

His silvery flanks are dotted with vermillion—
His depth of shoulder proves him strength endow'd.
Superb is he,—a king among a million
He roamed the deeps in isolation proud.

DID HORACE EVER GO FISHING.

I ASK if Horace ever went
(Or if his mind was that way bent)
A-fishing near sweet Tibur,
Or if his rustic Chloe shy
Posed on a fence as he passed by.
So that he might describe her?

Or if he ever heaved a sigh
When a fine day in spring went by—
An ideal day for fishing.
When sterner avocations bound
Him to his uncongenial round,
When it was idle wishing

For the bright brook with silver sheen,
Its banks of Asphodel between
That flowed with soft caresses,
Where Lalage in youthful charms,
With finely rounded, ivory arms,
Was gathering watercresses.

O Horace, then you missed it fine;
You never tasted joys divine,
Superior to your Masic,
When genial spring with vernal ray,
Tempts truants from their tasks away,
To taste of joys ecstatic.

With gentle art to cast the fly
Upon some eddy water by,
And, splash, the trout is leaping,
When struck, to feel a joyous thrill,
And hear the reel go whirring shrill,
As through the wave he's sweeping.

With patient skill to play him out,
And land at length a salmon trout,
Resplendent in his glory,
Then 'midst your sympathetic friends,
As each his ear attentive bends,
To tell your fishing story.