

cras ad Puteal ante secundam." *to-morrow at the Prætor's tribunal before the second hour.*"

"Scribæ orabant te, Quinte, *The secretaries requested you, Quintus, that you*

meminisses reverti hodie de communi re *would remember to return to-day about public business*

magna atque nova." "Cura Mæcenas *important and new.*" "See that Mæcenas

imprimat signa his tabellis." Dixeris, *set his seal to these writings.* You shall say,

"Experiar;" addit, "Potes si vis," et instat. *"I will try," he adds, "You can if you will," and presses you.*

Jam septimus annus propior octavo *Soon the seventh year, nearer (approaching to) the eighth,*

fugerit, ex quo Mæcenas cepit *will have passed, from the time that Mæcenas began*

habere me in numero suorum; duntaxat *to rank me in the number of his friends; merely*

ad hoc, quem vellet tollere *to this extent (as one) whom he might like to take (along*

rheda, faciens iter; et *with him) in his carriage, when he went for a drive, and*

cui concredere nugas hoc genus: *to whom (he might) communicate trifles of this sort:*

"Quota hora est?" "Est Thrax Gallina par *"What hour (time) is it?" "Is the Thracian Gallina a match*

Syro?" "Jam matutina frigora *for the gladiator (Syrus?)" "Now the morning colds*

mordent parum cautos;" *begin to pinch those not careful enough (ill provided against it;)"*

et quæ bene deponuntur *and what (such) things (as) are safely deposited*

in rimosa aure. Per totum hoc tempus *in a leaky ear. During all this time*

subjectior invidiæ in diem et horam. *I become more exposed to envy every day and hour.*

Noster filius Fortunæ spectaverit omnes ludos *Our son of Fortune has seen (no doubt) all the plays*

una, luserit in campo. *with him, has exercised (with him) in the Campus Martius.*

Frigidus rumor manet a rostris *Does any disheartening rumor spread from the rostrum*

per compita; quicumque est obvius, *through the thoroughfares, whoever is passing by*

consultit me: *consults me (concerning it:)*

O bone, numquid audisti de Dacis? (nam *O good sir, have you heard anything of the Dacians? (for*

oportet te scire, quoniam propius *it must be that you know, because you are more*

contingis deos.) *nearly in touch with the gods.)*

Nil equidem. *Nothing truly, (I reply.)*

Ut tu eris semper derisor *How you will always be a joker.*

At omnes di exagitent me, si *But may all the gods torment me, if*

quidquam. *(I know) anything (of the matter.)*

Quid! Est Cæsar daturus prædia promissa *What! Is Cæsar going to give the farms promised*

militibus Triquetra an Itala tellure? Miratur *to the soldiers in Sicilian or Italian land? He looks*

me jurantem scire nihil, *with wonder at me when I swear that I know nothing about it,*

scilicet ut unum mortalem egregii altique *doubtless as a peculiar creature of a remarkable and deep*

silenti. Inter hæc lux *(extraordinary) secrecy. Amidst these (interruptions) the day*

perditur misero, non sine votis: O *is lost to wretched me, not without (these) wishes: O*

rus, quando ego aspiciam te? *country (rural retirement,) when shall I look upon you?*

quandoque licebit ducere jucunda *and when shall it be allowed me to quaff the sweet*

oblivia sollicitæ vitæ, nunc libris *forgetfulness of a troublesome life, sometimes in the books*

veterum, nunc somno, et inertibus horis? *of the ancients, sometimes in sleep, and leisure hours?*

O quando cognata faba Pythagoræ, *O when shall the kindred bean of Pythagoras,*

simulque oluscula satis uncta pingui *and at this same time pot-herbs well seasoned with fat*

lardo ponentur? O noctes, cœnæque *bacon be set before me? O nights, and repasts of (fit for)*

deum! quibus ipse vescor, meique, *the gods! at which I am regaled, and also my friends,*

ante proprium larem: pascoque procaces vernas *before my own hearth: I feed also my saucy slaves*

libatis dapibus. Prout est libido cuique, *with the hallowed dainties. As it is agreeable to every one,*

conviva siccat calices inæquales, solutus insanis *a guest drains off glasses of different sizes, exempted from absurd*

legibus; seu quis fortis capit *laws; whether one of a strong constitution takes (chooses)*

acria pocula; seu lætius, uvescit *heartly cups; or if, better pleased, he soaks himself*

modicis. Ergo sermo oritur, non de *with moderate draughts. Then conversation arises, not about*

villis, domibusve alienis; nec Lepos saltet *villas, or mansion-houses of others; nor whether Lepos dances*

male nec ne: sed agitamus quod magis *badly or not: but we discuss what more nearly*

pertinet ad nos, ac nescire est malum: *belongs to us, and which not to know is pernicious:*

utrumne homines sint beati divitiis, an virtute; *whether men may be happy by riches, or virtue;*