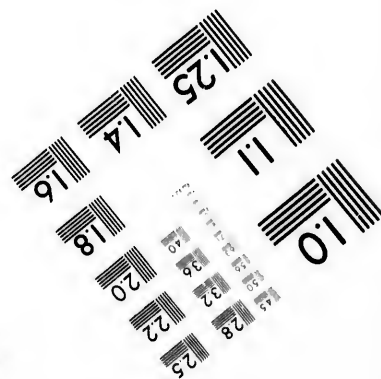
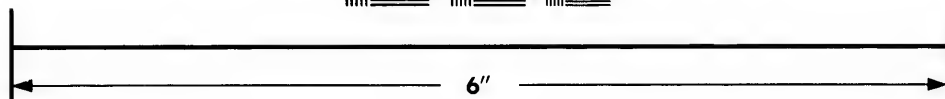
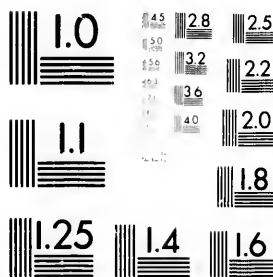


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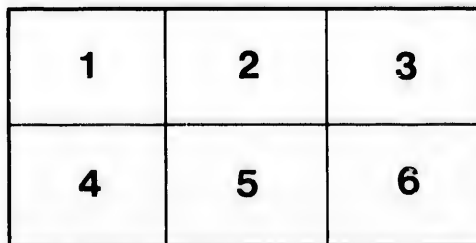
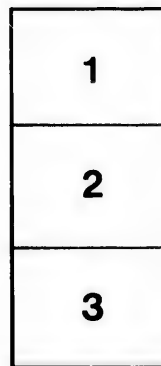
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J. C. Halliwell
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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CATULLUS, HORACE, &c.

BY W. B. BLISS.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,
DOMINION OF CANADA,
1872.

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Hals

SOME of the following translations were made many years ago. Others—those from Horace and the three first from Catullus—are of a later date: the amusements of a portion of that leisure which my retirement from the Bench has left at my disposal: though interrupted by frequent and severe illness. They are now printed together, for private circulation only.

W. B. B.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 1872.



CATULLUS. CARM. III.

LUGETE O VENERES CUPIDINESQUE.

YE Venuses and Cupids mourn,
Ye whom the graces most adorn,
Come, and your tears of sorrow shed :
My Lesbia's little bird is dead—
Her darling sparrow ; here he lies,
Whom she loved better than her eyes.
Sweet fellow, who from every other
Knew her, as does the child her mother.
Would in her bosom, nestling lie,
And when his mistress called him, fly,
And here and there as round he fluttered,
His cheerful chirping peepings uttered.
Now he has gone to that dark place,
Whose dismal pathway none retrace.

But out upon thee! Orcus drear,
Devouring all things lovely here:
Who to thy dwelling dark and narrow,
Hast borne away my pretty sparrow.
Ah! hapless sparrow—cruel fate!
See my poor girl disconsolate,
Sobs o'er her pet beside her lying,
Till her swoln eyes are red with crying.

CATULLUS. CARM. IV.

PHASELUS ILLE QUEM VIDETIS HOSPITES.

SEE you my friends this gallant boat,
'Twas once the fleetest craft afloat.
It says in all the ocean round,
Not one to match its speed was found ;
Whether it flew by oars impelled,
Or favouring winds its canvass swelled.
Nor this will Adria's stormy seas,
Nor this the sea-girt Cyclades,
Nor Rhodes of world-wide fame deny,
Nor Thrace beneath its wintry sky,
Propontis, nor the waves that roar
Against the Euxine's savage shore .
There, ere this boat was built, it stood
In by-gone days, a leafy wood ;
And through its branches whistled shrill
The winds upon Cytorus' hill.

Amastris, this it says, and you
With box trees crowned, Cytorus knew,
For rooted on your top it stood,
And dimpled with its oars your flood.
Thence over many a sea it bore
Its master to this distant shore.
To right or left as veered the gale,
To right or left it stretched the sail;
And when from aft it freshened strong,
Scudded with flowing sheet along.
Nor once a votive offering made,
To any Ocean God for aid,
Till from far Pontus it had passed,
And reached this placid lake at last.
Its work is done, its toils are o'er;
Grown old it puts to sea no more,
And dedicates itself as due,
Castor, and Castor's twin, to you.

CATULLUS. CARM. LI.

ILLE MI PAR ~~DEO~~ ^{DEO} ESSE [^] VIDETUR.

ONE with the Gods, or could it be,
Above the Gods I deem is he,
Who gazes on thee seated near,
And listens thy sweet laugh to hear.

Lesbia, the witchery of thy smiles,
Woe's me, my every sense beguiles:
Let me but look on thee, and this
O'erpowers me with excess of bliss.

Numbed is my tongue, a subtle flame
Streams through each member of my frame,
My ears with tinklings ring, and night
With double darkness veils my sight.

Ease, ease, Catullus is thy bane,
Ah! foolish man of this too vain,
Ease, that proud cities has o'erthrown,
And toppled monarchs from their throne.

CATULLUS CARM. XXXI.

AD SIRMIONEM PENINSULAM

SIRMIO, of fair Isles the fairest,
Of Peninsulas the rarest,
Which the ocean's wide domain,
Or which inland seas contain :
Ah! how pleased, how joyfully
Do I now revisit thee!
Scarce I trust my sight, it seems
One of life's illusive dreams,
That escaped Bithynia's plain,
I do gaze on thee again.
Day of happiness and bliss,
What in life can match with this?
When with lightened heart the mind
Care and sorrow leaves behind,

And our weary wanderings o'er,
We have reached our own loved door,
And no more abroad to roam,
Taste the dear delights of home.
This, and this alone, repays
All the toils of former days.
Haste then, Sirmio, lovely seat!
Haste thy lord's return to greet;
Bid thy lake its waters swell,
Mine and its delight to tell;
While within the roof replies
To our mirth and revelries.

FROM the CARMEN NUPTIALE of CATULLUS.

“ UT FLOS IN SEPTIS, &C.”

As blooms the rose within the gay parterre,
Fenced from the flock, uninjured by the share ;
Reared by soft airs that breathe around the flower,
Fed by the sun, and nurtured by the shower :
And many a youth has marked with longing eyes,
And many a maiden sought the lovely prize.
But soon as gathered from the stem, it fades,
Admired and sought no more by youths and maids.
The spotless virgin such, so dear is she ;
But plucked her fairer flower of chastity,
Her faded charms the youths no longer prize,
And modest maids the fallen fair despise.

As the lone vine amid the naked fields,
Without support, no purple cluster yields,
But bending to the ground its feeble shoot,
Twines the young tendrils round its parent root ;
Unnoticed there it droops, unheeded lies ;
No labourer's hand its kindly aid supplies :
But soon as round the faithful elm it clings,
The labourer's hand its ready succour brings.
Such is the maid who singly wanes through life,
Too coldly chaste :—but once a blooming wife,
Her happy spousals sung, alike she shares
A parent's love, a husband's tender cares.

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CATULLUS. CARM. LXI.

JULIÆ ET MANLI EPITHALAMIUM

SPRUNG from Heaven, Urania's son,
Thou that dwell'st on Helicon ;
Thou that to the bridegroom's arms
Dost resign the virgin's charms ;
Hymen, Hymen ! hasten thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

Wreaths about thy temples bind,
Of sweet marjorum entwined :
Hither on propitious wing,
Haste, the bridal veil to bring ;
While the golden sandals glow
On thy whiter feet than snow.

List our call—away, away !
Rouse thee, 'tis thy holyday ;
Wake the nuptial song,—awake
Loud and full its chorus, shake
In thy hand the torch, with feet
Earth in measured cadence beat.

For by happiest omens led,
Julia is to Manlius wed :
Such as was Idalia's queen,
By the Phrygian shepherd seen,
When before the youth she came,
Beauty's golden prize to claim.

As the Myrtle blossoming
In the warmth of Eastern spring,
Shooting forth its branches fair,
Nurtured by the wood-nymph's care,
Who the plant she loves uprears,
Feeding it with morning's tears.

Haste thee then, our call obey,
Hither bend thy winged way ;
Leave Aonia's caverns made
In the rocks which Thespia shade ;
Where from out its fount of snows,
Cooling Aganippe flows.

To the new made bridegroom's home
Bid its willing mistress come :
Love possessing all her mind,
Love with every thought entwined ;
Round the elm trees wandering,
As the clasping ivies cling.

Ye too, spotless virgins—ye
Fair and lovely who shall see
Your own bridal day ere long,
Join with us the measured song ;
Hymen hasten, Hymen, thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

Pleased your summons to attend,
 Hither He, his course shall bend ;
 He who heart to heart unites,
 Source of purest love's delights ;
 He whose smiles alone can shed
 Blessings on the nuptial bed.

Mighty God of wedded love,
 To what other power above,
 Should so oft the lover raise
 Votive prayer, and song of praise :
 Half so frequent at whose shrine
 Bends the votary as at thine.

Thee, the Sire with tremulous tone,
 For his child invokes ; her zone
 From her virgin breast untied,
 Yields to thee the blushing bride :
 Thee, the anxious husband thee,
 Supplicates, on bended knee.

Hanging on her mother's face,
Clasped within her warm embrace,
Hymen, Hymen, thou dost tear,
Hymen, thou—the blooming fair,
Giving her in all her charms
To the eager bridegroom's arms.

Vain unless thou dost approve,
Vain are beauty's charms and love ;
Without thee, their pleasures pall,
Profitless and guilty all :
'Tis thy smile alone can bless
Wedded vow and chaste caress.

Ancient House, and honoured name,
Without thee no Heir can claim ;
Nor delighted Parent see
Infants climbing on his knee ;
Thou dost give them—who shall dare
Mighty God, with thee compare.

Is there nation which doth slight
Thine, the spousal's sacred rite ;
Never shall that Country boast
Hardy Champions of its coast :
Blessings these which spring from thee,
All-unequalled Deity.

Quick, the portals wide unfold !
Forth the virgin comes ; behold
How the flickering torches blaze,
Splendid with their streaming rays !
Linger not, fair bride, the light
Fast is waning into night.

Deepest blushes now express
All thy timid bashfulness ;
And the trembling tears, which fall
At our oft-repeated call.
But approach—the fading day
Chides thee for thy long delay.

Be suppress thy virgin fear,
Dried be every truant tear !
Crimsoning the Eastern skies,
When the morning sun shall rise,
Happy bride, he shall not shine,
On a lovelier face than thine.

Thus in some sweet garden, where
Flowers abound of beauty rare,
In its richly purple pride
Stands the Hyacinth. Fair bride,
Yet too long you linger ; day
In the twilight fades away.

Hasten forth—oh haste to claim,
New-made bride,—that honoured name !—
Hear our song, 'tis sung for thee.
Dost thou not already see
How they toss their torches high—
How the golden sparkles fly?—

Thou no fickle youth dost wed,
False and faithless to thy bed :
Him shall fire no lawless love,—
Him no wanton charmer move :
Constant he shall ever rest,
Pillowed on thy gentle breast.

Round thy neck his arms shall twine ;
Closely as the pliant vine
Folds around its wedded tree,
Close shall his embraces be.
But approach—already day
In the west has died away.

Who the raptures can express,
Joys unbounded—measureless,
From the hours of night which spring
Which returning day shall bring ?
Then delay not, lovely one !
Day's expiring light is gone.

Now your flaming torches raise,
 Wave, ye youths, on high the blaze ;
 See where sweeps the veil along,
 Louder swell the choral song.
 Hymen, Hymen, Io !—thou
 Guardian of the nuptial vow.

* * * * *

Wedded fair, good luck betide thee !
 Heaven's auspicious omens guide thee,
 Till thy golden footsteps fall
 On the polished bridal-hall.
 Hymen, Io, Hymen, thou
 Guardian of the nuptial vow.

* * * * *

Welcome young and joyous groom,
 Enter now thy bridal-room ;
 See, in all her charms arrayed,
 Waits for thee the lovely maid,
 With her blushes overspread,
 As the poppy hangs its head.

All delights be yours ; may love
Fruitful to thy wishes prove,
Crown thy bed with blessings, give
This thy honoured name to live ;
That remotest times may be
Blest in thy posterity.

Soon the pledge of nuptial joy,
May a little rosy boy,
Lapt upon his mother's knee,
Stretch his infant hands to thee ;
And his lips half open, while
He returns his father's smile.

Be he image of his sire ;
That e'en strangers may admire,
As his father's looks they trace
In each feature of his face ;
And the living likeness well
Shall his mother's virtue tell.

Blossom of so fair a bough,
Heir of all this virtue, thou,
Like Telemachus, shalt claim
From thy mother borrowed fame ;
Whose high boast it was, to be
Son of chaste Penelope.

But, fair maidens, close the door !
Time it is our song were o'er :
And ye, happy pair, adieu !
Blest with youth and health, may you
Loyal votaries ever prove
At the shrine of wedded love.

CATULLUS CARM. C.

INFERIÆ AD FRATRIS TUMULUM.

THROUGH many a land, o'er many a sea I come,
To sacrifice, dear brother, at thy tomb ;
With these last rites to drop the unheeded tear,
And call that name thou canst no longer hear.
By oh ! my brother, since by fate's decree,
Alas ! too early, thou wast torn from me,
Accept this offering to thy honoured shade,
By custom sanctioned—by affection paid :
And while these frequent tears my sorrow tell,
Take, dearest brother, this my last farewell.

OID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIII.

THE Chiefs were seated, and short space from those
The troops stood circling round ; when Ajax rose,
Lord of the seven-fold shield, his haughty breast
Struggling with angry passions ill suppressed :
Back on the shore and ships he turned his eyes
Glouting and fierce :—and is it here, he cries,
With arms outstretched, Almighty Jove, that I
Must plead my cause, and with Ulysses vie ?
Yet he, when Hector tossed amid the fleet
His burning brands, sought safety in retreat,
And left to me the peril and the fame,
To guard yon navy from the Trojan flame.
More safe in words he finds it to engage,
Than hand to hand the deadly combat wage,

Unused am I to speak, as he to dare ;
 But mine the glorious battle-field to share,—
 Mine the renown from deeds of daring sprung ;
 His from smooth speeches and a glozing tongue.
 Nor need I, Greeks, methinks, recount to you
 Those deeds, who know them and beheld them too ;
 Let, if he can, Ulysses vaunt his own,
 Unseen, or witnessed by the night alone.
 Though great I own the prize before us laid,
 With such a rival half its honours fade ;
 Nor much can Ajax boast, if he attain
 That which Ulysses could aspire to gain :
 Whilst his the glory, vanquished though he be,
 That he contended for this prize with me.

And were my merits doubtful, yet the fame
 Of high descent would well support my claim.
 My sire was Telamon, of high renown,
 Who with Alcides captured yonder town ;
 Who ranked among the chosen chiefs of Greece,
 Dared the adventure of the golden fleece.

From Æacus he sprung,—whose righteous law
 The silent shades below receive with awe :
 Where Sisyphus condemned his guilt to moan,
 Toils at his task, the ever-rolling stone.
 From Jove was Æacus ; thus Greeks, I prove
 My lofty race, myself the third from Jove.
 Nor should I urge it—but an equal fame
 Rests on my own and great Achilles' name :
 He too descends from Æacus like me ;
 A kinsman then, I seek from your decree
 A kinsman's right ;—what, would the spurious son
 Of Sisyphus, and with his father one
 In fraud and theft, would he of lineage base,
 With such a name pollute this Heaven-born race ?

When Greece her warriors called, with mail and shield
 I armed the first, and hastened to the field.
 And shall these arms be now to me denied ?
 To him adjudged, who sought at home to hide ;
 And feigned a madness when his courage failed ;
 Till Palamedes' deeper art prevailed ;

Which, fatal to himself, the trick revealed,
And dragged the unwilling hero to the field.
And shall he now, who shun'd all arms before,
Lay claim to those which once Achilles wore?
Shall such dishonour, Greeks, on me be cast?
Who shared your toils, the earliest as the last.
Oh! had indeed that madness been but true,
Or never questioned—been believed by you;
Freed from this plotter, we should not deplore
A hero exiled on the Lemnian shore!
Where Philoctetes, whose despairing groans
By man unpitied move the very stones,
Invokes the gods,—and may they hear his prayer,
For ample vengeance on Laertes' heir.
That noble chief, whom once we hailed with pride,
In arms our equal, to our cause allied;
On whom great Hercules his shafts bestowed,
Dipt in the blood which from the Hydra flowed?
By pain and famine wasted, lingers there;
Sustained and covered by the birds of air;
Compelled on such mean objects to employ
Those arrows, destined for the fate of Troy.

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He lives, because beyond Ulysses' power :
Lost Palamedes, in some happy hour
Hadst thou been left, thou hadst not ere thy prime
Died—or at least died unaspered by crime !
Bent on revenge, his fears and fraud exposed,
This man his victim in his toils enclosed :
With treason charged, and bade the hosts behold
The proof conclusive—the prehidden gold.

Thus wars the brave Ulysses ! thus each day,
By death or exile, wastes your strength away !
And in the field, how dreaded by his foes,
To friends how faithful, Nestor can disclose ;
Though had he Nestor's eloquence, 'twere vain
To clear his courage from so foul a stain.
Aged and faint, and closely pressed in fight,
His wounded courser stayed the warrior's flight ;
Ulysses near, he called to him for aid ;
Ulysses heard, but slunk away afraid ;
This well Tydides knows, who on his head
Heaped loud reproaches, as the craven fled.

The Gods above are just, who next decreed
 That succour he denied, himself should need.
 He too invokes his comrades—on the crowd
 For aid and rescue, calling long and loud ;
 Pale, panting, trembling, just about to fall,
 I saw his danger, and I heard his call,
 My massive shield threw o'er him in the strife,
 And, least of all my merits, saved his life.
 Now, will you not this rash dispute give o'er ?
 Come then, that battle-field, the flight restore,
 The pressing foe,—come, wounded, trembling, bend
 Behind my shield, and there with me contend !
 Yet he thus hurt and prostrate on the ground,
 Leaps up, when saved, and flies without a wound.

When Hector conquering led his ranks to war,
 And Gods propitious crowded round his car,
 When not your heart alone, Ulysses, failed ;
 Fear grew infectious, and the boldest quailed :
 Flushed with his triumph, I opposed the foe,
 Hurl'd a huge stone, and felled him with the blow.

And when this Chief, exulting in his might,
Championed aloud your bravest to the fight,
And all addressed their anxious prayers to Heaven,
“ Oh ! may this lot to Ajax now be given ! ”
Their prayers prevailed ; I met him shield to shield,
And Hector bore no laurels from that field.
Lo ! round our navy shout the hosts of Troy,
With sword and fire, and eager to destroy ;
Lo ! from high Heaven the thunderer takes their part ;
Where now this man of eloquence and art ?
My arm the failing cause of Greece upheld,
Mine from the ships the fierce attack repelled,
And saved the hope of your return from flame ;
For which, as justly due, these arms I claim.
Nay—let me speak what truth itself declares,
Not for myself, the honour sought is theirs ;
So well our glories match : and hear me, Greeks,
It is not Ajax now the arms who seeks ;
The arms themselves demand from your decree
One worthy of their fame, and ask for me.

Compare, Ulysses, now your deeds, and tell
How Rhesus died, and timid Dolon fell :
What cunning arts could Helenus decoy,
Or what the famed Palladium steal from Troy.
These boasted actions, done beneath the shade
Of friendly night, with Diomed to aid—
If deeds so worthless claim reward so rare,
Then give to Diomed the greater share.
Nor suit they Ithacus, who only knows,
Unarmed in secret to surprise his foes ;
Radiant with gold, that casque would but betray
His cunning plots—the ambush where he lay.
Not his the brow, Pelides' helm to bear,
Not his the strength to poise that spear in air ;
Too vast, too ponderous for his arm to wield,
That glorious orb—the great Vulcanian shield.
And why, rash man, this fatal gift desire ;
Clad in those arms no fears canst thou inspire,
But marked for spoil, conspicuous in the fight,
How wilt thou curse what then impedes thy flight.
Nor other buckler canst thou want—thy own
Sound as at first, in fight so seldom shown.

Mine claims renewal—see, how it appears
Worn out and opened by a thousand spears.

But vain are words our merits to decide ;
Now for the proof—by deeds let each be tried !
Cast in the thickest fight these arms, and there
Bid us contest the prize, and let who wins them wear.

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HOR. LIB. I. CARM. VII.

LAUDABUNT ALII CLARAM RHODON.

THE praises some of Rhodes, and some of Mitylene sound,
 Of Ephesus, or Corinth for its double sea renowned ;
 Thebes dear to Bacchus, Delphi famed for great Apollo's shrine
 Or Tempe Thessaly's sweet vale, the favorite of the nine.
 There are who sing untired the town of chaste Minerva's care,
 And twine from every olive plucked, a chaplet for the hair.
 In Juno's honour other bards pour forth their lofty lays,
 And Argos famed for generous steeds, and rich Mycenæpraise.
 Me patient Lacedæmon fills with not such pure delight
 Nor with its golden harvest crowned, Larissa, as the sight
 Of dear Albunea's temple, by the far-resounding hill ;
 Where cluster fruitful orchards, fed by many a wandering rill,

Where old Tiburnus on the slope has spread his spacious wood ;
 And thunders down the headlong plunge of Anio's rushing
 flood.

The gentle breezes of the South, although the morning lowers,
 Oft times disperse the watery clouds, nor always teem with
 showers.

So you my Plancus wisely taught, dismiss each anxious fear ;
 And with the grapes rich juices quaffed, your drooping spirits
 cheer.

Whether you keep the tented field, in bannered pomp arrayed,
 Or peace invites you to repose, beneath your Tibur's shade,
 From Salamis when Teucer fled, and from his Father's frown,
 Around his temples wet with wine, he bound the poplar crown.
 And while depressing thoughts revolved in every warrior's
 breast,

The gallant chieftain thus 'tis said, his faithful band addressed :
 Brave friends and comrades, who long years our toils and
 triumphs shared,

And many a darker day have known, and greater perils dared,
 Where fortune, than a cruel sire more kind, shall bid us roam,
 Let us the bold adventure try, and seek a happier home.
 To no desponding fears give way, whatever may betide,
 Your best of omens Teucer's name, and Teucer for your guide.

This
 Anoth
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This the sure promise Phœbus gave, that under brighter skies,
Another Salamis for us of rival fame should rise.

Away then, care! our flowing bowls shall banish it to night;
To-morrow gallant hearts, once more we'll brave the Ocean's
might.

HOR. LIB. I. CARM. IX.

VIDES UT ALTA STET NIVE CANDIDUM.

SORACTE see is white with snow,
 The forests scarce their load sustain ;
 While every stream has ceased to flow,
 Fast bound in Winter's icy chain.

Heap on the blazing hearth more wood,
 Dispel, my friend, this bitter cold :
 And broach your two-eared jar, of good
 Well ripened wine of four years old.

Leave to the gods all else ; their word
 Calms the wild winds and stormy sea ;
 That not a branch nor leaf is stirred
 On veteran ash or cypress tree.

Seek not to-morrow's fate to know ;
Count every day you live as gain ;
Nor love's delicious dreams forego,
Nor thou the choral dance disdain.

Till age shall come, grey-haired and sour,
The Campus, thine, the public walk :
And often at the appointed hour
Of dusky eve, the whispered talk.

Thine, when her merry laugh within,
Tells where the maiden lies concealed,
Love's token from her arm to win,
Or finger, nothing loath to yield.

HOR. LIB. I. CARM. XV.

PASTOR CUM TRAHERET PER FRETA NAVIBUS.

O'ER the sea in ships of Ida, as the treacherous shepherd fled,
 Bearing off his lovely hostess Helen, from her lawful bed,
 Nereus into calm unwelcomed, hushed the winds upon the main
 And while all around was silence, uttered his prophetic strain.
 Omens boding ill attend thee, as thou takest to thy home,
 Her for whom the summoned legions of avenging Greece
 shall come :

Banded all in arms against thee, sworn thy nuptials to destroy,
 And the hated house of Priam, and his ancient realm of Troy.
 Oh! the long and bitter struggle—toil and sweat of man and
 steed,

Oh! the thousands of thy country, destined for thy crime to
 bleed :

Pallas now prepares her helmet, and her ægis, and her car ;
And collecting all her fury, chafes impatient for the war.

Bold so long as Venus guards thee, go and comb thy flowing
curls,

Warble to the harp soft ditties, fit alone for love-sick girls ;
Vainly wilt thou in thy chamber, shun the Gnosian arrow's
flight,

And the clash of arms, and Ajax swift to follow in the fight.
Late may be thy retribution, yet at length their beauty o'er,
Low shall those adulterous tresses lie begrimed with dust and
gore.

See ! Ulysses, breathing vengeance, bane of all thy race is near,
Hark ! the Pylon Nestor calls thee ; Teucer see, with brand-
ished spear ;

Sthenelus is on thy footsteps, skilled a warrior's arms to wield,
Or to guide the swift-paced coursers, trampling through the
battle field.

Yon is Merion, you shall know him,—there Tydides all afire,
Through the ranks to find thee rages, greater than his valiant
sire.

As the stag within his pasture, when the wolf appears in sight,
Leaves uncropt the tender herbage, turns and bounds away
in flight.

Thou from him shalt fly as quickly, short of breath with
panting side :

Ah ! not such the deeds of daring promised thy adulterous
bride.

Though awhile Achilles' anger Troy may spare and Trojan
dames,

Yet few winters more, and Ilium shall be wrapt in Grecian
flames.

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HOR. LIB. I. CARM. XXIV.

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 QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS.
 —————

WHY should we blush if tears still force their way,
 For one so dear what bounds can grief confine :
 Teach us, Melpomene, a mournful lay,
 The God-given liquid voice and lyre are thine.

And sleeps Quintilius, never more again
 On earth to waken : when shall modesty,
 Faith incorrupt, and Justice, sisters twain,
 And Truth that shuns disguise, his equal see.

Mourned by the good he died, by no one more
 My Virgil than by thee ; whose pious prayer
 Calls heaven in vain Quintilius to restore ;
 Ah ! not for this intrusted to its care.

But did'st thou sweeter far than Orpheus sing,
When the charmed forest listening, bowed its head ;
It could not now the blood's warm current bring
Back to the shadowy form, when life has fled.

By Hermes gathered to the crowds below,
There fate relentless holds its victim sure.
Tis hard ; but patience tempers human woe,
And mitigates the ills we cannot cure.

HOR. LIB. II. CARM. VIII.

ULLA SI JURIS TIBI PEJERATI.

BARINE, if your perjured youth,
Heaven e'er with punishment requited ;
If one discoloured nail or tooth,
Had left you for a moment slighted.

I might indeed believe you ; now
To cheat me were a vain endeavour ;
When after every broken vow
I see you lovelier far than ever.

A mother's ashes you attest—
The silent stars, with impious daring ;
Nay, with the immortal gods you jest,
And make a gain of falsely swearing.

And Venus and her Nymphs the while,
Laugh when your treasons they discover :
And Cupid whets with knowing smile,
His burning shafts for some new lover.

The youth all round your footsteps throng ;
New slaves each day your train are swelling :
And older suitors threatening long
To leave, still linger round your dwelling.

You fill fond mothers with alarms,
New fears in thrifty fathers waken ;
And brides with trembling see your charms,
And dread to find themselves forsaken.

HOR. LIB. II. CARM. XVI.

OTIUM DIVOS ROGAT IN PATENTI.

CAUGHT in the wide Ægean seas,
 The storm-tossed mariner for ease
 Invokes the gods in prayer :
 When clouds obscure the moon from sight,
 And not a star with cheering light,
 Can pierce the darkened air.

For ease the quivered Mede — the race
 Furious in war, of hardy Thrace,
 For ease in secret sigh.
 Which neither gems of price untold,
 Nor Grosphus, purple, nor the gold
 Which earth contains, can buy.

The wealth of kings, the guards that wait
Around the Consul's chair of state,
 Can never keep aloof,
The tumults of a troubled mind,
The cares which flutter unconfined,
 Beneath the fretted roof.

Happy, whose frugal board at most
The silver salt-cellar can boast,
 His father owned before.
No fears disturb his quiet rest,
No sordid thoughts which fill the breast
 With craving still for more.

When brief the term which life can claim,
Oh! wherefore do we boldly aim
 Our winged thoughts so high,
In search of other climes we roam,
But exiled from his native home,
 Who from himself can fly?

Care mounts the brazen ships, and where
 The squadrons rush to battle, care
 Still follows in their train ;
 More fleet than flying deer, more fleet
 Than driving on the wintry sleet,
 The East wind sweeps the plain.

Content with present good, the mind
 Will little heed what lurks behind ;
 And if amid its joy
 Some bitterness should mingle, this
 A placid smile can soothe, no bliss
 Is found without alloy.

Short was Achilles' bright career,
 Tithonus wasting year by year,
 In age decrepit died.
 And time for ever on the wing,
 To me benignantly may bring,
 Some boon to you denied.

For you Sicilian pastures feed
A hundred flocks—the chariot steed—
 With herds of lowing kine :
And looms with finest wool died,
In Afric's purple double dyed,
 Array those limbs of thine.

True in assigning each his lot,
Fate gave to me a rural cot,
 A modest snug domain :
Some gentle breath of Grec' song,
And on the spiteful vulgar throng,
 To look with proud disdain.

HOR. LIB. III. CARM. IX.

DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI.

WHILE you for me reserved your charms,
Nor any youth more favoured, pressed
Around your snowy neck his arms ;
No Persian monarch lived so blest.

While Lydia was your only flame,
Nor Chloe yet a rival found,
On every tongue was Lydia's name,
Than Roman Ilia's more renowned.

Now Thracian Chloe rules my heart,
With lute and song beyond compare,
For whom with life itself I'd part,
If fate my charming girl would spare.

Now youthful Calais and I
Each others plighted love enjoy ;
For whom twice over I would die,
If fate would spare my darling boy.

What if returning love unite
Our hearts in closer bonds once more ;
If I the fair haired Chloe slight,
And welcome Lydia to my door.

Though he than morning's star were brighter,
More fretful thou than Adria's sea ;
Than cork upon the water lighter,
I'd gladly live—would die with thee !

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HORACE LIB. III. ODE XXV.

QUO ME BACCHE RAPIS TUI.

WHITHER full of thee, Oh ! Bacchus, whither am I rapt along,
Through what groves what grottos driven, by the impetus
of song.

In what cavern shall an utterance to my labouring thoughts
be found !

While with Cæsar's name the echoes of its vaulted roof
resound.

While I sing untold in story, glorious how he mounts above,
Throned amid the stars, and seated in the council hall of Jove.
As the sleep-forsaken Eviad standing on some craggy height,
Gazes on the scene before her, struck with wonder at the sight ;
Through the snows of Thrace where Hebrus rolls his waters
to the sea,

Where by barbarous footsteps trodden, rises snow-crowned
Rhodope.

Such to me the rapturous vision, when my lonely steps have
strayed

By the winding river's margin, where the forest throws its
shade.

Potent ruler of the Naiads, of the Thyads, in their might,

Tearing up the lofty ash trees on Cithæron's woody height ;

Aid me with thy inspiration, I will utter nothing low !

Nothing little, nothing mortal, from my fervid lips shall flow.

Oh ! Lenæus, sweet the peril, thee to follow, thee divine,

Bound about thy brows with chaplets, woven of the sacred
vine.

HOR. LIB. III. CARM. XXVIII.

FESTO QUID POTIUS DIE.

FITTER honour can I pay ;
 Unto Neptune's festal day.
 Lydé, with what haste you can,
 Bring your choicest Cæcuban :
 And with wit and mirth beguile
 Sober wisdom for a while.

Now the noon-tide heat is past,
 Day you see is waning fast ;
 Would you linger till 'tis o'er ?
 Haste, and from your inmost store,
 Bring a jar, which bears the date
 Of Bibulus's Consulate.

Then from each in turn, the song
Shall our festal mirth prolong,
Mine to Neptune and his train,
Green haired Nereids of the main.
You upon the curve-shaped lyre,
Shall Latona's praise inspire :
And, swift footed as the roe,
Cynthia, with her shafts and bow.

Last we'll chant our blithest measure,
To the queen of love and pleasure :
Who at Cnidos held her sway,
Whom the Cyclades obey,
Who to Paphos o'er the tides,
Oft her swan-drawn chariot guides.
Nor forget we, that to you
Night, a parting song is due.

HOR. LIB. I. SAT. IX.

IBAM FORTE VIA SACRA.

As led by chance the other day
I strolled along the sacred way,
Musing, as wont, on this or that,
Some idle dream, I know not what ;
Quite free and easy, up there came
One, whom I barely knew by name ;
Who seized my hand with " Is it you,
My dearest fellow, how do y'e do ?"
Why nicely thank you, I replied,
And all good wishes gave beside :
Then, as he followed on my way,
" What may your pleasure be, I pray ?"
" I am, you surely too should know it,
A man of letters, sir, a poet !"

" Oh ! sir, I honour you the more."
 But anxious to shake off the bore,
 I now stept on with quicker stride,
 Now stopping short I turned aside,
 Beckoned my boy, and whispering gave,
 Some trifling order to the knave ;
 While every moment I could feel
 The sweat run down from head to heel.
 Bolanus, oh ! did I possess
 Thought I, your crabbed testiness ;
 While he ran twadling on, in praise
 Of all the city's streets and ways.
 I answered not a word : said he
 " Oh ! now you're fretting to get free ;
 I see it, 'tis in vain good sir,
 I shall stick closer than a bur,
 And follow you ; where lies your way ?"
 " Don't think of it, I beg and pray ;
 To visit a sick friend I go,
 One I am sure you cannot know ;
 He lives far off, a mile or more
 Beyond the Tiber's further shore,

By Cæsar's gardens."—" 'Tis a pleasure,
 And happily I'm quite at leisure ;
 Beside, the walk will do me good."
 How like a stupid ass I stood !
 With drooping ears, when sorry hack,
 He feels the burden press his back.
 " If I well know myself," began
 Starting afresh, my modest man,
 " Viscus and Varius you will deem
 Much less deserving your esteem ;
 For where is he, I'd have you tell,
 Who verses writes so fast and well ;
 Who dances with such grace and ease ;
 For singing,—why Hermogenes
 Would burst with envy, ere his throat
 Could match with mine a single note."
 Here I broke in :—" Have you no Mother,
 No Father, loving Sister, Brother,
 To whom your life is precious?" " None,
 They're dead and buried, all are gone."
 " Thrice happy !—I alone remain ;
 Dispatch me, for my fate is plain.

This long ago when I was young,
My Sabine nurse prophetic sung ;
As shook the crone her magic urn,
And drew each billet forth in turn.
No poison shall his life invade,
Nor shall he fall by foeman's blade,
Nor pleurisy, nor racking cough,
Nor hobbling gout shall cut him off,
Worse tortures shall his life consume,
And to be talked to death his doom.

If wise, then let him as a rule
Avoid a noisy prating fool."

We now reached Vesta's ; of the day
A full fourth part had passed away,
When he, it seemed, must by the laws,
Appear in court, or lose his cause.

" Now if you love me," he entreated,
" Just step within, the Judge is seated,
'Twill not detain you."—" May I die,
If I can stand by you," said I,
" Or aught of legal pleadings know ;
And you're aware where I must go."

Then he, "I'm doubtful which to do,
 Shall I give up my suit, or you?"
 "Me, by all means."—"Not so indeed,"
 Said he, and took at once the lead;
 While I, the vanquished must obey
 Their victors,—followed on the way.
 "Mæcenus," he commenced anew,
 "How is it now with him and you?"
 "A man of shrewd sagacious mind,
 His equal you will rarely find."
 "Ah! none could make a better use
 Of his good luck, but introduce
 Your humble servant there some day,
 So cleverly you'll find me play
 Into your hand, that one by one,
 You'll oust them, every mother's son;
 My life upon it."—"Sir, you make
 In this," said I, "a great mistake,
 No house is purer, none more free
 From every petty jealousy.
 To meet with men more learned, there,
 Or richer, gives me little care:

Each holds his proper place.”—“ You tell
What seems almost incredible.”

“ ’Tis true.” “ I long the more to claim,
Among his friends the foremost name.”

“ To wish it, is enough, no doubt
Your merit soon will work it out,
He’s one that may be conquered; still,
The first approach will tax your skill;
He knows his weakness.” “ Never fear,
Though foiled at first, I’ll persevere,
I’ll bribe his servants, watch his road,
Waylay him, when he walks abroad,
Nothing to mortals under Heaven,
Is without toil and labour given.”

While thus engaged, we chanced to meet
Fuscus Aristius in the street.

My friend, who at a glance espied,
And knew the torment at my side.

We stopt, exchanged the usual round
Of greetings, whence, and whither bound.

I twitched his dress to catch his eye,
Nodded, and winked, and looked awry,

And made all sorts of signs, that he
Should rid me of my enemy.

I saw the rogue's malicious smile,
Though I was fuming all the while.

“ You said you something had to tell
In private.”—“ Ah! I mind it well ;
But not just now ; you know, they say,
This is the Jew's high Sabbath day ;
Would you iusult the circumeised ?”

“ I care not for a race despised.”

“ But I am somewhat weaker, one

I own it, of the common run :

Excuse me for the present, pray,
Some other time and place,—good day.”

That o'er my fated head alack !

The Heavens should thus be hung with black.

He left me trembling for my life,

A lamb beneath the butcher's knife.

But here by great good luck, his bail

Comes running out of breath and pale,

“ Wretch,” he exclaimed, and held him fast,

“ Have I encountered you at last ?”

“ You witness his arrest !”—I bent
*Towards him my ear with prompt assent.
So, both vociferating loud,
He drags him off to court ; the crowd
From streets and lanes collected follow.
Thus was I rescued by Apollo.

*When a party summoned to Court refused to go, any by-stander might be called as a witness to the proceedings. If he consented he offered the tip of his ear to be touched ; after which the party might be dragged to Court, by force.

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AD LYDIAM.

(From the Latin Anthology.)

AD LYDIAM.

LYDIA, bella puella, candida,
Quæ bene superas lac et lilium,
Albamque simul rosam rubidam,
Aut expositum ebur indicum :
Pande, puella, pande capillulos
Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum.
Pande, puella, collum candidum,
Productum bene candidis humeris.
Pande, puella, stellatos oculos,
Flexaque super nigra cilia.
Pande, puella, genas roseas,
Perfusas rubro pupuræ Tyriæ.
Porrige labra, labra coralina ;
Da columbatim mitia basia ;
Sugis amentis partem animi ;
Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua basia—
Quid mihi sugis vivum sanguinem ?
Conde papillas, conde gemipomas,
Compresso lacte quæ modo pullulant.
Sinus expensa profert cinnama :

TO LYDIA.

LYDIA, fair girl, whose milk-white skin
Might o'er the lily triumph win :
Whose cheeks the rival roses wear,
And more than polished ivory fair :
Unveil, my girl, those ringlets rolled
Down thy soft neck in threads of gold.
Unveil that snowy neck, and all
Thy snow-white shoulders graceful fall :
Those eyes like stars that beam with love
The dark-arch'd brows that bend above.
Unveil those rosy cheeks o'erspread
With blushes of the Tyrian red :
And part those coral lips of thine ;
And breathe the Turtle's kiss on mine.
Deep on my heart you print that kiss,
You melt my wildered soul in bliss :
Ah ! softly, girl, thy amorous play
Has sucked my very blood away.
Hide thy twin bosom fruit just shown
Milk-ripe above thy bursting zone :
Such sweets, as India's summer gale
Wafts from her spice-beds, they exhale.

Undique surgunt ex te deliciae
Conde papillas, que me sauciant
Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.
Sæva, non cernis quod ego languco?
Sic me distituis jam semimortuum?

Loves and delights around thee swim,
And fondly circle every limb.
Hide, love, that bosom's snowy white,
Which too luxurious wounds my sight.
My rolling eyes grow dim, I feel
A languid lightness o'er me steal :
I faint—ah ! cruel, dost thou fly,
And leave me sinking thus, to die?

MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMS.

LUMINE ACON dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro.
 Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos.
 Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,
 Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Matchless in beauty, Acon was bereft
 Of his right eye, Leonilla of her left.
 The eye thou hast, boy give thy sister, she
 Thus Venus, thou thus Cupid's self shalt be.

Somne levis, quamquam certissima mortis imago,
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori :
 Alma quies optata veni ; nam sic sine vita
 Vivere quam suave est sic sine morte mori.

I woo thee to my pillow, though thou art,
 Oh ! gentle sleep, death's truest counterpart :
 Come longed for balmy rest, thus sweetly I
 Without life living, without death shall die.

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