

**THE ART OF POETRY OF
HORACE: WITH FREE AND
EXPLANATORY TRANSLATIONS
IN PROSE AND VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649396139

The Art of Poetry of Horace: With Free and Explanatory Translations in Prose and Verse by
Daniel Bagot

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

DANIEL BAGOT

**THE ART OF POETRY OF
HORACE: WITH FREE AND
EXPLANATORY TRANSLATIONS
IN PROSE AND VERSE**

THE
ART OF POETRY OF HORACE

WITH
FREE AND EXPLANATORY TRANSLATIONS
IN PROSE AND VERSE

BY THE
VERY REV. DANIEL BAGOT, D.D.
MINISTER OF ST JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, EDINBURGH, 1855-1813;
VICAR-GEN. OF NEWBY AND MORSE, AND VICAR OF NEWBY,
1849-1873; DEAN OF DUNMORE, 1850-1875; AND
CHAPLAIN TO LORDS-LIEUT. OF IRELAND

THIRD EDITION

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCCLXXX

A. R. 1848





THE
ART OF POETRY.

"Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres."

ARS POETICA.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spēctatum admissi risum teneatis, amici? 5
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species, ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis

IF a painter should take a fancy to join a horse's neck to a human head, and to spread the plumage of variously coloured birds over limbs collected from animals of every country, so that a comely woman above should disgustingly terminate in a horrible-looking fish; if admitted to see the sight, could you, my friends, refrain from laughter? Believe me, Pisos, that a book would be very similar to a painting like that, of which the constituent ideas shall be formed so fanciful and absurd, like a sick man's dreams, as that neither foot nor head, *neither end nor beginning*, can be reduced to an agreement with one uniform and consistent model. To painters and to poets, *you*



THE ART OF POETRY.

SUPPOSE a painter, by his fancy led,
Should join a horse's neck and human head,
And upon limbs from various beasts should bring
Plumage from birds of every coloured wing,
So that a handsome female face should grow
Down to a fish of hideous form below,
Could you, this picture if allowed to see,
Gaze on the sight and keep from laughter free?
Believe me, Pisos, such a sketch as this
Supplies an emblem for a book that is 10
Filled with absurd fantastic thoughts that seem
Like the chimeras of a sick man's dream,
So that a reader cannot judge or scan
A work like this as one consistent plan.

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas. 10
 Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim ;
 Sed non ut placidis cœant immitia ; non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.
 Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis,
 Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter 15
 Assuitur pannus ; cum lucus et ara Diana,
 Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non erat his locus. Et fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare : quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspec 20
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur ? amphora cœpit
 Institui ; currente rota, cur urceus exit ?

will say, there has always been conceded an equal privilege of adventuring anything bold and daring. We are aware of this, and we both seek for this indulgence for ourselves *when we write*, and grant it to others in their turn *when we act as critics*, but not to the extent that what are savage should coalesce with what are mild, not to the extent that serpents should be coupled with birds, or lambs with tigers.

It often happens that to grave and pompous commencements, and such as make great and ostentatious professions, one or two shreds of purple patchwork, *as it were*, that may give a diffusive brilliancy to the style, are stitched on : as when the grove and altar of Diana, and meandering streams of water swiftly flowing through a delightful country, or the river Rhine, or the rainbow, are described. But in the case which I am supposing there is no room for these *meretricious embellishments*. Perhaps, too, you can sketch a cypress. Of what use is this skill of yours, if he who is being painted by you for payment, is swimming hopeless from a shipwreck ? You begin to form a large vase ; as the wheel revolves, why does a small pitcher come forth ? In short, write or make what you will,



Unity and Consistency.

5

You'll say that painters, and that poets too,
Have power whate'er they wish to dare and do ;
We freely grant it, and the right we claim,
Prepared for others to concede the same,
But not to join what's fierce with what is mild,
That lambs with tigers should be reconciled. 20

To grand exordiums, and which promise much,
There's often tacked some purple patchwork, such
As when Diana's grove and altar shine
In glowing terms in some ambitious line :
And winding streams through pleasing landscapes flow,
Or the grand Rhine, or heaven's sun-tinted bow.
But all such tinsels here are out of place,
They mar the poem, and its style deface.
Perhaps you know a cypress how to paint,
While he who hires your skill is weak and faint, 30
Struggling to leave the wreck and reach the shore,
He wants a votive tablet and no more.
A vase is planned, but as the wheel you turn,
Why, then, comes forth a poor and paltry urn ?