edition of Milman, there have been more translations of some literary pretension than it would be easy to match in any other given number of previous years. A reaction has set in. Just as the Queen Anne’s men and their successors of the last century have recovered from the depression which they experienced during the first ascendancy of Wordsworth and Coleridge, there is a disposition to think more kindly and highly of a writer whose cause is very much the same. A liberal compromise has been entered into among the men of letters who discuss Horatian questions. How far was he really a poet? How far was he noble as a man? These points are
debated without any absurd affectation of "contempt;" and on them, as on other controversies regarding Horace's life and writings, definite grounds of agreement begin to disclose themselves. We have remarked the gradual rise of somewhat new conclusions about him; but these are accompanied everywhere with a mixture of affection and admiration which show that he is likely to survive the tests of this generation as triumphantly as he has those of any preceding one.

If, for example, we take the old question—Was Horace a poet?—nobody would now venture to answer it in the merely contemptuous negative of a sixth-rate imitator of Keats. On the other hand, who would assert that his genius was as naturally poetic as that of Shakespeare or Sophocles? A good test in such cases is to ask whether the word "poet" would be a sufficient description for a man, without any other; whether the poetic element has the mastery in his mind and style? Now, it can hardly be said that this was the case with Horace, whose earliest works were satires, whose latest works are epistles, and who is more original, beyond all question, in these, than in the strictly poetic compositions
which he wrote for the lyre. To say, indeed, that he was more original in these is only to say that he was a Roman. The Roman satire stands by itself, and is a native production of the Italian soil. It is not like the Archilochian satires which Horace imitated in the "Epodes." It is not like the old Comedy represented by Aristophanes. It is a peculiar creation of the native Roman mind, — rich with its ancient morality and its shrewd mother-wit. There is no doing justice to or understanding the Romans without remembering their humour; and we must say that when we think of Horace, we involuntarily picture the little man trotting on his mule and watching with the mixed sympathy and criticism of a humorist the country folk, or curiously scanning the flow of life in the Suburra or the Sacred Way. We rather, that is, find such images of him rising before us than those presented by the lyrics, — Anacreontic visions of poetic dissipation, — Horatius under a vine, with his hair anointed, listening to Tyndaris, while Puer, myrtle-crowned, is coming along with a wine-jar. Briefly, it is our theory that the historical Horace was a philosophical satirist and moral-
ist; that his other gifts were subordinate, and that his lyrics must be studied with a constant eye to their artificial and (in some instances, at all events) utterly unreal character. But, on the other hand, if he had been only satirist and moralist, how could he have written the Carmina,—supposing him to have imitated ever so closely Alcæus and Sappho and Anacreon? And here it is useless to puzzle ourselves over the recondite meanings that may lie in the word Poet. He is a poet who can produce the effects of poetry. The Bandusian Fountain gratifies the sense by its coolness, and lulls it with its plash. What can anybody who describes a fountain do more? We are far from maintaining that Horace was no poet at all. We think that in mind and character he was essentially a philosopher; but that he had sufficient poetic genius—given a lyrical literature and foreign metres—to produce delightful odes, and odes which we should still enjoy, even if the songs of Lesbos had survived. But this is a different thing from calling a man a creative poet. The civilised world, in fact, had advanced in the time of Augustus beyond the stage where lyrics originate. They belong to the grand old singing
time of peoples, when their hearts and voices are young,—to the spring season of a race, when its creeds and institutions are flourishing healthily about it like the leaves, and it pours out song for song’s sake. Horace was as far removed in time from that epoch, as we are from the epoch which produced the feudal ballads. And, indeed, it would not be absurd to compare his poetic position under Augustus, with that of Sir Walter Scott under George the Fourth. They were both poets, but not poets only. They were both inspired by the minstrelsy of a day long gone by, and yet as men of the world and of general genius acquired a fame apart from their poetic fame. It is not as singer after all, so much as thinker, that Horace has left his mark on Europe; and when we talk of Sir Walter, we talk of him rather as the great describer of character, the wise, kindly judge of mankind, than as the bard who sang the battles of Flodden or Harlaw.

According to this view, Horace is beginning definitely to take his place as the great man of the world among poets, and the great poet of men of the world. He heads that large and influential body of writers which includes
in our literature Addison and Pope; men who have written admirable poems, but who are yet (by a popular instinct perhaps deeper than criticism) separated as a class from the Shakespeare and Spensers. His character, too, rises definitely before us and harmonises with his works, when we describe him as one of the best and kindliest men of the world whose biography has ever become a matter of historical concern. Horace is not a solitary singer living in his own world, and listened to from without, like a nightingale. He is a cheerful creature, loving society and the light; a man among men as well as a writer for them. His soul was not a star that dwelt apart; but an exceedingly pleasant and brilliant lamp for the habitations of mankind. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, emphatically at the Mitre, when Boswell wondered how he could live on easier terms with the learned and pious doctor than with his own father, "I am a man of the world, and I take the colour of the world as it moves along." This was Horace's way. He wrote charming little songs for it (after the Greek, many of them); made beautiful little paintings for it, — graceful delineations of that ancient mythology which
could still gratify the eye though it had ceased to satisfy the soul of the pagan world; and, while doing so, took up his own successful position in society, and studied it to the very core. Such a career is not to be compared in dignity and purity with that of Milton. It was the career of an artist and a philosopher,—not pretending to a mission for reforming the world; but making the best of it as he found it, and on the whole using his fine gifts with wisdom and delicacy. We must remember how hard it was to rise to a nobler theory of life in his time and position, amidst the ruins of a constitution and the decay of a faith. He had seen Stoicism (of which he felt the dignity) vanish from politics with Brutus. Nothing was left him but the practice of Art and the philosophy of Moderation. And after all, too, the cause of Augustus was his cause; though he did not perhaps know it, when he threw away his shield amidst the dust of Philippi. It can only have been by accident that he—the son of a libertinus—was tribune of a legion in what really was the cause of Oligarchy. But the rise of freedmen and provincials, and the encouragement of letters, were fundamental parts of the Cæsarean policy,—
a fact which takes from the poet's eulogies of the emperor all suspicion of that unwilling and unreal flattery which the world justly execrates as base.

Having touched on Horace's biography, we may add that, in that department also, our modern scholars are arriving at something like a compromise. Dean Milman says that we cannot get at the truth about the order of composition of the "Odes." Professor Newman agrees with him. The Germans will probably give up the fruitless task soon; and Dillenburger, we observe, while adopting Franke's arrangement in the text of his Life, is content to put his own criticisms on it in the notes. When our great Bentley issued what he thought the true chronology, he pronounced, more suo, that whenever learned men went beyond the limits he had fixed, they went wrong. The world has not finally accepted the Bentleian plan, but at least it has accepted no other.

It is obvious that there must be much in the "Odes" not to be treated as a source of genuine Horatian biography. Take, for instance, his love affairs, which have been discussed with such matter-of-fact solemnity that one critic
published a special dissertation on "Tyndaris"! Which is the wildest extreme? to describe, as Buttmann does, all such critics as "gossiping anecdote mongers," or to hold out for the historical reality and personal existence of Barine, Cinara, Chloë, Chloris, Galatea, Glycera, Inachia, Lalage, Lyce, Lyde, Lydia, Myrtale, Næra, Pholoë, Phryne, Phyllis, Pyrrha, and Tyndaris? Of the two alternatives, we prefer the first. We think that it is ridiculous to go on discussing the dates and order of such imaginary attachments with as much gravity as if we were talking of Milton's wives:

Res est ridicula et nimis iocosa.

It is evident that the poet used these pretty names to garnish a song without any eye to reality or consistency. In Carmen I, 22, he is singing of Lalage, and a wolf flies from him, but in II, 5, a friend is advised not to make love to her, because she is too young. Phyllis, in Carmen II, 4, is the object of the affection of Xanthias Phoeceus; in IV, 11, she is invited to come and keep Mæcenas' birthday, and to give up all thoughts of Telephus. The Chloë of Carmen III, 7, is not the Threician
Chloë of the famous "Donec gratus," III, 9. So, too, Horace is violently enamoured of Glycera (Carmen I, 19), and presently (I, 33) is found consoling Tibullus for her preference of a lover younger than them both. No wonder, then, that as it is a point of honour with the editors to identify the damsels when they can, we should find them contradicting each other sadly. "For some little while we find Glycera is his toast," says Professor Newman; "Glycerae nomen fictum et Graecum," says Dillenberger; though it is never without a sigh that the learned German parts with one of these literary houris. Mr. Newman seems to suffer real pain from the contemplation of Horace's delinquencies. There is a well-known ode, the "Parcius iunctas" (Carmen I, 25), addressed to Lydia growing old. "Of all Horace's odes," says the professor, "this is, perhaps, the most disparaging to his memory. He abuses his high poetical powers to exult in her deplorable state when her beauty is vanishing," etc. Now where, we ask, is the evidence that this is the Lydia who figures in three other lyrics? Is the girl who in I, 8 is spoiling Sybaris, who in I, 13 is in love with Telephus, who in III, 9 is
reconciled to Horace in a renowned amœbæan as an old flame, — one and the same person? The negative may be proved almost to demonstration. The three books in which these poems about Lydia occur, were written and published, according to the best theories, from A. u. c. 723 to A. u. c. 731. There is not time for all this courting, bickering, making up with — and, finally, heartless desertion in age — of Lydia; indeed, if we accept Bentley's statement that Book Third of the "Odes" belongs to A. u. c. 730, 731, we shall find Horace becoming reconciled to a blooming Lydia four or five years after he has taunted her with being a withered old woman. Surely it is much more reasonable, not to add more complimentary to the poet, to suppose that a wanton growing old was a subject which he took up (possibly after some lost Greek original) as a lyric artist, and that "Lydia" was one of the stock names which he found at his hand for the purpose. On such a supposition all difficulties vanish. The odes which celebrate historical events retain their dates and their reality. The odes which are addressed to known individuals — Mæcenas, Pompeius, Varus, Vergil, Valgius — speak for
themselves. A batch of compositions, some very pretty, some very painful, remain to be ranked as fancy pictures.

We are aware that readers of Horace, to whom such views about his odes are new, will be apt to think that we underrate his genius, and rob him of a certain romantic halo of glory and love. They may rest assured that our admiration of his gifts is little short of worship, and that we by no means endeavour to make his genius more intelligible, for the sake of making it less admired. He was an imitator in his lyrics — true; but, besides that, he shows wondrous skill in Art; there was a certain poetry in his selecting lyric poetry to labour on, at all! Lyric poetry was his fairy-land; it was the region he wandered into to refresh his mind after the life of Rome, as he went to Tibur, or the Sabine woods, or Baiae, or Præneste, to refresh his bodily health and spirits. He had created to himself this world out of the old Southern literature; and it was to him what the Leasowes was to Shenstone, what the feudal life was to Scott, an ideal world which he tried to realise, that it might tint his ordinary existence, as the Roman citizen of a not happy age,
with the hues of antique loveliness and romance. We are much mistaken if, on this scheme, Horace does not appear more really poetic in character than he is commonly supposed to have been. He wrote satires which have now and then traits of coarseness in them; he dined out at the coenae of the great city somewhat too much, gorging himself with the peacocks, the sanglier, and the shell-fish of a luxurious age. He mixed personally sometimes with circles where the moral tone was low. But see how he relieves this prosaic course of existence with music imitated from an earlier lyre! What figure has he conjured out of the woods? It is Faunus, the lover of the flying nymphs, and for him a kid smokes on his poetic altar. He thinks of his boyhood, when, as the son of the humble coactor, he was sporting about in Venusia, and throws a tinge of the ancient piety and poetry over his infancy by singing how, as he lay asleep on one of his native mountains, doves came and covered him with fresh-pulled leaves,—

Non sine dis animosus infans.

Did he believe in Faunus? Did he intend that others should accept literally the story of
the doves? We might as well ask if Pope believed in the sylphs and gnomes, or Scott in the White Lady. We know from Cicero, and other authorities, how little of the ancient mythology was believed by Romans of the cultivated classes; and that if poets employed it, it was for the sake of the art, as it was employed by statesmen for its utility in politics. The ancients were steeped in artistic influences to a degree unknown in modern life, and when the dove story was charmingly told, its fabulous character, its contrast to the associations of the actual Horatius, a satirical, weak-eyed, slovenly little gentleman crossing one of the bridges to go to a dinner in the suburbs, would offend nobody. Suffice it that the Alcaics were musical, and the image itself full of beauty.

Horace so mastered with his genius and incorporated with himself the Æolian song, that he rose to originality through imitation,—the boast of Boileau in a position somewhat similar. Nobody, we suppose, will deny that when the news of the victory at Actium and its results reached Rome, and Horace (then aetat. thirty-four, and only known as a satirist) began that fine ode the "Nunc est bibendum,"
he began it under the inspiration of the Νῦν χρή μεθύσθην with which Alcaeus hailed the death of Myrsilus the tyrant of Lesbos. But, as in the latter part of that ode, so in several odes of which the Roman events are the subjects, he shows that he had naturalised the art. He had learned it first, and could practise it afterwards; and this gives a peculiar interest to his historical Carmina. The "Caelo tonantem," the "Motum ex Metello," the "Qualem ministrum," are striking from their reality, and from a certain Roman dignity—a flow like that of the folds of a toga—about them. Pyrrha and her cave, again, Glycera and her chapel, and our exquisite little friend the "Persicos odi," have something always of the air of exercises about them. They are clear and sweet as the finest honey, but the honey tastes of the flowers of Hymettus. The marble is that of Italy, but the figures were first found in the stone of Paros or Pentelicus.

The elder Scaliger, speaking of Horace, in his "Poetics," observes that doubtless his obligations to Greek models were great, but that even if we could determine them, Horace would prove to be more polished (cultiorem)
than his Greek predecessors. Such decisions are allowed only to men of the Scaliger rank. But it is easy to see that the laborious nicety of the process by which he learnt to write lyrics—first translating, then imitating, then creating through imitation—was just the thing to produce and account for the exquisite finish which distinguishes these compositions. What is it about them that makes the task of the translators seem almost hopeless? Not the spirit, not the dignity, not even the grace. It is that finished character to which Scaliger alludes, and which, though the very triumph of literary art, can only be illustrated by comparisons taken from other walks than literature. It reminds one rather of statuary, of painting on ivory, or of cameo-carving, than of anything which writing can afford. The loss of a phrase would spoil a stanza, and a change in the order of the words ruins it; for phrases and words have each a place as definite as that of the pieces which compose a puzzle, or the stones in a tessellated pavement. The difficulty is great of finding an equivalent for the sense, and it is a still more delicate business to imitate the form.

We cannot be surprised, therefore, if our
early translations prove mere objects of curiosity, and often unreadable even as such. The earliest English translator of any part of Horace was pointed out by Thomas Warton, and has not been superseded since. This was Drant, who published black-letter versions of some of the "Satyrs" and "Pistles," and of the "Art of Poetrie," in 1566 and 1567, which he dedicated to the Ladies Bacon and Cecil, and to the head of that great house of Ormond which thus early showed a love of letters. It would be mere affectation to pretend to enjoy Mr. Drant, or to have read him through. He wrote in that kind of ballad-metre (the Saturnian verse of England) which our early translators much loved, and is one of the forgotten pioneers of literature. The next publication of the kind was "Certain selected Odes of Horace, Englished," etc., which appeared in 1621. From this, the earliest attempt known to render any of the lyrics, we shall transcribe one specimen. This is the way in which, in James the First's time, they turned the "Donec gratus":

H. When I enjoy'd thee without check,
   And none more welcome did embrace
The snowie treasure of thy neck,
   The Persian Monarke gave me place.

90
L. While thou lov'd not another more,
Nor Chloë bare away the bell
From Lydia renowned before,
I Roman Ilia did excel.

H. Chloë my mistris is of Thrace,
Whose warbling voice by skill is led,
For whom I would see Death's pale face,
If she might live when I am dead.

L. Now Calaïs is my heart's delight,
He answers me with love again,
For whom I twice with Death would fight,
If he my half-selfe did remaine.

H. What if sweet Venus doe revive,
And true love's knot between us tie,
If from my thoughts faire Chlo' I drive,
If my doore ope when Lydia's nigh.

L. Though he than stars be fairer farre,
Thou angrier than the raging seas
When 'gainst the sturdy rocks they warre,
With thee I'll live and end my dayes.

There is a not unpleasant quaintness about this — the work, it seems, of John Ashmore, and the last stanza but one is even pretty. The characteristic of all early translation is its literal nature. The first effort of our ancestors was to reproduce the original,—a most healthy instinct, which we trust will never wear out, though it may be foolishly as well as
wisely followed. We see it in Ben Jonson’s “Beatus ille,” one of three versions which Ben made, and we think his most successful attempt. Compare the first twenty-eight lines with the original:—

Happy is he that from all business clear,
   As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tills his sire’s left lands
   And is not in the usurer’s bands;
Nor soldier-like started with rough alarms,
   Nor dreads the seas enraged harms:
But flees the bar and courts with the proud boards,
   And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine
   With the grown issue of the vine;
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
   The living herds there grazing are;
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,
   And sets more happy in their place;
Or the pressed honey in pure pots doth keep
   Of earth, and shears the tender sheep.
Or when that Autumn through the fields lifts round
   His head, with mellow apples crowned,
How, plucking pears his own hand grafted had,
   And purple-matching grapes, he’s glad!
With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,
   And Sylvan, thine, that kep’st his lands!
Then now beneath some ancient oak he may
   Now in the rooted grass him lay,
Whilst from the higher banks do slide the floods,
   The soft birds carol in the woods,
The fountains murmur as the streams do creep,
   And all invite to easy sleep.

92
There is a stiffness, to which a modern ear does not lend itself very readily, about these lines, but their fidelity to the sense is remarkable, and something of the rural air of the subject breathes from them too. Ben's "Do-nec gratus" is scarcely worthy of him, and so many eminent men have tried it that we pass his version by.

We come next to "Odes of Horace, the best of Lyrick Poets, containing much moral-ity and sweetness. Selected and translated by Sir T. H. 1625." This was Sir Thomas Hawkins, described by Wood as "of Nash Court in the parish of Boughton, Kent," and who died in 1640. His selection contained forty of the odes; but our readers would not thank us for inflicting even one upon them. Suffice it that he begins the "Integer vitae" thus:

Fuscus, the man whose life's entire
And free from sinne, needs not desire
The bow nor dart from Moore to borrow,
Nor from full quiver poys'ned arow;

and concludes as follows:

Place me in coldest champaines where
No summer warmth the trees doth cheer:
Let me in that dull climat rest,
Which clouds and sullen Jove infest,
Yea place me underneath the carre
Of too-near Phæbus: seated farre
From dwellings, Lalage I’ll love,
Whose smile, whose words so sweetly move.

Sir Thomas was a grave knight, and scarcely
approved the amatory odes, so he prefixes to
his “Donec gratus” (for he too must try it)
this highly diverting sentence: “This Ode,
though less morall than the rest, I have ad-
mitted for Jul. Scaliger’s sake, who much
admired it.” He alludes to the great critic’s
celebrated dictum, that he would rather have
written that carmen, and the “Quem tu, Mel-
pomene,” than be king of all Arragon.

After Sir Thomas Hawkins, came the first
writer who translated all the lyrics, — Henry
Rider, M. A., of Cambridge, whose work was
published in 1638. Mr. Rider is very un-
readable, but in gratitude to him as a father
of the Horatian church, we quote his “Per-
sicos odi”: —

Boy, I doe hate the Persian nicetie,
Their garlands bound with ribands please not me,
And doe not thou molest thyself to know
In what place the late springing rose doth blow.

I chiefly doe take care you should provide,
To the plain myrtle nothing else beside;
Myrtle will not shame thee, my boy, nor mee,
Drinking beneath the shadowing vine-tree.

This is deplorably bad, but shows the struggles by which our language was trying to attain the familiar and easy grace necessary above everything to Horatian interpretation. From Rider we pass to old Barten Holyday (Archdeacon of Oxford, as Walter Mapes had been centuries before), whose Juvenal is well known, for its oddity and accuracy, to lovers of that satirist, and is accompanied by a commentary full of learning. The booksellers of that age created some confusion by putting Holyday’s name to other people’s versions of Horace, but his translation of the odes first appeared, anonymously, in 1653. “All Horace his Lyrics, Englished” — was its title, and it contained an address to the reader beginning, —

An unknown Muse presents to thy survey
A Roman Lyre strung after th’ English way.

The quaintness and oddity, the dry old humour, of Barten, employed upon so refined a task as he had here undertaken, are irresistible. This was the manner in which he set about transfusing the concentrated essence of lyrical elegance, the Ode to Pyrrha, into the native language of Shakespeare: —
What spritely Younker amongst beds of roses
(Pyrrha) perfumed with fragrant scents incloses
Thee skulkt in sweet retire?
Thy fair locks at whose desire,
Plea't'st thou so up, array'd in homely cloathes?
O how he'll wail thy oft-changed gods, and oaths,
And count it wondrous strange,
When storms in thy countenance range!

Here we may stop. The only excuse for
the old translation is, that if Milton — as is
possible — had already written, he had not
yet published, that remarkable version of this
ode, the merit of which it will soon be our
duty to defend against Lord Ravensworth.
Milton’s “Pyrrha” did not appear in the first
edition of his poems, in 1645, nor for twenty
years, indeed, after the date at which we
have now arrived. It is not certain, from
this fact, that it was not executed in his
youth,—for many accidents may have kept
it out of his earliest poetic publication,—
but at least it appeared, as we have it, with
the sanction of his mature judgment, a fact
which should weigh when its merits are dis-
cussed. Meanwhile, we proceed with our his-
torical review, and the next person we sum-
mon to the bar of the nineteenth century is a
man of quality,—Sir Richard Fanshawe. He
issued his volume—"Selected parts of Horace, Prince of Lyricks; and of all the Latin poets the fullest fraught with excellent morality"—in 1652. This was a year before Holyday, but Fanshawe introduced a new school of Horatian translation, and is more conveniently mentioned in the order we have chosen.

Sir Richard might have been expected to make a marked advance on his predecessors, for he had the advantage of being a man of the world as well as a scholar, and such a man will ever be the likeliest to do justice to the favourite of the court of Augustus, who has always been one of the pet writers of gentlemen. Like Horace, Fanshawe had travelled, and like Horace, he had served, having been taken prisoner, fighting for his king, at Worcester. He was envoy to the court of Portugal under Charles II., in which capacity he negotiated Charles's marriage with the Infanta, and he died ambassador at Madrid in 1666. During this various experience, he always cultivated the Musae mansuetiores, and he seems to have thought that if Horace was to be well, he must be freely, translated. Sir John Denham, his contemporary, who is declared by Johnson "to have been one of the
first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words,” gives the same praise to Fanshawe, whom he addresses thus: —

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word and line by line;
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators, too;
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

This is high praise, brilliantly expressed, but it is scarcely justified, we fear, by any part of Fanshawe’s Horace when tested by to-day’s standard. His “Aequam memento” may be taken as a fair specimen: —

Keep still an equal mind, not sunk
With storms of adverse chance, not drunk
    With sweet prosperitie,
O Dellius that must die!

Whether thou live still melancholy,
Or stretched in a retired valley,
    Make all thy hours merry
With bowls of choicest sherry.

Where the white poplar and tall pine
Their hospitable shadow joyne,
    And a soft purling brook
With wriggling stream doth crook.

98
Bid hither wines and oyntments bring
And the too short sweets of the spring.
Whilst wealth and youth combine
And the Fates give thee line.

Thou must forego thy purchas'd seats,
Even that which golden Tiber wets,
Thou must, and a glad heyre
Shall revel with thy care.

If thou be rich, born of the race
Of ancient Inachus, or base
Liest in the street; all's one,
Impartial Death spares none.

All go one way: Shak'd is the Pot
And go first or last comes forth thy Lot,
The pass by which thou'r't sent
T' Eternall Banishment.

Here we have a version smacking of a period of transition. Parts of it are flowing, and parts musical, but there are obstinately rough bits stopping the stream, like "snags" in an American river; and a general adhesion to the text is varied by free imitation, as in—

... bowls of choicest sherry.

The next epoch in the literary history of the subject is marked by the ascendancy of the "free" system altogether. Metaphrase was succeeded by paraphrase. Translation, which at first had been exercise, became now
amusement. Our own poets—the Wallers and Sucklings—had shown that English might be employed for poetic purposes, with that familiar elegance which is one of Horace’s charms. Accordingly the great aim, now, was not to make English subordinate to Latin, but to compel the Latin to accommodate itself to English. The Restoration writers introduced a new way of adapting Horace to modern life, which was sometimes very happily done; especially by Oldham and Wilmot Lord Rochester. The “Pyrrha” of Milton, which appeared in 1673, exercised no influence on this lively generation. It stands alone, in fact, in Horatian history, and will be most fitly examined when we come to inquire what our latest translators have done to supersede permanently the men of earlier times. On the other hand, the adaptation system made a lasting mark. It led to scores of productions in which London was substituted for Rome in imitation or in parody. Our political light literature took it up, and made comic and satirical use of it, down to the days of the Anti-Jacobin, the Horace in London of the Smiths, and the newspaper squibs of Tom Moore. These facetiae, though often clever, demand
little notice on the present occasion, but they have helped to make the influence of the Venusian sink into the modern mind, and to justify those who place him in the very first rank, for importance, among the lighter writers of the world.

This change in the fashion and style of translation which marked the latter half of the seventeenth century, has been discussed and illustrated by Dryden in his usual easy vigour. "All their translations," says he, — speaking of the old school, — "want to be translated into English." He examines the whole subject very ably in the preface to his "Ovid's Epistles," of the year 1680. Here he divides translations into three classes: 1. That of metaphorase, or "turning an author, word by word, and line by line." 2. That of paraphrase, or "translation with latitude." 3. That of "imitation," — "where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion." Verbal translation he compares to "dancing on ropes with fettered legs;" and concludes by recommending that both extremes — this and imitation — should be avoided.
Such was his theory, and nobody will deny that if his practice as a translator of Horace was not quite conformable to it, it was marked by all the fire and daring of his mind. His paraphrase of the "Tyrrense regum progener" is a model of splendid audacity, and reaches, in the final passages, a sublimity beyond that of the original: —

*Fortune, that with malicious joy*  
Does man her slave oppress,  
Proud of her office to destroy  
Is seldom pleased to bless;  
Still various and unconstant still,  
But with an inclination to be ill,  
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
And makes a lottery of life.  
I can enjoy her while she's kind;  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes her wings and will not stay,  
I puff the prostitute away;  
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resigned;  
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;  
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

Surely, this is a noble amplification of the following two stanzas: —

Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et  
ludum insolentem ludere pertinax  
transmutat incertos honores  
nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laude manentem; si celeres quatit
pennas, resigno quae dedit, et mea
virtute me involvo probamque
pauperiem sine dote quaero.

Its grandeur, and the sweep of the music,
give an impression of moral superiority, and
make the neatness and dignity of the Roman
look barren and cold. "I am not so much
enamoured of the name of translator," says
Cowley, "as not to wish rather to be some-
thing better." Dryden here is something
better. But, after all, this is not Horace, and
what such license becomes in meaner hands
we have only too much reason to know.
Dryden himself executed three other odes on
a similar principle, but they have failed to
emulate the fame of this magnificent para-
phrase, which throws into the shade the cas-
ual efforts even of Cowley and Addison, and
remains unsurpassed to this hour.

To Dryden, in 1684, Creech dedicated his
translation of Horace, a work which, in our day,
has fallen into such oblivion that its very name
would be forgotten if it were not met with
occasionally in the mottoes to the "Specta-
tor." Creech neglected the admirable ad-
dvice which Lord Roscommon had given to
103
that generation, in the "Essay on translated verse": —

Examine how your humour is inclined,
And which the ruling passion of your mind,
Then seek a poet, who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.

A morose solitary kind of man, with a head full of out-of-the-way reading, and suspected of having, while translating Lucretius, become a believer in his system of physics, he took up Horace, whose philosophy was learned from every-day human life, and whose poetry reflects now the gaiety and now the softness of the pleasant South! As well might a bookworm have tried to do the work of a silkworm! He made, in short, a mistake, which has often been made since. He thought that knowledge of Latin and power to rhyme would avail for a task, towards which these accomplishments go a very little way. However common it may be to speak of literature as if it had no connection with life, it is certain that a really great translator of Horace must have something in himself of the Horatian genius and temperament. Indeed, the mass of literary failures are perhaps less the result of stupidity, than of want of allowance
of the moral relation between feeling and parts. A man who has no eye for character in his private life does not shrink from attempting a biography. A man whose solemn incapacity to take a joke at a supper is the wonder of his friends ventures on a satirical novel. We may see the effect of this kind of error in every branch of literature; and translators would do well to remember that Colman, who succeeded with Terence, also wrote good dramas; and that years before the late Mr. Frere executed his admirable versions from Aristophanes he had won his spurs as a political satirist and wit.

We should only load our pages if we meddled with Creech's attempts to reproduce the Odes. He was perhaps more in his element in the Satires, yet his honest and almost rude quaintness is a sorry representative of the ease and polish of his master. We draw a passage or two from the sixth satire of the First Book, in which the poet is so delightfully autobiographical:

If none on me can truly fix disgrace,
If I am neither covetous nor base,
If innocent my life, if (to commend Myself) I live belov'd by every friend,
I thank my father for 't; for he being poor,
His farm but small, the usual ways forebore;
He did not send me to his Flavius' school,
To teach me arts, and make me great by rule.

But first he boldly brought me up to town,
To see those ways and make those arts my own,
Which every knight and noble taught his son.

Now on my bob-tailed mule, all gall’d and sore,—
My wallet galls behind, my spurs before,—
I ride whene'er I will; I ride at ease;
As far as soft Tarentum if I please.

I walk alone where'er my fancies lead,
And busy ask the price of herbs and bread.
Thro' cheating Rome, about the close of day,
I freely walk; I go to church and pray,
Then home, where I shall find a sparing treat,
And three small pretty boys bring up the meat;
Just by a white stone table stands, to bear
Two pots, one cup, and equal to my fare,
A cruse and platter, all poor earthenware.

Now, not to mention that adsisto divinis does not mean "I go to church," one easily sees that the general rusticity of friend Creech is no substitute for an original the very familiarity of which is always urbane. Still, whatever its defects, the Horace of Creech went through several editions. Translation was fashionable in those days. The most eminent men amused themselves with it, and the
multitude of writers who fed the Miscellanies practised it incessantly. Versions of Horace by “Eminent Hands,” or under some such general designation, poured from the press. The majority, we fear, only made Horace twaddle; but now and then came a man of genius who made him sing. Bishop Atterbury translated the “Donec gratus” and the “Quem tu, Melpomene.” The first we venture to pronounce a failure. But the second is one of the happiest efforts in our language, and we shall proceed to give it accordingly:

He on whose natal hour the queen
   Of verse hath smiled, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
   First in the fam’d Olympic race;

He shall not, after toils of war,
   And taming haughty monarch’s pride,
With laurelled brows conspicuous far
   To Jove’s Tarpeian temple ride:

But him the streams which warbling flow
   Rich Tibur’s fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
   The master of th’ Æolian song.

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome,
   Have plac’d me in the poet’s quire,
And envy now, or dead or dumb,
   Forbears to blame what they admire.
Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
    Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who canst the finny race, though mute,
    To cygnet's dying accents raise,

Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,
    Me prince of Roman lyrics own,
That while I live, my numbers please,
    If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

In these graceful and flowing lines, we have, first, what is very desirable, a poem pleasing in itself,—a poem which, read by an Englishman ignorant of Latin, would be loved for its own sake. This praise every translation ought to merit, unless we are content to rank translations as mere curiosities for the amusement of scholars. But Atterbury has not gained this success at the expense of his author. The version is free, but it is not licentious. He has achieved it, which is no common success, in the same number of lines employed by his master. Take, as a specimen, the second stanza:

He shall not, after toils of war,
    And taming haughty monarch's pride,
With laurelled brows conspicuous far
    To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

This is one of the most paraphrastic of the whole, but it is legitimately so. When
Horace says, that war shows the hero crowned with laurels to the Capitol, he is thinking of the pageant of the triumph, and the translator has a right to present the image still more clearly. The worst of paraphrase, in general, is that we often find something foreign, something modern, something which carries a whole train of new and incongruous associations with it, added on to the naked beauty which it is the translator’s first business to preserve intact. This ode of Atterbury’s is less classical, indeed, than Milton’s “Pyrrha,” but we are afraid that some inferiority in that respect is inseparable from the use of modern metres and modern rhyme.

Our plan now brings us to those celebrated “Imitations” of Horace by Pope, which have a most important bearing on the history of the present subject. They are not translations of his Satires and Epistles, but they have had the effect of making translations impossible. They have beaten the antiques out of the English market. They have embodied classical models in a domestic manufacture, like the Wedgwood china. Accordingly, while men of mark still occupy themselves with the “Carmina,” undeterred by the great memories with which they
provoke competition, as regards the other works this is not so conspicuously the case. The more difficult of the two tasks is also the more popular. One reason doubtless is, that many of the "Odes" possess a universality of interest, as poems, which the Satires, from their local and personal nature, cannot claim; but it is a still stronger reason, that half a dozen of the best works of the latter class have been "imitated" in compositions not inferior to the original.

These "Imitations" give the same kind of pleasure to the English reader that Horace himself does to scholars,—the pleasure of ridicule, and wit, and fancy, and character. Why, then, should the English reader care for more? But, at the same time, it must always be remembered that they are only imitations, and that Pope executed them rather with his own fame, than with that of his model, before his eyes. It is clear that they were selected by him partly as affording an opportunity of shooting at his enemies from behind a Roman wall; and where Horace only tickles, Pope stabs—the Roman being beyond doubt the more easy, amiable, kindly, and healthy man of the two. Pope puts a sly infusion of
poison into the Horatian pleasantry. A hint at the couplet on "furious Sappho" (Sat. lib. ii, 1) will suffice to remind us that he did not find the filthy venom in his master. But all minor instances sink into insignificance when we remember that he turned Horace's whole noble panegyric upon Augustus (Epist. ii, 1) into an exquisitely ironical attack upon George. The likeness between these satirists, then, is only partial and occasional. The "Imitations" are admirable in themselves; they will sometimes recall Horace to a man who knows him, and something of him they will suggest to a man who does not; but they are more Popian than Horatian at all times; and they do not by any means sufficiently represent the whole character of the older writer. Nor must we forget that the satirical epoch of Horace was that of his youth, and of Pope that of his maturity. The "Imitations" of Swift, though very clever and humorous, are less elaborate, and much freer than those of his friend; nor have they had anything like the same influence on posterity.

We owe to Pope two imitations also of the odes; but neither demands much notice. Nor
do we feel ourselves bound to record every production of the kind afforded by the light literature of that age, nor to turn what ought to be a museum of art into a lumber-room of curiosities. We have passed in silence the odes by Coxwell (1718), and we shall not linger over those of Hare (1737). Hare’s preface tells us,

I have try’d to make my author look somewhat like himself in an English dress, to give him some of that graceful ease and genteel air that he appears with in his own country habit.

This declaration has interest, because it expresses the taste of the writer’s age. Horace now appears in a tiewig. The old translators had endeavoured, as we have seen, to catch his form as well as his spirit. The new ones were content to aim at the spirit only; but they substituted, of course, a form of their own, so that we are really as far from them as they were from him. Horace remains the same; but when we take up Francis, we have to modernise in his case what he wrote as a modernisation of an ancient. This justifies the writers who in our own times renew the task, but it should warn them too; for a translation done only with reference to the
fashion of one age becomes obsolete in the next. Francis went through many editions in the last century, and in ours how has his fame shrunk! His celebrity is lost in the light of that of his son Sir Philip, and his books are read only by the few. Yet his "Horace" — originally published in 1742 — reigned longer than any "Horace" ever published in this country, and if we now weary of its ascendancy, we do not find it easy to name its successor.

Indeed, with that good old literary conservatism which none respect more than ourselves, England still continues to honour Francis while she ceases to read him, and in the eyes of the Trade his is still the "standard" translation of the Venusian. Passing over, then, some versions of later date which have failed to acquire recognition, we think our best plan will be to institute a comparison between Francis and such of our contemporaries as appear (though we intend no slight to those whom we may happen to omit) worthy to dispute the honour of the succession to his crown.

We repeat, that the fashion of his age is too strongly apparent in the version of Francis. Omitting all reference to the Satires and
Epistles (no contemporary translation of which is before us) let us look at the Odes. One stanza of the "Parcius iunctas" shall give us the cue:—

Parcius iunctas quatiunt fenestras
ictibus crebris iuvenes protervi
nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
ianua limen.

The wanton herd of rakes profest
Thy windows rarely now molest
With midnight raps, or break thy rest
With riot.

This is, surely, rather coarse and familiar. *Iuvenes protervi* were not vulgar rakes in Horace’s eyes. Their follies were to be touched, but lightly and prettily; and it cannot be too often repeated that in rendering Horace nicety is everything. All the ode before us is done in the same vein. Francis may have been thinking of the London rakes of his own age, — and Chesterfield speaks of a rake as a black-guard, — but this is just the kind of license which ruins classical translation. We have no business to keep modern associations before us when employed on the task, unless a professed adaptation is what we have in hand. But we shall better illustrate what we mean.

114
by examining the "Pyrrha" of Francis. That is a test ode, and we now place the versions of Francis and of Milton together for comparison:

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
   Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus drest with careless art,
   Your yellow tresses bind?

How often shall th' unpractised youth
Of alter'd gods, and injur'd truth,
   With tears, alas, complain!
How soon behold with wond'ring eyes
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise
   And scowl along the main!

While by his easy faith betrayed,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
   Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
   Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they to whom untried
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;
   While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
   To Neptune's saving power.

Francis

115
What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
    In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he  
On faith and changed Gods complain! and seas  
    Rough with black winds and storms  
Unwonted shall admire.

Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,  
Who always vacant, always amiable,  
    Hopes thee; of flattering gales  
Unmindful. Hopeless they  
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung  
    My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern God of Sea.

Milton

Here we have a marked contrast. In Francis all is loose and paraphrastical; in Milton all severe and exact. Pyrrha in Francis is a modern girl in a "rosy bower," and the phrases "unwary heart" and "beauty's pride," smack altogether of the stage and the Miscellanies. His, in fact, is not a translation at all; but a poem, more or less clever, written by a man who had read "Horatii Carmina," lib. i, 5, before he began. Who could tell that it was supposed to be written in the South, for instance, where "a cave" is a
delicious place of retreat from the sun? Who would guess, from the jingling of the undignified metre, that calm and statuesque beauty was the character of the Latin? The truly classic tone, which may be defined as the union of quiet with finish, is totally absent from Francis: but we contend that, on the whole, it is present in Milton, though it is true that every line of Milton’s version will not equally bear rigid criticism. “Plain in thy neatness” is a flat substitute for simplex munditiis; and the thirteenth line mars the fine musical effect of the opening.

But Lord Ravensworth will not allow us to go even so far as this in praise of the “Pyrrha” of the immortal John. He even objects to its grammar, saying that “he who could make use of such a phrase as the following—

Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold— seems to have been so absorbed in his Latin as to have forgotten at the moment his English.” We presume that he supposes the poet to be using “gold” for “golden” as an adjective. But in reality he is using “gold” as a noun, and with perfect correctness. Just so, George Herbert says, “man is all symmetry,”
meaning that he is a symmetrical creation. And, just so, if a young fellow were to describe his sweetheart as "all honey," he would be talking nonsense, no doubt, but quite accurate grammar. A more serious objection of his Lordship’s is, that an English lyrical composition without the graces of rhyme has little to recommend it. As a general principle, this is true, for the best of our lyrics are graced by that sweet ornament so naturally dear to Northern ears. But after Tennyson’s "Princess" it is hard to doubt that blank verse may be made musical enough for any purpose; and does Lord Ravensworth seriously deny all musical charm to the version by Milton which has provoked this discussion? We cannot think so, and we believe that it would be nearer the truth to pronounce that version the high-water mark which Horatian translation has attained. It is faithful; it is elegant; and a success in rendering one of these odes in a rhythm even moderately like the original, will always give more of the nameless charm of classicism to a composition than the cleverest copy of verses of which the associations are all modern. A translation of Horace should remind us of Horace; should have something
of the effect of an antique statue or gem: if we lose sight of this object, the reader is not conscious that he is supposed to be in the ancient world at all.

Lord Ravensworth may be described as of the Old School of Translators when compared with his living rivals, for unquestionably the tendency now is in favour of severer principles, and even of new rhythms. But Lord Ravensworth himself is decidedly in advance of Francis, and the freedoms which he allows his Muse are under the restraints of a higher refinement and a better taste. He is most successful in heroic and elegiac verse; and beats Francis, sometimes, in carmina in which Francis has been happier than usual. Let us view them together contending for the favour of Chloë in the "Vitas hinnuleo":

You fly me, Chloë! like a vagrant fawn,
Tracing the footprints of its parent deer
Through each sequestered path and mazy lawn
While woods and winds excite a causeless fear.

For should the aspen quiver to the breeze,
Or the green lizards rustle in the brake,
It bounds in vague alarm among the trees,
Its heart-pulse flutters, and its fibres quake.
Yet not as tiger do I follow you,
Or Libyan lion, to destroy your charms;
Then cease to linger in a mother’s view,
And learn the rapture of a lover’s arms.

Ravensworth

Chloë flies me like a fawn,
Which thro’ some sequester’d lawn,
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frightened it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game,
To destroy her tender frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother’s arms;
Ripe for love are all thy charms.

Francis

Both the dignity and the music of the Latin are here better caught by Lord Ravensworth, though he is more paraphrastical than we could wish. But that our readers may see what the New School, those who insist on being literal yet feel that they ought to be rhythmical, can do towards an entirely changed system of translation, we shall now draw up, in similar array, Professor Newman
and Mr. Sewell. Mr. Newman renounces rhyme, and wishes to introduce new metres altogether. Mr. Sewell disclaims any attempt to transfuse “the mind, spirit, and grace” of the Roman, but, of course, hopes to prepare the way for their being better transfused by and by:

Chloë, me thou shunnest, like a fawn,
Who by mountain tracks her scared dam
Seeks devious, — breeze or wood
Oft misdoubting in empty fear.

Should the arriving spring o’er quivering leaves
Bristle rude, or should the lizard green
A bramble move aside,
Quick she trembles in heart and knees.

Yet not I, as tiger fierce to rend,
Or Gaetulian lion, follow thee,
Oh, leave thy mother’s side,
Ripe at length for a dearer love.

Thou shunn’st me, Chloë, like a fawn,
Its panic-stricken mother seeking,
On pathless mountains, not without
Vain fear of airs and wild wood creaking.

For whether spring’s approach hath rustled
In flutt’ring leaves or midst the trees
Green lizards have the bramble parted,
She trembles both in heart and knees.
Yet not as a tiger fierce, or lion
Getulian, do I thee pursue,
To crush thee. Cease at length to follow
Thy mother, thou of age for man to woo.

These are interesting as experiments, and in absolute fidelity to the meaning of the Latin are preferable to the more common specimens of translation. But with every wish (chiefly out of a horror of the conventionalism which infects translators) to see the New School follow in the steps of Milton, we cannot allow that they have yet done much to win over the public. The way to the heart in these matters is through the ear, and, with due gratitude to Mr. Newman for his accents, and his hints how to read his versions, we find them, to speak frankly, somewhat quaint and harsh. His theory seems to be that an ugly likeness to Horace is a better thing than a pretty though vague imitation; that bad Falernian is preferable to good claret: but is not this something like the principle which produced the "supper after the manner of the ancients" in "Peregrine Pickle"? We certainly would rather have a dozen Miltonic "Pyrrhas" than all the free translations which have appeared since Elizabeth's time, including the exquisite
one which we quoted from Bishop Atterbury. But then, to have to break up all our English traditions for something utterly novel, and yet mediocre, is a severe demand to make from the great public which reads for pleasure. Probably, indeed, the New School will do far better things hereafter; but poetry rather than prophecy is our present object, and we must fall to at what we have before us.

Now and then Professor Newman surprises us with a grateful flow of verse:

\begin{verbatim}
Me not the enduring Sparta
Nor fertile-soil’d Larissa’s plain
So to the heart has smitten
As Anio headlong tumbling,
    Loud-brawling Albuneia’s grot,
Tiburnus’ groves and orchards
With restless rivulets streaming.
\end{verbatim}

There is something of the rush of cool waters here. But what would Horace say, if he could come to life, and find himself singing the two stanzas subjoined:

\begin{verbatim}
Well of Bandusia, as crystal bright,
Luscious wine to thee with flowers is due;
    To-morrow shall a kid
Thine become, who with horny front

Budding new, designs amours and war.
Vainly: since this imp o’ the frisky herd
\end{verbatim}
With life-blood’s scarlet gush
Soon shall curdle thy icy pool.

This is hard to read, — while the Latin is as pleasant to the ear as the fountain which it brings before us to the imagination. Yet Mr. Newman ought to know that music and beauty are as much parts of the poet as his literal sense, and that a hideous fidelity is really as unjust to him as a pretty but licentious paraphrase. We find little to remind us agreeably of a friend in a photograph of his corpse; yet, surely, that man kills a poet, who robs him of his musical breath!

Apropos of the “Fons Bandusiae,” here is a graceful little version of it by Mr. Henry George Robinson, known to connoisseurs as an Horatian collector as well as translator. His aim is to attain a greater accuracy than free translators preserve, yet without innovating in metre or sacrificing rhyme. This is a via media which promises much, and the labour — of which every page of Mr. Robinson’s book is an honest specimen — has not been thrown away:

Clearer than glass, Bandusian font,
Oh! worthy thou of sweetest wine.
Nor wanting flowers; to-morrow thine
A kid shall be, whose budding front
Sprouts his first horns, already bent
On love and battles — vain intent!
For soon this hapless progeny
Of the lascivious herd, for thee,
Shall with his young and ruddy gore
Thy gelid streamlet crimson o’er.

Thee the fierce Dogstar’s blazing hour
Cannot affect; thou on the ox,
Plough-wearied, and the rambling flocks,
    Dost a refreshing coolness shower.
Among the fonts of noblest fame
Thou too shalt have a foremost name,
Through me, who of yon ilex sing,
The hollow rocks o’ershadowing,
Downward from whence, with prattling sound,
Thy limpid waters gaily bound.

Francis began his translation in the true slipshod style: —

    Fountain whose waters far surpass
    The shining face of polished glass.

This dilution of

    O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
is but too fair a specimen of the prevailing weakness of the translating race. The chaste simplicity, the condensed neatness of their elaborate and artistic master, is what some of them seem to value least, and all, more or less, fail to attain. But what perhaps most strikes a student of the classics in the long run is the
exquisite grace with which they created beauty out of slender materials; how, with less imagery, wit, or depth of sentiment than we demand, their light writers managed to create what should live forever.

This reflection brings us to the most famous and perfect of those gayer Horatian lyrics with which we have been chiefly occupied hitherto. We allude to the often-mentioned "Donec gratus," in which (pace majorum!) Ben Jonson did not succeed; which tried triumphantly the skill of Cowley and Atterbury, and over which meaner wits have a score of times laboured in vain. What constitutes the difficulty? the same quality which constitutes its charm. It is perfectly simple and perfectly finished. Nobody can translate it, precisely because it looks as if everybody could. It is thoroughly classical. Two lines of our English Crashaw,—

Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love and she can die,—

open up depths of poetic tenderness which it cannot hint at even from afar. But who remembers two more out of the long and unequal poem in which these occur? whereas the Latin poem is all smooth and round, of the same beauty in every part,—like the
apple which Paris gave to the victorious goddess.

Francis, we must do him the justice to say, is more successful with the "Donec gratus" than with many other odes. Yet, in his care to be simple, he is (almost unavoidably) somewhat meagre and tame. Of our contemporaries, Mr. Robinson is as agreeable as his anxious endeavours to be literal permit. Professor Newman puts himself out of the race by so execrable a rendering of the fifth stanza that we transcribe it here as a warning:

Quid, si prisca redit Venus
diductosque iugo cogit aeneo,
si flava excutitur Chloë
reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?

What, if ancient Love return,
And with brazen yoke the sunder'd join,—
Auburn Chloë aside be toss'd,—
Jilted Lydia's door to me re-ope?

Lord Ravensworth modestly makes way for his friend Lord Derby, whose very remarkable paraphrase of this lyric we extract with much pleasure. Old Dryden somewhere says — not without humour — that "to understand critically the delicacies of Horace is a height to which few of our noblemen have arrived." But who, if not a great orator, should under-
stand poets?—"quibus est proxima cognatio cum oratoribus," as Cicero justly observes. Long may the eloquence of the Parliament of England breathe of the roses of Paestum, or echo the murmurs of the Liris! Long may the good old tradition of the natural union of "gentleman and scholar" help to save our institutions from vulgarity and degradation!

HORACE

While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms,
No youth preferred to me
  Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy charms;
  I envied not, by thee adored,
  The wealth, the bliss, of Persia's lord.

LYDIA

While all thy bosom glowed
  With love for me alone;
While Lydia there abode,
  Where Chloé now has fixed her hateful throne,
  Well pleased, our Roman Ilia's fame
  I deemed eclipsed by Lydia's name.

HORACE

'Tis true my captive heart
  The fair-haired Chloë sways,
Skilled with transcendent art
  To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious lays;
  For her my life were gladly paid,
  So heaven would spare my Cretan maid.
LYDIA

My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns,
Touched with a mutual fire,
The son of Ornithus my love returns;
For him I'd doubly die with joy,
So heaven would spare my Thurian boy.

HORACE

What if the former chain
That we too rashly broke
We yet should weave again,
And bow once more beneath th' accustomed yoke?
If Chloë's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne?

LYDIA

Though bright as morning star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adria's billows thou;
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end.

The charm of this composition is the mastery it shows of harmonious language. It is a paraphrase of the original, of course, and wants its terse and naked simplicity. But when a writer doubts the possibility, or the propriety, of a close translation, it is often his
next best course to take a wide sweep and to amplify freely,—to desert Milton, in fact, for Dryden. All on which critics have a right to insist is, that he shall expand what he finds in his original: not load it with modern associations and allusions. Even the "Otium Divos" of Warren Hastings, whatever its personal interest, is spoiled, for all purposes of classical pleasure, by "Mahrattas" and "Sikhs," "Committees," and "Clives."

Lord Derby's good example has not been lost on another illustrious statesman and orator, and we have been favoured with the following English substitute for the same renowned amœbæan. The contrast between the version of Lord Derby and that of Mr. Gladstone is the more interesting that the latter has adopted the literal style of translation, and has succeeded in rendering some of the lines of the original with particular felicity:—

**HORACE**

While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine;
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possest,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

130
LYDIA

Whilst thou didst feed no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloë came;
O then thy Lydia’s echoing name
Excelled e’en Ilia’s Roman fame.

HORACE

Me now Threician Chloë sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I’ll freely give,
So she, my better life, may live.

LYDIA

The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I’ll face two several deaths with joy,
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.

HORACE

What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloë I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?

LYDIA

Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian sea
And fickle as light bark, yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

Lord Ravensworth seems to us happiest
when employing the more stately metres of
our language. We have heard his "Diffugere nives" commended by an excellent judge, and the twenty lines which we now give will show why:

The winter snows have fled, the grassy lea
Grows green, and foliage decks the tree;
Earth feels the change, within their banks the rills
Diminished trickle from the hills;
With zone unbound, the Nymphs and Graces dare
To frolic in the vernal air.
Do thou take warning from the fleeting year,
Nor hope for joys immortal here.
Spring comes, the zephyrs thaw the frozen glade,
And summer follows soon to fade;
Brown autumn sheds his ripened fruit, and then
The sluggish winter comes again.
Yet in this changeful system loss is soon
Repaired by each revolving moon;
Herein destruction hath no lasting power:
While we frail beings of an hour
When once we sink into the greedy grave,
Which swallows up alike the brave,
The rich, the poor, the mighty, and the just,
Moulder in ashes and in dust.

There is a pensive grace about these lines which reflects, in its autumnal beauty, the period of life at which Horace had arrived when he wrote the ode. His epicureanism — always varied with flashes of a higher philosophy — had now mellowed into a philosophy of his own, a mixture of indifferentism, kind-
liness, and contentment, tinged with melancholy. He seems to have even grown tired of the lyric labour which had so long employed his leisure and embodied his sentiment; for we know from Suetonius that he only added the Fourth Book at the urgent request of the Emperor, and there is evident earnestness in these lines (141 seq.) of the Second Epistle of the Second Book, — the Epistles being the depository of his actual feelings as a private man: —

'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,
And yield amusements to the tastes of boys,
Not the soft sound of empty words admire,
Or model measures to the Roman lyre,
But learn such strains and rhapsodies as roll
Tuneful thro' life, and harmonise the soul.

The shadow of the great coming darkness fell chill on the fine sense of the gifted Pagan; but we are not writing his biography.

Of the three classes into which Horace's "Odes" may be divided, — 1, the playful and amatory; 2, the moral and philosophical; 3, the historic and national, — we have hitherto dwelt chiefly on the first, which all translators much affect, not only for their artistic completeness, but because a certain universality in their interest gives them the advantage over
the others. Let us vary the strain by seeing how the latest cultivators of the art of translation acquit themselves when called on to follow the poet in his higher flights. Horace constantly insists that his muse is jocose and trifling; but this was a piece of policy, to save himself from the "commands" which anything like a poet-laureate's position would have laid upon him. He was certainly as lofty when he aspired, as he was brilliant when he trifled.

Who has not "crooned," as the Scotch say, over the four last stanzas of the "Eheu fugaces," which we now borrow from Lord Ravensworth:

In vain from bloody Mars we run,
In vain the broken billows shun
Of Hadria's roaring seas;
And vainly timorous seek to shroud
Our bodies from th' autumnal cloud
And pestilential breeze.

Cocytus in his mazy bed
Must soon or late be visited,
And Lethe's languid waters;
And Sisyphus despairing still
To mount th' insuperable hill,
And Danaus' guilty daughters.

Thy lands, and home, and pleasing wife,
Must all be left with parting life;
And save the bough abhorred

134
Of monumental cypress, none
Of all the trees thy care hath grown
Follow their short-lived lord.

A worthier heir shall grasp thy keys,
And all thy hoarded vintage seize
From bolts and bars released;
And stain thy floor with nobler wine
Than ever flowed at holy shrine,
Or pontifical feast.

Lord Ravensworth is always more successful with a serious than a gay theme, and his version would probably have been better in a graver metre. But these are flowing lines, decidedly superior to Francis, who seems most liable to lose the dignity of the Latin. The weak point of his successor, here and elsewhere, is that he is too paraphrastic, as would appear if we had space to quote from the version of Mr. Robinson. Lord Ravensworth is now before his Horatian peers, and cannot plead his barony against them, though it will induce liberal men to respect all the more the way in which he has employed his leisure. He has a good ear, good sense, and good taste; but he might much improve his book if he revised it carefully, with a special eye to the preservation of likeness by elaboration in details. Nicety is everything. Horace
always uses the right word, as Fox is reported to have observed of Pitt, and each word has its own place, not regulated by chance, but by law. When he calls Barine the *publica cura* of the youth of her day, his point ought not to be passed over. When he brings in a friend’s name with delightful familiarity, as in the Fuscus of Carm. I, 22, that friend ought not to be blotted out of poetic existence,—an error which the subjoined contrast will illustrate:

The virtuous man whose heart within
Harbours no thought of secret sin,
Needs not the Moorish archer’s craft,
Nor quiver armed with venomed shaft.

*Lord Ravensworth*

The man, my Fuscus, who hath been
Of blameless life, and pure from sin,
No Moorish bow or javelin needs,
Or quiver fill’d with poison’d reeds.

*Mr. Robinson*

Neither will any license excuse such a rendering as —

*Unde vocalem *temere* insecutae
Orpha silvae.*

Whose trees in *stately* dance moved on
To Thracian Orpheus’ vocal strain.

*Ravensworth*
— nor is it permissible to make the flowers which Horace promises to the fountain of Bandusia in sacrifice, bloom in the translation as flowers growing round that fountain's margin.

Some people will ridicule such criticisms as frivolous and minute. But Lord Ravensworth himself, we are satisfied, will not be of the number. Indeed, he assures us (a fact which will not secure him the respect of the utilitarians of the North) that he has been “twenty years trying every conceivable variety of form” in which to anglicise

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem,—

the close of the very poem from which he has unjustly banished Fuscus! We are especially glad to be able to praise the very pretty result of all this labour —

The softly speaking Lalage,
The softly smiling still for me,—

one of the best attempts at an impossibility which we know! Strange praise, no doubt, in the eyes of practical men, but an Horatian translator can scarcely hope for more.

We shall now open our Horace at one of those historic odes where he catches for a
brief while the spirit of an antique Roman, and the colour of the national blood rises to the cheek of the artist. In the song of triumph for the fall of Cleopatra, Lord Ravensworth is again assisted with a translation by Lord Derby, but he contends for the laurel along with him, and many of our readers will be glad to see the contest. We take up the strain at the point where panic has seized the Eastern queen, and her galleys in all their bird-like beauty are hurrying through the agitated sea: —

Then assailed her stricken soul,
Frenzied with the wassail bowl,
   Terrors true, and wild despair,
When as falcon from above,
Pounces on the timorous dove,
Or hunters chase o’er Hæmon’s snow the hare.

Oar and sail incessant plying,
As he marked her galleys flying,
   Æsæur urged the headlong race;
Deeming that his wondrous prize
Soon should gladden Roman eyes,
And bound in chains his haughty triumph grace.

Nobly she to death resigned,
Not with woman’s shrinking mind,
   Gazed upon the deadly knife;
Nor within some friendly creek,
Basely lurking did she seek
To save from death a now dishonoured life.

138
On her prostrate citadel
Dared her dauntless eyes to dwell;
Firm of purpose, calm she stood,
Holding with unflinching grasp,
To her breast applied the asp,
Whose venom dire she drank through all her blood.

Sternly resolute she died;
Nor could stoop her royal pride,
That, reserved to swell a show,
She, a woman and a queen,
Should be led like captive mean
Through streets of Rome to grace her conquering foe.

 Lord Derby

. . . . . . Actium’s bay,
Behold her anguish and dismay,
When steering past in full retreat,
She left in flames her scattered fleet.
And lo! great Cæsar, from his deck,
Urges his rowers to the chase,
Where saved alone amid the wreck,
The Queen bewildered flies apace,
As through the clouds in middle air
The falcon pounces on the dove,
Or Thracian hunters drive the hare
Trembling through Hæmonia’s grove;
So thought our leader to secure his spoil,
And bear her off in chains to far Italia’s soil.
But she whose spirit proud and high
Refused to brook indignity,
No womanly alarm betrayed
At dagger’s point and gleaming blade;
Nor sought the covert of the coast
For refuge when the day was lost;
But with unruffled visage dared
Her ruined palace to regard;
And fearless clasped that fatal worm
Whose subtle venom did defile
Her royal blood and glorious form,
Sovereign o'er all the realms of Nile!
Haughty in her deliberate death!
And choosing rather to resign her breath
Than live the prize of her victorious foe,
And grace in gilded bonds a Roman triumph's show.

Lord Ravensworth

There is spirit and flow in both these versions. Lord Derby's is nearer the sense of the original, and it has also the great advantage of being written in a uniform metre. Laxity in this particular breeds laxity in others; where the music may at any time be changed, the sense will; and in the last nine or ten lines Lord Ravensworth's love of paraphrase flies away with him altogether. This is the more provoking, because a line like —

Haughty in her deliberate death —

has just that pregnant compactness which a student of Horace most admires in this class of his odes. Felicity of expression is one of the happiest qualities of a translator, and no self-indulgent freedom should be allowed to spoil its development by any writer who at all...
possesses the gift. Our lords are fortunate in their competitors in this lyric. The orthodox translator, Francis, is both tame and odd; Mr. Robinson seems less at home than in gayer and lighter pieces. Professor Newman, notwithstanding the natural power which rarely deserts him, is crabbed and quaint, as witness his wind-up:

She her prostrate palace dared,
Calm of brow, to visit. She
Fell asps was brave to grasp, imbruining
Veins and flesh with gloomy poison.

Fiercer in deliberate death,—
Yea, she grudged, by cruel sloop
Borne off, to walk, no vulgar woman,
Stript of rank, in haughty triumph.

It would be easy to add to these specimens of translation, without some of which no opinion could be formed on the subject at all. But we shrink from overloading our pages with quotation, and we have already illustrated nearly all the varieties of treatment of which the art of Horatian translation admits. We have seen it rise from rude but promising beginnings; change its fashion with the fashions of the literature which, as we ought always to remember, itself largely helped to
nourish and refine; produce, in the hands of illustrious writers, works of permanent beauty and value; and finally we now see it cultivated with skill and assiduity, and with a success above the average of past times. If we cannot rival certain remarkable efforts, still we would undertake to turn out a version by our "Eminent Hands" truer to Horace and to Nature than were those which issued from the shops of Lintot and Dodsley. No one translator, perhaps, is entitled to put aside Francis; but the general run of translation is better than his. Had it fallen within our scheme to draw on the periodicals of the day, we might have further strengthened this view. Father Prout still lives in the translated thought and transfused grace of the poet of Tivoli, —

Spirat adhuc amor.

And the occasional efforts of Bon Gaultier, Mr. Theodore Martin, induce us to hope that he will one day give to the world the complete fruit of an Horatian labour which has been long continued. An age of civilisation, culture, and refinement, is just the age when Horace ought to be successfully naturalised amongst us, and his admirers well know that
traits which he sketched in the Rome of Augustus come curiously to the surface in the London of to-day.

The task is so difficult of translating Horace in any way, that no sensible man will lay down rigid rules as to what "ways" are admissible, and what not. Milton's "Pyrrha," as a whole, is lovely, but who knows whether Milton himself did not try similar translations, and reject the results as unsatisfactory? Dryden's "Tyrrhena regum progenies" is paraphrastical in the extreme, but a version, literal and ugly, would have been just as great a departure from the Horatian reality in another direction. And in that case there would have been this additional disadvantage, that the literal failure would have been only a failure, while the paraphrase is a fine poem. Our complaint of Mr. Newman is not that his rhythms are new, and that he despises the ordinary ornaments of our common poetry. We respect the rhythms as experiments, and we honour the exactness as exactness; we only assert that it is but one quality, and that he has not yet proved that his novelty of workmanship is compatible with the ease, grace, and music, which are as much
essentials as the downright meaning of phrases and words. We should say the same of Mr. Sewell, whose system, though not identical, is similar. But in reality he only seems to intend his Horace for a help to students, and as such we wish it every success. In fact, though we are ready to welcome excellence, whether in the literal, paraphrastical, or intermediate methods, the predominant caution that rises to our pen as we dismiss the subject is, that it is really translation, the reproduction of Horace himself, which is to be desired, and the greater danger ultimately is his who thinks himself entitled to take liberties and to overlook details. An infusion of Pre-Raphaelitism would do no harm to this cognate art; and if we wanted to give a youthful aspirant some practical advice towards attaining more of the reality of the antique model in his copy, we should recommend to him a careful study of statues, coins, and gems. The polite arts, Cicero tells us, are all related. The ancient life is necessary to the understanding of the ancient poetry, and perhaps it really requires as much learning to translate Horace as to edit him.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Due</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jul 20, 40</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr 13, 64</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 20, 68</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jun 0, 68</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar 21, 93</td>
<td>93</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr 15, 93</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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