THE GIFT OF
CHARLES H. TAYLOR
CLASS OF 1890
OF BOSTON
TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

By GEO. HOWLAND.

CHICAGO:
Tribune Company, Printers, 51 Clark Street.
1865.
Book I.

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ODE I.

To Maecenas.

Maecenas, of a royal race,
My patron, and my sweetest grace,
One in the race course happy feels,
To raise the dust with glowing wheels,
And past the goal victorious whirled,
Would vie with Gods, who rule the world.
This, if the fickle people's voice,
Make him the object of their choice;
That, if within his barn is stored
The wealth the fertile fields afford.
The man on his paternal farm
Content to toil, you'll never charm
By regal wealth his fate to brave,—
The timid soul,—upon the wave.
Translations from Horace.

ODE II.

To Augustus Cæsar.

Already enough snow and hail on the land
The Father has sent, and with red right hand
The consecrate fanes laying low in the sand, Frightened the city.

He frightened the nations, who feared such a change
As Pyrrha bewailed, who saw prodigies strange,
When Ocean her monsters permitted to range
Over the mountains.

When midst the elms' branches the fishes did play,
Where erst the wood pigeons had been wont to stay,
And timid deer swam o'er the fields, where now lay
Deep, swollen waters.
shore,
ruin come sweeping resist
ice and temple.

willing in ruin of hamlet an
Rome for her favorite so
atone,
e, barriers spurning, to
alone
the fond river.

'gainst brother if
the spear
which the bold Persian, har
fear,
uld better have perished, ou
shall hear,
through our vices.
The Vestals their goddess, that she may no more
Spurn their entreaties?

To whom shall the Father the task now assign
To cancel our guilt? O, we pray, be it thine,
Who vail'st with a cloud thy bright shoulders divine,
Augur, Apollo!

Or thou, if thou wilt, smiling Venus, appear,
With mirth and with love to dispel all our fear;
Or, if thou regardest thy offspring still dear,
O, Mars, our Founder,

Too long the spectator, alas, of our woe,
Who lov'st the bright helmet, and shout of the foe,
Delighted at seeing the bold warriors glow
Fierce on the foeman.
The human disguise to reign,
Cæsar's Avenger,
Late be thy return, and stay,
This people to rule with
And no breath untime away,
Hating our vices.

Here rather mid triumph abide,
Our Father and Prince,
Guide,
No longer the Mede unr
Thou, our King, Cæsar
To the Ship in which Virgil sailed to Greece.

So may she o'er Cyprus reigning,
They whom sailors glad adore,
He who rules the winds, restraining
All save that which blows "off shore,"

Thee direct, O, vessel, bearing
Virgil to the shores of Greece,
That his life, my soul's own, sparing,
Thou deliver him in peace.

Oak and triple brass encrusted
Him who first his fragile bark
To the cruel sea entrusted,
Fearing not the tempest dark,

Fierce south wind with north contending,
Pelting rain, and driving blast,
Now the waves to heaven ascending,
Now in deepest calm held fast.

What recked he of death who tearless
Saw the monsters of the deep,
Braved the swollen billows, fearless,
And the dread Ceraunian steep?
A rash ships, the wild wave
   Overleap each sacred bough; 

Boldly mankind all things
   Faltered not at bane or 
Bold Prometheus sly prep
   Brought forbidden fire to 

Then first brooded ills unnow
   Wasting fevers o'er our 
Cruel Death, who long had
   Hastened now his tardy 

Daedalus, strange art essaying
   Crossed the seas in airy fl
Hercules, no fear dismaying
   Passed the realms of end 

In our folly, nothing daunt
Translations from Horace.

ODE V.

To Pyrrha.

What graceful youth with roses crowned,
   And sweet with perfumes rare,
His suit prefers? For whom hast bound
   Thy braids of golden hair,

With simple neatness clad? Ah, me!
   How often changing skies,
And gathering storms he'll weeping see,
   With wonder and surprise,

Who now enjoys the golden year,
   Nor fitful breezes knows,
But ever free and ever dear
   Expects thee! Woe to those,

On whom thy sweetest smiles are cast;
   This votive offering given,
Plainly declares for me at last,
   The danger's o'er, thank Heaven.
To Lydia.

Lydia, tell, I implore
By all of the Gods you adore
Why do you Sybaris have
By your love? Why does
The bright sunny plain, the
Patient of dust and of he

Why not with those of his
In martial employments he
Training his mettle so
sharp curb?
Why does he fear now so
The old yellow Tiber to
Never presuming the st

Why does he seem with s
Why does he all notice shun,
Like sea-loving Thetis's son,
    Just on the eve of the downfall of Troy,
Lest his male costume, they say,
Should hurry him quickly away,
    Eager the Lycian bands to destroy?

ODE XI.

To Leuconoe.

Ask not what end to me, or thee,
The Gods may grant, Leuconoe,
Nor ever seek by magic vain
Forbidden knowledge to obtain,
But rather bear with patience still
Whate'er may chance of good or ill.
    Should many winters yet be given,
Or this the last, by which are driven
The waves against th' opposing rock,
That cracks and crumbles'neath the shock,
Thy wisdom show, prepare thy wine,
And to the fleeting hour now thine,
And on the future ne'er re

ODE XI

To Augustus

What man, or hero, dost
To celebrate, historic mu
Which of the Gods, to s
While echoes loud repea

Through Helicon's freq
On Pindus, or in Haem
Whence by the melody b
The forest in confusion
First then I'll sound my wonted strains
In praise of him, who Father reigns
O'er men and Gods, o'er sea and land,
By whom the circling heavens stand.

Whence none may spring, who can to higher,
The same, or second rank aspire;
Yet next to him, though far removed,
Pallas in honor stands approved.

Who loves to hear the battle cry;
Nor, Bacchus, will I pass thee by,
Nor Dian, of wild beasts the foe,
Nor Phœbus, with unerring bow.

Next Hercules my song shall claim,
And Leda's sons, one known to fame
For riding, and for boxing one;
As soon as their fair star hath shone,

The rocks from dashing spray are free,
The winds subside, the thick clouds flee,
And threatening waves, at their behest,
Upon the sea sink back to rest.
Or Cato's death, I hesita
Of Regulus, in grateful
The Scauri, and of Paul
His life before the foe to
And of Fabricius I sing.

And Curius, with uncom
Who made his country h
Camillus too, though har
A scanty farm, and humb

Still like a tree, with secr
Marcellus' fame spreads l
And Julius' star more br
Like Luna mid the feeble

Father and guardian of n
If he the threatening Parthian lead
In triumph just, or cause to bleed
The dwellers on the eastern shore,
May he 'neath thee in justice o'er

The wide world reign, and thou shalt make
All heaven beneath thy chariot shake,
And all thy vengeful bolts be hurled
Against all vice throughout the world.

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ODE XIV.

To the Republic.

O ship, new waves are bearing thee
Again to sea! Why leave the shores?
Regain the harbor! Dost not see
How bare thy side now is of oars;

How in the gale thy shattered mast,
And yard-arms creak, and—cables lost,
Thy keel will scarce survive the blast,
When on the stormy ocean tossed?

No longer hast thou canvas good,
Or Gods, on whom to call for aid;
The timid sailor does run
For pictured sterns. Un
Thyself a sport to win
Thou, who erst vexed my
And now with anxious
Destroyest, avoid the way
Between the shining Cy

ODE XVI

To Varus.

Plant nought before the s
Dear Varus, in those field
Around mild Tibur lying
Whose walls Catillus caus
Who after wine e'er of the pains
Of war or poverty complains?
Who does not, Bacchus, rather sing
The joys which you and Venus bring?

But lest the bounds you should o'erleap,
In your potations long and deep,
Take warning from the drunken brawl,
When Lapithae the Centaurs maul;

Heed the Thessalians, who no law
Impose on their desires, but draw,
When prompted by excess of wine,
Twixt right and wrong a narrow line.

I'll not disturb thee, Bacchus, bright,
Against thy will, nor bring to light
The hidden mysteries that lie
'Neath various leaves from vulgar eye.

The noisy drum and horn restrain,
And with them all th' attendant train
Of blind self love, to folly wed,
Which bears too high the empty head,
And reckless confidence, which shows
More clear than glass, whate'er it knows.
What measure can our soul
For such a friend? Our soul
O, thou, to whom clear yest
Melpomene, the Father gave
Quintilius then has closed
In endless sleep. For more
Unsullied faith, and naked
When will his like on earth
He died bewailed by gods
But by none, Virgil, more
But vain, alas, your piety
The lost Quintilius to re
Though you should sound
Than Orpheus, when the
You’ll ne’er restore the
Which once has joined t
Translations from Horace.

ODE XXVII.

To His Companions.

'Tis Thracian o'er the cups to fight,
Designed for seasons of delight;
The barbarous practice put away,
And bloody disagreements stay.

How ill the Persian dagger's gleam,
The evening banquet doth be seem!
The rising tumult seek to calm,
Reclining on the bended arm.

You wish me too with you to share
The strong Falernian? Then declare,
What fair hand launched the blessed dart
That pierces now your throbbing heart.

You still refuse? No other name
I'll pledge to you'; whate'er the flame,
Without a blush may be confessed
The worthy empress of your breast.

Come now, confide to my safe ear,
Whate'er you have without a fear;
What magic power with subt
What God can loose your fet
Scarce Pegasus could now set
From this three-formed Chin

ODE XXIX

To Icicius.

Icicius, do you look with plea
On the Arab's blessed treasure
For their chieftains bold and
Steel and clanking chains prej

What barbarian maiden tende
Lover slain, shall service renč
Flowing backward to the mountain,
And the Tiber to its fountain,

When you thus are seen erratic
Your rare books and home Socratic,
For the Spanish breastplate leaving,
All our better hopes deceiving?

ODE XXXI.

To Apollo.

What doth the poet first request,
Apollo, now to make him blest?
What prayer prefer, while he adores,
And from his cup the new wine pours?

Not rich Sardinia’s golden grain,
Nor herds from warm Calabria’s plain,
Nor ivory, nor golden ore,
Nor quiet Liris’ fertile shore.

Let those the fruitful vineyard dress,
Whom fortune with the gift doth bless;
Whose Syrian vale

Who crosses with a favoring
Thrice and four times a year;
But I for this have little care
Contented with a plainer far.

But grant to me, I pray, go
ing
Enjoyment of my present:
With mind still sound, and
With lyre's sweet notes, the

ODE XXX

To Albius Tibu
The narrow-browed Lycoris burns
For Cyrus' love, but Cyrus turns
To Pholoe;
Yet sooner far the mountain goat
On the Apulian wolf will dote,
Than ever she

With this vile profligate will err;
Thus Venus seemeth to prefer,
And liketh best,
When ill-adapted forms and minds
Beneath her brazen yoke she binds
In cruel jest.

When me, a love more worthy sought,
Low Myrtale around me wrought
A pleasing toil,
Though rougher than the waters be,
Where in Calabria's gulf we see
The Adria boil.
Rarely once the Gods adoring
O'er my foolish wisdom pour
Now with shifted sails Fate for
Me to leave my former course

With his fires the clouds divide
Through the clear, bright head
Jupiter, while mortals wonder
With his steeds and chariot the

Earth with all her rivers shake
To the utmost limits quaking
Echoes loud o'er Styx resound
The abodes of night confound

Gods are wont the high
Translations from Horace.

ODE XXXVIII.

To His Boy.

I hate, my boy, the Persian show,
Nor care their plaitted wreaths to know,
So cease to seek where lingering grow
The roses still.

Nought but the simple myrtle twine,
It well befits this feast of mine,
For me, or you, while 'neath the vine
I drink my fill.
Book II.

ODE I.

To Asinius Pollio.

All the troubles in the state,
Ever since Metellus' consulate,
The causes, errors, plans arranged,
And of the game that Fortune played,
The leagues between the chieftains made,
To deadly hate so quickly changed,

And of the arms besmeared with blood,
Not yet avenged, a period
Of dangerous attempt you treat;
And over hidden fires you go,
Which are but smouldering below
The treacherous ashes at your feet.
From all our theatres,
Our public history completes
Then in Cecropian buskin
Your noble theme again

Who to the sorrowful accuse
Or to the Senate ne'er refer
O, Pollio, your counsel
And whom the laurel on
In the Dalmatian triumph
Hath with eternal honor

E'en now with trumpet's tone
The clarion blast so wild!
You seem to stun my ear
E'en now the gleam of art
The fleeing horses seem
And fills the riders' hea
Save Cato's soul, which uncontrolled
Not even death could move with dread.

Retiring from their land in grief,
To which they could not give relief,
Both Juno, and the Gods, whose aid
Had failed loved Africa to save,
The children of the victors gave,
An off'ring to Jugurtha's shade.

Where can we find, without the stain
Of Roman blood, the thirsty plain,
That does not witness by its mounds
To impious wars by brothers fought,
With ruin to the empire fraught,
Till distant Media heard the sounds?

Where is the stream that never saw
The traces of our mournful war?
Where flows the clear, uncolored flood?
Where is the sea that bears no stain
Upon its wave of Daunia's slain?
Where is the shore not dyed with blood?

But do not now, my daring muse,
Your sportive themes too long refuse,
Come, strike with me a lyre,

ODE III.

To Dellius.

Remember, your mind undistress'd,
To preserve, when adversity
And from joy too great, Dellius,
In prosperity, since you no

If in sorrow you pass all your life
Or in some grassy nook shun the city,
And the troubles of life shun,
With some good, old Fable

Where the pine and the poplar
Translations from Horace.

There command to bring perfumes and wine,
And sweet roses, too quickly to fade,
While youth and the means are still thine,
And the stroke of dark Fate is delayed.

Soon your home and the fields you have bought,
And estate on the Tiber, you’ll leave;
You’ll leave, and the wealth you have sought
To pile high, soon your heir will receive.

Whether rich, of old Inachus’ name,
Or of lowliest birth, and in need,
Matters not, since the victim, the same,
Of pitiless Orcus decreed.

We are all to the same country driven,
Soon or late, from the urn for us all,
The sad lot, by which passage is given
To an exile eternal, must fall.
Ah! swiftly glide
O, Postumus, nor
can wrinkles, or old
or death inexorable

Not with three hundred
Each day, can you stay
Who three formed Ge
And Tityus, that giant

O'er that sad wave, one
By all whose lot on ear
If we to royal rank at
Or needy laborers rema

In vain from bloody M
Or stormy Adriatic shu
In vain avoid
Translations from Horace.

The vile race of Danaus,
And ever toiling Sisyphus,
Their fields and house and sweet wife left,
Every tree we love, bereft,
Except the cypress dark to wave
Above its short lived master's grave.

Our heir the Cæcuban will seize,
Now kept beneath a hundred keys;
With richer wine the pavement stain,
Than pontiffs at their banquets drain.

ODE XVI.

To Grosphus.

First, prays the sailor, tempests overtaking,
In the Aegæan, through the thick clouds breaking
Over a moonbeam, nor a star awaking,
Fighting his pathway.

First, prayeth Thrace, in warfare bold and daring,
sparing,  
Jewels, or purple.

Wealth, nor the consul’ quelleth 
Troublesome thoughts that dispelleth 
Cares, that where’er the ndwelleth, 
Flit round the ceilings.

He liveth well on little, who 
Sees the paternal plate upon 
While neither fear nor avar
Sleep to take from him.

Why are we short-lived n trying?
Translations from Horace.

re up the brass-prowed galleys ever
creepeth,
do to the troops of cavalry it keepeth,
ifter than stags, or tempest when it
weepeth,
iven by the East wind.

eased with the present, what may still
be fated
ase to inquire, and whatsoe’er is hated
et with a smile; there’s no one yet
created,
ppy in all things.

ath to remove the famed Achilles
asted,
geethened old age Tithonus’ powers
asted,
e, too, perchance, what you have never
tasted,
fortune may offer.

ou see your flocks and herds around you
straying,
arraying,
Twice dyed in purple
Me, a small farm in
dabble,
Me, a slight breath i
gabble,
Me, to despise the des
Ever just Fate gives.

ODE XV

Neither ivory nor gold
Within my ceilings you
Nor Hymettian marble
On columns i -
Mine good faith, and a rich vein
Of genius, and the rich are fain
Me to seek, though poor; no more
I ask the Gods, nor larger store
From my powerful friend, well blest,
Of my Sabine farm possessed.
Day by day is closely chased,
And new moons to their waning haste.
You your marble cut, nor think
Upon the tomb, though on the brink
Of the grave, but houses rear,
And build upon the sea, that near
Baiae dashes with loud roar,
Not satisfied to own the shore;
What of this now can I say,
That you the landmarks take away,
Nor your clients' limits heed,
But overleap them in your greed?
Man and wife compelled to flee,
Their children in their arms, we see.
Yet no home can be more sure
A wealthy owner to procure,
Than rapacious Orcus' hall,
The bourne appointed for us all.
Shrewd Prometeus he is,
But found his gold by C.
He proud Tantalus restr,
And all his race, yet kind.
To relieve the toiling pop
Invoked, or not, whose t

ODE X

To Maces

On no weak or common
I, a bard transformed, s
Upward through the ligh
And on earth not linge.

I shall leave above all e
And though born of h
ike a swan, and downy feathers
in my hands and shoulders grow.

shall the Gætulian syrtes,
oaring Bosporus’s shore,
nd the northern plains in swifter
hen Icarian flight explore.

by Colchian and by Dacian,
nd by Parthian shall be known,
y Geloni and learned Spaniard,
nd the drinker of the Rhone.

hen away with empty dirges,
rom unseemly grief refrain,
ease from loud complaint and wailing,
nd funereal honors vain.
Book III.

ODE XXI.

Amabean Ode.

Horace.—When you to me ne'er wavered,
Nor other youth more favored
Might place his arms
Around thy fair neck ever,
For Persia's king life never
Had greater charms.

Lydia.—While you thought no one dearer,
Nor ever Chloe nearer
Than Lydia deemed,
Of brighter fame to greet her,
Than Roman Ilia's sweeter,
Your Lydia dreamed.
The Lyric
For whom
If Fate, dre
Her life

Lydia. — Me, Calais i
The Thuriar
My love t
And twice I'
If Fate, drea
The youth

Horace.—What if retur
Should form a
A brazen ba
If, Chloe's cha
The door for I
Should open

Lydia. — Though i
Translations from Horace.

ODE XXII.

To Mæcenas.

Thou, from Tuscan kings descended,
    Mellow wine, as yet untried,
Perfume for thy hair, and roses,
    Long have waited at my side.

Stay not always humid Tibur,
    Sloping Aesula, to view,
Or Teleonus' high ridges,
    Who by chance his father slew.

Leave thy wearisome abundance,
    And thy cloud-approaching dome;
Cease the smoke, and wealth, and uproar
    To admire, of mighty Rome.

Changes grateful to the wealthy,
    Lowly root, and humble fare,
Free from purple spreads, or hangings,
    Often smooth the brow of care.

Now Andromeda's bright father,
    His long hidden fire displays;
Now the weary shepherd
With his flock, the str
And the rough Sylvanus'
And the bank from win

But what form the state b
You inquire with anxio
What the Seres, or the P
Or the Parthians may

God the issues of the fu
Wisely in dark night
Smiling if a troubled m
Seek beyond the mee

Undisturbed employ th
River-like the rest w
...its channel
Echoing through the woods and mountains,
   When the flooded streams are high.

Happy is the man, self-ruling,
   Who can say each day, "I live,
With dark clouds now let the Father
   Veil the heavens, or sunshine give."

Yet he ne'er will render useless,
   What is past, or bring to nought,
Change, or undo, whatsoever
   Once the flying hour hath brought.

Fortune, pleased with her employment,
   Playeth still her cruel game,
Changes oft uncertain honors,
   Kind to me, or him, the same.

Here I praise her, yet resigning
   All, if she her wings shall shake,
Mine integrity wrap round me,
   Honest want, undowered, take.

If the bark with tempest labors,
   'Tis not mine to run to prayers,
Lest the greedy sea new riches
   Gather from my Syrian wares.
- O D E X X -

To Venus.

I lately lived a ladies' man
And my career with honors,
But now released from wo
I hang my harp upon the

And here let Venus to her
See "o'er the left," my ca
Here I resign those killing
Which have subdued so m
Transl oues from Horace.

ODE XXX.

I here have reared a monument,  
Than brass far more enduring,  
More lofty than the Pyramids,  
Immortal fame securing,

Which neither the corroding rain,  
Nor north wind, when it rages,  
Can e'er destroy, nor countless years,  
Nor the long flight of ages.

Shall not wholly be destroyed;  
Large portion of my being,  
From Libitina shall escape,  
The Goddess ever fleeing.

O'er ever new in future praise  
I shall live on unending,  
While priest and virgin still are seen  
The capitol ascending.

So high position now advanced,  
Although from humble station,  
Where once the thirsty Daunus ruled  
A rural population,
10 Latin measures suited
Assume the noble praise des\nWith which no one may o\nAnd kindly wreathe, Melpom\nMy brow with Delphic la
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