

FROM HORACE.

Ode I.—TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, sprung of kingly line,
 Patron and sweet delight of mine,
 Some strive the victor's fame to win
 Amid the Olympic's dust and din,
 And, passing 'mid triumphal peals
 The goal with fervent chariot wheels,
 The fadeless Laurel's, loud decree
 Exalts them unto deity.
 Thir loves the honors vain and loud,
 Light offered by the fickle crowd;
 That joys to store his barn with grain—
 The treasure of the Lybrian plain.
 The wright whose fields are all his pride,
 You cannot, tempting, turn aside
 With proffers of Attalian gold,
 To cleave, a sailor all untold,
 The waves by Myrtoan waters rolled.
 The merchant, fearful of each breeze
 That wrestles with Icarian seas,
 Applauds the leisure which his field
 And native town unwrestling yield;
 but soon repairs his ships that he
 May shun unwonted poverty.
 And one there is, who deems divine
 The cups of good old Massic wine;
 And scorns not that his limbs be laid
 Under the green Arbutus shade,
 Or, at day's dying glories, dream
 By smooth source of some sacred stream.—
 The Camps to many give delight;
 The trumpet, sounding to the fight,
 The Clarion's shriek can joys impart,
 And wars that break a mother's heart.
 The huntsman, chilled by midnight jove,
 Remains, unmindful of his love,
 If his keen hounds the stag have spied,
 Or marsian boar his nets have tried.
 My brow, let laurel wreathes entwine—
 That mark me priest at learning's shrine,
 And peer me with the powers divine.
 Far from the vulgar crowd I'd rove
 With Nymphs and satyrs in the grove,
 If her sweet aid Euterpe bring,
 Or Polyhymnia sweep my Lesbian string.
 But, if thou lovest so my song,
 Thou'lt place me in the lyric throng;
 Proud of thy praise, what heights I'd climb,
 And smite the stars with frost sublime!

Ode XI.—TO LEUCONOE.

Seek not—'tis a thing forbidden,—what our destined doom may be!
 Trust no false Chaldean Numbers; calmly bide, Leuconoe,
 Fearless whether jove hath granted life for many winters more,
 Or the last its Tuscan surge is dashing on the rock-bound shore.
 Yield to wisdom! let the wine cup sparkle, dealing death to care!
 Al! so brief the span of life, that hope deferred is but despair.
 While we speak the envious hours hurry by on lightning wing;
 Seize to-day, with heart uncaring what to-morrow's sun may bring.

E. BLACKADDER.