

sed magis in curam nostri consurge tuendi,
 exemplumque mihi coniugis esto bonae,
 materiamque tuis tristem virtutibus imple :
 ardua per praeceps gloria vadit iter.
 75 Hectora quis nosset, si felix Troia fuisset ?
 publica virtutis per mala facta via est.
 ars tua, Tiphys, iacet, si non sit in aequore fluctus :
 si valeant homines, ars tua, Phoebus, iacet.
 quae latet inque bonis cessat non cognita rebus,
 80 apparet virtus arguiturque malis.
 dat tibi nostra locum tituli fortuna, caputque
 conspicuum pietas qua tua tollat, habet.
 utere temporibus, quorum nunc munere facta est¹
 et patet in laudes area lata tuas.

IV.

O qui, nominibus cum sis generosus avorum,
 exsuperas morum nobilitate genus,
 cuius inest animo patrii candoris imago,
 non careat nervis² candor ut iste suis,
 5 cuius in ingenio est patriae facundia linguae,
 qua prior in Latio non fuit ulla foro—
 quod minime volui, positus pro nomine signis
 dictus es : ignoscas laudibus ipse tuis.
 nil ego peccavi ; tua te bona cognita produnt
 10 si, quod es, appares, culpa soluta mea est.
 nec tamen officium nostro tibi carmine factum
 principe tam iusto posse nocere puto.
 ipse pater patriae—quid enim est civilis illo ?—
 sustinet in nostro carmine saepe legi,

¹ ficta est *vel* freta es : facta est *Ehwald*

² numeris 5

¹ Perhaps Messalinus, *cf.* *Ex P.* i. 7, ii. 2.

rise to the charge of my defence and be thou for me the model of a noble wife. Flood a sad theme with thy virtues: glory scales the heights by steepest paths. Who would know Hector, if Troy had been happy? By public ills was the way of virtue builded. Thy skill, Tiphys, lies inert if there be no wave upon the sea: if men be in health, thy skill, Phoebus, lies inert.

⁷⁹ The virtue which lies hidden and hangs back unrecognized in times of prosperity, comes to the fore and asserts itself in adversity. My fate gives thee scope for fame and provides a chance for thy loyal love to raise a conspicuous head. Avail thyself of the crisis through whose gift a mighty field has been created, open for thy praise.

IV. TO A NOBLE FRIEND ¹

O you who through ancestral names have noble birth yet surpass your birth in nobility of character, whose mind reflects your father's candour yet so that it lacks not powers all its own, in whose intellect resides the eloquence of your father's tongue which no other in the Latin forum has excelled—I have addressed you not at all as I wished, with symbols instead of a name; do you pardon these praises that are all your own. I have been to blame in naught, for your virtues are recognized and betray you. If you appear to be what you really are I am acquitted of fault.

¹¹ And yet the homage rendered to you by my verse cannot, I think, harm you with so just a prince; even the Father of his Country—for who is milder than he?—submits to frequent mention in my verse, nor

15 nec prohibere potest, quia res est publica Caesar,
 et de communi pars quoque nostra bono est.
 Iuppiter ingeniis praebet sua numina vatum,
 seque celebrari quolibet ore sinit.
 causa tua exemplo superiorum tuta duorum est,
 20 quorum hic aspicitur, creditur ille deus.
 ut non debuerim, tamen hoc ego crimen habebō :
 non fuit arbitrii littera nostra tui.
 nec nova, quod tecum loquor, est iniuria nostra,
 incolumis cum quo saepe locutus eram.
 25 quo vereare minus ne sim tibi crimen amicus,
 invidiam, siqua est, auctor habere potest.
 nam tuus est primis cultus mihi semper ab annis—
 hoc certe noli dissimulare—pater,
 ingeniumque meum (potes hoc meminisse) probabat
 30 plus etiam quam me iudice dignus eram ;
 deque meis illo referebat versibus ore,
 in quo pars magnae nobilitatis erat.
 non igitur tibi nunc, quod me domus ista recepit,
 sed prius auctori sunt data verba tuo.¹
 35 nec² data sunt, mihi crede, tamen : sed in omnibus
 actis
 ultima si demas, vita tuenda mea est.
 hanc quoque, qua perii, culpam scelus esse negabis,
 si tanti series sit tibi nota mali.
 aut timor aut error nobis, prius obfuit error.
 40 a!³ sine me fati non meminisse mei ;
 neve retractando nondum coëuntia rumpam⁴
 vulnera : vix illis proderit ipsa quies.
 ergo ut iure damus poenas, sic a fuit omne
 peccato facinus consiliumque meo ;

¹ sed sunt auctori non tua verba tuo² non : nec 5³ at⁴ rumpe *vel* rupem¹ Jupiter and Augustus.

can he prevent it, for Caesar is the state, and of the common good I too have a share. Jupiter offers his divinity to poets' art, permitting himself to be praised by every mouth. Your case is safeguarded by the example of two superhuman beings¹ of whom one in men's sight, the other in their belief, is a god. Even though I have transgressed duty, yet I shall be the one accused, for my letter was not under your control. And 'tis no new wrong that I commit in speaking with you, for in the time of my security I often spoke with you. You need not fear that my friendship will be laid as a charge against you; the odium, if there be any, can be assigned to him who was responsible. For from my earliest years I honoured your father²—this at least desire not to conceal—and my talent, you may remember, was approved by him even more than in my own judgment I deserved; of my verse he used to speak with those lips in which lay part of his great renown. Not you then, if your house made me welcome, but your father before you was cheated. Yet cheating there was none, believe me, but in all its acts, if you except the very latest, my life is worthy of protection. Even this fault which has ruined me you will say is no crime, if you should come to know the course of this great evil. Either timidity or a mistake—mistake first—has injured me. Ah, let me not remember my fate! Let me not handle and break open wounds that are not yet closed! Scarce will rest itself relieve them.

⁴³ So then I am justly paying a penalty, but no act or design was connected with my sin. And this the

² M. Valerius Messalla—if the noble addressed is Messalinus.

75 nec tamen hunc sua mors, nec mors sua terruit illum ;
 alter ob alterius funera maestus erat.
 et iam constiterat stricto mucrone sacerdos,
 cinxerat et Graias barbara vitta comas,
 cum vice sermonis fratrem cognovit, et illi
 80 pro nece complexus Iphigenia dedit.
 laeta deae signum crudelia sacra perosae
 transtulit ex illis in meliora locis.
 haec igitur regio, magni paene ultima mundi,
 quam fugere homines dique, propinqua mihi est :
 85 aque¹ mea terra² prope sunt funebria sacra,
 si modo Nasoni barbara terra sua est.
 o utinam venti, quibus est ablatas Orestes,
 placato referant et mea vela deo !

V.

O mihi dilectos inter pars prima sodales,
 unica fortunis ara reperta meis
 cuius ab adloquiis anima haec moribunda revixit,
 ut vigil infusa Pallade flamma solet ;
 5 qui veritus non es portus aperire fideles
 fulmine percussae confugiumque rati ;
 cuius eram censu non me sensurus egentem,
 si Caesar patrias eripuisset opes.
 temporis oblitum dum me rapit impetus huius,
 10 excidit heu nomen quam mihi paene tuum !
 tu tamen agnoscis tactusque cupidine laudis,
 ' ille ego sum ' cuperes dicere posse palam.
 certe ego, si sineres, titulum tibi reddere vellem,
 et raram famae conciliare fidem.

¹ atque² meam terram¹ Augustus.² *i.e.* when oil is poured upon it.

the double doors. Yet neither the one nor the other feared his own death : each sorrowed for the other's fate. Already had the priestess taken her stand with drawn knife, her Grecian tresses bound with a barbarian fillet, when in their talk she recognized her brother and in the stead of death Iphigenia gave him her embrace. In joy she bore away the statue of the goddess, who detested cruel rites, from that place to a better.

⁸³ Such then is the region, almost the farthest in the vast world, fled by men and gods, that is near me. Near to my land—if a barbarian land is Naso's own—are the rites of death. O may the winds which bore Orestes away, waft my sails also homeward, under the favour of a god¹ appeased!

V. TO A LOYAL FRIEND

O thou who art foremost among my beloved comrades, who didst prove to be the sole altar for my fortunes, whose words of comfort revived this dying soul, as the flame is wont to wake at the touch of Pallas,² thou who didst not fear to open a secure harbour of refuge for a bark smitten by the thunderbolt ; through whose means I should not have felt myself in want had Caesar taken from me my inherited wealth—while my fervour hurries me on in forgetfulness of my present state, how nearly, ah me ! have I let slip thy name ? Yet dost thou recognize it, and touched by desire for praise thou wouldst wish thou couldst say openly, " I am the man." Surely if thou wouldst permit, I would render honour to thee and unite rare fidelity to fame.

- 15 ne noceam grato vereor tibi carmine, neve
 intempestivus nominis obstet honor.
 quod licet (et¹ tutum est) intra tua pectora gaude
 meque tui memorem teque fuisse pium,
 utque facis, remis ad opem luctare ferendam,
 20 dum veniat placido mollior aura deo ;
 et tutare caput nulli servabile, si non
 qui mersit Stygia sublevet illud aqua ;
 teque, quod est rarum, praesta constanter ad omne
 indeclinatae munus amicitiae.
 25 sic tua processus habeat fortuna perennes,
 sic ope non egeas ipse iuvesque tuos ;
 sic aequet tua nupta virum bonitate perenni,
 incidat et vestro nulla² querella toro ;
 diligat et semper socius de sanguinis illo,
 30 quo pius affectu Castora frater amat ;
 sic iuvenis similisque tibi sit natus, et illum
 moribus agnoscat quilibet esse tuum ;
 sic faciat socerum taeda te nata iugali,
 nec tardum iuveni det tibi nomen avi.

VI.

Tempore ruricolae patiens fit taurus aratri,
 praebet et incurvo colla premenda iugo ;
 tempore paret equus lentis animosus habenis,
 et placido duros accipit ore lupos ;
 5 tempore Poenorum compescitur ira leonum,
 nec feritas animo, quae fuit ante, manet ;
 quaeque sui monitis³ obtemperat Inda magistri
 belua, servitium tempore victa subit.

¹ hoc² nulla] rara³ iussis

But I fear that my grateful verse may do thee hurt,
 that the unseasonable honour of renown may stand
 in thy light. This thou mayst do, and 'tis safe :
 rejoice within thine own breast that I have remem-
 bered thee, and that thou hast been loyal, and as
 thou art doing, strain thine oars to bear me aid until
 the god is appeased and a gentler breeze shall come ;
 save a life that none can save unless he who sub-
 merged it lifts it from the Stygian waters, and give
 thyself—a rare thing it is—to every service of un-
 swerving friendship. So may thy fortune make
 constant progress, so mayst thou need no aid and
 mayst thou aid thine own ! So may thy bride equal
 her husband in constant goodness and no complaint
 befall your union. Mayst thou have also the love
 of him who shares thy blood, such love as his loyal
 brother¹ feels for Castor. So may thy youthful
 son be like thee and may his character cause all to
 know him as thine own. So may the marriage torch
 of thy daughter make thee a father-in-law and soon
 give thee, still in thy prime, the name of grandsire !

VI. TIME BRINGS NO ANODYNE

By time the peasant's bullock is made submissive
 to the plough, offering his neck to the pressure of the
 curving yoke ; time renders the mettlesome horse
 obedient to the pliant bridle as he receives with
 gentle mouth the hard bit ; time quiets the rage of
 Phoenician lions so that their former wildness abides
 not in their spirits ; the Indian brute,² obedient to
 the commands of her master, vanquished by time,

¹ Pollux.

² The elephant.