

And that although his dust lies buried here,
Still, generous vine, thy sweet down-dropping
 dews
May gratefully his manes soothe and cheer.

VII¹

(*From* LEONIDAS OF TARLNTUM²)

UPON this round pedestal behold Anacreon
 placed,
 With wine elate and merry as he is wont
 to be;
Bold bacchanal, his brows are with glowing
 garlands graced,

¹ In translating this epigram I have availed myself of the liberties of paraphrase to euphemise and alter some expressions of the original, which would be likely to give offence to the admirers of our poet, because they present him in a somewhat undesirable light. I have myself a much more elevated opinion of the character of the Teian minstrel than these expressions would seem to warrant. But the epigram, *in toto*, is probably accurately descriptive of the ancient statues of Anacreon, which represented him as a hale and hearty old man, in a wanton attitude, singing to his lyre, and overcome by wine.

² Of the history of Leonidas of Tarentum very little is