





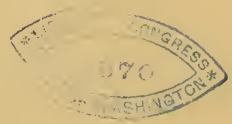
Pindarus

ALL

THE ODES

OF

✓
PINDAR,



TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK.

BY THE

John Lang
REV. J. L. GIRDLESTONE, A. M.

MASTER OF THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL OF BECCLES, IN SUFFOLK.



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TO HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ;

TO

THE REV. DR. STRACHEY,

ARCHDEACON OF SUFFOLK ;

TO

THE REV. BENCE BENCE, RECTOR OF BECCLES,

HIS HONOURED PATRONS,

THIS TRANSLATION IS, WITH THEIR PERMISSION,

DEDICATED,

BY THEIR OBLIGED AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. L. GIRDLESTONE.



PREFACE.

WHILE we have long had translations of almost all the other poets, Latin and Greek, there has not yet appeared, in our language, an entire translation of the great Theban Bard by the same hand; though many persons have made choice of particular odes, as if to try how far it was possible to exhibit his manner in their own language. Hence I have been emboldened to undertake a version of all his odes. Curiosity may perhaps procure readers, who may wish to form some notion of this prince of Lyric poets, without the trouble of studying the original; for whoever has the least acquaintance with the great Grecian, must know that he would attempt to read him in his own language to little purpose, unless he did study him, and with minute attention.

There is such a peculiarity of style, a perpetual allusion to events little at this day known, a transition quick as lightning from general to particular reflections, from fact to fable, from living to dead heroes, from the immediate subject of the ode, some feat in the games, to the remoter exploits of war, from the praises of the hero to those of his relations, his ancestors, his country, or the gods; to understand all which a considerable knowledge of ancient history, places, and customs is necessary; that it can hardly be expected, even a translation will be intelligible to one, who is not prepared to bring with him to the perusal, either a previous knowledge or a very close attention. It has been however my endeavour to smooth the way as much as possible, and if in this very uneven country some difficult passes still remain, it is my hope the candid reader will make proper allowance.

So much light has been already thrown upon the subject of these odes, the sacred games of Greece, by the learned West, that it would be presumption to attempt to add any further observations on this head. No other notes are therefore to be expected than such as may tend to explain particular passages, or point out the secret connection, or some latent beauties.

A general opinion seems to prevail, that Pindar, however translated, cannot be relished by an English reader. It is true, even to a classical reader, some explanatory notes will be necessary, unless he has studied the great original. But it seems a wrong notion that any sort of poetry is incapable of giving real pleasure, because it may require to have some things explained, some latent beauties pointed out. It is the nature of the lyric ode to glance so quickly over a variety of objects, that unless the objects themselves be previously known, the reader must borrow assistance; but if he will have patience and make use of proper aid, there will then remain no confusion. The lyric muse presents him with a coloured glass, through which he will behold every object beautifully varied with a glow of purple, bright or browner tints diffused around. In many countries the traveller is obliged to a judicious guide, who takes him to particular spots and points out beauties which might otherwise escape his eye. Hogarth has been esteemed a nice copier of nature, but the greatest admirer of his humor may remember the time when he found assistance from written explanations. Virgil's prophecy, put into the mouth of his hero's father, is justly esteemed very beautiful; yet to one not well acquainted with the particulars of the Roman history, some explanatory notes would be found necessary. It shows then an unwillingness to be pleased, to refuse the offered help, and call out, the poetry which requires such assistance is unworthy of attention.

Every one who begins to read Pindar, is apt to find himself bewildered with numberless images, with examples taken from history or fable, which seem introduced at random: hence he is led to blame the poet for want of connection and design. Let it then be observed, that Pindar loves to introduce the praise of a dead hero, apparently because he was of the same country with the hero of his ode, or because he signalized himself perhaps in some particular place mentioned;

but his real design is to entertain, by some description of his exploits or virtues, and to leave it to others to transfer the praises of the dead hero to the living. The kind of connection too, which prevails in his poetry, is such as may escape the notice of a reader not very attentive. The parts would often have no connection at all with each other, but that the poet has contrived to add so fine a link between each, that they hang together as by magic; after reflecting some time we discover the secret art, and with admiration acknowledge that each part most wonderfully contributes to produce the grand effect of the whole design.

There is another prejudice which I fear will have very great weight. Many of my classical readers have probably formed their notions of lyric excellence very much from Horace. Those, who are charmed with his elegance, sweetness and variety, may at first feel a disgust at many parts of Pindar, and at the difference observable in his manner: but let us not forget that it was rather conviction than modesty, which made Horace acknowledge the great Theban eagle far his superior in sublimity, while himself he justly compared to a bee, industriously extracting sweets from various flowers. Those who from childhood have been used to regale on his delightful beverage, if they take up Pindar, should recollect that Horace chose his own subjects; that of course he followed his fancy, who led him through the most delightful gardens of Italy, a country nearer to us than Greece, and with the minute events of whose history we are better acquainted. Pindar's subjects were assigned him by others, and were in their own nature most barren. Whatever therefore we admire in him, must be considered entirely his own creation. When a man by necessity, not choice, is fixed on a barren flat, if he has the miraculous art of converting it to a paradise, who can withhold admiration? Yet while Horace is universally admired, the sublime Pindar remains almost intirely neglected. This cannot justly be ascribed to their difference of merit, for, if Horace be equal to Pindar in elegance and sweetness, Pindar is far superior to Horace in sublimity; if the Roman be admired for his moral sentences, in the Grecian you constantly meet with sentences that breathe at least as high a strain of morality and more holy thoughts of religion. The Italian poet was a polite courtier, and could compliment with great ingenuity; the Theban bard addressed heroes and kings at the very moment when they were flushed with

victory and glory, but so far was he from deifying, that he disdained even to flatter; in his highest strains of compliment he loses not sight of truth, nay, he frequently has the courage, in plain terms, though in a manner not offensive, to give advice. As to artful transition, if the Roman muse equals the Grecian, in gliding with exquisite delicacy from thought to thought, the Grecian far surpasses the Roman in glancing with rapidity and boldness. In elegant allusion both poets excel. In their epithets they are perhaps, beyond all others, admirable, except Homer, who had the art to paint a landskip in a single word. Pindar, however, in the sublimity of these, surpasses Horace, and even Homer in a peculiarity of boldness. But Pindar was much studied by Horace, who, in many admired passages, derives his excellence from the ancient poet of Thebes. The great uncertainty of Pindar's meaning in numerous places, the inferiority of our skill in the Greek language, in comparison with our knowledge of the Latin, his frequent obscurity of style and quick transitions, his apparent want of connection, the barrenness of the subjects on which he wrote, and his metre not being so musical without its accompaniment, at least to us; these seem to be the chief reasons why he is comparatively neglected. The last reason alone is very powerful. Horace's odes were intended to be musical, without the help of the lyre, and we soon feel their harmony. Pindar wrote his to be accompanied by the lyre, on which the Grecians were taught to play, as a common and necessary accomplishment. The constant changes contrived by the poet leading the lyre through a variety of melody, made probably a sort of air, and this seems to have been one great beauty in Pindar's compositions; but to us this beauty is lost. We cannot, in Pindar's verses, distinguish an equal harmony as in the measures of Homer, from the very flow of whose verse we are early taught to feel the mute sorrow of the father as he walks along the beach, and to hear the rolling thunder of the dashing waves: but whatever may be the reasons why Pindar is not more read, I shall not think my time and labour ill employed if this translation prove the means of bringing into more general notice the great Original.

ODE
TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.
IN IMITATION OF PINDAR.

MONOSTROPHIC.

Εσλον γε φᾶτα και φθιμενον υ—
μνοις θεᾶν διδομεν. Isthm. 3.

1.

COULDST thou, my soul! extend thy flight
Through that unfathom'd void, where brooding Night
With raven-wing her billowy shadows rolls
Hov'ring o'er the realm of souls,
Lest the bright sun's golden ray
Strike them with the flash of day,

5

It may not be amiss here, for the sake of some of my readers, to observe that Pindar's Odes are generally divided into Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, and that very frequently the sense is continued from one division to another; in some odes however the Epode is omitted, which are therefore called Monostrophic. In every ode each Strophe is an exact pattern for every other Strophe, and for every Antistrophe throughout the same ode, as is every Epode for every succeeding Epode; the first verse in each corresponding with the first verse in every other throughout the ode, the second with the second, and so on. The reader may observe I have in this respect scrupulously followed my author, frequently however in short verses making one long syllable stand for a whole foot, according to the established custom of our best Poets.

Thus MILTON:

“ It was the winter wild,
While the heav'n-born child.”

And GRAY. Who th' avenger of his guilt?
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

This mixture gives our verse a variety and the writer a freedom. For the same reasons I have

B

There would th' enthusiast's touch revive the fire
 Which thrill'd electric through his Dorian lyre,
 When Grecia pour'd her list'ning myriads round,
 Aw'd by the solemn sound ;
 Enraptured with the flame
 Bold would I sound great NELSON's name ;
 In fragrance then embalm'd should breathe the lay
 Rever'd till nature fade into eternal day.

10

2.

Bœotia's golden-pinion'd Muse
 Sprinkled from heav'n her rich ambrosial dews
 O'er the victorious brave, the swift, the strong,
 And hail'd them with immortal song :

15

occasionally, instead of the common Alexandrine, used a line of fourteen syllables, though since the days of Chapman it has been rarely admitted. Dryden has it in his translation of Virgil, where it is less suitable than in Lyric Poetry. Such slight variations as these occur in Pindar himself, and appear not licentious when we consider that our metre has little variation, and the original, though regular, is in variations of metre almost infinite. As for mixing occasionally what have been called Trochaic feet, I here follow the example of our best Poets, who probably thought such a mixture by no means a blemish.

- Thus MILTON. "Stand in his presence humble."
 POPE. "Pensive she stood."
 BEATTIE. "When with the charm compar'd."
 SMITH. "Children of sentiment."
 GRAY. "Sighs to the torrent's."
 COLLINS. "Wise in himself."
 GOLDSMITH. "Soft as the dew."

V. 8. *His Dorian.*] So Pindar sometimes calls his lyre.

V. 13. *In fragrance.*] If any name can immortalize the verse which contains it, that name is Nelson's.

Aloft the ever-glittering prize
 Caught the ardent champion's eyes ; 20
 By strong enchantment driv'n, toil, peril, pain,
 Grim phantoms, vanish ; glory fires the plain.
 How would that Muse with never-dying lays
 Exalt our hero's praise !
 As on th' expecting skies 25
 The sun, ere blasts with thunders rise,
 Casts a still gloom, his dreaded flag unfurl'd
 Beam'd a tremendous calm around the shudd'ring world.

3.

What is strength, what wealth or pow'r,
 Unless assign'd by Heav'n fair Virtue's dow'r ? 30
 Fame like a meteor wand'ring leads the vain
 Frantic along the bloody plain.
 Burning for Glory's splendid charms
 Tyrants distract the world with arms ;
 Fortune's perfidious coward courts her smile 35
 And rules the world in magic chains of guile,
 The sceptre stain'd with royal gore assumes—
 Usurper ! See, his plumes
 Tremble on his proud crest
 While secret fears convulse his breast, 40

V. 28. *Beam'd.*] The dreadful calm before a battle.

V. 35. *Fortune's coward.*] Witness his behaviour at Acre.

Lest the strange charm, that lifts his baseless throne,
Dissolve, and from his height he fall unpitied down.

4.

Shouts of triumph rise from all
If long-detested, blood-stain'd tyrants fall ;
Far, far unlike the tears that drown our eyes 45
When our lov'd patriot-hero dies !
Like heav'n's all-cheering sun he rose
Rever'd by all ; against our foes
He glares ; before his unapproach'd flame
Gallia's proud flow'rs of glory shrink to shame ; 50
Ambition's hated summits baneful rise,
As Ætna chokes the skies
With black, sulphureous cloud,
While melting fragments thund'ring loud
Storm down impetuous, blazing torrents pour, 55
And vineyards, woods and flocks and smiling towns devour.

5.

HE only, whose all-powerful hands
Scoop'd those drear chasms (o'er which suspended stands
Heav'n's vault and shudders lest in gulfs of flame
Sink consum'd his crumbling frame) 60

V. 51. *Ambition's.*] Nelson's patriotism withers our foes, cheers ourselves ; the ambition of France is destructive ; as against the rage of Ætna Providence has opposed the sea, so has he shielded Britain likewise by the sea against invasion.

HE only curbs their rage ; around
 HE swell'd the sea, whose waves profound
 Arrest the rolling fires ; with horrid flash
 Quench'd in the roaring surge those cataracts dash
 And sink ; day low'rs, midnight in horror burns, 65
 Earth, air to chaos turns.
 'Twas HE around thy shore,
 Britannia, bade deep ocean roar ;
 With joy great ALFRED's far-foreseeing soul
 Beheld this ample shield of mighty waters roll. 70

6.

Arm'd fleets he calls around his isle
 And pious kneels ; heav'n hears with fav'ring smile
 The father of his country pour his vows :
 Britannia shouts ! heav'n-taught she knows
 Her day, when aw'd the waves shall own 75
 For ever fix'd her glorious crown ;
 Then shall she trust to one long-destin'd hand
 Fate's glitt'ring sword, avenger of her land.
 When impious threats burst o'er the brazen skies
 Heav'n bade that NELSON rise, 80
 Bade him th' historic page
 Trace back to Britain's earliest age,

V. 81. *Bade him.*] Nelson was always very fond of biography.

Among the souls of all th' immortal dead
 Mark one and in his steps the heights of glory tread.

7.

Lo! where the rev'rend oak uprears 85
 His stately growth of many an hundred years!
 How many springs their fost'ring dews have shed!
 How many winters bared his head!
 What storms, what thunders with dread roar
 Have burst his shatter'd branches o'er, 90
 Ere in full grandeur to th' admiring eyes
 Of all the land his mighty stature rise!
 So midst long toils and cares and perils rose
 This terror of our foes.
 'Twas not a summer's day 95
 Such worth, such wisdom could display;
 Feats of dead heroes and their martial art
 By long thought fired his soul, long trial prov'd his heart;

8.

Oft, when night's ebon gloom was spread
 O'er earth, he call'd the spirits of the dead; 100
 Before his torch to his admiring eyes
 Ideal camps, waves, warrior's rise;

V. 90. *Have burst.*] Nelson had been present in an hundred and twenty battles before he arrived at his great honours.

Intent his rival soul surveys
 The glorious virtue each displays :
 Triumphant HENRY waves his sceptred hand 105
 And points to heav'n ; SIDNEY a willing band
 Of heroes draws with love's magnetic force ;
 WOLFE takes a sun-like course
 That sets full soon in blood,
 While BENBOW on the trembling flood 110
 Strikes Death and Valour dumb with strange delight ;
 But NELSON's soul still pants to soar a nobler height.

9.

At length her son Britannia own'd ;
 His rev'rend, hoary sire from sleep profound
 She call'd : bright flames flash from her sworded hand ; 115
 " This weapon—grasp it—guards my land."
 He wakes, he drops a father's tear,
 And with a patriot's zealous care
 Hallows the sword ; the altar hears his vows ;
 Bright hopes and triumphs beam upon his brows ; 120
 " To thee, my Son, Britannia's sword is giv'n,"
 " A sacred trust from heav'n,"

V. 105. *Triumphant.*] Like Henry the Fifth Nelson was ever desirous of impressing a sense of religion on the minds of all his followers ; like Sidney he was universally beloved ; he had the patriotism of Wolfe, the courage of Benbow, the wisdom of Alfred.

“ Shake tyrants on their throne,”

“ But kneel, still kneel to Heav’n alone :”

“ Be Heav’n thy first, thou Heav’n’s perpetual care !”

125

The glowing warrior joins his pious father’s pray’r :

10

“ ALFRED, to raise our fleets was thine ;”

“ To save, grant Heav’n ! the greater glory mine !”

“ My country’s victim, proud I drain my blood,”

“ Crown her but Empress of the flood !”

130

He pray’d and as he snatch’d renown

Dar’d his much-lov’d country’s frown :

Must’ring her thunders war’s grim Fury stood

And roll’d her storm slow-wheeling o’er the flood ;

He darts, an eagle, wrenching from her hands

135

Fate’s thousand blazing brands

And rushing on in fire,

Hurls on each side ; all eyes admire ;

V. 127. *Dar’d.*] Nelson was ever ready to hazard every thing to serve his country. On more occasions than one he dared disobey orders. He considered not what orders his superiors had given, but what he knew they would have given if placed where himself was. But the allusion here is to the battle off Cape St. Vincent. In this after some of the enemy’s ships had been cut off from their main fleet, Nelson, contrary to the signal, boldly made a sudden and unexpected attack, which completed the grand object of Jervis, by forcing the enemy to give up all hope of rejoining those ships and to come to immediate action. Nelson was thus exposed to the fire of three large Spanish ships at once, but his invincible courage made him sustain this very unequal contest till he was supported by others, who followed his example ; after which he took ship after ship with the rapidity of an eagle.

All follow where his dire tornado flies,
 And loud triumphal shouts of VICTORY rend the skies. 140

11.

As when some dastard, with lone hand
 Seizing a lion's whelp, along the land
 Flees breathless, through the midnight's gloom his fear
 Sees the pursuing eye-balls glare;
 With hasty sail thus fled our foes, 145
 Behind long-couching Vengeance rose
 Tremendous; watchful heav'n secur'd the prey,
 Pointing the long, the doubtful, trackless way.
 Not more confounded trembling Egypt stood
 To see the parted flood 150
 O'er Pharaoh's armies close,
 Than thund'ring when the dread storm rose
 Which rob'd her seas in fire: with sudden shock
 How did her distant tow'rs as with an earthquake rock

12.

When dire explosion rent the air! 155
 Astounded Battle paus'd: large fragments glare
 Whirl'd o'er Night's redd'ning arch: one moment stood
 Silence on the flick'ring flood,

V. 145. *With hasty sail.*] In Nelson's pursuit of the French fleet over the Mediterranean what he at first conceived a misfortune may be considered as providential; for had he overtaken it, some of the ships might probably have escaped.

Aw'd as if Nature through the gloom
 Of midnight blaz'd into her tomb.— 160
 Who but some guardian angel of our land
 Blinded the foe and seal'd with steady hand
 The bond of Fate?—On that last day he wore
 Honours soon drench'd in gore,
 When smiling in his pains 165
 He heard the shout from Gallia's chains
 Drown'd in our louder peals; grey Ocean down
 Drops at Britannia's feet, who weeps, his long-contested crown.

V. 161. *Who but.*] Whether humanity or policy, or both, urged Nelson to send the proposals to Copenhagen, which were at least as advantageous to us as to them, it must every way redound to his honour. When some one offered him a wafer to seal the letter; "No," says our hero, "let us not seem to act in a hurry." He therefore deliberately sealed it with wax.

V. 163. *On that last day.*] What day that was England will ever remember. At Nelson's removal from the deck when he was wounded, the Frenchmen in the opposing ship gave a shout, though their fleet was on the point of falling into our hands.

OLYMPIC ODE I.

IN PRAISE OF HIERO, KING OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR AT OLYMPIA,
IN THE RACE OF SINGLE HORSES.

[SEE INDEX ON OLYMPIA.]

s. 1.*

BEST of all Nature water flows;
Nought amid treasures richer glows
Than gold, which gleams like fire; whose light
Shoots through the bosom of the night;
Proud gold, that swells man's heart. My soul!
Seek not another star to roll

5

* S. A. E. the initial letters of Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, are used, because the words might seem to interrupt the sense, where it is continued from the one to the other.

V. 1.] *Best of all nature.*] Because from water all the other elements were thought to proceed. It has been said that Pindar never can be translated. The first word, in his first ode, shows one reason upon which this opinion is founded. The words literally translated must, to a modern reader, appear very prosaic. "Best is water," seems a very singular beginning to a spirited ode. Those however, for whom it was originally composed, did not want to be reminded that this was an observation of philosophy. What then is a translator to do? If he render the exact words of his author, one class of readers will throw down the book in disgust; if he alter the expression too freely, he may incur the disapprobation of the learned. In such difficulties, which very frequently occur in this writer, I generally choose rather to encounter the displeasure of those from whom I may naturally expect the greatest candour. At once then, reader, understand what is my chief aim throughout this translation. I have not the presumption to offer instruction to the learned, but I wish to excite those, who admire inferior classical authors, to bestow more of their attention upon this great original. My endeavour has been to exhibit something of Pindar's manner. More labour has been em-

Along the desert air with livelier fires,
 When the sun warms the bright'ning day;
 Or, should'st thou try the tuneful lay
 Heroes' illustrious feats to praise, 10
 Can wreath-bound Victory nobler raise
 To Fame the loud, triumphal strain
 Than from Olympia's sacred plain?
 Rise then, ye Bards, whose souls the Muse inspires,
 Through all his courts the happy Hiero sing 15
 Victorious! strike your harps to Jove, Olympia's king!

A. 1.

O'er Sicilia's sheep-clad plains
 With righteous sceptre Hiero reigns

ployed in elucidating his sentiments, his train of thought and various comparisons, than to preserve the exact enumeration of victories or every nicety in history, geography, or chronology. It has been also conceived, that in many passages some liberty of retrenchment or addition, or of a slight change in the figure or mode of expression, might tend to give the modern reader a clearer idea of Pindar's general spirit, than an over-scrupulous, and at last, vain endeavour to exhibit each of his particular expressions more minutely.

V. 7. Along the desert air.] No poet was once more admired than Pindar. Few have been more imitated.

——— “ at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads.” MILTON.

“ Pants through the pathless desert of the air.” MASON.

“ Like one that had been led astray,
 Thro' the heav'n's wide pathless way.” MILTON.

V. 16. Olympia's king.] Jupiter presided over the Olympic games; in his honour therefore the odes were sung. “ All things begin with Jove,” was not only upon this occasion but all others, the language of the heathens. In a similar manner begins the greatest of their orators, in his most celebrated oration, in which his own interest was most materially concerned. Blush not, Christian!

And ev'ry choicest blossom crops
 From all the blooming virtues' tops; 20
 The fav'ring Muse for ever bright
 Around him throws a purple light
 While o'er his social board she shakes her flow'rs:
 Alternate, as we sit around,
 Her festal hymns for ever sound. 25
 Give, give the Lyre—warm o'er my soul
 The swelling thoughts begin to roll!
 This hand shall wake a Dorian strain
 Striking aloud to Pisa's plain,
 And Pherenicus, fleetest steed, that scours 30
 Near silver Alpheus o'er the shouting ground,
 The whip he scorns, in wreaths his Lord's glad brows he bound.

E. 1.

With joy the Syracusian monarch glows
 Exulting in his haughty steed;
 Glory crown'd his matchless speed;
 Beaming from Hiero's brows 35
 She brightens all the land, of yore
 Where his fam'd sceptre Pelops bore

V. 19. *And ev'ry.*] The elegance of West's translation of this passage it is vain to hope any other can equal.

“Plucks every blooming virtue's fairest flow'r.”

V. 29. For Pisa and other names see Index.

V. 30. Pherenicus, the name of the victorious steed.

With his brave Lydian colony retir'd :
 Him Neptune saw, the god admir'd, 40
 When Clotho's pow'r his sever'd limbs replac'd,
 From glitt'ring cauldron ris'n, with ivory shoulder grac'd.
 Thus wondrous fictions blind,
 By fancy drest, the human mind ;
 Unseen plain truth and disregarded lies ; 45
 Pictures with varnish'd gloss enchant our dazzled eyes.

s. 2.

Sweet the pow'r, whose soft controul
 Gently leads the willing soul
 Transported in delightful dream
 Till falsehood and dishonour seem, 50
 Their nature chang'd, like truth to shine
 Unsullied, glorious and divine ;
 All fades at length before the full-ris'n day.
 Mortal beware! a sacred law
 Commands to speak of heav'n with awe, 55
 Nor rash thine ear to aught incline
 Degrading to the pow'rs divine.
 Pelops, these fables all are vain ;

V. 39. *With his.*] For he came from Lydia.

V. 41. *When Clotho's.*] She was one of the Fates. The common story, which Pindar rejects, was, "that he was served up at table and his shoulder eaten : the Gods restored him to life, and Clotho gave him an ivory shoulder."

My Muse shall wake truth's genuine strain
 And drive dark error's impious mists away. 60
 The father's feast in turn the Immortals grace
 At Sipylos; the God, who holds the splendid mace,

A. 2.

His bosom warm'd with sudden fire,
 Up to heav'n's all-honour'd Sire,
 Bearing the beauteous Pelops, speeds 65
 High o'er the clouds his golden steeds:
 (To the same favour'd post once came
 Fair Ganymede of equal fame,)
 Now lost to mortal eyes, in rapid flight
 Transported o'er th' ethereal deep, 70
 His friends he leaves, who search and weep,
 Unheard their cries far, far below:
 At length the bitter tale of woe,
 Returning back, a sorrowing train,
 They bring his weeping mother; "vain 75
 All search! He never more shall bless her sight!"

V. 61. *The father's.*] Pindar allows thus much of the story to be true, that Tantalus, the father of Pelops, having been before feasted by the gods, in turn invited them at Sipylos, in Lydia. But the unnatural story of killing his son and boiling his limbs for the feast, he rejects.

V. 62. *The God.*] Neptune.

V. 68. *Fair Ganymede.*] I conceive Pindar had a very particular reason for this mention of Ganymede, who, for his beauty, was taken into heaven. See note on v. 160.

Hence, from the cauldron that his limbs were brought
To feast the blessed gods, the envious tale was wrought.

E. 2.

But ne'er with lips unhallow'd may I call
Heav'n's sons intemperate! With just dread 80
I shudder, lest upon my head
Their righteous vengeance fall.
If ever man with fav'ring love
Was notic'd by the pow'rs above,
That man was Tantalus. Ah weak and vain! 85
The honours of heav'n's golden plain,
The bliss divine, unable to digest,
With arrogance and pride the mortal swells his breast.
His awful brow Jove bends
In wrath and o'er his head suspends 90
Tremendous mass of ever-threat'ning rock;
He, shrinking still, still shudders from the whelming shock.

s. 3.

He lives in torture unreliev'd,
For ever groaning, ever griev'd,
The fourth of that unhappy train 95
Who wail in everlasting pain:

V. 95. *The fourth.*] Ixion, Sisyphus, Tityus, and himself, are the four.

The cup, whose sweets immortalize
 His humbler nature, from the skies
 He stole, which none but heav'nly banquets know,
 And lo! on mortal friends bestow'd, 100
 Bold, impious man! immortal food.
 Who daring would deceive the eyes
 Of those blest pow'rs which rule the skies,
 That rash soul errs. The Sire's offence
 Brought on the son sad recompence, 105
 To dwell once more with short-liv'd men below.
 Pelops in youth's full bloom to earth return'd,
 And for the bride proclaim'd his pensive wishes burn'd.

A. 3.

To Pisa's mighty king he came :
 His daughter of illustrious fame, 110

V. 108. *And for.*] Take away the comma after *γαμον*, and it will be *ετοιμον παρα πατρος*, nuptias a patre paratas, i. e. certis legibus durisque. Pindar mentions two other instances where the father prepared or proclaimed his daughter's nuptials on certain conditions. See Pyth. 9.

V. 109. *To Pisa's king.*] Cœnomaus, King of Pisa, having been informed by an oracle that he would be slain by his son in law; when the beauty of his daughter Hippodameia attracted many admirers, proposed a chariot-race to each young man on these conditions, that if himself were conquered he would give him his daughter; but, if he proved victorious, the lover must submit to be transfixed with his spear. Thirteen, so swift were the king's horses, had already lost their lives, when Pelops conceived a hope that, by divine assistance, he might obtain the prize. Observe here, as in a thousand instances beside, how Pindar delights to ascribe all events to some god.

Hippodameia, charm'd his eyes ;
 But, ere he ventured for the prize,
 In solemn midnight's gloom alone
 To the hoary ocean down
 He steps and to the deep-voic'd god he calls ; 115
 Instant before his feet appears
 The gracious Pow'r and willing hears ;
 " If lovely Venus e'er can move,"
 " Neptune, thy heart to favour love,"
 " From fierce Ænomaus' hand the spear" 120
 " Dash, whose hideous, brazen glare"
 " The trembling lover's panting breast appals ;"
 " Wing my fleet coursers o'er th' Olympian plain,"
 " Crown victory with love, nor leave me with the slain !"

E. 3.

" Heroes alone deserve the lovely prize," 125
 " Trembling dastards never dare"
 " The trial ; vain is mortal's fear,"
 " By nature's doom he dies."
 " What then ! inglorious shall I lie"
 " Stranger to all that 's great or high" 130

V. 127 and 128. The same thought occurs in our poet's tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

" It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come."

“ Nursing base life in darkness with weak fears”

“ To despicable length of years ?

“ No never will I skulk without a name”

“ Despis’d ; the attempt I dare ; O grant me endless fame !”

He pray’d and Neptune hears 135

And to his ravish’d eyes prepares

Glitt’ring a car of gold and steeds that fly

Unwearied on the wing of glorious victory.

s. 4.

The king o’ercome, the long-sought hand

He seizes and in sweetest band 140

Fondly unites th’ illustrious maid.

Six noble sons his toil repaid

All leaders to their people dear,

For they were nurs’d by Virtue’s care.

But, when in glory his last day declines, 145

Splendid victims fall beside

Alpheus’ silver-rolling tide

Sprinkling the tomb where rests his head.

And oft revering strangers shed

Tears to his memory, thronging round 150

The altar on Jove’s hallow’d ground.

V. 151. *The altar.*] Jove’s altar was very near ; where afterwards those, who attended the games, used to offer sacrifices.

There o'er th' Olympian course bright glory shines,
 To swiftness, courage, strength her crown she gives ;
 Thence in ambrosial calm the honour'd Victor lives.

A. 4.

From Fame the purest fountains flow
 The sweetest good that mortals know ;
 Day after day all-clear they glide
 Unfailing to life's latest tide.
 Then wake, my lyre, thy sweetest sound
 To Hiero, hail him justly crown'd

155

160

V. 159. *My lyre.*] In the original it is Æolian lyre. The Æolians once inhabited Thebes, therefore the lyre is called Æolian.

V. 160. *To Hiero.*] The praise of particular persons, unless their characters be singularly great or good, is in itself a very barren subject. In all these hymns there is a great mixture of religion, as they were sung at the festivals of their gods. The exploits of former heroes were also with propriety introduced. But to adapt the examples of ancient heroes to the immediate subject of the ode, without stating the reasons, seems to have been the great effort of Pindar's art, and what has been least explained. At this time we can do little more than conjecture. In some instances I have thus ventured to assign reasons. Thus in the present ode, we are told that Pelops gained first a victory by his horses, and afterwards great fame in that country, which from him took the name of Peloponnesus. This was the same in which the Olympic games were celebrated, which, as some supposed, took their origin from Pelops. Hiero, in this ode, was to be celebrated for a victory gained by his horse at the same place. I find no other reason, as far as I recollect, assigned by any commentator for the introduction of the story of Pelops. But what says the poet of this ancient king? That the common story was a mere fiction; whereas the real fact was, that Pelops was carried into heaven, as Ganymede had been before, who was well known to have been raised to heaven for his singular beauty. Now the historian Justin tells us of Hiero, that he was admired most highly for the beauty of his person. "Pulchritudo ei corporis insignis." Lib. 23. ch. 4. Could then Horace himself find a more ingenious way of complimenting? That Neptune was the god who so much favoured Pelops, seems a circumstance which may further confirm this

The Lord unrival'd of the fleetest steed.
 Ne'er shall the Muse's lovely hand
 For living mortal twine a band
 Brighter nor livelier see it glow
 On any friend's illustrious brow, 165
 O skill'd at once in noble arts
 And deck'd with pow'r! Some god imparts
 A special guardian providence to speed
 Thy noble cares; and never may it fail
 That I with sweeter voice again may bid thee hail! 170

E. 4.

If bright-wing'd Glory on thy chariot lights
 My Muse high o'er Olympia's plain
 Shall pour the loud triumphal strain
 Round Cronion's sacred heights,
 Glitt'ring in sun-shine o'er the skies. 175
 Nurs'd by the Muse beside me lies
 A shaft of strongest pinion. Monarchs claim
 The choicest dart her bow can aim.

conjecture, as thus Pindar may intend to image Hiero's greatness by sea. Without doubt Pindar had always good reasons for his digressions, which to us lose their beauty only when we can not trace the circumstances which occasioned them.

V. 170. *That I.*] Hiero perhaps was preparing for another contest at Olympia.

V. 174. See Index.

V. 177. *A shaft.*] Pindar, with great boldness and sublimity, frequently terms his verses shafts of harmony. The Psalmist, with equal sublimity, but much greater propriety, calls the words of an enemy "poisoned arrows."

Men rise in dignity o'er men ; the crown
Looks on inferior heads majestically down.

180

No loftier source of praise

I seek to dignify my lays ;

The same exalted path long may'st thou tread

And I midst bards of Greece raise my distinguish'd head !

OLYMPIC ODE II.

IN PRAISE OF THERON, KING OF AGRIGENTUM, VICTOR IN THE
CHARIOT-RACE.

s. 1.

YE Hymns, who breathe imperial o'er the lyre,
What man, what hero shall we name
An heir of everlasting fame?
What god, celestial Muse, shall claim thy sacred fire?
The god, whose guardian love
His Pisa shields, immortal Jove,

5

General design of the Ode. As Theron's forefathers had met with misfortunes, Pindar takes occasion to speak of the vicissitudes of fortune, mentioning several instances in his hero's family in former ages. But now he is settled in wealth and splendor, the poet reminds him that to those who use their wealth properly, it shines as a star leading to glory, which will continue even after death, whereas those who misuse it, will be punished.

V. 1. *Ye Hymns.*] At the beginning of this ode a difficulty occurs of a very different nature from that mentioned in the note on the first Olympic v. 1st.—The poet here addresses his lyre with a compounded word so singularly beautiful, that no translator can hope to express it. He in one word calls the hymns queens of the lyre, with no less propriety than elegance, since as they vary the metre the lyre still obeys, following these queens of harmony through all their changes.

V. 5. *The god whose.*] Next to *Benedictus* I acknowledge my obligations to Heyne for his accurate explanation of very many passages. I do not always mention their names but would have the reader assign to one or other of them almost every explanatory note which he may approve. Heyne is remarkable for throwing the clearest light on the subject in a few words. On this passage he says “ Jupiter, the greatest of gods, who presided over the games, claims the poet's first notice ; Hercules, the greatest of heroes, who appointed these games,

And Hercules, who from the spoils of war
 Proclaim'd th' Olympic prize :
 Sweet Hymns, to Theron rise !
 To Theron, while bright Victory crowns his car, 10
 Harmonious swell the sound !
 His country's tow'r ! the friend renown'd !
 Flow'r of illustrious stem ! whose righteous sway
 The sons of Agragas with grateful hearts obey.

A. I.

His toil-worn Sires (clouds o'er their dawning day 15
 Long dark'ning scowl'd) at length retreat,
 Where Peace secur'd a sacred seat,
 To, Agragas, thy banks, and shine with brighter ray

the second ; the poet in the third place mentions Theron, who conquered in these games ; thus insinuating that among men none was so great as Theron." This passage Horace imitates thus :

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri,
 Tibia sumes celebrare Clio ?
 Quem deum, cujus recinet jocosa

Montis imago.

The different order I conceive Horace thought of no consequence, which is a shield to my translation. From this imitation we may see the different tastes of the two poets. Pindar always loves what is grave and great. Horace does not frequently continue his sublime flights so long together, he is ever ready to stoop for something like this "jocosa imago." The classical reader will recollect various passages in Horace imitated or even translated from Pindar, for which I do not remember that he was ever despised as a school-boy.* To set down all such passages would be tedious and impertinent.

V. 15. *His toil-worn.*] His ancestors had been driven by civil wars from Rhodes to Agragas or Agrigentum, a town near the river Agragas.

* See Life of Gray, by Johnson.

The light of all the land.

Fate leads them in his guardian hand 20

With riches, honour, happiness in store,

And on their virtues down

Drops an illustrious crown.

Thou, son of Rhea, great Olympian pow'r,

High-thron'd above the skies, 25

O'er Alpheus stooping view the prize

Of glory, pleas'd the hymn triumphal hear,

Make them, their land, their race thine everlasting care!

• E. 1.

Nought can the action past recall ;

Just or unjust the deed once done, 30

Not Time, the first great Sire of all,

Can e'er undo, 'tis past, 'tis gone.

But when good days return, soft-flowing o'er

Oblivion's dark'ning, slumbrous tide shall swell,

In joy absorb past ills, and never more 35

Shall hateful sorrows on the memory dwell,

s. 2.

When Gods more bounteous from their heav'nly store

Send happier blessings largely down.

V. 24. *Thou, son of.]* Jupiter.

V. 36. *Shall hateful sorrows.]* In allusion to the civil dissensions now no more.

Thus varying Fortune's gloomy frown,
 Cadmus, thy daughters felt, but lo! her storms are o'er, 40
 From clouds the lurid skies
 Clearing as brighter glories rise :
 Thy Semele, who midst the fires of Jove
 And thunder's awful sound
 Fell lifeless to the ground, 45
 Trails her long tresses in the courts above :
 There midst th' eternal powers
 'Tis her's to pass her golden hours,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus ever dear,
 Pallas, thy constant love, and thine, great Jove, to share. 50

A. 2.

Below the azure bosom of the main,
 There, where the snowy Nereids dwell
 In sea-bright grotts o'er-hung with shell,
 Glad Ino mixes now with all th' immortal train,
 Immortal as the rest. 55
 Ah! never knows the human breast
 Whether in gloom Death springs with horrid stride,
 Or whether bright'ning skies
 Shall see the day arise
 To guide us where sweet calm and peace reside, 60

V. 40. *Cadmus, thy.*] Theron was descended from Cadmus. The poet judiciously takes his instances from the same family; Semele and Ino were daughters of Cadmus. See the Index.

Till evening gently close
 Our eye-lids in their last repose.
 The restless tide of life now ebbs, now flows,
 Now swells to highest bliss, now whelms in deepest woes,

E. 2.

Theron, thy sires from happier state 65
 Soon fell; Heav'n rais'd and Heav'n opprest;
 Such storms of ever-varying fate
 Burst o'er the destined murderer's breast:
 Led by mysterious pow'r the king he meets;
 Wretch! By thy hand thy father's blood is shed! 70
 Ah! hapless blind! that blood-stain'd hand compleats
 Fate's dire decree announc'd in answer dread.

s. 3.

The sharp-ey'd Fury saw the horrid deed,
 And soon along the reeking ground
 The martial race lie slain around; 75
 Arm'd by her ranc'rous gall brothers by brothers bleed.
 His warlike father lost
 Thersander cheers the drooping host,

V. 68. *Burst o'er the destined.*] This was *Ædipus*, Theron's forefather. It had been fore-
 told *Ædipus* should kill his father. He was therefore exposed an infant. Grown to man-
 hood he met *Laius* his father, without knowing him. Neither would turn out of the road;
 hence a quarrel, in which the father fell.

V. 75. *Arm'd by her.*] The sons of *Ædipus*, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, in a contest for the
 throne fell by each other's hands. Thersander therefore, the son of *Polynices*, remained
 alone as the root of Theron's family.

In vig'rous feats of youthful contest fram'd,
 Renown'd in deeds of war : 80
 Adrastus' stem from far
 Revives in him, once more with honour nam'd.
 Lo! there the ancient root
 From which illustrious branches shoot,
 Cœnesidemus and his mighty son, 85
 Who claims my lyric strain to sing the prize he won.

A. 3.

Loud peals of triumph shake Olympia's plain,
 Corinth and Pytho swell his fame
 And shout at once his brother's name,
 Equal in glory there the flow'ring wreath they gain, 90
 Where twelve times round the goal
 Their steeds the glowing chariot roll.
 Adventurous heroes, when the heights they dare
 Of toil triumphant tread,

V. 89. *And shout at.*] Xenocrates was his brother, who is celebrated as having been victorious, as well as himself, in the Isthmian and Pythian games, in a chariot-race. They used to drive the car twelve times round a goal set up at the farthest part of the course. It will be found Pindar's constant custom to take occasion from the victory of the ode, to celebrate all other victories gained by the hero or his relations, and to add the praises of his ancestors, his relations, or country, or even the tribe to which he belonged.

V. 93. *Adventurous heroes.*] A chariot-race being attended with great expence, Pindar often commends his heroes for spending their wealth so gloriously. If I mistake not, the poet intends an opposition between the man who uses, and the man who hoards riches. The man who is disposed to make a good use of his gold wants not the threat of judgment, but he who keeps it locked up. Therefore I translate "εχεται," "hoards," or "holds," or "keeps," or "guards." Pindar expressly says, "but he," but if, &c. "ετ δ'ε." I would always

Forth-blazing o'er their head 95
 Feel livelier fire dissolve each sordid care.
 When to the generous mind,
 By virtue polish'd and refin'd,
 Wealth deigns her golden treasure to impart,
 And to high thoughts and feats warms and expands the heart, 100

E. 3.

Bright as a sparkling star she glows,
 O'er glory's path she shoots her light ;
 But he, who hoards his treasure, knows
 What must succeed this transient night ;
 Full strict account of ev'ry talent giv'n ; 105
 The trembling culprits forc'd confess their lives ;
 Each crime perform'd here in the eye of heav'n,
 Before the stern Tartarean judge revives.

s. 4.

But o'er the just the sun's unfading rays
 By night, by day for ever glow, 110

translate this particle "but," unless there be a strong reason to the contrary. Hesiod seems to use the word "εχω" in this sense of guarding. "χρυσαι δε μιν ειχον επτα πυλαι." Pindar himself, *Nem.* 1. v. 45, and *Pyth.* 4, 436. "πλετον εχεν." and Homer in a sense not very dissimilar, *Il.* 1, 113, and 356. "Παντα κατεσραπται και εχε." Demosthenes. He uses the word in the same sense in other places.

V. 110. *By night, by day.*] See *Rev.* ch. 21. v. 4. Pindar writes like the pen of inspiration. I do not recollect in any other poet so short, so clear, so pleasing an account of the future state of deceased souls in bliss ; for of the others, Pindar, according to his constant

Nor peril more nor toil they know
 By land or on the deep ; soft flow their easy days.
 Then ever-blest the good
 No longer toil for scanty food
 With many a groan upturning th' heavy ground ; 115
 But midst the immortal pow'rs
 Soft glide their vernal hours,
 (For holy truth with them due rev'rence found)
 Nor tear nor sorrow knows
 Their ever-honour'd, calm repose ; 120
 Far, far remote the tortures, which assail
 The impious ; shudd'ring sight shrinks from the woes they wail.

A. 4.

Thrice in the realms below and thrice above
 If free from each polluting deed
 Still innocent their lives they lead, 125
 Their blessed steps ascend the golden paths of Jove.
 There lie the happy isles
 Enrobed with everlasting smiles,
 And there the great Saturnian tow'rs invite.

custom of avoiding gloomy reflections and descriptions, gives a short account. I would ask the Deist whence he had these very noble thoughts, and why Virgil afterwards should not improve upon the more ancient poet. If this knowledge be derived from human reason, the longer that reason is exercised, the more complete should be the knowledge. But the Latin poets and philosophers do not, till the days of christianity, shine above the ancient writers of Greece.

Sea-breezes ever blow, 130
 Sweet flow'rs for ever throw
 Soft gleams of gold upon th' enchanted sight,
 Some from the fragrant ground,
 Some from the beauteous trees around,
 Some from the billowy waters gently breathe 135
 Their sweets and tempt the hand to form the blushing wreath.

E. 4.

Just Rhadamanthus hears the cause
 And gives th' irrevocable word
 Sanction'd by ever-righteous laws.
 Him his assessor Rhea's lord 140
 Age-honour'd Saturn chose : (She sits above
 High-thron'd o'er all) Peleus and Cadmus there
 And great Achilles dwell ; such honour Jove
 Grants her brave warrior mov'd by Thetis' pray'r.

s. 5.

His spear Aurora's son and Cycnus slew ; 145
 'Gainst Hector, mightiest of the foes,
 All-horrible in rage he rose
 And Troy's long-vaunted, last, unconquer'd prop o'erthrew.

V. 148. *And Troy's.*] Why does the poet stop with Achilles? This was their great hero. Having mentioned many honourable personages, whose names were to be sung with his hero's, at the mention of Achilles, he can go no further; no hero after him is worthy to be mentioned except Theron, to whom, the poet immediately adds, his dart is directed;

Beside me glitt'ring bright
 Full many a shaft of swiftest flight 150
 Eager to spring within my quiver lies;
 Dull is the vulgar ear
 The lofty notes to hear,
 Their harmony sounds only to the wise.
 'Tis Nature's hand divine 155
 Gives Genius on the soul to shine,

i. e. to whom he would have us apply what he had been saying of the rewards of the good. Pindar has a fragment yet remaining, wherein he describes the fields of the blest as follows :

“ There round the blest in pow'rful light
 The sun for ever shining cheers their night,
 Sweet meadows smile their lovely mansions round ;
 One blush of roses covers all the ground.
 Arching the fragrant trees their shadowy boughs
 Wave high ; the golden fruit in glitt'ring clusters glows ;
 Games, or the lyre, delight their souls, or steeds
 Bear them in social troops along the meeds.
 Joys in full flow'r around them blow ;
 Breathing altars o'er them throw
 Their lovely perfumes thro' the air ; the skies
 Smile o'er the far-scen flame, whence the rich clouds arise.”

Perhaps our most enchanting poet had Pindar in view when he wrote the 50th and 51st stanzas of Canto 12. b. 2. of his Fairy Queen ; and again when he gives us the description following :

“ It was a chosen plot of fertile land ;
 Eamongst wide waves set like a little nest ;
 No dainty flowre or herb that grows on ground,
 No arboret with painted blossoms drest—
 No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring ;
 No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit,” &c. &c.

See Fairy Queen, b. 2. c. 6. st. 12 and 13.

Cold sons of art the tyrant-bird of air
 Like daws loud-chatt'ring view, but high beyond their sphere

A. 5.

His pinions bear him to the throne of Jove.
 Who now, sweet lyre, thy voice shall claim? 160
 Thy shafts, my soul, where wilt thou aim,
 The shafts of glory warm from heart of friendly love?
 My sounding bow I bend:
 To Agragas, to greet my friend
 With full force darts the arrow from my hands. 165
 Stand, holy Truth, and hear
 The solemn oath I swear;
 "Trace all the ancient heroes of all lands
 Back through an hundred years,
 None eminent in worth appears 170
 Like Theron: warm his generous heart o'erflows
 With social love; his hand the richest gifts bestows."

E. 5.

Yet Insolence unjustly rose
 Clamouring with sland'rous words impure
 To stain his name! Malignant foes 175
 His goodness madly would obscure!

V. 173. *Yet insolence.*] It seems not clearly known to what the poet alludes. But see West.

By pow'r of numbers can the tongue express
The sands or pebbles heap'd along the shore?
Or count the thousands whom his treasures bless
Pour'd from his bounty's inexhausted store?

OLYMPIC ODE III.

TO THE SAME THERON, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

s. 1.

TO Leda's hospitable twins,
Guardians of man, my song begins :
To soft-hair'd Helen raise
Thy voice, my Muse, sing Agrigentum's praise !
Bid the strains of triumph flow, 5
Twine the wreath for Theron's brow !
His choicest coursers sing
Darting on Victory's never-wearied wing !
Admiring Silence, for new strains prepare !
Muse, lead the graceful choir and tune a Dorian air ! 10

Castor, Pollux, and Helen, were particularly adored at Agrigentum ; the poet therefore addresses these as tutelary divinities. We find also that Castor and Pollux were among the presidents of these games. See ant. 3. v. 1. Heyne, by this easy explanation, clears the ode of much obscurity.—Castor and Pollux, when deified, were always represented as friendly to man.

V. 9. *Admiring silence.*] Here seems an allusion to something new in the music attending this ode, of which we now know nothing. The poet's words are " the measure is new and worthy of silent attention."

A. 1.

Begin the dance, in triumph lead
 With chaplets crown'd each haughty steed !
 A work of heav'nly hands
 The glorious hour of victory demands !
 With the sweet flute their voice divine 15
 Harmonious let the Muses join
 And strike the varying Lyre
 In praise of Theron with extatic fire.
 Glory, thy fountains from Olympia's plain
 Roll their rich floods and swell the heav'n-directed strain 20

E. 1.

Around her honour'd Victor, who receives
 From Pisa's righteous judge the light-green leaves
 Of olive wild. That graceful wreath
 Did mighty Hercules bequeath
 To bind his champion's brow. Alcides' hand 25
 This lovely plant, wide-branching o'er the land

V. 11. Begin the dance.] Let it be constantly kept in mind, that these victories were honoured with a triumphal procession the most splendid imaginable, attended with music and dancing. So high an honour was it deemed to the city which gave the victor birth, that a breach was made in the walls for the procession to pass through. It is supposed the Roman triumph, that most august spectacle, took its rise from an imitation of these exhibitions. We see something of the same spirit prevail among the ancient Israelites, when David was received with songs of triumph by his countrywomen, and when he himself returned in triumph with the ark, leading a sacred dance.

V. 19. Glory, thy.] i. e. Olympic victories were the most honourable.

Where Ister's bubbling fountains rise,
Bore to Olympia and proclaim'd her prize.

s. 2.

On the cold Hyperborean plains,
Where chief-ador'd Apollo reigns, 30
The plants he ask'd, that Jove
Might see them rise Olympia's sacred grove,
And to their boughs, the honour'd prize,
Contending myriads lift their eyes.
For now to heav'n's high Sire 35
New-lighted altars breathe their holy fire,
And o'er the verge of eve her full eye bends
The moon; rekindling heav'n her golden car ascends.

A. 2

Now must the judge the palm decide
Where ridgy Alpheus whirls his tide; 40

V. 38. *The moon.*] The beauty of the original word, which expresses "that the moon shone with opposite fire, i. e. to the sun," I cannot preserve. Perhaps our bard had this expression in his mind, when he employed his golden pen to describe these luminaries; since nothing great or beautiful in nature or language escaped his notice:

————— "less bright the moon
But opposite in level'd west was set
His mirror."—

It may be thought that the poet ought rather to have mounted this queen of the evening in a silver car. But Pindar's image is both animated and exact: for as she is first lighting her fire in the horizon, she rather resembles gold. In plain prose this would be, it was now the full moon, which marks the time of celebrating the games.

Now comes the mighty day
 That must the great quinquennial rites display :
 The dales all-bare Alcides found
 That skirt bleak Cronion around ;
 For not a tree was seen
 Against the sun to wave her branches green,
 Temp'ring the fierceness of his tyrant reign.
 The sacred rites perform'd, he seeks the Istrian plain ;

45

E. 2.

Latona's huntress-daughter stretch'd her hand
 To greet the hero from Arcadia's land,
 When from the mountain's rugged brow
 He trac'd the winding vales below.
 The hind he seeks, so rigid Fate ordains,
 Whose glitt'ring horns of gold flash o'er the plains :
 Grateful for Dian's favour shown
 The spotless maid inscrib'd it for her own.

50

55

V. 48. *The sacred rites.*] Reader, if thou art not well acquainted with Pindar, thou wilt be apt to think with the vulgar, that he is too obscure to deserve thy notice. Observe then once for all, it is frequent with him first to mention the fact done, and then to trace back from the beginning the manner how. This he does in the present instance. Hercules asked the plant. On what occasion? The poet describes first the celebration of the games, immediately after which Hercules went upon another expedition into the country, where he saw the trees.

V. 56. *The spotless maid.*] Taygeta, who inscribed on the horn a dedication of the animal to Diana, for having changed her into an hind, by which means this chaste and grateful virgin had avoided the detested embraces of the great king of gods.

“ And melancholy mark'd him for her own.” GR.

s. 3.

Past the wild ridge, where Boreas throws
 Congeal'd his ever-deep'ning snows,
 Urging the chace he stood
 And gaz'd upon the trees that fring'd the flood. 60
 The lovely olive charms his eyes,
 He burns to bid the sweet plant rise
 Where rapid coursers roll
 The glowing chariot twelve times round the goal.
 Him now the deep-zoned Leda's twins divine 65
 This festival to grace with steps propitious join.

A. 3.

For when a god he rose to heav'n,
 To them his grand behest was giv'n,
 The contest to prepare
 And each crown won by valour to declare, 70
 Or by the chariot's rapid wheels.
 My glowing soul fresh ardour feels
 For all thy race to light,
 Theron, the torch of glory ever-bright ;
 The Gods, whose rites ye still observe, ordain 75
 Crown of your pious vows, the honours of the plain.

V. 64. *The glowing.*] The Olympic course.

V. 66. *This festival.*] The festival for celebrating this victory of Theron—Heyne. Hercules attends as founder of the games, they, for the reason expressed in the antistrophe.

Nought can excel pure water's genuine stream,
 Nought can outshine gold's ever-precious gleam ;
 Grasp but at once the highest prize,
 All else will fade before thine eyes. 80
 Thus Theron's virtues strike the farthest land
 Quick-glancing where Alcides' columns stand :
 Wise or unwise, that boundless main
 Mortal must not explore; th' attempt were vain,

V. 82. Quick-glancing where] A figurative expression, often used by Pindar, to show that his hero's glory had attained the utmost limit.—Hercules set up his pillars near the Straights, being the most western part of the world at that time known.

The design of this third Ode. Pindar begins with addressing those to whom Hercules assigned the care of these games, whence he interweaves an account how Hercules first found the olive which he planted at Olympia. As this was the great prize, it is not to be wondered that the poet should give a particular account how it came to be so highly valued. He accordingly concludes with describing the honour of gaining this wreath as the greatest possible.

OLYMPIC ODE IV.

IN PRAISE OF PSAUMIS, OF CAMARINA, VICTOR IN THE
CHARIOT-RACE.

S.

GREAT Jove, almighty Sire,
Hurl'd from whose hand the fire
Of heav'n expands its never-wearied wing ;
Lo ! sent by thy revolving hour,
Witness of glorious feats, I strike the string ! 5
The good for friends triumphant call the pow'r
Of each fond Muse, with joy their praise to sing.
This hymn, almighty Jove !
If the sweet Graces thou dost love,
High-thron'd o'er Ætna, hear, whose dreadful breath 10
Blasts heav'n, while Typhon rolls his monstrous bulk beneath.

A.

Honour for ever bright
Is Virtue's genuine light.

V. 4. Lo ! sent by.] i. e. The time of celebrating the Olympic games sacred to Jove.

Lo! car-borne Psaumis comes : his coursers bear
 Glory to Camarina's walls ! 15
 See, Pisa's olive shades the Victor's hair !
 If on your name with pious vow he calls,
 Just gods, propitious hearken to his pray'r !
 'Tis his the steed to train ;
 Peace o'er his bosom holds her reign ; 20
 His heart breathes hospitality and love :
 Experience shall my words unstain'd with falsehood prove.

E.

Experience, lamp of truth,
 Beam'd lustre on the youth
 At Lemnos starting swift for Glory's prize : 25
 The damsels laugh'd around,
 But clashing o'er the ground
 The Victor stands before their wond'ring eyes
 And from Hypsipyle's fair hands
 The palm, herself propos'd, demands ; 30
 " Lo! 'tis not age that wraps this head in snow,
 " Youth fires my heart, strength nerves my arm, as speed has crown'd
 my brow."

V. 23. Experience.] Pindar compares his hero to Erginus, one of the Argonauts, during whose stay at Lemnos, Hypsipyle instituted games. Being prematurely grey-headed he at first was despised, till he came in victorious. This is the common, and after all seems the most satisfactory account. But see Pye's note.

V. 27. But clashing.] He ran in armour.

OLYMPIC ODE V.

IN THIS ODE ARE CELEBRATED THREE VICTORIES OF PSAUMIS.

5.

HAIL Camarina, wide-spread lake,
Daughter of the azure main,
With cheerful heart this off'ring take
Of Virtue's flow'rs, and hear the strain.
Swift the thrice-crown'd Psaumis flies,
Mules unwearied whirl his car,
Holding aloft th' Olympic prize
To thee he brings it from afar.
With recent joy his country glows
His honour and his praise to share.
To heav'n's high pow'rs he pays his vows
Grateful for their guardian care.

5

10

V. 1. *Hail.*] Camarina is the name of the lake and of the town.

V. 5. *Swift the thrice-crown'd.*] Two other victories have been generally understood to be mentioned by the poet. Heyne gives a different interpretation; but there seems a difficulty in his explanation, which would apparently confine the games to the races of horses and mules. They lasted five days; it would be a singular expression in the poet to say, "the five days' contests for horses and mules," unless these had been the only contests.

To them six altars rise,
 On each a two-fold sacrifice;
 Five days did Conflict animate the field, 15
 Thrice shout as thrice his triumph she beheld.
 Success and glory swell'd the voice of Fame
 When with his sire's she hail'd the new-rai's'd city's name.

A.

From that fair land, where Pelops strove
 And crown'd with honour rul'd the state, 20
 The Victor comes thy sacred grove,
 Chaste guardian queen, to celebrate,
 And the rich stream that flows beside,
 Oanus, and immensely spread
 The mighty lake, its country's pride, 25
 And the green banks, which thousands tread
 Where Hipparis in lovely course
 Deep-swelling rolls, the plenteous springs
 To taste, whose tide with secret force
 Slow the cumbrous forest brings. 30

V. 13. *To them.*] Each altar was dedicated to two gods, on which Psaumis offered sacrifices for three distinct victories, in the chariot-race, the race gained by mules, and that by a single horse.

V. 19. *From that fair.*] Peloponnesus, in which was Olympia. See ode 1st.

V. 22. *Chaste guardian.*] Pallas.

V. 30. *Slow the.*] The city, which had been ruined, Psaumis had been very active to rebuild. This victory is another honour which redounds to his country. It is doubted by Heyne whether the poet's meaning has not been perverted by those who say, "the timber being brought along the stream occasioned some of his expressions."

Thus a new city shows
 Her tow'rs; with recent pride she glows.
 From lib'ral gold and toil the Virtues rise
 And snatch from Peril his well-guarded prize.
 Still uneclips'd bright Glory pours her rays, 35
 Crown'd with success the wise claim universal praise.

E.

Guardian Jove, whose fav'ring eyes
 Thy Cronion's sacred peak behold,
 Thron'd o'er the clouds that skirt the skies ;
 Sacred to whom the floods are roll'd 40
 Of Alpheus wide ; to whom his cave
 Fam'd Ida consecrates ; my pray'r
 For this thy city great and brave
 To Lydian pipes soft-breathing hear ;
 Grant her heroes, grant her fame, 45
 Grant Psaumis happy length of years,
 While, to emulate his name,
 Round him a rising race appears !
 'Tis his with gen'rous care to train
 Neptunian steeds that thunder o'er the plain ; 50

V. 33. *From lib'ral gold.*] The expense attending the chariot-race. Pindar always commends those who are more desirous of glory than gold.

V. 50. *Neptunian.*] Neptune was said first to have produced the horse.

His toil with prudence to employ
 And fill his hands with rising flow'rs of joy.
 Victorious hero hail! To thee is giv'n
 Wealth, honour—be content; nor, mortal, aim at heav'n.

V. 54. Wealth, honour.] The poet ends with a sentence which at once contains a compliment and advice. "Te duce Cæsar" is the well-known impious line which concludes an ode in Horace; for its elegance indeed admirable. But we read Horace and Virgil with such continual delight, that in their poetry we even see mortals adored as gods without an exclamation. Pindar, though full of compliments, never flatters thus. The Grecian philosopher disdained even to fall prostrate before the great monarch. Yet Horace and Virgil, natives of that country which held the world in subjection, condescended to deify. Let the deist, who pretends to admire the classics, read Pindar: it will not hurt his style. He will see how little human reason was able to improve Pindar's notions of religion in so many ages.

OLYMPIC ODE VI.

TO AGESIAS, OF SYRACUSE, SON OF SOSTRATUS, FOR A VICTORY
GAINED BY MULES IN A CHARIOT RACE.

s. 1.

HIGH the well-built portals raise,
With ample front the massy dome extend,
Which from its burnish'd columns far displays
A golden light; sweet Muse! to heav'n ascend
Thy lofty structure of immortal praise;
(Jove's priest victorious claims thy lays;)
Unenvied peals of triumph pour around,
While his Sicilian shores the gladd'ning notes resound.

5

The design.—As Agesias was Jove's priest, the poet keeps that circumstance constantly in mind throughout the ode. He compares him to a prophet remarkable for piety; in tracing his pedigree, he mentions many persons favourites of gods. He attributes his hero's victory to the favour of Mercury, whose rites his family, by the mother's side, had been careful to observe; he even introduces the thunderer himself showing favour to his hero,

V. 4. *A golden.*] This strophe is a bold figure of the poet, comparing his own ode to a splendid building with a front far conspicuous.

A. 1.

Hear, son of Sostratus, the strain!

'Tis toil alone and peril that shall crown 10

Him, who by land or o'er the raging main

Seeks honour ; round the world his name is blown.

As, when of yore the deeply-yawning ground

Swallow'd the Bard in depths profound,

Adrastus mourn'd his hero wise and good ; 15

Far from the deep-sunk car and steeds aghast he stood ;

E. 1.

His slaughter'd hosts in sev'n high pyres

Collected roll their last-consuming fires

When thus the chieftain ; " Dark thy glories lie!

" There clos'd the brightest eye 20

" Of these my hosts ! sharp thine unerring spear,

" But with a keener light

" Pierc'd thy brilliant sight

" Through deep futurity !" such praise, I swear,

Agessias, such is thine ; and all 25

The maids of sacred song to hear my oath I call.

V. 13. *As, when.*] Amphiaraus, remarkable for prophecy and piety. Of him the tragic poet said, " he wishes to be, not to appear, the best." He, engaging in the war against Thebes, was swallowed up by the earth. The praise which Adrastus, who headed the expedition, bestowed upon Amphiaraus, Pindar says is due to the hero of the ode. Adrastus, according to our poet, called this prophet, with inimitable elegance, the eye of all his hosts.

s. 2.

Quick, my soul, the car ascend,
 Tossing your wreath-bound heads, ye coursers trace
 (For cheering Victory shall fresh vigour lend)
 The splendid sources of the hero's race.
 Rise, ev'ry Muse, your hallow'd gates fling wide
 (While through on rapid wheels we glide)
 The gates of harmony. Eurotas' stream
 And Pitane appear, be thou, fair nymph, my theme.

30

A. 2.

Evadne she to Neptune bore ;
 Secret she blush'd, nine months saw not her shame,
 Then to th' Arcadian monarch's pitying door
 Bearing the child her suppliant servants came.
 He took and rear'd with fost'ring care the maid.
 She when in youth's full bloom array'd

35

40

V. 27. *Quick, my soul.*] Pindar here breaks forth into a strain of poetry peculiarly his own. He is beginning to trace back his hero's blood as far as Pitane.* Heyne has dared to call this " *lusus ingeniosus, lusus tamen.*" Those, whose heads turn giddy when they are whirled along by the rapidity of Pindar's car, should not reflect upon his Muse, who is there seated in majesty and grace. Ingenious and bold indeed she is. Her flights disdain criticism, at least such criticism as presumes to judge without some considerable portion of her divine fire. Similar to this probably were the flights which made Pindar compare himself to an eagle, and those who blamed him, to ———; but we will forbear, for the sake of the truly sagacious and learned Heyne.

V. 28. *Ye coursers.*] "Mules" in the original.

V. 37. *Then to th'.*] Æpytus, of Phæsana, near the Alpheus.

* This Pitane was a nymph, who probably gave her name to the town on the banks of the Eurotas.

With love's sweet passion touch'd Apollo's breast;
 With ardour sprang the God and the fair maid comprest.

E. 2.

With anxious heart Evadne strove
 To hide the still-increasing fruit of love,
 But vain her care : the king ere long perceiv'd, 45
 Awhile in secret griev'd,
 Last to consult the Pythian voice he goes
 And scarce contains his ire
 Smould'ring in sullen fire ;
 She seeks the lonely wood ; to ease her throes 50
 Beside her urn at heav'n's command
 Loosing her purple zone Fate and Lucina stand.

E. 3.

Quick her travail ends in joy,
 Young Iamus is born, nor pain she knew.
 On violet-couch weeping she leaves her boy ; 55
 Swift to the tender charge two dragons flew
 Sent by the Gods : their glaring eyes turn mild,
 Food not their own they bring the child,
 The harmless sweets of bees. Meantime returns
 The king ; " where is the child, Evadne's child ?" he burns 60

V. 59. *The harmless sweets.*] Pauw has an ingenious note upon this passage, but does not convince me that all besides himself are blind. He would have us understand real poison

A. 3.

To clasp Apollo's son, a scer
 Proclaim'd by heav'n above all mortals great,
 Whose children, one still-length'ning line, appear
 Through distant ages, such the word of Fate.
 Unseen by all, with bushes close-array'd
 The soft limbs of the babe were laid,
 Five mornings, blushing o'er his flow'ry bed,
 Moist spangles all around of gold and purple shed.

65

converted into good food as sweet as honey. "If real honey were intended," he asks, "what need of dragons." In return I ask, what food he supposes the dragons gave the child. Does he imagine they suckled the infant? "The bees should have been his nurses," says he, "if the food were honey." I should like to see bees employed even miraculously, or at the command of this wise critic; (for Pindar in his wildest moments never had such a thought) I should like to see bees employed in feeding the child. They bring the materials, we know, but Pindar ordered not the bees to turn the infant's mouth into a hive. The dragons therefore were wanted, and at the god's command did bring honey from the bees. So others understand it.

V. 68. *Moist spangles.*] Pindar's muse delights to cull the most exquisite flowers, which she often plucks from the very brow of the steepest rock or peak of the highest mountain: to enjoy the freshness therefore of their fragrance we must follow her to precipices where we stand breathless, must ascend sometimes among the clouds. In the present passage the beauty is inexpressible, and the translator feels his danger. The child lay amidst rushes, under a bush which dropped gems of dew upon his limbs, reposed on a bed of violets. The falling drops Pindar calls rays of purple and gold. The sun shining through the drops might suggest the idea. The colours might be reflected from the violets, "of which flowers," says Miller, "there are varieties; in some the yellow is the prevailing colour, in others the purple." Pauw would alter the reading; he would turn Pindar's gold, as Heyne observes, into brass. He does not approve the expression of "limbs moistened with rays;" and why? He gravely and philosophically tells us, "rays would rather dry them." I never felt greater temptation to be guilty of a pun.

E. 3.

From those bright flow'rs, that round him smil'd
 In lovely sweets cradling her infant child, 70
 Evadne named her son. His youth full-blown,
 To silver Alpheus down
 He steps and to the authors of his line
 Due honours to assume
 He prays, through midnight's gloom 75
 Retiring sole. Answ'ring a voice divine
 Forth-brake, which search'd his trembling frame;
 " My son, this voice attend to realms of future fame."

E. 4.

Where clouds o'er lofty Cronion roll
 They both retire; the treasures of his art 80
 Prophetick Phœbus pours upon his soul;
 First what the voices of the air impart
 He bids him know; when Hercules shall found
 The games and myriads throng around

V. 71. *Evadne named.*] Iamus is derived from the Greek word for violet.

V. 73. *To the authors of his line.*] Apollo and Neptune. But in all the editions I have seen the answer is from one god alone, Apollo. Nor would Neptune have been properly employed in communicating the gift of prophecy. Such an error is however well compensated by the general elegance which is discovered in Pye's translation, and I heartily wish mine may have no greater mistakes.

V. 82. *First what the voices.*] The art of prophesying by augury and by fire. The voice is supposed to be that of birds, from which the augurs predicted events.

Jove's altar, then, a bard of mightier name, 85
 Assume his honour'd seat and light his holy flame.

A. 4.

Fair Fortune from that happy hour
 His mighty race thro' Greece conspicuous rais'd.
 He, who reveres the virtues, gains their dow'r,
 Bright all his paths, his merit prov'd and prais'd ; 90
 Envy in vain may rise, in vain may throw
 Her mists around the Victor's brow.
 Favour'd of heav'n, Agesias, to the skies
 Oft did Cyllene see the smoke high-curling rise

E. 4.

To Hermes who with guardian care 95
 Shields his Arcadia ; while in constant pray'r
 Thy sires, the ancient dwellers of the land,
 Lifted their pious hand
 To the same Hermes, who the prize assigns ;
 Grateful he grants thee fame 100
 And Jove proclaims thy name
 In echoing thunder ; nor thy praise declines
 My willing Muse. She shall impart
 Her glowing thought, her voice to ardour wake my heart ;

V. 99. *To the same Hermes.*] His ancestors, by the mother's side, were remarkable for observing religious rites in honour of Mercury or Hermes.

s. 5.

For Thebe boasts her lovely spring 105
 (Whose stream I drink) drawn from Arcadian sire;
 Proud of my birth, for heroes will I string
 Spite of the taunt, my loud-resounding lyre.
 Strike then to great Parthenian Juno's praise
 And bid the Choir their voices raise, 110
 Sweet Herald of the tuneful nine, and show
 In soft melodious airs Bæotia's voice can flow.

A. 5.

Ortygia sing and Syracuse
 Where royal Hiero's unstain'd sceptre reigns,
 Him owns the sweet-ton'd lyre, the grateful Muse. 115
 Thou, Ceres, stepping o'er thy golden plains,
 Thou Proserpine and thou Ætnean Jove
 For ever share his pious love.
 Safe stand his fortune 'gainst the tide of years!
 May each triumphal shout be musick to his ears 120

V. 105. For Thebe boasts.] Pindar here uses a curious fiction, that Thebe (whence Thebes) was related to Metope of Arcadia, the country of his hero. Hence he assigns a reason for being particularly willing to celebrate his hero's praise.

V. 109. Strike then.] He here addresses the leader of the band, whom he styles herald of the Muses, to strike to Juno's praise, because she was particularly adored in the Parthenian mountain, in his hero's country. The taunt was a proverb, comparing Bæotians to swine for their stupidity.

V. 120. May each triumphal.] i. e. May he feel no envy!

E. 5.

From distant walls, from distant plains
 When Victory shall lead her jovial trains,
 And from Arcadian to Sicilian home
 The mighty Victor come,
 A star of glory to each wond'ring land !
 When furious night-blasts rave,
 Two anchors best shall save
 The bark ; stretch, heav'n, o'er each thy guardian hand !
 Guide, monarch of the golden mace,
 His course, and with fresh bloom my Muse's flowret grace !

125

V. 127. Two anchors.] The two countries, Stymphalus and Syracuse. For his ancestors, on the mother's side, were of Stymphalus in Arcadia, where he seems to have dwelt, though his parents seem now to have been inhabitants of Syracuse. There is not perhaps any one of Pindar's odes which exhibits more of his peculiar manner than this. He begins with a bold comparison ; he throws in a moral sentence ; he starts away into another comparison, in a few words giving an account of an ancient hero ; he ascends the triumphal car to follow the hero's genealogy, a thing he always delights in ; again he adds a pious sentence, not forgetting to introduce a proverb, another thing of which he is exceedingly fond : he concludes with a hint against envy, and a prayer for his hero and his own poetry. So much variety and sublimity, in so small a compass, may well occasion some obscurity.

OLYMPIC ODE VII.

TO DIAGORAS, OF RHODES, PUGILIST.

s. 1.

AS when some sire stretching his bounteous hand
Holds the bright nuptial cup, which glows
Sparkling with fragrant foam and throws
A richer smile of golden hue
Around the sweet vine's purple dew; 5
While all the bridal friends admiring stand
And high-distinguish'd o'er the rest behold
The favour'd youth, to whom he bears the gold
Pledge of his love, bright emblem of his wealth,
Consign'd from house to house, and pours his vows; 10
"All blessings wait thee, harmony and health!"
Then, tasting with glad lips, the precious boon bestows;

A. 1.

So the rich nectar of immortal fame,
The Muse's heav'nly gift, which breathes

V. 1. *As when.*] This comparison of the Muse's hymn to a golden cup of wine, presented by a father at the nuptials of his daughter to the envied bridegroom, who keeps the sacred pledge to be transmitted from generation to generation, contains so much sweetness and elegance that poetry can scarce exhibit any thing superior.

Sweeter than Victory's sweetest wreaths, 15
 Choice produce of the raptur'd mind,
 Delicious feast of souls refin'd,
 I pour ; Olympia hails each honour'd name,
 Pytho resounds the glad triumphal lays.
 Thrice happy he, who gains eternal praise! 20
 That Grace, who strews our life with fragrant flow'rs,
 Her heroes with alternate smile surveys ;
 All the sweet tones of warbling flutes she pours,
 While o'er th' ambrosial lyre her hand in rapture strays.

E. 1.

Now jovial both shall sound 25
 While o'er the festal ground
 Diagoras I lead. The Muses rise!
 Thee, sea-born Rhodes, they sing

V. 18. *I pour.*] Pindar's odes, written in celebration of victories gained at Olympia and Pytho, are as sweet as nectar, he says, not so much in praise of his own poetry as on account of the honourable occasion of these odes. Among the useful ends aimed at by the games, the encouragement of a thirst for glory was not the least, and Pindar constantly promoted this by his poetry.

V. 21. *That grace.*] Pindar's bold and elegant figures, even in the original language, required readers of imagination to relish them—"they sounded only to the wise." In a translation it is often very difficult to represent them without obscurity. The poet's meaning here seems to be, "the muse sweetens the life of her heroes by her praises bestowed now on one, now on another."

"Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?" GR.

V. 28. *Thee, sea-born.*] A more literal translation, I conceived, would ill suit the English reader. There is not indeed, in my opinion, any passage in Pindar more difficult to understand or explain than this. The island which gave birth to the hero of the ode, took its name from

Lov'd by the glorious king
 Who rolls his chariot o'er the vaulted skies;
 (As from the foam she rose
 Thy peerless nymph he chose);
 Thy tow'r-like champion shall their praises share.

30

Rhodos, a nymph, which in Greek is the name of the isle itself; but whether Pindar in this place speaks of the isle or the lady, or both confus'd under one name, it seems not easy to determine. If he speak of the nymph only, there seems a want of connection with what follows; if he speak of the isle, it seems a strange expression to call it the daughter of Venus and bride of Apollo. If we conceive the poet intended to personify the isle, the fourth epode does not seem well to accord with this notion; and yet she might be the nymph of the isle, as some gods were represented to be gods of rivers, &c. which representation has often caused great confusion and absurdity. Of this many instances occur where poets represent as persons what do not well admit of personification, or at least where they extend the figure too far. Virgil's well-known description of Atlas, at once a man and a mountain, with rivers running down his chin, (*Æn.* 4, v. 245) may suffice to explain my meaning. This supposition I think best clears Pindar's expression, and at once renders him consistent with himself and other writers. Thus Pindar would express himself according to this interpretation; "I come now to celebrate Rhodos the nymph, daughter of Venus and bride of Apollo." And why to celebrate the nymph? Because it was her isle which gave birth to Diagoras the victor. If Rhodos was merely a nymph from whom the isle was named, it was nothing to that nymph that a native of the isle, merely named from her, was victorious; but if she was the nymph of the isle in the sense above-mentioned, she was more interested in the hero's praises. Pindar will thus be consistent with himself. But we want also to make him consistent with other writers. Now one calls this Rhodos daughter of Amphitrite and Sol; another calls her daughter of Neptune and Venus; another daughter of the Ocean; all three however are thus far agreed, that she derived her birth from the sea or a sea-deity. Why then does Pindar call her daughter of Venus? I conceive because the Greek name for Venus was derived from the sea-foam. She may also be said to be the bride of Apollo, because upon her island of Rhodes the sun was said to shine every day in the year. But I despaired of exhibiting these ideas in the English translation.

V. 33. *Thy tow'r-like.*] Diagoras was of uncommon stature.

V. 34. *For Alpheus.*] Alpheus and Castalia denote Olympic and Pythian victories. See Index.

For Alpheus saw his crown,
 Castalia his renown 35
 Won by fierce blows, heard echoing thro' the air.
 Each city hears the lyre
 Guardian of Justice hail his sire
 Thro' all the isle where settled Lerna's hosts
 Near the proud cliffs whose beak surveys wide Asia's coasts. 40

s. 2.

Blest isle of heroes, hail! To thee her fire
 Lights the bright Muse. Hail, noble race,
 Who your illustrious lineage trace
 From great Tlepolemus, the son
 Of him, whose ancient sceptre shone 45
 Conspicuous far, Alcides, your great sire!
 Your fathers thus from heav'n's almighty king
 Their honour'd birth derive. Thy race I sing,
 Astydameia, thine, whose noble blood
 Rose from Amyntor; his from sov'reign Jove; 50

V. 39. *The isle.*] Rhodes, where settled a colony of Argives, denoted by Lerna an Argive lake.

V. 40. *Near the proud.*] This appears to me the more natural construction. It seems probable the beak mentioned in Pindar was the promontory of the island itself, which was opposite to Asia. But the spirit of poetry evaporates if we make such considerations as these our grand care. Pindar is but little read, the prejudice against him must be rendered the stronger, the more stress is laid upon matters which relate to history, geography, or chronology, or indeed any thing rather than poetry.

V. 42. *Hail, noble.*] Pindar now addresses the Rhodians, derived by Tlepolemus on the father's side, and Astydameia on the mother's, from Jupiter; though this is not clearly expressed in the original.

'Thus flow'd from one rich fountain either flood.
Yet weak are mortal souls tho' sprung from heav'nly love,

A. 2.

Still-hov'ring Error clouds the human mind.
Ah! who with prescient art can know
Whether some distant-lurking woe 55
In varying Fortune's mazy way
Shall damp the blessings of to-day?
No wisdom each obscure event can find.
For, ere he held the sceptre of this land
Tlepolemus with fury rais'd his hand, 60
Struck with an olive's trunk Licymnius dies.
Sudden our passions rise, and borne astray
By their mad blast bewilder ev'n the wise!
Heart-struck to learn heav'n's will he takes his lonely way.

E. 2.

Forth from the fragrant shrine 65
Then breath'd the voice divine
The golden-hair'd Apollo's high command,
From Lerna's distant shores

V. 59. *For, ere he.*] How Tlepolemus became ruler of the land Pindar now relates, i. e. from the oracle which sent him to Rhodes; a long fabulous account of which island he turns aside to give us. The matter is variously related as to the murder of Licymnius by Tlepolemus. Those who wish to be satisfied as to such stories may consult the biographical dictionaries.

To ply his num'rous oars
 And moor his fleet upon the sea-girt land 70
 Where Jove once deign'd to pour
 Rich flakes in golden show'r
 O'er all the city from dissolving skies ;
 What time by wond'rous art
 His head was seen to part ; 75
 Lo! Vulcan's hand the brazen axe applies,
 And forth Minerva springs
 And shouts aloud : the welkin rings
 While with rude clash her rattling arms resound ;
 Heav'n at the dread form quakes, strange horror rocks the ground. 80

s. 3.

Then the great God, whose all-enliv'ning flame
 The smiling face of nature cheers,
 His admonition sage declares,

V. 73. See v. 103. Pindar confuses those who are not well aware of his manner, by first giving a hint of the matter upon which he afterwards enlarges. The same manner was noticed in Olympic Ode the third.

V. 74. What.] Milton, in his famous allegory of Sin and Death, disdained not to imitate Pindar's strange and disgusting fiction. West ingeniously softens the expression to render it more agreeable to modern taste. I had followed his example ; but perhaps, as it seems to be too much the fashion of the day to suppose that revealed religion has but little improved men's sentiments, it may not have a bad effect to exhibit these strange religious descriptions of this great and pious genius in the same glaring colours as he did himself.

V. 81. Then the great god.] It had been foretold that Minerva would protect that people who should first make offerings to her. The Rhodians were the first, but the Athenians made the first offerings with fire, and therefore claimed the first favour of the goddess.

That all his Rhodians should adore
 With strictest rites the martial pow'r 85
 And raise a splendid altar to her name,
 And straight their offerings with religious care
 To her great father and herself prepare.
 So gleams in twilight o'er the human mind
 Wisdom's dim orb with faintly-tremulous ray ; 90
 In that short fleeting hour sad mortals find
 Virtue and blessed joy ; but soon they fade away.

A. 3.

Instead, behold a black oblivious cloud
 Its billowy gloom begins to roll
 Hov'ring o'er the darken'd soul, 95
 Then lost in error's trackless way
 Through many a devious path we stray.
 So err'd the Rhodians ; piously they vow'd,
 With rev'rent caution mark'd the sacred ground,
 With warm devotion they assembled round, 100
 But from their sacrifice no flames arise ;
 Jove (for his eye discerns their truth of heart)
 Rolling a lucid cloud along the skies,
 Rains gold ; Minerva fires their souls to ev'ry art :

V. 91. *In that short.*] In a similar strain sung our Melpomene :

————— “ Such the dubious ray
 That wavering reason lends in life's long darkling way.”

E. 3.

A grace, a force divine 105
 In all their efforts shine,
 Confess'd the unrival'd gift of heav'n alone :
 In each street from their hands
 Breathing and moving stands
 Full many a form of animated stone. 110
 Immense the fame they gain'd ;
 Cold precept never train'd
 To that nice touch which glows with genuine fire.
 Knowledge can ne'er impart
 Those rays, that warm the heart ; 115
 'Tis heav'n alone true genius can inspire.
 Hail Rhodes belov'd of heav'n !
 When to each God by lot was giv'n
 His portion of the earth, one azure plain
 Far o'er thy face was stretch'd, one wide, deep-rolling main. 120

S. 4.

Apollo then was absent from the sky.
 And when th' assembled sons of heav'n

V. 112. *Cold precept never.*] The man who learns only may acquire a mechanical knowledge, but it will be without art or genius. This was to the Rhodians the gift of heaven. “*Δολος*” is used for art or skill, *Oi.* 9. 138. The poet thus at least speaks consistently and this sentiment occurs more than once in his writings.

Took each his lot, no share was giv'n
 To that great God, whose flames of gold
 Around the bright'ning world are roll'd. 125
 Great Jove commands again the lot to try.
 The prescient God forbids. His piercing glance
 Far o'er the billowy ocean's blue expanse
 Forth from the oozy-bottom'd deep descries
 A land, where verdant meads begin to smile, 130
 Its still-increasing mass upheaving, rise,
 Soon flocks and herds and hosts shall clothe the favour'd isle.

A. 4.

That instant Jove gave his almighty word
 To Lachesis with golden zone
 To stand before th' eternal throne, 135
 And, while he gives th' assenting nod,
 By Styx, dread pow'r which binds each God,
 Stretching her hand to swear with heav'n's high Lord,
 " Soon as its cliffs gleam o'er the billowy plain
 " Apollo's sacred isle it shall remain." 140

V. 127. *The prescient god.*] Hence Mason :

———— " Plunging deep
 His mighty arm, pluck'd from its dark domain
 This throne of freedom, lifted it to light,
 Girt it with silver cliffs, and call'd it Britain."

Jove's order Fate and Truth approving heard
 And with eternal seal confirm'd the boon.
 Above the eddying floods the isle appear'd
 High-seated, and the God asserts it for his own.

E. 4.

Henceforth with pow'rful hand 145
 This highly-favour'd land
 Holds the great father of all-piercing light,
 And with celestial smile
 For ever cheers his isle
 While his fire-breathing steeds pursue their flight. 150
 Glowing his full beams play'd
 With ardour round the maid
 Fair Rhodos, for whose charms he left the skies.
 From her derive their birth
 Sev'n sons, fam'd over earth 155
 In days of yore beyond all mortals wise.
 Th' illustrious three thence rose
 To whom the isle three cities owes ;
 Each takes in each his seat and bids his name
 In his lov'd city live to everlasting fame. 160

V. 157. *Th' illustrious three.*] One of these seven sons was father of Ialysus, Camirus, and Lindus, each of whom founded a city, which took its name from the founder.

s. 5.

Tlepolemus, who led Tiryntha's host,
 Here ends his toil. Around him rise
 The clouds of fragrant sacrifice
 As to a God; and in his name
 Begins his country's hallow'd game, 165
 His earlier woe in sweet oblivion lost.
 Twice in this contest, wreath'd his brows around,
 Diagoras the pale-leaf'd poplar crown'd.
 Full four times Corinth heard his glorious name,
 The Nemean woods resound and still again 170
 Return the loud recording voice of Fame,
 And Attica from hill to hill repeats the joyful strain.

A. 5.

Him did the brazen shield at Argos own,
 Him victor in the listed field
 Arcadia's dales and Thebes beheld; 175

V. 161. Tlepolemus.] Here ends the digression, which at first seemed to have nothing to do with the subject of the ode, but is connected by the mention of the two victories gained in the contests sacred to Tlepolemus, by the hero of the ode, in which a wreath of poplar was the prize.—This is one among many instances of the nice connections contrived by this poet, so delicate as almost to escape the eye.

V. 167. Twice in.] Now follows an enumeration of victories.

V. 173. Him did.] The brazen shield was the prize.

Bæotia's contests fix'd by law
 Him the renowned conqu'ror saw ;
 Ægina's and Pellene's glorious crown
 Six times he bore. At Megara his name
 With equal glory mark'd the stone of Fame. 180
 Great Jove, from Atabyrion's lofty height
 Bend thine almighty brow, with fav'ring eyes
 Behold th' Olympic Victor in his might
 On Glory's pinion soar! To thee still grateful rise

E. 5.

My hymn, celestial king ! 185
 Thou, while his feats I sing,
 Strew o'er his head flow'rs of immortal fame !
 Let all his country hear
 And through the echoing air
 Let distant kingdoms hail his honour'd name ; 190
 For from the hallow'd way
 Of justice never stray
 His steps ; there did his pious fathers tread :
 Jove, with the Graces, raise

V. 180. *The stone of Fame.*] A stone column. But the expression may admit of different interpretations. The poet's words are, "the stone has no other inscription." Than what? "Than that he was victor," says Heyne. "Than his name," says West. That seems too hyperbolic. Is it not more natural to refer it to the last thing mentioned? If so, we must understand six victories.

The name to endless praise, 195
 Their hands both sires and sons to glory led !
 What though the city flows
 In festal joy, to-morrow blows
 Perchance a rougher blast ; the varying day
 Now low'rs ; as veers the gale now shines with brightest ray. 200

V. 200. *Now low'rs.*] Pindar as to individuals so to whole cities, after celebrating their glories, suggests that as all depends upon Providence they ought to be ever prepared for a change.

OLYMPIC ODE VIII.

IN HONOUR OF ALCIMEDON AND TIMOSTHENES HIS BROTHER,
VICTORS IN WRESTLING.

s. 1.

OLYMPIA, mother of the golden crown,
Which each triumphant champion wears ;
Whom, as their victims blaze, the seers
Great queen of latent truths mysterious own,
And from the altar as the flames arise, 5
With warm devotion bending o'er,
The will of thund'ring Jove explore,
Whether the care of mortals reach the skies,
Who seek eternal glory to obtain
And the sweet rest which crowns long labours past and pain, 10

The general design. The poet, to the praises of the two brothers, wishes to join those likewise of the unctor or anointer, a person whose office it was to train the heroes and prepare them for the contest ; who took his name from the custom of anointing the champion with oil before some of the combats, whence this became the general term in all.—In the course of the ode we find the poet instancing in two gods assisted by a mortal ; the aid being weak, the work even of gods could not stand. But when heroes have the assistance of another as great as Melesias, their fame shall be eternized. This seems to be Pindar's meaning.

V. 3. *Whom, as.*] Sacrifices were there offered at the time of performing the games and oracles given, whence Pindar terms Olympia queen of truth. And we may easily conceive the heroes were eagerly inquisitive as to the success of their enterprizes, which, as usual, the pious poet attributes to Jupiter.

A. 1.

Such favour heav'n allows to pious pray'r :
 Hail, sacred grove! beneath whose boughs
 The silver stream of Alpheus flows
 Darken'd with quiv'ring shade, these accents hear ;
 Admit glad Triumph with his wreathed brow. 15
 Still great and bright his glories rise
 Whose valour wins thy splendid prize.
 Through various channels various blessings flow.
 To each, as each excels, by fav'ring heav'n
 Full many diff'rent ways are diff'rent honours giv'n. 20

E. 1.

Champions, above heav'n's vault
 The Fates your fame exalt
 At birth decreed by all-producing Jove ;
 Thee victor Nemea sees
 Renown'd Timosthenes, 25

V. 15. *Admit glad Triumph.*] The triumphal procession.

V. 22. *The Fates.*] The fame of the two brothers.

V. 23. *At birth decreed.*] I am aware the word "all-producing" does not express Pindar's full meaning. He calls Jupiter the author of generation, by which he seems to hint that Jupiter gave the heroes at birth that vigour which now crowned them with glory. This sentiment he expresses more fully. Nem. 5. st. 3. v. 10.

V. 25. Let the reader be satisfied without repeated warnings of Pindar's custom of adding an account of any other victories at any time gained by the heroes, or their relations, to those praises which were due on account of the victory celebrated.

While echoing Cronion's sacred heights above
 Roll the full praises of Alcimedon ;
 Graceful his form, in action great he shone ;
 In vigorous feats he glows
 And glitt'ring from his brows, 30
 Fresh glory beams upon Ægina's land,
 Who with unrival'd pow'r
 Dashes her length of oar ;
 There Justice ever reigns : on Jove's right hand
 In heav'n she smiles and from her sacred seat 35
 Bends her lov'd isle to greet,

s. 2.

Firmly dispensing her eternal laws.
 Arduous midst men, where varying minds
 Of myriads jarr, the path she finds
 Which holds unswerving from the righteous cause. 40
 Or Fate or some immortal God's command
 Amid the deep-surrounding wave,
 Strangers of ev'ry coast to save,
 Fix'd the firm column of this shelt'ring land.
 And ever, while his ceaseless tide is roll'd 45
 Through ages, may the hand of Time unwearied hold

A. 2.

This isle high-throned! Here erst the Dorians reign'd
 When Æacus was now no more.
 His aid Latona's son of yore
 And Neptune call'd; ev'n then stern Fate ordain'd 50
 (When first he saw the tow'rs of haughty Troy
 By their immortal hands arise
 Imperial, threat'ning to the skies,
 And Æacus with gods his aid employ)
 Those walls should feel war's thunders roll around, 55
 Midst clouds of whirling smoke low-sinking on the ground.

E. 2.

For 'gainst the rising wall
 Two azure dragons fall
 Astonied and their baneful lives expire.
 With furious wing a third 60
 Darts; from his jaws are heard
 Outcries of strange portent and hissings dire.

V. 47. *This isle.*] Pindar now begins a digression, describing how Apollo and Neptune called Æacus to their assistance when they built the walls of Troy. A body of Argives, called here Dorians, under one Triacon, had occupied Ægina.

V. 61. *Darts.*] In the original the words seem so remarkably the echo of the sense, that you see the sudden spring of the dragon and hear the very sounds he uttered. εἰς δ' ἔσπορεσε ἑοσάσας. Virgil has an inimitable line in which you both hear and see the serpents lick their hissing mouths.

“ Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.”

Who can read the word “lambebant” without feeling what the poet expresses? Your mouth is made to imitate that of the serpent; it is therefore sympathy and not imagination.

This omen Phœbus, whose all-piercing eye
 Can the dark deep abysm of Time descry,
 With quick decision weighs 65

And to the hero says—

“ See, where thy feebler hands to raise the wall
 “ With mightier pow’rs engage,
 “ There shall War’s hoarse waves rage
 “ In all their horror, there the bulwarks fall. 70
 “ Such is the meaning of this dire portent
 “ By heav’n’s high Thund’rer sent.

s. 3.

“ Thy sons shall execute the work of Fate.
 “ With thy first race begins to fall
 “ Vengeance on this devoted wall, 75
 “ Thy fourth shall see the ruin of the state.”

The dreadful vision Phœbus thus explains,
 Then to the land, where Ister rolls,
 And where those great and martial souls
 The Amazons reside, directs his reins. 80
 Neptune the hero to Ægina brings,
 And as to Corinth’s cliffs his rapid car he wings,

V. 73. *Thy sons shall.*] The first race was Peleus and Telamon, who attended Hercules, and with him took the city: the fourth was Pyrrhus, who was present at its final destruction. *Benedictus.*

V. 78. *Then to.*] The gods go to the places where they were respectively adored.

A. 3.

Drives his proud steeds arching their manes of gold ;
 There from his altars wreaths arise
 Of smoke high-curling to the skies.— 85
 But see, my Muse, how mortals varying hold
 Diverse pursuits! Quick to Melesias' praise
 Change now thy ever-tuneful string,
 Defying Envy freely sing
 The well-earn'd triumphs of his earliest days. 90
 Hail him victorious, to full manhood grown
 By deeds of bravest might winning the Nemean crown.

E. 3.

Well might the champion train
 Champions the prize to gain,
 Himself expert in all th' athletic art. 95
 Vain else th' attempt to teach
 Another hand to reach
 That skill the skilful only can impart.
 Who like Melesias with fresh ardour feeds
 The soul to godlike and adventurous deeds? 100

V. 86. But see, my Muse.] Pindar now celebrates Melesias, the unctor. As some of the combatant's skill may be attributed to his instructor, Pindar more than once immortalizes such persons: but he here begins with a sentence to prepare us. He praises Melesias too 'as a conqueror himself.'

V. 92. By deeds.] Being victor in the pancratium.

Or who the hero trains
 First of the listed plains
 Where Glory pours her ever-precious beams
 His envied head around,
 Who on the sacred ground
 Rises to triumph? In full thirty streams
 His tide of honour flows, the last prize won
 By great Alcimedon.

105

s. 4.

That arm some fav'ring God with vigour strung,
 Enrapturing Valour by his side;
 Shrinking from his triumphant stride
 Four youths their vanquish'd limbs, the croud among,
 Trail home inglorious; hateful their return
 And dark the secret path they take;
 Shame clouds their brow, their actions wake
 No boastful tongue. Reviving fire shall burn,
 Defying age, within his grand-sire's heart:
 Who boasts such feats forgets, pale death, thy pointless dart!

110

115

V. 107. *His tide of honour.*] The poet means that thirty prizes were gained by those whom Melesias had instructed.

V. 117. *Defying age.*] But why this mention of his grandfather? If his father were dead, or if, as Heyne ingeniously supposes, he died soon after the victory but before the composing of the ode, all is plain and proper. Pauw ought therefore to have assigned some reason, instead of calling the commentators fools for supposing the father to be dead.

V. 118. My friend the Rev. H. Girdlestone has observed a nice gradation here; "the

A. 4.

Rise, Memory, rise and with a grateful voice
 Call to his ancestors beneath, 120
 Hold forth the sweetly-verdant wreath
 Won by his hand. Bid all his tribe rejoice
 While the sixth branch entwines the hero's hair,
 Pluck'd from the shades which bow'ring round
 Wave o'er Olympia's sacred ground. 125
 Though wrap'd in darkness ev'n the dead may share
 The fragrance of due honours paid the son;
 Nor Death shall hide in dust the unfading wreaths, he won.

E. 4.

On nectar-dropping wing
 The glorious tidings bring, 130
 Fame, ever-living daughter of the god
 Who guides the souls below ;

report of these feats rouses the grandsire, who is half-dead with age, but the remembrance of what he has performed makes the hero forget even death itself."

V. 127. *The fragrance.*] Gray writes in a spirit not very unlike,

" Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires." GR.

V. 131. *Fame, ever-living.*] As Mercury is the conductor of the souls to the lower regions, Fame is beautifully represented as his daughter. This being considered, Heyne's conjecture is unnecessary, that the father died soon after the victory. The words may naturally be understood thus: Fame carries the tidings; the father in the realms below is the first who hears, and proud of his son's honour, tells Callimachus, who is another relation. If

Proud let his father show
 The garlands, won by Jove's almighty nod,
 To great Callimachus, the wreaths that grace 135
 At once the sire and all th' illustrious race.
 Upon the good still show'r
 All good, eternal Pow'r!
 Shield them from Pestilence's poison'd dart,
 Turn off the blasting breath 140
 Belch'd by the Fury, death
 To ev'ry blessing Fortune can impart.
 To them and theirs may life securely glide
 With still-increasing tide!

Heyne's conjecture were certain, Fame would be the daughter of Mercury only as herald of the victory, which the father hears, and, dying soon after, carries the news down to Callimachus. This would be not much unlike Virgil's thought upon another occasion, but in grandeur would be far inferior. Virgil represents Pyrrhus, after having in Priam's sight killed his son, dragging the aged king from the altar. Priam slithering in his son's gore expostulates and tells Pyrrhus, that not even his father Achilles ever showed such cruelty. "Be thyself then the messenger to my father of my degenerate behaviour," says the barbarian. Virgil excites by this thought, pity for the aged monarch and indignant horror against the savage hand which we see lifted to plunge the sword. In Pindar's thought, as explained by Heyne, we should find nothing but what an inferior poet might conceive, losing the beauty of the thought which exhibits Fame as the daughter of Mercury. The Greek scholar must pardon my use of the word "Fame," or substitute a better.

V. 139. Shield. This serves to confirm the notion 'that Death had been too busy in the family.'

OLYMPIC ODE IX.

IN PRAISE OF EPHARMOSTUS, OF OPUS, VICTOR IN WRESTLING.

s. 1.

FOR thee, my hero, Victory disdains
To hear the thrice-repeated strains,
While, as they pour the expected song,
Her Champion steps the social choir among,
Gliding along the steep Saturnian plains, 5
Whose cliffs rebound the never-varied strains;
Such Lays suffic'd of old, but now,
Muses of heav'n, string your far-shooting bow!
Rise, glitt'ring shafts, our hero's praises bear,
Sound to the God, who rends the air 10
With vivid fire, to Cronion's height
By Lydian Pelops won take your resounding flight!

When the conqueror had not a particular hymn composed for him, it was the custom to sing an ancient hymn, originally made in praise of Hercules, but thus adapted to the celebration of any victor. A part of this hymn, or, as some say, the whole was repeated thrice. The hero of the present ode had on a former occasion been content with this honour, too common to be highly prized. There is a difficulty in this ode from our ignorance of Opus, the person from whom the town took its name. Even the diligence and sagacity of Heyne are unequal to the task of setting this matter in a clear light.

A. 1

Another sweetly-vocal dart prepare,
 And bid it vaulting through the air
 On glowing wing that scorns the ground, 15
 At Pytho hail great Epharmostus crown'd.
 To Opus loud the notes of triumph swell,
 Before whose champion vanquish'd rivals fell;
 Justice and Law in all her streets,
 The state's blest guardians, take their sacred seats; 20
 O'er Alpheus and Castalia blooming breathe
 Her virtues; thence the purple wreath
 Of flow'rs around her heroes glows,
 The Locrian groves rejoice and loftier wave their boughs.

E. 1.

Glory expands her golden wing 25
 O'er the lov'd city, while I sing;
 Swift as the steed, that scours the plain,
 Or light-wing'd skiff glancing along the main,
 I spread the joyful tidings round.
 While I dress the Graces' ground, 30
 Fate, shine propitious; from them flow
 All things that please below.

Man, boast of nought, whate'er thou hast is giv'n,
Wisdom and virtue are from heav'n.

s. 2.

How could thy club, Alcides, else withstand
Th' all-dreaded Trident in the hand
Of Neptune on the Pylian shore?
Or from the silver bow the shafts that pour,

35

V. 33. *Man, boast of nought.*] Our pious poet here expresses his sentiments like the voice of inspiration; "what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" The Grecian bard shows more true ideas of religion than the Roman, who lived so much later, who says

———— "Satis est orare Jovem quæ donat et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes. Æquum mi animum ipse parabo."

"It is sufficient to pray to Jupiter for those things which are at his disposal to give or take away. Life he can give—riches he can give; as for evenness of mind, that I will provide myself."

It is of consequence to observe here and in other places the inferiority of Horace's religious notions. The main column on which Deism is supported is the argument, that man wants not instruction from heaven. To give this position any force, we must allow time and opportunity for human reason to exert herself; otherwise the Deist must defend the notions of barbarians and savages. The knowledge then derived from reason must be progressive. The Romans therefore, being well versed in the writings of the learned Greeks, must be supposed to have better, clearer, more exalted ideas of morality and religion: but we find the contrary is true in many instances. It is a surprising thing, that from almost every kind of reading some arguments may be drawn to shew the folly of the Deist. Hence it appears of all wonders the greatest, that there can exist a Deist who does read. A late historian, who seems to have employed his pen purposely to throw his secret venom upon religion, is reported to have had Pindar almost by rote. How little of his spirit did he imbibe! If a similar observation has occurred in my notes, the importance of the matter is my excuse for the repetition.

V. 35. *How could.*] Pindar would here doubtless have us turn our thoughts upon his champion; intimating that by the gifts of heaven he is able to oppose the greatest heroes.

Where his dread station warring Phœbus took ?
 His cold petrific wand grim Pluto shook, 40
 Which beckons man to endless sleep
 And seals his eyes in caverns drear and deep.
 But cease these thoughts, my soul, for impious-wise
 The hateful rashness that defies
 The Gods and dares their actions scan ! 45
 Pride's boastful tongue bespeaks madness in mortal man.

A. 2.

From my chaste lyre ne'er rise th' unhallow'd song !
 Fell war and battle ill belong
 To Gods: but rather in the praise
 Of Opus pour, my Muse, thy tuneful lays. 50
 There the restorers of mankind, their soul
 Struck by the thunder's deeply-varying roll,
 Still following down Parnassus' sides
 Where Jove's almighty will their footsteps guides,
 First fix their seat; a wondrous race they raise 55
 From scatter'd stones, which claims my lays,
 My newest air: praise wine for years,
 But sweetest breathes the Muse when freshest flow'rs she wears.

V. 52. *Struck by.*] Pindar would express, I conceive, by his elegantly compounded word the variation of sound in the same thunder clap. The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who restored mankind after the flood by throwing stones behind them, is well known.

E. 2.

(Long did the rolling billows hide
 The earth beneath their black'ning tide, 60
 Till by the pow'r of Jove the ground
 Op'ning absorb'd them in her womb profound.)
 From them and Saturn's seed divine
 The Opuntian heroes trac'd their line
 Whose brave arm held the brazen shield 65
 That fired the flick'ring field.
 Earth's genuine offspring o'er their native plain
 The monarchs held their ancient reign.

s. 3.

Thy bright-hair'd daughter, Opus, fired with love
 In ages past Olympian Jove. 70
 He seiz'd her charms and to the height
 Of cloud-capt Mænalus in secret flight

V. 60. The word *μελαιναν*, which Pindar applies to the earth, is in the translation applied to water in a different sense. These frequent liberties which I have taken, to the very few profound scholars who are likely to honour this work with a perusal, may perhaps give frequent offence.

V. 63. *From them.*] The intermediate degrees of the genealogy, as they must have been traced through the clouds, I have not attempted to express. Pindar's intention was doubtless to ennoble the race by deriving it from heaven.

V. 69. *Thy bright-hair'd.*] Opus has been supposed to be the same as Deucalion, but I see not why. I find neither from the poet's own account nor from any one else who this Opus was. The daughter's name was Protogenia.

From Elis wafted swift the blushing maid ;
 To Locrus then the pregnant nymph convey'd,
 Who fears no more Time's blasting breath 75
 May bear him childless to the arms of Death.
 To crown his hopes the long-wish'd moment came,
 The child revives his grandsire's name.
 Hail godlike form, by virtue great !
 Locrus to thee bequeaths his crown, his royal seat ! 80

A. 3.

Thousands to share thy equal, wise command
 Assemble from each neighb'ring land.
 Argives and Thebans leave their home,
 Strangers from Pisa, from Arcadia come.
 Great Actor's son Menœtius high-revered 85
 Above each chief distinguish'd honour shared.
 From him the brave Patroclus sprung.
 To Mysia's plains the Grecian troops among

V. 74. *To Locrus.*] King of the country.

V. 78. *The child.*] Being named Opus, and reigning afterwards in the city to which he gave his name.

V. 88. *To Mysia's.*] The Greeks plundered Mysia as they went to oppose Troy ; Telephus, its king, drove all away except Achilles and Patroclus, which last warrior Achilles chose from that time for his friend. It is but lately I have seen Pye's translation ; he understands this account differently, but I still conceive Patroclus gave no instance of impatience but courage. *Εἰς* both in the tragic poets as well as in the great epic poet, with a genitive, is used often to express a brave warrior. In the Iliad I conceive Homer paints rather the strong friendship of Achilles than impatience in Patroclus, who was flushed with victory, and thus led on too far. Pindar says indeed, that from this specimen a man of understanding might judge of

He came. Beside Achilles sole he stood
 While back on ocean's troubled flood 90
 Trembling the Grecian hosts retire ;
 Astonied Telephus beholds his martial fire.

E. 3.

From that great day with ardent care
 Achilles, where his slaughtering spear
 Thinn'd the wide ranks, the warrior chose 95
 Still by his side to thunder on the foes.—
 New words the Muses would impart,
 And pour fresh ardour on my heart ;
 Fresh force to mount their golden car
 And chant those feats of war ; 100
 But now the Isthmian triumphs must I sound,
 One day a second hero crown'd,

the force or courage of Patroclus's mind ; Achilles was a hero likely to value that warrior who alone dared stand by his side. I only mention a circumstance or two of this kind with the hope that my attempt to translate, after such elegant versions have already appeared of some parts of Pindar, may not seem an arrogance without a plea.

V. 97. *New words.*] The poet means, the Muse would assist him to sing of ancient warriors, did not his subject recall him from such a digression. Lampromachus was a relation of his hero's. It is of little importance to determine where these two heroes gained their prizes on the same day, it is better worth our while to observe whether Pindar, in describing Achilles and his friend Patroclus, and instantly turning to these two kindred heroes, both crowned the same day, would not have us make a comparison. The deep-read Grecian may despise these conjectures, but I humbly offer them to the consideration of all men of sense. Pindar now falls into an enumeration of different victories, which claims little regard from us, however interesting it may be supposed to have been at the time.

s. 4.

Crown'd thee, Lampromachus ; with pow'rful charm
 My Muse thy social virtues warm ;
 And Corinth to the twofold praise 105
 Of Epharmostus calls my wand'ring lays,
 And Nemea bids me gladly hail his name.
 Midst her choice champions Argos heard his fame ;
 Above th' Athenian youths his soul
 Triumphant soar'd ; how did the silver bowl 110
 Attract at Marathon the hero's eyes
 From men to snatch the glorious prize
 His beardless rivals scorn'd ! How rings
 The circus ! What a form ! What skill his vigour wings !

A. 4.

Behold ! at thy great feast, Almighty Sire, 115
 Arcadia's thronging hosts admire
 The Champion. O'er his manly breast
 Conspicuous flow'd Pellene's thick-wrought vest
 Which Boreas' breath defies. The tomb beside
 Of Iolaus, where thy blue waves glide, 120
 Eleusis, in full splendour shone
 The honours, our illustrious hero won.
 Genius is fired by Nature's ray divine :
 Who hopes by hapless toil to shine

Or grasp that fame, the Gods refuse, 125
 To him the best reward is silence from the Muse.

E. 4.

Fame's arduous summits pierce the skies,
 Breathless ascend the great and wise :
 But life still opens various ways
 Where all may tread, secure of lowlier praise. 130
 But thee, my hero, while we crown,
 Thee, more than mortal born, we own.
 Thy look speaks valour, strength is thine
 And skill, each gift divine.
 Well worthy thou, champion of high renown 135
 The altar of the chief to crown !

V. 135. *Well worthy.*] To consecrate his crown to Ajax at his altar, as was the custom after a victory gained in the games sacred to Ajax ; where, among other places, the hero of the ode had distinguished himself.

OLYMPIC ODE X.

IN PRAISE OF AGESIDEMUS, A LOCRIAN, PUGILIST, SON OF
ARCHESTRATUS.

s. 1.

RAZ'D from the records of my heart
Where is the promis'd hymn? Again impart
Your aid and wake the sweetly-swelling lays
To speak the hero's praise,
Nor let oblivion more 5
Draw her obscuring veil his merits o'er;
Daughter of Jove, celestial Truth, descend,
And thou, sweet Muse, avert with righteous hand
The base dishonour, which your Bard would brand
False to his host and friend. 10

The design. There seem to be two circumstances which the poet constantly keeps in mind throughout the whole of this ode. One, the promise of an hymn long before made but not till now performed; the other, that the champion at the first onset was in danger. Pindar therefore seems to choose his example of Hercules, to show that it is not the first blow but the event which is of grand importance. Thus again he represents Hercules, after being completely victorious, instituting games on purpose to crown persevering fortitude with glory. Thus the poet himself, though at first he had been deficient toward his friend, yet at last repays him with interest, i. e. with an ode which will eternize his name and glory.

A. 1

Full long, ere first the hymn I vow'd,
 Hath time with never-ceasing current flow'd.
 Where is my vow? Ashamed it shrinks from sight
 Deep-sunk in slumb'rous night.
 But interest shall repay 15
 The debt twice o'er, and the melodious lay
 O'er ev'ry harsh reproof that rolls beneath
 Shall pour its copious billows full and clear.
 Hero, thy praise charming the public ear
 My friendly lyre shall breathe. 20

E. 1.

For Truth at Locri takes her sacred seat.
 There the Muse is honour'd, there
 Arm'd in brass Mars shakes the spear,
 And conquest beams on ev'ry shield
 Though oft late-rising. 25 From the field
 Force drive Alcides; twice the warriors meet
 And Cynus falls. Great champion, thou thy friend
 Grateful revere, who cheer'd thee on
 Till glorious victory was won.

V. 25. *Tho' oft*] I thought it necessary to add a few words to show the connection more clearly. Pindar means that it was no disparagement to his hero's courage that he was at first likely to be beaten. He therefore tells him to be thankful to Ilias the unctor, who encouraged him till he was victorious, as Achilles did Patroclus. For Augeas and Cynus see Index.

Thus knew Achilles to impart 30
 Ardour that warm'd Patroclus' heart.
 Heroes by heroes fired Glory's high peak ascend

s. 2.

Aided by heav'n; her golden light
 Few share till prov'd by toil, then shines she bright
 Through life: such contest shall my lyre resound; 35
 Where tomb'd on Elean ground
 The ancient Pelops lies,
 These contests Jove surveys; that glorious prize
 To sing Olympia's sacred hour demands;
 Alcides then proclaim'd it, when he rose 40
 In matchless force triumphant and his foes
 Crush'd under his dread hands.

A. 2.

Great Eurytus in previous fight
 Cteatus hapless fell beneath his might,
 That Augeas his full storm of ire might rue 45
 And forced restore his due.

V. 36. *Where tomb'd.*] See Olympic Ode I.

V. 39. *To sing.*] It was now the full time of the first Olympiad, the games of which were sacred to Jupiter. Pindar always delights to speak of Hercules; here he introduces that hero first by way of comparison, and when he has described him successful in his laborious enterprise, he informs us he immediately after instituted these games. Whence I understand his meaning to be, that not even Hercules could arrive at honour without toil, that accordingly after an enterprize of great labour he instituted these trials of strength and fortitude, of toil and peril. Thus this digression, as it first seems, appears a singular beauty.

Careless they took their way
 Cleonæ near; the ambush'd hero lay
 Deep-shrouded in a brake, and fierce he sprung
 To vengeance for his slain Tirynthian host 50
 All by these vaunting foes cut off, all lost
 Th' Elean vales among.

E. 2.

Ere long strange trembling seiz'd the faithless king.*
 Fierce the storm of vengeance roar'd,
 Raging flame and furious sword 55
 The wealth of all his state devour;
 Havock and desolation pour
 Their sweeping torrents; heav'n and earth all ring
 With the dire crash; Destruction's gulph beneath
 Down, down he sees his city sink. 60
 Against such fury vain to think
 Of arms! Rash monarch to engage
 In fierce hostility that rage
 Which meet thou must, that arm, whose ev'ry stroke is death!

s. 3.

His conqu'ring army Jove's brave son 65
 With all the mighty spoils their valour won

* Augeas.

To Pisa calls and marks an ample ground
 With deep entrenchment round
 Sacred to sov'reign Jove,
 Soon to be shaded with thick-branching grove. 70
 Within he consecrates an open space
 And far apart forgets not to assign
 Large room for jovial feast, and rites divine
 Thy stream, O Alpheus, grace.

A. 3.

To the twelve Gods six altars rise. 75
 The lofty Cronian peak, which strikes the skies,
 Now gains an everlasting name, no more
 Neglected as before
 His wild and ragged brows
 For ever moistened with continual snows. 80
 The Fates from heav'n their sacred influence shed
 On this great feast; and Time, by whom alone
 All truths are seal'd, bows from his ancient throne
 His rev'rend, hoary head;

V. 70. *Soon to be.*] This circumstance is here inserted to present the whole in a clearer light before the English reader. See Olympic Ode III.—Hercules planted the grove afterwards, as there described.

V. 75. *To the.*] See Olymp. V. s. 1.

V. 84. *His rev'rend, hoary.*] Time has since Pindar's days constantly been adding to the beauty of this passage, since Grecian chronology has been ever regulated by the Olympiads.

E. 3.

The ancient records of this sacred game 85
 (While far his airy course he steers
 Along th' expanse of rolling years)
 Of this great quinquennial rite
 Issuing from the spoils of fight
 Deep-mark'd he bears on lasting scrolls of fame; 90
 And each first victor that the world may know,
 High he displays the Olympic crown,
 Each splendid trophy of renown,
 Whether the foot-race gives the prize,
 Or polish'd car that rapid flies, 95
 Or the fierce lightning of the hand plucks honour from the foe.

s. 4.

First in the race $\text{\textcircled{E}}$ onus won
 Of brave Licymnius the warlike son;
 Ardent the way from Midea's walls he trod
 And hosts obey'd his nod. 100
 His strong opponent thrown
 Great Echemus to Tegea bore the crown.
 Lo, brave Doryclus fierce in conflict glows,
 A valiant champion from Tirynthian land,
 With the resistless whirlwind of his hand 105
 Dealing terrific blows.

A. 4.

Mantinean Semus o'er the plains
 Whirl'd by his airy-footed coursers gains
 The song of triumph. Phrastor's well-aim'd spear
 Like lightning cleaves the air. 110
 Admiring thousands stand
 To see Eniceus hurling from his hand
 The pond'rous stone, far beyond all it flies ;
 Applauding thunders shake the air—and soon
 Her lovely face uplifts the silver moon 115
 Lighting the evening skies.

E. 4.

Loud through the spacious cirque glad hymns resound.
 The Choir their jovial voices raise
 Re-echoing ev'ry hero's praise ;
 And sweet as theirs our strains shall flow 120
 That proud the Victor's wreathed brow
 Shall catch fresh gleams of joy and his heart bound
 With glory, while the loud triumphal lays
 Rise to the monarch, at whose hand
 Ready the quick-eyed lightnings stand 125
 To pour their streams of vengeful fire

V. 117. *Spacious cirque.*] There were no woods yet.

V. 120. *And sweet.*] The poet now returns to the praise of his friend Agesidemus, the hero of the ode.

With stunning roar of thunders dire.
Responsive to the pipe, that swells the notes of praise

s. 5.

O'er Dirce's far-fam'd stream my song
Sweet to my friend, though late, shall roll along ; 130
Sweet as to Age if late his consort bear
An unexpected heir ;
Desponding now no more
He feels Love's rapt'ring ardour, which of yore
Fired his fond youth, rekindle all his breast 135
Rous'd from Time's chilling damps ; his former fear
Blind Chance some alien might appoint his heir,
No more disturbs his rest.

A. 5.

Far to the yawning vault of Death
In vain the champion pants ; if no kind breath 140

V. 131. *Sweet as.*] Without the poet's praise, Pindar tells his hero his toil was in vain, for his name would perish ; he would be like an aged father without offspring : but the bard's song shall immortalize his memory. It comes long indeed after it was originally promised, it is therefore like a late-born heir, which seems to restore the father to youth, with the hope that his name shall live ; to such youth as his friend enjoyed long ago. The ode ends with a thought most exquisite. Milton, I think, comes nearest.

————— Able to drive
All sadness but despair.—
————— Her graceful innocence—
————— bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.

Shall waft his glorious deeds the world around,

Forgotten to the ground

His hard-earn'd honours fall.

But thine, my friend, shall live ; for thee shall all

The sweetest notes of reed and string conspire ;

145

The Muses, that enchant the list'ning skies,

Daughters of Jove from golden thrones arise

And strike the living lyre.

E. 5.

With their sweet choir I pour my fervent lays :

Warm with a poet's zeal, the race

150

Of all thy Locrians I embrace,

And o'er their walls, whence heroes spring,

Waving my bright, ambrosial wing

Shed the sweet dew of never-dying praise,

Son of Arcestratus, my vow is paid,

155

Vow'd when Olympia's altar near

I saw thy earlier dawn appear :

Such strength, such form, such grace, such arms !

Not on that youth more pow'rful charms

Fair Venus show'r'd, whose bloom drove off pale Death dismay'd.

OLYMPIC ODE XI.

TO THE SAME AGESIDEMUS.

S.

FULL sweetly breathe the heav'nly gales,
Man from their flying pinions health inhales;
Unbosom'd from the cloud, that gives them birth,
Soft fall the show'rs on earth;
When worth demands the Muse
Still softer breathe ambrosial dews
A sweeter fragrance o'er the victor's name
Stamp'd with the hallow'd seal of everlasting fame.

5

A.

Th' unenvied treasure of her lays
The Muse prepares, the sacred boon of praise;
Her poet's tongue, feeding the champion's fire
Speaks to the trembling lyre.

10

This victory was gained in boxing. It is always difficult to translate after West. Here he expresses himself in the spirit of the original, and even improves upon his author. Pindar with peculiar boldness calls the showers, daughters of the cloud. West, with equal boldness and singular elegance, calls them pearly daughters.

But if no ray divine
 Deign on the human soul to shine,
 Valour stands chill'd, no flow'rs of genius blow. 15
 Son of Arcestratus, to thee my strains shall flow.

E.

Glitt'ring like gold the olive twined
 In lovely wreath around thy brow we bind.
 With me, ye Muses, lead your sacred train
 Light-stepping o'er the Locrian plain. 20
 The Locrians are a race
 Brave, hospitable, good and wise,
 Deep-skill'd in ev'ry art, we prize,
 Your heav'nly presence ne'er will they disgrace.
 'Twas nature form'd their soul; 25
 Nought can her sov'reign pow'r controul:
 The roaring lion's rage, the fox's art
 Ne'er fail since from the first she stamp'd them on the heart.

V. 17. *Glitt'ring.*] Pindar calls not only the olive but the laurel "golden." It can not be said that in all places he can mean to distinguish the worth of the prize by this epithet, for he applies the same where it was worn without such an idea. See Pyth. X. 6. 3, where he describes men who lived in ease, and feast and song, binding their hair with the golden laurel.

V. 20. *Light-stepping.*] The triumphal procession.

OLYMPIC ODE XII.

TO ERGOTELES, OF HIMERA, VICTOR IN THE RACE.

s.

DAUGHTER of Jove, who bids the placid brow
Of Freedom smile her land to cheer;
Guardian of kingdoms, Fortune, hear my vow;
Shield mighty Himera with thy fondest care!
Thy hand the rapid vessel steers,
Curbs raging Battle on the plain;
Thy smile the rev'rend council cheers;
Thy frown the wisdom of the wise makes vain.

5

The original expresses a title of Jupiter, alluding to his freeing Greece from the Persian invasion. It is the fashion of the day to admire Horace and neglect Pindar. Silver was once, I have read, more valued than gold. Every school-boy can talk of the beauties of Horace's ode addressing Fortune, who protected Antium; but the grand beauty of making Fortune the daughter of Jupiter is in that imitation lost. By this noble allegory Pindar attributes nothing to blind chance. Fortune is in his representation rather what we term providence. The piety is in this ode equal to the sublimity. The hero had been forced from his country by a faction to take refuge at Himera, where he was afterwards greatly honoured. Hence the poet's address to Fortune. He has the art to console his hero with the reflection, that what he had once considered as his great misfortune, proved quite the reverse, as he would probably, had he continued in his own land, not have been so much celebrated for his swiftness of foot.

All human hopes are frail, now up, now down,
For ever rolling and for ever, no event their own. 10

A.

To whom of mortals was it ever giv'n
With faithful, clear, unerring eye
To read the dark, half-letter'd scrolls of heav'n,
And secret Fate's deep mysteries descry?
Nor joy nor grief to come we know: 15
Blindness blasts the daring soul
Which scans to-morrow; joy in woe
Soon sinks when unexpected tempests roll;
Again when waves are bursting o'er our head
Oft are the storms dispers'd and sunshine round us spread. 20

E.

Driv'n by mad Faction's blasts, hadst thou ne'er fled,
Hero, thy native Crete, what were thy fame, thy boast?
Fall'n like a shrivel'd flow'r! thyself inglorious lost
In broils obscure amid thy country's dead!

V. 24. In broils obscure.] At home in civil broils. Similar and greater liberties than West mentioned with regard to the fox and the lion in the last ode, ought, in my opinion, often to be taken in a translation of this poet. Pindar's comparison (of his hero falling at home like a cock) can not, I think, be made to shine in a translation. West, to ennoble the comparison, calls the cock "the crested bird of Mars." It is an ingenious conception, but the very effect of the poet's image seems to be thus reversed. Pindar purposely inverted his telescope that it might exhibit an image little and humble. West, with a wish of improving, magnifies and dignifies. Pindar would exhibit a man falling at home ignobly. West thinks the

Now in their baths the nymphs shall hail thy name
And loftier rise thy Himera's swelling fame.
Enjoy the peace this fost'ring land bestows,
Corinth, Olympia, Pytho crown thy brows.

image, in a translation at least, would be too low. I choose rather to omit the comparison than, by brightening the features, to alter and lose the character.

V. 25. *Now in their.*] There were baths, sacred to the nymphs, near the city. I hope the learned will not deem the liberty too great of supposing the nymphs to be in their baths listening to the hero's fame. In the original mention is made of two Pythian victories. Omissions of this kind abound in the translation, and for this reason, because an exact version would not have been in Pindar's manner. He was exact in enumerating victories because he knew it would please; were he to translate his own odes now he would omit such like things lest he should disgust.

OLYMPIC ODE XIII.

TO XENOPHON, OF CORINTH, VICTOR IN THE RACE AND THE
FIVE GAMES, OR PENTATHLON.*

s. 1.

HEAR, thrice-victorious house, your poet's lays,
Whose gentle virtues all revere,
Whose table welcome strangers share;
With yours the Muse joins happy Corinth's praise.
Like Neptune's vestibule behold her stand 5
Pouring abroad on either side
Her martial youth where foams his tide,
Indignant bursting 'gainst th' intruding land ;
There Justice takes her seat
Founder of states ; there social meet 10
Her golden sisters, righteous Law and Peace,
From whose wise counsels floods of wealth still flowing still increase.

Pindar begins with an address to his hero and his whole family, and adds the praises of his country. The father had gained one victory, the son two.

* See Index.

A. 1.

Their voice proclaims through all her sober streets
 "Far hence be Luxury, far hence
 "Mad Riot, bold-tongued Insolence, 15
 "Repletion's brood!"—Illustrious are the feats
 I sing; my tongue shall boldly pour the lay.
 If, Nature, thou the soul inspire,
 Nought can suppress the genuine fire.
 The flow'ring seasons, as they glide, display 20
 Full many a noble art
 Which dignifies the human heart;
 Full many virtues, that on Victory's wing
 To you fair Corinth's sons the crown of glory bring;

E. 1.

Lo! from Aletes' stem fresh flow'rs 25
 Blooming ye rise.—Invention's pow'rs
 Unrival'd glory gain.
 To whom does Bacchus but to you

V. 23. To whom does.] The caution given by the Roman biographer, "not to judge of the customs of other countries by our own," is never more useful than to a modern reader of Pindar. The man who first trained a horse was once thought worthy of as high honour as he now is who, for the invention of a machine, gains a medal. Though perhaps no art is truly honourable but what is useful, yet some arts are universally honoured of which the immediate use does not appear: we must not then grudge the honours attributed by Pindar to those who had distinguished themselves in arts of any kind.

The vying graces of his light dance owe?
 Who first the matchless rein 30
 Applied, the haughty steed to curb?
 Who seated on the fane superb
 The tyrant-bird of air?
 With you the sweet-voiced Muse resides,
 Mars fires your youth, with horrid strides 35
 Waving his blood-stain'd spear.

s. 2.

Jove, mighty ruler of th' Olympic prize,
 No glance of envy, heav'nly sire,
 E'er blast the efforts of my lyre,
 Which breathes the praise of Corinth! From the skies 40
 Bid Fortune still her shelt'ring wing extend
 The land around. Securely guide
 Our hero o'er the dang'rous tide
 Of rolling years. Great king, from heav'n's throne bend
 To hear in lyric strain 45
 His name twice glorious on the plain!
 Never so great a day did Pisa see,
 Blending such distant sprigs of twofold victory.

V. 29. *The vying.*] For an ox was the prize to the best dancer, says the scholiast.

V. 33. *The tyrant-bird.*] The pinnacles resembling the spread wings of an eagle, or rather the real images of eagles exquisitely wrought.

V. 48. *Blending such.*] He was victorious in the Pentathlon, and also in the race. West

A. 2.

The Isthmian wreath twice smiles around his brows.

Nemea resounds the hero's name

50

Triumphant. Airy-footed Fame

All-eager spreads, where echoing Alpheus flows,

His father's glory, swift as to the goal

Himself he sprang. The wreaths, he won

In either Pythian course, one sun,

55

Ere his fire-flashing wheels had ceas'd to roll,

Beheld with ling'ring ray :

One varying Moon, ere ceas'd to play

Her beams o'er Attica, look'd smiling down

When Vict'ry's light-wing'd Day had dropt a threefold crown.

60

E. 2.

Full sev'n times did the Hellotian Game

Witness his force and speak his fame.

Beside the Isthmian shore,

has observed that the same person was not likely to excel in both, as the Pentathlon and the race required very different powers of body.

V. 49. *The Isthmian.*] A more exact translation of such passages as these would please those only who want no translation at all. These have caused by far the most trouble, though after all they are perhaps the worst translated. I have indeed on this very account frequently been upon the point of doing what the reader, I fear, heartily wishes I had done, i. e. of giving up the whole work in despair.

V. 55. *In either Pythian.*] Two separate courses, of which one was called the double course.

Where Neptune, rising from the tide,
 His own rites views, his waves on either side 65
 Calming their furious roar,
 Triumphant with his mighty sire
 He claims the full force of my lyre.
 The various palms they bore
 From Pytho, Nemea, who can tell ? 70
 Who speak their various worth ? As well
 Count pebbles on the shore.

s. 3.

Discretion's steady hand must rule the lyre :
 She, as occasion ever veers
 With wanton gale, still wisely steers ; 75
 Fraught with a private theme she bids aspire
 My swelling sail to mightier Corinth's praise,
 Truth by my side, her far-fam'd race
 In war, in council bids me trace
 And the loud strain to her great heroes raise ; 80
 To Sisyphus, whose heart
 Was fraught with heav'n-descended art,

V. 76. *Fraught with a.*] The poet here explains his own method, which he at all times pursues, of launching out from the private praise of his hero into that of his country, or his country's heroes ; whom being about to celebrate, he begins with Sisyphus, the founder of the city, and ends with Bellerophon.

A God in wisdom ; to the maid, who sav'd
The Argo, when for love the threat'ning deep she brav'd.

A. 3.

Renown'd for wisdom these, those great in arms 85
Held on Troy's war-worn tow'rs the shield,
While others trod th' ensanguin'd field
And furious 'gainst her walls hurl'd dire alarms ;
Heroes, alike conspicuous shone your sires
Who march'd the Grecian chiefs beside, 90
And who the far-sought queen denied.
Before proud Glaucus trembling Greece retires,
Full haughty is his boast
Of many a dread Corinthian host
Obedient to Bellerophon's command, 95
Where sprung Pirene's fount, pow'ful and great the land ;

E. 3.

There long defied the winged horse
Of wondrous birth his grand-sire's force
Beside the gushing stream,
Till in Minerva's hand behold 100

V. 83. *To the maid.*] Medea, who fled to Corinth. Wisdom is here Pindar's first praise, valour the second.

V. 89. *Heroes, alike conspicuous.*] Those who fought for the Greeks and for the Trojans.

V. 95. *Obedient to.*] Bellerophon was his grandfather.

V. 96. *Where sprung.*] Pirene, a Corinthian fountain.

The reins and glitt'ring curb of burnish'd gold ;

No light, delusive dream !

Quick-vanishing his slumber breaks

And clear truth in the vision speaks ;

“ Sleep'st thou, Æolian king ?

105

“ A well-fed bull slain to thy sire,

“ Present beside the sacred fire

“ The magic gift I bring.”

s. 4.

These accents from the sable-shielded maid

Arous'd him, slumb'ring as he lay ;

110

Up-starting on his feet, away

Hasting, the gift, that by his side was laid,

He grasps with awe-struck hand, and to the seer

The honour'd native of the land

Joyful presents ; “ by thy command

115

“ Oracular, Minerva's altar near

“ With rev'ence I repos'd

“ When night her sable curtain clos'd

“ O'er the still earth, and sleep's soft pow'r I sought ;

“ Op'ning my eyes beheld the dazzling gold she brought

120

V. 105. *Sleep'st thou.*] His birth was from Æolus, and he was a king's son, though not a king.

V. 108. *The Magic gift.*] Neptune was his father, though Sisyphus was commonly so called.

V. 114. *The honour'd.*] Polyidus.—Pindar is speaking of what had previously happened, telling the story, as is usual in poetry, not according to the exact order of events.

A. 4.

" Which tames the heart." His call the seer attends,
 And first a stately-stepping steer
 He bids him for the God prepare,
 The billow-beaten cliffs whose trident rends,
 And raise an altar (her divine command 125
 Completed) to th' equestrian maid.
 The arm which heav'n vouchsafes to aid,
 Nor hope, nor force, nor firmest oaths withstand.
 He feels the hard task light
 To check or steer his rapid flight; 130
 For now the golden curb with art applied
 The foaming courser champs; enchanted sinks his pride.

E. 4.

The brass-clad warrior's arms resound
 While dreadful o'er the thund'ring ground
 In martial joust he wheels; 135
 From the cold deserts of the air
 The quiver'd Amazons his flashing spear
 Strikes dead; Chimæra feels
 His pow'rful hand and, all her fires

V. 125. *Her divine command.*] The vision just before described.

V. 126. *To th' equestrian maid.*] Minerva.

In fruitless hissings quench'd, expires ; 140
 The Solymi lie slain.
 His death in silence veil'd I leave ;
 The steed Jove's ancient stalls receive
 Far o'er the heav'nly plain.

s. 5.

Here check, my lyre, thy ever-varying string ; 145
 Thy sweet-toned darts of magic pow'r
 Rolling their full harmonious show'r
 No more beyond the mark promiscuous fling.
 Did not the Muse from her bright throne descend
 And all the numerous wreaths, that grace 150
 The hero's tribe, illustrious race,
 At Nemea won and Corinth bid me blend ?
 Stand, white-rob'd Truth, and hear
 The short but faithful oath I swear ;
 " Loud did the sweet-tongued herald-trumpet raise 155
 " Full sixty times their names to never-dying praise."

V. 142. *His death.*] This Pindar thinks a circumstance ill-suited to the present occasion. His lyric Muse never loves to dwell on any thing tragical in the event. The manner of his death too was not honourable to the hero. See Index.

V. 150. *And all the numerous wreaths.*] He now celebrates Xenophon's whole tribe of the Oligæthidæ. It would render these odes in the translation more intelligible, if English poetry would admit the names as they occur in the original.

A. 5.

Thrice has Olympia heard the same glad strains.
 Fresh palms the watchful Muse foresees :
 Hope lists the far-off-rising breeze
 And thinks she hears shouts from triumphal plains, 160
 Trusting in heav'n. Should their aspiring soul
 For fresh wreaths pant, let Jove decide
 And Mars. Full oft o'er the fall'n pride
 Of those, they vanquish'd, low'r'd the clouds, that roll
 Parnassus' brows around ; 165
 Argos and Thebes the victors own'd
 And thou Arcadia ; grateful to the skies
 Thy queen of altars oft has pour'd their sacrifice.

E. 5.

Glory on golden wing and Fame
 Through various countries waft their name ; 170

V. 157. Thrice.] Pindar's ode begins with mentioning three Olympic victories.

V. 163. Full oft.] Pindar, according to his custom, cursorily mentions other victories of the family gained, some near Parnassus, i. e. Pythian victories ; others at Argos, Thebes, and Arcadia ; which were less honourable, as being gained in games of less celebrity. Again in the epode others are enumerated.

V. 168. Thy queen.] On the occasion offerings were made on an Arcadian altar, sacred to Jupiter Lycæus, wherefore it seems to be termed queen, as being most excellent. In the original it is king.

V. 170. Various countries.] Pellene, Sicyon, Megara, and Eubœa, are mentioned in the original. One reason of the great honours paid to Pindar might be his constant care to cele-

Ægina's groves resound ;
 O'er Marathon's wide fertile plains
 It flies triumphant ; Ætna's heights it gains,
 Who sees his foot around
 Extended cities rich and great ; 175
 In ev'ry town, in ev'ry street
 All Greece the heroes hails.
 Thus, Jove, thus ever o'er the tide
 Of joy and honour may they glide
 And Fortune swell their sails ! 180

brate not only the particular hero, but so many others, and so many cities and countries. This, however uninteresting it may be to us, not only gave pleasure to the various persons praised, but often to the champion himself, who thus saw himself distinguished in a whole tribe of heroes, whose glories, by being reflected, are blended with his own and increase the splendour. There was also this farther advantage, that the glory of the hero being shared with so many others, and yet not eclipsed, was the less envied. So that Pindar's art, with the nicest observation of truth and propriety, threw the brightest possible beams of glory around his hero, and even turned the eyes of thousands upon him with unabated delight.

OLYMPIC ODE XIV.

TO ASOPICHUS, OF ORCHOMENUS, VICTOR IN THE RACE.

s. 1.

ILLUSTRIOUS Queens, celestial Graces, hear;
Sacred to whom Cephisus flows,
To whom the Minyæ their vows
Address, sweet guardians of their land
Famed for the steed, whose mild command 5
Orchomenus obeys; attend my pray'r.
From you mankind receives whate'er is sweet,
Whate'er is pleasant to the eyes.
Is any honour'd? any wise?
Is any great? The gift is yours. 10
Without you not th' immortal pow'rs
In lively dance or banquet ever meet,
Your wise disposal rules all things above;
Where Pythian Phœbus holds his golden bow
Ye fix your sacred throne, whence ever flow 15
Hymns to Almighty Jove.

V. 6. Orchomenus was sacred to the Graces.

V. 15. *Ye fix.*] In the Delphic temple their statues were placed at the right hand of Apollo's.

s. 2.

Revered Aglaia, to my strain attend,
 Thalia hear, to whom belong
 The varying melodies of song,
 And thou, Euphrosyne, of Jove 20
 Sweet daughters, who for ever love
 Harmonious o'er the golden lyre to bend,
 On this glad choir let fall a fav'ring glance!
 In Lydian measure lightly flows
 The hymn; Asophickus his brows 25
 Binds with fresh garlands from your hand,
 A glory to his native land.
 Aloud, my voice, breathe to the bounding dance;
 Hear, Echo, hear the sweetly-vocal string,
 And in Death's gloomy-vaulted realms profound 30
 Tell the glad sire his son's young brows are crown'd
 With glory's purple wing.

V. 29. *Hear, Echo.*] For Echo and Cephisus see Index.

PYTHIAN ODE I.

TO HIERO, OF ÆTNA, KING OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE
CHARIOT-RACE.

s. 1.

HAIL, golden lyre, thou gift divine!
Apollo strikes thy ever-tuneful strings,

In contemplating this inimitable ode we are for a time struck dumb with admiration. The poet begins with an address to his lyre in strains no where else to be found in heathen poetry. Every line is harmonious, every word expressive, every thought truly great and sublime. In embellishing the praises of his hero he introduces the boldest scenes of nature. The most dreadful picture, which the earth presents, his Muse exhibits in characters as admirable for singular boldness as they are exactly just and true; and as if Nature began to fail in fresh images of grandeur, his goddess at last has recourse to fable. In her highest flight, if you can feel cool enough to reflect, you begin to fear she has lost sight of her subject; at once she returns, and a connection most artfully contrived appears. You now admire the dexterity with which, having descended from her flight, she drives her golden car over the plain. The ode is as beautiful for its general design as its execution. The poet begins with the praise of music, which, he says, charms all nature. His hero therefore is happy to deserve the praise of the Muses. He had lately founded the city of Ætna; the poet therefore hopes and prays that this city may produce a race of heroes who may merit the like honours. The power of the Muse's charms being so great is a wonderful encouragement to his hero to continue to deserve her favour, which, the poet adds, will outlive the voice of Flattery, and will attend him even to his tomb. Such appears the general design of this ode, which may perhaps be termed the sublimest and most beautiful left us by Greek or Roman poet.

Soft-bending o'er thee stand the raptured nine,
 Their hair like breathing violets. Lightly springs
 Th' elastic dance; the glancing feet 5
 Wake into joy. The choir their voice prepare
 Answ'ring the sign, thy prelude sweet,
 To roll the full tide thro' the trembling air.
 Quench'd by thy pow'rs, enchanting lyre,
 The forked lightning's ever-streaming fire 10
 Dies. On Jove's sceptre charmed sits the king
 Of birds, each rapid wing

A 1.

Loos'ning; while thick clouds hov'ring round
 Involve the hooked terrors of his head,
 And gently closing in sweet trance are bound 15
 His eye-lids; soft a slumb'rous dew is shed
 On ev'ry plume; his back up-heaves
 Extatic, while each sweetly-piercing dart
 Thrills through his frame. Ev'n stern Mars leaves
 His spear reclin'd, soft joys dissolve his heart. 20

V. 4. *Their hair.*] It is not easy to state with certainty the full reasons of some epithets among the poets. From the hyacinth as well as the violet they have borrowed a metaphor to adorn their descriptions of the hair. The beautiful gloss as well as the colour, dark or perhaps golden, may be supposed to make a part of the picture. But may not the perfume likewise be intended? "Divinum vertice odorem spiravere." *Virg.*—When Milton's angel shook his plumes we know the effect that greatest of poets describes.

V. 13. *Loos'ning.*] Pindar's words here are so astonishingly the echo of the sense, that you actually see the wings loosening and again the back heaving.

O'er all heav'n's sons entranc'd around
 (While from the god of wisdom breathes the sound
 And the deep-bosom'd Muses' tuneful train)
 Thy pow'rs triumphant reign.

E. 1.

But those accursed souls, whom Jove 25
 In wrath estranges from his love,
 Soon as the heav'nly Muse they hear,
 Astounded petrify with fear
 By land or o'er the raging deep,
 Such in caverns drear and steep 30
 Of Tartarus the monster lies,
 Typhon's dread bulk, who braved the skies ;
 Nurs'd in the famed Cilician cave
 He rose; now whelm'd near the Cuméan wave
 Lies his huge, rugged giant-breast, 35
 Beneath the weight of all Sicilia prest,
 With Ætna, whose tremendous brows
 Lifted to heav'n scowl through eternal snows.

V. 25. *But thou.*] The thought that what delights the rest of nature should on the wicked souls have an effect so contrary, is truly worthy of Pindar. Thus Milton—

————— “ The more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me.

————— All good to me becomes
 Bane, and in heav'n much worse had been my lot.”

s. 2.

Forth from whose deep-mouth'd caves are hurld
 Bright streams of ever-unapproach'd fire. 40
 All day thick clouds of billowy smoke are whirl'd
 In burning eddies round the summit dire
 Of this huge mount, that props the sky ;
 Red flames by night their spouting cataracts pour
 And rocks disgorging forth on high, 45
 Into the glaring sea dash with harsh roar.
 Thund'ring such floods the monster sends
 Of fire tempestuous, that with horror rends
 The welkin ; far-off sailors shudd'ring hear
 And view aghast with fear ; 50

A. 2.

Beneath such pond'rous mass of ground,
 Ætna's huge heights, frowning with forests black,

V. 40. Bright streams.] The beauty or rather grandeur of Pindar's word is not in English to be expressed by any other than that which Milton has chosen.

“ And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity.”

Your tongue is made to utter as slowly as steps your foot, when you make the attempt, but dare not approach near.

V. 52. With forests black.] See *Par. Lost*, b. 1. v. 612.

————— “ As when heav'n's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines ;
 With singed top their stately growth, tho' bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath.”

Whether Milton had or had not Pindar's description in his mind, the blackness, I conceive, Pindar intends to be the effect of Ætna's eruption.

His hundred heads, his limbs immense lie bound ;
 The deep-sunk bed of flint griding his back.
 Grant, ever grant, almighty Jove, 55
 Who guard'st thine Ætna with outstretched hand,
 We never lose thy fost'ring love !
 From Ætna, the fair front of this rich land,
 The new-rai's'd city claims its name.
 When Pytho's triumph ask'd the trump of Fame, 60
 In the same blast which hail'd the Victor crown'd
 She bade that name resound.

E. 2.

As, when a fresh breeze fav'ring springs
 And swift the new-launch'd vessel wings
 Glad from the port, Hope takes the sign, 65
 Far o'er the clouds the hand divine
 Outstretch'd she views the bark to save
 Back-wafted o'er the placid wave ;
 So now the voice of Victory flows
 Omen of wreaths, to crown the brows 70
 Of many an hero ; many a steed
 And rattling car ; of many a glorious deed ;

V. 61. *In the same.*] Hiero was proclaimed victor by a new title, "Hiero of Ætna," from his lately-built town of that name. This proclamation of victory at the first Pindar ingeniously represents as an omen of future good, like a favouring gale at the first sailing of a vessel.

Of feast and glad triumphal song.

Phœbus, to whom Parnassus' heights belong,

Hear from thy lov'd Castalia's dews,

75

Grant Ætna victories that shall claim the Muse,

s. 3.

A race of heroes! For each art,

The tongue all-eloquent, the vig'rous hand,

Grave wisdom, all that dignifies the heart

Is thine, weak mortal, but at heav'n's command.

80

Strike then, my hand, to Hiero's praise,

Thy sounding dart high o'er each rival's fling;

Strain ev'ry nerve, thy full force raise;

Beyond the mark no force can urge its wing.

Time still untired in copious show'r

85

From wide-spread pinions never-ceasing pour

Riches and health around him, toil and pain

With all their hideous train

A. 3.

Deep-whelm beneath Oblivion's wave;

The toils of war, which patient he endured,

90

In everlasting monument engrave;

Battles which to th' illustrious three procured

V. 92. *Battles which.*] Whence Hiero and his two brothers were settled in honourable peace, after many disputes about the government were ended.

From heav'n a throne; Greece can not boast
 Superior honours: o'er th' admiring plain
 The valiant warrior led his host; 95
 You'd say, great Philoctetes liv'd again,
 To whom compell'd his haughty foe
 With fawning speeches sued and humbler brow;
 Whose destin'd aid the heroes to explore
 Sail'd from a distant shore; 100

E. 3.

In torment from the rankling wound
 The far-fam'd archer soon they found
 And bore him by the Fates' command
 A dreaded foe to Priam's land:
 His arm though weak alone could save 105
 The hosts of Greece; he only gave
 Rest to their toil. So by thy side,
 Great Hiero, may some heav'nly guide
 O'er all th' expanse of rolling years
 Still lead thy steps and crown with joy thy cares! 110

V. 94. *The valiant.*] Being ill and carried in a litter, Hiero is here compared to Philoctetes, to bring whom Ulysses and Neoptolemus were sent, since without his arrows Troy could not have been taken. As Philoctetes was by divine power cured of his lameness, Pindar prays that a similar power may be extended to Hiero to cure him of his disease.

V. 96. *To whom compelled.*] The best interpretation of this difficult passage appears to be that Ulysses is the haughty foe who sued to Philoctetes, to entice him to return with him to Troy. The English reader is referred to Potter's translation of the pleasing play of Philoctetes from the Greek of Sophocles.

Now rise, my Muse, on golden wing
 To the glad son the father's laurels sing,
 And soon thy tuneful voice prepare
 To hail that son Ætna's imperial heir !

s. 4.

For him those walls his royal sire 115
 On the firm base of Sparta's righteous laws
 His future empire founds. Heroic fire
 There ever burns for Freedom's holy cause.
 From great Alcides' stem derives
 This colony her birth. In days of yore 120
 The laws which ruled their rigid lives
 In Sparta's land, full glad they now restore.
 Sparta, to thee from Pindus came
 Their fathers; far-illustrious was their name;
 Not brighter, Tyndarus, thy sons' renown 125
 Shone o'er a sister-town.

V. 112. *To the glad.*] Deinomenes, for whom his father Hiero built the new town of Ætna.

V. 116. *On the firm.*] The inhabitants were many of them Dorians and other strangers; many of them from Peloponnesus: they were therefore to be governed by the laws of Sparta. It is impossible to make such passages as these shine in English poetry, which are indeed better suited to the antiquarian than the poet.

V. 126. *Shone o'er.*] Castor and Pollux retired to Argos, near Lacedæmon.

A. 4.

Grant to the kings and all their host
 Who drink of Amena, almighty Jove,
 That truth may sanction still their ancient boast,
 And their just lives the far-fam'd laws may prove 130
 No fabled claim. Oh stretch thy hand,
 Guide he his son in wisdom, thou the sire,
 In peace to harmonize the land
 Aw'd by his age! Ye warring hosts retire
 The Punic and the Tyrrhene shore 135
 Resounding with sad notes, while ye deplore
 Your shatter'd fleets, your thousands slain, whose blood
 Dyed the Cuméan flood!

E. 4.

The chief his Syracusian fleets
 Led swift to vengeance. Fierce he meets 140
 The terrors of each brazen prow;
 Dash'd in the flood, that whirls below,
 Their youth he leaves and with the voice
 Of Freedom bids his Greece rejoice.

V. 135. *The Punic and.*] This alludes to a late invasion of Carthagenians and Tuscans.
 At the same time happened the invasion of Greece by the Persians.

V. 139. *The chief.*] Hiero.

Lo! Salamis would tempt my eyes 145
 With Athens' favour as a prize,
 Would tempt my Muse to tune her lays
 To Athens' victory to Athens' praise;
 By Sparta's arms I burn to tell
 How near Citheron Media's archers fell; 150
 But first the hymn to those I owe
 Who scourg'd at Himera the trembling foe.

s. 5.

When fair occasion wakes the strain,
 Though copious be the theme, which swells the lays,
 If modest banks the swelling flood contain, 155
 Envy herself may listen to the praise:
 But when the notes unceasing flow
 The soul quick-glances with disgust away;
 Lo, dazzling shrinks the jealous brow,
 The heart in secret pines at Glory's ray: 160

V. 145. *Lo! Salamis.*] To describe the battle of Salamis, in which the Athenians distinguished themselves so highly. It must require great resolution in Pindar to refrain from the animated description which he thirsted to give of the patriotism of Greece, gloriously triumphant over the ambition of Persia.

V. 151. *But first the.*] Hiero and his brothers gained a victory there.

V. 156. *Envy herself.*] Pindar had in the beginning of the ode said so much of the Muse's power, that he now thinks it proper to add a caution, lest her encomium too long continued should excite envy. He therefore advises his hero to be firm in pursuing a right course, such as may ensure solid glory. This, although not so profuse as flattery, is yet more lasting and more to be desired.

Yet, prince, be glory still thy care!
 Better men's envy than their pity share.
 Still may Truth's anvil form thy tongue, the helm
 Of Justice steer thy realm!

A. 5.

Too well men's searching eyes behold 165
 Amid the splendour of thy radiant crown
 Each trivial speck that stains the purer gold.
 Thee sole disposer num'rous subjects own.
 Surrounding witnesses attend
 The royal sire and son. Still calm proceed, 170
 From Fame eternal sweets ascend
 And scent the breezes which thy vessel speed :
 To great and gen'rous acts expand
 Thy sail, and scatter wealth with bounteous hand ;
 To the gilt dross of Flatt'ry's specious art 175
 Yield not thy captive heart.

E. 5.

The lips of Eloquence, the Muse
 On Glory show'r their sweetest dews ;

V. 175. *To the gilt.*] Hiero was, it seems, too fond of encouraging buffoons and flatterers, whose praise Pindar styles a trifling gain and low. He therefore advises him to seek real Fame by actions truly liberal ; such Fame, he tells him, will survive the tomb. The passage is however understood otherwise. See West.

Soft o'er the tomb their praises flow
 And follow to the realms below ; 180
 Distinguish'd from th' ignoble dead
 List'ning Virtue lifts her head.
 On ev'ry tuneful tongue the fame
 Of bounteous Croesus dwells ; the name
 Of Phalaris still shocks the ear, 185
 His flaming victims and his monster drear ;
 That name the youth disdain to sing,
 Mute ev'ry lyre. Virtue's first meed, great king,
 Is fortune ; fame the next ; who gains
 At once each crown, supremely blest he reigns. 190

V. 179. *Soft o'er.*] I understand this to be an allusion to the funeral orations.

V. 189. *Is fortune.*] As Virtue is best celebrated by the Muses, it was with singular propriety that Pindar at the beginning spoke so highly of their power. Reader, it is well worth thy while to reflect again and again upon the design of this ode ; the more it is considered, the more will it be admired.

PYTHIAN ODE II.

IN PRAISE LIKEWISE OF HIERO, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

s. 1.

HAIL Syracuse, ample seat
Where diverse castled cities meet!
Hail fane of Mars! whose dreadful sway
Warriors and neighing steeds obey,
Train'd by thy care, stern Nurse, to arms; 5
Their breasts the clang of armour warms;
To thee from splendid Thebes along
I pour the deep, melodious song,
Proclaiming triumph to the king
Who urg'd his steeds t' arrest the rapid wing 10
Of Vict'ry, while his wheels the ground
Made quake. He bears the wreath his temples bound
Far-beaming to Ortygia's fane,
Whose goddess steer'd with aiding hand the rein.

V. 1. *Hail.*] Syracuse consisted of four cities united. It is but lately I have seen the odes translated by Pye. I here probably incur his censure, but am at a loss how to give the English reader any idea at all of Pindar without such expansion of his words.

V. 13. *Far-beaming.*] In Ortygia, in Sicily, where he kept his steeds, was a temple of Diana, who with her nymphs loved to bathe in the river. The poet introduces several deities,

A. 1.

Quicks she glides along the meads 15
 From her lov'd stream, to deck his steeds ;
 The trappings dazzling to the eyes
 In both hands lifting she applies.
 While in his glitt'ring car he reins
 The steeds, which pant for distant plains, 20
 Hermes, ere yet the swift wheels glide,
 The God of contests, stands beside,
 And cheers him rushing to the course,
 That god invok'd, whose mace first rais'd the horse.
 While many a bard enraptured sings 25
 The hymn, their various virtues claim, to kings ;
 (For still the grateful voice succeeds
 By sweet remembrance wak'd to gen'rous deeds)

E. 1.

To Cinyras while Cyprians raise, 30
 Fair Venus' priest, their songs of praise,
 Whom golden-hair'd Apollo loves ;
 To thee, as mid the choir she moves

to whose aid he represents his hero indebted for his victory. To heaven therefore, it is intimated, his hero very properly shows his gratitude by bearing his triumphal wreaths to the fane. Pindar afterwards describes the ill effects of ingratitude.

V. 25. *While many.*] While others sing the praises of their respective kings, the Locrian maid sings thee, Hiero, for delivering her from a late siege. This is the debt of gratitude.

In dance light-stepping o'er the plain,
 The Locrian virgin bids the strain
 To thee, lov'd Hiero, sweetly flow ; 35
 Security smiles on her brow :
 Aw'd by thy word no longer low'r
 War's threat'ning storms ; thy guardian pow'r
 Grateful she hails. Th' ungrateful soul
 Ixion still rebukes, while tortured roll 40
 His limbs ; repeating still the lay,
 " Remember, man, each kindness to repay."

s. 2.

This did he learn from vengeful heav'n.
 To him among the blest was was giv'n
 To feast his soft, ambrosial hours. 45
 Vain mortal! Soon the full-blown flow'rs
 Of joy must fade. With frantic love
 He sought the queen of thund'ring Jove,

V. 36. *Security smiles.*] The best reading appears to be *δρακείσ' ασφαλες*, i. e. as Heyne explains it, "looking security, showing security in her looks." It is no small confirmation of this reading and this sense of the expression, that this is the very word used by the tragic poet in his seven chiefs against Thebes, v. 53. *λεοντων ὡς ἀρην δεδουροτων*, which Potter admirably in Shakespeare's language translates, not without something of Milton's added, "as the lion, when he glares determined battle." But, alas! I can not with equal strength express Pindar's thought.

"The lion glared on me." JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Breathing deliberate valour." MILTON.

Presumptuous! in his mortal arms
 Hoping to clasp celestial charms 50
 Due to the raptures of heav'n's king.
 Such insolence soon rous'd the rapid wing
 Of vengeance. Heav'n a punishment
 All horrid as his own black vices sent.
 His was the first, th' atrocious stain, 55
 His host allied by dire devices slain ;

A. 2.

His too th' attempt with impious love
 To seize th' illustrious queen of Jove
 In her divine retreat. The man
 Who proud beyond his narrow span, 60
 His lowly state, with fierce desires
 And swelling arrogance aspires,
 Falls in quick ruin. Empty charms
 Imag'd in cloud his am'rous arms
 Delude: Full-sweet the vision smil'd 65
 A seeming Juno and the wretch beguil'd.
 O'er-weening mortal! Such the snare
 Of splendid ruin which Jove's hands prepare :
 In adamantine fetters bound
 Stretch'd on the wheel he whirls in endless round; 70

V. 56. *His host allied.*] Deioneus, whose daughter he married,

E. 2.

There writhe his limbs ; nor time, nor force
 Checks the dire engine's rapid course,
 Destruction which himself he wrought.
 Still by his warning voice are taught
 Thousands who shudd'ring hear. The cloud 75
 Produc'd the Centaur fierce and proud
 Lonely, detested, graceless foe
 Of Gods above and men below.
 Lo ! hence a wondrous race appears
 O'er Pelion from Magnesian mares. 80
 These monsters of tremendous force
 (Above the Centaur and below the horse
 Resembling) lead their hideous train
 Wide o'er Thessalia's astonish'd plain.

S. 3.

The pow'r of Jove unbounded flies 85
 Swift o'er the earth, o'er seas, o'er skies,
 Outstrips the rapid eagle's wing,
 The dolphins that like lightning spring

V. 76. *Produced the Centaur.*] The English reader must carefully distinguish between the Centaur Chiron, son of Saturn, and this other being, called also a Centaur, the unnatural offspring of impious lust.

Through the cleft waves. The haughty soul
 Feels his deep-whelming thunders roll; 90
 The meek he bids, (serene the skies,)
 To ever-blooming honours rise.
 Cease, Muse austere, and change the strain,
 The wretch, who feasting still on others' pain
 With gall of malice gluts his heart, 95
 Unfriended, poor, from social joys apart
 I saw and shunn'd; but with the wise
 'Tis best on Fortune's fav'ring wing to rise.

A. 3.

And Fortune, Prince, is amply thine,
 Her golden splendours round thee shine. 100
 Lord of many a castled town
 And many a host. A twofold crown,
 Glory and wealth united shed
 Full-beaming lustre on thy head,

V. 89. *The haughty soul.*] “*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*” V.

V. 93. *Cease, Muse.*] Pindar loves not to dwell too long on crimes and their punishments, but rather attends those whose virtues deserve praise. He instances in Archilochus, who seemed to exist, “the world despising by the world despis'd;” but as he lived long before, Heyne concludes the words “far off,” relate to time. I rather believe the poet describes some one, whom he had himself seen, under the fictitious name of Archilochus. I therefore take *ἕκασ εὐων* to signify “standing aloof,” as it does in this sentence, *ἕκασ ὡ ἕκασ εἶσε Ἐεσηλοῖ*. Thus there is a clear opposition. Pindar shuns the man, who by his malevolence brought himself into universal contempt and poverty; but loves to commend the wise and good, and with him rise into fortune and eminence.

Brighter than Greece through all her coasts 105
 From earliest ages ever boasts.
 But when I scize th' impatient lyre
 To sound thy youthful deeds and martial fire,
 Smooth glides my bark ; from many a flow'r
 Rich zephyrs breathe their sweets ; with all my pow'r 110
 I stretch my ev'ry sail ; thy praise
 Demands the fullest gale that Fame can raise.

E. 3.

The ranks of foot, th' embattled horse
 Thy valour saw, thy youth, thy force :
 But when around thy rev'rend head 115
 Maturer years their honours spread,
 Thy wisdom shines with steady rays ;
 Dauntless I wake the voice of praise
 Secure of blame. Lov'd monarch, hail !
 Far o'er the hoary sea my sail 120
 This choicest texture of the Muse
 Shall waft rich-dyed with Tyrian hues.
 Thou, while in sweet Æolian notes
 Loud o'er the sev'n-string'd lyre the full strain floats,
 Look fav'ring on my hymn, and scorn 125
 Flatt'ry's feign'd speech : thy Bard shall ever warn

s. 4.

To shun her wiles. The odious shape,
 Base counterfeit of man, the ape
 Pleases but children. He, (whose heart
 Disdain'd vile Slander's odious art 130
 Watching the weakness of mankind
 Basely to taint th' unguarded mind)
 The richest fruit of wisdom found
 With joys unenvied justly crown'd.
 With fox-like art the whisperer preys, 135
 The slander'd and the list'ning ear betrays;
 And what's the gain? His baited hook
 And fine-drawn tackle sink beneath the brook,
 I buoyant o'er the surface play
 And glorying feel the sun's all-cheering ray. 140

V. 128. *The ape.*] Pindar's words are obscure, but I understand him to compare the flatterer to an ape, assuming a form not his own. It is the heart which distinguishes the man from the ape, the friend from the flatterer. The excellence of the comparison in this sense makes me conceive this to be Pindar's meaning, and he would, I hope, pardon me himself for giving such an interpretation, rather than following others in their learned researches, which after all leave us by no means satisfied.

V. 129. *He, whose heart.*] Rhadamanthus.

V. 137. *His baited hook.*] The learned will pardon the little alteration here made in the allusion, which was rather to a net. It has been conjectured that a shipwreck suggested the metaphor. But when it is considered the Sicilians were famous for fishing, we shall admire the poet's art in alluding to that employment.

A. 4.

But nought the good and wise among
 Avails base Falsehood's glozing tongue,
 Though fawning Flattery tries her wiles
 All hearts to win; alike she smiles
 On all. I loathe her shameless art; 145
 My friend I clasp with open heart
 And boldly I pursue my foe:
 Frowns he? I frown with fiercer brow.
 Or flees he swift? With swifter pace
 Like the gaunt wolf his winding paths I trace. 150
 Whether the sceptre rules the land,
 Or the wise Senate with sedate command,
 Or people fierce, in each are blest
 The tongue direct of truth, the righteous breast.

E. 4.

But arrogant that voice and vain 155
 Which dares the will of heav'n arraign,
 Whose ever-wise decrees dispose
 With various lot to these or those
 His honours; dazzling to the sight
 Of Envy shines their lustre bright. 160

O'ersway'd upon herself rebounds
 Her heavy-hilted sword and wounds
 With poison'd point her heart. Whate'er
 Th' ungen'rous burden, still I bear
 With patient steps its weight; in vain
 Resistance, struggling but augments the pain,
 Ye envious, sland'ring tongues, farewell!
 Still with the fav'ring good I wish to dwell.

V. 161. *O'ersway'd from.*] Here again I may incur the censure of the deeply-read Greek scholar.

V. 164. *Th' ungen'rous.*] The burden here complained of seems to be that imposed on him by the envious. If we were better acquainted with the minute events at Hiero's court, I conceive we should discover very great beauties in this ode, which now we can only imagine by conjecture. We have been told the king attended to buffoons. It appears to me that some favourite had attempted, by vile insinuations, to excite suspicions and disgust in the prince's mind, and to raise his hatred against others, and Pindar in particular. If so there is great beauty in the story of Ixion, who is perhaps the image of the favourite courtier detected and despised. Princes can punish with severity equal to the fondness with which they favour. I conceive then that Pindar, by the image of Ixion, pointed to some well-known Sejanus or Wolsey of his time. It has been said that Bacchylides, the poet, was the person.

PYTHIAN ODE III.

TO HIERO, VICTOR IN THE RACE OF SINGLE HORSES.

s. 1.

OH would indulgent Fate allow
(And thousands as I pour the common vow,
Unite with mine their breath)
That Philyra's sceptred hero, sprung from heav'n,

There is not perhaps any thing in which the peculiarity of Pindar's art is more conspicuous than in his embellishment of some particular circumstances relating either to the persons to whom he addressed his odes, or the place where they lived. He certainly was fond of introducing fable and antiquated history; but in many of his odes the main thoughts were founded on some particular circumstance. Nay he has often the art so to adapt even the adventitious materials, that when you take a fair and proper view of the whole, they seem not only an ornamental but even useful part of the structure. Hiero was afflicted with sickness when this ode was addressed to him. The poet therefore very properly begins with a wish that Chiron were again alive, who trained the great physician Æsculapius, whose birth he goes on to describe.

V. 4. *That Philyra's.*] Chiron, son of Philyra and Saturn, who turned himself into an horse, whence was produced the Centaur. The perusal of these ancient poets is thought by some moderns useless. Nothing is useless which leads the mind into proper reflections. Can any one read the poetry of this astonishing genius and not observe his want of information in matters of religion? That such poetry should be employed to exhibit such theology! Should a man of Pindar's genius at this time write an ode, exhibiting the deity in the same light as this does, would not the author be hooted from society, even if he produced his composition among the exiles in Botany Bay? Yet Pindar was admired by the most polished nations of the heathen world; almost idolized in Greece, and imitated by a poet of the most exquisite taste in Rome. Whence but from Christianity has been this change? Not from time alone, for at this very day there may be found nations who would hear the like representations of the Deity without horror. Can the Deist then avoid conviction?

Again to bless our earth were giv'n 5
 From the cold realms of death !
 That Chiron's presence yet again
 Might cheer his happy Pelian plain !
 Uncouth his form and strange ; his mind
 Ever breathed benevolence, 10
 Ever friendly to mankind.
 Health and safety to dispense
 He train'd the hero by whose healing hand
 Fresh vigour nerv'd all limbs, diseases fled the land.

A. 1.

Coronis, ere her destined hour 15
 Call'd for Lucina's life-producing pow'r,
 By stern Apollo's art
 Untimely to grim Pluto's realm was thrown
 From her lov'd bridal chamber down,
 Pierc'd by Diana's dart. 20
 Tremendous is the kindling ire
 Which blazes into ruinous fire
 From heav'nly bosoms. Error turn'd
 To folly her inconstant mind,
 For with a recent flame she burn'd, 25
 Her glorious privilege resign'd,

V. 13. *He train'd the hero.*] Æsculapius, of whose birth the poet now gives an account.

V. 15. *Coronis.*] Mother of Æsculapius.

Apollo now she slights, her sire deceives,
 And pregnant by the god his glowing arms she leaves.

E. 1.

No social mirth her fickle breast
 Can cheer: the bridal feast 30
 The hymeneal hymn, whose jovial voice
 Bids the fair virgin-choir rejoice
 At eve, while melting strains of love
 Their tender bosoms move
 To leave responsive sighs of soft desire, 35
 She not awaits. A distant fire
 Consuming with ignoble smart
 Attracts her wand'ring heart.
 Thus erring mortals judge! Their longing eyes
 The absent good for ever prize, 40
 Searching for joys beyond their reach
 In vain their arms they stretch,
 And while with fruitless hope their bosoms burn
 From taste of present good fastidiously they turn.

s. 2.

Such was the fate Coronis found, 45
 Whose purple flounces proudly swept the ground.
 From Arcady there came
 A favour'd youth; to him she gave her charms,

But lo! infolded in his arms
 She covers not her shame. 50
 Before the god's far-seeing eye
 Th' unhallow'd deeds all-open lie.
 Where from his Pythian altar roll
 Clouds o'er the redd'ning fiery gleams,
 In consult with his mighty soul 55
 Omniscience pours its radiant beams,
 Pervades all space ; falsehood in deed or thought
 Of God or man dissolv'd before it fades to nought,

A. 2.

Stern he beheld with impious art
 The stranger lure Coronis' wanton heart, 60
 Blushing with shame and ire
 Diana his chaste sister quick he sent
 The full force of his rage to vent
 And blast with ruin dire.
 The virgin dwells the lake beside 65
 Bœbeis, on whose ruffled tide
 Ossa's vast shadow rolls. To shame
 Her evil dæmon lured her soul
 And fell destruction. Fierce as flame
 The pest's increasing horrors roll 70

V. 58. *Before it fades.*] Ithuriel's spear (P. L. 4, 810,) seems an imitation of this.
 V. 60 and 48. *The stranger.*] Ischys.

O'er thousands ; like one fatal flash they spread
Which, widening still, devours the woods that clothe the mountain's head.

E. 2.

Her weeping friends prepare the pyre
And light the funeral fire.

Apollo, when he sees the smoke arise,
With one quick step darts from the skies
Through the cleft pyre with rapid force
And from the lifeless corse

75

Seizes his child, inspiring vital breath ;

“ Thy innocence her guilty death

80

“ Shall never undistinguish'd share

“ Without a father's tear

“ Dropt o'er the fatal flame ; thy mother's woe

“ Apollo's son shall never know.”

The child he wafted as he spoke

85

To Chiron's cave ; he took

The sacred charge, his opening mind to train

Skilful to chase from man disease and ghastly pain.

S. 3.

Expecting myriads throng around

Or vex'd with grievous malady or wound ;

90

V. 71. *O'er thousands.*] By this figure Pindar expresses the series of evils which often arise from one wicked action. Her punishment was a pestilential disorder, which involved many of her neighbours in the same destruction.

The horrid gash they show
 From cleaving sword or smiting axe or spear,
 Whose sharp point lightens through the air,
 Or rough stone's stunning blow ;
 Here wild, solstitial Fever burns, 95
 Here livid Ague shiv'ring turns
 His winter-wasted visage pale
 Imploring aid ; each various woe
 Yields to his hand ; his pow'rs ne'er fail ;
 To some sweet strains of magic flow, 100
 One tastes the cup, one with soft hand he binds,
 One trembling from harsh steel returning vigour finds.

A. 3.

But lo ! ev'n Wisdom's sable brow,
 When radiant gems with tempting lustre glow,
 Relaxes ; gold had charms 105
 Which urg'd him to restore the parted breath
 And wrest a struggling soul, whom death
 Grip'd in his horrid arms.
 The indignant father of the skies
 Thunders, the bolt of vengeance flies. 110
 Transfix'd their breasts, they both to ground
 Fall black'ning with the blastings dire

Which struck from Jove's own hands the wound
 In furious storms of streaming fire.
 Man, tempt not heav'n, weigh well thyself nor soar, 115
 Reptile of earth, to heights 'twere impious to explore !

E. 3.

Glow not, my soul, with vain desire
 To feed an unquench'd fire
 In the frail lamp of mortal life; thy pow'r
 Use, where thou canst, thy stinted hour. 120
 Oh that the sage yet dwelt below !
 My sweetest strains should flow,
 Soft through his cave the magic numbers roll
 Till half-entranc'd his melting soul
 Yield ; till his powerful art he lend ; 125
 Till some great son he send
 Of Phœbus or of Jove, who knows to save
 From burning pest the good and brave ;
 Swift should my gladden'd vessel glide
 Cleaving the Ionian tide 130
 To greet the isle, where flows thy silver spring
 Sweet Arethuse and hail my friend the Ætnean king.

V. 121. *Oh that the.*] How exquisitely has the poet introduced this thought ! Though his wish seems almost bordering upon impiety, almost in danger of incurring the resentment of Jupiter, yet he seems unable to refrain from indulging it.

V. 123. *His cave.*] Chiron, who lived in a cave.

V. 131. *To greet the isle.*] Sicily, where Hiero lived.

s. 4.

Soft as the dew his kindness flows
 O'er his lov'd Syracuse ; no envy knows
 His breast ; with fondest care 135
 He smiles a father o'er his happy land ;
 His love the good, his shelt'ring hand
 Admiring strangers share.
 There could I breathe his temples round
 Health's fresh'ning gale, and bid rebound 140
 Triumphal from the golden lyre
 With inextinguishable ray
 Bright Glory, whose far-beaming fire
 Should on his proud steeds' chaplets play
 At Cirrha won ; from ocean should I rise 145
 Bright as a star in heav'n before his wond'ring eyes.

A. 4.

Fond wish ! Then Rhea fav'ring hear !
 Thee, while the virgin-train by night revere

V. 143. Bright Glory.] Pindar frequently taking a metaphor from one of the senses, applies it to another. See Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful. I have sometimes taken the same liberty.

V. 147. Fond wish.] Pindar first wishes to sail to Syracuse, with health and good news of victory ; as that is not in his power, he at least offers his vows at home : at last he endeavours to console his hero by moral reflections. This ode is inimitably beautiful throughout, nor is its nice connection its least beauty. That his hero's cure was to be effected by heaven alone, he insinuates by showing that the gods save or destroy as they please. Apollo destroyed

Thy power, with lifted hands
 I call, while loud to Pan their hymns resound. 150
 My door beholds the sacred ground
 Where thy lov'd temple stands.
 But thou, my Hiero! hear and prize
 The lofty precepts of the wise,
 This truth, which ancient ages show; 155
 "The cup of mortal life in heav'n
 "Is mix'd, small joy with double woe."
 Fools, when they take the portion giv'n,
 Repine; the good still turn their eye, resign'd,
 To scenes that brightest shine, the dark they cast behind. 160

E. 4.

Nor is all good to thee denied
 From Fortune's varying tide;
 If Fate on mortal ever deign'd to shine
 His fullest splendours still are thine;

Coronis, and saved Æsculapius, out of the fire. When man presumed too far, trying to recall a soul from death, Jove himself interfered, asserting to himself the sole disposal of life and death.

V. 152. *Where.*] Rhea's temple stood near Pindar's abode. She used to be celebrated in the night by Theban virgins, in hymns addressed to herself and to Pan, at the same time.

V. 163. *If Fate.*] Pindar speaks of Fate as ruling all things, even the fortunes of men. Indeed whoever believes in Providence must acknowledge there is no such thing as blind Chance. Upon the whole Pindar's sentiments of religion appear to me superior to the other Heathen poets, Greek or Latin. In attributing all events to Providence he equals Homer, but avoids Homer's error of representing the gods engaged in battles, or if his Muse begin such an

On Majesty's far-beaming crown 165
 He looks auspicious down
 Yet not with cloudless skies. Time never flow'd
 In one unceasing stream of good,
 When o'er each blest-lov'd hero's head
 Fortune her pinions spread 170
 And blessings shower'd. Each heard the Muses' choir
 With gold-bound tresses strike the lyre ;
 Peleus, when up the mountain-side
 He led his far-famed bride
 Wise Nereus' daughter ; Cadmus in his arms 175
 When first at Thebes he clasp'd his lov'd Harmonia's charms.

s. 5.

To either hero was it giv'n
 To feast great Saturn's sons, the gods of heav'n.
 Blest were their mortal eyes,
 The kings divine seated on thrones of gold 180
 With awe and wonder they behold

account he at once checks her. Fables indeed degrading to the gods, Pindar, as well as other Heathen poets, relates, but when he can, he endeavours, in some respect, to give these fables a better turn. In his description of the next life, short as it is, he seems to surpass Homer, who makes his great hero in the regions below express a wish of returning, if possible, to earth ; and if Virgil's longer account of the regions of the dead equal Pindar's more concise description, yet in the deification of men he, as well as Horace and Statius, falls far below Pindar.

Dispensing, ere they rise,
 Rich bridal gifts. Rais'd by the hand
 Of Jove, with hearts elate they stand
 While on past labours far below, 185
 Scatter'd by Fortune's sportive gale
 Wide o'er the deep, with calmer brow
 They smile. But soon the joy must fail!
 How did thy daughters, Cadmus, vex thy soul!
 Ah fatal charms, o'er which Jove's fires too fiercely roll! 190

A. 5.

But the great son, whom Thetis bore,
 Slain by the dart on Troy's destructive shore,
 Though not of mortal blood,
 Thy evening, Peleus, damp'd with clouds of woe.
 See, round the pyre from thousands flow 195
 Tears in a copious flood.
 Well would it be for human kind
 Would they but learn with humble mind
 The sacred paths of truth to tread,
 Whatever fate the Gods prepare, 200
 Whatever storms burst o'er their head
 Driv'n by the veering blast to bear,

V. 190. *Ah fatal charms.*] Semele. See the Index.

V. 191. *But the great.*] Achilles.

Nor dream of bliss transcending mortal pow'r:
 Joy smiles with transient gleam the sunshine of an hour.

E. 5.

Should Fortune bid her cheering ray	205
In copious radiance play	
And rear my full-blown honours to the skies,	
High as the highest would I rise ;	
But if she cast her cloud around	
I humbly walk the ground.	210
My guardian god I follow and obey	
With willing soul his gentle sway ;	
The gold he show'rs as seed I sow	
Whence Glory's flow'rs shall blow.	
'Tis thus Sarpedon's thus wise Nestor's name	215
Lives in the golden trump of Fame,	
While glowing Bards the breath inspire	
That wakes the holy fire	
Of Rapture's high immortalizing strains.	
Blest are the few whose worth th' illustrious glory gains.	220

PYTHIAN ODE IV.

TO ARCESILAUS, KING OF CYRENE, VICTOR IN THE
CHARIOT-RACE.

s. 1.

HEAV'NLY Muse, this festal day
Calls thee from Helicon away
Before my royal friend to stand.
Lead the glad choir with fav'ring hand !
Breathe on the Bard thy sacred fire !
To Pytho's praises wake the sounding lyre.
The Priestess there, who sate Jove's birds beside,
Which spread their golden pinions wide

5

In this ode, which has as much of the epic in its manner as the lyric, the poet leaves no one at a loss to comprehend his design, which simply was to compliment his hero with an account how Battus, a progenitor, had settled in Cyrene ; which having been effected by prophecy, Pindar traces the matter up as far as the Argonautic expedition, of which he is thence led to give an account.

V. 3. Before my royal friend.] Arcesilaus.

V. 7. The Priestess there.] Two golden images. Poets, unlike historians, love to relate things not beginning at once in order of time. This could not have been connected so well if Pindar had not mentioned the prophecy of the Priestess immediately after speaking of Pytho. In order of time this event is after the other. During the expedition of the Argonauts an event had happened, whence Medea had foretold what was accomplished by Battus, who was urged to it by the Pythian priestess.

Within Apollo's fane, her mortal eyes
 Illumined by the god, prophetick cries ; 10
 " Battus shall rest on Libya's beach his oar
 " Leaving his ancestor's all-honour'd shore,
 " Rais'd by his hand Cyrene's tow'rs shall rise
 " On cliffs, whose chalky bosom swells high-gleaming to the skies."

A. 1

These were the destined tow'rs of old 15
 By the fam'd Colchian Queen foretold.
 Deep-imag'd in her pregnant soul
 Events of distant ages roll :
 And thus the heroes of the wave
 Who first were seen the unknown deep to brave 20
 With more than mortal voice the maid address ;
 " Attend the counsels of my breast,
 " Ye sons of gods and heroes ; future days
 " Shall see these waves from their deep bosom raise
 " Famed Thera ; thence shall Libya rise ; her hand 25
 " Where Ammon's eye smiles on his favour'd land,

V. 10. *Illumined.*] Medea's prophecy was delivered to the Argonauts, when they were on that part of the sea where afterwards the island Thera rose up.

V. 16. *By the fam'd.*] Medea.

V. 26. *Where Ammon's.*] In Libya, sacred to Jupiter Ammon.

“ Shall raise a stem, whence branching states shall spread
 “ And midst admiring realms new cities lift their head.

E. 1.

“ The short-wing’d dolphins shall they change
 “ For steeds that lightly o’er the meadows range. 30
 “ The oar their hands no more shall guide
 “ But rapid car, whose wheels like meteors glide.
 “ You saw the gift, the mystic sod,
 “ No gift of mortal ; ’twas a god ;
 “ Shap’d like a man, he stretch’d his social hand, 35
 “ When our proud bark had gain’d the land
 “ Safe-moor’d in Triton’s lake ; this omen owns
 “ Thera great mother of great towns ;
 “ Down-stepping from the prow Euphemus took
 “ The gift ; and all the air Jove’s fav’ring thunder shook. 40

S. 2.

“ While from forth the heaving tide
 “ Which rippled ’gainst the Argo’s side

V. 27. Shall raise] A city called Cyrene, whence other cities shall be produced. Libya and Cyrene, the nymphs, gave their names to the country and the city. In plain prose “ from Thera should be sent a colony which should found Cyrene, in Libya, which Cyrene would become the mother of other towns.”

V. 29. The short-wing’d.] i. e. Their occupations at sea should be changed for others at land.

V. 33. The mystic sod.] To give earth and water was a sign of surrendering a country to a conqueror ; therefore this clod was no improper emblem.

V. 37. In Triton’s lake.] In Africa.

“ Was drawn the brass-beak’d curb, whose force
 “ Had check’d the ardour of her course,
 “ Before our eyes the god appear’d. 45
 “ Twelve suns had seen with toil immense uprear’d
 “ The pond’rous bulk wide-shadowing o’er the land,
 “ Those dreary wastes of parching sand.
 “ My counsels led our weary train, who bore
 “ With stagg’ring steps the vessel from the shore, 50
 “ When lo, an aged sire sole-wand’ring meets
 “ The Argo and ourselves as strangers greets,
 “ And, as a lib’ral host his guests, invites
 “ His festal board to share and taste its rich delights.

A. 2.

“ Son of Ocean’s azure God, 55
 “ Who rules the billows with his nod,
 “ Himself he styles, who kindly came
 “ Our friend, Eurypylus his name.
 “ We, our souls too ardent burn
 “ Impatient, thirsting for our sweet return, 60
 “ Excuse our haste and he th’ excuse allows;
 “ Then from his social hand he throws
 “ The boon, which chance presents; quick on the land
 “ Euphemus springs, stretching his ready hand,
 “ Nor scorns the gift divine. But from our bark 65
 “ It fell as dewy eve her mantle dark

“ Drew o’er the waters of the deep, that flow
 “ Eddyng, while down it sinks, dissolv’d and lost below.

E. 2.

“ Each slave, that waits his lord’s command,
 “ I charg’d to guard it with religious hand, 70
 “ But they the trust regardless took
 “ Unletter’d in Fate’s deep mysterious book ;
 “ Wash’d by the undiscerning tide
 “ Before its hour, this isle beside
 “ Which lurks unseen, the seed expanding lies 75
 “ Whence Libya’s future realms shall rise.
 “ The son, Europa bore midst rushes dank
 “ To Neptune on Cephisus’ bank,
 “ Saw not what Fate decreed ; for had he down
 “ The dark Tænarian chasm heav’n’s pledge mysterious thrown 80

S. 3.

“ Then fourth from him the race had sprung
 “ Who, rang’d the Grecian hosts among,
 “ Had seiz’d on Libya’s opening plains ;
 “ Then had Mycenæ’s warrior-trains
 “ All-ardent left their native land 85
 “ Joining the Spartan and the Argive Band

V. 74. *This isle.*] Thera, of which Medea speaks as if it were already an island, though as yet not risen above the waves. The clod was to produce Thera first, thence other colonies.

V. 77. *The son.*] Euphemus.

" Of heroes. Now chang'd is the will of Fate,
 " For from a foreign land but late
 " A chosen and advent'rous race shall rise
 " Whose sail full-swelling under fav'ring skies 90
 " Shall reach this isle; a Lord to rule the land,
 " Whose plains are clouded oft with eddying sand,
 " From them shall spring. Him from the golden shrine
 " Within Apollo's fane shall warn the voice divine,

A. 3.

" (While he treads the sacred floor) 95
 " That, Libya, to thy distant shore,
 " Where Jove's Nileán temple stands,
 " He steer his hosts; those destined lands
 " Shall crown his toils with empire late."
 Thus sung Medea the decrees of Fate. 100
 Silent in awe th' admiring heroes stood:
 Years roll'd on years their destin'd flood,
 When breath'd spontaneous from the Delphic shrine
 To thee, blest Battus, spake the voice divine;
 Thee, Battus thee, the Priestess, rapt her breast, 105
 With lofty salutation thrice address;

V. 91. *A Lord.*] Battus. The land meant was Libya, in which he was to found the city of Cyrene.

V. 93. *Him.*] Battus.

“ All hail, great hero, thou by heav’n’s command
 “ Shalt see Cyrene’s tow’rs rais’d by thy sceptred hand.”

E. 3.

With humbler hopes the suppliant went
 To ask a cure of heav’n his sole intent. 110
 Jove grants unask’d th’ imperial crown
 To him, his offspring generations down.
 The eighth, Arcesilaus, grows
 Thy stem above each plant that blows
 Pride of the flow’r-empurpled spring. To thee 115
 Phœbus and Pytho’s just decree
 Won by thy rapid wheels the wreath ordain
 Which crowns thee first on Glory’s plain.
 Sacred to ev’ry Muse that wreath I bring,
 And to their sweet-toned lyre the golden fleece I sing. 120

S. 4.

For heav’n, when first the heroes steer’d
 That prize to seek, the branches rear’d
 From which late-opening flow’rs shall throw
 Their honours round a royal brow.

V. 109. *With humbler.*] Of being relieved from an impediment in his speech.

V. 113. *The eighth.*] Arcesilaus; to whom, Pindar says, was justly given the prize for his Pythian victory.

V. 124. *Their honours.*] i. e. The honour that thence should rise the kings of

What peril urg'd their destined course 125
 With adamant's resistless force?
 The usurper Pelias heard Fate's awful word ;
 Dark counsels or th' avenging sword
 From all th' Æolian race he fear'd. The cave
 Thro' dark-embow'ring trees that answer gave 130
 Which shook the wisdom of his soul; " Beware
 " The approach of feet, one sandal'd and one bare,
 " Far from his cave behind the mountain's brow
 " Beware the man who treads thy sunny plains below,

A. 4.

" A stranger, though his birth was near !" 135
 Such hero at his destined year
 Was seen to stalk the awe-struck land,
 Two spears flash'd horror from his hand.
 Twofold shone his splendid vest
 Around his shoulders and his manly breast ; 140
 O'er his Magnesian garb, to ward the show'r
 When sleet or chilling hail-stones pour
 Drenching, he wears a panther's spotted hide ;
 Adown his back light-wave from side to side

Cyrene. For Battus, who planted the colony, was descended from Euphemus, to whom the mystic sod was given.

V. 129. Those whom Pelias had expressed when he seized the throne. See Index on Pelias. V. 129. The cave.] At Delphi.

His glossy ringlets. Onward quick he moves, 145
 Each step his high, undaunted spirit proves.
 Th' admiring city sees the hero stand
 Conspicuous midst her crowds, a stranger to their land.

E. 4.

Deep awe and rev'ence struck each breast
 And thus the populace their doubt exprest; 150
 " See we descending from the skies
 " Apollo's radiance bless our raptured eyes?
 " Or that dread god, whose brazen car
 " Thund'ring along the ranks of war
 " Bears him from Venus' lov'd embrace away? 155
 " For both thy valiant sons, they say,
 " Fair Iphimede, entomb'd in Naxus lie;
 " From Dian's bow was seen to fly
 " (Mortal, learn temp'rate love) th' unerring dart
 " Pursuing impious lust till plung'd in Tityus' heart." 160

s. 5.

Thus man with man in ev'ry street,
 Where awe-struck thousands thronging meet,
 Speaks the conjecture of his soul.
 Before their eyes are seen to roll,

V. 157. *Fair Iphimede.*] Otherwise they would have conjectured it might be one of them. See Index.

Bright-beaming like a silver star, 165
 The polish'd wheels of Pelias' mule-drawn car.
 The rein he half dropp'd shiv'ring from his hand,
 For lo! he saw before him stand
 The stranger, whose unsandal'd foot betray'd
 The mark of Fate. With well-feign'd voice he said 170
 (Fear shook his heart, tho' false smiles clothed his brow)
 "Speak, honour'd hero, of what land art thou?
 "And who thy parents? Let not falsehood stain
 "Thy speech, despise her arts detestable as vain."

A. 5.

Jason with mild, undaunted breast 175
 The monarch calmly thus address;
 "Long time in Chiron's cave I bore
 "The mighty Centaur's rigid lore.
 "There Philyra, there his spotless wife,
 "There his chaste daughters watch'd my early life 180
 "Unstain'd with baseness or in word or deed,
 "While twenty rolling winters speed.
 "Now Justice leads me to my ancient home;
 "To reassume my father's throne I come,
 "That throne, whence Tyranny enslaves the state 185
 "In bold defiance of all-righteous Fate,

V. 181. *Unstain'd.*] Heyne had almost persuaded me to agree with him. But Pindar says "word or deed." Heyne, in *Pyth.* 1. interprets the word in a bad sense, why not here?

“ Giv’n to th’ Æolian race by heav’n’s great god
 “ Who sanctions earthly pow’r or sinks it with a nod.

E. 5.

“ The rightful sceptre, which of yore
 “ Year after year my honour’d fathers bore 190
 “ Pelias by force usurps, so foul
 “ And base the dictates of his shallow soul.
 “ No sooner did my infant sight
 “ First-opening view heav’n’s golden light;
 “ Parental care, dreading his tyrant-sway, 195
 “ Sent me in midnight’s gloom away
 “ Thick-shrowded in dark purple. At the door
 “ Funereal trains were heard deplore
 “ With counterfeited woe. Myself they gave
 “ With cautious steps convey’d to Chiron’s distant cave. 200

S. 6.

“ The annals of my life ye know :
 “ Be kind, ye citizens, and show
 “ The palace, where in days of yore
 “ My warlike sires their sceptre bore.
 “ ’Tis Æson’s son before you stands, 205
 “ No wand’ring exile, spy of unknown lands.

V. 187. *Æolian race.*] Jason was descended from Æolus.

V. 206. *No wand’ring.*] This explains what was said before—

“ A stranger, though his birth was near.”—An. 4.

“ Among yourselves my noble birth I claim,

“ The Centaur Jason call’d my name.”

He spake; and soon the unexpected sight

Of his son ent’ring raptured with delight

210

The father’s eye and forth the big drops break

Down-rolling warm along his aged cheek

To see his son flow’ring in youthful grace

Vigorous, of lofty mien, the first of human race.

A. 6.

Lo! both the noble brothers came

215

Rous’d by the cheering call of Fame,

From diverse habitations meet

And glad their long-lost hero greet;

Pheres from the fountain near,

Whence Hypereia draws her waters clear,

220

And Amythaon his Messene leaves.

Admetus comes and kind receives

The hero; and Melampus quick attends.

With gentle words Jason accosts his friends,

Rich, hospitable presents he bestows

225

While round the board the copious goblet flows.

V. 210. *Of his son ent’ring.*] His father’s house, we are left to supply, as well as some other previous circumstances.

V. 222 and 223. *Admetus and Melampus.*] Relations.

With converse sweet five days and five long nights
 They crop the sacred flow'rs of mirth and choice delights.

E. 6.

When rose the sixth, on ev'ry friend
 He calls his weightier counsels to attend 230
 Disclosing all. With him they rose,
 And each to the Usurper's palace goes.
 Soon within his doors they stand
 A friendly, close-united Band.
 The son of lovely-tressed Tyro hears, 235
 And straight before their eyes appears.
 Words soft as dew-drops flow'd from Jason's breast
 While thus to Pelias he address
 Wise counsels; " Hail son of the pow'rful God
 " Who on his rocky throne rules Ocean with his nod ! 240

s. 7.

" Though man too dearly loves the vain
 " And empty gloss of unjust gain,
 " And rashly holds by lawless might
 " The tempting, treacherous delight ;

V. 235. *The son of.*] Pelias.

V. 240. *Who on his rocky.*] The learned have assigned several reasons for Neptune's title, none of which would seem pleasant to an English reader. I therefore take the liberty to substitute poetry for learning, which I think Pindar would not disapprove.

" 'Tis not for us to grasp the prey ; 245
 " Transient the short-liv'd riot of a day !
 " But calm our joy, when curbing wild desire
 " We quench Ambition's frantic fire.
 " Monarch, attend, I speak to one, who knows.
 " From the same mother either lineage flows, 250
 " Ourselves the third of this illustrious line
 " On whom the golden sun-beams present shine.
 " Where kindred contests lift their baneful head
 " Shame hides the ruin'd house, all happiness is fled.

A. 7.

" Swords that cleave the brazen shield 255
 " Or spears that lighten o'er the field
 " Are not for us ; ill they divide
 " The wealth, our honour'd fathers' pride.
 " Lo, all the lowing herds that feed,
 " With all the flocks that whiten ev'ry mead, 260
 " All the rich fields, whose teeming furrows o'er
 " Waves golden plenty, I restore ;
 " These from my honour'd sires force rent away,
 " Enjoy them freely, fatten on the prey :
 " These goods I envy not. The princely throne 265
 " Where sate my sire revered and, show'ring down

“ All joys, with justice nurtured still the land,
 “ That throne restore or dread the vengeance of this hand :

E. 7.

“ Resign the sceptre. Discord’s chain
 “ Shackles alike and galls with mutual pain 270
 “ The neck of each contending foe,
 “ Whence ever springs some unexpected woe.”
 He spake and Pelias calm replies ;
 “ My steps attend thy counsels wise.
 “ But oh that I could change these locks, which spread 275
 “ The snows of age around my head,
 “ For youth’s full flow’rs, that now en vigor thee,
 “ Then, from the threat’ning vengeance free
 “ Of gods infernal, soon would I recall,
 “ Phrixus, thy ling’ring soul from stern *Æetas*’ hall, 280

s. 8.

“ And the rich golden fleece restore
 “ With which he safely gain’d the shore,

V. 267. *All joys, with justice.*] Pindar by this hint fixes his hero’s ambition on its only just foundation, a wish to make the proper use of power. I am mistaken too if he did not intend obliquely to remind the king, to whom he addressed his ode, not to be too severe against his subjects. See note on ep. 12 of this ode. Pindar abounds in concealed beauties of this kind.

V. 280. *Phrixus, thy.*] Phrixus avoiding his mother-in-law, passed the narrow sea on the ram, and went to king *Æetas*. He sacrificed the ram and hung the golden fleece up in the temple. After death his ghost warned Pelias to expiate his soul, “ for the souls of those who died in a foreign land it was the custom, by certain mysteries, to recall.”

" While with malicious shafts behind
 " His step-dame pierc'd the empty wind !
 " Warn'd by strange dreams, Castalia's shrine 285
 " Anxious I sought, whence breath'd the voice divine
 " Which bade me instant dare the waves. But now
 " For me, young hero, launch thy prow,
 " So shall this sceptre grace thy valiant hand
 " And all my people bow to thy command. 290
 " Look down from heav'n, almighty Jove, and hear
 " From thy high throne the solemn oath I swear !"
 On Jove, to whom their birth both heroes owe,
 Both heroes jointly call to ratify the vow

A. 8.

At Jason's nod the heralds gave 295
 Instant the word " to stem the wave."
 Three sons of Jove, who at th' alarm
 Of battle lift th' unwearied arm,
 He, on whose face, portentous child,
 At birth with arched brow Alcmena smil'd, 300
 And Leda's twins before him ardent stand.
 Two sons of Neptune his command
 Attend obedient ; (lifted high in air
 Their high crests nodding as they wield the spear)

Great Periclimenus from Pylus came 305
 From Tænarus Euphemus ; each for fame,
 For glory burns ; and Phœbus' son, whose lyre
 Of melody and song speaks him the honour'd sire.

E. 8.

Two sons of Mercury, whose hand
 Waves the rich brilliance of his golden wand, 310
 Their bosoms warm with youthful fire,
 Adventrous to these glorious toils aspire.
 Fierce Boreas, monarch of the wind,
 While fresh hope brightens in his mind,
 Calls forth his youthful heroes, who abide 315
 Around Pangæum's lofty side,
 To arm for glory ; o'er their shoulders play
 Their purple wings in loose array.
 For fame each hero pants with strong desire,
 Great Juno warms their breast and fans the glorious fire. 320

s. 9.

Alike, an ardent Band, they glow
 Borne by the Argo's glitt'ring prow
 The unknown depths of ocean o'er
 His various wonders to explore,

Each scorning with ignoble care 325
 Beneath a mother's wing year after year
 To nurse base life; "rather let glorious death
 " Bind our cold brows with virtue's wreath,
 " That sweetest balm, with equals as we brave
 " The threat'ning terrors of the distant wave." 330
 Assembled on Iolchos' shore the Band,
 Flow'r of heroic youth all list'ning stand,
 With praises Jason, with glad signs the seer
 And voices from the gods their panting bosoms cheer.

A. 9.

Rushing on the deck they stand 335
 Up-drawn the anchor; in his hand
 The valiant chief is seen to hold
 A purple-foaming cup of gold.
 Jove, mighty father of the skies,
 From whose dread arm the fire-wing'd arrow flies 340
 Of rapid Fate, he calls; each swelling wave,
 Night's ebon gloom, the winds that rave,
 Pale Ocean's untried paths, calm-smiling days
 And friendly Fortune; that with Glory's rays
 May shine triumphal his return. Forth brake 345
 From heav'n Jove's fav'ring flashes; loudly spake

V. 333. *The seer.*] Mopsus. The voices were those of birds, by which the gods were thought to signify events. Thus Olym. VI, st. 4. φωναν αηθειν.

Through the deep-bosom'd clouds in awful roll
Assenting sounds; amaze entranc'd each hero's soul.

E. 9.

Breathless they pause, till soon the seer
Interpreter of heav'nly signs they hear. 350
Sweet promises and hopes attend
Their toils, unwearied to the oar they bend.
To the rough Euxine straights, where foam
Th' inhospitable surfs, they come
Wafted by heav'n-sent gales. Upon the shore 355
The god of waters they adore
And mark his sacred ground. The plain supplies
A lowing herd for sacrifice.
A pile of massy stones upon the land
Presents an altar rais'd by Nature's forming hand. 360

s. 10.

Far o'er the ocean they survey'd
Their perils and to Neptune pray'd
To guard them through the direful clash
Of rocks whose fronts together dash.
With blind, resistless force they crush. 365
All-life they whirl—no winds, that boisterous rush,

V. 357. *And mark.*] I cannot conceive they could at this time do more than consecrate the ground, where probably a temple was afterwards built.

With hastier fury toss the madden'd waves :
 Eddying in foam vex'd Ocean raves ;
 But bold the heroes ply the oar and all
 The terrors of these seeming monsteers fall, 370
 Lifeless they stand. Soon rest their dashing oars
 Where the black depth of Phasis laves the shores
 Widening. To meet their force with fierce alarms
 Colchis her valiant troops of swarthy warriors arms.

A. 10.

Drawn by the bird of mad desire, 375
 Venus, whose darts transfix each soul,
 Whose magic wheels resistless roll,
 Descends ; his painted wings the fire
 Of love first fann'd in mortal heart.
 Warm, soothing pray'rs, and soft-enticing art 380
 She teaches the brave chief and bids him move
 Medea's melting soul to love.
 Respect for parents cools ; a new desire
 Of Greece and Jason lights a warmer fire.
 Her father's secrets she betrays and arms 385
 Her hero for the contest with the charms
 Of potent drugs and hails th' approaching day
 When both in union sweet shall steer triumphantly away.

V. 375. *Drawn by the bird.*] Instead of doves Pindar assigns here to Venus the bird thought to excite wild love, which she binds, says the poet, to an indissoluble wheel.

E. 10.

First in the ground is fix'd a plough
 Of adamant ; the fierce bulls, as they lowe, 390
 Forth from their wide-stretch'd nostrils pour
 Torrents of blasting flame with hideous roar.
 Ere to the yoke they stubborn bend
 Their necks, furious they rush, they rend
 With brazen hoofs the ground ; Ætæa's hand 395
 Alone their wildness can command.
 That hand is seen the wondrous plough to guide
 Turning th' uplifted ridge aside.
 " Draw thus thy furrows," cries the king, " as mine,
 " So be th' immortal fleece with golden fringes thine." 400

s. 11.

Thus vaunting loud the monarch cries,
 And dares him for the glitt'ring prize
 To the dread contest. From his breast
 Instant he throws his splendid vest.
 Trusting in heav'n, intent he flies 405
 Bold to begin the glorious enterprize.
 Vain roll the dusky flames, Medea's charm
 Protects her favour'd chief from harm.
 The bulls he forces their stiff necks to bow
 By strong Compulsion's yoke chain'd to the plough. 410

Each sturdy side the galling goad receives,
 Till Jason with vast toil the task achieves.
 Wond'ring in silent grief Æeta stands
 To see the courage of his soul, the vigour of his hands.

A. 11.

Shouts from his faithful host ascend ; 415
 All-ardent, to their valiant friend
 Stretching their hands, around his brow
 In haste a verdant crown they throw
 And cheer him with glad words. The son
 Of Phœbus now proclaims the booty won ; 420
 Where Phrixus slew the ram, a second toil
 Remains, to seize the glitt'ring spoil.
 Here hopes the king his art will nought avail,
 His strength be broken and his courage fail.
 Deep-shrouded in a forest's gloom it lay, 425
 A dragon's jaws terrific watch'd the prey.
 No five-bench'd galley, whose enormous hulk
 Full many a pond'rous engine form'd, could equal its vast bulk.

E. 11.

But now, my Muse, no longer stray,
 Guide back thy courser by a nearer way. 430

V. 419. *The son.*] Æeta.

V. 427. *No five-bench'd.*] Pindar might compare the dragon to what himself had seen.
 Why then would Heyne confine the comparison to the Argo ?

The hour demands his utmost speed
 And Wisdom's sons may follow where we lead.
 Jason the dragon's azure eyes
 Soon clos'd in death. Before him lies
 Out-stretch'd the spotted monster. With his prey 435
 The maid conceal'd he bears away,
 Death to her sire. The ocean crost, the crew
 The barbarous dames of Lemnos knew
 Stain'd by their husbands' blood. Their vigour gains
 The splendid vest that shines high o'er the listed plains. 440

s. 12.

Thence, great Arcesilas arose
 The sun of happiness, which throws
 Forth-beaming from that distant place
 His cheering rays around thy race.
 For Fate the ardent heroes led, 445
 Each at his hour, to a soft Lemnian bed.
 Hither, Euphemus, trace the ancient root
 From which the num'rous branches shoot
 Of thy high lineage. Them the hand of Time
 Guides, righteous Sparta, to thy distant clime. 450

V. 440. *The splendid vest.*] The prize of these exercises.

V. 447. *Hither.*] The poet has now traced his hero's ancestry from the Argonauts through Lemnos to Sparta, to Thera, and to Cyrene, the city of Arcesilaus, whom he is celebrating.

The wave-girt shores of Thera next they gain.
 Phœbus the heroes thence to Libya's plain
 And fair Cyrene's golden sceptre calls,
 Honour'd by heav'n to found her long-predestined walls.

A. 12.

Grave Wisdom there her council holds. 455
 Wisdom the secret depth unfolds
 Of each dark sentence. Who so wise
 As Œdipus, whose searching eyes
 Could pierce the Sphynx's wiles? And thou
 Art wise, great king, my secret hint to know. 460
 See where down-hewn by the fell axe's stroke,
 His stately growth deform'd, the oak
 Lies low, the honours of his rev'rend brows
 Shatter'd and torn away; his trunk yet shows
 His greatness, cheering winter's tedious night 465
 With far-extending warmth and social light;
 Or see him rang'd with stately columns stand
 Propping some princely dome far from his native land.

V. 460. *My secret hint.*] The poet hints a wish to have Demophilus recalled from exile, who had joined in an insurrection. Heyne supposes Pindar here rebukes the king's severity, not only to one man but to all those Cyreneans who had opposed his measures. That by the oak he intended to image Demophilus can hardly be doubted, but we may easily allow that by the one example of Demophilus he hinted at the king's too great severity to the others. And here seems to be the enigma: for thus while the poet seems to explain it himself in a confined sense, he leaves the king to interpret it more extensively. This seems a most artful way of giving advice.

E. 12.

Thy breast the lenient balsam knows,
 On thee Apollo his whole art bestows. 470
 Light be thy touch to ease the smart
 Of the fell wound that wastes a gen'rous heart.
 Full easy for the weakest hand
 To shake the state ; with wise command
 To their right seat the ruins to restore 475
 Demands no sudden act of pow'r,
 But more than mortal man's, it asks the nod
 Assenting of some heav'nly God.
 Discord's wide rents to close, the Graces leave
 To thee and for thy land a robe of joy to weave. 480

S. 13.

Hear reverend Homer, truly sings
 The Bard " that herald honour brings
 " Who well his message can declare."
 This honour too my Muse may share
 While soft she woos thee to recall 485
 That exile, whom Cyrene knows and all
 Thy house, great Battus, blest with righteous soul,
 In youth a man. Long years, that roll
 Their snows around the Sage's rev'rend head,
 Ne'er show'r'd more copious wisdom, than is shed 490

In kindly dew his vernal flow'rs among.
 Before him dumb is Slander's vaunting tongue,
 Herself stands slighted as in orphan state,
 Malevolence is curs'd with his eternal hate.

A. 13.

To his warm heart for ever dear 495
 The great and good his friendship share
 Unenvied. Does the hour demand
 Dispatch? His ever-ready hand
 Seizes, ere it glance away,
 The bright occasion of the present day, 500
 Unlike the slave, who sees with drowsy eye
 The slighted good for ever fly.
 And must this hero still be doom'd to stand
 On a far shore and view his native land
 With arms outstretch'd? Atlas with hope less vain 505
 May strive t' unhinge the skies and quit the plain.
 Yet Jove himself relenting spared his foes,
 When falls the breeze to change his sail each seaman knows.

V. 500. *The bright occasion.*] Does not Pindar hint that this is a good opportunity to recall Demophilus, and restore the rest of the party to favour?

V. 508. *When falls the.*] This image may suggest, that as occasions change we ought to change our conduct. As Demophilus had lost the favourable gale of Fortune, it was right to cease all severity towards him. It may likewise suggest, that as his force was exhausted he too would change his conduct, contracting his sails, and therefore might safely be recalled.

E. 13.

Full long upon his vex'd soul preys
 The restless wish, sad, wasting, slow disease, 510
 His home once more to see, and join
 The social banquet near the fount divine,
 There resign his soul to pleasures
 Tracing light youth's frolic measures ;
 Or touch the lyre 'mid seniors grave and wise 515
 Soft scenes of peace cheering his eyes,
 All fears of injury in ev'ry breast
 Hush'd undisturb'd in sacred rest.
 And to thee, hero, would he name the Muse
 Who late at Thebes refresh'd his soul with her ambrosial dews. 520

V. 512. *The fount.*] A fountain of Cyrene, sacred to Apollo.

V. 520. *Who late at.*] It is supposed they had met at Thebes, or that Demophilus, when at Thebes, had been informed of what Pindar had been saying.

PYTHIAN ODE V.

TO THE SAME ARCESILAUS, OR ARCESILAS, OF CYRENE, VICTOR
IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

s. 1.

WIDE is the pow'r of wealth, by the pure hand
Of Virtue temper'd ; Fate's command
Swelling the deep and generous tide
To mortal man ; all-copious, sweetly glide
Its golden streams, winning full many a friend. 5
On thee, Arcesilas, attend
O ever-blest, the heav'nly pow'rs
Through Life's long paths from her first-opening flow'rs,
And by thy side
Bright Glory walks thy guide, 10
For Castor o'er thy land
From car of gold his guardian hand
Holds forth, all storms he calms, and round thy throne
He pours the smile of Peace in soft effulgence down.

V. 11. Castor was one of the presidents of these games. He seems also to be mentioned as one of the tutelar gods of the country. The peace mentioned alludes to a deliverance from civil commotions, which is attributed to the tutelar god. In this change of fortune the hero is compared to his ancestor Battus.

A. 1.

Wisdom best bears the golden sceptre, giv'n 15
 Bright from the sacred stores of heav'n.
 Lo, where o'er Virtue's hallow'd ground
 Thou tread'st, the flow'rs of bliss thy steps around
 Spring plenteous. Cities great and rich obey
 Willing thy mild and gentle sway. 20
 Thy soul, thy awe-commanding eye,
 Beaming united rays of majesty
 Proclaim thee Lord
 Of choicest wealth, adored
 With reverential fear. 35
 Hark! The glad songs of triumph greet thine ear.
 To Phœbus swells the sacred strain; for Fame
 At Pytho crown'd thy steeds and hail'd thy honour'd name.

E. 1.

Thou, while Cyrene hears the voice of praise
 Along the fair enchanting ground, 30
 Garden of Venus' self, resound,
 And the loud lyre responsive to the lays,
 Forget not to confess with grateful breast,
 That fav'ring heav'n alone bestows
 Success to crown our mortal vows : 35
 Thy love Carrhotus claims above the rest;

With far-foreseeing eyes
 (No son of Error after-wise,
 Wreck'd careless on the plain,
 Shrinking behind excuses vain,) 40
 He steer'd thy car and bade Cyrene's town
 Moist with Castalian dew behold thy glorious crown.

s. 2.

The ground, while swift the airy-footed steeds
 Whirl round the car, twelve times recedes :
 Still bright it glitters, ev'ry part 45
 Unshatter'd, as when first the hand of art
 With nicest elegance the matchless frame
 Completed ; flashing when it came
 Past Crisa's hill, where shadowy stood
 Skirting the hollow plain, her ancient wood ; 50
 There fix'd intire
 For ages to admire
 The monument remains
 Of skill, which held the guiding reins ;
 On Cypress-beam beside the trunk it stands 55
 Which to a statue erst was form'd by Cretan hands.

V. 42. *Moist with.*] Castalia flowed near Pytho.

V. 51. *There fix'd intire.*] It was the custom to consecrate the car which had gained the victory. The spot, where this was placed, is particularly marked by the cypress beam.

A. 2.

Rise, hero, rise and grateful meet thy friend :
 Let honour and just praise attend
 Thy benefactor. Sweetly shine,
 Ye bright-hair'd Graces, with a light divine 60
 Around his brow, whose skill, whose steady hand
 With toilsome, cautious, firm command
 Curb'd the proud coursers on the plain
 And justly merit my recording strain.
 Calm he appears 65
 Midst hosts of charioteers
 Whose shatter'd cars bestrew
 The ground. Darting his coursers flew,
 Shouts rent the air, bright Vict'ry wav'd the rein ;
 'Triumphal his return gladdens his Libyan plain. 70

E. 2.

Who lives exempt from toil? Your searching eyes
 Turn back to Time's last verge. By heav'n
 Man's portion was and shall be giv'n ;
 Monarch, 'tis thus heroes to glory rise.

V. 57. *Thy friend.*] Carrhotus, the charioteer.

V. 66. *Midst hosts.*] No less than forty.

But Fortune from great Battus still descends, 75
 From clouds she clears the varying hour
 And smiles on thee, thy country's tow'r,
 The brightest eye of succour to thy friends.
 Him lions fled for fear ;
 Wak'd into speech his tongue their ear 80
 Smote with amazement dread.
 A god, a god the hero led
 To found his city on the distant shore,
 Aloof the awe-struck monsters slink ceasing their hideous roar.

s. 3.

As Phœbus spake, Cyrene's tow'rs arise. 85
 His word is truth and ever-wise
 His art to drive distorting pains
 And fell disease from man. To lovely strains
 He wakes those chords that harmonize the soul.
 All stormy passions fierce and foul, 90
 Mad Anarchy and Violence cease
 Soft-sinking in the heav'nly calm of Peace,
 And from his shrine
 Breathes the true voice divine.

V. 75. *Great Battus.*] He, by the command of Apollo, led his colony to Cyrene. Pindar describes the lions awe-struck by the god lest they should hinder the completion of his oracle. The poet then goes on to describe the sons of other chiefs leading out colonies in a similar manner, a more particular account of which seems needless.

Lo, where it marks their way 95
 The sons of mightiest chiefs obey,
 The heav'n-sent guards, each of a foreign town.
 In Pylus, Argos, Sparta lives their ever-bright renown.

A. 3.

Sparta, from thee my sires of noble name
 Great Ægeus' sons to Thera came, 100
 Some heav'nly guardian by their side
 Attending still, all-pow'rful Fate their guide ;
 Thence the Carneian feast they reinstate
 And as the rites they celebrate
 To Phœbus many a victim falls 105
 Beside the proud Cyrene's castled walls.
 To her fam'd shore
 Antenor's sons of yore
 Glitt'ring in armour came
 With Helen, whose illustrious name 110
 O'er ev'ry region of the wide world flies,
 While fall'n their hapless Troy in smoking ruins lies.

V. 96. *[Of mightiest chiefs.]* Hercules and Ægimius.

V. 99. The connection is, "from Sparta Pindar's own ancestors went to Thera first and thence to Cyrene, to visit king Battus, ancestor of Arcesilaus; when there they partook of some sacrifices in honour of the Trojan heroes who had come thither, and were after death adored by those whom Battus had led to Cyrene." This is the best interpretation of this dark passage I am able to offer.

E. 3.

There rest their bones; there round their tombs arise
 In honour of the mighty dead
 Kindled by those great Battus led 115
 The fragrant flames of grateful sacrifice;
 When now the hero o'er the rolling deep
 Open'd a path and taught to glide
 His swift-wing'd vessels down the tide.
 He too the ancient way craggy and steep 120
 Smooth'd, that the sacred train
 Easy o'er the level plain
 Guiding their stately steeds
 In honour of the god proceeds
 Who heals the nations. In that sacred ground 125
 In a sequester'd tomb his ashes rest renown'd.

S. 4.

Blest was the life midst mortal men he led,
 And all revere the hero dead;
 While other kings who shared the day
 Of dreadful Fate before the palace lay 130

V. 117. *When now the hero.*] Battus.

V. 121. *Smooth'd, that.*] It was a custom to make a sacred procession in times of calamity. Apollo (see v. 80) had cured Battus of his impediment of speech; the epithet therefore is with singular propriety applied to the same god, which though in one word in the original cannot be so translated.

Wrapt in the sacred silence of the tomb.
 Illustrious virtues, as they bloom
 Light-sprinkled with refreshing dews
 By the sweet fingers of the heav'nly Muse,
 Rich honours shed 135
 Around the mighty dead,
 Their genuine wealth. Their son
 Victorious, crown'd with wreaths he won,
 Pleas'd they survey, pleas'd hear the hymn of praise
 Sung to the god whose sword forth-flashes golden rays; 140

A. 4.

For 'twas that god who on his sacred ground,
 Beheld Arcesilaus crown'd.
 Gold and its cares, while sweetly rise
 The strains of triumph, fade before the prize.
 His well-earn'd praise shall ev'ry Muse rejoice 145
 In a trite phrase and common voice
 To chant, which all the wise bestow;
 "Beyond his years did his vast soul o'erflow."

V. 137. *Their son.*] Arcesilaus.

V. 140. *The god.*] Apollo.

V. 141. *For 'twas.*] Apollo presided at these games. It was on his ground that the hero had gained the prize; it was the same god who had been the guardian of his ancestor; to him therefore the hymn was justly due. An allusion is frequent to the expense of a chariot race repaid by the prize of victory.

V. 146. *In a trite.*] "That his soul was wise beyond his years."

In lofty speech,
 In valour, far as reach 150
 Wide eagle-wings in flight
 Above all birds, a dazzling height
 He rose; in strength a tow'r; to ev'ry art
 At birth the lively Muse inspiring form'd his heart.

E. 4.

Lo, with what skill to victory he trains 155
 His rattling car, his panting steeds!
 First of his land, where Virtue leads
 Her sons, those arduous, honour'd heights he gains;
 A god assisting stands. And may he still
 In council and in action share, 160
 Ye blessed sons of heav'n, your care!
 His stem of life, when wintry blasts blow chill,
 Your shelt'ring hand beneath
 Defy the bitter, with'ring breath!
 Shine out, almighty Jove, 165
 Man's feeble bark without thy love
 Steers darkling its sad course. Still may thy race,
 Battus, at Elis feel the warm beams of his grace!

V. 168. *Battus, at.*] The poet prays for Jupiter's favour, who presided at Olympia, to attend the race of Battus still, and grant him an Olympic crown.

PYTHIAN ODE VI.

THIS ODE IS ADDRESSED TO XENOCRATES, OF AGRIGENTUM,
VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

s. 1.

HARK to the lyre! The black-eyed queen of love
Or the fair Graces' smiling train
Open their flow'r-empurpled plain
And lead us o'er the sacred ground
Where far from floods, that roar around
Th' encircled earth, waves her deep central grove ;

5

In this ode Pindar praises Thrasybulus, though he inscribes the ode to his father Xenocrates. We are told he ordered his father's name to be proclaimed though himself was conqueror. This piety then being the foundation of the whole structure of this figurative composition, the poet begins with describing himself on the ground of Venus, or the Graces preparing his ode, and then consecrating it at Pytho, which was supposed to be in the middle part of the earth ; his hymn there dedicated to Apollo the presiding god, will be safe, he says, for ages. The earth was supposed to be encircled with ocean. Venus is the goddess of every thing lovely. To dress the ground of the Graces is in Pindar's language to prepare an hymn (see ep. 1. Olym. IX.) To dedicate it to Apollo and place it in his sacred grove, is to compose it on a Pythian victory. It has been supposed Pindar describes himself going with others to fetch the ode. If so, who composed it? *θησαυρος ὕμνων* cannot be the materials of hymns ; it is the plural for the singular. *τον* in the next antistrophe must relate to this : if it meant the treasury it would be but poor poetry.

The song of glorious victory we sing,
 Records of triumph to the fane we bring;
 Sacred, Emmenides, to all thy line,
 And, Agragas, thy meads her hymn of praise 10
 The sweet Muse offers at Apollo's shrine
 And midst the treasured gold of ages pours her lays.

A. 1.

There safe-inshrined her hymn, the Victor's crown,
 No drenching storm, that furious flies
 Dash'd by Winter from the skies, 15
 No host of clouds, whose thunders roar,
 No raging blasts, that rend the shore,
 Midst surfs and sands and stones uptorn can drown.
 While on the sire it beams with visage bright,
 His Thrasybulus shares its golden light, 20
 Great, gen'rous, noble! Rise, immortal Fame,
 The glorious garlands, his proud coursers bear

V. 9. *Sacred, Emmenides.*] Ancestor of Xenocrates.

V. 13. *There safe-inshrined.*] Hence Ovid's "jamque opus exegi." But he was not a poet to imitate Pindar. His sentiment shows his inferior piety, his images the inferiority of his genius. Pindar says his ode being consecrated to Apollo is protected against all the storms and fury of the elements. Ovid impiously, though unsheltered with the favour of any god or sanctity of place, defies the rage of Jupiter to destroy his poem. If it be said that Jupiter means only the air, yet the far-fetched excuse will but ill defend him. Horace likewise imitates, but cannot come near the grandeur of Pindar, "exegi monumentum," &c. In his images the Theban bard stands unrivalled.

From Crisa's vales to all his race proclaim ;
His joyful sire the loud triumphal strains shall hear.

s. 2.

Bright Glory's wreaths he grasp'd with pious hand : 25
'Twas his to act what spake the Sage ;
For when to Chiron's rev'rend age
His mighty infant Peleus gave
To train in his sequester'd cave,
This was his prime, his solemn, grand command ; 30
" First of all beings to revere the pow'r
" Whose awful frowns above the thunders low'r,
" Whose nod suspended vengeful lightnings wait
" To hurl their horrors o'er the sons of heav'n ;
" His parents next to honor, while by fate 35
" To them the stinted hour of mortal life is giv'n."

A. 2.

Thus great Antilochus, wise Nestor's son,
True to his parent, brave and good
Memnon's mighty rage withstood,
Fierce as he led his Æthiop band, 40
Met and charg'd him hand to hand
And for his parent's life resign'd his own :

V. 26. 'Twas his to.] His piety was such as Chiron, the sage, endeavoured to instil into Achilles. It was equal to that of Nestor's son.

Paris, thy steel had pierc'd the father's steed,
 Swift as he urg'd his flight, and check'd his speed ;
 On rushes Memnon fierce, his dart he flings ; 45
 Nestor the furious light'ning of the spear
 Sees flashing o'er his son ; aghast he springs
 To earth and shuddering calls aloud with sudden fear,

s. 3.

He call'd, but ah ! his words fall to the ground :
 All-vain the father's voice to save 50
 The pious hero from his grave ;
 Resolv'd his generous blood he shed,
 Rejoic'd his godlike spirit fled
 His sire to ransom from the shades profound.

V. 49. *He called, but.*] As Heyne interprets this, the poet would say, “ the father's words were not uttered in vain.” What then ! are we to suppose Nestor called his son to die in his stead ? To honour the son we must then dishonour the wise and good Nestor. No. Heyne intended not this, the father called for assistance and called not in vain. But what follows ? Why that the son died for the father. Then the intention of the father's call was defeated, and Pindar's words were not true. But that Nestor called through fear for his son is a thought worthy of the great poet, and the words will more properly bear this interpretation than the other ; if you consider where the negative stands this really seems the more natural meaning ; Pindar does not say, *ε χαμαιπετες δ' αρ' επος απεριφεν αυτῶ*, but *χαμαιπετες δ' αρ' επος εν απεριφεν αυτῶ*. Now if you say these two expressions naturally mean the same, you reduce many sentences to an uncertainty. No author should rashly be supposed so to place a negative as to make its application, and consequently the meaning of the whole sentence, doubtful. When the orator, as with a whirlwind, throws together four negatives in a breath, (*εδεποτ' εδεν ημιν ε μη*) he so does it that no one can misunderstand his meaning.

Where midst the various deeds of high renown 55
 In ancient days, should Glory fix her crown
 If not on piety and worth like this ?
 Such was the wonder of our younger days :
 We wonder now no more ; for warm as his
 Our hero's pious love claims ever-living praise. 60

A. 3.

He rivals too his honour'd Theron's name.
 See sober Wisdom walks, his guide,
 Nor ever Insolence nor Pride,
 Those cankers, from his riches sprung
 To waste the flow'rs that grace the young : 65
 The Muse of heav'n lights in his soul her flame.
 Great Neptune smiles, first author of the steed,
 With grace and vigour as he guides his speed.
 An equal grace in calmer life he shows,
 His social ease amid the feast appears, 70
 And, sweet as from its cell the honey flows,
 Warm in his smile his heart speaks to the guest he cheers.

V. 61. *He rivals too.*] Theron his uncle.

V. 67. *Great Neptune.*] As the production of the horse was attributed to Neptune, Pindar means that his hero was skilful in managing the steed. We are told he drove his father's horses. As the chariot race was attended with very great danger, I cannot help thinking there was more than common difficulty and danger in driving these steeds of Xenocrates. If so the whole ode appears with an addition of beauty, as the pious hero hazarded his own life for his father's glory, and thus might very properly be compared to Antiochus.

PYTHIAN ODE VII.

TO MEGACLES, OF ATHENS, VICTOR IN THE RACE OF CHARIOTS
DRAWN BY FOUR HORSES.

S.

WHERE, queen of cities, shall I raise
Nobler the structure of immortal praise,
Than where thy car-borne Victor shakes the ground,
Athens, with glory crown'd?
What more distinguish'd race,
More high, more ancient shall I trace
Midst all the families of Greece, than thine,
Illustrious progeny of famed Alcmaeon's line?

5

A.

In ev'ry city lives your name,
Alcmaeon's sons, all nations speak your fame.
The Delphic temple their admiring eyes
Beheld from ruins rise,

10

V. 11. *The Delphic.*] No wonder the victors were desirous of being celebrated by Pindar, who not confining himself to the victory, always searched for some nobler theme of praise. The sons of Alcmaeon were the chief restorers of this temple, which had been burnt.

Yours was the pious deed ;
 Justly ye claim the Victor's meed ;
 Eight times has Victory been seen to crown 15
 Thee, hero, and thy sires with honour and renown.

E.

How does thy Bard rejoice
 And in glad strains his voice
 Thy late-won laurels hail !
 But envious Fate succeeds 20
 Scowling dark cloud o'er Virtue's splendid deeds,
 Chill rise the eddy blasts and rend each swelling sail,
 Life's happiest tide for ever wavering flows,
 Now billowing high in joy, low-sinking now in woes.

V. 15. *Eight times.*] They won five Isthmian crowns, one at Olympia, two at Cirrha.

V. 20. *But envious Fate.*] It has been supposed this alludes to a friend of Megacles, who died about the time of his victory.

PYTHIAN ODE VIII.

TO ARISTOMENES, OF ÆGINA, VICTOR IN WRESTLING.

s. 1.

SWEET Peace, soft-bosom'd child
Of Justice, ever-mild,
Exalter of great states, whose lovely hand
Unlocks the secret breast
Of Council, in deep rest 5
Grim War composes with enchanted band;
The Pythian Conqueror receive
And for his brow thy choicest laurels weave.
While blooms the season fair, well knows thy heart
All blessings to enjoy, all blessings to impart. 10

A. 1.

When Rage tempests the soul
And boist'rous billows roll
Thy pow'ful beams break forth upon the foe,
No more the sails of Pride

Ægina being well regulated with regard to laws and blest with peace, the poet begins this ode with a beautiful address to Peace.

Swell o'er the calmed tide, 15
 Mad Insolence beneath the flood sinks low :
 But ne'er Porphyriion's savage breast,
 Whose law was force, thy gentle pow'r confest.
 Yet soon he saw, his mad attempts how vain ;
 The voluntary gift is far superior gain : 20

E. 1.

Time and avenging Pow'r confound
 Pride and her lawless sons ;
 The vast Typhœus falls to ground,
 Jove's volland thunder stuns
 His hundred giant-heads ; Apollo's dart 25
 Pierces the tyrant-monster to the heart.
 That god with fav'ring hand
 Our hero o'er the Delphic land
 To Glory leads, his brows with laurel crown'd,
 While loud the Dorian songs of victory resound. 30

s. 2.

This ever-favour'd isle
 Still shares the eternal smile

V. 20. *The voluntary.*] This alludes to something I have never seen satisfactorily explained. The instance seems abruptly introduced, but Pindar's meaning I conceive to be, "that Peace and Justice will in time prevail over lawless Force: that the sons of Force the gods destroy, but the hero of the ode, a son of Peace, Apollo leads to glory."

V. 26. *Pierces the tyrant.*] Porphyriion, Alcyoneus, or Ephialtes: it seems uncertain which was meant.

Of each celestial Grace; here ever dwells
 Justice, whose steady hand
 Protects her much-lov'd land, 35
 Which in each ancient virtue still excels.
 That glory, which in earlier days
 Rose o'er the helm of Æacus, still plays
 With beams unquench'd on all the martial line,
 And Victory's brightest wreaths on many a hero shine. 40

A. 2.

Their ever-honour'd name
 The golden trump of Fame
 Speaks loud to men. Time bids my Muse respire
 Nor to their various praise
 Unceasing pour her lays; 45
 Her voice would fail to charm th' exhausted lyre;
 Attention o'er the wearied string
 Sated would nod. But Glory's new-fledg'd wing,
 Champion! thy fresh-blown laurels bears on high
 And as she soars she sings thy triumphs to the sky. 50

E. 2.

Th' athletic contests with bright crown
 Thy kindred heroes grace.

Thy steps pursue the high renown

Which beams on all the race.

They with strong limbs the garland grasping held 55

High o'er th' Olympian and the Isthmian field.

Such praise, as gave the seer

When he foresaw full many a spear

Flash o'er the walls of Thebes and o'er her plains

Grim War his horrors roll, such praise thy valour gains ; 60

s. 3.

The far-off-rising host

Who for their fathers lost

Resumed the sword of vengeance, he address ;

“ The spirit of the sire

“ Revives with recent fire 65

“ To warm his genuine offspring's martial breast.

“ Lo, where I see Alcmanes wield

“ Blazon'd with impress dire, his glitt'ring shield,

V. 57. *Such praise, as.*] The praise given by Amphiaraus long before, Pindar now applies to his hero, i. e. “ that he was illustrious above others in renewing the glory of his race.” This manner of comparison often occasions an obscurity not to be avoided in the translation, which, in the present instance, is still increased by the poet's digression. If the sentence had ended sooner, it would have been more intelligible. There seems to have been a chapel or some monument sacred to the memory of Alcmanes, near Pindar's residence: hence he catches at the opportunity of preparing a garland to adorn it. Alcmanes seems purposely mentioned at first for the sake of introducing soon after, a poetical fiction, that as Pindar was going to Delphi he heard a prophecy from this Alcmanes, whose shade was endowed with the art of his father Amphiaraus.

“ A various-colour'd dragon ; at the gate
 “ Of Thebes in front he stands and vengeance hurls and fate. 70

A. 3.

“ Adrastus, now no more
 “ The hapless lot deplore
 “ Which fell destructive o'er thy former host ;
 “ Fill thou the lonely urn
 “ With thy son's dust ; return 75
 “ With strange reverse of fortune, for the lost
 “ Mourning in victory. From heav'n
 “ (Whence mid the universal wreck was giv'n
 “ Safety to thee alone) now glorying comes
 “ A bird of happier wing and to their native homes 80

E. 3.

“ The troops in jovial triumph sends.”

Thus spake the reverend seer :

Hence my triumphal song attends

Alcmanes ; glad I bear

V. 71. *Adrastus, now.*] Pindar is not content with the praise given to Alcmanes, but goes on with what befel Adrastus. That chief had before escaped himself with the loss of his troops, but now he gains the victory with the loss of his son. See Index on Adrastus. Heyne often calls out “ such a passage requires a diviner not an interpreter,” where the obscurity arises perhaps only from a bold image. But it is the difficulty of tracing and exhibiting the train of thought through all these dark histories and fables, that has given the translator the most trouble. To show the connection here and in other places, it has been deemed no improper liberty to express more fully what the original seems to imply only.

Fresh garlands breathing sweets his fane around, 85
 Which neighb'ring stands and ever guards my ground.
 Lo, while the central shrine,
 Whence flows the Pythian voice divine,
 I sought, he glided from his tomb; forth-brake
 Strange sounds, his father's art in him reviving spake. 90

s. 4.

Sweet the prophetic voice
 Which bade our souls rejoice
 With brilliant hopes, but Phœbus gave success,
 Whose ever-holy ground
 Invites the nations round; 95
 With awe they hear, with wonder they confess
 His oracles divine. Thy hand
 Apollo late within his native land,
 While loud thy praises swell'd the festal strain,
 To glorious triumph led this champion of the plain. 100

V. 90. Strange sounds.] The original expresses Alcmanes as a neighbour to Pindar and actually meeting him with the prophetic art of his father. I despaired of making this intelligible in a literal translation.

V. 91. Sweet the.] What it was we are left to conjecture. I conceive it was success to the hero, and translate accordingly.

V. 97. Thy hand.] He was victor in games sacred to Apollo, in Ægina, therefore the poet describes Apollo as giving him success.

A. 4.

And may thy rays divine
 With equal favour shine
 On ev'ry chord that strings my well-tun'd lyre!
 For as the sweet notes play
 'Tis Justice pours the lay, 105
 Truth stands beside and lights a purer fire.
 Heav'n, for our hero hear our pray'r,
 And for his sire; to each extend thy care,
 To thee that care belongs; when mortals rise
 To wealth unearned by toil, the vulgar deem them wise, 110

E. 4.

By pow'r their own they seem to stand;
 But 'tis the will of heav'n
 Which guards us; to no human hand
 That sacred shield is giv'n.
 The gods their various lot mete out to all, 115
 At their high nod these rise and others fall.
 Hero, thy native land
 Beheld thee crown'd by Juno's hand;
 And Megara and deep-val'd Marathon
 Twined their triumphal wreaths which o'er thy temples shone. 120

s. 5.

On thy late glorious day
 The heroes vanquish'd lay,
 Their shatter'd limbs confess'd thy mightier pow'r:
 O'er thee bright chaplets glow,
 They with dejected brow 125
 Their joyless sentence hear and rue the hour
 Which looks upon their shame, which sends
 Four humbled champions to their sorrowing friends;
 No mother's smile sweetens their sad return,
 From foes they trembling skulk, wounded with shame they burn. 120

A. 5.

But precious above gold
 The flying wreaths unfold,
 Which Strength and Valour round their hero fling.
 His new-born glories rise
 Resplendent to the skies 135
 Beyond hope; Joy triumphant lends her wing.
 Yet transient is the smiling hour
 When man's prosperity puts forth her flow'r,
 With rip'ning blush of fruit to-day she's crown'd,
 Dash'd by to-morrow's blast those honours strew the ground. 140

E. 5.

What's man? Poor reptile of a day,
 Dream of a fleeting shade,
 Mere nothing : is he aught? away,
 If aught, he soon shall fade.

But when Jove smiles, cheer'd by the vernal rays 145

Sweet breathes his life, serenely glide his days.

Lov'd isle! thy people rear

Beneath thine own maternal care

And Freedom's wing. Ye guardian sires, from Jove

To great Achilles, shield the race with never-failing love! 150

PYTHIAN ODE IX.

TO TELESICRATES, OF CYRENE, WHO WON THE RACE IN
ARMOUR.

s. 1.

VICTORY clad in brazen arms
Thund'ring swift my bosom warms.
The Graces girt with broider'd zone,
Great Telesicrates, their crown
Have twined around thy honour'd brow; 5
Thence Glory's beams their brightest lustre throw
On thy lov'd country, whose distinguish'd name
Cyrene gave, a nymph of ancient fame;
Her, as she rang'd the heights of Pelion o'er,
Where loud the wild blasts roar, 10
Apollo seiz'd. Off-roll'd
On flashing wheels his car of gold.
Late huntress, now queen of a lovely land,
O'er fruitful Libya's sheep-clad plains she stretch'd her sceptred hand.

A. 1.

Before the heav'n-built car was seen 15
 Smiling love's silver-footed queen
 In haste her Delian guest to greet
 With hospitable welcome sweet ;
 Her light hand on the chariot laid,
 She breathes a lovely blush around the maid, 20
 The timid blush of shame, to grace her charms,
 The sweeter transport for his longing arms.
 Great Hipseus is her sire, whose potent sway
 The Lapithæ obey.
 (From Ocean was his birth, 25
 Creusa daughter of the earth
 To Peneus bore him, Pindus' shady heights
 Their couch prepared, the soft, ambrosial dear delights

V. 15. *Before the heav'n-built.*] This reminds me of a passage in Statius, *Theb.* III. 263, which Collins seems to have had in view :

" Thy form from out thy sweet abode
 O'ertook him on his blasted road
 And stopp'd his wheels," &c.

Thus torch from torch catches the brilliant flame.

V. 17. *Her Delian guest.*] For Pindar calls this the garden of Venus, the goddess of every thing that is sweet, graceful, and beautiful.

V. 20. *She breathes.*] *Virg. Æn.* I. 594. Venus breathed on Æneas the purple light of youth, &c. that he might captivate Dido. Pindar's idea seems still more delicate.

E. 1.

Of love deep-shrouding.) His paternal care
 Cherish'd the young Cyrene fair. 30
 She nor pass'd the tedious day
 Guiding the shuttle's mazy way
 Nor with her equals gave to social feast
 The cheerful hours ; but 'gainst the rav'ning beast,
 Whose steps with carnage stain the royal fields, 35
 The spear she darts, the flashing falchion wields
 And strikes the savage dead.
 Again the wings of Peace are spread
 And vales and flocks secure ; then sweetly close,
 Till peeps the blushing morn, her eyes in short repose. 40

S. 2.

The quiver'd God the Virgin saw
 Dare the huge lion's hideous jaw
 Opening in thunder ; not a spear
 To guard her, not a comrade near.

V. 43. *Not a spear.*] By this Pindar increases the wonder, bringing the heroine to a closer engagement with the lion ; we must suppose she attacks him with the sword. Spenser in his animated descriptions often resembles Pindar. See F. Q. 1, 6, 24.

“ His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Upon the lyon and the rugged bear—

—— he would learn

The lyon stoop to him in lowly wise.”

The noble ardour of her breast 45
 Astonish'd Phœbus saw and loud address
 The Centaur ; " instant, rev'rend Chiron, come,
 " Leave thy deep-vaulted chamber's solemn gloom ;
 " A nymph, whose soul springs with enliv'ning fire
 " Above all toils, admire : 50
 " No blast of freezing fear
 " Chills her firm heart ; those eyes, that glare
 " Fierce as heav'n's bolt, she meets : what sire on earth
 " Hail'd the blest child his own, what mother gave her birth ?

A. 2.

" Deep in the mountain's hollow gloom 55
 " Of arching branches is her home ;
 " Health ever-fresh with vigour feeds
 " Her glowing heart to glorious deeds.
 " Will Fate allow these longing arms
 " On love's soft couch to grasp her blooming charms 60
 " And crop the sweet-breath'd flow'r ?" The Centaur mild
 Relax'd his awful brow and answer'ing smil'd ;
 " When wise persuasions that soft passion move,
 " The sacred keys of love
 " Must glide with secret art 65
 " Through each close winding of the heart :
 " For gods and mortals blush aloud to name
 " Th' initial rites of love veil'd by the hand of Shame.

E. 2.

- “ And dost thou, great Apollo, condescend
 “ Meek to address me as a friend ? 70
 “ Dost thou, whom Falsehood comes not nigh,
 “ Her birth enquire ? whose piercing eye
 “ Sees all events, traces each secret way,
 “ Beholds each leaf that trembles on the spray
 “ Fann’d by the breath of Spring ; the sands, where glide 75
 “ The foaming rivers, where the hasty tide
 “ Rolls their vast banks or where
 “ The rude blasts whirl them through the air,
 “ Observes and numbers ; all things, as they rise
 “ Far in succession, views and their dark birth descries ? 80

S. 3.

- “ May Chiron dare then to disclose
 “ Events thy prescience better knows ?
 “ From this fair valley by thy side
 “ Far o’er the waves the blushing bride
 “ New to the pressing arms of love 85
 “ Attends thee to the garden of great Jove.
 “ A Theran colony there waits her reign
 “ Where castled cliffs survey the ambient plain,

*V. 73. Sees all events.] This is for an Heathen very excellent, but compare it with Ps. 139.
 How does it then hide its diminish’d head !*

V. 88. Where.] At Cyrene, built on a hill.

“ There wide-valed Libya shall her doors unfold
 “ Glitt’ring with burnish’d gold, 90
 “ Glad that th’ illustrious bride
 “ Deigns in her regions to reside,
 “ By her own laws in equity to reign,
 “ Whose forests teem with beasts while Plenty crowns her plain.

A. 3.

“ A child she bears, the mighty birth 95
 “ Hermes receives and to the earth
 “ Presents and to the Seasons fair,
 “ Who on their bright thrones rule the year ;
 “ The child upon their knees they seat,
 “ Prepare th’ inviting feast and bid him eat 100
 “ The food of Gods, ambrosial sweets, and sip
 “ Heav’n’s richest nectar with empurpled lip.
 “ Soon shall his friends hail him with partial love,
 “ A Phœbus or a Jove ;
 “ From growling monsters slain 105
 “ In forests’ gloom, and on the plain
 “ From nibbling flocks he takes his mighty name.”
 He spake : Apollo’s heart glows with a fiercer flame.

V. 107. *From nibbling flocks.*] Aristæus, whose birth Pindar describes with all the graceful ornaments of poetry. Being afterwards so famous in his rural employments, the poet elegantly describes him at birth presented to the Earth and the Seasons, or the Hours.

E. 3.

Immediate is the act of gods ; the way
 Short where they hasten. That same day 110
 Ardent with love his arms infold
 In Libyan chamber rich with gold
 The beauteous nymph. She o'er Cyrene reigns
 Whose valour oft the hard-earn'd chaplet gains.
 Thither our hero wreaths of laurel brings 115
 From Pytho : loud the voice of triumph sings.
 Glad Fortune in her hand,
 Presenting to his native land
 Her Champion, leads him through the virgin-trains,
 Who, as they throng around, with beauty deck the plains. 120

S. 4.

The Muse great virtues ever fire
 In copious strains t' exhaust her lyre,
 But wise men listen to her lays
 If light she touch the notes of praise.
 Like her the happy moment found 125
 Seize, and each effort be with glory crown'd.

V. 121. The Muse great.] Pindar in his last epode might seem to be preparing to enter at large upon the praise of his hero, whose virtues would induce him to be warm and copious ; but he checks his Muse, telling her to touch lightly and to take care to use the proper time.

Thus Iolaus watch'd the fav'ring hour,
 Through all her portals Thebes confess'd his pow'r,
 His sword beheld quick-glancing strike the blow,
 Down fell her dreaded foe. 130
 Then in the hollow ground
 Beside Amphitryon's sacred mound,
 Whose strong arm rein'd the steed, his bones repose.
 He, where white coursers prance, at Thebes his mansion chose.

A. 4.

To him at once and thundering Jove 135
 Mix'd in the pleasing toils of love
 Her twins of fame Alcmena bore,
 Who, where the waves of battle roar,
 Triumphant rise. Nor sense, nor fame,
 Nor pow'r of speech has he, whose lips the name 140
 Of Hercules ne'er breath'd, whose soul not knows
 To sing the banks where silver Dirce flows.

V. 127. *Thus Iolaus.*] He obtained leave to rise from the regions of the dead for one day only; in that short time, however, he killed the tyrant Eurystheus. Pindar recommends to take the right season and use it properly. This example also recommends what Pindar particularly exhibits, that force which expresses much in a short space. Still there is great difficulty in tracing any connexion. If, as it has been conjectured, the hero had been victor in the games sacred to Iolaus and Hercules, all is beautifully connected and clear. The poet himself snatches the opportunity as he recommends, with exquisite delicacy sliding into the mention of Iolaus and Hercules.

V. 134. *He.*] Amphitryon, who retired to Thebes, where he died.

V. 135. *To him at once.*] Amphitryon.

V. 137. *Her twins.*] Hercules and Iphiclus, who was father of Iolaus.

To glory there the valiant youths aspire

Warm with heroic fire.

They heard my vows and bound

145

Their wreath our hero's brows around.

To them I sing. Ye Graces heav'nly bright

Descend and o'er my soul pour your celestial light.

E. 4.

The triple wreath, Cyrene's hero brings,

The Muse of triumph gladly sings,

150

For fame not silence is the meed

That shall to godlike feats succeed.

Silent, inglorious let the vanquish'd stand ;

Not breath of friends, our hero's deeds demand

Praise from all tongues : the sage bids our hearts glow

155

With love of worth ev'n in our hated foe.

Hero, Minerva's day

Oft saw thee bear her prize away ;

The virgins' silent look their wishes shows,

To hail thee for their son the matrons pour their vows.

160

V. 145. *They heard my.*] I have expressed what I conceive to be implied. Being of the same country he may well be supposed to feign he put up prayers to these deified heroes.

V. 149. *The triple wreath.*] He gained three victories ; at Ægina, at Megara, and Pytho ; the last being the victory now recorded.

V. 155. *The sage bids.*] Nereus. It was a maxim of his.

V. 157. *Minerva's day.*] In games sacred to Minerva.

s. 5.

Full oft deep-bosom'd Earth thy fame
 Witness'd and oft th' Olympic game.
 Contending in thy Country's eyes
 Glory to thee assign'd her prize.
 Is there, who thirsts with new desire 165
 To taste the nectar of the breathing lyre ?
 Again shall Glory wake my glowing hand,
 Once more the song thy ancestors demand,
 Again I strike the chords. With beauty fired,
 With ardent love inspired, 170
 To Irasa they came
 And each confess'd his glowing flame,
 The royal Barce's charms all bosoms warm,
 All eyes with rapture gaze, for wondrous is her form.

A. 5.

Each chieftain's heart impatient glows 175
 To crop the virgin-flow'r that blows

V. 161. *Full oft.*] In games sacred to the Earth.

V. 165. *Is there.*] Pindar being now about to digress to his hero's ancestors, first prepares his reader.

V. 171. *To Irasa.*] A Libyan city, of which Antæus was king, an ancestor of Telesicrates. He recollecting how Danaus had married his daughters, resolved to imitate him.

V. 173. *The royal Barce's.*] She was daughter of Antæus.

Rich with youth's golden crown. The sire
 Warm'd with ambition's haughtier fire
 For splendor burns, her blooming charms
 Would plant within some hero's glowing arms. 180
 Searching the mould'ring scroll of ancient years
 He sees, how Danaus in one day prepares,
 Leading in haste his numerous virgin-train,
 To bind them in love's chain.
 Beside the goal they stand 185
 A splendid prize, fair Beauty's band ;
 Swift o'er the course contending lovers spring,
 Each marks his distant choice, while Rapture lends his wing.

E. 5.

Antæus thus his blushing daughter led,
 Her bridal robe around her spread, 190
 The swiftness of each youth to prove
 Ere he may taste the sweets of love ;
 Where ends the course her station bade her take,
 Herself the goal, and thus the chiefs bespake ;
 " Who first can touch her robe, be his the prize." 195
 Swift at the word Alexidemus flies,
 The royal virgin's hand
 Seizes and through the warlike band

Exulting leads : flow'rs, leaves around they fling.

Of't has the hero soar'd on Victory's bright wing.

200

V. 200. *On Victory's bright.*] Pindar's figures are bold and admirable; but who would coldly examine all the reasons? Who would attempt to analyze Virgil's thunder-bolt? Perhaps there never was a figure more sublime than that which "cloathes the horse's neck in thunder;" but who will explain it?

PYTHIAN ODE X.

TO HIPPOCLEAS, OF THESSALY, VICTOR IN THE DOUBLE
COURSE.

s. 1.

HAIL Lacedæmon, happy town!
Hail, blest Thessalia, hail! One sire ye own
From whom deriv'd the great Herculean race
Reflects on each a royal grace.
But why this boast? The voice of Fame 5
Sounds in my ear high Pelinnæum's name;
And Pytho wakes my lyre;
Aleva's sons, sons of a royal sire
Call forth my Muse on raptured wing to rise
And waft Hippocleas' name all-glorious to the skies. 10

The difficulty of translating Pindar's genealogies is so great, that some allowance ought to be made. The victor seems to have been descended from Aristomachus, a descendant of Hercules. This race, branching into two, appears to have given kings to Lacedæmon and Thessaly.

V. 6. Pelinnæum in Thessaly was the town of the hero. Aleva was an ancient king of Thessaly. This victory therefore gives Pindar an opportunity, from their mutual relation, to praise Aleva's sons. Being always glad of extending his commendations he mentions Lacedæmon; as to Hercules, any relationship to him he is ever glad to trace.

A. 1.

Burning with a noble thirst
 The hero sprang to contest; thundering burst
 Peals of applause th' assembled hosts around,
 Parnassus' heights return the sound ;
 Apollo heard his ardent vow 15
 And beckon'd Victory to bind his brow ;
 Foster'd by heav'nly pow'r
 Sweet ev'ry wish'd event bursts into flow'r
 Crowning each mortal toil. A god his guide,
 Aloft where trod his sire he takes a hero's stride 20

E. 1.

To glory. Him in brass
 Olympia twice heard pass
 Thundering, a rapid whirlwind o'er the ground,
 And Cirrha saw him glide
 Her deep-sunk meads beside 25
 Swift as a meteor, till with laurels crown'd.
 May Fortune from her glitt'ring wing
 O'er each to latest days the wealth of glory fling !

V. 21. *Him in brass.*] Phricias, his father, victorious in the race in armour.

V. 24. *And Cirrha.*] Near the Pythian course.

V. 28. *O'er each.*] The hero and his father.

s. 2.

Aught is there sweet that Greece bestows?
 Around the sire, around the son it flows : 30
 Look not with envy, heav'n, but swell their sail
 With fav'ring gales, that never fail,
 That never change! Cælestial pow'rs,
 Your choicest blessings pour in copious show'rs!
 Happy the man, whose name 35
 Lives in the sweet, recording voice of Fame;
 When swiftmess, strength and courage from the lays
 Of Wisdom's bard procure the golden boon of praise!

A. 2.

Thrice happy Phricias! happy sire!
 Thy life sets glorious; Fate prolong'd its fire 40
 Till thou shouldst see the Pythian splendors glow
 Around thy youthful hero's brow.
 Aspire no more. Rash hope to gain,
 What human foot ne'er trod, heav'n's brazen plain!
 Yet, far as mortal oar 45
 Can reach, thy bark has gain'd; beyond thee roar
 Depths unexplored; search we the wondrous way
 To th' Hyperborean realms, in vain o'er seas, o'er lands we stray:

V. 43. *Aspire no more.*] By the following figures Pindar hints that the father and son gained such high honours that it would be impossible to attempt to go beyond them.

E. 2.

That far-sequester'd ground
 The mighty Perseus found ; 50
 Guided by fav'ring heav'n th' attempt he dares,
 While fragrant clouds arise
 From breathing sacrifice,
 Ent'ring those glad abodes, the feast he shares ;
 Apollo bending from the skies 55
 Smiles as the shout ascends and bounding victim dies.

S. 3.

No stranger to these happy plains
 The Muse from heav'n attends and oft she deigns
 Amid the lively-stepping virgin-quire
 To breathe the pipe and touch the lyre. 60
 Their simple lives pleas'd to behold,
 Bright laurel wreaths, that glossy smile like gold,
 They bind their hair around,
 While festal cheer and melody resound.
 Disease and cramping Age dare never come 65
 To stain their joys unmix'd in that sequester'd home

V. 50. *The mighty Perseus.*] He went at the time they were engaged in sacrificing asses to Apollo. Pindar's epithet of golden to the laurel, in this place, can have no reference to its value as a prize.

A. 3.

Which Peace, who guards the sacred ground,
 Far from the din of arms or toils has found,
 Safe from that Pow'r who strikes with vengeful hand :
 Nor Perseus to this happy land 70
 Unaided by Minerva came ;
 His heart breath'd ardour, Pallas fann'd the flame
 And to this distant plain
 Her hero led, nor, till the Gorgon slain
 Had grac'd his shield, forsook, whose horrid folds 75
 Of serpents strike to stone each stranger that beholds.

E. 3.

It was th' all-ruling hand
 Of heav'n. At heav'n's command
 All things must stoop. Here check thy wanton oar,
 My Muse, with anchor'd prow 80

V. 69. Safe from.] Being innocent they dreaded not Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance.

V. 74. Her hero led.] Pindar's quick manner of relating one event after another, is apt to mislead those who are not well versed in all the mythological histories of the ancients. Diodorus places the Gorgons in Africa. This expedition succeeds the other.

V. 75. The inhabitants of Seriphus, who were turned into stone by the sight of the Gorgon on the shield of Perseus.

V. 79. Here check thy.] There appears a similarity between the happy life described in s. 3, and the celebration of the hero's victory s. 4. Hippocleas also is said to have been descended from Perseus. See Greene.

The ridgy rocks below
 Smother'd in foam avoid, quit not the shore.
 When culls the Grace those sweets she loves,
 For Glory, like the bee from flow'r to flow'r she roves.

s. 4.

When now she crowns our hero's brow, 85
 Sweet let the voice of praise harmonious flow
 From thousands, echoing round the mountain-side
 Whence bursts Peneus' whirling tide.
 A jovial choir, the young, the old
 Shall throng his wreaths of glory to behold, 90
 And list'ning to the tale
 The smiling virgin shall the conqueror hail.
 Heroes, 'tis yours to pant with glorious fire,
 The virgin to soft strains wakes the recording lyre.

A. 4.

Various our toils: with transient ray 95
 Occasion glimmers, seize the present day,
 Nor vainly search with far-projecting care
 Dark doubts that cloud the distant year:
 'Tis mine with instant warmth to prove
 My lyre returns the voice of social love 100

V. 84. i. e. She will not dwell too long on one circumstance.

V. 88. *Peneus' whirling tide.*] Peneus was a river of the country.

Still list'ning to my friend ;
 For Thorax bade the Muse her car ascend,
 The willing steeds he join'd with ready hand,
 Smiling alert she sprang t' obey the lov'd command,

E. 4.

Unpolish'd from the mines	105
The ore of friendship shines	
Dubious till prov'd it blazes forth all-gold.	
Thus trial speaks his mind	
With purest truth refined.	
Nor shall the brothers' praises die untold.	110
Blest realm ! whose pilots good and wise	
Steer safe thy happy course when to the helm they rise.	

V. 102. *For Thorax.*] A descendant of Aleva ; at whose request Pindar seems to have written his ode, which he ends with a compliment to the brothers of Thorax, or of his hero. This he has the art to couch under a sentence pleasing to the whole people.

PYTHIAN ODE XI.

TO THRASYDÆUS, A THEBAN YOUTH, VICTOR IN THE RACE.

S. I.

DAUGHTERS of Cadmus hear my strain!

Leucothea, hear me from the azure main,

Reclin'd mid Naiads from thy couch arise!

Bow from the starry skies

Sweet Semele, forsake thy throne divine!

5

Before Apollo's sacred shrine

Attend and with you lead that honour'd dame,

Who great Alcides bore child of immortal fame!

A. I.

Near Melia's golden tripods greet

Your hero, near the God's prophetic seat.

10

Apollo calls: rise, ever-lovely band,

And at the God's command,

Fair heroines, Harmonia's daughters, come;

In praise of Pytho's central dome

This ode being to celebrate a Theban, the poet invokes Theban heroines divine to attend at the temple of Apollo, where certain rites were performed to Melia and Ismenus, to which places was to be the triumphal procession; where was also an oracular seat.

Of Truth, while Evening draws her veil around, 15
 And holy Themis loud let your sweet voices sound.

E. 1.

Hark! from Cirrha's echoing plain
 Flies the glad, triumphal strain.
 And Thebes to hear thy honours told,
 Great Thrasydæus, shall her gates unfold. 20
 Wak'd in their tombs, thy sires rejoice
 That Victory's thrice-repeated voice
 To Glory swells the distant sound
 Where ancient Friendship mark'd her chosen ground.

S. 2.

Arsinoe in that fertile land 25
 Shielded Orestes from the incestuous hand
 Of Clytemnestra, arm'd with vengeance dire
 Who slew his royal sire.
 Glaring the fell brass cleav'd the deadly wound.
 A second victim falls to ground, 30

V. 17. *Hark! from.*] Where this victory was gained.

V. 22. *That Victory's thrice.*] The third victory in the family.

V. 24. *Where ancient.*] Of Phocis; the friendship was that of Pylades and Orestes. Near Phocis the victory was gained. Would the poet on that account alone express the place by saying, it was the land where a prince was once sheltered from tyrannic power? Agamemnon, who returned victorious at the head of all Greece, is murdered; his son for many years forced to live in obscurity. Is not here a strong image of what Pindar says concerning the dangers attending the great? See s. 4. His hero and his father seem to have been men of an humble station, though distinguished by victories.

Troy's royal daughter; she is doom'd to go
A shade beside his shade to the dank realms below.

A 2.

What Fury fired thy maddening soul,
Unnatural woman, to a deed so foul?
Thy victim daughter near the distant main 35
By Dian's order slain?
Or did the wanton flame of lawless love
Thy wand'ring heart to baseness move?
Such deeds of darkness stain the bridal name
With ever-foul reproach and unextinguish'd shame. 40

E. 2.

Ev'ry tongue, to slander prone,
Blazons the deed: on golden throne
Exalted in thy country's sight
Thou sitt'st the brighter object to invite
The darts of Malice; on the ground 45
Creeping she meditates the wound.
Amyclæ, when his long toils cease,
Beholds her chief fall'n in the arms of Peace

V. 31. *Troy's.*] Cassandra. See v. 50 of this ode.

V. 47. *Amyclæ.*] See Index.

S. 3.

Welt'ring in gore and with him slain
 Th' unheeded chauntress of prophetic strain. 50
 Enrich'd from Troy, her splendors sunk in fire,
 His late triumphant sire
 Pale on the earth Orestes saw, and fled :
 Parnassus round his youthful head
 Stretch'd his protecting shade, till Vengeance rose 55
 And on the long-watch'd day crush'd his remorseless foes.

A. 3.

But whither run my steps astray
 Turn'd from the path direct, my purpos'd way?
 Or tell me, Muse, what gale with sudden force
 Hath wafted from its course 60
 Thy skippet? If the proffer'd splendid prize
 With silver gleam allure thine eyes,
 Quick-glancing let them search each flow'r that blows,
 And Glory twine the wreath to deck the victor's brows;

E. 3.

To hail the son, to hail the sire, 65
 Strike, loudly strike thy sev'n-string'd lyre :

V. 61. *If the proffer'd.*] After recalling his Muse to her subject, Pindar adds, "if you regard the reward given for the hymn, apply the flowers of speech in praise of the hero and his father; and speak first of Olympic, next of Pythian victories."

Joy on her brow, let Fame arise,
 And waft their laurels thro' the admiring skies!
 Olympia saw the nimblest ray
 Of ever-beaming glory play 70
 Their chariots and their steeds around,
 Victorious as they thunder'd o'er the ground.

s. 4.

Stript for the course on Pytho's plain
 They dart, they pant and ev'ry sinew strain;
 All Greece inglorious have they left behind 75
 Fleet as the winged wind.
 Grant, Heav'n, propitious to our modest pray'r
 Such fortune as our strength can bear!
 For humble Life secure puts forth her flow'r
 Nor fears the threat'ning storms which shake tyrannic pow'r. 80

A. 4.

The virtues born in lowliest place
 My bosom presses in a close embrace.
 The good on Joy's calm summit takes his seat
 Bless'd in a safe retreat,
 And smiles to see the envious shoot their darts 85
 Recoiling back on their own hearts :
 His honor fades not in the dreary gloom
 Of Death, but o'er his sons gleams from the murky tomb.

E. 4.

That noblest of bequests, a name
 Unstain'd he leaves and dear to Fame. 90
 Transported on her pinions rise
 Heroes of ancient glory to the skies ;
 Great Iolaus and the two
 Who, ever changing, now below
 Therapne sink in night, now rise 95
 To golden mansions in the starry skies.

V. 94. *Who, ever changing.*] Castor and Pollux.

PYTHIAN ODE XII.

TO MIDAS, OF AGRIGENTUM, WHO GAINED THE PRIZE BY
PLAYING ON THE PIPE.

s. I.

FAIREST of towns, which mortal hand
E'er rais'd, their destined hour to stand ;
Lover of splendour ! stately seat
Of Proserpine, crowning the hill whence bleat
Descending flocks at distance seen 5
To streak with snow thy river's margin green,
Hear, queen of cities, hear my lays,
Sweet Agragas, attend the voice of praise,
With mortals smile, with gods look down
On Midas, on the Pythian victor's crown 10
Won from all Greece ! Minerva taught the art ;
Who, when she heard the notes of woe
From stern Medusa's sisters plaintive flow,
The sounds to music tuned that wakes the answ'ring heart.

V. 2. *Their destin'd hour.*] I follow Benedictus ; for thus a just moral is in the original expressed in one word.

A. 1.

'Twas Perseus gave the deadly wound, 15
 And notes of sorrow breathed around
 From either snake-becurled head,
 Whose look petrific strikes beholders dead,
 While fall'n their sister they deplore,
 Vanquish'd and headless welt'ring in her gore ; 20
 The race of Phorcus blasted left
 In gloom, the feast of all its joy bereft,
 Scriphus' wave-wash'd shores around
 Pale forms of ghastly death o'erspread the ground ;
 Dreadful to sight the dauntless warrior stands 25
 And bids the tyrant-house deplore
 The base, detested chains his mother wore,
 The threaten'd, forc'd embrace ; pale horror arms his hands :

s. 2.

For, lo ! this son of golden show'r,
 Bears the fair head, petrific pow'r. 30
 Propitious ever by his side
 Through all his toils attends his heav'nly guide,
 The maid who clashes bright in arms,
 And with her martial fire his bosom warms.

V. 21. *The race of Phorcus.*] These three sisters, daughters of Phorcus, had but one eye between them. For the story see Index on Perseus.

V. 28. *The threaten'd, forc'd.*] Polydectes was about to compel her to submit to his embraces.

She, while in mournful anguish flow 35
 From sad Euryale the notes of woe,
 Forms the soft pipe and bids complain
 In melting, tender, imitative strain ;
 To man presented the new wonder charms,
 Breathing through many a mazy round 40
 The sweetly-varied harmony of sound,
 And wak'd to Glory's call the thronging Myriads warms.

A. 2.

Through brass and reeds the soft notes flow,
 Reeds that ever-waving grow
 Below those tow'rs the Graces love, 45
 Beside the tangles of Cephisus' grove ;
 And lightly as the dancers bound
 The pipe attending joins its lively sound.
 If ever joy on mortals rise
 Long previous night of toil must wrap the skies. 50
 But if a god hold forth his hand,
 Instant the vessel gains the much-wish'd land.
 Fate reigns supreme, an unresisted power.
 Let not Despair with visage pale
 For ever chill the soul ; Time's veering gale 55
 May beyond hope the long-suspended blessing shower.

V. 42. *And wak'd to*] To give the name in English seems impossible.

V. 45. *Below those tow'rs.*] Orchomenus, where musical instruments were first used.

V. 49. *If ever joy.*] For this reflection, in this place, no reason seems assigned worth notice.

NEMEAN ODE I.

TO CHROMIUS, OF ÆTNA, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

s. 1.

ORTYGIA, on whose placid breast
Th' emerging floods of Alpheus rest,
Sister of Delus, sacred seat
Of chaste Diana's birth, her lov'd retreat;
Fam'd Syracuse's op'ning flow'r, 5
From thee sweet-melting voices pour
The fleet steeds' praise, their rapid force
Proclaim, their flying feet, like whirlwinds o'er the course.
T' Ætnean Jove from Nemea's plains we sing
The car of Chromius borne on Victory's purple wing. 10

West ingeniously supposes the triumphal procession to be made from Ortygia to Ætna, where this hymn was to be sung in honour of Jupiter. To his explanation of the ode any addition of mine would be arrogant. He supposes the objects, as they occurred in the procession, suggested the different descriptions in the ode.

V. 9. *T' Ætnean.*] Jupiter was worshipped at Ætna under the title of Jupiter Ætneus. He also presided over the Nemean games, so named from Nemea, where they were celebrated.

A. I.

Founded by gods the structures rise
 Which raise his virtues to the skies ;
 On Glory's summit Fortune stands
 Scatt'ring her wreaths bright streaming from her hands ;
 And by her side th' immortal muse, 15
 Prompt to record the deeds she views ;
 Emit, blest maid, thy heav'nly ray
 And bid it o'er this isle with softest radiance play,
 This isle, the grant of Heav'n's eternal Lord
 To Proserpine, his nod confirm'd the sacred word 20

E. I.

Which bade the goddess grasp with royal hand
 The sceptre of Sicilia's land,
 Crown'd with cities rich and great,
 Verdant with plains where flocks unnumber'd bleat.
 He bade her warriors hold the brazen shield 25
 Flashing o'er th' embattled field ;
 Her youths, each conquer'd champion down
 Roll'd in the dust, assume Olympia's crown
 That beams like gold. Full-copious is my theme,
 Fiction is needless here, it but pollutes the stream. 30

s. 2.

Chromius, thy hospitable door
 Unfolding, as I stand before,
 The spacious hall, the sumptuous feast
 Displays, ne'er clos'd against the stranger-guest.
 To worth like thine my grateful Muse 35
 Shall ne'er her song of praise refuse.
 Ev'n Envy sees her bick'ring fire,
 Whose flash would blast the good, in smould'ring smoke expire
 Quench'd by thy bounty. Each man has his art,
 Straight is the easy path when Nature prompts the heart. 40

A 2.

In strength, in action those excel,
 These in a soul that ponders well
 Deep, doubtful counsels, and surveys
 Far off the dark events of unborn days.
 Thy feats, great hero, warm my heart 45
 To pour the treasures of its art,
 Nor will I like th' unsocial soul
 Watch while secreted hoards on boards increasing roll :
 For honour still the liberal hand attends
 Which shares the golden gifts of Fortune with his friends ; 50

E. 2.

Life on each other's aid still bids us feed
 Our mutual hopes in mutual need.
 When virtue shews a summit bright
 The bard foresees increasing beams of light,
 Foresees wide-op'ning thro' th' unclouded skies 55
 Reveal'd the full-grown mass will rise :
 Such omen of his future fame
 Alcides gave, when first the infant came,
 Offspring of Jove, into the flash of day,
 While feebler by his side his mortal brother lay ; 60

s. 3.

But nought escapes the jealous eye
 Of that great queen who rules the sky ;
 She rises from her golden throne
 In hasty wrath, two fiery serpents down
 She sends. They thro' th' unfolding door 65
 Swift-gliding, eager to devour,
 Soon as the saffron robes they saw
 Around the cradle spread, dart fierce with open jaw.
 The child entangled in their slithering folds
 Here his first battle tries ; his head undaunted holds 70

F. 53. When virtue.] The top is first seen ; whence the hope that the whole will appear in due time.

A. 3.

Above them firm ; his strong hands clasp
 Each scaly throat ; they writhe, they gasp,
 Grip'd by resistless force they die ;
 Breathless at length outstretch'd the dire forms lie.
 At once transfix'd with sudden fright 75
 Each female shudder'd at the sight
 Who watch'd beside the royal bed :
 Instant the astonish'd queen, (her haste forgot to spread
 Her robe around her limbs) with terror wild
 Sprang on the hideous beasts and fondly clasp'd her child. 80

E. 3.

Glitt'ring the Theban chiefs in brazen arms
 Assembled at the loud alarms
 In-rushing like a flood : their Lord
 Amphitryon seizing in his hand a sword,
 Quick-brandishes the naked blade around, 85
 For deep the father feels the wound.
 In other's woe the tender heart
 May melt with pity while it shares the smart,
 Ah ! what a heavier sorrow weighs us down,
 When for ourselves we groan, the misery all our own ! 90

V. 81. *Glitt'ring the.*] Pindar, a true poet, first tells us how Hercules killed the serpents ; it would have been tedious and cold else to have dwelt on these other circumstances.

s. 4.

Astounded at the wondrous sight
 He stands, yet feels a mix'd delight,
 For brave, transcending Nature's course
 He sees the child, nerv'd with no mortal force.
 Th' eternal gods with guardian love 95
 The dreadful message told disprove.
 He calls the Seer to whom 'tis giv'n
 To talk with Jove, to read the dark decrees of heav'n.
 Tiresias to th' assembled Lords declares,
 Unerring Truth his guide, th' events of future years; 100

A. 4.

What monsters of the sea or land
 Shall rue the vengeance of his hand.
 The insolent, the lawless foe
 Of human kind, who lifts his hated brow
 Stalking in pride, shall feel his force, 105
 Dash'd from his gripe, a lifeless corse.
 On Phlegra's plain the gods descend
 Against the giant-troops in battle to contend ;

V. 96. *The dreadful.*] That the child was killed.

V. 97. *He calls the Seer.*] Pindar seems to compare his hero to Hercules, himself to Tiresias, as he had spoken of his own foresight in a. 2 and e. 2.

V. 103. *The lawless foe.*] Antæus.

Shot with the lightning of his raging spear
 Their huge bulks fall, in gory dust trailing their radiant hair. 110

E. 4.

But Joy at length shall reign and labours cease,
 Years rolling smooth in endless peace;
 In the blest mansions of the skies
 Crown of harsh toil he grasps the precious prize.
 Unvarying there the golden Seasons flow, 115
 Hebe with ever-smiling brow
 To bless his arms, a beauteous bride,
 For ever young sits blooming by his side.
 Grateful he takes her hand, the gift of Jove,
 Th' eternal courts resound with strains of joy and love. 120

V. 120. *Strains of joy and love.*] As Pindar began with comparing his hero to Hercules, we may imagine he here hints a wish that he may end his labours with equal happiness.

NEMEAN ODE II.

TO TIMODEMUS, OF ATHENS, PANCRATIAST.

s. 1.

HOMERIC Muses, when they sing,
Soaring aloft on golden wing
Their proem tune to Jove ;
His chaplet Timodemus found
First-blown on Nemea's far-famed ground 5
In Jove's own sacred grove.

s. 2

If in his fathers' steps he tread
By Time to grace his country led
With wreaths of bright renown ;
Soon shall he rise where erst they rose 10
And Pytho round his honour'd brows
And Corinth bind her crown.

V. 1. *Homeric Muses.*] Imitators of Homer. Pindar presages that this victory gained at Nemea, where Jupiter presided, would be the beginning only of honours, as Homer's imitators began with Jove.

s. 3.

Thus where the Pleiads fire the skies

Orion's following splendors rise.

With rival-glory glow

15

Two heroes from the self-same land ;

Ajax, dire Hector felt thy hand,

And Valour crowns thy brow

s. 4.

Great Timodemus. Oft the name

Of all thy tribe the voice of Fame

20

Hail'd first on Glory's plain :

Loud shouts of triumph, trembling round

Parnassus' holy heights, resound

The various wreaths they gain.

s. 5

Full many a garland o'er their brow

25

Did Nemea, Corinth, Athens throw.

V. 13. Thus where.] It may mean that as Orion follows the Pleiads so the hero may be expected to follow his fathers' steps ; or that an Isthmian and Pythian victory will succeed this Nemean victory : it may also mean that as this country once produced Telamon, a great hero, thus she now produces another worthy to follow him. Pindar more than once introduces a sentence which may be interpreted different ways, at once pointing to what has preceded and what follows.

V. 16. Two heroes.] Telamon and Timodemus, who seems to have been of Salamis, though called an Athenian, perhaps from his fathers.

V. 16. The self-same land.] Salamis, which gave birth to Ajax, whose single combat with Hector is well known from Homer's Iliad.

See, Triumph leads the train !
Athenians, to your hero rise !
He comes—to Jove, who rules the skies,
Let Glory swell the strain !

NEMEAN ODE III.

TO ARISTOCLIDES, OF ÆGINA, PANCRATIAST.

s. 1.

HAIL, Muse revered! whose soft, maternal care
Fosters the bard, thy votary hear.

Ægina's hospitable isle

This festal month expects thy fav'ring smile.

The youthful artists of mellifluous lays,

5

Where their belov'd Asopus strays

Along the verdant meads, rejoice

To list the sweet tones of thy heav'nly voice.

Their various honors various acts require;

Bright Victory loves the sounding lyre,

10

Before her stand the smiling Virtues crown'd,

While sweet the notes resound.

Pindar being about to celebrate a hero who had distinguished himself in every part of life, after saying his glory had reached the utmost limits, and obliquely comparing him to Hercules, under pretence of recalling his Muse to the praise of heroes of Ægina (of which country was Aristoclides), falls into the celebration of Achilles, who was an hero born and therefore like the champion of the ode.

V. 4. *This festal month.*] In which the Nemean victory was celebrated.

V. 6. *Where their.*] Asopus was a river near Nemea, says Heyne, where the poet supposes them to be in their procession from Nemea to Ægina.

A I.

Daughter of Jove, dear Muse, thy bard inspire,
 Breathe on my soul thy purer fire,
 Loud let my hymn enraptured rise 15
 To Jove, whose sceptre awes the cloud-wrapt skies.
 Then while the full-resounding voices join
 The sweet-toned lyre, the task be mine
 Grateful to thee to pour my lays,
 Thy country's glory, and exalt thy praise, 20
 Thine, mighty Champion, whose illustrious hand
 To thy Ægina, far-fam'd land
 Of ancient Myrmidons, presents the crown
 Worthy their high renown.

E. I.

Hard was the toil, and many a blow 25
 Furious gave th' assailing foe,
 But Glory heals each raging wound
 And throws her never-fading wreaths around.
 Thy actions prove thee great and brave,
 Worthy the form which Nature gave. 30
 The furthest verge of Glory's shore
 Thy prow has mark'd, expand thy sail no more,
 Content the confines of the world to gain
 Tempt not the boundless main.

S. 2.

The godlike hero bade his columns there 35
 To future mariners declare
 "Here Nature ends; let none dare roam
 "Beyond, where nought but darkling oceans foam."
 Th' enormous monsters, that infest the main,
 By his all-dreaded hand lie slain. 40
 His voluntary toils explore
 The seas, the creeks, wide earth's remotest shore
 Revealing all the wonders of the world.—
 Where roves my soul? Her sail unfurl'd,
 Go, bid the Muse her wand'ring course retrace 45
 And sing of Peleus' race.

A. 2.

The flow'rs, that round the victor sweetly breathe,
 Bright Truth, are thine; no distant wreath
 Shall Fame explore on weary wing,
 Search not abroad, in his own line they spring; 50
 Pluck'd in her hand the Muse exulting shows
 What well becomes her champion's brows.
 The ancient Virtues all revere
 Peleus, great warrior of the far-famed spear,

Whose single prowess shook Iolcos' walls: 55
 Thetis, each art exhausted, falls
 Into his arms. From Telamon's dread spear
 Troy's monarch learn'd to fear ;

E. 2.

Near Iolaus fierce he stands ;
 Show'rs from the Amazonian bands 60
 (While flash with brass their twanging bows)
 Pour round ; unchill'd with fear his bosom glows ;
 Connat'ral valour warms his heart.
 To all the Virtues frigid Art
 Her wav'ring sons by precept trains, 65
 With foot infirm slidd'ring they tread the plains,
 By their pure streams allured approach the brink
 And sip but dare not drink.

s. 3.

Not so Achilles ; in his tender years
 His dignity of soul appears. 70
 Fame hails his actions great and brave,
 Such were his martial sports ev'n in the cave.
 A child, he shakes his puny-headed spear
 Rapid as the light-wing'd air ;

V. 57. *From Telamon's.*] Brother of Peleus.

V. 69. *Not so Achilles.*] This is not mentioned for nothing. See v. 9 of a. 4.

Undaunted at the lion's roar 75
 Rushes and strikes; he smites the savage boar
 And hailes the gasping monsters with firm hand
 Back to his cave; astonied stand
 The goddess of the chace and martial maid,
 Such valour he display'd. 80

A. 3.

Each day beheld him matchless in his speed
 Pursue the bounding stag; no need
 Of toils or hounds; to seize the hind
 His light foot bears him fleeter than the wind.
 Nor one brave youth alone did Chiron train 85
 Panting for th' embattled plain;
 Jason's heroic soul he form'd,
 Ardent the heart of Æsculapius warm'd
 To search the pow'r of herbs. 'Twas he who led
 Fair Thetis to her bridal bed. 90
 Her son his precepts arm, his soul inspire
 Warm with a patriot's fire,

E. 3.

Borne by winds the billows o'er
 Full against Troy's threatning shore

The rage and thunder to withstand 95
 Pour'd from the Lycian, Phrygian, Dardan band,
 Memnon's dire ranks of spears to brave
 And deep this vow of vengeance grave
 On his firm heart ; " thou never more,
 " Sav'd from the carnage of Troy's purple shore 100
 " Shalt on thy much-lov'd native land appear
 " Thy people's eyes to cheer."

s. 4.

Forth-beaming high from Peleus' race her rays
 Glory full-orb'd afar displays ;
 For, Jove, from thee, almighty king ! 105
 Themselves, their lineage and their honors spring ;
 Thine is the contest : hark, the youthful choir
 Chant to the loud responsive lyre
 The hymn, with sweetly-swelling voice
 Which bids triumphant this lov'd isle rejoice, 110
 And to Apollo consecrate their lays
 That speak his sacred hero's praise.
 'Tis Virtue's trial that true merit shows
 And crowns the champion's brows.

V. 112. *That speak his.*] This is easily accounted for, if we suppose the hero was one of the ministers who held an office sacred to Apollo, in Ægina.

V. 115. *Man's life.*] The hero was distinguished in all parts of his life ; whence the artful mention of Achilles, a hero in childhood ; for though he had the most famous preceptor yet his greatness Pindar attributes to his own soul.

A. 4.

Man's life through diff'rent seasons varying grows, 115
 And each a diff'rent virtue shows ;
 First blooms the spring ; with vigorous fires
 Youth glows ; ripe manhood follows ; each requires
 Honors congenial to each changing age,
 As branching life unfolds : the sage 120
 Shows last his rev'rend hoary head
 With graver virtues crown'd : full honor shed
 These seasons all on thee—hail Victor, friend !
 To thee this nectar'd cup I send,
 Where, mix'd with soft Æolian sweets, the Muse 125
 Sprinkles her heav'nly dews.

E. 4.

What though full late my song arise !
 Soaring half-lost above the skies
 The eagle dares the blaze of day
 And from Jove's throne pounces the far-seen prey ; 130
 Daws chatt'ring pick low grains in sight
 Dazzled beneath his loftier flight.

V. 127. *What though full late.*] Pindar declares the lateness of sending the ode is compensated by its sublimity. There is a singular beauty in the idea of the "far-seen prey," since Pindar, unlike meaner poets, has celebrated the whole life of his hero, comparing him with others in a long train.

Champion, high-throned in heav'n, for thee
The Muse of Victory passed her fond decree ;
And Glory looks in splendor down
Upon thy threefold crown.

135

V. 136. *Upon.*] He gained a victory at Epidaurus and at Megara, besides this at Nemea.

NEMEAN ODE IV.

TO TIMASARCHUS, OF ÆGINA, VICTOR IN WRESTLING.

MONOSTROPHIC.

1.

THE contest ends, the toils and perils cease.

Joy spreads the healing wing of Peace.

Sweet daughters of the sapient Muse

The Odes soft-breathing pour ambrosial dews.

As when to war-worn heroes grateful flows

5

The bath's soft warmth, luxurious glows

Each limb, from toil as they respire;

Such Glory's voice, that swells th' enchanted lyre.

One day beholds the Champion's feats, his name

Lives on th' expanded wings of Fame,

10

Long-blest, if deep the Graces' tuneful tongue

Pour from their soul the song.

2.

To Jove, my Muse, begin th' exalted strain,

Begin to Nemea's listed plain.

Hero, to thee with honor crown'd, 15
 Great Timasarchus, shall my hymn resound.
 Grateful her swelling notes the sweet Muse pours
 Around Ægina's well-built tow'rs,
 There Justice from a lofty seat
 To strangers shines, a bright and safe retreat. 20
 Did but the Sun his genial lustre spread
 Around thy father's reverend head,
 How would he joyful raise to Nemea's plain
 The loud triumphal strain !

3.

Those strains, while on the list'ning ear they breathe, 25
 Would boast thy many a glorious wreath
 Grasp'd by the same victorious hand
 At Thebes, at Athens, on Cleonæ's land.
 That sire, Amphitryon's hallow'd tomb around,
 With shouts the thronging Thebans crown'd 30
 With flow'rs and hail'd with joy his name,
 For from Ægina's much-lov'd land he came.
 A friend to meet his friends the Champion comes,
 Thebes opens wide her social domes ;

V. 22. *Around thy.*] Timocritus, his father, seems to have been at once a champion and skilled in the lyre. Among the Greeks music was highly esteemed.

V. 29. *Amphitryon's hallow'd tomb.*] Place of contest.

V. 32. *For from Ægina's.*] On account of the relationship between Thebes and Ægina. See *Isth.* VIII. s. 2.

There, where the great Alcides left his name 35
 Living in endless fame.

4.

With him fierce Telamon oppos'd the walls
 Of Troy; the ruin'd city falls.
 His pow'r the Meropes subdued,
 Him the gigantic monster shudd'ring view'd, 40
 Halcyoneus, and falls; Earth feels the shock;
 But ere he sunk, a pond'rous rock
 By main force wrench'd in ruin whelms
 Twelve cars with rampant steeds and twice twelve helms
 Of warriors. Ever-varying is the course 45
 Of battle, stormy and wild his force,
 His champion now raising with laurels crown'd,
 Now spurning him to ground.

5.

But lo, the hours flitting on hasty wing
 Forbid in lengthen'd strain to sing, 50
 My theme forbids and warns me soon
 To deck my Muse to meet the new-born Moon.

V. 52. To deck my Muse.] The new moon, the time of the approaching festival, required him to attend to his hero and not ramble from the point. From the wide subject of praise, which invited his Muse to speak of Hercules, he unwillingly withdraws. The action was but half sung; but that he may not subject himself to the censures of the envious, he returns from his digression and then boldly defies Envy. The celebration of heroism among those

Half-unexplored the tempting billows roll,
 Quit their lov'd surface ; rise, my soul,
 And dare the day's ætherial light, 55
 Bid Envy skulking dive into the night,
 There hatch the dark thoughts of her rancorous heart,
 There sidelong aim her poison'd dart,
 While her fell soul anticipates the wound
 Exult, but strike the ground. 60

6.

Still let me cherish that dear art, which heav'n
 And ever-ruling Fate have giv'n ;
 Still court the Muse ; she sweetly cheers
 With melody my youth and sinking years.
 Breathe, lovely lyre, the tuneful Lydian measure, 65
 Strike Muse the lively notes of pleasure.
 And hear, Ægina, hear each shore
 Where'er Ægina's heroes reign'd of yore !
 Hear, Cyprus, from the deep that swells around,
 A throne where banish'd Teucer found ; 70

by whom Timasarchus's father was received (s. 3.) reflects great honour upon him, intimating, he was not unworthy of those who could boast of even Hercules himself. This champion also came from a land proud of her heroes, the renowned race of Æacus. It is to be wished that critics of more sagacity had condescended to trace the digressions of our immortal Lyrist.

V. 69. *Hear, Cyprus.*] The heroes mentioned sprung from Ægina. In what follows I understand the poet to use the present time for the past.

Hear Salamis, who boast'st, high-honor'd land,
Thy Ajax's sworded hand :

7.

Hear Leuce, where Achilles held his reign,
Gleaming above the azure main

While snowy pinions fill the air ;

75

Fair throne of Thetis, lovely Pthia, hear,

And thou, Epirus, o'er whose length of shore

His mighty sceptre Pyrrhus bore,

There one wide ridge of mountain, spread

Across the land by herds unnumber'd fed,

80

Dips in the foam that plumes th' Ionian wave :

Iolcos, hear, which Peleus gave

Destined to serve Thessalia's happier land

Won by his warlike hand!

V. 75. While snowy.] Leuce, so called from innumerable herons always seen flying there, whose white wings gave the idea. The Greek word leuce means "white."

V. 82. Iolcos, hear.] Iolcos was a town in Magnesia, of which Acastus was king. The reason why Peleus took it was as follows. Hippolyte, wife of Acastus, unable to captivate Peleus, accused him to her husband of attempting her honor. Acastus allured him into the forest unarmed, hoping he would fall a prey to the wild beasts, but the gods delivered him. He then took Iolcos. After this the sea-goddess used all manner of arts, assuming various forms, to evade him, or perhaps to try the force of his affection, for Pindar and other poets loved to paint human nature in their divinities ; Pindar as well as Milton knew who it is

"That would be woo'd and not unsought be won."

Virgil's prophet acts in a similar manner. E. 4. 441.

8.

His death Hippolyte's revengeful heart 85
 Plotted with base insidious art,
 And by her wiles deceiv'd, her lord
 Bade lurking Vengeance close conceal the sword
 In ambush dark within a silent grove :
 But Chiron guards with watchful love 90
 And prescient gives his soul to see
 What guardian Jove and pitying Fate decree.
 Now Thetis all her threat'ning forms prepares,
 And first th' all-conqu'ring fire he dares,
 Deep-op'ning next the lion's hideous jaws 95
 And fierce, sharp-rending claws.

9.

At length the lovely Nereid yields and down
 Steps smiling from her lofty throne
 And with her sweet, immortal charms 100
 Consents to bless the hero's raptured arms.
 Then round the festal board on seats of gold
 The kings of heav'n his eyes behold
 And of the deep. Their gifts they show'r
 On him and his descendants, wealth and pow'r.—
 But lo, my sails their utmost limit reach, 105
 Where western billows dash the beech ;

Steer back, nor dare those unknown depths explore
Where boundless oceans roar.

10.

Vain were the toil, great Æacus, to trace
The various glories of thy race. 110
But gladly now the voice of Fame
Hails in immortal strain Theander's name.
Victory o'er all his sons her wings has spread
Lighting on each distinguish'd head.
The Herald of their just renown 115
I bear th' Olympic, Isthmian, Nemean crown,
Oft as to Glory's listed field they go
Full sure to twine it round their brow :
Through all the race the palm is never lost,
Such their eternal boast. 120

11.

If Champion, for thy Callicles thou ask
A column, glad I dare the task.
Not Parian marble snowy-white,
Gold from the fire emits not purer light
Than glitt'ring structures of the Muse's hand ; 125
Time, as he flies, still sees them stand,

V. 112. *Hails.*] From Theander was derived the family of Timasarchus.

V. 121. *For thy Callicles.*] An uncle.

Deep-grav'd they bear the marks of praise
 And heroes high as mightiest monarchs raise.
 Let Callicles, while notes of triumph sound
 Thrilling through the hollow ground, 130
 Recall the hour, cheer'd in the realms below,
 When Corinth crown'd his brow.

12.

Well did Euphanes tune to him his lays,
 Breathing glory, sounding praise;
 At once aspiring sons of fame 135
 On equal wing they soar'd, their years the same;
 At once both Champions dar'd the listed field,
 He best could sing, whose eyes beheld.
 Had he, Melesias, touch'd the lyre
 And kindled in thy praise its genuine fire, 140

V. 130. *Thrilling through.*] For he was among the dead.

V. 139. *Had he, Melesias.*] If, after commentators of much greater sagacity have been unable to clear this passage, I may be allowed to conjecture, I would ask whether it may not be possible that here may be an allusion to some dispute in the contest. Suppose Melesias to be the unctor. This Euphanes, the grandfather, is celebrated as not sparing his opponents; a man who would boldly speak the truth, and would therefore praise Melesias and thus decide the matter. Perhaps then Melesias had done something which the opposite party might conceive exceeded his authority. From the ode it may be concluded, that the victory was gained with great toil: the beginning is in praise of rest after toil. Again (in s. 2.) the poet instances in a contest attended with immense peril and toil, and speaks of the various success of battle at the very moment when he leaves that digression; again at the end of the third antistrophe he mentions Peleus, who was not crowned with success till after various trials. I never can imagine all these things were introduced by this great poet at random. A difficulty still remains, how the uncle and grandfather could be cotemporaries. Suppose

Contention fading then had sunk in night :
Invincible he took his flight,
Warm to the good man did his bosom glow
But sharp he pounc'd his foe.

the father and mother married at the age of twenty, at which time the uncle might be forty.
The grandfather might be only a year or two above forty when they married, and would thus
be cotemporary with the uncle.

NEMEAN ODE V.

TO LAMPON'S SON, PYTHEAS, PANCRATIAST, OF ÆGINA.

MONOSTROPHIC.

1.

NO Artist I, who shapes with toiling hand
The statue on its base to stand
An unmov'd mass of lifeless stone.
But spring, my Muse, spring from thy golden throne!
With ev'ry sail that stretches o'er the seas, 5
With ev'ry lightly-feather'd breeze
That from Ægina flies, the name
Of Pytheas waft to everlasting fame;
Proclaim great Lampon's son,
Whose arm the Nemean garland won 10
Ere yet his cheek the tender vernal bloom,
Hope of th' autumnal strength of riper years, assume.

2.

The crown of glory, glitt'ring round his brows,
Back on his sires fresh lustre throws;

Pindar was requested to celebrate this hero. The price he demanded would, they said, purchase a statue. They gave him however his price. He began accordingly.

Entomb'd those sons of heav'nly love, 15
 Offsprings of Saturn, Æacus and Jove,
 Partake the honors of this social shore ;
 His sires the gold-tress'd Nereids bore :
 Before the altar meek they stood,
 The land with hosts, with sails they cloath'd the flood. 20
 Their righteous pray'r could save
 Their people from the threat'ning grave.
 Pious they stretch their hands to list'ning Jove
 Who pitying shields his Greece with universal love.

3.

Such were Endais' sons ; such Phocus brave, 25
 Whose birth was near the rolling wave.
 Though grateful to the Muse's ear
 Jove's altar rais'd their solemn-breathing pray'r,
 Unrighteous deeds she shudders to behold ;
 Ne'er be the horrid story told, 30
 What terror drove them from this shore,
 What vengeful dæmon urg'd in haste their oar.
 Ev'n Truth must watch her place
 Ere she unveil her honest face,

V. 24. *Who pitying.*] Their prayers made the island populous and flourishing, and saved Greece from a drought. See Index on ÆACUS.

V. 30. *Ne'er be the.*] They killed Phocus and fled.

And Silence oft, knitting her sable brow, 35
 The choicest wisdom hints that erring mortals know.

4.

But there, where Fortune waves her golden wing,
 The ready Muse delights to sing ;
 Brave feats, the glorious clang of arms,
 War's iron thunder all her bosom warms : 40
 Light with elastic knee o'er highest mounds
 At once exultingly she bounds.
 Thus o'er the seas, above the skies
 Darting half-seen the high-poiz'd Eagle flies.
 How did her heav'nly voice, 45
 Great Pelion, bid thy heights rejoice
 When join'd harmonious by the sister-choir
 She sang ; with golden touch Apollo wak'd the lyre !

5.

Soft through th' enchanted air in varying notes
 All-sweet the melting music floats. 50
 And first to heav'n's almighty king,
 Of Thetis and of Peleus next they sing ;

V. 37. But there.] After saying he would omit every thing of a gloomy nature, as is his custom, and every thing to the disadvantage of Peleus's character, but that he was ready to celebrate the splendid fortunes of heroes, Pindar now speaks of the wedding of Peleus and Thetis. From the action, to which a full relation of the history naturally led him, he takes a bound to this more engaging part of his life.

And how Acastus' queen with wily art
 (While wanton love enflamed her heart)
 The guardian of the state deceived ; 55
 Too credulous her royal lord believed
 All her false tongue declared ;
 " Aspiring that this Peleus dared
 " Magnesia's queen with flatt'ring speeches move
 " From her high throne to stoop to his adult'rous love." 60

6.

Such her device, but false the specious tale ;
 For nought could love's soft glance prevail
 Or luscious breath of warm desire,
 Though all her soul dissolv'd with am'rous fire ;
 Disgustful those fond flatt'ring words of love 65
 Vex his pure heart, his anger move.
 He hears not, but with pious fears
 The god of hospitality reveres.
 High-throned above the skies
 Well-pleas'd the father turns his eyes, 70
 Deep-wrap'd in cloud sees all, and to his arms
 With fav'ring nod assigns a splendid Nereid's charms :

V. 65. Disgustful those.] This whole account has been observed in many circumstances to resemble the history of Joseph. The drought, the piety which saved the country, the refusal to comply with the queen from a fear of displeasing Jupiter. What shall we say of the murder of Phocus ? A mistake may easily be admitted. Moses killed a man and fled.

7.

Neptune, her golden distaff laid aside,
 At Jove's request presents the bride ;
 Nor does the sov'reign of the main 75
 Alliance with a mortal man disdain :
 From Ægæ oft, call'd by the voice of Fame
 When she proclaims the Isthmian game,
 That pow'r attends, all-cheerful stand
 To hail their god with tuneful reeds the band. 80
 All for the contest burn.
 To each his wreath from Fortune's urn
 At birth was drawn, that wreath their temples crown'd ;
 Hence to Euthymenes the varying hymns resound ;

8.

Round him immortal Victory smiling throws 85
 Her arms, the raptured champion glows.
 Glory relumes Ægina's shores
 And all the lustre of his race restores.
 Pytheas at Nemea won the wreath of fame
 And at Apollo's sacred game. 90

V. 82. To each his wreath.] Each was born with those powers which afterwards were crowned with victory. See note on Olympic VIII. e. 1.

V. 84. Hence to Euthymenes.] Uncle of Pytheas.

V. 90. Apollo's sacred.] In Ægina.

To him at home all rivals yield,
 To him at Megara's deep-bosom'd field.
 I see the glorious fire
 From breast to breast thy sons inspire,
 Blest isle, with thirst of fame. But, champion, know 95
 Menander rais'd the fruit of toil ; and o'er thy brow

9.

Fair Fortune's hand the blooming garlands bound.
 Where but at Athens can be found
 An artist, whose ingenious care
 Can for the contest each brave youth prepare? 100
 But if Themistius claim the song of praise,
 Arise, sweet Muse, and tune thy lays,
 Exalt thy voice ; thy swelling sail
 Fearless extend ; the glorious champion hail,
 Twice-glorious shout his name, 105
 His art, strength, valour give to Fame ;
 Tell how the gold-hair'd Graces lent their aid
 And, Æacus, thy fane his verdant wreath display'd.

V. 96. *Menander rais'd.*] The unctor, an Athenian.

V. 101. *But if Themistius.*] The hero's grandfather.

V. 108. *And, Æacus, thy fane.*] In Ægina, where he used to hang his crowns.

NEMEAN ODE VI.

TO ALCIMEDAS, OF ÆGINA, WRESTLER.

s. 1.

THE Gods above and mortal men below
To one all-bearing mother owe
The breath of life; but while they rise
On Pow'r's distinguish'd pinion o'er the skies,

The poet begins with much obscurity. It is not indeed possible for any one to write clearly on a subject upon which he has no clear notions. This was certainly the case when the Heathens attempted to write of the origin of men and gods. It is impossible to find a clear account among them of this matter; it is even difficult to state any one opinion of theirs which does not branch into some inconsistency. Pindar's words literally are, "one is the race of men, one of gods, but we breathe both from one mother." This sentence has been translated two opposite ways; "Unum idemque," &c. and "unum hominum, alterum deorum genus, ex unâ autem," &c.—Pindar, if he thought alike at all times, supposes Time, or rather perhaps Eternity, to be the origin of all things, probably of Gods likewise. See Olympic Ode II. e. 1. That the mother contributed little in generation seems to have been a common notion. Thus Orestes in Eurip.

"My father was the author of my being,
Thy daughter brought me forth: he gave me life,
Which she but foster'd," &c. See *Æsc. Furies*.

"The mother's pow'r produces not the offspring." This is put into the mouth of Apollo himself. Pindar's meaning then seems to be, that although men and gods are born of the same mother, still they are different in kind, their power and duration different; yet in the soul we resemble them: it is the soul that raises one man above another. Thus in the same race the different energies of soul distinguished the men, elevating some to be heroes little inferior to gods, while others remained unnoticed.

Where fix'd on ever-during brass his throne 5
 Each takes pre-eminent and down
 On mortals looks, we reptiles fade
 Feeble and meagre to an empty shade.
 We still approach them in our nobler part
 Th' exalted soul, the gen'rous heart. 10
 Yet billowy clouds all day, all night
 In ever-thickening darkness damp our sight,
 By fate is fix'd our course, but where the goal
 Is hidden from our soul.

A. I.

And thus, Alcimedas, thy honors shine 15
 All-great, all-noble, all-divine.
 Glory delights throughout thy race
 Now to conceal and now unveil her face,
 Ev'n as the field presents a changeful scene,
 Now with its annual tribute green 20
 Swelling for man ; now shorn and bare
 Gath'ring by rest strength for the rising year.
 Now favouring Fortune on thy steps attends,
 For guardian Jove the goddess sends ;

V. 5. *Where.*] Thus the address to Christ, " thy throne, O God, is for ever." Instead of which who can bear the senseless, if not impious translation, " God is thy throne ?" See improved version of the New Testament, Heb. 1. 8.

Glory, that slumber'd long, again 25
 Beams forth ; o'er Nemea's much-lov'd plain
 She guides thee through the contest's perilous way
 With ever-gleaming ray ;

E. 1.

There, champion, where thy mighty grand-sire led,
 Following art thou seen to tread 30
 Along the glorious steeps of Fame,
 True as the hunter tracks his game.
 That grandsire first the honors wore
 Which bright from Alpheus' banks he bore ;
 Thrice Nemea witness'd his renown, 35
 Five times he wore the Isthmian crown ;
 Oblivion now no more ignobly throws
 Her dark'ning veil around Socleides' brows :
 Join'd with the mighty son's resounds the father's name
 Loud in the notes of Fame. 40

S. 2.

From one great ancestor three champions rise
 To Virtue's summit o'er the skies.

V. 41. *Three champions.*] See the order of the genealogy, otherwise Pindar's words will seem involved in utter darkness. 1. Agesimachus ; 2. Socleides ; 3. Praxidamas ; 4. Theon ; 5. Alcimedas himself. In this family heroism shone out and was eclipsed by turns. Therefore the three heroes were Alcimedas, Praxidamas, and Agesimachus. Socleides in the epode was mentioned as receiving honor merely from his son.

Full well the taste of toil they know
 And Jove and Fortune smile with fav'ring brow.
 Search to the utmost verge of Grecian ground, 45
 Each nook explore ; where can be found
 So many champions, on whose head
 Honor and Victory their garlands spread,
 Rais'd from one noble stock? Smite loud the lyre,
 Rise on expanded wings of fire, 50
 Send forth, my Muse, from raptured heart
 With sounding bow thy warmest, strongest dart
 Of harmony ; on fav'ring gale it flies
 Thrilling along the skies.

A. 2.

Around the world each feat reviv'd from death 55
 Is wafted by the Muses' breath :
 The tongue of Elocution charms
 And Virtue, mouldering in her ashes, warms.
 Bassus, thy race renown'd from ancient days
 Far o'er th' expanse of Time conveys 60
 Rich freights of glory, every sail
 Extended bellying with Fame's fullest gale.
 To those, who till Parnassus' sacred mount,
 Their mighty actions are the fount

Whence all the melody of song, 65
 A full-swol'n river, pours its depth along.
 Sprung from this blood the champion Callias stands,
 The gauntlet arms his hands ;

E. 2.

And as he holds aloft the Pythian crown
 Apollo from the skies looks down 70
 And his chaste sister. With the gleam
 Of many a flame Castalia's stream
 Glimmers at eve; the Graces lead
 Their choir light-stepping o'er the mead.
 O'er Corinth's firm-fix'd bridge of ground 75
 Dash'd by loud-thund'ring waves around,
 The fane of Neptune echoes loud his name
 While the large victim pours its sacred flame.
 Phlius, thy mountains old with tangled shades o'ergrown
 Saw Victory braid his crown. 80

s. 3.

Open are all the gates and broad the ways
 To heralds of immortal praise
 Who cheer Ægina's far-fam'd isle
 That glows with Glory's ever-bright'ning smile.
 For, Æacus, illustrious is thy name, 85
 And all thy race are dear to Fame.

V. 73. *The Graces lead.*] The triumphal dance.

Conspicuous to the Muse's eyes
 In glorious lustre their great virtues rise.
 Their name flies swiftly o'er th' expanding plain,
 It floats along the billowy main ; 90
 It springs to Æthiopia's coast
 And with it wafts the fame of Memnon lost.
 Fierce conflict low'r'd the crested warriors round
 When thund'ring on the ground

A. 3.

Achilles sprang, and raging through the air 95
 Flash'd the lightning of his spear.
 See, bright Aurora, on the ground
 Thy son expires, for death was in the wound.
 Warm in this theme the bards of ancient days
 Impetuous throng'd through the broad ways 100
 Of Glory ; where her bright wheels roll
 Panting I follow ; Rapture fires my soul.
 Let other Pilots tamely watch to save
 Their vessel from the coming wave,

V. 95. *Achilles sprang.*] Was this image of Achilles springing to the ground inserted by the poet at random? I believe not indeed. His hero's victory was gained in wrestling. Pindar breaks off just as he paints Achilles rushing down from his car; by which he seems to point out his champion stooping over his fallen antagonist, thus ingeniously comparing him to the greatest hero.

V. 103. *Let other Pilots.*] I think Pindar means, while other poets of his time, in celebrating their heroes, confined their praise to their own times; he on the other hand searched all antiquity, like the pilot who looks not only on the waves immediately before the ship.

My Muse explores with aching eye 105
 The far-seen foam that plumes the verging sky.
 Two-fold my toil, to search Time's mould'ring page
 And view the present age.

E. 3.

Twelve times, Alcimedas, and twelve again
 Thy sires were crown'd on Glory's plain. 110
 Spontaneous Herald of thy praise
 Now to thyself I tune my lays
 Soaring on Victory's golden wings :
 Another wreath thy valour brings
 To those, thy ancestors before 115
 Bright from the sacred contests bore.
 Again th' Olympic flow'rs thy brow had crown'd
 But Fortune rudely dash'd them on the ground.
 Strong and alert the hand that held the guiding rein
 As dolphin in the main. 120

V. 117. *Again th' Olympic flow'rs.*] This expression makes me conclude, that in e. 4, of the IVth Isth. Ode, Pindar supposes the myrtle to be in flower when he says the hero's head is white with its crown. Timidas is here mentioned as crowned in the original.

V. 118. *But Fortune.*] It is not clear to what the poet alludes. The hand which held the rein is a figurative expression for the unctor.

NEMEAN ODE VII.

TO SOGENES, OF ÆGINA, VICTOR IN THE FIVE GAMES.

s. l.

DAUGHTER of Juno, whose imperial sway
The wide, celestial realms obey,
Lucina, hail! who sitt'st beside
The Fates, whose wisdom rules Time's heaving tide;
By thee at birth the sable brow of night 5
Shades us or day bursts on our sight;
Ready thy sister Hebe stands,
Who forms each limb and nerves with strength our hands;
Various the breath inspired in various souls :
As Fate yokes each, Life's chariot rolls. 10
By thee his bosom warm'd, Thearion's son
To worth and honor rose and palms of glory won.

A. l.

Ægina boasts his birth, where great in arms,
Fond of triumphal Music's charms,

Pindar invokes Lucina, who presided at birth, because then a person receives that strength of body which enables him to gain the prize. This is the more remarkable here, as the hero was a stripling. See *Nem. V. s. 3. v. 10.* Heyne.

The Race of Æacus reside; 15
 The palm of contest is their earliest pride.
 Successful Virtue copious Nectar brings
 To feed the Muses' sacred springs.
 But where the hymn forgets to sound,
 Unheeded Worth sinks darkling on the ground. 20
 With radiant locks the Muse of memory stands,
 A glitt'ring mirror in her hands,
 There the great actions of the brave we read,
 The face of Glory glows and Virtue finds her meed.

E. 1.

When o'er grey Ocean's dim-seen verge the wise 25
 Some slowly-swelling storm descries,
 Then recks he loss of gold, that bids him brave
 The terrors of the threat'ning wave?
 Far more he dreads the dumb oblivious tomb
 Which swallows Poverty and Wealth in undistinguish'd gloom! 30
 'Twas Homer's Muse embalm'd Ulysses' name
 Sacred to never-dying Fame.

S. 2.

High o'er the clouds stretching her purple wings
 With sweet, enchanting pow'r she sings,

V 27. *Then recks he.*] The sentiment is, "the loss of fame is worse than the loss of gold." He dreads the tomb because he fears oblivion. "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey." GR.—This is rather hinted in the original than expressed at large.

And awful Wisdom wins the heart
 With the deep mysteries of Fiction's art.
 For clouds of ignorance for ever roll
 Their darkness o'er the vulgar soul ;
 Truth's genuine beams, that fire the sky,
 Shine too exalted for his dazzling eye. 40
 Ne'er else had Ajax's bosom felt his sword,
 Reft of the armour by thy word,
 Insinuating Chief; of all, that gave
 Their light sails swelling to the breeze, no soul so brave

A. 2.

Saw Troy, save great Achilles. Blindly roll 45
 With equal rage o'er ev'ry soul
 The all-devouring waves of Fate,
 And whelm alike th' ignoble and the great.
 Then lives their glory, when the gods inspire
 Some hand to sweep the sounding lyre. 50
 Such glory has th' immortal name
 Of Pyrrhus. To the central land he came :
 There in the Pythian plains his body lies.
 For when the smoke ascending flies
 O'er ruin'd Troy, far from his native home 55
 He and his host are driv'n; to Ephyre they come ;

E. 2.

There short his reign, but his Molossian crown
 Descends to generations down;
 Bearing the spoils to Delphi's fane he goes
 The choicest won from Trojan foes 60
 His voted off'rings. Lo, the victim slain,
 A dreadful conflict rose, wild uproar fill'd the plain.
 He springs, (quick rage his panting bosom fires),
 And on th' opposing sword expires.

S. 3.

With grief indignant throbs each Delphian's breast, 65
 All faithful to their pious guest.
 But Fate had giv'n the awful word
 And secret plung'd the long-predestined sword.
 It was decreed one of that royal line
 Beside Apollo's splendid shrine 70
 Beneath the long-grown arched gloom
 Of woods should fix his everlasting tomb.

V. 68. *And secret plung'd.*] To clear this matter in the midst of so much confusion is not easy. Pyrrhus fell in a sudden uproar according to destiny. Some therefore interpret it, that this was a retribution for having killed Priam at the altar: but another decree is immediately mentioned by Pindar, that he was destined to be interred there, and that his soul was to survey games in his own honor. Now where there are two different accounts, Pindar seems to adopt that which is the most honorable to the hero's memory, in which respect I understand Pindar represents himself an imitator of Homer.

His shade, a righteous judge, th' heroic train
 Invite to view their victims slain :
 But let your flying fingers, while ye sing 75
 Such worth, ye Muses, thrice touch light the trembling string.

A. 3.

To thee, Ægina, and great Jove are born
 Sons that each splendid path adorn
 Of virtue. But ambrosial lays 80
 Still sweeter flow swelling with temper'd praise.
 The bees' pure bev'rage and fair Venus' flow'r,
 And ev'ry sweet of softest pow'r
 To charm the raptured senses, cloy ;
 But various arts our varying life employ :
 And each, attracted still by Nature's force, 85
 Now here, now there, pursues his course.
 Where lives the man, his single hand can stretch
 And grasp all joys ? The Fates fix them beyond his reach :

E. 3.

But for Thearion chose the happiest hour,
 O'er his grey hairs fresh joy they show'r. 90
 Valour is his to dare adventrous deeds,
 Wisdom with rev'rend brow succeeds.

No partial countryman I sing his praise,
 Envy, withdraw thy cloud nor chill my fervent lays,
 Pure o'er my friend they flow, the genuine flood 95
 Of Glory, that rewards the good.

s. 4.

O'er Greece may fly unblam'd the swelling sound,
 Or o'er the Ionian wave profound,
 Truth gives the wing. Her friendly hand
 The Muse of Thebes holds to Ægina's land. 100
 In Falsehood's poison I ne'er dipt my dart ;
 Who sees my face may read my heart ;
 No malice low'rs upon my brow :
 Thus may my life in sweet peace ever flow !
 Who of my countrymen e'er heard me sing 105
 Clashing harsh a sland'rous string ?
 My tongue still bids the shaft of praise arise,
 Which never, sacred Truth, beyond the limit flies ;

A. 4.

On Sogenes shall rest its glitt'ring head.
 Thee, ere the blazing sun had shed 110

V. 100. *The Muse of Thebes.*] Pindar seems to say, that his praise proceeds from truth only, not from wishing to depress others of the same country, by a comparison with his hero. See Heyne.

V. 109. *On Sogenes.*] This victory appears to have been acquired with less toil than common. Is not this one reason for introducing Pyrrhus, who, though present at the final conquest of Troy, yet obtained his honors after the grand labours were over ?

His fires thy glowing limbs around
 Won without toil the palm of victory crown'd :
 Or were it toil, the nobler rapture thine
 On whom the brighter glories shine.
 The victor claims a lofty song : 115
 Admit the sweet strains which to worth belong.
 My lyre, still fondly swell the grateful sound,
 With no slight wreaths his brows be bound.
 With glowing gold the Muse bright iv'ry joins
 And in the brilliant crown fresh-dropping coral twines. 120

E. 4.

Nor shall her tongue forget the almighty name,
 Great President of Nemea's game ;
 But bid the hymn in solemn notes resound
 To Jove from this his sacred ground.
 For here, so Fame records, in days of yore 125
 Th' almighty king of gods confess'd Ægina's pow'r ;
 The nymph conceiv'd and from the mother's throes
 The sire of mighty warriors rose,

s. 5,

Great Æacus, whose far-extended sway
 Bœotia's valiant sons obey. 130

V. 129. *Great Æacus.*] Why may not Pindar allude to some event from which Æacus might have been looked up to as a ruler by Thebes, or by some Thebans ?

Firm as a rock his arms attend
 Great Hercules, a brother and a friend.
 On social neighbours social neighbours know
 Love's richest bounties to bestow ;
 How shall those joys superior shine 135
 If thy great neighbour be a friend divine !
 Alcides, thee, a sire our champion claims
 (All-ardent are his youthful aims)
 Whose hand the giants felt, his steps to guide,
 Where trod his mighty sires, o'er Glory's mountain side. 140

A. 5.

Between the tossing steeds as peeps the pole
 Where swift the rattling chariots roll,
 Alcides, thus, on either hand
 Between thy fanes thou seest his mansion stand :
 At thy request the Pow'rs, who rule the skies, 145
 Will smile ; Minerva's fav'ring eyes
 Will cheer his soul. By toil opprest
 Man gains from thee relief and golden rest.
 Bid life's calm stream unvarying ever flow
 Through all his race unstain'd with woe ! 150

V. 137. *Alcides, thee.*] He is termed a neighbour, because he had a fane on each side of the champion's house. Hence with Benedictus I understand Pindar represents his hero looking up to Hercules as a friend, a father, and an hero, cherishing his young mind to an imitation of his virtues.

V. 145. *At thy request.*] Still addressing Hercules.

For Youth, for cheery Age th' unfading wreath
Of joy prepare and blend éach flow'r of sweetest breath.

E. 5:

Let the same honors crown his children's brow
And o'er his children's children glow
With lustre unclips'd. Warm from my soul 155
Truth's genuine streams unsullied roll.
Ne'er did my Muse shoot with malicious aim
A shaft in poison dipt to wound thy ancient fame,
Great Pyrrhus: when such well-known worth we praise
Ev'n children answer to the lays. 160

V. 157. Of which, we are told, Pindar had been accused.

NEMEAN ODE VIII.

TO DINIAS, OF ÆGINA, VICTOR IN THE RACE.

s. 1.

HAIL lovely Youth, in roseate bloom array'd,
Soft-seated on the eye-lid of some maid
Or stripling, herald of fair Venus' band,
Th' ambrosial Loves; thou, whose soft hand
Leads one with Fate's fond smile carest,
One with far other grasp oppress;

5

Pindar begins this ode with describing the difference between happy and unhappy love: the unhappy he dispatches in a word or two; but from the happy he says, are produced heroes, such as Æacus, whom he addresses as tutelar god of his hero's country. He prays him to bless the country in the same manner as the gods blessed Cinyras, from dwelling upon whose history he recalls himself lest he should incur the censure of the envious.—Pindar at first, in his delicacy and sweetness, resembles Anacreon and Horace, but gradually rises into a sublimity truly his own, like the lark, at first brushing off the sweet dew-drops of the flowering clover, then warbling, half-unseen, in the blue sky. Thus Euripides—

When with a wild, impetuous sway,
The loves come rushing on the breast,
Each virtuous thought is rent away,
Each breath of fame suppress.
But when, confess'd her gentle reign
Enchanting Venus deigns t' appear,
Of all the pow'rs of heav'n most dear
She leads the Graces in her train.
Ne'er from thy golden bow, queen of soft joy,
Steep'd in desire thy shafts 'gainst me employ!—POTTER.

How envied is the pow'r
To taste Love's sweetest fruit, when Fortune rules the hour!

A. 1.

Around Ægina and th' enamour'd Jove
Flutter'd such Guardians of the gifts of love: 10
Whence sprung the ancient monarch of the land;
Vigour nerv'd his sceptr'd hand,
The Conclave watch'd his nod, all eyes
Gaz'd on their sov'reign mild and wise,
Spontaneous round him rose 15
The flow'r of valiant hosts, vailing their lofty brows:

E. 1.

Athenian Peers before him stand;
And valiant chiefs from Sparta's land
Sons of a sire renown'd. Great monarch, hear,
Protect Ægina's tow'rs and be her hosts thy care! 20
Suppliant before thy knees I fall,
Hear, royal shade, great Æacus, my call!
O hear the strain, that softly floats,
Varying sweet in Lydian notes!

V. 16. *The flow'r.*] At the time of the drought which oppressed Greece. See Index on Æacus. Perhaps it was in allusion to something of this sort that Pindar called him a ruler of Bœotia, Nem. VII. s. 5, v. 2. The Bœotians might be among those who paid him some homage.

V. 19. *Sons of a sire.*] Pelops.

Glory the Nemean garland throws 25
 Around the hero's round the father's brows.
 Heav'n rais'd the flow'rs, of which those crowns are made;
 Foster'd by Pow'rs divine our joys shall never fade.

s. 2.

Such, Cinyras, was that almighty hand
 Which roll'd thy glitt'ring heaps on Cyprian land. 30
 But check thy nimble steps, my Muse, respire,
 Nor vex with oft-sung strains the lyre :
 Add not ; for dangerous Fiction breeds
 The food on which fell Envy feeds :
 Her bow she ever bends 35
 To wound the good, but ne'er with baser souls contends.

A. 2.

Ajax, she fix'd thy sword deep in the ground
 And roll'd thee, warrior, sinking on the wound.
 The tongue-less valour of the generous heart
 Oblivion whelms ; the wily art 40

V. 29. *Such, Cinyras.*] What is the connexion here? The gifts of heaven never fade. On Cinyras, Pindar says, he must not expatiate, and to add fiction is dangerous and exposes to the rebukes of Envy. It was Envy only which could disgrace Ajax, a hero of Ægina. If Ajax, so might Dinias of the same country too be forgotten, since Envy delights to obscure the brightest. Pindar therefore dispels those clouds, throwing round his hero's brows the golden rays of his poetry. The allusion is to the contest with Ulysses.

Of Elocution gains the prize,
 Those arms of gold, by varnish'd lies.
 With secret votes the host
 Crown art, but leave the brave in Death's dire conflict lost.

E. 2.

Yet, lo! with far unequal fears 45
 Trembled before their rival spears
 Troy's hostile troops; when gush'd from many a wound
 Large streams of boiling gore Achilles' corse around,
 Where brazen warriors stalk'd the plain,
 Furious to guard their honor'd hero slain, 50
 Or when each bloody Day their car
 Saw plunge through all the toils of war.
 For ever odious is the art
 Of fawning Speech with malice in the heart,
 Plotting disgrace and ruin; her delight 55
 To raise and gloss th' unsound but basely stain the bright.

S. 3.

Ne'er, father Jove, be such vile manners mine!
 Truth, o'er my simple paths of life still shine!
 So shall my memory ever-vernal bloom
 And o'er my sons breathe from the tomb 60
 The fragrance of untainted fame.
 Wealth, land I ask not; but a name

Blest with my country's smile
 And a free voice to praise the good and boldly lash the vile.

A. 3.

Like trees their fragrant boughs the Virtues spread, 65
 Green with refreshing dew-drops on their head ;
 Through the soft moisture of the air they rise
 When cherish'd by the good and wise.
 Friendship has various gifts to show,
 But chief he crowns the victor's brow ; 70
 Triumphant Virtues raise
 The swelling soul to joy, but still she thirsts for praise.

E. 3.

The friendly Muse through depths profound
 Would dive, back from th' o'er-arching ground
 To bring thy sire; there Death and Darkness reign ; 75
 Stern-frowning Fate withstands ; empty such hope and vain !
 Yet, lo! fair structure of her hand
 This bright triumphal column long shall stand ;

V. 64. *And a free.*] These noble sentiments in Pindar I admire more than his sublimest figures and images. When I turn my eyes from him upon his imitator Horace, how I pity him, cringing among the lacqueys of Augustus! How much more Virgil, a bard worthy of Rome in her highest grandeur, that he should deign to leave his laurel bower on the heights of Parnassus, where he sate in converse with Homer and the Muses, with Pythagoras and Apollo! That he should descend to stand before a mortal throne! That he should stoop before the footstool of an emperor!

Sons yet unborn shall there behold
Four brilliant crowns emboss'd in gold. 80
Proud let the Conqu'ror's soul rejoice
When Glory, soft Enchantress, swells her voice,
The long-known balm of toil ; for ere the days,
Which clouded Thebes with war, the Muses tun'd their lays.

NEMEAN ODE IX.

TO CHROMIUS, OF ÆTNA, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT-RACE, IN
GAMES SACRED TO APOLLO AT SICYON.

DECADE 1.

FROM Sicyon, Muses! from Apollo's game
Lead your glad choir and rouse the voice of Fame;
Haste ye to Ætna's new-built walls,
Attend the victor, Chromius calls!
To tides of guests his yielding doors unfold, 5
Display the spacious hall, the massy gold,
The sumptuous feast. Prepare your train,
He comes triumphant from the plain:
The car-borne victor comes, begin the lay!
Hear, ye celestial Pow'rs, these contests who survey! 10

D. 2.

The voice of myriads breathing still the same
Heroic actions consecrates to Fame;

This and the other Nemean odes seem improperly entitled, as they relate not to Nemean victories.

V. 10. *Hear, ye.*] Latona, Apollo, and Diana.

Rous'd by her trumpet's golden sound
 Silence ne'er sinks them to the ground.
 The sweetest breath, that can the reed inspire, 15
 The loveliest touch, that charms the heav'n-strung lyre,
 Shall swell the fame of Chromius, crown'd
 Within Apollo's listed ground.
 This contest near Asopus' silver-stream
 Adrastus first proclaim'd, Adrastus be my theme. 20

D. 3.

New festivals adorn'd his ancient reign
 And glorious feats ennobl'd Sicyon's plain ;
 There the vigorous heroes strove,
 There the glowing cars they drove.
 From Argos, from the throne where sate his sire, 25
 Where mad Sedition spread her raging fire,
 (While Force his royal sceptre down
 Insulting dash'd and seiz'd the crown,)
 Hither he fled ; but calm his wiser soul
 Contention hush'd and bade no more her wild waves roll. 30

D. 4.

Peace led the virgin to the prophet's arms
 And seal'd the compact with destructive charms.

V. 29. *Hither he fled.*] The sedition Adrastus composed by giving his sister Eriphyle to Amphiarus, the prophet. She afterwards betrayed her husband for a necklace. Adrastus was son of Talauis.

The royal race regain'd their throne
 And midst their Greeks distinguish'd shone,
 High o'er the rest along the Argive field, 35
 Where throng'd the warriors, gleam'd their brazen shield.
 To Thebes they rush. That fatal day
 Saw no glad pinion cheer their way ;
 Nor spake Jove's thunder with a fav'ring roll
 To their mad troops, but heav'n scowl'd vengeance on each soul. 40

D. 5.

Rash Fury led their hosts in dread array,
 Destruction yawns to gorge her destin'd prey.
 For, lo! before the threaten'd wall
 Horse and rattling chariots fall :
 No more those brass-clad warriors shall return. 45
 Ismenus sees the mangl'd corpses burn,
 Sees the pale-wreathing smoke. Sev'n pyres
 Roll o'er the flick'ring stream their fires.
 Jove's forceful bolt cleft the deep-bosom'd ground,
 Wide o'er the prophet and his steeds he clos'd the dark profound. 50

D. 6.

Secure from shame and from the threaten'd blow
 Sinking he 'scaped his disappointed foe.
 Though brave his heart, yet if heav'n roll
 Horrors to shake th' astounded soul,

Mightiest of heroes sprung from gods retire. 55
 Oh, never thus, if Fate allow, great sire,
 Never before Phœnicia's spear
 May Ætna's warlike legions fear
 Death's doubtful contest! Bid the loud roar cease
 Of War! Drive far his storms! Expand the wings of Peace! 60

D. 7.

May righteous laws long o'er the city reign,
 The honors of calm peace her heroes gain!
 Their souls, superior to the charms
 Of gold, a nobler ardour warms,
 The care of neighing steeds. With base desire; 65
 Where avarice wastes the soul, a secret fire,
 The shoots of Glory feebly rise,
 Droop and decay; all honor dies.
 But perils fade before our hero's soul,
 In vain spears flash, horse rush, or thund'ring billows roll. 70

D. 8.

Doubtst thou? Beside him lift his batter'd shield,
 And step by step attend him through the field.
 Honor, his God, within him burns,
 Fires all his soul, unheeded turns
 Th' invader's lance aside. Where is the hand, 75
 When War's dread tempests drench in gore the land,

Valiant and wise the hero where
 Who treads in dust the splinter'd spear,
 Back-rolling on the foe the direful flood?
 Thus on Scamander's banks the glorious Hector stood : 80

D. 9.

Thus stood'st thou, Chromius, by the craggy side,
 Where dash'd to foam Helorus whirls his tide,
 There where still the Punic name
 Lives to everlasting shame ;
 There dawn'd thy glory, there thy youthful brow 85
 First caught her radiant beams, again they glow
 Brilliant along the dusty plain,
 Gleaming across the neighb'ring main.
 Thy youthful toils the calm of peace succeeds ;
 Just heav'n with boundless bliss has crown'd thy glorious deeds. 90

V. 81. *Thus stood'st thou.*] We may see a sufficient reason for celebrating the expedition against Thebes, from which it was wonderfully delivered. The image was well introduced, when the poet was celebrating a hero who had been conspicuous in defending his country. Yet Pindar, with a delicacy peculiar to himself, seems to mention Adrastus only because he founded the games; dec. 2. v. 10. This, which is in Pindar's Muse the most distinguishing feature, the commentators appear least to notice. If they imagine it cannot escape any observer, they are mistaken; for the goddess wears a veil, which she permits not any one to turn aside till he has been not only ardent in his addresses, but constant in his attention.

V. 83. *There where.*] The place seems to have had its name from a defeat of the Carthaginians, of which I find no satisfactory account.

D. 10.

What nobler heights attract thy mortal eyes ?
 To what superior summit would't thou rise,
 At once with god-like honors crown'd,
 While wealth in large floods swells around ?
 The calm of peace to jovial feast belongs, 95
 Fresh wreaths of victory love triumphal songs.
 All freely o'er the sparkling bowl
 Raptur'd the choral voices roll.
 Enchanting herald of the song and lyre,
 Sweet-blushing offspring of the Vine, each heart, each tongue inspire ; 100

D. 11.

Breathe thy sweet force to charm our willing souls ;
 While foaming nectar crowns the silver bowls,
 The prize from Sicyon's sacred ground,
 Sent by the steeds which Glory crown'd ;
 Apollo, sacred to our hero's praise, 105
 High on each tossing head thy chaplet plays.
 Look, Jove, from heav'n ; each Grace descend,
 And on my raptur'd lyre attend.
 Ye songs of triumph, lofty strains arise,
 Borne by the Muse's shafts along the list'ning skies. 110

NEMEAN ODE X.

TO THIIÆUS, VICTOR IN WRESTLING.

s. I.

YE Graces, to the golden lyre repeat
The praise of Argos, Juno's favour'd seat,
From fifty splendid thrones where Danaus led
His fifty daughters to the nuptial bed.
There unnumber'd Virtues shine, 5
Glory, Valour, feats divine.
Tedious were the strain to tell
By Perseus how the Gorgon fell,
How Egypt, rais'd by Epaphus's hand
Saw many a city overspread her land ; 10
(Nor err'd that nymph, who from the murd'rous crew
Her sword, which singly shrunk at the dire stroke, withdrew).

The hero being an Argive, Pindar begins with the praises of Argos and Argive heroes. The victory was gained in the games sacred to Juno at Argos.

V. 11. *Nor err'd that nymph.*] Hypermnestra, the only one of these daughters, who refused to murder her husband. Horace seems here to vie with Pindar. His expression however "splendide mendax," elegant as it is, seems inferior to Pindar's thought, who represents the sword itself alive and unwilling to consent to the murder.

A. 1.

How Diomede, of Argive princess sprung,
 Soar'd at Minerva's call the gods among.
 Or how Jove wrench'd the thunder-smitten ground, 15
 (While Thebes with horror view'd the dark profound,)
 And bade it o'er the prophet close
 Who rush'd, a whirlwind, on the foes;
 Why should we praise thy matchless fair,
 Argos, or boast their radiant hair? 20
 That boast Alcmena, Danae well may prove,
 Whose charms attracted ev'n the eyes of Jove.
 On Lynceus and on Talaus he bestow'd
 Souls teeming wisdom's fruit, hearts that with goodness glow'd.

E. 1.

That god with ever-fav'ring care 25
 Guided, Amphitryon, thy spear.
 Blest mortal thou, to whom was giv'n
 Alliance with the sire of heav'n!
 All-arm'd in brass, like thee he came,
 And crown'd with Conquest's recent fame. 30
 Before his steps the doors unclose:
 From that embrace the great Alcides rose.

V. 20. Alcmena, Danae, both Argives, as were Lynceus and Talaus. At the mention of Alcmena Pindar digresses to v. 36.

To him in heav'n the royal Juno's hands
 Led his fair nymph ; with sweet blush Hebe stands
 Blooming, that each bright goddess fades beside 35
 The ever-peerless bride.

s. 2.

Too feebly, Argos, breathes the lyric string
 To sound the virtues that around thee spring.
 Ardent my lips thy praises would prolong
 Would not the ear fastidious loathe my song. 40
 Still the well-strung lyre shall sound
 While, Argos, on thy listed ground
 Stalks the champion, gleams the prize
 With brazen light, the sacrifice
 Of heav'n's high queen assembling myriads draws, 45
 And Glory gives the crown by equal laws.
 Thiaëus, twice that crown thy temples bound,
 And twice thy short-liv'd toil in sweet oblivion drown'd.

A. 2.

Thiaëus victor mid the Grecian throng
 Did Pytho hail ; by Fortune led along 50
 Thiaëus grasp'd the Isthmian, Nemean prize,
 Aloft display'd them to the Muses' eyes

And loud with joy's extatic fire
 Bade them strike the living lyre.
 Thrice he bade them pour the strain 55
 There, where Adrastus held his reign,
 Thrice where thy wave-wash'd cliffs, proud Corinth, rise
 Out-barring the vex'd flood. His silent eyes,
 Father of all events, to thee he turns,
 Ardent for thy grand prize, the meed of toil, he burns. 60

E. 2.

His worth thyself and thousands own
 Who grasp at Glory's loftiest crown :
 Nor idly burns, though not confest,
 The wish that fires his panting breast,
 " On Victory's golden wing to rise 65
 " And win Olympia's envied prize
 " Which great Alcides gave." Resound,
 Ye sweet Athenian choirs, ye saw him crown'd ;
 Yet once again renew the swelling strain,
 Twice bore he victor, o'er his Argive plain, 70
 Glory's high-figur'd urn, while from her throne
 Heav'n's queen with smiles look'd down.

S. 3.

On thee Thiaeus, from thy mother's line
 Bright Glory's golden beams reflected shine,

Leda's twin-heroes and the Graces shed 75
 The well-earn'd honors o'er each victor's head.
 Could I with kindred splendors glow
 Like thee, I would not hide my brow,
 But proud through Greece would boast thy name,
 Antias, or Thrasyclus, thy fame; 80
 For many a garland bore each vig'rous hand,
 Argos, to grace thy ever-martial land.
 Four times did Nemea hear glad triumph sound,
 And Corinth heard each name from shore to shore rebound.

A. 3.

Bright Victory led their steps from Sicyon's land, 85
 The silver goblets glitt'ring in each hand.
 Triumphant as they trod Pellene's ground
 The robe of Glory clad their limbs around.
 Uncounted each inferior prize
 Of brass, the cup, the target lies. 90
 The number it were vain to ask,
 What Muse has leisure for the task?
 Clitorium, Tegea and each high-wall'd town
 Of Greece presented many a well-earn'd crown,
 And Jove's Lycaean altar. In the course 95
 Wing'd were their feet, their hands smote with a whirlwind's force.

V. 89. Uncounted each.] In the profusion of Argive names at the beginning of the ode, Pindar seems to exhibit something like the numerous prizes gained in his hero's family.

E. 3.

For Castor came in days of yore
 With Pollux to the social door
 Of Pamphaes, and from the sire,
 Through all his race the genuine fire 100
 In each heroic breast reviv'd,
 What could it less from gods deriv'd?
 Those twins divine with Hermes stand,
 And Hercules on Sparta's spacious land,
 T' adjudge th' athletic prize by equal laws, 105
 The just they ever love and guard his cause :
 For righteous Faith an ever-during shrine
 Holds in the breast divine.

S. 4.

Alternate each, so Fate rewards their love,
 Now reascends the splendid courts of Jove, 110
 Now with the falling day is ever found
 In the dank gloom beneath the deep-arch'd ground,

V. 97. For Castor came.] Here again beside the assigned cause of introducing Castor and Pollux, as if from them a similar heroism descended on the whole race of Pamphaes, his hero's ancestor; Pindar probably had another. He had said Thizæus might derive glory from his relations Antias and Thrasyclus. Now he gives us a beautiful episode to the memory of the twin heroes. Can we imagine he would not have us secretly make a comparison? If we do not give our fancy the rein and sometimes add the spur too, we shall be distanced by Pindar's rapid steed. But if we follow with spirit enough to hold him constantly and clearly in view, we shall see in every turn he takes, in every bound, in every step, in every motion, a display of vigour and elegance.

There where Therapne's hollow vale
 Sinks winding to the regions pale
 Of Death. Such, Pollux, was thy choice, 115
 Nor can the brother's soul rejoice,
 Quaffing immortal joys above the sky,
 If his lov'd Castor pale and breathless lie.
 The brazen spear of Idas gave the wound,
 (Bold rapine was the cause), and stretch'd him on the ground. 120

A. 4.

Wrap in the shelter of a snaggy oak
 While far retired his lonely seat he took,
 Him Lynceus, from the mountain's peak, descries :
 (Beyond all mortals pierc'd his brilliant eyes)
 With Idas swift his close retreat 125
 (Vengeance wing'd their gliding feet)
 He gains ; when both with furious breast
 Themselves to bloody deeds address.
 But, lo ! the indignant sire from heav'n looks down,
 They feel the chilling terror of his frown. 130
 Instant before them Pollux furious stands ;
 They near their father's tomb await his vengeful hands.

V. 119. Here are two stories, and it is uncertain to which Pindar alludes. Some say the quarrel arose from the rape of two brides, others from the theft of oxen. In such difficulties I pretend not to decide ; in the original however, we ought to observe, that Idas is said to be enraged, whence it seems that the other party were the aggressors.

V. 127. *He gains ; when both.*] Idas and Lynceus, the two brothers.

E. 4.

By main force wrench'd a sculptur'd stone,
 Pluto's grim form they heaved, and down
 Against the hero's breast it rush'd 135
 Thund'ring ; but not a sinew crush'd
 Nor drove him back ; with rapid stride
 He sprang and drench'd in Lynceus' side
 His spear. But Jove on Idas hurl'd
 His fire-fledg'd bolt in smould'ring eddies whirl'd. 140
 The brothers fall, sad victims of one flame
 Unaided left, unwept, without a name :
 Hard conflict to contend with sons of Jove
 Safe-shielded with his love !

s. 5.

His brother now the valiant conqueror seeks 145
 And sorrowing finds. All life from his pale cheeks
 Faded, his body bloodless, with short breath
 Convuls'd and shudd'ring in the gripe of Death.
 Gushing from his grief-nipt brow
 Boiling tears began to flow 150
 With bursting groans : " Oh father Jove,
 " Thus must chill sorrow close our love ?
 " Grant me," he cries, " great king of heav'n, in death
 " Here mixt with his to pour my latest breath !

“ Ah! where is Glory, where her ancient boast? 150
 “ Fall’n like a drooping flow’r, a friend, a brother lost!

A. 5.

“ How few of mortals faithful can be found
 “ To clasp a friend laid low by Fortune’s wound
 “ And share his grief!” He spake and from his throne
 Jove hastes to cheer him; “ hail, my honor’d son! 160
 “ (Thou art my own, thy brother’s birth
 “ Was from an hero, son of earth)
 “ Choose as thou wilt, and either fate
 “ At Heav’n’s decree thy choice shall wait;
 “ Wilt thou escape grim Death’s unconquer’d rage 165
 “ And the cold, palsied grasp of hateful Age,
 “ And with Minerva and the god who wields
 “ Furious the ebon spear, ascend heav’n’s azure fields;

E. 5.

“ Fate grants the wish: or wouldst thou prove
 “ Thy truth and constancy of love? 170
 “ With Castor will his brother dare
 “ One undivided lot to share?
 “ Lo, half thy life in night profound
 “ Deep within the hollow ground
 “ Must breathe the chill air of the dead, 175
 “ Half o’er the golden floors of heav’n shall tread.”

He spake: nor shrunk with doubt the hero's soul.
Behold! the eyes half-clos'd rekindling roll
Their wonted fires; the lips congeal'd in death
Grow warm with vocal breath.

NEMEAN ODE XI.

TO ARISTAGORAS, SON OF ARCESILAS, OF TENEDOS.

S. I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea, thou, whose guardian care defend;
The rev'rend magistrate, sister of Jove
And Juno, who the same imperial throne ascends;
Thy splendid sceptre near, with fav'ring love
Within thy fane admit 5
Great Aristagoras and each compeer!
O'er Tenedos a righteous guard they sit,
Thy pow'r they all revere.

A. I.

The rich libations oft their pious hands bestow,
Full oft they light the incense-breathing fire, 10
To thee before all Gods their choral voices flow,
While the full-swelling tide rolls o'er the lyre.

This ode Pindar addressed to Aristagoras, entering upon the magistracy. He begins with an invocation to Vesta, whose fire was kept ever burning on an altar where the magistrates offered sacrifices; near this altar stood a statue of the goddess holding a spear or sceptre. In the original there seems a solemnity of manner which makes us wish it were possible to hear the accompaniment, which, I conceive, answered the poet's words like an organ breathing the dead march in Saul.

Obedient ever stands
 Their board to hospitable Jove's commands ;
 Bright close their year and not a speck be found 15
 Nor on their heart a wound !

E. 1.

Blest, Hero, is thy sire
 That in his son the fire
 And vigour shine of all the noble race:
 But what is Nature's wealth 20
 Form, valour, active health
 Which more than mortal man the champion grace?
 Or what the honor'd prize
 Which points him to admiring eyes ?
 Mortality's vain covering fades away, 25
 Soon must those vig'rous limbs take their last robe of clay !

s. 2.

Let all the country hear, each voice return the praise
 Of Aristagoras ; each city round
 Re-echo to his name in sweetly-floating lays.
 Eight times and eight again he stalk'd their ground, 30
 And bore the glorious prize,
 Which full-exerted sinews, strength of hand

And firm limbs won, to grace his native land,
Before their wond'ring eyes.

A. 2.

Cold were his parents' hopes and quench'd his youthful fire, 35
Nor Pytho nor Olympia gave the crown ;
Else had Castalia seen his vig'rous limbs aspire,
Or Cronion's nodding groves, to win renown ;
Triumphant had the youth
(Bold with an oath fond Hope would seal the truth) 40
Return'd, above each champion on the ground
With brightest glory crown'd ;

E. 2.

The purple branch had spread
Soft lustre round his head,
Alcides' feast had seen his soul rejoice. 45
Thus 'tis with man ; one falls
Where mad-brain'd Rashness calls
While empty Pride high-vaunting swells her voice ;
Another lets Despair
(Though fav'ring Nature makes him heir 50

V. 37. *Else had.*] If his parents had not restrained him he would have gained a Pythian crown near Castalia, an Olympic near Cronion.

V. 43. *The purple.*] The ancients called any bright colour purple. The purple light of youth. VIR.

To Heav'n's best gifts) her feeble thoughts impart
 To petrify his hand or sink his glowing heart.

s. 3.

And justly I presage deeds of no vulgar fame,
 For from Pisander's noble blood he sprung;
 (Who from Amyclæ's walls with great Orestes came; 55
 Loud through th' Æolian host their brass arms rung)
 But by the mother's side
 From Menalippus his great line he trac'd;
 He, where Ismenus' lucid waters glide,
 His ancient dwelling plac'd. 60

A. 3.

Virtues awhile oft ebb, again the full tide flows
 The big waves deep'ning with returning force.
 Not on the richest plain in every season grows
 The golden crop, for all things have their course.
 Now sweetly swell the trees 65
 With buds; their flow'rs now scent the passing breeze;
 Now ripe in all their riches they appear;
 But changes rule the year.

E. 3.

Dark is the fate of man.
 Jove's secrets none may scan, 70

None read th' event. Shackled with Passion's chain,
 False-glitt'ring hopes and pride,
 With swelling heart we stride,
 Up many an arduous height we lab'ring strain.
 Far from our mortal eyes
 The sacred founts of prescience rise.
 Bright gold may tempt; yet glow with modest fire,
 For what beyond thee lies, rage not with mad desire.

75

V. 71. *Shackled with*] Our hopes mislead us and occasion a fall.

V. 77. *Bright gold may tempt.*] Pindar's words are, "we ought to seek moderate gains." This seems to be here a proverbial expression. Pindar had said if his parents had not restrained him, Aristagoras would have gained the highest honors by his vigour; but lest this should encourage the son to be too daring, he reminds him that we cannot foretell the event,

ISTHMIAN ODE I.

TO HERODOTUS, A THEBAN, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

s. 1.

LAND of my birth, glitt'ring in golden arms,
Thy trump of victory my bosom warms.
Though other themes my busy Muse invite,
Half-tun'd Apollo's hymn shall wait my hand.
Where rests the good man's eye with more delight
Than on the lov'd face of his native land?
Ye crags of Delos, rest; some distant day
Shall send a willing Muse if heav'n assist the lay.

A. 1.

Then in sweet transport shall she lead along
The choir and Phœbus listen to the song;

10

Games sacred to Neptune were celebrated in the Isthmus of Corinth, whence these odes, in honor of the victors, took their name. When Pindar wrote this 1st Isthmian ode, he was engaged in composing another to be sung at Delos, in honor of Apollo, at the request of the inhabitants of Coos.

The billow-beaten shores of Coos round
 Unnumber'd hosts shall hear Apollo's name,
 Now the glad voice from Corinth's cliffs must sound,
 And the sixth crown to glorying Thebes proclaim.
 Hail, land of heroes! from whose bosom rose
 Alcmena's wond'rous child, the terror of his foes ;

15

E. 1.

Him, as he spurn'd Geryon dead,
 His dogs with dire howl slinking fled.
 Now, great Herodotus, be thine
 Won by thy steeds the wreath I twine :
 Thy hand unaided held the rein,
 Guiding the thunder of the plain.
 Such wreaths shall crown thee as of yore
 Castor or Iolaus bore ;
 Theban or Spartan, none like them in force
 To urge the fleet steed o'er the course.

20

25

S. 2.

Full oft did Glory stoop on azure wing
 And fresh-pluck'd garlands o'er those heroes fling.
 Tripods and cauldrons in their houses shone
 And goblets high-emboss'd of burnish'd gold ;
 Oft did they taste the joy of Victory's crown,
 The naked champion by their bare arm roll'd

30

Along the dust, or when with whirlwind's force
Clashing in arms they rush'd tremendous o'er the course.

A. 2.

How did their hand the glitt'ring javelin wield 35
Or hurl the massy stone high o'er the field?
(Not then the triumphs of a single game
Blended five wreaths to deck the victor's brow ;
Through several paths were trac'd the steps of Fame,
In toils distinct she bade her heroes glow) ; 40
Oft did the verdant honors of their hair,
Beside Eurotas' banks and Dirce's stream appear.

E. 2.

Heroes farewell ! no more the Muse
Sheds o'er your tombs her sacred dews.
Each were a worthy theme of praise, 45
But, lo ! the living claims her lays.
The god of mighty waters calls,
And Corinth's steep in chalky walls
Piled o'er the foam by Nature's hands ;
Onchestus' richly-water'd lands 50

V. 42. *Eurotas' banks.*] Eurotas, a Spartan, and Dirce, a Theban stream, denote that Castor and Iolaus honored their respective countries with victories.

V. 50. *Onchestus' richly.*] By the banks of Onchestus Heyne thinks Orchomenus is pointed to, the town of the hero : but Onchestus is sacred to Neptune. Isth. IV. st. 2. v. 3.

Join'd with, Herodotus, thy endless fame
 Bid me proclaim thy fathers's name ;

s. 3.

And her's, who, as a parent her lov'd child,
 From mad Sedition's wrecks loose-floating, wild,
 (To which, driv'n o'er th' immensely-swelling waves, 55
 Half-sinking, breathless and aghast he clings,)
 Grasps him and from the storms of Fortune saves ;
 She smiling calm unfolds her dove-like wings
 Which nurtur'd him at birth ; the tempests cease,
 And wisdom brighter shines with sweet return in peace. 60

A. 3.

Honor still follows, where true worth precedes,
 Alike from valiant toil or generous deeds ;
 Copious th' unsullied stream of praise shall flow
 Ungrudg'd around the virtues as they rise ;
 Nor haggard Envy scowl with baneful brow 65
 To blast the garlands offer'd by the wise ;
 Slight is the gift to Merit, when they raise,
 Gaze of th' admiring world, a monument of praise.

V. 53. *And her's.*] Orchomenus received him driven from home by a sedition.

V. 60. *And wisdom.*] This seems to hint that he had not conducted himself in his own country with wisdom. An instance this how the poet detested flattery.

E. 3.

Sweet after toil to each succeeds
 The various meed of various deeds, 70
 Who lives by tillage, sheep, or fowl,
 Or where the billowy waters roll ;
 Yet all these labours but repell,
 Ghost-like Hunger pale and fell ;
 Contests or arms the hero raise 75
 To reach the nobler boon of praise,
 His name embalm'd, strangers and friends among,
 With sweetest flowrets of the tongue.

s. 4.

But now the god demands my grateful song,
 To whom the ever-rolling depths belong ; 80
 That god who makes the fleet-wing'd steed his care,
 Who aids the victor, whom thy neighb'ring walls,
 Onchestus, and whom thine, O Thebes, revere.
 To you, Amphitryon's sons, the victor calls ;
 The Eleusinian and the Minyan game, 85
 And the Eubæan loud resound his honor'd name.

V. 84. *To you.*] Hercules and Iolaus ; in games sacred to these two heroes he was victor. Pindar proceeds to enumerate his victories, ending with one gained in games sacred to Protesilas.

A. 4.

Thou too hast seen him in thy sacred ground,
 Protesilas, with glorious garlands crown'd.
 Muse of the lyre, know thy contracted string!
 If Hermes guide his chariot o'er the plain
 To frequent triumph, 'tis not thine to sing
 The various palms his rapid coursers gain.
 A modest silence tempers oft the lays,
 And sweeter the delight and purer flows the praise.

90

E. 4.

Still may he take his glorious flight,
 Vaulting on the pennons bright
 Of the sweetly-tuneful Muse,
 And bedropt with Alpheus' dews
 Grasp the olive and entwine
 The Pythian wreath, that Thebes may shine
 Rich with his glory! Who delight
 To feed their hoards close-lock'd in night,
 Scorning the sons of Virtue, such shall go
 Inglorious to the shades below.

95

100

ISTHMIAN ODE II.

THIS ODE IS ADDRESSED TO THRASYBULUS, WHOSE FATHER, XENOCRATES, OF AGRIGENTUM, HAD GAINED A CHARIOT-RACE.

S. 1.

IN sun-bright car the bard of old
Sate by the Muses deck'd in gold,
His glowing fingers warm'd the lyre
With tender touch of am'rous fire ;
Melting in nectar flow'd the strain
Which softly, gently breath'd his pain,
When Beauty smiled, her roses fully blown,
And woo'd with winning looks fair Venus from her throne.

A. 1.

The Muse knew then no low desire
Of wealth nor strung for gain her lyre,
Nor ere with nectar-dropping tongue
The soft melodious lay she sung,

On the intention of the poet in the beginning of this ode Benedictus has given an ingenious note. "Notat tacite lyricos antiquiores et dum laudare videtur, quod non fuerint mercenarii, vituperat quod illicitis amoribus indulserint."

Her scroll unfolding silver'd round,
 Cried "nought but silver wakes the sound."
 The Muses of this mercenary age 15
 Confirm the words of old sung by the Spartan sage;

E. 1.

"Nought shines but gold, bright gold alone."
 There spake his heart, for with his riches gone
 Fled was each friend. Thou knowst for thou art wise,
 My Thrasybulus; Glory's prize, 20
 Won by thy sire, I sing; the god
 Of Ocean gave th' assenting nod;
 Gift of his hand, fair Corinth bound
 Triumphal wreaths his glowing temples round.

s. 2.

Him, hero of the swift-wing'd carr 25
 She hails, his country's brightest star,
 At Crisa him the god surveys
 Who warms the nations with his rays,
 Victory he calls and bids her spread
 Bright glory round his hero's head. 30
 And splendid Athens his fleet steeds beheld,
 Urg'd by no common hand triumphant o'er the field;

V. 13. *Her scroll.*] She did not show her ode with its price marked upon its front or margin, thus hinting that she expected silver for her song. There are some peculiar expressions in Pindar scarce possible to be exhibited in another language. The sage was Aristodemus.

A. 2.

Nicomachus, with loosen'd reign,
 Well knew to shake the groaning plain.
 Jove's priests, the heralds that proclaim 35
 The glorious hour when sons of Fame
 Pant for th' event, him grateful own
 The stranger's friend and grant the crown ;
 Sweet was their cheering shout, when bounding by
 Into the lap he sprang of golden Victory, 40

E. 2.

In their own land where smiles the grove,
 Alcides hallow'd to Olympian Jove ;
 Thy valiant sons, Ænesidemus, there
 The boon of endless glory share.
 Well to thy house the victor's crown, 45
 The song, the bounding dance is known,
 And, Thrasybulus, those sweet lays
 Which largely give th' ambrosial feast of praise.

s. 3.

Plain is the path ; before our eyes
 No rocks of steep ascent arise, 50

V. 40. *Into the lap.*] This was a victory in the foot-race.

V. 43. *Thy valiant.*] Ænesidemus was father of Xenocrates.

V. 49. *Plain is the.*] It is easy to praise the truly honorable.

When by our hand the Muse is led
 Where Honor lifts his sacred head.
 Strike loud; strain ev'ry nerve; bid fly
 Vaulting the rapid quoit on high:
 Ah, could it reach the victor, and express
 The heart, that ever breathes sweetness and gentleness!

A. 3.

Him, zealous for her gen'ral law,
 With ardor, Greece admiring saw,
 To glory train the panting steed:
 To each god did his victims bleed.
 Ne'er did his social table fail
 Nor wind nor season stopt the sail:
 In summer's smile he sought the frozen shore,
 The warmer Nile when storms began their wintry roar.

E. 3.

What though, my hero, o'er the soul
 Cold to our hopes the clouds of envy roll,
 Yet let not trembling Silence veil the praise
 Of thy great sire, nor hush my lays

V. 59. *To glory train.*] A law in favor of keeping horses.

V. 61. *Ne'er did his.*] According to the change of circumstances still varying his course, i. e. the splendor of his hospitality, but keeping the same design. Nor is the figure to be despised in the poet, when the philosophic historian represents his hero by continual change of climate, living in perpetual spring. See Xenoph. Cyrop. 8.

Form'd by the Muse! She bears along
And lightly wings the living song.
Thee, herald of my hymn, I send :
Haste, Nicasippus, bear it to my friend.

ISTHMIAN ODE III.

TO MELISSUS, A THEBAN, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

S.

IF with the golden smile of Fortune blest
Wealth's pow'rful tide and glory buoy thy breast
While Victory crowns thee, yet thou steer thy mind
All-smooth to temper'd thoughts confined;
Well may thy country bless thy name 5
And hail thee worthy of immortal fame.
From Jove great virtues take their birth,
And Piety lives happiest still on earth;
The impious flourish but a day
Perverse and cold to heav'n's all-cheering ray. 10

A.

To sons of merit due rewards belong :
The good shall share the melodies of song.
Begin, and as the lively dance ye lead,
Twining the wreath, fair Virtue's meed,
Bear high the ever-glitt'ring prize, 15
Ye lovely Graces, to admiring eyes.

Twice did thy heart, Melissus, glow
 With rapture, twice bright chaplets crown thy brow.
 The cliffs beheld where Corinth stands
 And Nemea's woods where great Alcides' hands 20

E.

Rent the huge lion's breast, those woods proclaim
 Thebes and her hero's honor'd name ;
 Each neighing steed tosses his wreath-bound head.
 Thy deeds dishonor not the mighty dead.
 Who but has heard, Cleonymus, thy name ? 25
 The thunders of thy car are echoed still by Fame.
 And wealth from Labdacus flows copious down
 On all his sons, whose steeds bear them to many a crown.
 But lo, in Time's deep-rolling tide
 Now swell the proud waves mounting, now subside, 30
 To steer one smooth, unvarying course is giv'n
 To none but to the favor'd sons of heav'n.

V. 25. Cleonymus and Labdacus were ancestors of the hero.

ISTHMIAN ODE IV

TO THE SAME MELISSUS.

s. l.

HEAV'N ten thousand gates displays
Op'ning to Glory's splendid ways ;
And Corinth calls the Muse to trace
The various virtues of thy race,
Melissus. Springing, where they trod 5
Through life's continued path led by the god,
Fair Virtue's flow'rs breath'd to the verge of Death
Their sweets around them : Fortune's breath
Now east, now west, this way or that impels,
And sinks awhile or swells. 10

a. l.

Thebes of old their mighty name
Embalm'd to everlasting fame,
Still unclips'd their just renown
With foul reproach ; their friendship shone

V. 3. And Corinth.] This victory, gained near Corinth, is the cause of a triumphal hymn, which celebrates the virtues of the family.

V. 6. Through all the varieties of fortune their virtues were unchanged.

On all around. The shades among, 15
 Whate'er of honor Truth's recording tongue
 Ambrosial ever pour'd to bless the dead,
 They taste. Their active valour spread
 Far as the waves, that catch the sun's last flame,
 The glory of their name. 20

E. 1

Mortals never virtue gain'd
 Beyond the limits they attain'd.
 'Twas theirs to curb the proud steed's force,
 Like Mars they thunder'd in their course.
 In one dire day, Fate rules the hour, 25
 Wild War's black'ning tempests low'r,
 Fierce eddying sleets descend
 And from their happy hearth four heroes rend
 Blasted in death. Now Winter's frown is o'er,
 Spring's bright'ning months roll round and wake each purple flow'r. 30

s. 2.

The Pow'rs of heav'n relent. The god,
 Who shakes the firm-bas'd earth, whose nod
 Onchestus awes, whose sov'reign will
 Bids Corinth's madd'ning waves be still

Dash'd 'gainst the rocks where rise her walls, 35
 To celebrate this race of heroes calls
 The Muse, and rouse the sleeping trump of Fame;
 Once more the glory of their name
 Emerges, as from night clear Phosphor's fire
 When paler stars retire. 40

A. 2.

Then, Athens, did thy vales rejoice
 To hear the loud triumphal voice
 Proclaim their cars first on the plain;
 Glad Sicyon sung an equal strain;
 With heart enraptured ev'ry Bard 45
 Scrolls of immortalizing verse prepared.
 All Greece they dared with fleetest steeds to roll
 The car, all own'd their gen'rous soul.
 Unknown by action where would live their name?
 'Twere sunk in silent shame. 50

V. 39. *Emerges, as from.*] This star shines conspicuous after the night is fled. This part of the comparison, implied though not fully expressed in Pindar, Horace has lost and yet is very beautiful:

"As midst inferior fires
 The moon."

Horace may be thought to dignify his hero more. But Pindar does not say "as the moon to the stars." but "as the bright morning star to the other stars." This dignifies more, as we know when they totally disappear he continues shining.

V. 50. *'Twere sunk.*] Without trial there can be no glory; no nor without good fortune; no nor without the Muse; for without her help the fame of Ajax had been lost. As she inspired Homer to record him so may she aid me to celebrate Melissus, who resembles his great countryman, Hercules!

E. 2.

While Warriors pant, doubt clouds the field,
 For Conquest follows Fortune's shield ;
 Fix'd by th' event our glories stand
 And that event still in her hand.
 For oft the bad by wily art 55
 Supplants the man of nobler heart.
 Thus fell the mighty force
 Of Ajax, which still mark'd with gore his course :
 In dark night on his sword sunk his huge frame
 Stagg'ring, and whelm'd the Grecian host with everlasting shame. 60

S. 3.

Him Homer's nectar-dropping tongue
 To the list'ning nations sung,
 And, as he breath'd his lays divine,
 Bade golden glory round him shine,
 That bards unborn might catch the fire 65
 And with sweet frenzy warm the echoing lyre ;
 Expanding pour the loud immortal strains :
 O'er the blue deep, o'er corn-clad plains
 All-glorious Virtue darts her golden ray
 Unquench'd in endless day. 70

A. 3.

Thus may each Muse my soul inspire
 To light her torch with equal fire!
 Bright o'er Melissus to the skies
 Far-gleaming may its splendor rise!
 Him Glory crown'd; his bosom warm 75
 With valour, rous'd the thunder of his arm
 Like roaring lions in their rage; his heart
 Is pregnant with each well-timed art.
 The fox thus foils, low-crouching on the ground,
 The eagle circling round. 80

E. 3.

He nor boasts gigantic size
 Nor visage dreadful to the eyes;
 He seem'd a nothing, till his foes
 Stagg'ring groan beneath his blows.
 The Theban such, who on the shore 85
 Of Libya curb'd the giant-pow'r
 Who on the purpled plain
 A temple roof'd with skulls of thousands slain;
 His stature low, his vast soul breath'd a fire
 Which show'd Alcmena's son worthy his heav'nly sire. 90

V. 75. *Him Glory crown'd.*] As victor in the Pancratiium.

V. 85. *The Theban.*] Hercules, who was small compared to Antæus. See Index.

s. 4.

Honor allows that art supplies
 The want of stature to the wise.
 Lo, thus, triumphant o'er his foes,
 To heav'n the mighty champion rose.
 His ceaseless toils each distant shore 95
 And the vast hollow of the deep explore,
 Taming the monsters of the hoary main.
 Now where great Jove his golden reign
 Holds o'er the gods, heav'n's queen gives to his arms
 Her Hebe's rapt'ring charms. 100

A. 4.

Amid th' immortal Pow'rs above
 Glory, joy, and endless love
 He shares. 'Tis ours, who dwell below,
 Festal honors to bestow ;
 Before the Electran gates the train, 105
 Crowning his altars to his eight sons slain,
 When faded sun-beams leave in dusk the skies,
 Shall bid the fragrant-flame arise.
 Through wreaths of smoke shall flash the trem'lous light
 'Gainst the black arch of night. 110

V. 96. *And the vast.*] The deep hollow literally. Plato seems to think the same.

V. 106. *To his eight sons slain.*] By himself in madness.

E. 4.

The blushes of the morn again
 Arouse the contests of the plain,
 'Twas there Melissus' temples shone
 All-white with flow'ring myrtle's crown.
 Twofold honors grace his brows, 115
 Twofold victory he shows.
 One more, his earlier days
 Ennobling, spoke the prudent Orseas' praise.
 'Twas his to hold the helm and wisely steer,
 And as our sweets distil he shall their fragrance share. 120

V. 118. *Orseas' praise.*] He was unctor.

The design.—In the last ode Pindar celebrated the hero's forefathers: he begins this with similar praises; but four of the family had lost their lives in war. From the gloom of this misfortune the glory of the family revives like Lucifer in the hero of the ode. That loss, I conceive, was the sleep intended by the poet. In the second ant. he goes on celebrating their former glory. The loss, he hints, being the effect of fortune was not inglorious, as was the case with Ajax. He now slides into the praise of his hero, who seems to have gained the victory partly by skill. Pindar had said that art is sometimes successful, as in the case of Ulysses; but this was an art which he despises, he therefore insinuates that his hero had the art of Hercules, in whose celebration he proceeds with the greater propriety, since Hercules, as well as Melissus, was a Theban. If this explanation be admitted, the design of the ode will appear simple, the connection easy, and each example singularly proper.

ISTHMIAN ODE V.

TO PHYLACIDES, OF ÆGINA, PANCRATIAST.

S. I.

FAMED Theia, hail ! to whom the Sun first ow'd
His birth ; from thee in his own metal glow'd
Its golden lustre, which all ages prize ;
Thy splendid charms attract all eyes ;
For thee proud-swelling sails sweep the vex'd main
In contest, cars rush o'er the plain
Swift-eddying ; Honor lights for thee his flame,
Which rises to heroic name ;

5

A. I.

For thee the champion treads the listed ground,
Panting impatient till by Glory crown'd ;

10

The Theban eagle begins this ode with a flight above the clouds. Heyne conceives there was some fabulous theology, in which Thea was called the mother of all splendor whatever. He therefore imagines Pindar addresses her as producing its own proper splendor to every thing ; to the sun literally ; to gold, the metal sacred to the sun, literally ; to battles and contests metaphorically. Perhaps it was an allegory deduced from the word "thea" signifying "sight." If so, the poet may attribute to her operation the splendor of gold, as it is by sight its splendor is noticed. From being exhibited to sight the glory of champions arises. Thus, as the contests were undertaken for glory, the Muse is most powerful, as she immortalizes the splendor of actions. In this view compare the address with Milton's to light :

"Hail, holy light," &c.

By her his hands are nerv'd, his swift feet glow,
 And many a garland binds his brow ;
 But Worth is crown'd by Fate's resistless pow'r.
 All-fragrant then life's sweetest flow'r
 Breathes a pure joy, when Fame and Vict'ry shed 15
 Their fost'ring dews around its head ;

E. 1.

Phylacides aspire no more :
 Would'st thou beyond Jove's throne, presumptuous, soar ?
 Possess of both, thyself but mortal know
 Nor grasp at more than Fate and Heav'n allow. 20
 The Isthmus twice records thy fame ;
 Nemea proclaim'd thy brother's name,
 Hero, with thine. My soul now thirsts to trace,
 Great Æacus, the glories of thy race,
 By the light-stepping Graces led 25
 To Lampon's sons I sing as with glad foot I tread

S. 2.

Ægina's land, where Justice takes her seat :
 O'er Fame's bright path to many a godlike feat
 Her sons she calls ; unenvied, their just meed,
 Songs of triumph shall succeed. 30

V. 24. *Great Æacus.*] Because he was a hero of Ægina.

V. 26. *To Lampon's sons.*] His hero's father.

Thus warriors rank'd with champions claim the lyre
 Who panted with heroic fire :
 From chord and flute the swelling music floats ;
 All ages listen to the notes :

A. 2.

The lips of Eloquence still pour their praise, 35
 And Jove from heav'n with fav'ring eye surveys
 Thus, Æneus, as th' Ætolians sacrifice,
 To thy brave sons their voices rise ;
 Argos reveres her Perseus ; Thebes, thy plain
 The matchless steerer of the rein, 40
 Great Iolaus ; Leda's twins of fame
 In Sparta left a deathless name.

E. 2.

But what, Ægina, is thy boast ?
 The soul of Æacus ; his sons, a host,
 Sons before whom proud Troy bow'd twice her head : 45
 Alcides first, next Agamemnon led

V. 34. *All ages.*] i. e. At all times, all places record with reverence their respective heroes, of which Pindar adds four instances, but Ægina boasts of heroes more and greater, particularly Telamon, Ajax, and Achilles. The first of whom attended Hercules, the others Agamemnon, against Troy. Pindar now asks what heroes performed such glorious actions ; but as it was well known that Achilles alone performed what any one would conjecture to be the feats of several warriors, the poet does not answer. Thus he makes Achilles equal to an host.

To vengeance: Muse, with ampler bound,
 Exalt thy bard to spurn the ground;
 Whose spears stretch'd Cycnus, Hector on the field,
 And Æthiopia's chief, beneath whose shield 50
 Death couching wing'd his brazen spear?
 Whose dart struck Telephus, thy banks, Caicus, near?

s. 3.

Thine were the warriors, thine illustrious isle,
 Who cheer'd thy shores with Glory's brightest smile.
 Lo! structures pil'd on ancient structures rise 55
 And lift their virtues to the skies.
 My tongue would touch with melody of song
 Full many a shaft to bear along
 Swift-wing'd their praise. Sav'd from the threat'ning foe,
 Ajax, thy tow'rs her puissance know. 60

A. 3.

Clouding the air how did their thick sails swell!
 Like hail-stones scatter'd by Jove's fury fell
 Sea-swallow'd their proud myriads. Cease the boast,
 Let brooding Silence wrap their host
 With misty pinion; 'twas the will of Jove; 65
 Sway'd by his sceptre all things move.

V. 59. *Sav'd from the.*] Salamis was saved from a Persian invasion by men of Ægina.

Yet glorious Action loves the lips of praise,
The nectar of soft-flowing lays.

E. 3.

Champion, the honors of thy race
Outshine all others and eclipse their grace. 70
Live, ever live their glorious toils! no fear
Penurious chill'd their hope or check'd their care.
With thine, great Victor, be the name
Of Pytheas giv'n to endless fame,
Whose dextrous art guides with unerring force 75
Thy hand, resistless as the whirlwind's course.
The crown, the wreath of soft wool bring;
Arise, ye fresh-born hymns, harmonious on the wing!

V. 74. *Of Pytheas.*] Unctor, his brother.

V. 77. *The crown.*] The crown was of parsley, around which some wool was bound.

ISTHMIAN ODE VI.

TO THE SAME PHYLACIDES,

s. 1.

AS when the rosy banquet glows
And high the sparkling purple flows ;
Thus sweetly mix the raptur'd nine
Their second cup with hands divine,
And, Lampon, as thy son they praise, 5
They pour the nectar of their lays.
For him at Nemea first we cropt the wreath
Of Triumph, thence its sweets ascending breathe
Around the throne of Jove. Fair Corinth now
To Neptune bids the measures flow, 10

V. 4. Their second cup.] Second, because the Isthmus was the second place where he gained victories, having been before victorious at Nemea. The poet alludes to their custom of mixing the first cup in honor of Jupiter, the second in honor of inferior beings, and the third of Jupiter again. Thus he hopes to write an ode sacred to Olympian Jove, for a victory which he hopes his hero may gain at Olympia, having been already victorious first in the Nemean games sacred to Jupiter, and secondly in the Isthmian games sacred to Neptune, for which the present ode is composed, which thus answers to the second cup. Pindar is speaking of the places where he had been victorious, not enumerating his victories.

And all the Nereids' train,
 And, Lampon, first upon her plain
 Thy youthful champion hail. May future lays
 T' Olympia's guardian god exalt his country's praise !

A. 1.

Whoe'er the godlike passion feeds	15
For glorious toil and gen'rous deeds,	
While all the heav'n-born virtues share,	
Plants of his soul, his constant care;	
If Fortune's lovely face divine	
On his full-budded honors shine,	20
Smooth glides his bark, he gains the farthest land	
Of bliss, there, crown'd by heav'n's indulgent hand,	
He drops glad anchor near that peaceful shore.	
Thus crown'd be Lampon's temples hoar	
Till Age those honors down	25
To Death resign ! From thine high throne,	
Clotho, with both thy sister Fates attend	
His ever-ardent pray'r, with glory crown my friend !	

V. 15. *Whoe'er.*] Alluding to a glorious manner of expending wealth.

V. 21. *Smooth glides.*] If the figure imply, "that the man, after his honors had been planted by the Deity, gathers and carries the crop to the isle where he anchors," there is no mixed metaphor. It is no small difficulty to express Pindar's multiplicity of images so as to avoid such a mixture: and perhaps at last we must confess that his lively imagination did sometimes lead him into expressions which the cold and rigid critic may condemn, and which his warmest admirers will not be very ready to defend as strictly proper.

V. 24. *Thus crown'd be Lampon's*] The hero's father.

E. 1.

But you, ye sons of Æacus, demand,
 Oft as my Muse alighting greets your land, 30
 That, ere again her flight she take,
 Her nectar-dropping wing she shake,
 Shedding sweet perfume of immortal praise.
 Lords of the golden car, broad are the various ways
 Of Glory ; she her arduous course 35
 With unimpeded force,
 Beyond the secret founts of Nile extends
 Far o'er the trackless plains where Nature ends.
 None so barbaric but has heard thy name,
 Peleus to gods allied, child of immortal Fame ; 40
 And Ajax thine, illustrious son
 Of the great warrior Telamon ;

s. 2.

Troy shook to see that warrior's car
 Thund'ring break the ranks of war.

V. 29. *But you.*] Being heroes of Ægina, the country of Phylacides.

V. 34. *Lords of the.*] Descendants of Æacus.

V. 42. *Of the great.*] Pindar, as usual, tells us first what in order of time is last ; how Telamon attended Hercules to Troy : then he tells us of the expedition against the Meropes ; then of the battle with the giant Alcyoneus, at Phlegra : after all he goes back to say how Hercules first asked Telamon's assistance.

When first Alcmena's son his fleet 45
 Leads fierce to vengeance, ardent meet
 The social heroes, with like rage they burn
 To share the toil and Troy's proud tow'rs o'erturn :
 Tott'ring she groans, to their fierce whirlwind yields
 The faithless city. O'er their fields 50
 The Meropes lie slain.
 Phlegra, Alcides drench'd thy plain
 In gore, the giant sinking shakes the ground,
 A huge hill ; many a dart whirring gave many a wound.

A. 2.

When, Telamon, thy aid he sought 55
 Himself the embassy he brought.
 While festal plenty crown'd the board
 Alcides came. The mighty lord,
 Stretching his hand, the guest invites
 To share his table's rich delights, 60
 A bowl presenting with sweet nectar crown'd,
 Emboss'd with forms of burnish'd gold around ;
 Clad in a lion's hide the stranger stands,
 Suppliant to heav'n he lifts his hands,
 The terror of his foes, 65
 And thus to Jove prefers his vows ;
 " Great king of heav'n, almighty sire, if e'er
 " Blest with thy fav'ring smile Alcides breathes his pray'r ;

E. 2.

" Now to thy son, now, gracious Pow'r, attend,
 " Bid Fate his blessing to the monarch send ; 70
 " A son may Eribæa bear,
 " Dreadful as Mars to wield the spear,
 " My future guest ! May ev'ry weapon glide
 " With inoffensive point recoiling from his side
 " As from this lion's trophy, bound 75
 " My warlike shoulders round,
 " The Nemean first-fruits of this conqu'ring arm !
 " And may an equal soul his bosom warm !"
 Thus as he speaks, appears before his eyes
 The tyrant-bird of air, Jove's eagle from the skies. 80

s. 3.

Enraptur'd at the gracious sign
 His spirit breathes a fire divine
 Prophetic ; " Lo ! from fav'ring heav'n
 " A son shall to thy wish be giv'n.
 " Hail, mighty Ajax, hail ! whose birth 85
 " Those pinions, hov'ring o'er the earth,

V. 77. *The Nemean.*] He took the hide of the Nemean lion, which he killed.

V. 85. *Hail.*] As the resemblance of the name Aias and aietos, the Greek word for eagle, cannot be preserved ; I have taken the liberty to change the allusion to the nature of the eagle.

“ Portend, a warrior matchless in his might

“ With sharp pounce rushing through the toils of fight.”

Alcides spake and ceasing takes his seat.

My Muse, no more : vain to repeat 90

The virtues of their race ;

Fresh-gather'd laurels better grace

Three living heroes, these demand thy praise ;

Sound with an Argive's tongue, vigorous tho' short the lays.

A. 3.

Thrice Corinth's wreaths their temples bound ; 95

Victors they trod the Nemean ground.

How oft the glad, triumphal strain

Has rent the air, the echoing plain

Trembled, the Nemean woods around

Answer'd the still-repeated sound ! 100

See, o'er their native tribe th' exulting Muse,

Led by the Graces, pours her sweetest dews.

Their grand-sire's ashes warm'd within the tomb

The glories of their name relume.

Heav'n spreads around the land, 105

Their happy seat, his guardian hand ;

And Lampon, friend of active virtue, feeds

The souls of all his sons with love of glorious deeds ;

E. 3.

He counsels like the bard he still reveres,
 And all the city feels his gen'rous cares. 110
 Strangers from ev'ry neighb'ring land
 Share the large bounty of his hand.
 Cool Temp'rance smiling cheers his modest breast,
 Her blessings he pursued, her blessings he possest.
 Still from his heart unsullied sprung 115
 Each accent of his tongue.
 In contest glorious o'er the rest he shone,
 Bright'ning their ardour like the Naxian stone.
 From Dirce's stream the Muses deck'd in gold
 Shall to the hero's lips the sacred bev'rage hold. 120

V. 109. *He counsels.*] Hesiod advised active virtue.

V. 118. *Naxian stone.*] The whetstone.

V. 120. *Shall to.*] Dirce being a Theban fountain, Pindar thus poetically gives a draught of it, i. e. gives his song; but forgets not to do it by the fair hand of the Muse.

ISTHMIAN ODE VII.

TO STREPSIADES, A THEBAN, PANCRATIAST.

S. I.

WITH which, O happy Thebes, of every boast
Thy country knows, which ancient honor most
Loves sweet Remembrance to regale thy mind?
The birth of unshorn Bacchus, who reclined
By Ceres sits, while jocund play
Her cymbals all the festal day?
Or Jove, whose show'r fell flickering bright
And pierc'd with golden flakes the night,

5

A. I.

When, lo! within Amphitryon's doors the god
Uprose, who rules Olympus with his nod,
Whence great Alcides sprung? Or that great sage
Who search'd the secrets of the unborn age?
Or Iolaus skill'd to guide
The steed? Or that deep-rushing tide
Of warriors bursting from the ground?
Or, when his hosts lay scatter'd round

10

15

E. 1.

In gore, the triumph of that glorious day
 Which scourg'd Adrastus from thy walls away
 Rest of his thousands? Or near Sparta's lands
 Thy colony, which fix'd on firm foot stands, 20
 When Ægeus' sons Amyclæ took,
 Led by the voice which cheering spoke?
 But we forget the far-seen face
 Of ancient days and Time's dull sleep entombs their grace,

S. 2.

Till dropt with dew from Wisdom's sacred flow'r. 25
 Ye heav'n-born lays in stream harmonious pour
 Dissolving sweets a living champion round,
 While smooth the light choir glides along the ground.
 Strepsiades demands the song,
 To whom the Isthmian wreaths belong. 30
 Grace form'd him, matchless vigor arms,
 Congenial worth his bosom warms.

A. 2.

Touch'd by the golden-tressed Muses rise
 His kindling glories beaming to the skies.

V. 25. *From Wisdom's.*] The greatest glories of antiquity would be lost but for the recording bard. Let him rise then and praise the living, celebrating too his relation, for whose fall I grieved, but providence suffers not our sorrow to last for ever. At our hero's success it is mine to rejoice; mine is the calmer joy to sing his praise, nor do I aspire beyond that honor.

Two kindred heroes deathless make one name : 35
 Fate doom'd the first, but lo, emerging Fame
 The brazen shock of arms defies,
 Uncrush'd her wing ; Fame never dies ;
 For know 'tis the decree of Fate,
 " Glory shall still the brave await." 40

E. 2.

If from his country drives his shielding hand
 War's crimson clouds, whose floods would drench the land,
 The gory sleet back-whirling on the foe,
 His life, his death with glory crowns the brow
 Of all his race. Cold in their grave 45
 The patriot still revered the brave,
 His actions prais'd their noble death ;
 Like theirs his flow'rets fell scatt'ring life's fragrant breath.

s. 3.

First in the front of choicest hosts he stood,
 Whose warm hearts panted but to shed their blood, 50
 This their last hope. Sharp sorrow pierc'd my soul,
 But wintry clouds shall not for ever roll.

V. 35. Two kindred.] His uncle's name was also Strepsiadés, whose glorious fall Pindar turns aside to celebrate.

V. 45. In their grave.] Meleager, Hector, and Amphiarus.

V. 46. The patriot.] The uncle, who imitated the brave ancients.

At Neptune's word the skies are clear
 And wreaths shall bind our hero's hair.
 'Tis mine to trill the tuneful voice 55
 And with each cheerful day rejoice.

A. 3.

Nor you, ye gods, look down with envious brow
 If my calm life in one smooth current flow,
 While years on years, as Fate directs them, fall
 To hoary Age and Death, which swallows all. 60
 Fortune assigns to each his course
 And wafts us with unequal force.
 Man, know thyself, nor lift thine eye
 Feeble to reach the brazen sky.

E. 3.

Did not Bellerophon, o'er heav'n's high wall 65
 Urging his winged steed, presumptuous, fall,
 Ere on his golden throne he saw the god
 Who awes heav'n's council with his sov'reign nod?
 Grasp not, vain man, at sweets which blow
 Beyond thy reach but fall in woe. 70
 Phœbus, on thine own games look down,
 Thou god, whose tresses beam in gold, grant us the Pythian crown!

V. 53. *At Neptune's.*] President of the games as well as god of the sea.

V. 63. *Man, know.*] Pindar consoles himself with the lyre, nor wishes the glory of arms.

V. 72. *Thou god.*] Perhaps the hero of the ode was to engage soon in a Pythian contest.

ISTHMIAN ODE VIII.

TO CLEANDER, OF ÆGINA, PANCRATIAST.

1.

BALM of his labours to Cleander bear
The wreath of Glory; bid the youths prepare
Their jovial songs of victory to sound
Before his father's porch and shake the festal ground,
On light foot nimble as they rise, 5
And sing the Isthmian and the Nemean prize.
Hence, ye black storms that lately broke
O'er my vex'd soul! I now invoke
The golden Muse. We now no more
The sorrows, which are past, deplore. 10
Cheerful let the measures flow
And blooming chaplets bind our brow.
Cares and toils are chas'd away.
Hear, my lov'd country, this triumphal lay!
That rock, which hung tremendous o'er the land, 15
Some god, with pitying hand,

V. 6. *And the Nemean prize.*] He gained a victory too at Nemea.

V. 7. *Hence.*] This is supposed to be an allusion to the Persian invasion of Greece.

2.

Dark mass of ruin, roll'd from trembling Greece,
 And hush'd in calm my anxious horrors cease.
 Enjoy the present : see how steals the day,
 The night, the rolling year with secret lapse away ! 20
 Perils and toils content we bear
 While Freedom smiles our drooping hopes to cheer.
 Boasting from honour'd Thebes my birth,
 Whose sev'n gates thund'ring shake the earth,
 On thee, Ægina's son, I pour 25
 The sweet breath of the Graces' flow'r,
 Thebes and Ægina boast their name
 From two fair nymphs, their sire the same ;
 Within the breast of thund'ring Jove
 Their bloom sweet-breathing wak'd the flame of love. 30
 Where proud steeds neigh, o'er silver Dirce's plain
 He bade fair Thebe reign ;

3.

But in Ænone's isle thy heav'nly charms
 He clasp'd, Ægina, in his glowing arms,
 Whence to th' eternal sire the mighty birth 35
 Of Æacus, revered beyond the sons of earth,

V. 28. *From two.*] This relationship between Thebe and Ogina makes Pindar, a Theban, glad to celebrate Cleander, of Ægina. The sire of Thebe and Ægina was Asopus.

That birth, the sacred seal of peace,
 Which bade the sons of heav'n from contest cease.
 Godlike heroes from him spring
 Sons of his sons, whose dire arms ring 40
 Mid warring hosts, where heap'd around
 Groaning myriads dye the ground ;
 Their souls were modest, sober, wise ;
 This knew the council of the skies,
 When Thetis' charms inspired with love 45
 The breasts of Neptune and the thunderer Jove.
 Both claim'd the fair, but to no son of heav'n
 Was the sweet sea-nymph giv'n.

4.

For that dread oracle the gods revered,
 Whose awful voice sage Themis thus declar'd ; 50
 “ The Fates have utter'd this their fix'd decree,
 “ If ever son shall bless that goddess of the sea,
 “ Or from th' imperial Jove's embrace
 “ Or any brother's of the heav'nly race,
 “ Still mightier than his sire's his hand 55
 “ Shall sway the sceptre ; with dread brand

V. 38. *Which bade.*] For from him arose Peleus, whose marriage with Thetis upon the explanation of the oracle, by the prophetess Themis, was the cause of ending the contention between the gods.

" Other than thunder heav'n's vault shake ;
 " Lower the oozy deep shall quake
 " Than e'er at Neptune's dreaded mace.
 " Leave her a mortal's bed to grace, 60
 " So shall her son in battle die
 " Though fierce as Mars ; swift as the fires, that fly
 " O'er heav'n, his foot. Let Peleus take her hand,
 " Like him th' Iolcian land

5.

" Feeds none so pious. To the chaste retreat 65
 " Be borne the word, where Chiron holds his seat,
 " Nor let this beauteous daughter of the main
 " Unfold the dismal leaves of hated strife again.
 " When shines full-orb'd the lamp of heav'n
 " Be the sweet virgin to the hero giv'n." 70
 To Saturn's sons she spake. Each god
 Gave with immortal brow the nod :
 Nor vain her counsels : Jove descends,
 And at the solemn rites attends.
 Thence a new theme for Wisdom's tongue : 75
 Touch'd with enliv'ning fire she sung

V. 66. *Chiron.*] Peleus's grandfather.

V. 75. *Thence.*] From Peleus sprung Achilles, whom Pindar goes on to celebrate for the reason suggested in the note on v. 100.

Feats, which th' astonish'd world before
 Ne'er heard ; thy feats, Achilles. Stain'd with gore
 Of Telephus, fair Mysia's vine-clad land
 Rued his all-slaught'ring hand ; 80

6.

He shields th' Atridæ, bridging back their way
 In glory and secures their hard-earn'd prey ;
 His valiant arm restores the queen long-lost,
 His spear withers the nerves of all the Trojan host.
 Awhile his fury they withstood, 85
 Which, rousing battle, drench'd their plains with blood.
 Memnon arm'd with mighty force,
 Hector furious in his course,
 And various chieftains welt'ring lay
 He, guardian of his race, the way 90
 Unbarr'd to Pluto's murky hall
 And crown'd his country with their fall.
 His pyre, his urn each mourning Muse
 With sweet voice hallows and with tears bedews.
 'Twas heav'n's decree to give the brave man's name 95
 Ev'n from the tomb to Fame :

7.

Let Virtue still our constant praises share ;
 Rise then, my Muse, thy glitt'ring wheels prepare,

Ÿ. 81. *Bridging back.*] “ Bridging his way,” Par. Lost, 10, 910 ; literally from Pindar.

Swift-rolling bear me to the hallow'd ground
 Where great Nicocles rests, there bid the hymn resound ; 100
 Reviving pluck the Isthmian wreath,
 He won, half-wither'd from the grasp of Death.
 Oft did each champion of the land
 Shrink from the whirlwind of his hand
 Which shatt'ring shook them to the earth : 105
 Nor did Cleander stain his birth ;
 Crown him, some youth, with myrtle wreath
 And bid its sweetness round him breathe :
 In earliest bloom his fame was known,
 The good man's smile approves his well-earn'd crown ; 110
 No cave obscure wasted in sloth his days
 Unknown to Glory's rays.

V. 100. *Where great.*] Nicocles was the hero's cousin. The Muses were not in vain described mourning over the pyre of Achilles ; since the poet thus secretly draws us to make the comparison between Achilles and Nicocles.

As neither my translation nor notes were designed for professed scholars, if such should deign to read thus far and should disapprove the reasons frequently assigned for Pindar's various digressions, let it be recollected they are chiefly offered as conjectures.

To read Pindar is to travel through a hilly country ; every one observes the boldness of the scenes, every painter who attempts to copy must exhibit something of their characteristic grandeur ; but if he would give a fair representation, he must endeavour to show the beauties of the vallies likewise. The translator, alas ! beholds at a distance and often through a mist, insomuch that he must frequently supply by conjecture the objects which he but dimly sees.

In this endeavour to introduce to more general notice a poet less known than most others of the ancients, if some liberties have been taken ; this, it is hoped, those who will be the first to discover will be the first to pardon.



I N D E X.

A.

ACASTUS. Son of Pelias, king of Thessaly. His wife, Astydamia or Hippolyte, fell in love with Peleus. Being rejected she accused him to her husband of an attempt upon her virtue. Acastus therefore endeavoured to destroy him in a forest, as Pindar hints, by armed men in ambush, but Jupiter saved him.

ADRASTUS. Son of Talaus. He was king of Argos. Polynices, a Theban prince, married his daughter Argia. Polynices and Eteocles, two brothers, had agreed to reign alternately at Thebes. At the end of the first year Polynices, according to the compact, demanded his crown for the next year. Eteocles refused. Polynices then persuaded Adrastus to assist him with an army against Thebes. Adrastus complied with his request. Polynices joined the expedition, in which he and his brother fell by each others

swords, and the whole army was cut off except Adrastus. In a second expedition however Adrastus, though he lost his son, yet had the satisfaction to see the Thebans in turn defeated. The English reader may find a fuller account of this famous expedition in that animated tragedy called the Seven Chiefs against Thebes, and in another called the Phœnician Virgins, and in the epic poem of Statius called the Thebaid. See Potter's *Æschylus* and Euripides and Lewis's *Statius*.

ÆACUS. Son of Jupiter and Ægina. He was king of the island Ægina. He married Endeis or Endais, by whom he had Telamon and Peleus. In a dreadful drought deputies from all parts of Greece applied to Æacus to offer prayers for them; and his prayers were heard by Jupiter, to whom, under the title of Jupiter Panellenios, a temple was dedicated by all the Greeks. Pindar supposes that his sons Telamon,

Peleus and Phocus, joined Æacus in his prayers.

ÆETES or ÆETA, king of Colchis. He killed Phryxus, who had fled to his court on a golden ram.

ÆGINA. Daughter of Asopus. From her the island of CEnopia took the name of Ægina, which was famous for many heroes, Telamon, Peleus, Achilles, &c.

AGRAGAS. A river in Sicily, on the banks of which stood Agrigentum the town, called also Agragas.

AJAX. Son of Telamon. After the death of Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses disputed their claim to the arms of the dead hero. They were voted to be the prize of the latter, for which decision Pindar blames the Greeks, attributing it to envy and intrigue. Ajax for grief killed himself with his own sword.

ALCMENA. An Argive, wife of Amphitryon. His form Jupiter assumed, whence Hercules had his birth at the same time with Iphiclus, who was son of Amphitryon.

ALCMANES or ALCMÆON. Son of Amphiarus.

ALPHEUS. A river which passes through Elis near the Olympic course. This river was said to pass under the sea, and rising again in Ortygia there to join the Arethusa.

AMENA. A stream near Ætna.

AMPHIARAUS. A prophet. Having dethroned Adrastus he was prevailed on to restore the sceptre on marrying Eriphyle, that king's sister. Foreseeing if he should join the expedition against Thebes it would be his destruction, he concealed himself, but was betrayed by his wife, whose bribe was a splendid necklace. In the attack upon Thebes, he, together with his car, was swallowed up by the earth.

AMYCLÆ. A city of Peloponnesus, where Agamemnon was murdered. See Pyth. II. v. 47.

ANTÆUS. A giant of Libya, famous for wrestling. He boasted he would roof a temple with the skulls of his antagonists. He died by the gripe of Hercules.

ARETHUSA. A fountain in Ortygia. See Alphæus.

ASOPUS. Several rivers are of that name. Asopus was father of Ægina.

ATABYRION. A mountain in Rhodes, where Jupiter had a temple.

AUGEAS. King of Elis. He engaged Hercules to cleanse his stables, where a very great number of cattle had been kept; but after the hero had performed his task he refused the reward.

B.

BATTUS. A Lacedæmonian, who built the town of Cyrene with a colony from the island of Thera.

BELLEROPHON. Son of Glaucus, king of Ephyre, afterwards called Corinth. Having killed his brother he took refuge in the court of Prætus, king of Argos. His was the winged horse Pegasus, upon which attempting to ascend to heaven he fell.

C.

CASTALIA. A fountain at the foot of Parnassus, sacred to the Muses, near Pytho. It therefore often denotes a Pythian victory.

CEPHISUS. A river sacred to the Graces.

CHIRON. A Centaur, son of Philyra and Saturn, who had changed himself into an horse. He was famous for wisdom, and instructed Achilles and Æsculapius. He was father of Endeis, who married Æacus.

CINYRAS. A king of Cyprus, remarkable for his wealth.

CIRRA. A town at the foot of Parnassus, where Apollo was worshipped; being near Pytho it often denotes a Pythian victory.

CLOTHO. One of the Fates.

CLYTEMNESTRA. Agamemnon's

queen. During his absence at the siege of Troy she was corrupted by Ægyptus, and murdered her husband upon his return under pretence of revenging her daughter, whom he had sacrificed at the command of Diana. Upon this the young prince Orestes fled to Strophius, king of Phocis, till he was old enough to revenge his father's murder, which he effected by the aid of his friend Pylades.

CORINTH. A town in the Isthmus, which thence takes its name. This town, standing near the place where the Isthmian games were celebrated, sometimes is used to denote an Isthmian victory.

CRISA. A town at the foot of Parnassus. Being near Pytho it sometimes denotes a Pythian victory.

CRONION, or Saturnian Hill, near Olympia.

CREATUS. He was engaged in the war between Augeas and Hercules, by whose hand he fell.

CYCNUS. A son of Neptune, invulnerable. Achilles threw him on the ground and smothered him.

CYLLENE. A mountain of Arcadia, sacred to Mercury.

CYRENE. Daughter of Peneus. A city of Libya.

D.

DANAUS. King of Argos. He entertained the fifty sons of Ægyptus, to whom he gave his fifty daughters, but from some apprehensions he entertained on account of an oracle, he ordered them to murder their husbands the first night. Hypermnestra alone spared the life of Lynceus.

DIRCE. A Theban fountain.

DORIS. A country of Greece, whose inhabitants the Dorians sent colonies into different parts, which retained the name of Dorians. By this name Pindar often calls his lyre. There were different kinds of harmony, of which the Dorian was one.

E.

ECHO. A nymph, who lived near Cephissus.

ENDEIS or **ENDAIS.** Daughter of Chiron and mother of Peleus and Telamon.

EUROTAS. A Spartan river.

EURYTUS. He was killed in the wars between Augeas and Hercules. He and Cteatus had cut off some of Hercules's troops by ambush.

EUPHEMUS. One of the Argonauts, from whom descended Battus and Arcesilas, the hero of the fourth Pythian ode.

G.

GORGON. Three daughters of Phorcus; Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa, were called Gorgons. Their heads were covered with serpents, and they had but one eye between the three. Perseus killed Medusa and cut off her head, the sight of which, placed on his shield, turned every beholder into stone.

H.

HERCULES. A Theban hero, whom on that account Pindar takes every possible opportunity of celebrating. He set up his columns near the straits of Gibraltar, the most western part of the world known to the ancients. Pindar often alludes to this, when he would say that some of his heroes have reached the utmost limits of fame or happiness.

HIMERA. A river and a city of Sicily.

HIPPODAMIA. Daughter of CEnomaus, king of Pisa.

HIPPOLYTE. Wife of Acastus. See Acastus.

HYPERMNESTRA. See Danaus.

J.

JASON. Son of Æson, a descendant of Æolus. See Pelias.

INO. A daughter of Cadmus, who, after a miserable death, was made a sea-goddess.

IOLAUS. Son of Iphiclus, an assistant of Hercules. In his honor a festival was kept at Thebes called Iolaia, the same as that called Heracleia in honor of Hercules; for the two heroes were honored at once with games exhibited near the monument of Amphitryon.

IOLCUS. A town of Magnesia, where Jason was born.

IPHIMEDE. Mother of Otus and Ephialtes, who were killed by Diana.

ISMENUS. A river of Bœotia.

IXION. A king of Thessaly, son of Phlegyas. Jupiter placed him at the table of the gods, but he was so ungrateful that he endeavoured to seduce Juno. He was bound to a wheel which for ever whirled him round for a punishment.

L.

LACHESIS. One of the Fates.

LEDA. Mother of the twins, Castor and Pollux.

LERNA. An Argive lake.

LOCRIS. A country of Greece. The inhabitants Locrians.

LOCRI. A town of Magna Græcia. The inhabitants Locrians, or western Locrians.

LUCINA. The goddess who presided at the birth of children.

M.

MAGNESIA. A country in Thessaly, whose capital was also called Magnesia.

MEDEA. Daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis. She was famous for her skill in magic. She fell in love with Jason, and by her magical charms enabled him to gain the golden fleece.

MEGARA. A town of Sicily.

MYCENÆ. A town in Peloponnesus, the capital once of a kingdom; there reigned Agamemnon.

MERCURY or **HERMES**, the god who, among other things, is celebrated as presiding at games, and assigning and proclaiming the prize. He was particularly adored in Arcadia.

N.

NEMEAN GAMES, so called from the Nemean forest where Hercules killed an immense lion. They were sacred to Jupiter. Hence the Nemean odes had their name, being written to celebrate the victors in those games.

O.

ŒNONE. An island called afterwards Ægina.

CENOMAUS. King of Elis and Pisa, and father of Hippodamia. He was informed by an oracle that his son-in-law would be the cause of his death.

OLYMPIA. A city between mount Ossa and Olympus, near Elis and Pisa, where was a temple of Jupiter. Here were celebrated the games, from the place called Olympic, sacred to Jupiter, once in five years. The odes in celebration of the conquerors were thence called Olympic.

OPUS. A city of Locris. A son of Deucalion, or as others say, another name for Deucalion himself.

ORESTES. Son of Agamemnon; his friendship with Pylades became a proverb. See Clytemnestra.

ORTYGIA. An island near Syracuse, which once formed a part of the city: sacred to Diana. Being peopled from Syracuse Pindar calls it a bud of that city.

P.

PANCRATIUM. Whence comes Pancratiast, one who contended in the Pancratium, a game in which the antagonists were permitted to use all the arts of boxing and wrestling to annoy each other; in short, any art which the occasion might suggest.

PARNASSUS. A mountain in Phocis,

which had two tops, on one of which stood Delphi or Pýtho. It was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

PELEUS. Son of Æacus and Endeis. He was accessory to the death of his half brother Phocus, for which reason he fled to Eurytus, and afterwards to Acastus. He gained Thetis, a sea-goddess, after she had assumed various forms to escape him. At their nuptials all the gods attended and made them presents. See Acastus.

PELIAS. Son of Tyro. She afterwards married Cretheus, son of Æolus, king of Iolcus, and became mother of Æson. Pelias, after the death of Cretheus, seized the kingdom. Æson fearing the tyrant, as soon as Jason was born, took care to have him removed to Chiron's cave, pretending he was dead. Jason, when grown up, returned and demanded the restoration of his kingdom. For the rest see Pyth. Ode IV.

PELION. A mountain of Thessaly.

PELLENE. A town near Sicyon, famous for its wool. Here were games in which the victors had a robe of its wool for the prize.

PELOPS. Son of Tantalus, from whom the great peninsula of Greece took the name of Peloponnesus. See Olym. Ode I. and the notes.

PENTATHLON or **QUINQUERTIUM**, the name of five contests in one; leaping, running, throwing the quoit, throwing the dart, and wrestling.

PERSEUS. Son of Jupiter and Danae. Her father, Acrisius, from his fear of an oracle, which declared he should perish by his son-in-law, had confined her in a brazen tower. Jupiter however found a way to the daughter. Perseus, with his mother, was exposed by Acrisius in a boat, which was carried to Seriphus, and themselves were at first kindly treated by Polydectes, the king of the isle. He became enamoured of Danae and jealous of her son, whom he endeavoured to remove. He invited his friends to an entertainment, to which they were each to bring some splendid present. Perseus promised to bring Medusa's head. He went under divine protection, & returned with her head just in time to rescue Danae from the embraces of Polydectes, whom, with his associates, he turned into stone.

PHALARIS. A tyrant who used to destroy his subjects, on the least suspicion, in a brazen bull.

PHILYRA. Mother of Chiron.

PINDUS. A chain of mountains sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

PISA. A town near Olympia, or as some have imagined, the same.

POLYDECTES. King of Seriphus. See Perseus.

PHRIXUS. Son of Athamas. He fearing his mother-in-law, escaped across the straits on a ram. See Æetes.

PYRRHUS. Son of Achilles.

PYTHO. An old name for Delphi, whence the Pythian games sacred to Apollo, and the Pythian odes written to celebrate the victors.

Q.

QUINQUENNIAL RITE, once in five years. Such were the Olympic games.

R.

RHADAMANTHUS. Remarkable for justice, therefore made one of the infernal judges.

RHEA. Wife of Saturn.

S.

SEMELE. Daughter of Cadmus, beloved by Jove. Requesting him to visit her as he approached his own queen, she perished amid the thunders.

SICYON. The capital of Sicyonia.

SIPYLUS. A town in Lydia.

T.

TANTALUS. Father of Pelops.

TELAMON. Son of Æacus and father of Ajax.

- THERA. An island.
 THETIS. A sea-goddess.
 THEMIS. A prophetic goddess.
 TITYUS. A giant killed by Diana
 for an attempt upon Latona.
 TYPHON or TYPHÆUS. A giant
 said to be thrown under Ætna.

V.

VENUS. The goddess of all things
 amiable and elegant.

UNCTOR. The anointer, whose
 office it was to prepare the combatants
 and to instruct them.

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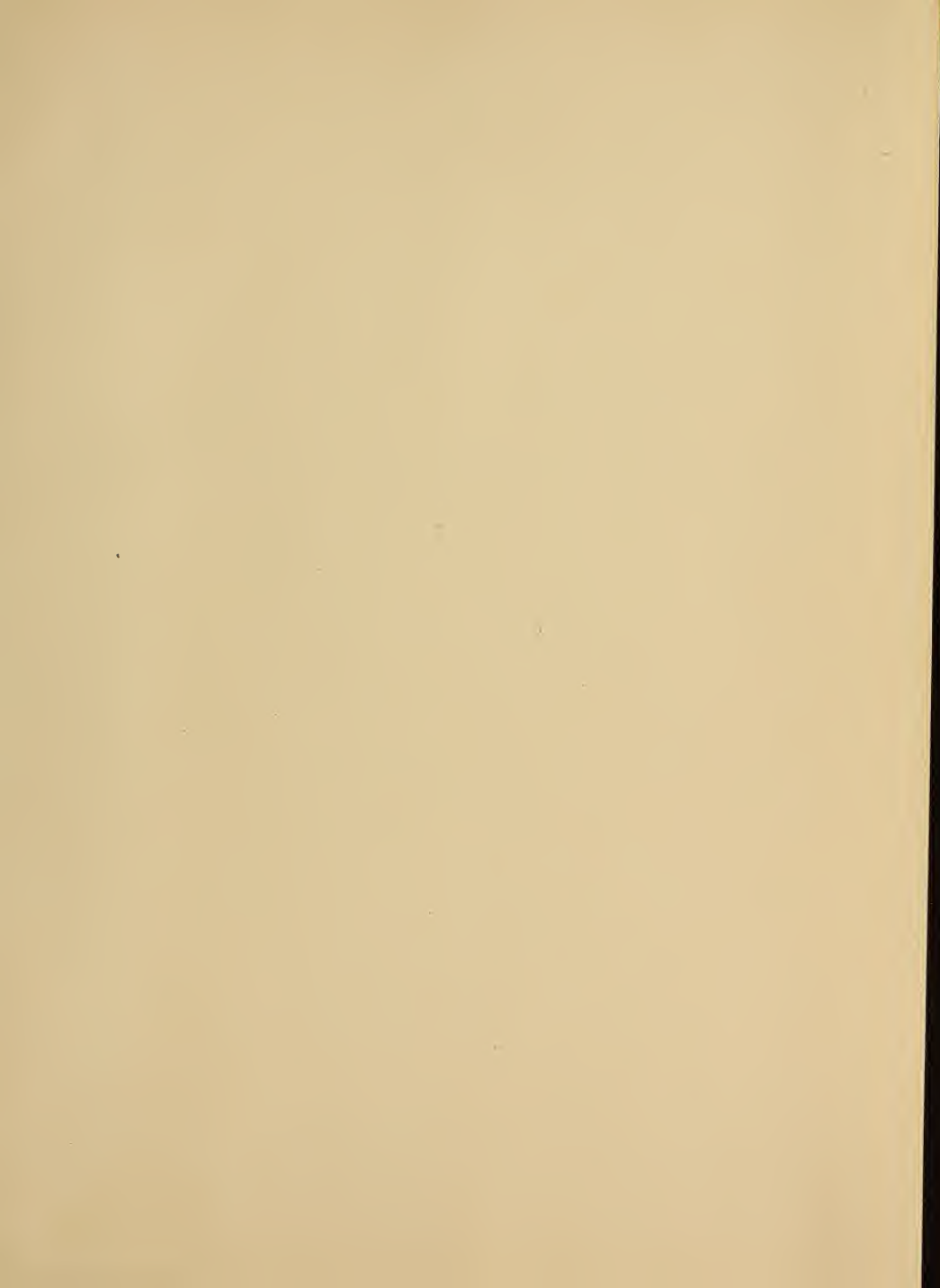
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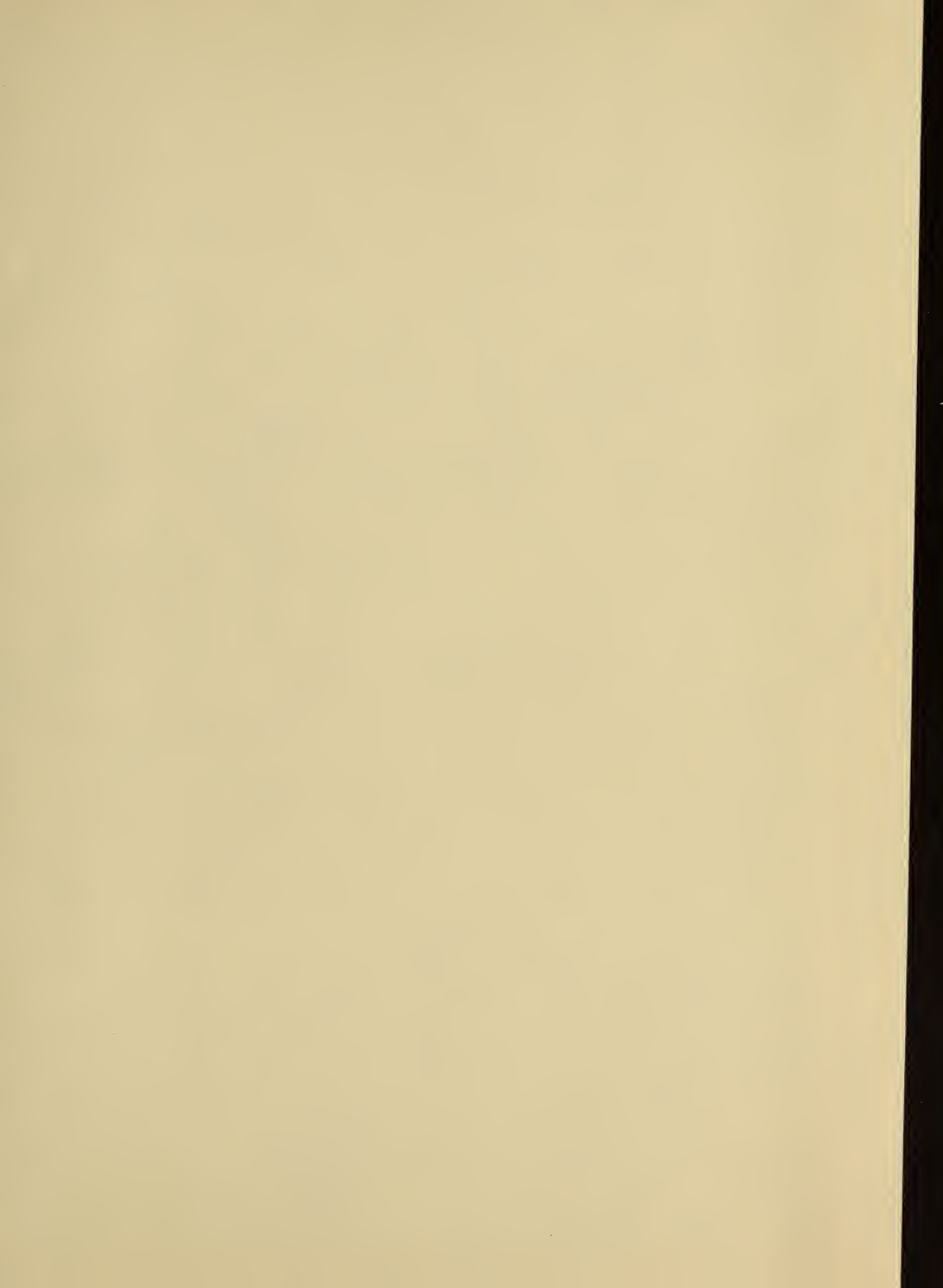
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